

Tamleh, Egypt
Nov. 19th 1913

Dear friends!

This was a day of roses, red, white, yellow pink; each kind redolent with the soft fragrance of the eternal hope treasured in the heart of man and symbolic of the spiritual era of youthfulness dawning upon us. As I entered the room of the Beloved my eyes beheld a large table very near to him adorned with many vases of freshly-cut roses. He had just been out of the bath and was clothed in his white, snowy robe and flowing, smooth and delicate cream-color over-coat. His face shone like unto the sun and his gentle and courteous, searching eyes were tenderly gazing toward the roses. He was holding with them a spiritual communion. I almost felt he was speaking with these sweet children of nature and they were divulging to him the secrets of their beauty, charm and delicacy. No one was there to witness this poetic scene, this holy presentation of the divine Life! I held myself ^{aloof} and continued to watch this exhibition of floral sympathy between the Beloved and the roses. After awhile he extended his hand and took out of

one bowl a red and yellow ones and put them
 in the ^{white} shawl wound around his waist. Then he got
 up and saw me standing on the side of the bed.
 "Did you see me watching the roses?" he asked smiling.
 I thought to myself his heart is the spiritual garden
 of the Blessed Perfection wherein the most splendid
 roses of idealism are growing in all seasons. The
 lives of the inhabitants of the world are perfumed
 through the imperishable roses which Abdul Baha
 is at all times culling from the bushes and sending
 them to those who are prepared to receive them.
 He is the greatest and the most Celestial Rose
 of the Supreme Concurrence and the sincere and
 faithful Bahais are the petals. The petals must
 hold firm to the heart of the rose, otherwise the
 contrary winds of passion and desire will shake them
 off the stalk and once fallen on the ground
 they sere and die. The Eternal Attributes of the
 Kingdom of Abha are the colors and fragrances of
 this Rose. They are not acquired, nay rather they
 are immanent in It. The awakened souls inhale
 Its holy fragrance, ^{and thus} dilate their hearts, spiritualize
 their minds and harmonize their conflicting ideas.

When I came out of his holy Presence my nostrils
 perfumed with ~~the~~ the fragrance of all the roses I
 asked some one "Who has brought all these flowers for
 the Beloved?" "A present from our American sisters
 in the hotel" a voice answered. "Oh" I thought. "This
 is a very lovely present." Then my mind was reverted
 to the far off America and Europe, thinking of the
 many gardens that he has planted for the last
 3 years in those Western Cities expecting that some
 day the fragrance of those roses will be permeated
 to the furthest end of the earth. How are these ~~gardens~~
 faring at this present moment? Are the roses fresh
 and in bloom? Are its meadows green and its trees
 verdant? Are the people delighted with them? Are
 they growing and developing? With what sacrifice
 and untiring zeal have I seen him work, taking
 care of the garden and trying to change the arid
 land into a flower-spot! It all depends upon
 the wisdom and sagacity of the gardeners. May
 they be inspired with knowledge and understanding!
 May they irrigate the flowers and the trees!
 We expect to inhale every day the fragrances
 of those rosegardens wafting to us over seas and lands.

This morning the Beloved came to our house and stayed for a few minutes. He talked on different home topics with his two sons-in-law. Then he left and went to the hotel, there speaking all day with various individuals. Now giving detailed directions to Khosro about cooking, relating to him the story of Isfandiyar and calling him by that name 8 times, then going into an exhaustive account of Greek history, Herodotes and Xenophon and their exaggerated stories with a Greek gentleman and again answering with great forbearance the hazy and indefinite questions of two Mohammedan theologians. Thus it about 12 o'clock when he went to bed extremely tired.

The question of our trip to Haifa is again revived, but as both of us have learned through experience time will show.

Our four American sisters, Mrs Von Lilienthal, Mrs Beede, Mrs Haagg and Mrs Wise are leaving on 22d for Haifa according to the Command of the Beloved. He told them he will join them later on. We are sorry to loose them but they are very blessed to go to visit the Holy Families of Baha-ollah and the Bah.