

Ramleh, Egypt
Nov 29th 1913

Dear friends!

Before leaving the hotel last night I saw the tall Arab servant whose name is Solomon and who confesses belief in the Beloved, although he knows practically nothing of the Cause. Having seen with his own eyes all these Westerners and Easterners come in the Presence of the Master, keeping such respectful attitude and listening to his words of life, he has made up his mind that there is a superior, ultra-mundane power in him. While I was passing through the corridor he asked about my health. "Not good" I answered. "The Master is going to send me away to-morrow with the rest, but I do not like to leave him. Look here, I am going to pledge myself that if I stay in Ramleh with the Master as long as he is here I will give thee twenty big Piastres" (£1.) With a smile of triumph on his face he confidently declared that I am not going away and will stay beside the Master. So when this morning I went to the hotel it was with a half-assured, half-troubled heart.

The Beloved was feeling quite well and a few letters from America and Canada made ^{him} very happy and when Elvin Assadag entered the room he asked me to translate for him the one from Montreal. He enjoys it very much and wished that it may be translated into Persian for the benefit of our Oriental brothers. "All the news are spiritual" the Beloved told him "That is why I am rejoiced over it. Mrs Maxwell is the essence of sanctity and love. She is a torch of spirituality. She is my daughter." As the letter will be translated in Persian I would like to quote herein a few passages:- "With a new heart burning with the Fire of the Covenant, with a new spirit of Confirmation, joy and fragrance from Thine Presence is writing to thank Thee with the utmost thankfulness of being! The meetings have been bathed in the splendor of the Covenant, the friends are seeking and finding the Peerless Center, and the souls are becoming enkindled with the eternal Fire of the Covenant of God! May we become so centered and focussed in Thee that the Fire of the Covenant may consume all else save Thy Beauty and Perfection; May we become wholly illumined and spiritual,

severed from all else save Thy Love and be of those whose lives are expended in Thy service, who diffuse the light, spread the power and enkindle the fire of the Covenant in the world of humanity.
 Thou hast said in the Diary of ——— the most sublime and heart-rending words which it could be our ^{destiny} to hear: 'I have finished my work. I await the last call.' The souls of all mankind shall bow before the mighty and Majesty of Thine Utterances, their tragic significance, their supreme triumph. Oh! my Beloved - the hush of this greatest human calamity, this divine victory, this mystery of sacrifice is foreshadowed in Thy Words! May it fall with a mysterious power upon the souls of Thy servants, may it create them in Thy Image, in Thy name, in the Form of Thy Beauty, in the world of Thy Perfection that they may become the emanations of Thy Being and the Breaths of the Holy-Spirit wafting upon the world. "

Then the Beloved came to the corridor and started to walk. Khosro arrived from the other house, Mirza Jalal was standing. He asked Khosro why his clothes are yet clean. He did not say anything. Then he —

walked toward Mirza Jalal and slapped hard twice on his face commanding him to buy a suite of nice ^{clothes} for Khosro. "This is my own Khosro. He serves me" he said as he pulled gently his ears.

With the pilgrims he spoke about the internal situation of Persia and the difficulties that the ^{progressive} element of the country have to surmount before they can get a reformed administration who may espouse the Cause of the people. They listened to him and no doubt have ^{with himself} learned many points. Elme Asdag had brought two little bottles of the essence of the rose to be offered at the feet of the Beloved. They were sent by Mirza Mehdi, ^{offspring} the son of Haji Amma Khanom who was the aunt of the wife of the Blessed Perfection. For the last fifty years the numerous members of this family have been strong and steadfast Bahais and have ever been the active servants of the Cause. These two bottles in turn the Master gave to Mirza Mahmud and this servant. My bottle will be sent to one of the Western Assemblies so that with this fragrant perfume they may inhale the

scent of the flower of the Love of God. It is the outward symbol of the inner reality, a sign of spiritual friendship and a token of the immortal consciousness of the Beautiful.

When I left the hotel I saw Mirza Jalal coming from the opposite direction and he gave me the long expectant glad news to the effect that Mirza Mahmud, himself, Khosro and Ahmad will not go with the pilgrims today. My joy knew no bound but at a second thought I realized Mirza Inoos is left out and I was so sorry, knowing full well how attached he is to the Beloved.

Well, we returned home and all of us sat in the veranda and the son of Goronghi chanted for us from memory the whole Tablet of the Covenant. He is a keen, intelligent boy and has learned a little English. I like him very much. His face is fairly afire with the radiance of the Kingdom and the soul of courtesy and politeness.

Many cables from America are ^{being received} containing greeting and congratulation to which

the Master is sending answers.

At two o'clock all the pilgrims came to the hotel to meet the Beloved before their departure. He spoke to them only a few words assuring them that he will soon come. We all went with them to the steamer. One of the strange coincidences is that this is the steamer on which the Master made his first voyage from Haifa to Port Said. Its name is Kasseir belonging to the Khedivial line, an English company. Kasseir is the name of one of the cities in Egypt. Thus they had the joy of travelling on the same steamer and I had the privilege of seeing it with my own eyes. It is not very large but it formerly belonged to Khedive and was his personal yacht. With my Kodak I took a few pictures but I wonder whether they will turn out to be good as it was a cloudy day. We bade them farewell while their handkerchiefs were waving on the upper deck. On our return we found the Master sitting in the salon talking with the Manager. We told him that they all sent to him their humble devotion and love.