

Ramleh Egypt
Nov-26th 1913

Dear friends!

The Beloved has scared me again. It was about 2 pm he sent Mringa Jalal for me. I was in the middle of eating my lunch but I left everything and ran to the Hotel. He was walking in the corridor. When he saw me coming from far he raised his voice "Welcome! Bravo!" Immediately I felt something is in the air. "Come in. Let me see. Thou hast been with me for a long time, longer than many others and soon I must send thee to America." I was dumbfounded. "O my Lord" at last I stammered. "Don't send me away from Thee. There are many sincere servants of the Cause in America who are heralding the Teaching. What can I do there?" "Oh yes! There are many services in America and there thou wilt do what I command thee." This is the third time the Master has given me this intimation. In my heart of heart I long to be with him. No spot on the face of the earth has any attraction to my eyes, save where he is. To be in prison with him is better than the freedom of the most royal palace.

What do I want to do in America or anywhere else if I
 am not in his Presence! These last years of the ^{Refined} life
 are the most pregnant and the most significant
 and I yearn from the depth of my heart to be with
 Him to the very end - then I can go ^{into} the
 world - travel throughout the states and consecrate
 my whole existence to the spread of the Movement
 and the service of the Kingdom. I have no other
 ambition, no other thought. May God assist me
 to be confirmed in this hope! Up to this time
 I have been living in a world of hopes, none of them
 have ^{been} yet fulfilled but I am looking to the future.
 The Unattainable has been always ahead of me ^{and}
 I suppose it will be always so. I am endeavoring
 to reach the Unreachable and fly as high as possible,
 but after all is said and done how paltry our
 exertion, how cramped our vision, how diminutive
 the stature of our ideals, how inconsiderable our
 effort, how bedimmed the atmosphere of our
 knowledge! We are just like little cogs in the
 machinery of the Cause of God, each performing a
 little service but good to be thrown in a joint heap
 if not receiving the moving energy, electricity.

When I went to the hotel this morning the Master told me he wants to go to the Hotel d'Orient to call on Elene' Asdag and others. On the way he talked about the father of this teacher. "His name was Mollah Selek Mesgaddass. He was one of the learned men of Persia and when he became a believer he devoted his knowledge and erudition to the propagation of the Movement. With an unprecedented zeal and holy enthusiasm he upheld the teachings of the Bab and he was destined to play a most important part in the development of the Movement he became the object of the attack of the enemies. In Shiraz they did run a cord through his nose and paraded him through the streets and Bazaars. He followed the spiritual destiny of the Cause and at last he was besieged by the royal army with the rest of the Babis in the famous fortress of Tabarassi in Mazanderan. Those who are slightly familiar with that dramatic or tragic episode know the privations and sufferings they had to go through. Finally when they were released and put to death he was one of a very few who

was given freedom. Later on he came to Acre and visited the Blessed Perfection. The face of man is the mirror on which his ideals are reflected. As such he was a glorious personage. His humility and gentleness deceived many people, thinking that he is only a common man but he was very wise, divine and deeply spiritual. His Son is now an old man and a veteran of the Cause. I love him. That is why I go first to call on him."

When we reached the hotel the pilgrims were sitting around the ^{drinking their tea} table. They all got up from ^{their} seats. The Master did not let them kneel before ^{him}, instead he took each in his arms and kissed them on both cheeks. He was with them for nearly 15 minutes, asking questions about the different friends but they were so overpowered that they answered in monosyllables. "While travelling throughout the Western climes" he said "I often repeated the fact that the Persian believers are tried and tested. They are as firm as rocks. Every day they have been meted a new persecution and even they have been surrounded by the

impending dangers of the cruel sword."

Then he left them and came to our house to meet Mirza Mahmud Farougi and then after a few minutes he returned to the hotel. Before noon he sent for Farougi. He related many stories which made the Beloved laugh heartily and he came back all elated and happy. "Yes" he said "I made the Master laugh very much. He gave me permission to speak and I did. Once before when I was in Acca the Master was very sad on account of the machinations of the enemies. On one day he had to go 13 times to the Court to answer their spurious accusations, so in the evening he was fatigued and sorrowful. I found my chance ^{then} and began to speak and relate one story after another and the Beloved laughed and laughed and the clouds were dispelled. Then in the morning the Greatest Holy Leaf sent me a large tray of candies because I was the ^{instrument} to make Abdul Baha happy. I am sorry now the greatest Holy Leaf is not here, otherwise I would have received my reward."

For the last few days the Master was desirous to call on Mr and Mrs Atwood. They have moved from ^{the} Hotel Plaisance and have rented a house with a lovely garden around it for ^{the} winter. As we did not know the address he asked Miss Hiscock to be our guide and we had to walk quite awhile before we reached the house. Of course they were rejoiced to see the Beloved. They had not seen him for some times and they have been longing for the privilege. Mrs Atwood has transformed one of the rooms into a little school for girls and she has a few pupils. The Beloved visited the school, donated a sum of money toward its maintenance and was delighted with the results so far achieved. As you may know Mr Atwood is a crippled, old man and cannot move anywhere except in a ^{rolling} chair. The Master loves him very much on account of the beauty of his faith and the simplicity of his life. While we were here the latest copy of the Christian Commonwealth containing an article on Mr Ralph W. Trine was received and his life was reviewed. The Master listened to it attentively. The quotation

that especially interested him was the following: -
 "Thoughts are forces; like creates like, and like attracts like. For one to govern his thinking, therefore is to determine his life. The life inevitably and universally follows the thought. It is simply a matter of the great elemental law of cause and effect."

As he was tired walking he sent me back to bring a carriage which I did. Then he bade them farewell and on the way he severely upbraided the driver because he was not kind to the horses.

"Don't let them walk through the sands. It is cruel to make them walk through this soft sands while there is a beaten road. You must be very kind and humane to the animals. They are created by God." Realizing that we are already in the middle of the sandy field and how hard it was on the horses to go through he told me to come down and thus he walked on foot, giving a practical lesson to the driver. He did not know how to account for it because he said 'Never had he seen in his whole career a more thoughtful man to the animals. No other person would have come down from

the carriage to lighten the weight.

Having reached the path, we rode again in the carriage. As I found myself alone with the Beloved I gave him the resumé of the latest news received from Armenia and Europe. An interesting letter from Henrietta Clark Wagner, Pasadena, Calif, another letter from Miss J. Russell of Phila, poems from Miss M.D. Green of Washington D.C., news from Germany, India, France were given to him. He was pleased and happy. "We are all ready for work" writes a believer from Calif. "and ready to roll up our sleeves and pitch in; have many plans for extending the work of the Assembly and spreading the message this winter." He told me to translate the poems of Miss Green in Persian for the pilgrims and send the original to the students in Beirut's College so that they may memorize and sing them in their meetings. Before we reached home I mentioned the request of a number of believers for his Presence in some part of the world. He grew silent and after a minute said:-
 "Oh! My thoughts do not belong to this world."

and its activities. My thought is diametrically opposed to their thought. They want me to be in their midst but I long, oh I so long to be in the Kingdom of Abba! There, there, I shall rest. I am waiting for the coming of that auspicious day. Then and now is the time for the believers to arise and perform these services. With greater power and concentration of purpose they must arise to spread the message of the Kingdom. From the Kingdom of Abba I shall look down upon them and confirm and assist them. No catastrophe must shake their aim. Rest them assured that I shall confirm them, protect and watch over them. I shall live in their hearts for ever and ever."

I cannot describe to you how I felt and how the tears rolled down my cheeks. If I had the power I would have fallen at his holy feet. But I was glad he was not looking at me. Then we reached the hotel and the believers were waiting to see him. He engaged them in an interesting conversation about his meeting with the prominent Persians while in Paris.