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DAILY ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF

ABDUL BAHA

AS RECORDED IN THE DIARY

OF MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB

DECEMBER 1, 1913 to APRIL 25, 1914

VOL. VI

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DECEMBER 1, 1913 to APRIL 25, 1914

The Diary Volumes Nos. 13 and 14 have been either lost or misplaced for I cannot find them at the present time. Fortunately, they were copied before they disappeared. The letters contained in the above two volumes were from December 3rd to December 30th, 1913, and these in typewritten forms are placed herein in place of the two volumes lost.

M. A. S.

INTRODUCTION

In this series there are eleven Volumes.

The first nine Volumes, containing the original letters written by Mirza Ahmad Schrab recording the daily account of the life of Abdul Baha, begins with December 5, 1912 and ends June 25, 1915. These are the daily records of what was going on around Abdul Baha, his talks, remarks and description of the life of the Bahais in Europe and in the Near East.

1. The letters covering the first seven months were mailed day by day to Miss Harriet Magee in New York City. These were read in the Bahai Assembly and copies were made and distributed among the Bahais of the United States and Canada.

2. The second portion of the diary letters up to the beginning of the first World War were mailed to Mr. Joseph Hannen of Washington, D. C. Mr. and Mrs. Hannen and other volunteer workers made extensive copies of these diary letters and shared them with the Bahai Assemblies in the United States and Canada.

3. The last portion of these diary letters, which covered the early stages of the first World War, were kept in Palestine and have neither been copied nor published. From June 25, 1915 to the end of the first World War the diary letters were kept in the Persian language and can be found in another series of volumes of manuscripts.

These letters were very generally and widely distributed among the Bahais in the East and West. Some of the Bahais made collections of them in typewritten and mimeographed forms; extracts of these diary letters were published in the "Star of the West;" a Bahai, Mrs. Mary Rabb, of California made a collection of extracts which were published serially in the "Star of the West" and later in a book under the title "The Divine Art of Living." These diary letters exerted an influence on the thoughts and lives of the early Bahais and they form an inestimable document portraying the thoughts and the life of Abdul Baha toward the end of his life.

It is unavoidable that, in this vast collection of documents and in mailing them from Palestine to the United States and in having carried them from one place to another in the past many, many years, some copies have been lost. (a) 8 pages of the letter of Jan. 21, 1913 are missing; (b) letters from Sept. 14th to Oct. 9, 1914 are missing; (c) letters from Jan. 17th to Jan. 27th, 1915 are missing; (d) the letter of June 14, 1915 is incomplete; (e) from June 5th to June 21, 1915 the letters are missing; (f) the last letter dated June 25, 1915 starts with one line and then stops.

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Volume X contains samples of the typewritten and mimeographed copies of these diary letters as they were distributed in the early days. In the same volume there is a miscellaneous collection of various Bahai documents from 1901 to 1927.

Volume XI is a continuation of Volume X, giving more examples of typewritten and mimeographed copies of the diary letters.

Compiled October, 1940

M. A. SCHRAB

Ramleh, Egypt, December
1, 1913

Dear Friends:

At last the Holy Caravan is going to start on its Holier Pilgrimage---I mean the Beloved will leave to-morrow for Haifa. How glad I am that our long expectation will be realized after four or five days! We did not expect that the Master would make up His mind to leave so soon after our pilgrims departed, but the believers of ACCA and Haifa are clamoring, impatient and long to look into the Face of "Him who is desired by GOD".

This morning, I was in the Hotel unusually early, and before entering I could hear the ringing voice of the King of Kings speaking to Mirza Jalal. "I am better. To-morrow we must depart for Haifa. The time has arrived. Now prepare the Tea." When he saw me, he smiled through His wonderous eyes: "You have also come. I slept last night quite well, and I am up so early to start on my work." I begged him to keep quiet for a few days until he is entirely well, then he can work. But he would not listen to any one. Would he?

Then He came down, after drinking His tea on the veranda, and was walking from one end to the other below the mellow rays of sunshine. I had this book of Diary in my hand. He asked: "What is this?" I said: "It is the account of the Master's daily sayings and doings." He took it out of my hand, and looked over it from page to page. "You have written a whole lot." Then he gave it back. "These days I do very little talking compared with those days of our American trip. But now we will go to the Holy Land and see what can be done," he said. After awhile Abdol Hossein and his mother came to see the Master, and He took them to the salon.

Baha'i

In the afternoon, many/Arabs came to bid farewell to the Beloved. In the course of His conversation, he told them:

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"During my long stay here I could not see you as I would have liked. Now continue to have your meetings, so that the Fire of the Love of GOD may become ignited. Read the prayers and supplications, encourage each other through the words of Light. Be ye enkindled and attracted, firm and steadfast in the Cause of GOD. I shall ever remember you and think of you, and when I go to Haifa I shall supplicate for you at the Threshold of the Almighty." Entering the room, He called me in and handed me nine apples and one pomegranate. "These were brought to me by Mirza Golam Hossein, and now I give them to you with this" -- and He slapped me hard on my right cheek. The Arab believers outside heard it, and when I went out they were all congratulating me on this unique distinction. In turn, I gave them the apples just received from the Beloved.

Mirza Jalal went to the city to buy the tickets, and I accompanied him to the rose-garden, where he stayed for one hour. While He was there, several poor men presented themselves, and were not prevented from the ocean of His generosity. He ordered the gardener --his name is Ibrahim Abad--to have ready for to-morrow four special rose-bushes. which He wants to take for the garden of ACCA. Then He returned to the Hotel, and after half an hour a lawyer came to see Him. He talked with him at length upon criminology, and how the committees must devise means to prevent lawlessness and evils, "The more the rays of the sun of education are diffused, the less will be the darkness of crime and brutality. The hearts must receive the bounties of the Holy Spirit; the legislators must become prompted by a sense of moral rectitude, the lawyers must be inspired by the spirit of righteousness, the judges must have the fear of GOD and the representatives of the people voice vigorously the public opinion against dens of shame and moral squalor. First they must clear their own houses, then start to clean the houses of the people."

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When this lawyer departed from the presence of the Beloved, he told me to bring paper and ink to dictate a few Tablets for the believers of Persia. As they are in the form of supplications, I will share them with you:

"Glory be unto Thee, O THOU Guide of the seekers to the Sought One, and the Magnet of the lovers to the Presence of the Beloved! Praise be unto Thee for Thou hast guided every thirsty one to the Fountain of Life and every ailing one to the Merciful Physician. Illumine the heart of this Thy servant with the Light of Assurance, make firm his feet in the straight Path and Manifest Road, and suffer him to drink from the Clear Spring and the Water of 'Tasneem'. Verily, Thou art the Clement and the Merciful!

(Signed) ABDUL BAHA ABBAS."

"O Lord! Verily Shafie is a babe drinking the milk of Thy Providence and a child at the door of Thy Mercifulness! He is praising and thanking Thee, for the Grace of Thy Guidance; is calling upon Thee with an eloquent tongue amongst Thy people and is longing for Thy Most Great Bestowal and the Most Eminent Bounty! O Lord! Destine for him these favors through Thy Liberality and Generosity! Verily Thou art the Most High and the Glorious!

(Signed) ABDUL BAHA ABBAS."

"O God! O God! Verily these are the attracted ones to the Kingdom of Beauty and enkindled ones with the Fire of the Love of the Lord of Glory and Majesty! O Lord! Straighten for them the Path, appoint for them the guide which shall lead them to the door of Thine Inexhaustible Mercy, facilitate for them their affairs and shower upon them Thy Heavenly Graces! Verily Thou art the Mighty and the Forgiving!

(Signed) ABDUL BAHA ABBAS

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"O Thou Glorious Lord! O Thou Giver of Gifts and Bestower of Bounties and the Goal toward which all the Guides are leading Humanity! Allow for Thy servant the privilege of taking a shelter under the shade of the Sedrat-ol-Montaha and make him steadfast in Thy Religion amongst mankind. Verily Thou art holding in Thy Grasp the bestowals of heaven and earth! Thou art the Possessor of the Comely Names and Verily Thou art the Compassionate!

(Signed) ABDUL BAHA ABBAS

Ramleh, Egypt, Dec. 2, 1913
(On Board S.S. BARON CALL, Austrian -LLOYD

Dear Friends:

The sea is calm; the Beloved of our hearts is walking on the deck, the crescent silver moon is shedding its bashful rays and we are all happy because our steamer is heading toward Haifa. I can never express in words the joy that is in my heart. I have no doubt you will feel it, despite the great ocean and continent that intervene between us. Really it is all like a wonderful, golden dream out of which I will be awakened some day; notwithstanding this, it is a deep and lasting reality, in which I live without^{any} merit on my part. Now and then I get a faint glimpse of the Favors of our Lord on this unworthy one, when the young and old Persian pilgrims come to visit the King of Kings. With what loving envy they look upon me! "Do you know, "many of them have told me, "we would give up not only all that we possess but our very lives if we could stay for two weeks like you with our Beloved? Thousands of believers would dance with happiness and renounce everything if they were permitted to live as near the Master as you have been doing. What a divine privilege!" Then I look at myself, and consciously feel my utter unworthiness and the immensity of the Grace of our Lord. I realize more than ever

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what a poor and broken instrument I am! Day and night I pray and entreat at the Threshold of the Blessed Perfection to confirm me in some small service in the Cause of GOD, and suffer me to become a source of joy and unity -- the master-key-note of the Baha'i Revelation. Every Baha'i must let his life be shaped according to the dictates of unity. His words and deeds must proclaim the law of unity: the light of His eyes must be unity; the predominant influence of his being must be unity; the fundamental principles of his conduct must be unity. If he be assisted in this, if he be imbued with this characteristic, then he will be adorned in the temple of the world of humanity; he will be a spiritual bestowal for all mankind; he will forget himself and obtain the invisible emanations of the cosmic consciousness.

We awoke this morning with the full expectation that this was our very last day in Ramleh and I was in the Hotel as soon as I could hurriedly dress myself. The Master was also up, and confirmed our hope. All morning we were busy packing. By one o'clock we were ready and all the believers, Persians, and Arabs, had come to receive their last blessing from the Beloved. They had also brought their children, and it made a beautiful picture as he was patting the heads and faces of the little angels of the Kingdom of Abha. The Manager of the Hotel accompanied the Master to the station, and all the believers were following Him with deep respect and veneration. They were regretting the fact that He was leaving them. At the Hotel we bade farewell to Miss Hiscock, who is going to stay there for a longer period. Her faith in the Baha'i Cause and the Center of the Covenant is strong and often the Master has attested to this fact.

On the steamer there were a number of Baha'is who left only when the steamer raised her anchor, making for the sea. By this time, the sun was almost setting, and on one side in the sky there was a wonderful rainbow of many colors, an outward symbol of the Covenant of GOD to

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be ever remembered afterward, on the eve of our departure. Good Bye! Egypt and all the experiences gained and all the heavenly times we had. We are now facing a new and thrilling life, full of holiness and sanctity! May we appreciate all that we shall see! May we learn all that we shall hear! Just before our departure from Ramleh, a few letters were received from America, the contents of which gave the Beloved much happiness. As Ramleh is bedecked with green foliage and all the gardens are full of flowers, the following description of our beloved California may now be out of place:-

"It has been raining and a few minutes ago I stepped out into the garden to get a breath of the pure, delicious air. Everywhere I saw signs and hints of the coming springtime. Tender little blades of green are peeping out of the earth. The flower seeds weplanted a few weeks ago are springing up in dainty forms, and all the trees and bushes are showing forth their tiny little buds. I lingered amongst the new life nature was manifesting. I saw all about me, evidence of the power of growth and the wonderful spirit of sacrifice. The rain began to come last Friday. Before that everything was dry, dusty and colorless. Now what a change has been wrought! Everything has been washed clean, the original colors have again appeared and to it has been added much more color from the new vegetation. To our eyes the beautiful picture of nature has been restored by the wonderful restorative called rain. How happy I was, as many thoughts came to me as I walked in the garden! My heart was joyous in praise to GOD for having caused the Showers of His Mercy and Truth to descend upon us, for having let our eyes witness the signs of the spiritual springtime and our souls to have breathed in the pure fragrant Life-giving Breath of His Spirit."

In the evening, the Master talked with us about the long voyage covered, and age covered, and how we are now nearing our destination. The little crescent was up in the heaven, and as the Beloved was walking on

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the deck we listened to his words of life and truth. We were blissfully happy at this heavenly moment of our lives.

"Let us all remember," he said, as he looked over the calm silvery sea, "we have travelled over many countries and upraised the Flag of Truth over many climes. People everywhere listened to the words with great attention, and the Fragrances of the Paradise of Abha were spread. Now we must render due thanksgiving to the Blessed Perfection, for He hath under all circumstances guided our steps to promulgate His Words amongst mankind. Oh! We are now returning home after accomplishing our work. There we will put our brow at the Holy Threshold and pray in behalf of all the friends throughout the world, supplicating His Confirmations so that they may arise to diffuse the sweet scent of His Utterances and summon all men to the Standard of Universal Peace, Brotherhood, Divine Civilization and Spirituality. May their hearts be inspired with the Holy Spirit and the powers of the Kingdom of Abha!

* * * * *

On Board S. BARON CALL,
Dec. 3, 1913

Dear Friends:

Early in the morning, I was on the deck waiting the rise of the glorious sun out of the waves of the sea. I walked for nearly half an hour, passing by the cabin of the Beloved several times, finding yet the Ideal Sun not arisen. How I longed to see both suns dawning from the two horizons at the same moment. Little by little the East was tinted with the rosy-winged heralds of the Orb of the day, and as I watched it eagerly I saw its begenmed head rising like the eternal pyramids of Egypt, adding to its colors and prismatic hues degree by degree. The reflection of the rays was visible on the marmorial surface of the sea, and up in the sky the clouds formed

the most fantastic shapes, building momentary palaces of ^psaphires and precious gems. At a glance, the disc of the sun rose with glorious beauty, and after a few moments, as I turned to go in the writing room I heard the voice of the Master calling to me, and when I turned my face I became very happy, because the Ideal Sun had also arisen. By seven o'clock Port Said could be seen in the distance flooded with the rosy hues of the sun. Having entered the Harbor, the Beloved said He would not land, but sent Mirza Jalal and Khosro ashore. After a few moments, Ahmad Yazdi, knowing about the arrival of the steamer, ascended the gang-ladder and presented himself to the Master. As the steamer was going to stay in the harbor all day, he urged him to land and rest in his house; but the Beloved preferred to remain on the ship. On the other hand, he gave permission that all the believers may come on board and see Him, especially Saidol Molk of Rasht, a prominent Baha'i and a splendid man. During the day, different delegations of Persians and Arabs arrived, with each one of whom he spoke in detail. To Ahmad Yazdi he said: "Education is the bed-rock of the modern civilization of Europe and America. From childhood the mothers train the minds of their children with noble ideals and make them look at pictures giving them object lessons;- so that in the long run it becomes a second nature to them. The Baha'is must lay the foundation of a modern College in Teheran, the chief object of which may be the instruction of the moral fiber of the children. They must have rules and regulations to prevent the children reading books of romance and exciting stories; even the teachers must not refer to such things in their lectures or class-rooms. When the moral tone of the community is raised to a higher level through this system of ethical education, they will make great advancement in sciences and arts and crown their lives with success and prosperity."

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An old Jew who has been an old inhabitant of Acca for many years came up from the 3rd Class, and was delighted to see the Master. He asked about the health and business of each member of the Jew's family, and as for the last two months he has been in Budapest, he spoke with him about the charms of that city.

To another Baha'i he spoke about the social aspect of the coal-carriers, who are looking more like the laborers of the infernal regions than human beings! Hundreds of them work together in a wrangle of confusion, carrying coal to the bottom of steamers and all talking together in a loud noise. "The Managers of these Steamship companies must in a degree look after each ones comfort and well-being of these poor men. They are not treated with kindness, and work very hard. The scale of their wages is very low. Often they have brought other nationalities to work in this line, but they could not stand its insurmountable difficulties except the Arabs. At least the Companies must build for them a public bath, so that when they leave their work they may wash their bodies. All day they breathe the dust of the coal, and thus their lungs are affected. They must have clean houses to live in, and a Dr. who may attend to them immediately when ~~needed~~ medical help is needed. But the Companies do not bother about these poor men. They use them like machines, no, not even that well! For a machinist oils his machine! They haven't the least consideration for them. Of course they are obliged to take whatever salary is given them. For example the motorman of Alexandria receives ten dollars a month. Now how can a young man with a wife and children live on such a low wage? Whenever I gave them 25¢ they were so happy they did not know how to thank me, but the Company is making extraordinary profits. The heart of man must be merciful. The worst part of this is that these poor men have not even the spiritual consolation, because they concentrate their attention upon worldly objects and material means. Notwithstanding this, they live a penur-

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ious life. But the believers of God, no matter how poor they may be, have the spiritual consolation. Their hearts are illumined with the bestowals of God, and their spirits rejoiced with the Glad-tidings of God. When we arrived in Bagdad we were in the utmost poverty, because the secular and religious authorities had exiled us from Teheran after confiscating and pillaging all our belongings, yet the straightened circumstances did not affect us at all. We were stationed in the supreme station of joy--invariable and unchangeable. Our hearts were stirred by the Breaths of the Holy Spirit and our souls vivified by the Fragrances of God. When we were travelling, we passed by the village, Asad Abab, in the vicinity of Hamadan. The coldness of the climate in this place is proverbial, and as it was in the heart of the Winter. my feet were frost-bitten. At that time we were so destitute of worldly means^{so} that I could not afford to buy a pair of stockings. The Doctor said that if after the cold, heat suddenly overcomes the feet, they must amputate them; but I did not give them any attention. While they were massaging the feet I was laughing and entertaining them."

To Saidol Molk he spoke again on Baha'i moral education, and how oratorical clubs must be organized in the Baha'i schools of Persia, so that the young men may exercise their speaking faculties and deliver speeches with intrepidity and mental force. Then, speaking in a general tone, He said; "You must sow seeds the trees of which may yield fruits for all eternity. Praise be to God, you have entered in the Path of God. May I ever receive cheering news from you. If you want to make me happy, teach the Cause to those who have never heard of it, and summon everyone to the Kindgom of God. The Confirmation of the Almighty is with you. Have no fear. Encourage all the believers in the promotion of the Cause of GOD. Make them enkindled and attracted."

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To a number of the Arab Baha'is he said: "Man must so adorn himself with good attributes, attractions and divine characteristics that he may become the cause of the illumination of the world of humanity; otherwise his life will be a burden ^{to} on him. What difference will there be between him and the animals, who are born, live, eat and die! When man departs from this mortal life, he must see in a tangible manner the accumulated results of his several scores of life, and observe whether any good is accomplished by him or not."

To another person he said: "If a soul is not severed, if he is not pure and holy, if he is not thoughtful of others, if he is not radiant, if he is not divine, if he is not god-like and celestial,-- no one can say he is a Baha'i. It will be only a name and not the reality."

To another he advised: "Trust thou wholly in GOD, and be entirely detached from this world. Then the comfort of this world also will be thine. All these men thou art beholding are not enjoying happiness, and are heavily laden with misery of some kind or another. If they sleep on couches of velvet and silk, yet they are sad and restless: But when the believers of GOD free themselves from these entangling ties and become spiritual, sanctified and purified, they receive the real joy of this life and their hearts are at ease. "

In a short time there will be no time to chronicle all his words. Toward the evening, Ahmad Yazdi brought our mail and newspapers. I had many letters from the friends on the other side of the ocean. The Master called me to his cabin, and told me to read the cablegrams, which I did. Is it not wonderful that just on the hour of sailing for Haifa, so many letters greeted the Master from America and Europe? I could not read all of them to him, but a spiritual treat is in store for to-morrow, While our steamer is nearing "HOME". During the evening, the "Funny sheets" attracted the attention of a man and wife with their two children from Cleveland, Ohio, and thus a link was established to give the Message and interest them in the Cause. Then I gave

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Then I gave them the Occult Review Magazine, containing the article by Miss Beatrice Irwin. During the day, many Germans became interested in the Master, and a few words were dropped into their ears.

On Board S.S. Baron Call,
December 4, 1913.

Dear Friends:

Our steamer anchored off the shore of Jaffa at 8:30 a.m. in the midst of a rough sea. Having no harbor, all the ships drop anchor in deep sea, or as near Jaffa as they dare to go, which is often quite far. Then the little and big boats-- the former for passengers, the later for cargoes, are rowed toward the ships by their strong, jabbering Arab rowers. On a rough day like this, the waves play with these boats like empty walnut shells. They are carried up on the crest of the waves, and then dashed down mercilessly to the bottom. (you have "bottom of the sea.") When after much skillful rowing their boats are brought near the ship, in order to take precedence over each other they raise such a hue and cry that the destruction of the Tower of Babel is as nothing compared with it. They literally walk on each other's heads in order to climb up the side of the steamer before it is anchored. They just take hold of your baggage roughly, and yourself also, and you are at their mercy unless you are a Cook's Tourist, whose boat and agent are ready to transfer you to the shore without these unbearable difficulties. The Russian Jews and the poor Arabs who travel in the third Class are often the prey of these Jaffa rowers, who are famous for their trickeries and unjust extortion. For example, they keep the boat in the middle of the sea for hours in order to force these men to pay them a high price, often several English Pounds. Many Europeans and Arabs passengers landed, and as the steamer carried in its hull much merchandise, the Captain decided to leave to-morrow instead of to-night, which of

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course was not a pleasing bit of news when we heard it. In the morning, it rained hard, and added to the air of general discomfort. The Master did not leave his cabin, which was ~~no~~[#] 9 on the first class, until late in the afternoon, when the rain stopped, the sea calmed and the sun shone brightly. By evening the sea was perfectly calm, and the passengers were walking on the deck in their joyful and nonchalant fashion. We have a good Baha'i in Jaffa by the name of Abdassamad Nohass, and two others. They were notified by Mirza Jalal in a letter that the Master is on the steamer, and so they came in that awful weather, bringing with them two baskets full of oranges. We were delighted to see them, but they stayed only for half an hour. In the afternoon the Master sent for me, and asked for a resume of the news contained in the letters received last night. Reports and letters received from Washington, New Bedford, Mass., New York, San Francisco, Oakland, Chicago, Minneapolis, Budapest, London and Stuttgart were reviewed in rapid succession, all convincing proofs of the progress of the mighty spirit of the Movement. A quotation from the letter of Mrs. Getsinger, mailed from Aden, may interest our friends who desire to know about her work in the new field. She writes: "Please present my love and devotion to the Beloved Master, and say that to-day we arrived in Aden. So far the journey has been very fair, i.e. the weather, the sea, very calm, the air very warm. I found one of the American ladies in the cabin to be a woman I had known when I was a little girl, she having lived in the same town where I was born and brought up. I have given the Message to her and her companion, also to two men from India; one a Parsee and the other a Mohammedan. Both are greatly interested. Although they do not speak to each other, both of them speak with me, and both have invited us to visit their homes and talk to their friends in Bombay. The Mohammedan has been educat-

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ed in England, and is an Advocate, very clean and very broadminded. The Parsee is also well educated, having travelled in Europe and America. - 0 - - The Master was glad to hear this news, and now and then he would make a few appropriate remarks. When I read to him the circular letters sent out from Washington concerning the spread of the Cause, he said: "Bravo Mr. Hannen! Well done! At this moment this is the greatest announcement. The believers must not rest for one second. Day and night they must teach. I anticipate daily receiving such news from the believers in all parts of the world. This is the day of teaching! This is the day of work! This is the day of heralding the people to the Kingdom of Abha! Those who are intoxicated with the wine of the love of GOD will not fall behind but ever go forward and teach and teach and teach!"

Yesterday, the Master in a Talk with Saidol Molk, answered the objections of those people who say that our religion is enough, we need no new religion. As the subject is general in America, and not wide of the mark, I may be permitted to translate it below:

"In the coming of every prophet and messenger of God, this objection was uttered by the people of negation. Even Pharaoh^a as quoted in the Koran, says of Moses and Aron: 'Verily, these are magicians who claim to change our religion through their magic and make us walk in their false path!' The Arabs said to Mohammed; 'Dost thou dare to change our faith and prevent us from the faith of our fathers?' Once the Blessed Perfection said that the people of Mazandaran told him: 'What^{is} was the matter with our beautiful religion, that thou hast invented this strange faith of the Brotherhood of man? How can we love those whom we hate?' From a biological standpoint, when a tree is planted, day by day it will grow and develop till it reaches the stage of fruitage. For some years, at stated times, it produces leaves, blossoms and fruits: it will in-

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evitably start on the retrograding path of decay and dissolution. In the world of genesis, every phenomenon goes through this process of growth and decay, life and death, spring and winter, cold and heat. Now when a tree is decayed, its trunk rotten, its branches dried up, is it worthy of human intelligence to rest under it, or take shelter beneath it? For example, the Mosaic tree at one time was covered with green branches and leaves. For ages it yielded blossoms and fruits for the healing of the nations; but now that tree having passed through the period of its productivity, its gardeners must devote their time to the irrigation and care of the new Tree which is planted beside the River of Life in the Paradise of Abha. When a tree is dried, a new shoot springs from its original root, so in reality the Christian Dispensation is from the same Mosaic root, etc. To-day the Baha'i Tree has sprung up from the root of all the former prophetic Trees. To serve this Tree, to irrigate this Tree, is to serve and irrigate all the other Trees. To-day the Call of the Kingdom is raised. Having listened to it, can we deny its soothing effect? To-day the Sun of Reality is shining upon all the regions. Becoming warmed through its rays, is it possible to shut our eyes and say No! No! ? To-day the breeze of Providence is wafting and the dead bodies of the world, having become quickened through the life-imparting breath, can we negate its effect?"

All the people of the First and Second Class are unconsciously attracted to the Beloved, even in his walking he is different from all the other human beings. At our table we have a Syrian Professor who is very learned and a student of human characters. He told me to-night: "I have never heard of the name of Abbas Effendi; neither had I ever seen him; yet when yesterday I looked at him for the first time, I knew that he is a superman, endowed with keen spiritual powers".

Dec, 5th, 1913

Diary

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Baha'i Pilgrims Home, Mt Carmel
Haifa, Syria, Dec. 5th, 1913

Dear Friends:

Oh! To live on the Mountain of GOD! to view the matchless panorama of sea and mountain and to inhale the fresh air that Baha'o'llah breathed!

Oh! to walk through the narrow passes of this sacred spot! to look at the house where the Beloved of the world is residing, and to commune with the spirit of prophecy!

Oh! to watch the brilliant stars shining in their poetic beauty, to gaze at the silvery moon in her queenly march and to be inspired with the sacred majesty of the surroundings!

Oh! to converse on spiritual subjects with the elect of the Blessed Perfection, to hear their enthralling stories of the Life of the Supreme Manifestation and to try to emulate their lives of miracles and sacrifice!

Oh! to visit from far and near the Holy Tomb of the Bab nestled in the breast of Carmel, to fall prostrate at the Divine Shrine, to kiss with deep humility this god-like Threshold and to pray fervently in behalf of the believers of God!

Oh! my beloved brothers! my dear sisters! How can I write, how can I express the feelings and emotions that swelled in my heart when for this first time I looked over the sublime, celestial mountain! How the dramatic and tragic lives of Baha'u'llah and Abdul Baha came back to my memory with glowing vividness and spiritual emphasis! It is on this mountain, and in yon small city lying not far away, opposite the mountain, that the greatest prophetic lives of the modern world have been lived, the most stupendous epics have been written with the pen of diamond and the most majestic and world-revolutionizing drama has been acted!

Oh! Mountain of GOD! Oh! City of Acca! I salute you! Ikneel

before you and kiss the dust of your ground! Like unto a pilgrim of old, with hushed reverence and sacred silence I look at you and walk through your streets and lanes!

Oh! Thou Mountain of GOD! Thou art holding in thy precious bosom the holy remains of the Herald of the Kingdom of Abha, the Bab, the one who cried in the wilderness of Persia, preparing the hearts to receive "Him whom GOD would manifest," I salute thee!

Oh! Thou city of Acca! Thou, behind whose walls lived the Manifestation of GOD, whose people have been privileged to look in His Countenance, and whose every foot of ground is blessed by HIM who enacted laws for nations and paved the high-road of Universal Peace, I salute thee! Thou art indeed the most beloved city in the world, the one spot toward which all the eyes are turned and the birthplace of the Universal Principles for the unification of religions and the solidarity of the people of the world! I love thee! The glories of thy future bedim the majesty of heaven! Thou art the Queen of all the cities of the world!

I was up this morning at 5 o'clock, and was on deck as soon as I could pull myself out of my berth. The steamer was yet anchored. The city of Jaffa was just awakening out of her sleep, and the lights were being extinguished one by one. Above our heads the morning star was shining brightly, and a little afterwards I could see the silhouette of boats rowed toward the steamer to carry away the rich cargoes of sugar and other merchandise. For two or three hours the work of unloading went on at a feverish speed, and suddenly the word went around that the steamer will pull up her anchor at 9 o'clock. We were very happy, because the distance between Jaffa and Haifa is only five hours. While the Beloved was drinking tea, I sat in his presence for a long time. He was silent and in a prayer-attitude.

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When the steamer started on the last span of the voyage, it came to my mind that the ^{last} past year, at this very moment we sailed out of the harbor of New York-- thus it took exactly one year for the Beloved to reach the Holy Land, and how many events and what spiritual and holy episodes have transpired!

~~When~~ the Master left Haifa about three years ago, ^{and} he has been travelling through many climes and countries and in every country he has upraised the Flag of the Religion of GOD and promoted the principles of the Faith of the Almighty. Everybody on the steamer loves him, and inquires about him. An Arab who has known him for many years was telling me in a confidential mood, in a whisper, that Abbas Effendi has lived amongst us for 45 years, and we never appreciated him, but suddenly he leaves us and goes alone to America, to Europe, and gives lectures and addresses, thousands of men and women flock to listen eagerly to him and appreciate his words and utterances and respond to his teachings with such alacrity.

The doctor of the ship becoming greatly interested in the Cause asked permission to meet the Beloved. He spoke with him on natural and divine civilization and ended by saying: "Divine Civilization is Peace, Love and Unity. The East has been the Founder of Divine Civilization but the West the spreader of material civilization. The East has been the scatterer of the seeds, the West the irrigator. How the people of both hemispheres have forgotten the wonderful ideals of Divine Civilization. It is our hope that the horizons of the Orient and the Occident may become illumined with the lights of Divine Civilization."

During the five hours of our voyage, the steamer sailed near the shore. All along there were hills, mountains, little villages and lovely places that could be seen through the marine glass. By eleven o'clock the Monastery of the Monks could be seen on the

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summit of Mt. Carmel. When one is standing on that lofty peak, he can see both sides of the mountains with the ocean lapping on both shores. Little by little, Haifa became visible, and the sea being perfectly calm, we were sure that we would have a safe landing. Long before we landed, I had Khosro on my side, who, through the glass, explained and pointed out to me the various houses of the believers, the home of the Beloved, the Pilgrims' Home and the Blessed Tomb of the Bab. The Master had sent, of course, explicit instructions that no one should come to the steamer to welcome him. Although there are nearly forty pilgrims, men and women, from all parts of Persia, and the believers living in Haifa bursting with the desire of an outward demonstration, yet they know they must obey the Beloved's desire, and so there was not a single Baha'i soul in evidence. Thanks to the knowledge and familiarity of Mirza Jalal, we were landed quickly, but the Master stayed on board to land at 5 o'clock, thus entirely precluding any sign of demonstration. As our boat was rowed ashore, we saw another boat heading for the steamer, carrying Mirza Hadi and Mirza Mohsen, with Basheer. Mirza Jalal told them the wish of the Master that no one must go now to the steamer, and that all the believers must gather at 7 o'clock in the home of the Beloved, there to meet him. Incidentally two warships, German and French, were in the port, and it was just about five o'clock when their guns boomed forth--in unconscious honor of the arrival of the King of Kings.

It was about 2:30 p.m. when we walked through the rose-garden surrounding the house of the Beloved. A number of the believers, hearing the news, hastened to the house, the pilgrims coming down from the Pilgrims' Home and there was a general air of expectancy pervading the atmosphere. The faces were radiant, expectant, eager,

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Our brother Mahmoud was the spokesman of the afternoon, a sort of herald paving the way for the coming of the King. About 6:30 the news was brought in that the Master having arrived, would receive them in the main hall. They all rushed out, and as it seemed it was a false alarm, they were scattered in little groups in the lovely rose-garden in front of the house, talking about the Master. Then the word came that the time had arrived, and how eagerly they filled the large, spacious hall, the floor of which was covered with magnificent rugs. In the center of the hall there was a large table, which was laden with fruit and delicacies. On the fringe of the hall there were a few chairs, but not enough for all to sit down, so they sat on the floor. Behind the curtains there were the blessed members of the Holy Family, and the women pilgrims. The elders of the Cause, with their white beards --patriarchal looking--were sitting on one side; the sons-in-law of the Beloved were standing near the door through which the Master was supposed to enter. It was a moment of supreme triumph for all these people gathered here! As I looked into their holy, benign faces, there was not one dry eye! They were all weeping for joy, and momentarily expecting to look in the countenance of their Lord! How these people keep the Cause close to their hearts, and how they love the one who is the Beloved of the whole world! I was standing in a far, inconspicuous corner, watching the shifting emotions sweeping over the divine congregation! Then the Lord enters the Hall! Everyone arose to their feet and then prostrating on the ground! The Master told them not to do it, but who would listen when the foundation of his very being is shaken with spiritual emotions? It was really a most dramatic, wonderful picture to see more than one hundred men prostrating to the ground, their foreheads touching the floor! As I looked at all these men and realized their rugged sincerity, I felt

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my knees trembling, and in a second I was also kneeling and praying. Let us realize that these people are not offering the ^{v?}sort of homage to the Beloved because he gives them anything, nay, rather, each one is ready at this very moment to sacrifice his very life in his path, which is a higher, nay, rather, the greatest and supreme homage! A chair was arranged for the Master, but he sat like the others on the floor and began to speak in his clear, resonant voice. It was a very short speech, about his long voyage through the West and his return, and the spiritual beauty of Mount Carmel. Then he asked Mirza Mahmoud Foroughi to chant a supplication, which he did in his great big voice, with wonderful color and rich diapason. After the meeting, fruit and candies were given around, and we retired with thanksgiving to the Pilgrims' Home near the top of Mount Carmel.

Baha'i Pilgrim Home, Mt. Carmel
Haifa, Syria, Dec. 6th, 1913

Dear Friends:

The first glimpse of the sunrise on Mount Carmel is the most heavenly sight! You can easily imagine that I was up about 5 a.m. My joy was so great that I could not sleep. When I went to bed, long after mid-night, I got into a mood of uncontrollable laughter, and at last I was afraid I would wake others, and in case they were awakened they would judge me a little out of my mind! The Baha'i Pilgrims Home, about which I shall write in a later letter, is built parallel with the Holy Tomb of the Bab, so that you can walk over there in a second. The entrance to the Baha'i Pilgrims' Home is facing East-ward so that you may sit just where I am sitting--which is in the middle of the hall, and you will have a glorious view of the East. There is a little, raised porch in front of the entrance, which I may term as "Sunrise porch" where I was walking early this morning

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awaiting the majestic dawn of the Orb of the day. In the lap of the mountain there lies peacefully the industrious German colony, now interspersed with other nationalities, trim, well-kept cottages, some fine homes and pretentious buildings; a little further is the channel of the wonderful sea, calm and unruffled; still a little further is the city of Acca, quiet and peaceful; above my head is the mountain rising like a diadem of gold, all around me is the Spiritual ineffable Something pervading the beautiful rolling valleys, I walk on the "Sunrise porch", and I am thinking of you in this, my first morning of holy experiences. Within a few minutes, the gorgeous sun--or rather its emblazoned heralds-- are proclaimed in chariots of prismatic colors. The whole panorama is bewitching, mystifying and in its intense reality there is an intense unreality, so satisfying to the heart of a dreamer who floats in a world of Ideals--illusive and unattainable. Come with me, dear friends, and let us enjoy in silent communion this imperial rise of the sun, comprehensive in its significance and inscrutable in its vision. Let our thoughts be as refulgent and resplendent as the rays of this sun rising from behind the rosy Eastern hills of the Holy Land.

Then from the "Sunrise porch" I walked over to the Tomb of the Bab. I did not enter the Holy of Holies, but I walked through the rose-garden and circumambulated around the Building, which is built of pale-yellowish rock. I returned and found in the hall of the Pilgrims' Home all the friends gathered and engaged in social and spiritual conversation. I talked with this or that one, and I found the life of everyone a rich mine of rare experiences, the details of which would make a book. One thing is certain, and that is they are supremely happy, and consider this the most wonderful day of their lives--because the Beloved of their hearts has come back, and they have looked last night in His Face! There is a very

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old man, with long white beard, he has lived for years in the Pilgrims' Home, and his name is Mullah Abou Taleb. He told me: "I have no other wish now. I have been longing to behold the Face of my Lord, the Center of the Covenant! Now I have obtained my wish. I can die in peace. I have come to live on Mt. Carmel the rest of my life, and am awaiting my call from the Kingdom of Abha. Oh! I shall depart happily!"

After awhile the news was brought that the Master is driving in his carriage toward the Holy Tomb of the Bab, and immediately the pilgrims prepared themselves to receive and follow him to the sacred spot. We hurried to the road, in which the Beloved, walked down majestically, with divine spirituality and heavenly Presence; then we filed ourselves in order and bowed before him as he passed us, now and then raising his hand in sign of recognition to this one and to that, and saying "Marhaba! Marhaba!" He gave the word that the pilgrims might enter from one door and he will enter from another door, alone. Here, before entering the Holy Room, everyone takes off his shoes. A large mat is spread in the open immediately before you enter the room. We left our shoesthere, walked over the mat, and then into the Wonderful Room. We kissed the Threshold. There are three large rooms, all of which are covered with rich, rare carpets. Under the floor of the center room is buried the remains of the Bab, in a marble sarcophagus, sent especially for this purpose from India. No one is allowed to enter this room except the custodian to light the lamps and fill the bowls with fresh flowers. Again each person in turn kissed the Threshold of the Center Room and then Mirza Mahmoud Foroughi started to chant the Visiting Tablet in a moving, tremulous voice, while all of us were standing in prayerful attitude. Those who could hear him distinctly repeated the words after him. The whole place is a dynamic store-room of

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spiritual vibrations, radiant and soul-enlightening. When he finished chanting, again each person kissed the Threshold, and walking backward while facing the room, came out. In the front toward the side of the building, facing the sea, there is a large reception room, the floor of which is carpeted with one single, large, multi-colored rug, and here the Master received the pilgrims. They wanted to throw themselves at his feet, but he forbade them emphatically. Overlooking the broad sea, he said: "Behold! What a charming view! What a delightful panorama!" Then he spoke a few other words, and commanded all the believers to go to Acca to-morrow, to the Holy Tomb of Baha'u'llah. He arose from his chair, and like so many moths flying around the candle, we followed him. First he passed by the home of the guardian of the Tomb, who lives here with his family; then he walked over to the Pilgrims' Home. He bade everyone be seated but silence reigned throughout. Then he rose, and asked us to rise with him. He faced the city of Acca, and a little beyond its walls the Palace of Bahajee, and offered in silence a supplication. During these sacred moments the room was so still you could hear the people breathing! Leaving the Home, he walked around the grounds alone, and returned to a room in the house of the guardian of the Tomb, there to commune silently. At noon Khosro brought his lunch, and after a little rest he drove to the Tomb of Afnan, which is somewhere on Mt. Carmel. Then he drove down to his own home. All the pilgrims were sent for toward dusk. In the reception room which is downstairs, Mirza Mahmoud read a new poem, written for the occasion, congratulating the Baha'is on the safe arrival of the Beloved, and reciting his miraculous works in America and Europe. He was heartily applauded. While coffee was being served, we were summoned to the upper reception room. When everybody had entered, the Master entered the room. At that very moment, three members of Haifa's Civil authorities were announced, and the

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him on his return. With much feeling and earnestness, he spoke about his historical addresses in the Jewish Synagogues of America, and how essential for Eastern people it is to free themselves from the yoke of these religious prejudices.

Baha'i Pilgrims' Home, Mt. Carmel
Haifa, Syria, December 7th, 1913.

Dear Friends:

I awoke with the thought of Acca in my mind, and the anticipated pleasure of walking through its narrow streets and curious bazaars spurred me. Everybody was astir. All the pilgrims are permitted to go, by the Master. No more does the carriage take us by the shore from Haifa to Acca, as when I first visited this Holy Land 14 years ago: but there is a modern railway, with excellent stations at both ends, connecting these two ancient cities. Thus the maddening speed of the march of progress has materially affected this part of the world, stripping it to a certain degree of romance and poetry and investing it with the feverish haste of Western so-called civilization. How much more beautiful and classic it is to drive slowly around the horse-shoe shore of Haifa--Acca and dream of those bygone ages of spirituality and illumination and these latter days of Baha'u'llah and Abdul Baha! For my part, I would have chosen the later and more ancient mode of travelling; but I was not alone, and had to fall in with my more progressive brothers. On the other hand, it was a rainy day. It commenced raining before sunrise, and is yet raining, at this hour of midnight, and with greater force and volume. Because the spiritual shower was going to pour down upon us abundantly, God in His Mercy so destined that we had a material counterpart for it--thus we may receive, each according to his capability, the Perfection of His Bounty. After the performance of our prayers and drinking our tea, we hastened to descend the mountain

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to "catch the train". I did not have an umbrella nor a pair of rubbers. I wore a pair of tanned leather shoes, good for the Summer, but I hailed forth lightheartedly. It is not an easy task to descend the mountain, with its narrow, slippery, craggy road, even in fair weather --how much more difficult when the windows of heaven are unlocked and the rivers of the upper spheres are undammed: especially is it difficult to walk through the narrow, muddy streets of Haifa before you reach the modern, white-washed building--the railway-station. To say that I was nicely soaked by the time I reached the station is no exaggeration! Dear me! I wish you could have looked at me! I assure you I was not fit to enter into your drawing-room --cozy and warm! Well! Little by little all the believers arrived--more than one hundred--singing, and the lights of joy in their faces. For twenty-five cents you buy a round-trip ticket, cheaper than the carriage. One of the believers who knows how to pull the inside strings ^{went?} goes to the Inspector and ^{asked?} asks him to give us two cars to ourselves--each car holding fifty persons. He ^{was?} is kind enough to give us this accomodation, and at 8 o'clock the whistle blew and the train started Acca-ward. A piece of good luck favored me--for I was sitting beside Aga Hossein Ash-tchee, who is one of the only two remaining persons who travelled in company with Baha'u'llah from Bagdad to Adrianople, then to Acca. He is a small, old man, and immediately I engaged him in conversation. In future letters I shall relate to you his facinating story, when I hear it in full. I intend to make several trips to Acca for the purpose of talking with these people at leisure, seeing the sacred places and taking photographs. He ^{told?} said, however, a little story about the Blessed Perfection, which I may repeat here, because it is en-rapport with the occasion. "One day", he said, "about six or seven pilgrims had arrived, and were in the Presence of Baha'u'llah. A number of

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believers were there also, amongst them this servant. He spoke for a time on the favors of this Great Day, and then gave us permission to retire. While we were retiring, he looked lovingly toward the pilgrims, and raising his blessed Hands toward heaven--cup-shaped--He said: 'Masha Allah! Masha Allah! The number of believers is growing yearly; they are becoming very numerous!' See now how they have grown! They do not come one by one, and that at intervals, but they come in groups of tens, twenties, thirties, forties, and fifties. They do not come only from Persia, as in those days, they come from the four corners of the earth, from America, Europe, India, Arabia, Turkey, Russia--all bonded together in the common Purpose of Abha--Unity of the human race. Praise be unto the Hand of the Center of the Covenant for this majestic power!"

Another Baha'i in front of me told another story about his early childhood. "My father was a Baha'i, and in his town known for his faith. The people circulated the most scurrillous stories about the members of this secret, atheistic faith', and filled the ears with their portentous monstrosities. When I was about eight years old, my mother used to send me to buy bread. The bakers, knowing that my parents were Baha'is, would not sell me bread, but would abuse me and beat me, so that I may curse Baha'is. I would not do it, and they would add to their cruelties. One day one of them told me; 'Don't you know the Baha'is have tails, but they hide them under their clothes for the utter shame of it. Now if you persist in growing in this queer faith you will have a tail too!' I believed it, and hastened back to my mother. On the way, I often felt my back to see whether the tail had started to grow. I went right to my father and mother and asked them: 'Show me your tails. They tell me that each Baha'i has one, and that soon I will have one too!' They laughed, and told me these are the calumnies that the enemies are fabricating against us all the time. You must not heed them'".

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Another Baha'i told me this story: "Because of my faith, I was once taken by the authorities with a number of my Baha'i brothers. Heavy chains and fetters were put around our neck and feet, and like the freaks of a circus they were parading us through the streets. The roofs of the houses and sidewalks were crowded with curious spectators, jeering and ridiculing us, and we were smiling and thanking them. In passing, I heard a little girl running to her mother and exclaiming: 'Mother! Mother! These Baha'is look exactly like other men. Father gave me such a dreadful discription about them the other day that I was afraid to think of them.'"

A young man from Teheran, with a beautiful face and dreamy, penetrating black eyes, told me how the people are awed and transfixed when they hear about the news of the victories of Abdul Baha in Europe and America. "Formerly they used to tell us: 'Leave these simple folks alone. If your Leader is giving us the truth, let him go to the West and conquer those strongholds of culture and civilization; let him solve the problems of their thinkers, let him converse with their philosophers and capture their minds!' Now that our Beloved has accomplished all these things, nay, rather more than they could ever dream of, they are dumfounded. Their hate is changed into amity, their indifference into interest and their curiosity into genuine investigation. When they read the accounts of those meetings, or his addresses, they wonderingly exclaim: 'How could he do it.'"

I might go on and write you all these wonderful things, but I must stop somewhere. A stirring Baha'i poem composed by "Bassar", a blind poet of Rasht, was chanted with vim and spirit. Its refrain is: "The Center of the Covenant has returned!" which was taken up by young and old. Its echoes reverbrated through the mountain on one side and the sea on the other. After an hour of a ringing, singing jollification, our train stopped near the Gate of Acca. We

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entered the town; its heavy iron gate has not been closed since the Turkish Revolution. We passed through the streets, and bazaars, and reached the house of the Master, where Baha'u'llah and his family lived for many years. The house over-looks the sea, and is purchased by our dear sister, Mmd. Dreyfus-Barney--thus securing its future. The guardians are Zoroastrian Baha'is. We had our lunch here, and then departed for Bahajee, to visit the sacred Tomb of Baha'u'llah. There is a rest-house, in front of which is a lovely rose-garden. It is built a few hundred feet below Bahajee. Here the pilgrims gather first, drink tea, chant Tablets and then walk toward the Sacred Tomb. In the Holy Tomb I kissed the Threshold of the room where the Blessed Perfection is buried, and begged confirmation and assistance for all our Western brothers and sisters. Before I give you a detailed description of these places, I would like to visit them several times, then I may be able to do justice to the subject. We walked back to the station in rain and mud. The distance between the station and Bahajee must be at least about a mile and a half or two miles, a most pleasant walk on a fair day. When we reached the Station, we heard that the Master was coming on the next train to visit the Holy Tomb and stay in Acca for one or two nights. In the morning, while we were in the house, the members of the Holy Family and Khosro and Basheer arrived to prepare the rooms before the Beloved arrived. The believers were^{on} happy of course because assembled as they were in the station, they could see the Master when arriving in the train.

At last we could see the train in the far distance, speeding toward Acca. As soon as it stopped, the Master came down, followed by three believers. Esfandeyar, the driver of the Master, had the carriage ready. You can imagine how the believers flocked around him. Many of the officials had come out to greet him at the station,

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not as their prisoner as in the years gone by, but as their spiritual King, whose spirit had never been imprisoned but his body confined in that strongly fortified, military town.

The Beloved drove toward Bahajee, and our train brought us back to Haifa, ricked with songs and anthems. "O ye Baha'is! This time is our time!" was the refrain of one song. "May the eyes of all be illumined" another; "Oh! Oh! How beautiful is His countenance!" a third; "How wonderfully He has appeared!" a fourth, and so on. As we reached the station in Haifa, a young Baha'i arose from his seat and waved his hands, shouted joyfully: "Viva the Baha'is of the world!" Our ascent of the mountain was a herculean task, in the blinding storm and darkness, but was accomplished. As I ascended the stairs of the Pilgrims' Home, I looked at myself, wet to the skin, and whispered to my heart: "I have had the most wonderful day in all my life! I shall never forget this experience, the blessings, the emotions and the joys of this day of all days!"

Baha'i Pilgrims' Home, Mr. Carmel
Haifa, Syria, December 8th, 1913

Dear Friends:

The Master being away in Acca, and the rain continuing in sheets through all the day, I did not go out, except in the afternoon and evening. I called at the store of Mirza Anayetullah, who is a fine Baha'i and has been in Chicago and New York some years ago. He is a very happy and contented soul, and asked about the health and the spiritual condition of many of our American Baha's. He told me of a Baha'i living in Acca who had a severe and painful trouble with his eyes. The pain has been so great that for 36 hours he could not sleep one wink, but when he heard about the arrival of the Beloved he became so joyful that he wept for one hour, and was going to leave his house and come to Haifa, no matter what would

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happen to his eyes. Finally after much protestation, the friends calmed him down and assured him that the Master would soon come to Acca, and he must keep quiet, so that his eyes may grow better. What love is this!

In the evening we went to the house of the Beloved, and there held a meeting. A young man chanted a long Tablet from the Beloved detailing the sufferings and persecutions of Baha'u'llah. The grandeur of his appeal, the beauty of his words, the sublimity of his passionate utterances, moved our hearts. Then the son of Foroughi chanted another Tablet by Baha'u'llah, which emphasized in a more emphatic degree the magnificance of his own woes and the intensity of his hardships. Then Foroughi himself sang with divine earnestness the stirring, soul-moving poem; "Rejoice! Rejoice! Oh, Glad-tidings!" I wish I could translate this divine epic, revealed by the Blessed Perfection many, many years ago. It is so mystical and recondite! He became very enthusiastic, and then related to us, with fire in his eyes, and words, his long and dramatic conversation with the son of the grandfather of the present Shah about the Holy Cause. Really, this is a remarkable man, with so much energy and fire in his system. Everybody loves and admires him.

Our American sisters went with other members of the Holy Family to Acca, and returned in the evening. They are living in the Hotel Carmel. I have not seen them yet, except on the memorable night of our arrival. I saw fleeting pictures of them behind the glass doors. Those who returned from Acca brought the news that the Master is well, and has passed a busy day receiving the believers and the officials of the city. I was talking an hour ago with a believer, who told me: "Before I stood in the Presence of our Lord Abdul Baha, I was thinking that people have done something to give up possessions, name, fame and life for his sake; now that I have

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Another teacher of the Cause said: "Once I was speaking with an American Baha'i. I told her about the service rendered by the friends in the West, and extolled their firmness and steadfastness, their attraction and enkindlement. She looked at me half-amused, and said: 'Please don't give us any more such compliments. You are putting us to shame by talking like this. For more than sixty years you have promoted the principles of this Cause with your blood; you have unflinchingly sacrificed everything in the Path of this Reality. You pray for us, that the Blessed Perfection may likewise confirm us, so that when the time of tests and trials come, we may

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not fall like the leaves from the tree before the blowing of a strong wind. We hope to serve this Cause in a more substantial manner, than mere talking and teaching and writing. We trust to teach it through our lives and deeds."

All the pilgrims- men and women-- have especially charged me to send to their American and European brothers and sisters their wonderful Abha greeting. They say: "We are praying for each and all of you, so that day by day you may become more confirmed in the promulgation of the Baha'i Cause. Although we have not seen you ~~xxx~~ our hearts are full of love for you, and we long to look into your joyful faces and shake your active hands with the feeling of fraternity and love established by Abdul Baha between the East and the West.

Home of Baha'u'llah
Acca, Syria, Dec. 9th 1913

Dear Friends:

To live in the house that the Blessed Perfection occupied for many years, to sleep in the room which was hallowed by His Majestic Presence, to be surrounded by the sanctified atmosphere breathed by Him around whom all names revolve, is at present my portion and my unexpected happiness.

It was about one o'clock when I heard the Beloved has sent for me, from Acca. I was at the Hotel Carmel, paying a visit to our American sisters. One of the believers, knowing where I am, ^{was!} brought the word and immediately I was on my feet. I hastened to the pilgrim-Home, took with me a package of letters and petitions, and made my way to the station. Abne Asdag was also summoned, and so together we purchased our tickets and at 2:45 the train pulled out of the station. Ebne Asdag is a most pleasant speaker and with his assistance one can find all the lost links to make a connected chain of incidents of the early history of the Cause. If he stays here

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long, I shall surely take down his narrative for the benefit of future generations.

When we arrived at the house, they told us the Master has gone on foot to visit the Holy Tomb of the Blessed Perfection, and on his return will visit some of the prominent officials who have called on him since his arrival in Acca. The room of Baha'u'llah is made ready for the Master, and he is living and sleeping there; the room wherein the Secretary of the Blessed Perfection used to live is now the parlor for the reception of the outsiders; the room in which the Tablets and writings were stored is prepared for the pilgrims and believers, and a room, from the window of which, I see the veranda of the room of Baha'u'llah, is my share. Let me tell you that what we now call the house of Baha'u'llah was in the beginning two houses. At first the Blessed Perfection lived in one of them; after some years, the other, fronting the sea, was added to the first, and as they were built side by side, the partition was taken away. Thus from the older house Baha'u'llah moved into the newer one, which has a most sublime, uninterrupted view of the sea, and takes the room the veranda of which I see from my window. It is said that often in the mornings and almost always in the afternoons the Blessed Perfection used to walk in the veranda; the believers and pilgrims, knowing the custom, would come and walk in the neighborhood, and if He would desire to see any one of them He would becoⁿ to him with His blessed hands. It is now the room in the older house that the Master is living in. Both houses are large, and although their architecture is not modern, yet they are the best houses in Acca as regards their position, outward appearance and inside accommodations.

Ebne Asdag and myself were sitting in the reception room when we heard the voice of the Master coming up the steps. He entered the room, his face shining and his eyes bright with the light of

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heaven. There were other believers who came in. He welcomed us heartily and with genuine pleasure, as though he had never seen us before. Then he spoke: "As long as a person is not separated from the sacred surroundings of the Threshold of Baha'u'llah, he does not realize the magnitude of his loss, neither can he conceive the grandeur of this bounty. He is like the man who has lived always beside the bank of the river, and does not know what thirst is. But when he is lost in the midst of a parched desert, with the hot sun blazing over his head. he will be glad to give up the dearest possession in his life for a drop of water; then he will realize what a heavenly gift water is, and how the source of his life has slipped out of his hand. No matter how unhappy and sorrowful a person may be, when he arrives at the Divine Threshold of the Tomb of the Blessed Perfection, he forgets all. Another world and its calm influence are unfolded to him, and he remembers naught else save the Beauty of the Beloved. When I arrived at the city of Los Angeles,-- a point most remote from Acca, I said to myself; 'O Thou Kaaba of my heart! How far, how far away from me Thou art! I said: 'O God! Will there come another day that I may put my head again at that Holy Court and worship there in Spirit and in Truth!' Now praise be to God that I have come and obtained the wish of my heart. How good it is! I went there all alone. I kissed the Blessed Threshold and put my head at that Court of Heaven, and rested, Oh! I RESTED as I had not rested for a long, long time! The ground surrounding the Holy Threshold are very green and beautiful. A few days yet and the wild flowers shall bloom, carpeting the field with variegated, delicate colors. The hyacinth will appear first, and in its train there will be an endless variety of flowers. In America and Europe there are wonderful parks and gardens, but they are all the handiwork of man, the outcome of the artistic spirit of the inhabitants;

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but here nature reigns supreme, wild and primitive--as God created it. The field, the gardens, the prairies will become laden with hundred-petelled anemones, fragrant and beautiful. Every person can gather them--rich and poor--and adorn his room." Then he called Khosro to bring the big nosegay which he had gathered on his way home. He ordered him to give it to Ebner Asdag: "See how beautiful, and redolent with perfume, they are! I have picked them myself." "Since my arrival, "he commenced after a few moments, "I have been meeting people and speaking with them at all times. My last days in Ramleh were not pleasant. I did not feel well, neither could I speak; but now there is a demand/^{and} God is supplying me with the needed force and energy. Just now I must go out and call on a family whose head died a few days ago. He was an old friend. I must be going to console ^{the family?} them." Then before leaving he dictated a cable: "Arrived safely Holy Land." to be wired to Washington, Chicago, New York, Montreal and San Francisco.

After an hour he was back. Already a number of the citizens of Acca and officials were waiting for him. When he entered the room they all arose from their seats and kissed his hand. They are not Baha'is, but they love him. Amongst these was a Sheik, learned in the religious lore of the East; so the Master addressed him in particular on the knowledge of God, how humanity is incapable of grasping the essence of divinity and how an inferior degree is out of touch with a superior degree, and how we are entirely dependent on the Manifestations of God for our knowledge of the eternal verities. Having satisfied the Sheik, he then spoke about America and the American people, their vast continent, their monumental cities, their well built harbors, their educational institutions, their giant factories, their progressive civilization, their great museums, their brilliant ideals, their large parks, their illimitable

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resources, their sky-scraper, their colossal railroads, their subways and elevated, their Dreamlands and Lunar Parks till--I think they believed they were listening--not to a fairy story--far from it--but to the story of a race of giants, superhuman beings walking on the face of the earth to conquer everything with their mysterious, irresistible will, bidding the elements to obey their wish. They looked at each other in amazement, wishing to believe all these tales but no doubt remembering the small town of Acca, with its narrow streets and cramped houses and stunted ideas, they preferred to remain silent. Finally one of them could contain himself no longer; "How did you conquer such people?" he asked, earnestly. And the Master came back with his dynamic answer: "GOD conquered them!"

They left the house, but others came, and the Master spoke with them about other things. The sea of his utterance was waving and these men--high in position and in honor--listened to him--charmed with the magic of his narrative and captivated with the sweet music of his voice.

Home of Baha'u'llah
Acca, Syria, Dec. 10th, 1913

Dear Friends:

I open my eyes and find myself in the Home of Baha'u'llah. I look out of the window, and I behold the waving sea--its waves battling against the rocks of ages. I strain my ears, quietness reigns over all. From these upper windows the Manifestation of the Infinite overlooked this strange scene many a morning. The abode of his physical body was this home, but His spirit flew away, over the world and ushered in the dawn of Peace and good-will toward all men. He knew the requirements of this and the coming ages; He understood the spiritual needs of mankind, and therefore He created a commonwealth; He pitched such a tent broad enough to include all the members of

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the human family. He was the sea of Reality, the sun of Truth and the promised One of all nations. He invited everyone to the Banquet of the Lord, and enjoined upon them all to love each other and to promote the Cause of Unity and Disarmament. With these thoughts I descended the steps from my room going toward the ruined fort and sea-walls, with apertures for the now disused guns. I walked around for awhile. There were thrown in heaps many ancient, large cannons, now rusty and red. In the walls you may see many shells, lodged in by the guns of the enemy from the sea; some of these walls being nearly two or three yards thick. Here Napoleon fought for many months, and attacked the city furiously, laying a long siege; but he had to give up the idea of ever gaining victory. It was under these defying cannons, this impregnable fortress, this strongly fortified city, with no other opening but an immense iron gate, closed at sunset and opened at dawn--with armed guards watching minutely the people entering and going out--that Baha'u'llah, the Prince of Peace, formulated this Ideal of Brotherhood and Universal Conciliation. I assure you it was no easy task, that while one is unjustly imprisoned and thus surrounded with all these military and naval preparations, that He may raise His voice in favor of Peace and summon all the pacifists to His Standard. No wonder they thought Him an Alarmist, and a danger to the established order of human slaughter and patricide!

When I returned, I heard the Master had called for me, and soon I was in his presence--the Presence of Baha'u'llah--for the two are one, especially now that he lives in the room of the Blessed Perfection. Many cables were received congratulating him on his safe arrival in the Holy Land. He dictated a Tablet to a clergyman in the United States, which may be taken as his first pronouncement from Acca and having an accidental relation to my preliminary musings in this letter:

HE IS GOD

O thou who art thirsty after the Sea of Reality!

Thy detailed letter was received, and its contents produced the utmost happiness. Your program was perused. I beg of God that these philanthropic aims of yours may play a great effect in this world. Each program of laws is the result of legislation, but in order to carry it out there must needs be the Executive Power. To-day the penetrative or Executive Power over the spirits, minds and souls is the love of Baha'u'llah, because He is the Promised One of all the nations, the Heavenly Teacher of all the world and the Physician of the hearts and the souls. I hope that through the power of the love of Baha'u'llah thou mayest put into execution the philanthropic aims and promote the Teachings of Baha'u'llah.

Then he came down, and a long stream of the outsiders commenced to pour in. A man--tall and sturdy--who is the ring-leader of all the toughest element of Acca, called, and in the presence of the Master was like a lamb. Everybody is rejoicing over the return of the Beloved. An official said; "From the day of your departure we have been in great grief. Acca was not the Acca of former days. The city was empty. No one could hear the ringing voice of Abbas Effendi. The faces were gloomy. Now, praise be to Allah! Fortune has smiled upon us again. We are all the servants of this court. We are ever ready to do thy bidding" "Yes", he said, "I know every one of you and love all of you. I have lived forty years in this city, so all of you are my children. God has protected us always. Once there was an official who in order to intimidate me to bribe him came one morning and said: 'I shall write inflammatory letters and throw them into the window into your house; then shall send the police to search and seize these documents and thus you will be convicted.' I said: 'Very well, go and do whatever you please. I will leave the windows open. From

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the time I was born up to this hour I have been under the protection of God, and now He will take care of me. I am not afraid of these things. They shall make no difference to me. If they made any difference to me, I would nothave accepted exile and incarceration.'"

After awhile the Governor of Acca ~~called~~ called with his officials, and they were in the presence of the Beloved for nearly an hour. Tea or coffee is served to every called. Rich and poor sit side by side, the man in tattered garb, almost a walking rag-bag and fasionably dressed Effendi, receive the same courtesy and kind greeting. The procession of callers kept on until 1 o'clock p.m. Then the Beloved went upstairs to take his lunch and a much-needed rest.

About 3 o'clock he came down refreshed. Isfandeyar had the carriage, and he asked Mirza Jalal, Ebne Asdag, Sayad Ali Afnan and myself to ride with him to the Holy Tomb. I was longing for this golden opportunity, for I desired so much to worship at the Blessed Threshold with the Mystery of God. On the way, every one greeted the Master, showing the unspeakable reverence by which he is held by the people of Acca. From the city to the Holy Tomb is a matter of two miles, and one may walk ⁱⁿ for three quarters of an hour. At the rest house we left the carriage and walked toward the Tomb. Outside of the Tomb is a lovely garden, in the middle of which is an orange tree, at this time laden with fruit. Around the garden there are six tall cypresses, and many other orange, mandarin and lemon trees, with a profussion of flowers and plants. The Master took off his shoes at the door and entered the Holy Place with inspired devotion. There is a short corridor and when you turn to your right and walk, probably for fifty feet straight; in front of your face there is a door, before which is hung a pale green silk curtain. Behind that door there is a room, which is situated in the corner, and in which few people are permitted to enter. Under the floor of that room there is a vault in which is buried the physical Temple

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of Baha'u'llah. The central space of the room is a little raised, showing the exact situation of the vault. The whole floor is covered with costly Persian Rugs and silk shawls. There are beautiful candelabras of nine and seven candles, and lamps arranged on the floor for illumination. The outer court is roofed, but the sides are of glass, so that there is plenty of light coming in. In the center of the court there is a rose-garden, with orange trees, palms, shrubs and flowers.

When the Master reached the front of the Blessed Room, he threw himself on the floor and kissed the Threshold. I did the same. Then he arose and stood erect, reciting in his most divine pleading voice the Visiting Tablet. It was as though the great General, returning from active campaign, was offering his victories before the golden Throne of the King of Kings. The history of the world does not show a more loyal son! What a heavenly relation exists between him and Baha'u'llah! With what indissoluble bonds they are attached together!

Then he sat down and for many minutes he was praying in silence. He again kissed the Threshold and arose and walked backward toward the door in the opposite aisle, which opens to a room and court yard and many other rooms, wherein Sayad Ali Afnan lives. He is the husband of the sister of the Beloved, and the guardian of the Holy Place. Here he drank tea, spoke on a number of things and departed for the Garden of Rizwan and Ferdouss, which are near each other. I will write about these visits and the descriptions of these places in future letters.

On his return, all the believers had gathered in the house. The room was full. He gave them a beautiful talk about his visit to Green Acre, the assembled meetings, the beauty of the location and the ideals of Miss Farmer. Then he took them in imagination to Los Angeles, at the Tomb of Mr. Chase, and praised his character

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and his services to the Cause. Mr. George Latimer and his journey from Portland, Oregon, to Dublin, N.H., was touched upon also, with love and remembrance. Thus the Beloved praises the efforts of all the American friends!

Home of Baha'u'llah
Acca, Syria, Dec. 11, 1913

Dear Friends:

Rain, hail, thunder and storm! This was the order of the day. When I came down, I was surprised to see a heavy fall of hail, because in this place the weather is so generally temperate. Last night the Master telegraphed to Haifa, giving permission to half of the pilgrims to come to Acca--thus they will have to encounter another rough day, but they are going to do it with pleasure. Sure enough! The morning train brought a number, and they proceeded accordingly for Bahajee. Likewise a number of Zoroastrians have come from a village called "Adaseyah", where they are farming over a large tract of land belonging to the Master. With their wives and children they are about thirty two. ^{in a party?} The Beloved grants them all the produce of the land and also something extra--so that they may be happy and comfortable. In his talk with them this morning he gave them a few suggestions on agriculture and what kind of vegetables they must plant, and by what means they can reach the market. He promised to visit them in the not-far-distant future, over which they rejoiced greatly, and then told me to join the other pilgrims in Bahajee and he will come alone and he would come later.

A very funny thing happened the other day, which bears relating. When Mirza Jalal took the cablegrams to the Acca Telegraph Office, the Manager, after much searching through his books, could not find "San Francisco". "In which country is this city to be found" he asked. Mirza Jalal, thinking to play a joke on him answered "Persia" The Manager, knowing no better, went in search for it, and at last gave

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it up saying: "I cannot find this". "Tell me where is Montreal?"

"In India". After ten minutes he was in despair. "These cities are not in my books! he said, gravely. Then Mirza Jalal explained to him that he had only been joking with him and himself found the cities and the rates and berated him for his lack of knowledge. "And you are supposed to be the Manager of a Government Telegraph Office!" He promised to go home and look up his geography and study for a few days, and make a list of the cities of America, with their telegraph rates, for the sake of Abbas Effendi.

From nine to twelve the Master was out paying calls and visiting a long list of his friends. When he returned, he was very tired, and sat down on the sofa. Several young Baha'is were present. He opened his eyes, looked at them tenderly, and said: "My work is done. The tree of my life has yielded its fruits. I have set a fire in the world. Your duty is to add to its flame. My sons! It is now your turn. The members of my constitution are well-nigh disintegrated. You are young, and your blood is pure, your intelligence is keen. You can bear the difficulties of this life. ^{would?} I like to remain silent for some time, and listen to the incoming news of those who try to spread the Fragrances of God. How far shall they succeed? How will they promote the word of God? How will they raise the melodies and sing the songs of Ya Baha El Abha? The Blessed Perfection is with such souls. They shall see with their own eyes the confirmations of Baha'u'llah, just as I saw them addressing large gatherings in Churches and Temples. I saw them hovering around like Birds of Paradise".

At two o'clock the carriage was ready, and the Master called me again to go with him and another old believer who was one of the travelling companions of Baha'u'llah from Bagdad. All the Zoroastrians, Jews and Mohammedan pilgrims were waiting for the arrival of the Master. Again the Master kissed the door, took off his

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shoes and chanted aloud the Visiting Tablet. It is here, more than anywhere else, that one is moved and thrilled by the spiritual quality of the voice of the Master. It is the outpouring of his innermost spirit, and the deep variations of the tragic music of his life; When he had finished reciting, he sat silent for a long time, then he kissed the floor and motioned to the pilgrims to follow him in the other room to drink tea. He told them; "Thank ye God that ye have attained to this Most Great Bounty--that in these glorious days ye are visiting the Blessed Tomb with me." One could see in their eyes that they were appreciating it. These people love the Master for his own sake. They do not care so much for any other proof. Himself is the greatest of all proofs! The proof of the sun is its existence.

Then he told me to take the pilgrims to the city, send the Zoroastrians to Haifa, and keep the rest for the night, and tell Khosro to prepare dinner for them. After drinking tea, we all left, and the Master stayed. It was about seven o'clock when he came. After supper he came down and spoke on the spiritual recognition of the Manifestation of God, and the interpretation of certain prophecies. As there were not enough beds in the house of the Master the believers of Acca were eager to entertain them, and so there was a fine competition, each person trying to accomodate as many as possible.

In the evening some one asked Ebne Asdag whether he has any sons. "Yes; I have three. They came to this world, and finding it not a fit place to live in, they departed for the other."

When Mashghin Galam, the celebrated Baha'i calligraphist, in whose handwriting is all the Greatest Names, was very sick, often he would fall into a condition of unconsciousness. Coming back, a believer who nursed him during his last hours would ask him;

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"Janabe Mirza! Where were you?" "Oh I just took a round trip to the Other Quarter to find whether my place is cozy and warm, and have returned to bid you farewell. I am sorry I did not go there earlier." When he was very sick, his attendant would read to him the Beloved's Addresses in America. He would weep and weep, calling on his Lord to come to him. "Mirza! Please wait a few days longer! We have heard that he is coming soon!" but the poor man passed away a few months before the Master's arrival. He was a nonegenarian.

Once a young Baha'i who loved to play jokes, went to the clinic of a newly arrived doctor in his city. At the appointed hour, the Dr. came. There were many patients. He looked at each, took their pulse and prescribed medicines. Three times he passed by this young man, took his pulse, looked into his eyes, examined his tongue and did not say anything. Finally the young man said: "Dr! You have treated everyone, why don't you treat me? What sickness have I?" The Doctor laughed and put his finger on his forehead. Then both of them became good friends, and the young man taught the doctor about the Revelation. "I knew you had a deeper purpose than to play a joke on me!"

~~the Doctor told him once~~

Home of Baha'u'llah
Acca, Syria, Dec.12th, 1913

Dear Friends:

This morning while the Beloved was speaking with the strangers in the other room, I was holding a heavenly conversation with some old Baha'is, who were relating to me strange tales and heart-throbbing stories of martyrdom.

"Before taking Molla Ali Jan to the arena of sacrifice from prison, he took his executioner aside and told him that he knows of a treasure hidden somewhere, and would like to tell him the locality so that he may go there and unearth it. The cupidity of the man

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was of course excited and he was anxious to know the place.

Mollah Ali Jan postponed it from day to day, till the hour arrived and they took him to the arena, followed and surrounded by hundreds of spectators. He then whispered to the executioner: 'I am now going to tell you the hiding place of the treasure; provided you may just scratch my throat with your sword, so that blood may flow.'

When this was done, Molla Ali Jan filled his hands with his own blood, and raising his voice so that everybody might hear, he said: 'O ye people! With this blood I testify that this Truth is on the part of God!' Then turning his face to the executioner, he said; "'This was the treasure that I have promised thee. Now do thy work; I am ready!'

"Some years ago a wave of religious fanaticism struck the city of Yazd. More than 200 Baha'is were martyred. The mob ransacked the houses, pillaged the properties and killed the women with most dreadful tortures. They took a young girl and wrapped her between two counterpanes and whipped her so many lashes that the two sides of the counterpane were joined. While they were searching through the house, they heard the cry of a suckling babe. The father, mother and other children were killed, and the baby was left in the cradle. It was hungry. They took it to the Mullah. The Mullah said: "Oh! The child is hungry. It is crying for milk. Bring it to me. I will give it milk.' The Samovar was in the room, boiling with hot water. He takes the child to it. Even the demoniac spectators were horrified when the idea dawned upon them what he was going to do. He opened the spicket and the steaming hot water poured down. Then he brought the innocent mouth of the babe near it; the babe thinking it was milk - - - - -"

In these and similar ways your Persian brothers and sisters have spread and taught the Cause of Baha'u'llah. They have demon-

strated in a concrete manner that they are dominated by the higher influences of the spiritual sacrifice. Now in America and Europe these things do not and probably will not happen, but they are called upon to serve the Cause in other ways--to live and proclaim the Principles of Baha'u'llah. The Beloved prays for them daily at the Holy Threshold of the Blessed Perfection, so that they may arise with an inspired faith, a lofty courage, a serene conviction, to teach their fellow-men and bring them under the Canopy of the Oneness of the world of humanity. "I have been crying at the top of my voice," he said, "all these years. Now I prefer to choose silence and listen to the melodies of the nightingales of the Paradise of Abha and the strains of the birds of the Kingdom."

This morning the Master went out alone, and on his return he asked our pilgrims to return to Haifa, so that the other half may come. "Praise be to God! that you were confirmed to come here, so that we may worship together at the Holy Threshold. For the last four years I have been deprived of this Water of Life. Now that I have returned, I must drink deep from its well, so that my soul be satisfied. After a few days I will come to Haifa."

Ninty-five precent of the inhabitants of Acca are rejoiced over the return of the Beloved. One of them said; "Abbas Effendi has brought to us the material and spiritual blessings." Another person, on hearing of the Master's presence in Acca, exclaimed: "May God bless thee for this glad news! May God bless thee for this glad news!" Both Moslems and Christians, as well as the Jews are expressing great joy over this great event. "Acca is illumined by your presence!" said a Minister of the Gospel. Even the children are happier. They talk amongst themselves while they are playing, about the return of Abbas Effendi and his love for them. One of these children confided a great secret to his playmates. "He loves only the children. He does not like grown-up people!"

In the afternoon he went again to the Blessed Tomb. He sent the carriage to wait for him outside the gate, and so he walked through the narrow streets, some of them thousands of years old. A few of the old believers were walking after him. How exactly similar to those days when the Christ was treading on these grounds, followed by His disciples! Before reaching the rest house, some one had passed on the news to the pilgrims that the Master was coming. Immediately they all poured out, and walked for several thousand yards to welcome him. When the Master saw them coming He alighted from the carriage and spoke to them. It was a wonderful picture to see all these men--young and old--following their Master over this blessed, verdant field--while the glorious sun was shining upon them, and all intent upon one object--to worship at the Threshold of the Supreme Manifestation. When they were inside the Beloved motioned to Mirza Mahmoud Foroughi to chant the Visiting Tablet. Again he chanted that wonderful Tablet, in which are enumerated the sufferings and hardships of Baha'u'llah. When it was finished, the Master motioned to them to sit down, and he chanted the Tablet himself, with penetrative voice, filling the Court with delicate vibrations of spirit.

On his return all the friends gathered in the room, and Foroughi gave a rousing, stirring speech, mentioning the 17 traditions about Acca and prophecies concerning the coming of the Lord of Hosts on Mount Zion and the issuing forth of the law. It is always a treat to hear him recite poems. He becomes entirely^{un}/conscious of his surroundings. "If thou drinkest one drop from the Sea, thou shalt hear many mysteries and see many invisible things! Then he gave me a cup of His Wine and I saw many worlds of light. I beheld a rose-garden like unto the Face of my Beloved. When He entered in my heart, it was as though the sun had risen." When he sings, one becomes so excited that he would like to get up and dance. He does it!

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Home of Baha'u'llah
Acca, Syria, Dec. 13, 1913.

Dear Friends:

It has been a fixed custom for years that the "Companions" and the "Pilgrims" would gather every night in the reception room of the Master, and await his coming. Unless there was an engagement, he would come and give them a long or short talk, or just sit silent for a few minutes and then go away. This was their daily spiritual food, reinforcing them to carry the heavy load of exile, banishment, ridicule and persecutions. This established custom was interrupted when the Master went out into the world to call mankind to the Kingdom of Abha. At first it went very hard with them. They could not stand this loss. They had accepted all these untold sufferings so that they might live near him, and now he had left them. But when the wonderful connected story of his divine triumph in Europe and America reached these parts, they were partially consoled and and waited every week for news from those far off unheard of cities where their General was carrying an active spiritual warfare. So ~~as~~ soon as he was back this custom was re-established, all by itself. Consequently, when the other night all of them were assembled in the room he entered unexpectedly and spoke to them as follows:

"How I longed for the re-appearance of these divine nights! While away, I often asked myself; 'Will the time come when like those olden spiritual days I may sit in Acca and associate and converse with my beloved friends and companions in exile and prison?' Praise be to God that this object is attained. My last wish was to visit the Holy Threshold of the Blessed Perfection and to meet the friends, and this is now realized. Once away from the Blessed Land, the most charming spot does not attract a person! There is a place in America called Green Acre. As I was invited to go there, I went. It is customary that during the Summer months people of different creeds and religious beliefs gather there and the leaders of various movements and thoughts

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deliver lectures and addresses. Thus they have combined most effectively education and recreation. The significance and usefulness of this unique place lie in the fact that they offer a free and unrestricted platform to the citizens of every nation and the adherents of every religion. Thus every subject is discussed with that full liberality of conscience which is alone enjoyed in the United States. The Founder of these Conferences, wherein every nationality and religion is worthily represented, is Miss Farmer. To her is due all praise and commendation for having thus initiated this wonderful plan, which must be carried out to its logical conclusion--a universal platform for all mankind, irrespective of race, religion or nationality. As the name Green Acre is similar to the town of Acca, when I arrived there I was made very happy. I spent one week in that green and delightful Acca. They had a large meeting every evening, in which gathered many people and there I spoke to them on spiritual subjects. There I met many cultured and educated people. It is a most beautiful country place. Its water is pure, its air is fresh and its atmosphere is spiritual. Here they have many pine trees. There are a number of these old trees clustered together, under which people gather to hear Lectures. Mirza Abul Fazl, when in Green Acre, used to give his addresses under some of these pines, and so they are known as "The Persian Pines". I went there one afternoon. Many people had gathered, and I spoke on these Teachings.- - - All over America people know about this Cause, and are daily attracted to it. In far off cities and hamlets, the names of which are unknown to you, there are some who believe in this Revelation. When we reached one of the most remote cities of the United States--Los Angeles--there we found many Baha'is--all attracted and enkindled with the Fire of the Love of God. Lo! they are your brothers and sisters, closer to you than your own kith and kin. They are impelled by the same common ideas--Brotherhood and Peace. The Love of Baha'u'llah

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has united their hearts. In Los Angeles there is the blessed tomb of Mr. Chase. He died a few days before our arrival. He wrote me letters and wired me several times requesting me to go to California. Likewise the believers of God stormed me with letters and telegrams--so I had to yield to their passionate entreaties and go. A day after my arrival at Los Angeles, I visited his tomb. There were many believers of God with me. I offered a suplication and chanted a Visiting Tablet. Then we scattered flowers on his Tomb. and kissed its ground. I have also arranged to place a stone over his tomb. In reality he is buried in a lovely spot. The cemetery is like a rose-garden. All the American Cemeteries are like gardens and parks. These tombs are detached from each other, surrounded with flowers. Then I sent for his wife and son and consoled them by explaining to them the lofty station of Mr. Chase in the Kingdom of Abha. He was a blessed personage. In reality he was pure and devoid of any wish save that of the promotion of this Cause. He was sincere, and the servant of the Blessed Perfection. - - - - - When I returned to San Francisco, there were many insistent demands from the believers of Seattle, Portland, etc. begging me to go there. Truly I say they were pleading and begging and I had not the heart to refuse them. However, I could not go any further. The entreaties of the Oriental friends and the intense longing to visit the Holy Threshold had taken possession of me. Many of them came. They were all wonderful Baha'is, attracted and set aglow. I may mention to you the name of Mr. George Latimer, who is^a/young, enthusiastic Baha'i. When I was in Dublin he travelled from Portland, Oregon, to see me. He was with me during my stay in San Francisco. Now he is a teacher of the Cause, and is travelling with Mr. Remey. He begged me to go to his city but I could not do it. One could never believe that in such places the Cause of the Blessed Perfection would so rapidly spread. The penetra-

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tion of the Cause of God and the Potency of the Word of God are the causes of great astonishment to those who are not aware."

After a few moments of silence he left the room and you could see ^{that} the faces of those tried believers were brightened by this news of the Conquest of the Cause for which they have undergone all manner of contumelies and derisions. What else do they wish in this world? Nothing!

This was a beautiful sunny day, and the carriage was ready at the door, to drive the Master to the Holy Tomb. Again he took me with him. On the way he looked at the shore, and said; "Look at these white, dancing, laughing waves. Hast thou ever seen the like of them anywhere? They are indeed very beautiful." After the declaration of the Constitution in Turkey, the inhabitants have bored several large holes in the impregnable wall surrounding the city, and are building houses outside in the plain. There are already many modern homes and others in the course of construction, especially a large building for the school. The Master, noting these signs of progress, said; "Were there a Construction Company with enough capital, they could build a thousand houses in one year, pave the roads and avenues systematically, and then sell the houses by the installment plan to the people. Such a Company would undoubtedly be greatly benefited and at the same time benefit the community."

Half-way he alighted from the carriage and walked toward the Blessed Tomb. I was walking behind him. Having reached a fence, he put his blessed hand on a stump and stood there thinking for several minutes. Then he walked through an immense olive grove, which is next to the Rest House. The ground was black with olives and he asked the gardener: "Why don't you gather them?" - - - - -

The Master entered the Court, and this was a day for the women pilgrims, I loitered around until he came out. As it was going to

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rain, he asked Isfandeyar to drive quickly, so that before the sun is set in the West he may return and bring back the women, who are going to be the guests of the Holy Family to-night. When we arrived home, Haji Mirza Haydar Ali and Mirza Mohsen and come from Haifa. As the Master loves the former very much, he bade him sit beside him. "Talk to me! Since my arrival I have not yet had time to entertain you." "I have nothing to say. I am filled with the wonders of the journey of our Lord. It took him forty months to bring this voyage to an end!" "Yes", the beloved said: "I was forty years in prison and for every year I had to travel one month."

Home of Baha'u'llah
Acca, Syria, Dec. 14th, 1913.

Dear Friends:

Out of the mysterious East there hath arisen a great Light to scatter the legions of darkness and illumine the horizons of the world. Out of the inaccessible mountains of the Orient there hath issued forth a limpid stream, which is gaining velocity and volume as it rushes on to irrigate the parched ground of humanity. From the mighty Sea of Reality there hath branched a great river, along the bank of which gardens and orchards are springing up. From the Heaven of Divine Majesty torrents of rain are descending to cause the growth of the hyacinths of idealism and anemones of spiritual susceptibilities. From the heart of humanity fervent prayers are ascending to the Throne of the Lord of Glory to usher in the era of Brotherhood and Universal Amity. Out of the half-uttered cries of the people a feeling of confraternity and interdependence is evolving, to smother forever racial and religious prejudices. Baha'u'llah underwent unbearable calamities and hardships for half a century to instruct mankind that love is better than hate, peace is more excellent than war, conciliation is profitable rather than discord, amity is better than animosity, union is more

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potent than division, the love of the world is a higher attainment than the love of one's country. We say these are old teachings. True enough; but how few of us practice them, and how many of us embody them in our lives! It is only in this Century that the eternal realities of these moral precepts are being driven home, on account of the appearance of a universal consciousness. In the past, the light has been burning in the hearts of but a few souls; but now because the Sun of Reality is shining, many people in many countries have realized this great fundamental principle. The Baha'is are in the vanguard of this ever-increasing army of humanitarians, and they must always keep apace with this growing sentiment and meet their struggling brothers half-way, in order to lend them a helping hand.

One of the most interesting and withal significant sights of Acca is when our Beloved walks through the narrow lanes and streets. Clad in his long flowing robes, with his soft dark-yellow Aba and white turban and white beard and compelling figure and soul-searching eyes and towering forehead, he walks as an imperial sovereign with divine rights and prerogatives. Here are a number of children playing hide and seek. They stop their play and salute Effendi. There are many boys coming out of school. They see Effendi from afar. They wait with a deep reverence, and as he passes on, their hands are on their lips and heads. There are a number of men sitting in the restaurant or cafe'; one of them sees Affendi coming, and communicates to the rest. Immediately they are on their feet to pay their homage. The shop-keepers are busy wrangling with their customers in their crude, small stores; Oh! they see Effendi and silence is cast over them. They all pay him their respects. The soldiers standing in front of the barracks and the Government buildings are on their feet with their muskets to offer him their thanks-

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giving. The wild Arabs driving their camels in the streets, the modern young men with their European clothes, the learned Sheikhs with their silk garments, the poor men with their multi-colored patched robes, the veiled women with their babes in their arms---all, bow down before Effendi, salute him, kiss his hands and honor him as their superior master. You ask them: "Why do you do this?" It is their love for him that prompts them to do this. Not even the Governor of the City is held in such respect and honor by the people. Now and then the Beloved stops in his march as he sees a poor man approach him. He knows him, and inquires about his health. To each and all he says: "How are you? How is your health? Are you well? Are you happy? May God assist and protect you!" and then their faces are wreathed in smiles and happiness appears on their brows. Thus the King of Spirit and the Light of the world walks through this earth, creating order out of chaos and levelling all social inconsistencies.

All the pilgrims who have come from Haifa are permitted to depart, making room for others who are longing to come, just to look in the faces of their Lord. "I have travelled for thousands of miles not to hear the Master expound any philosophical or scientific questions, nor have I loaded my mind with questions, nor have I brought with me a package of petitions. I have come just to look in his face and hear him say: 'Marhaba! Khosh-Amedeed!' This is the reward of both worlds in my estimation." From morning until night the Beloved was now in, now out, always busy-looking. While he was absent, two Catholic priests called to see him. They waited for half an hour, but departed before his return. Their presence in the house set one of the friends to tell me how some of the Missionaries are converting these "Heathens". "There is a poor man in the Bazaar of Acca who sells little wares for his sustenance. One day as I passed by I heard him arguing with a man. He was telling him: 'No! I cannot do it .

It is too little. You must either raise it or I will not accept' F
Finally he was left alone. I went to him and asked him: 'What were
you talking about?' He said: 'Oh! This man wants me to become a
Christian for two Majeedis (\$1.75) Now my friend, I am a poor man.
I cannot afford to become a Christian for two Majeedis. I told him
if he gave me five Majeedis I will be glad to accept his proposition,
but less than that it is not worth while to change my religion."

Toward the evening I was in my room. Bahram, the keeper of
the house, came with the news that the Master has been in the re-
ception room for the last ten minutes. I hastened and when I en-
tered I heard the word; "Germany",-- so he was talking to them about
the friends in that country. "In reality the german Baha'is are
the embodiment of attraction and enthusiasm. They are Baha'is by
deeds and actions. The days that I spent in Stuttgart I shall never
forget. Each one of these friends is like a bright candle, and a
luminous star. Mr and Mrs. Consul Schwarz are two wonderful Baha'is,
full of love and kindness. When I was in Stuttgart they invited me to
take an automobile ride to their country place, Morgentheim. The place
is the outer symbol of the proverbial Paradise. There are such wonder-
ful, tall trees, and on their branches are perched many nightingales, ever
singing the songs of joy and bliss. It is a most charming and delight-
ful place. A magnificent hotel with all the modern conveniences is
built there. There are many baths for various kinds of ailments, and
the country is green and verdant. We stayed there only one night, and
next morning returned to Stuttgart. The distance is probably more
than a hundred miles; but they were so loving and kind that the fatigue
of the journey did not affect us at all. Mrs. Schwarz is one of the
kindest and most hospitable women! She is a believer and assured, firm
and steadfast in the Faith. Mr and Mrs. Herrigel are likewise con-
firmed in spreading the Glad-tidings of the Kingdom of Abha.

They are busy day and night in the service of the Cause, and the door of their home is open to all. Miss Alma Knobloch is another teacher of the Movement. She is in Leipzig, engaged in the service of the Kingdom. She has a sister in America, Fanny Knobloch, who not only teaches the Cause but works and supports her sister in Germany, so that she may devote her time entirely to the fragrances of the Rose-garden of Peace. In short, I was most pleased with the believers of Germany, and uninterruptedly do I supplicate for their confirmation. They are my sons and daughters, and your brothers and sisters."

For supper he was invited to the home of Saleh Mohamad, a prominent citizen of Acca, where the Motosarref and other officials will also be present, and so he left us to attend the feast. One of the friends carried a light before him. The streets of Acca are very dark at night, although one of the innovations of modern regime is to occasionally hang an oil lamp at long intervals. The lanes are infested with dogs, and when the night comes around they fill the air with their howls and barks.

Home of Baha'u'llah, Acca,
December 15th, 1914

Dear Friends:

The Garden of Rizwan-- a mile outside of Acca-- is a historical and interesting place. It came into the possession of Baha'u'llah about eight years after His incarceration in this city. It originally belonged to a woman, and was bought from her by the Master. Two streams of water flow through it. I do not think the garden proper is larger than an acre, but the eyes of the whole Baha'i world are upon it. Abul Gasem has been and is yet the gardener from the very beginning. Once Baha'u'llah told him: "God created the heavens and the earth, but He has chosen for Himself the Garden of Rizwan and this He hath given to you." Consequently Abul Gasem and Rizwan

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are inseparable. You cannot think of them separately. When the garden of Rizwan was turned over to him, it had no flowers and trees. The soil consisted of a kind of soft, black mud, called in Persian "Eajen", which kills the root of every species of plantlife. But his perseverance, ingenuity and industry overcame this difficulty. Inch by inch he dug out the mud and filled its place with sand and fertilization. In his own words: "Often I was in the mud and water up to my neck", This herculean task was accomplished with no other instruments but a few spades and shovels. Consequently, the old prophecy that the desert shall blossom like unto a rose became literally true. To-day the Rizwan is one of the garden spots of the earth, and Abul Gasem is proud of it, and all the Baha'is rejoice with him. His heart is a garden of flowers; he speaks in the language of flowers, he is a flower himself. Would you like to listen to him, just for a minute or two? "Because the Beloved has returned to Acca, the whole world has become a rose-garden, spreading its fragrances all around. I am radiantly happy because the imperishable Rose of my heart has come back. It has filled Europe and America with its delicate odor, and all the nostrils are perfumed. This is the thornless Rose, planted in the Rizwan of Perfection by the Hand of the Beauty of Abha. He is the Gardener of this Rose, and He has taken care of It and watered It until It has now reached to this state of comeliness and grace. The eyes are lightened by beholding It. Just to look again at this Rose has been the secret longing of my heart. During the life*time of the Blessed Perfection, one day the Master was going to Tyre. He wanted to take me with him, so he sent me to Bahajee to fulfill some errand. When I reached there the Blessed Perfection sent for me. 'Where are you going' He asked. 'The Master is going to take me with him to Tyre!' I answered. 'Very well; always listen to the Master, however the Master speaks, I speak, and however I speak the Master speaks.' At another time someone called

one of the sons of the Blessed Perfection by the name 'Master'. He sent for him and rebuked him severely. 'We have not many -Masters- here. Everyone has his own name. There is only one MASTER, and he is the Greatest Branch, the Mystery of God!'

"Whenever the Master came from Acca to Bahajee, Baha'u'llah would see him from the window, and call aloud to all his sons and secretaries: 'The Master is coming! The Master is coming!' Everyone must hurry downstairs and out in the field to welcome him. 'One day I went to the Blessed Perfection and begged Him to come to the Rizwan. 'Abul Gasem', he said, 'We are very busy.' I answered 'Your work is never finished, so it is better to honor the Rizwan and have a rest! 'We have received many petitions and these must be answered.' 'Will there be an end to these petitions?' The Blessed Perfection laughed, and came to the Rizwan that very afternoon.

"At another time I killed 19 partridges and prepared them for roasting. Then I took them to the Bahajee. I sent them to the kitchen with the message 'To roast them well for to-morrow, because I am going to entertain the most honored guest in the world.' They sent back word that they would not do it without the permission of the Blessed Perfection. Someone went to Him and told Him, and so He sent for me. 'Abul Gasem, I hear you are going to entertain a most honorable guest. Who is he?' 'He is the Blessed Perfection!' 'Well! I did not know it. However, your invitation is accepted.' Then He ordered that the birds be roasted and other dishes be prepared. The next day He was in the Rizwan and stayed for seven days."

There is a room in the Rizwan in which Baha'u'llah lived whenever He went there. All the furniture, especially the chair upon which He sat, are objects of veneration.

The first night that I arrived in Acca, Abul Gasem came to me and said: "Please do something that the Master may come to the Rizwan."

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The trees and flowers have also a share. They are longing to meet him. I would love to give the great feast when he comes, but I cannot do it now. During the days of the Blessed Perfection I used to give many feasts, but now the times are changed."

The industry of Abul Gasem is so great that out of one onion of a certain flower he made 2000, and one pomegranate tree is the mother of 500 trees. In the Rizwan there are about eight peacocks and other animals. Abul Gasem has had a pet scheme for years, but he has not been able to realize it. It is this: He would like to build a long hall in the entrance of the Rizwan --so that when the pilgrims come from all parts of the world, as they are doing nowadays, there may be a fitting place for feasts and entertainments.

"When I heard" he said, "that the Master is coming to Acca, I worked for days to have everything in order; have cleaned the rooms, dusted and washed the windows and cleared the roads. Now I am waiting for him to shower his blessings upon my endeavors."

Today we have heard from Haifa that more pilgrims--Mohammedans, Jews and Zoroastrians, have arrived from Persia, and the Pilgrims Home is filled with these Baha'is of various nationalities and religions. Another delegation of Zoroastrians arrived from "Adadeyeh" and were in the presence of the Beloved for several minutes. In the morning he was out for two hours, and the evening he entertained many strangers. We are probably going to stay in Acca for another week, then return to Haifa. "I am feeling very much better. God willing, when we return to Haifa we will engage in work--answering the letters of the believers. The letters are piled up!" the Master said. Our Mirza Mahmoud arrived in the afternoon, and will be my room-mate the rest of our stay in Acca. Mirza Nouredin, the brother of Mirza Moneer, will arrive tomorrow. I hear that our four American sisters have also permission to come to-morrow--thus we are anticipating their arrival.

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These heavenly days of Acca are golden and never-to-be-forgotten
They are like so many leaves out of the Book of Life.

Home of Baha'u'llah
Acca, Syria, Dec. 16th, 1913

Dear Friends:

When the sea is lashed by the blowing of the winds from the four corners of the earth, its surging waves ascend to the vault of heaven, and the voices of the many waters reach the ears, it overrides all man-made barriers and dashes to a thousand splinters the Titanics. Its storms and hurricanes harass all the mariners of experience, and its impetuous tornadoes bring to the verge of despair all veteran captains.

God has intended that the life of every human being be like unto a sea: Some of these seas are beaten into a fury of a storm through the blowing of the winds of lust, passion, greed and frivolity, and thus you observe on their surfaces derelict ships of hopelessness and their shores strewn with the wrecks of despair. One is truly aghast by looking at the wreckage of so many lives! Everybody pities them, but but very few are willing to risk their lives to save them. On the other hand, there are seas which become tempestuous through the blowing of the winds of providence--love, faith, knowledge and wisdom. The ships sailing on these divine seas are never wrecked, but reach their harbor safely. The mountainous waves of these spiritual oceans do not destroy, but confer life. Those voyagers who trust their lives into the Captains of the ships travelling on these seas shall have no cause to regret, but will gain their destination in due time.

Baha'u'llah has wished that every Baha'i may become a Captain of the Ark of Salvation, and with the chart of salvation and the compass of keen susceptibilities sail over these seas and save all

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those souls whose lives are wrecked with the contrary winds of negligence and indifference. They must ever be busy and not idle, alert and not lazy, diligent and not negligent, active and not indolent. Hourly they must proclaim the coming of the Kingdom of Abha, the appearance of the Sun of Unity, the surging of the waves of the Sea of Brotherhood the dawn of the age of the Purity of thought and the shining of the effulgence of the orb of the realities of life. From this Home the Blessed Perfection for many years enlisted and drilled the army of Light and then transferred the Supreme Command into the hands of Abdul Baha, and departed for the Kingdom of Eternity. On the eve of His departure one could hardly point out one soldier of Light in any part of the West, but now through the uniting and untiring activities of the present Commander there are many thousands who are already enlisted in this invincible Army and the recruiting officers are busy and must get busier every day in every part of the Occident. Many years rolled by, and the Commander-in-chief, after carrying every stronghold of opposition and attracting to the Standard of Baha'u'llah the public opinion of the civilized world has returned to the Home of His Father. Almost of the same age, and his beard and locks as white as the whiteness of snow, he lives in the same room that his glorious Father lived in. Again from this vantage-ground he directs the ever-increasing hosts of light. The various regiments of this Indomitable Army are manoeuvring in different parts of the world and his eyes are upon all of them. Daily he expects to receive the news of new soldiers enlisted, new forces gathered around the Flag of Truth, new regiments formed, new energies unfolded, new darings revealed and new victories won. Are we not going to make his heart happy during these last days of his life? Are we not yet capable of performing some great services? Are we not yet seasoned enough to achieve our signal triumphs? Will we ever press to our hearts the petty plans and in-

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significant devices of small minds? Are we not really able to free ourselves from the fetters of self-deception and truly characterize our conduct with the attributes of the Beloved? Are we not endowed with the qualities of awakening the souls from their sleep and causing them to soar with the luminous wings of the Baha'i Ideals towards the apex of Divine Perfections? Are we after all so callous and deaf as not to hear the ravishing music streaming down from the heavenly orchestra? Are we so sluggish as to turn our backs to the golden opportunity offered to us by the Hand of GOD? Has the effect of spiritual apathy so stunned us that we cannot make the slightest move toward the right direction? Is our ambition so atrophied that we cannot raise it above the standardized level marked by the narrowness of stunted minds? If so, then let our lives be perished and our names be effaced from the calendar of the Baha'i world. Let us hide our faces, covered with shame and disgrace. Let us forbid ourselves from association with the spiritual congregation. Let us not soil the refulgent Revelation of Baha'u'llah with the clay and water of our foolish ideas. Let us not bring inharmony where harmony was intended, discord where unity is the divine clarion, envy where love is the dominant note, quarrels where peace is the prime object.

It is hoped that each one of us will do his very utmost to win the good-pleasure of Abdul Baha. His good-pleasure is won through living in accord with the commandments of Baha'u'llah, to be cleansed from all selfish aims, to become the embodiment of heavenly characteristics to serve the Cause of divine civilization, to diffuse the fragrances of the Paradise of Abha, to announce the Glad Tidings of the Kingdom of God and to be the means of the illumination of the world of humanity.

To-day the Beloved received many people from morning till noon, letting loose the flood of his utterances in every direction and rising to the shining heights of majestic inspiration when he addressed the

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Mohammedan Sheik who dared to show signs of prejudices because their were a few Christians in the room: "My Friends! How long, how long, these prejudices? How long this dogmatic superiority? How long this fanatical attitude? How long these superannuated ideas? How long this ignorance? H How long this alienation? How long this seclusiveness? How long these stilted conceptions? How long, how long, these dark clouds of separation? Oh! My friends! Rend asunder these flimsy coverings and let the One Sun of Unity shine upon you. Forget these imaginations and hold fast to the strong Rope of Fellowship. Banish these worthless rituals and envelop yourselves with the warm rays of Universal Ideals. Abandon these phantasmal nightmares and let your hearts become the rosegardens of spiritual brotherhood. You are all the children of one GOD, you are the sheep of one Shepherd; the servants of one Lord; the pearls of one sea; the fruits of one tree. Why this enmity? Why this strangeness?"

Our American sisters arrived from Haifa about noon. After dinner and tea, they went with the Holy Family to visit the Blessed Tomb of the Blessed Perfection. Although it rained all day, they did not mind it at all. They are the guests of the family for to-night and will return to-morrow to Haifa and await the further return of the Master.

In the evening the Master came down, and for more than an hour he spoke, first with the Believers and then with the strangers. He described to them the wonderful Banquets given to him in Washington and New York, and how the faces and the hearts were radiant on those occasions. Then he spoke about the sacredness of the Holy Land, the rarity of its atmosphere, the beauty of its memories and the wholesomeness of its water. The very fact that GOD gave this land as a heritage to Abraham and his descendants shows that it is sacred ground. Moses, all the minor and major prophets and His Holiness Christ appeared from

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this land and filled the world with the lights of heaven. "While I was travelling in the West, often I prayed in the middle of the nights; 'O GOD! Confer upon me the joy of again visiting the Holy Land! and He granted my supplications!"

Home of Baha'u'llah
Acca, Syria, Dec. 17th 1913

Dear Friends:

The more I live in this Holy Home, the greater becomes the feeling of my unworthiness and the deeper my recognition of Divine Graces. Now we are too near the source of all the Bestowals to realize in all their bearings the meaning of these events, but what will be the emotions of the pilgrims of the future generations who shall come from all parts of the globe to visit these luminous spots with their sacred remains! We are living daily in a Movement while its history is being shaped by the Center of the Covenant, and he is laying the foundation of a universal Religion adaptable to the needs and requirements of all people. The Master has lived amongst a people who not only do not care to bother their minds with these universal Ideals, but they go to sleep if one starts to explain to them. They are as far from these world-conceptions as the dead man is from life; yet the Master knows exactly how to entertain them, and how to conceal his real thoughts from them; thus not throwing jewels before swine, neither filling old bottles with new wines. This I may illustrate by the following incident I heard to-day.

A year or so ago, there was held a meeting of the prominent citizens of Acca, and one of the Persian Baha'is (the one who related it to me) was present. It so happened that one of these men, having lived in Europe for many years, had mastered the intricacies of the English language; therefore our Baha'i friend having just received a package of News Papers containing long articles on the Principles of the Movement and extracts from the addresses of the Beloved, handed it to him. The

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man, reading the headings: "Oriental Prophet", "Persian Wise Man", became interested, and continues in its perusal. For three hours he read. Then he raises his head and says; "Gentlemen! I must confess that I am astonished. Abbas Effendi has lived amongst us for forty years, and we did not appreciate him! See! How he has stormed Europe and America with his grand ideas, and how professors, ministers, politicians and reformers are literally sitting at his feet to learn from him the ripest results of his inspired intellect. How blind we were, all these forty years, to his true station! And yet he walked amongst us, talked with us, supported our poor, stimulated our thoughts, extended by words and deeds the boundaries of our hearts, refreshed our spirits by the geniality of his presence and consoled our despondent lives. Oh! How blind we were!" Hence you observe that the effect of the Beloved's voyage to the West has had the most unexpected outcome in the most peculiar manner. This is, of course, just the beginning, the glimmering lights of this glorious dawn, the rising of this divine sun from the west. The reports of those wonderous meetings are permeating slowly throughout all the starat of the Eastern Societies. Every pilgrim who leaves the presence of the Beloved takes back his own version of the story, the newspapers are doing their part in teaching, the heralds of the Cause are contributing their share of propaganda. The friends are fired with new resolution and are co-operating with their Western brothers and sisters in this spiritual crusade.

I heard three other little stories which I hope will bore no one if I incorporate them herein. One of the inhabitants of Acca, owing to some financial reverses, contemplated suicide. After sunset he went to his room, shut the door, sat down behind his desk and wrote a long letter of explanation, in which he expressed the hope that the community would forgive him when they came to learn of his rash act.

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Having finished his letter, he sealed it and took his revolver out of a drawer. He was trying to fill it with powder and cartridges when he heard a tap on the door. His heart stopped beating, and caused him to change his preparations. Then, having heard a louder knock, he hid the revolver and hastened to open the door. Lo and behold it was the Master. He went in and without letting him know that he suspected something, goes on talking and strange to say consoling him. Little by little the man saw the pendulum of his suicidal thoughts swinging the other way, and found himself in a more cheerful mood. After an hour the Master left the room, and without telling him anything lay on the table a small purse. At first the man did not see it, and after a while he fell back into his former despondent mood. Restlessly he got up to walk around so that he might come to a final conclusion, when his eyes fell on the purse. He grasped it eagerly, opening it he found enough English Pounds to pay off his debts and start life anew.

There was another man in Haifa who had a large family. Having been out of work for some time, he was at his wits end how to support them. He sold and pawned everything of value in order to keep the wolf from the door. Then he started to borrow money from his friends. At last he came to the point where he had nothing left to sell, no more friends from whom he could borrow money and no work whereby he could earn money to feed his people. One day, just before sunset, he turned his face toward heaven and begged GOD to come to his succor. That night all of them slept without any dinner; not even bread to eat. Early in the morning somebody knocked at his door. It was Basheer, sent by Abbas Effendi. When the man came to the Master, he inquired about his health and was told that yesterday before sunset he came into his mind. After some more talk the Beloved gave him enough money to cover all his debts, got his property from the pawnbroker and found work for him.

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A foreigner desired to meet the Master. He was a learned man, and of course he had many questions to ask. It so happened that at the time he could not find an interpreter. Finally after much search he found an Arab. Apparently he wished to have his own interpreter. When he entered the Presence of the Beloved he started to speak, and to his astonishment the Master answered all of his questions one by one without the need of his asking one question. He was perfectly satisfied, and went away with much wonder in his heart, because he had not breathed his questions to a single soul.

All day and night the Master was speaking to the believers and strangers. In the afternoon he called us into his own room, and I read to him a package of letters just received from America. Our American sisters left Haifa. He said: "As soon as we arrive in Haifa we will begin to answer these letters. They are now accumulating. My visit to the Holy Threshold of the Blessed Perfection bestowed upon me good health. Now I am ready for work." In the morning, in his own room, he spoke at length to our American sisters and then chanted for them the Visiting Tablet.

Home of Baha'u'llah
Acca, Syria, Dec. 18, 1913

Dear Friends:

Ten pilgrims, comprising three religions--Jews, Mohammedans, and Zoroastrians, now now united in the bond of the Baha'i spirit, have arrived from Haifa. They have been anxiously waiting for the summons. Save two of them, who are middle-aged, the others are youngmen, full of faith and hope. Looking at these fine young men, one is more than ever convinced of the tremendous vitality displayed by this movement in fusing together the opposing elements of religious and social customs. From a wider standpoint, these ten men represented ten thousand or hundred thousand. Travelling in the Orient is extremely difficult, and often it

fraught with danger;- yet these men toil and labor till they reach the object of their heart's desire. The more marvellous it is that these young men a few years ago would never have dreamed of sitting beside each other, or partaking of the same dish; but now such a miraculous transformation is wrought in their lives that they associate with and serve each other with the utmost joy and pleasure. They bring us the fragrances of the Love of GOD and impart to us the news of the progress of the Cause. They have travelled through many cities before reaching here; hence they have interesting things to tell us. Everywhere in the Orient the masses of the people are awakened to the importance of this Divine Revelation, and like unto souls parched with thirst they flock around this clear foundation. "What news do you have from our brothers and sisters in America? What are they doing in Europe? Are new souls attracted to the Cause of the Blessed Perfection? Are there many teachers? What kind of proofs do they uphold while teaching? Are there many eloquent speakers?" They ask these questions and many others. My answers must be proportionate with their activities, and with the news that is received from those distant parts. When the pilgrims come to visit the Beloved they desire to equip themselves with all kinds of weapons--so that they may go out into the world with a new vigor to teach the Cause of their Lord. The Eastern believers are looking to the West for examples of service and initiative, just as the Western friends are inspired and made firm in the Path of Faith through the sacrifice of possessions and lives by the Eastern friends. Thus through this exchange of spiritual ideas there will be set into motion a strong current of progressive activities in a geometric ratio in the Baha'i Movement. The West will be kept in close touch with all the Baha'i works, and the East will be invigorated by the news of moral conquests from the West. This in a measure is one of the greatest services that can be rendered at the present

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juncture to the Cause. The stage is set, and let us hope the proper actor or actors will step on the platform and that each character will play his part with dignity and consummate art. It is results that we desire to see, and not the words, as it has often been the case that those who are loudest talkers are the smallest doers. One small deed is better than an ocean of words.

All morning the Beloved was out calling on many old friends whose circumstances and names we may never know, but who are people of minds and hearts just like you and myself. Meanwhile the pilgrims were entertained to the best of our ability. When the Master came, he welcomed them with a few words, and went up. Then lunch was served, and at one o'clock the Beloved sent for the carriage so that the pilgrims might be sent in two parties to the Holy Tomb. Afterward the Master himself came down, and told us he was going to the Government house to meet the Governor and other officials, and that when the carriage arrived we might go there and wait for him. This was done, and we had to wait for him about an hour before he came out. It was truly wonderful to see how these highest officials pay the greatest respect and honor to him. The Governor came down from his room and followed the Master to the door.

For the last few days there has been a constant downpour of rain, and so the road was quite muddy and the horses had to wade through the pools of water made with rain. Finally we reached the Holy Tomb, and after the performance of the preliminary ceremony, Mirza Mahmoud started to chant the Visiting Tablet. When he finished, the Master entered quietly from the inside door, and taking the bottle of rose-water from the table, he went around and filled the palms of every hand. Then he commenced to chant most sweetly himself, his sacred voice now rising

now falling, now tremulous, now in a tone of supplication, and again in a strain of ecstasy; our hearts were filled in turn with these emotions. When he had finished, we were in the Seventh Heaven of joy, because the Angel of Melody was revealing to us the mysterious harmonies of the Kingdom of Abha. Then he motioned us to follow him into the other room to drink tea. He sat at the end of the veranda, and I looked out of the window over the lovely garden surrounding the Tomb and beyond that over the green prairie, he said:

"I have seen many meadows in America and Europe, but seldom have I seen a place more spiritual, more divine, more inspirational. The spirituality of the plain of Acca is peerless and incomparable. The flowers are natural, god-like. For miles the plain will be covered in a few days with fragrant anemones and wild, variegated flowers. Bright illumination, divine spirituality and sublime beauty are witnessed in all directions. All other plains in comparison to this are sterile and unproductive. Here it is luminous (and with his blessed hands he waved toward the plain). Oh! How wonderfully bright it is!-- - Praise be to GOD you who are believers of GOD have attained! You have crossed mountains, deserts, countries and seas, and now you are visiting this Sacred Spot with me."

During the evening, many strangers came to the house, and the Master became eloquent describing some of his interesting experiences in Denver, Salt Lake City and San Francisco. Amongst the ten pilgrims there is one Zoroastrian Baha'i who sings most beautifully. His name is Ardeshir Shahreyar; so he sung for us until late in the night, Tablets and poems. The Beloved met with them a few minutes before he went up to partake of his supper and rest.

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Baha'i Pilgrims' Home, Mount Carmel
Haifa, Syria, Dec. 19th, 1913.

Dear Friends:

Of course you did not expect that I should stay in Acca all the time, and that I should have the pleasure of writing you every day from the "Home of Baha'u'llah" -- a privilege that is rare but not permanent, divine not human, celestial ^{not} ~~and~~ material. The Home of the Blessed Perfection is heaven on earth; its atmosphere is spiritual, its blessings are manifold, its lights are manifest, its sacredness is felt, its beauty is supernatural, its mute vibrations are eloquent and its innate worth is priceless. Its view of the sea is matchless and the panorama of Mount Carmel in the far-off is sublime. The wonderful days are ever memorable and the beauty and holiness of my experiences will never be forgotten. I wish they could last forever; but their memories shall never be forgotten. I shall ever treasure them in the casket of my heart and make of them stepping stones for further advancement of spiritual life and enriching mental and intellectual experiences. GOD has been most gracious and bounteous, and in order to thank HIM most befittingly for His Graces and Bounties we must incorporate them into our constitutions and make them live in us with greater emphasis and accentuation; otherwise we shall be considered like dried trees, irresponsive to the wistful touch of the spring and the wafting of the gentle breezes. The purpose of creation is and has been that every one of us might become as fruit-bearing trees; otherwise we shall be good only to be cut off and thrown into the fire. Hence those who have had the privilege of living in the Blessed Home, leave it most reluctantly, but their hearts are inspired with a new spirit, their minds illumined with a new light and their feet more steadfast in the Cause; because they have had at least a dim realization of the irresistible vitality of this Movement, having gained a clearer conception of what it means to be a Baha'i! what a weighty responsibility it is! Thus for the

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present the scene is changed from the Home of the Lord of Hosts in the White City of GOD--to the Baha'i Pilgrims' Home on Mount Carmel.

When I awoke this morning, the thought that was presented to my mind was that of the departure from Acca; but when I came into the other house and spoke with the pilgrims and listened to what they had to say, a change came over me. When everybody was present, the Master came down, and after giving a short talk, which will be reproduced toward the end of this letter, he said that the pilgrims after eating their lunch should go to the garden of Rizwan--there to visit the room of Baha'u'llah, see the avenue through which He walked and chanted Tablets and Supplications. Then Abdul Baha shall serve them tea and ten pomegranates grown in the Rizwan. From the garden they should proceed directly to the station, and depart for Haifa, and he would come himself to-morrow. Mirza Mahmoud, Haji Mirza Heydar Ali, Mirza Nouredin and this humble servant were also included in the party.

I did not go to the Rizwan, because I had some writing to do but I was present at the station half an hour before the time set for the departure of the train. By and by all the pilgrims were gathered and there were 14 happy souls who faced the beautiful Home on Mount Carmel. After an hour we filed out of the train and were walking again through the muddy streets and climbing the steps of the mountain. In one place there are about 80 or 90 steps to ascend, a difficult task for the old men. When we reached the house, all the believers hailed us with open arms and warm greetings. Each person was anxious to know when the Master will come, and how is the condition of his health? At present the Pilgrims' Home is filled with pilgrims. There are more than thirty of them, and only four sleeping rooms. Of course there are one or two beds in each room but that is not enough for all these people. The floors of the rooms are covered with mats and rugs, and thus they sleep on the floor. There are no mattresses and no coverlets. In the room where I sleep, there are ten

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more persons. When we all sleep, there is not a place for even a pin to drop. but we sing and chant prayers and supplications till long after midnight. These people have no other idea, entertain no other hope, think of nothing else save the Cause and its propagation! I had joined with them in the singing of a Baha'i song; when an incident related by the Master came to my mind, when he said how at one time in Baghdad seven or thirteen believers lived in one room and were notwithstanding joyful. When I heard this story I little dreamed that this historical event would be exactly duplicated and that I should be a happy participant in it. The happiness of these young Baha'is is truly infectious. They are satisfied with so little, and I am cultivating their habits and idealistic aspirations. They certainly do practise plain living and high thinking. They set themselves in accord with the Will of GOD. Of themselves they have no will, and welcome even misfortunes with serene brows and calm countenances.

At last the Beloved was talking for more than two hours about his American trip, this morning he referred to it:

"Last night some of the people asked me about my experiences in America, and I spoke to them in detail. In reality the present religionists are very unjust and unfair toward us; for from the day of the appearance of His Holiness Christ up to the present date there has appeared not a single person who would come out boldly in the Synagogues of the Jews and proclaim unequivocally that Christ was the Word of GOD and the SPIRIT of GOD, and that Mohammad was the Prophet of GOD. When we were in New York we met a distinguished gentleman from India. The day we delivered an address in a Church, he happened to be present and listened to the proofs establishing the validity of the Mission of Mohammed. He was beside himself with joy, and could not believe that such a thing was possible in the West. Not only this, but people without any prejudice heard the address,

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the Minister afterwards expressing his gratitude and the audience their approval and pleasure.

"During this voyage, although in a state of utter weakness, yet the Confirmations of the Blessed Perfection were waving like unto sea. Whenever we entered and started to speak, we observed that the Doors of Inspiration were opened from all directions, and the rays of the Sun of Reality were shining upon us. Before entering a Church, a Synagogue or a Meeting, I turned my face toward the Kingdom of Abha and for a few minutes supplicated divine aid and succor. Then when I entered I beheld the Confirmations of the Blessed Beauty waving over that meeting and urging me to speak. Then I spoke."

Thus the Beloved brings to these thirsty ones the fresh water of spiritual wisdom and knowledge. They listen to him with joy and happiness, and carry away with them his words. Many of them write accounts of their experiences, especially the Jewish Baha'is, who are alive to the exigencies of this day and eager to spread the fragrances of God.

Baha'i Pilgrims' Home, Mount Carmel
Haifa, Syria, Dec. 20, 1913

Dear Friends:

A perfect day of sunshine and cloudless sky and ambrosial air. From one hour before sun rise to the time when it set behind the Western horizon, tinting the heavens with rose and pink--I had a glorious grand time--doing simply nothing. My own "sunrise porch" is attracting the attention of other pilgrims, because they find me every morning feasting my eyes and soul. "What are you doing there?" they ask me, as they step up. "I am contemplating the divine beauty of this sublime panorama." I answer them. Indeed, all the great travellers who have seen a great deal of the world, when they come to Mount Carmel are inspired with its scenic grandeur and its natural panorama. Mountain and sea, plains and meadows, sunrise and sunset, wild flowers, hills and green dales are closely inter-

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laced together, each adding a charm and attraction to the other and heightening the artistic effect of the whole in a marvellous and magical manner. I drink my tea on the "sunset porch" and then drink the nectar of the imperial scenery stretched all around me. I pray there and then chant the Communes. The spirit of holiness pervades every part of this sacred mountain, and on every turn one is constantly reminded of the lives of those god-like men who have brought the Gospel of Light to a world lost in the darkness of unbelief and bigotry. Thus if one is truly thoughtful he cannot help but fashion his life after the rough-hewn and sturdy lives of those patriarchs of old, and enrich the storehouses of his existence by adapting in a modern spirit their self-sacrificing examples and stirring principles. As they have been the guides of humanity, they have availed themselves of every plan to humanize it and energize it with the higher ideals of the Kingdom. If the pure rivers of their teachings were not muddied with human ideas, they would have, even to-day, allayed the thirst of those who are searching after Truth.

Thus we see that the majority of people are swimming in the sea of superstitions and catching eagerly at the counterfeit life-saving boats to keep them afloat longer in the stream of false religious events flowing from priestcraft sources. Their journey is not conducted on the terra firma of spiritual verities, and often you see them so thoroughly at sea as to find them wandering into the wildest latitudes, with no other pilot than tradition. They are delighted to have credulity pulling at their oars, the variable and fluctuating breezes of imitation filling their sails, and their rudder in the hands of various ecclesiastical authorities distinguished for nothing but their religious prejudices and hatred for each other, and who would be without distinction of any kind if they were divested of their prejudices.

This may be counted one of the reasons why we are repeatedly admonished in this revelation to hold fast to Reality and be ever open-

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minde~~d~~ to hail the Light, no matter from what horizon it dawns; to love the rose, no matter in which soil it has grown, to admire the beautiful no matter in what form it appears; to be always thirsty even if we are living beside the River of Life and be always hungry although we are sitting around the Heavenly Table.

To-day a large number of the Pilgrims went to the Monastery, where it is said Baha'u'llah stayed three nights. The room in which he lived is known only to a very few believers. Therefore I am waiting for a better chance. Meanwhile all morning I was lounging in the sun and listening to the thrilling story of Ebne Asdag about his father and his own services in the Cause. I have asked him to write them down, so that I may take hold of them in a tangible form.

In the afternoon Mirza Mohsen brought the good news that the Master will arrive in the evening, and will welcome all believers in his home. While Mirza Mohsen was here, he recalled the time, 35 or 40 years ago, when none of the hundred houses of to-day existed. "In those days only one steamer a month stopped in Haifa. There was hardly any business ~~or~~ transaction going on. After some years and the appearance of the signs of Activities, the schedule was extended to one every two weeks; but what a contrast with our present conditions, that often seven vessels are anchored in the harbor, and four or five steamers stop every week to load and unload merchandise. In those days when a steamer stopped in Haifa once in every fifteen days the Pilgrims' arrival and departure were so arranged that they might leave at the end of two weeks. At one time one of the teachers of the Cause, when the hour of his departure arrived and the steamer was going to sail away, not to return until fifteen days had passed, sent word to the Blessed Perfection that fifteen days' visit was not enough for him, that he was yet thirsty and longed for permission to remain longer. Baha'u'llah accepted his request, and thus he knew that for two weeks he would not have to disturb his thoughts. When

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his time came to an end and the steamer loomed large in the horizon he went straight to Abdul Baha and begged him to go to the Blessed Perfection and supplicate in his behalf another permission to remain until the next steamer. The Master did so, and the consent was given. Of course this particular teacher was exultant over the privilege, and probably was evolving other plans in his mind when three days before the arrival of the Steamer Baha'u'llah sent for him. "Now" He said, 'you have no other excuse you have asked me, and the Master twice, for the postponement of your trip, and permission was granted you. Now there is no one else to intercede for you. You must leave with the coming steamer.' The teacher was of course all submission, but had one story to illustrate his case. 'In the time of Haroun-er-Rashid there was a man who claimed to be a prophet, and that GOD sent to him many revelations. The authorities got hold of him, and brought him before the Khalif. Looking at his ragged appearance, the Khalif realized that his pretension to revelations were more through hunger and starvation rather than varity; so he ordered his men to take him to the Royal Kitchen and spread before him a sumptuous repast and provide him with toothsome viands. A month or two elapsed over this incident, and one day the Khalif remembered the Prophet. He sent for him, and when he appeared in the audience chamber he observed that the man was well-dressed and had grown to be very good-looking. 'Well?' the Khalif said, 'Tell me; hast thou received any revelations from on high these days?' 'Yes, my Lord! he answered. The Khalif became astonished, and for a minute his conscience smote him that perhaps he had cruelly treated a real prophet. Gaining, however, his pois, he asked; 'What has been the nature of thy recent revelation?' 'My Lord! God through His Mercy revealed this injunction to me: Do not move from the household of the Khalif, for it is a cozy and snyg place for tired, old man like thee'.

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Baha'u'llah laughed over the story, but insisted upon the departure of our dear teacher, and he had to depart, no matter how reluctantly."

In the evening all the believers and pilgrims gathered in front of the door of the house of the Beloved. They were deployed into two long columns, on the two sides of the garden, and as he alighted from the carriage and walked between the two regiments of the soldiers of the Kingdom, they bowed to him and he greeted them with his heavenly word; "Marhaba! Marhaba! "In the reception room he spoke to them a few minutes, telling them the cause of his rather long stay in Acca and describing the charm and the beauty of the plain around the Tomb of the Blessed Perfection.

Baha'i Pilgrims' House, Mount Carmel
Haifa, Syria, Dec. 21, 1913

Dear Friends:

When the Beloved was in Acca, a very important meeting was held in his home, the echoes of which reached my ears to-day; and as he was busy from morning till evening receiving important functionaries, and I did not see him except in the afternoon for a few minutes, I will devote the next few pages to the description of that meeting. Sheikh Asad is the Acca-Haifa Representative in the Turkish Parliament. He is a lively, intelligent man, and a firm friend of the Master. On his return from Constantinople, and passing through Alexandria, he called on the Beloved with the Representative from Damascus. It seems that after the arrival of the Master in Acca one night Sheikh Asad gathered together many civil and official men of the city, and called on him to welcome his arrival. At first an orator of note delivered an eloquent address of welcome, eulogizing the Master's virtues and greatness. When he had finished the talk, Sheikh Asad rose from his seat and gave a thrilling talk the purport of which may be summed up as follows:

If the followers of religions interpret the contents of the heavenly Books in accord with science and reason, they will find them filled with predictions concerning the appearance of His Holiness Baha'u'llah and His Holiness Abdul Baha. But because the theologians of every religion have interpreted these Holy Books in the light of their imperfect reasoning, they have missed the true meanings and thus have caused a source of difference and prejudices. Consequently in order to prove to you the greatness of the station of Abbas Effendi I shall not quote to you the verses of the Divine Books, but shall satisfy you with presenting for your careful consideration one single fact--logical and reasonable. It is this: It is one of the cardinal principles of the Faith of the Islamic world that His Holiness Mohammed was the Prophet of GOD. He conferred moral education and trained the wild tribes of Arabia. The Arabian Civilization in Spain and Bagdad became so brilliant in its traces that Europe was a great borrower, and the Mohammedan Conquerors and Soveriegns carried their conquests to the heart of Europe. Notwithstanding all these signs of power and might, you do not find in history even an isolated case that such and such a person mentioned the name of Mohammed with honor and respect; how much more to prove that he was a prophet. Yet His Holiness Abbas Effendi for the last three and a half years, while travelling all over Europe and America and delivered lectures in Churches Synagogues, meetings and Conventions, etc., has unequivocally established the validity of the Prophethood of Mohammed and has upheld the Cause of Islam. This simple, yet irresistable argument, proves to you how great is the knowledge, the courage and the power of Abbas Effendi. GOD through His Bounty had given this peerless and matchless bestowal to the people of Acca, but we did not realize his spiritual worth, nor did we recognize him. We had to wait until he went away from us, filling the world with his thoughts, thus the swift-winged Press bringing to us the

echoes of his achievements. Now it is indisputably proven to us that the presence of this Blessed Being was for no other but our tranquility and comfort. Having returned to us after this long journey, we beg of GOD to assist us in the performance of that which is pleasing to him, and that we may amend the past by diligently working for the future."

After a few preliminary remarks, the Master said; "During the Dispensation of Mohammed, there lived two poets in Mecca. One composed a great eulogy praising Mohammed; the other wrote a satire. When the two poems were presented to him, he highly praised both, and commended the endeavors of each. Those who heard him were rather astonished, and did not know what to make of it. They said: 'This man has extolled you, the other has condemned you. How is it that you commend both?' Mohammed answered; 'Both of these men have reflected their own feelings, and disclosed their inner states.' Similarly, the praise that you have mentioned in your talk is the reflection of your own hearts."

While I was listening to the recital of the above talk, Ebne Asdag was present, and he also remembered a story of one of his former visits to Acca. "One day" he said, "we followed the Master to the Holy Tomb of Baha'u'llah. When he finished chanting the Visiting Tablet, someone knocked at the opposite door. The Beloved went in, and after a few minutes emerged, a gentle smile playing on his face. When he went out he asked me: 'Did you know what I was smiling for? There was a person inside who called me. When I entered he said: 'Two years ago I came to you and exclaimed that you are the chief of all the infidels. Now I want to tell you that you are not an Arch-infidel.--' Then the Master laughed and said: 'In either case he has not understood. He is just revealing

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the state of his own consciousness. We must be kind to such people.' "

Haifa and Acca are full of stories, were I to know how to get hold of them.

Baha'i Pilgrims' Home, Mt. Carmel

Haifa, Syria, December 22, 1913

Dear Friends:

Have you ever walked on the Mountain of GOD, with trillions of stars looking down and shining over you? The gentle breezes whispering into your ears? The silent thoughts of many ages past communing with you? The Divine Idea of the place enveloping you? The sacred reflections pushing you on and on? Night! Ah, me! It is not night with all these stars illuminating your path. Alone! You are not alone while you are surrounded by all the invisible hosts of the angels of friendship! Lonely! No indeed! A few thousand feet from where you are living the Beloved of your heart is living. Then continue your walk through rocky roads and narrow by-ways, and let your spirit be immersed in the ecstatic sea of the spiritual atmosphere of this holy spot. GOD has chosen this spot, this Mountain for His Own, for this Later Day Revelation, so that He may crown its past history with the present Diadem for all the future generations.

It is about midnight, and I have just returned from a long ramble over the mountain. All the pilgrims and the believers are asleep, and I am communing in spirit with those far Western friends. Out of the darkness of this night there has dawned a glorious Luminary of love and affection, encircling all the hearts with the golden chain of eternal friendship. The heart bursts forth into songs of gladness, the joy of peace overflowing and the gardens of Ideal Conciliation adorned. The power of the spirit of Abdul Baha is uniting us in a twinkling of an eye, even if we are thousands of miles

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apart. We live and move and have our being through His Will. In the time of darkness and sorrow, He is the Staff of our comfort. When the silent enemies put their wits together in order to misrepresent our motives, we cry to him for succor and aid. When the biting tongue of criticism circulates false reports against us, we pray to him for light. When the seeming friends do their utmost to poison the minds against us by allusions and insinuations, we supplicate him to forgive them. Jealousy and envy force some people to do most ungrateful things to those they called their friends, and they will let no grass grow under their feet until they aim their poisonous arrows toward the object of their envy. They probably do not realize that these arrows dart back to themselves without inflicting the slightest harm to the object at which they were aimed. They destroy the foundations of their own reputation with the axe of envy, and they kill their own veracity with the battle-axe of jealousy. Those who have made up their minds to work for the Cause will not become disheartened by such events, nor the bickerings of the enemies will decrease one iota of their resolution. The moon will not stop silvering the landscape because the dogs are barking; the lamp will not become extinguished because the blind man cannot see; the nightingale will not become silent because the raven is croaking; the sun shall not declare "I will arise no longer from the East, because the black stone does not reflect my rays!" the rose will not refrain from diffusing its fragrance because there is no one to inhale its perfume, and the rain will not decrease its downpour because out of the salty ground nothing shall grow. Weak indeed is one's faith if he turns his back upon the Truth because so and so from his hiding-place has criticized him, or fabricated false reports about him. It is bet-

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ter for such sneakish people to conceive in the light of the day their waspish and underhanded tricks, and double-dealing will not avail them; for the unerring judgement of the wise will see through their gossamer excusses. Straightforwardness, and faithfulness sincerity and open-handedness will add to their character, suffering them to be loved by all and hated by none. The secret motives of every one will become manifest and the popular hero of to-day may be dragged down from his high pedestal to-morrow; except those servants who have no will of their own and who are longing to attain to the station of humility, nothingness, evanescence and complete severance.

From early morning till 6 o'clock the Master was busy receiving Gaemmagam, Mofiti and other high dignitaries of Haifa, and in turn paying back their calls. About seven o'clock all the pilgrims were in his home. As there were more than eighty men, he sent word downstairs that they may be divided into two parties. The large room was filled with the first contingent. He said: "From morning till now I have been continually speaking. Sometimes speaking on certain occasions and for some people becomes obligatory, and then if one chooses silence he becomes responsible before GOD. This was one of those days. It was incumbent upon me to speak with these men in detail in order to neutralize and set at naught the effect of false reports and fabrications which had preceded us. These people have been harboring the idea that we are the enemies of all the prophets, especially Mohammed. Now it is made clear to them that we uphold the pure Teachings of Mohammed." Then with an inspired eloquence he told them about the religious procession in Denver, and its contrast with the early simplicity of Christ's life. When he tells the people this dramatic ^{story}, they are moved

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to tears. This was most enjoyed by all the believers. Then the next party came in, and again the room was filled. "O GOD! Increase their numbers!" he said, as he looked over all the upturned faces reflecting his joy. "I have been feeling very well. I am now sleeping regularly." Then he told them again, with much detail, his conversation with the Persian Princess in Paris on "What will be the future of Persia?"

When we returned home, all the Pilgrims were clamoring for copies of these two talks, because they were by far the longest informal talks they have had the privilege to hear. More than 12 young men sat around the table, and I dictated to them from my note-book. When I told them I would dictate to-morrow morning, they drowned me with a unanimous shout of "No!"

At present there Arabs, Turks, Jews, Mohammedans, Zoroastrians and Persian Baha's living together in the Pilgrims' Home with the utmost of love and unity.

Baha'i Pilgrims' Home, Mt. Carmel
Haifa, Syria, December 23, 1913

Dear Friends:

The Beloved of thy heart hath come, be thou not sad; the nightingale of thy love is singing, rejoice; the voice of the invisible herald is raised, be thou not unhappy; the tree of thy life is putting forth the verdant leaves of hope, be thou enraptured; The candle of the Holy Spirit is enkindled in the Court of thy mind, feed its flame; the flowers of the human affection are blushingly diffusing their fragrances, water their roots with thy hands; the cup of thy aspirations is overflowing, do thou not upset it heedlessly; the river of thy spiritual life is becoming purer and purer, do not pollute it; the palace of thy glorious future is in the process of construction, do not lay an axe at its foundation; the hand of di-

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vine mercy hath raised thee from the nadir of humiliation to the zenith of honor, thank thou GOD for this bounty; The Rock of Ages is thy support, be thou confident; the clouds of the heaven of inspiration are pouring upon thee, be thou radiant; the waves of the bottomless sea of knowledge are passing over thee, be thou unafraid; the stars of the horizon of assurance are illuminating thy path, push forward; the spiritual angels of the heavenly Father are reinforcing thee, keep thou a serene face; the invulnerable hosts of steadfastness are sustaining thee, be thou undaunted; the unconquerable army of firmness are befriending thee, be thou valient. Abdul Baha has prepared for thee a resplendent Crown, protect it from the hands of the envious; the Feast of the Lord is spread, partake of its delicacies, and the meadow of thy existence is carpeted with sweet flowers of tenderness and sympathy let them become imperishable and never-fading. The highest station is destined for thee, strive to attain to it. The most spiritual condition is ordained for thee, fly toward it. Let not the criticism of the enemies withhold thee, nor the contumacious insinuations of the foes discourage thee. Thou art living above these petty schemes of ill-will and malice. They are like the chaff, which will be carried away by the strong wind and leave no trace behind it. Do thou not heed the idle talks of the gossip mongers, nor give an ear to their wild and incoherent brooding in the far distant future. They are like bats in darkness.

To-day I received a big package of letters and many packages of newspapers and Magazines from our beloved brothers and sisters across the ocean. They imparted good cheer to the hearts, putting one in touch with all the believers in different parts of the world and reinforcing the excellent bond of love between the East and the West. I wish in this impersonal way to offer my deepest

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thanks and gratitude to all the believers for their generous thoughts in behalf of this unworthy servant. In the past, beside keeping this Diary I have tried to correspond with individuals who have taken the trouble to write me personal letters; but from now on with the kind permission of the friends I desire to retire from this field. Everyone can testify that this correspondence has been purely spiritual. There has been no material profit to be gained, and no personal ambition to be furthered. The love of Baha'u'llah and Abdul Baha has been the sole cause of our letter-writing. But in considering certain reasons the other day I wrote a letter to the believers to discontinue writing me any letters, personal or otherwise, but correspond direct with the Center of the Covenant. I incorporate herein a copy of the letter, so that all the friends of Baha may kindly comply with this humble request:-

"For the last year the friends have been kind enough to write me now and then a few personal letters and in some cases inclosed their petitions addressed to the Beloved. This was all right while I was living in Egypt; but because I am now living in Syria circumstances are of a different nature. Therefore my request of the friends in America and Europe is to discontinue entirely their kindly correspondence with me, nor should they send me any newspapers or Magazines. The Address of the Master will continue the same:

Abdul Baha Abbas, c/o Ahmed Yazdi, Port Said, Egypt.
They will continue to receive the Diary regularly and through the same channel, but it will be to the greatest interest of the Cause if all personal correspondence with this servant should cease totally.

"Hoping that they will accede to this humble request, and wishing for each one of them spiritual success and prosperity, I am, as ever, their sincere and faithful servant in the Love of GOD."

Thus, if fortune smiles on me, I shall keep you informed from

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day to day about the Master. Through these pages we will spiritually communicate with each other. Let the personality of the writer go out of your mind entirely and hold fast to the teachings and the spirit of Abdul Baha. Except through these pages, we shall communicate in no other way. Write everything direct to Abdul Baha., through Port Said, and rejoice His heart through your letters containing the cheerful news of the progress of the Cause.

This morning I went down earlier than any other day, and before I reached the door of the home of the Beloved, whom do you think I saw? Mr and Mrs. Holbach, from England. They have just arrived over the Khedivial Mail Line, and Mrs. Wise was guiding them to the Wonderful Presence of the King of Kings. The Master received them with delightful and heavenly courtesy. They were of course so glad to see Abdul Baha in the Holy Land. "I wished always to meet you in your own home--- the East, the home of Lights!" declared Mr. Holbach. Then Mrs. Holbach presented many messages from London believers, many letters from the Stuttgart friends, where they stopped on the way. The Master after awhile took her to the members of the Holy Family to be introduced. As Mr. Holbach sat in the presence of the Beloved, waiting for his wife, Mohammedan Sheikhs and Turkish Officials and poor men were calling on him. Of course they have been in Syria and Palestine three years ago, and have written some books on their travels, yet at that time they did not know anything about the Cause. Their present object is to write an historical work on the Movement. The Master is going to find them a quiet house, and thus they will engage in their glorious undertaking. No doubt I shall have more to write about them and their interesting work.

In the afternoon the Master called on the German Consul. He took me with him. The Consul speaks Turkish very fluently. and

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for more than an hour they were engaged in a lively conversation-- chiefly on Germany. When he left the Consulate, the Consul came to the door and greeted the Beloved most graciously. Six of the Jewish believers left to-night for Jerusalem. Shoghi Effendi, Rouhi Effendi, Mirza Habibollah Khodabaksh and a few of the girl students arrived from Beirut to pass their Christmas Holidays in the Presence of the Beloved.

Baha'i Pilgrims' Home, Mount Carmel
Haifa, Syria, December 24th, 1913

Dear Friends:

Mirza Jaffar Shirazi, a Baha'i and a prominent merchant in Russian Turkestan, whose photograph appeared in the Persian Section of one of the latest issues of the Star of the West, is the generous founder of the Baha'i Pilgrims' Home. When Baha'u'llah was in life and lived in Acca, they had rented two small rooms in the Inn for the Pilgrims. They lived, ate and slept in these two rooms. Generally every Oriental pilgrim is permitted to live for nine days, often more, seldom less. Their board though simple, has been and is provided, and they have not to pay a cent for their lodgings. But when the Constitution was declared in Turkey, and the Master came to live in Haifa, the question of housing the constantly increasing numbers of pilgrims became a problem. Then GOD inspired the heart of Mirza Jaffar Shirazi to come out and beg the Master to give him the privilege of building the first distinctly Baha'i Pilgrims' Home in this part of the world. Permission was granted him, and he started to look around for the best available lot on the breast of Mount Carmel. Finally this charming site was selected, having a most commanding view of the sea, and near the Tomb of the Bab. Then the foundation was laid, and was finished in due time

and solemnly dedicated by the Beloved to the Cause. The building has cost about \$8,000.00 a good deal of money in the East. This man alone paid all the expenses, and to my knowledge it is the only Baha'i structure built by a single individual without receiving contributions from any other source. Having seen this golden opportunity, he caught it by the fore-lock, and made the hearts of all the Baha'is very grateful and happy. When the building was finished it was opened to the Baha'i Pilgrims of all nations and religions, especially the Oriental believers. As there are no accommodations complete enough to entertain Western pilgrims, they live in the hotels, and as on the other hand our Oriental brothers do not speak the Western languages the means of communication is visibly restricted, although their hearts are united together in the common object of making the world more spiritual and divine. This Pilgrims' Home has four sleeping rooms, a large reception room, a general big hall where a long table is in the center, for the purpose of eating, an entrance hall, a corridor, a kitchen and a lovely porch. The windows of the reception room are opened toward the sea, and from the entrance door you will behold the majestic, lovely mountain, and on both sides are broad stretches of lands and undulating valleys.

The Home is in possession of two fine watch-dogs, that divide their time between watching the Blessed Tomb of the Bab and the Home. Although they are friendly and hospitable toward the friends, yet a flood of barkings is set loose when any stranger is seen, specially in the nights.

Another interesting object is a beautiful parrot. They have taught it to say many words. It is very tame, and never bites anybody's fingers like Mrs. Moss's parrot in Washington. Early in the morning, when the pilgrims leave their rooms, it says very distinctly; "Declare! Declare! Declare! Ya Baha El Abha!" "Say, O! Thou Mystery of GOD!" and many other wonderful greetings. Often one is

startled out of his sleep by its voice repeating the commanding word "Declare" ever so many times, and at the end, "Ya Baha El Abha!", that I had mistaken at first for a human voice.

The most interesting person, of course, in the Pilgrims' Home, is its keeper, or as he is known everywhere the "Khadem" or the "Servant" of Mosafer-Khaneh. He is one of that faithful band of disciples who preferred exile to their own country in order to live near the Blessed Perfection. Aga Mohamed Hassan, as the Khadem of the Pilgrims' Home, is a most lovable soul. If I tell you that he is the embodiment of patience, good-nature, devotion and a priceless spirit of self-sacrifice, I have only told you a tenth part of the truth. About him and his history I shall write in a future letter, but I have just introduced you to him, so that you may make his acquaintance and know what kind of a man presides over the destiny of the Pilgrims' Home. He has filled this wonderful position for years, and is a student of human character. From all parts of the Orient pilgrims pour in, with no doubt different temperaments and dispositions, and yet when they return to their respective homes their hearts are filled with love of "Khadem", and their tongues praise his virtues and rare qualities.

The present Pilgrims' Home is of course only for men. There is no place yet for the women pilgrims. This is naturally the cause of much inconvenience. For example, just at this moment there are about 25 women pilgrims from Persia. Almost all of them are living in the house of the Master, and several members of the family had to give them their rooms. What is most necessary to my mind is the construction of even a small Pilgrims' Home for women. Year after year their number is increasing, and the need of such a building is felt and will be felt more and more as the years roll on.

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When I stood in the presence of the Beloved, he was entertaining a Turk with a description of Budapest and Vienna, and the progress of civilization in those parts. When he left the room, he turned his face to me and said: "I have received many letters from America, but they are not yet being opened. I wish to go to Acca to-day, but will return soon. My constitution is not strong, and I feel that my days are numbered. Now it is your time of service. You must cry out the words of Reality, you must teach the Cause and unfurl the Flag of the Kingdom of Abha. The sun of my earthly existence is setting. The sun of your new activities is rising." Then he dictated a few cables for America, and I was permitted to retire. I left the room very much depressed in heart, because the Master was speaking and he has been speaking of late in this heart-rending manner; but what can one do but weep?

I was back again in the afternoon, and could see the turban of the Master behind the window. Isfandeyar was preparing the carriage, and in half an hour the Beloved descended the stairs into the garden and out in the street. Several believers who were in the neighborhood hastened to the scene, and the Master bade them farewell as he entered the carriage. At 2:45 P.M. the train carried the Most Wonderful Divine-Man toward Acca, and thus Haifa was deprived of its Light. The only person that the Master took with him Basheer.

How I long to be with him to-morrow and look into his divine countenance on the Christmas morning. He is the morning star which is arising from the horizon of our hearts, and heralding the dawn of the Sun of Universal Peace and inter-racial justice and righteousness.

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Baha'i Pilgrims' Home, Mt. Carmel
Haifa, Syria, Dec. 25th, 1913.

Dear Friends:

"He that overcometh, and keepeth my works unto the end,
to him will I give power over the nations ----and I will give
him the morning star."

The Morning Star! The Morning Star! It has already arisen
from the horizon of the world, to usher in the day of the Promised Peace
and Brotherhood. Oh! On this blessed morning I can visualize with
the spiritual consciousness the rising of the Spiritual Morning Star
from the horizon of Acca, and I beheld its physical counterpart long
before sunrise. I was up very early, not only because this is a
most sacred day in the calendar, but because I wanted to pray on
behalf of all the believers, both in the East and in the West, be-
cause we are so privileged to live in this day of the fulfillment
of all prophecies of the past prophets. As I walked out of the
house, my eyes were delighted with the beautiful heavenly scene.
The whole eastern horizon was glowing with a soft and delicate
orange color. I looked long at this simple yet inimitable portrait
painted by the Hand of the Divine Artist. In the center of this
gorgeous portrait of nature, the morning star, as white as silver,
was shining with a refined radiance. And in order to complete this
never-to-be-forgotten picture, the waning crescent, likewise white
and beautiful was beaming a little further. The sea was calm, the
heaven was cloudless, the air was brisk and bracing, the matchless
panorama of the near and distant range of mountains entrancing, the
town of Acca clear and distinct a few miles away, and the deepening
spiritual realization felt. I walked probably for half an hour or
more, reviewing the names of many friends in America and Europe,

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wishing them a happy Christmas and praying that their heads be crowned with the diadem of Celestial Prosperity. What kind of Christmas are they going to have? The cup of their happiness is full, the Bestowals of GOD are descending upon them uninterruptedly, the field of their services is large, their capacity is illimitable and their faith as unshakable as the mountain. For has not the Morning Star of their hope arisen? Is it not scintillating in the horizon of their minds? Are they not praising GOD because they are of the chosen ones? As these thoughts flashed through my mind, I turned my face toward Acca, knowing full well that the Morning Star hath arisen to wipe away all miseries, vices and iniquities. The people of the world are praying daily for the appearance of the Morning Star of Reality. It HAS appeared, but how few of them know about it! Thus on this Christmas morning the Baha'is are rejoicing because their expected Morning Star hath appeared. I hope that each one of them will become the harbinger of this New Day, and co-operate with all their fellow-men so that all mankind may enter under the One Tent of Unity and Confraternity.

Now the sun is up in the horizon, and with my dear brother Mirza Habibollah Khodabaksh, a Jewish Baha'i I am descending the mountain. We enter the garden of the Master's House, and I request the gardener, Ismail Aga, to give me six roses, which he does with much pleasure. After a few minutes walk, we are in the Hotel Carmel, to congratulate our American sisters, and Mr and Mrs. Holback of England, on their having the exceptional privilege of spending their Christmas Day on the Mountain of GOD. The roses were the visible tokens of the love of the Oriental Baha'is for their Occidental co-religionists.

Yesterday before the Master departed for Acca, he left the word that half the pilgrims may go to see him to-day. Thus about

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15 started on the morning train, and the rest, including myself, will go to-morrow. To-days party was conducted from the station direct to Bahajee. They ate their lunch there, and in the afternoon, and while they were occupied with drinking tea in the rest-house, the Master passed by them quietly in the carriage, and entered the Court of the Holy Tomb. Then the Pilgrims were notified, and when they entered the Court they beheld a moving scene. Abdul Baha, his body covered with his yellow Aba and his head on the Threshold of the room where the Blessed Perfection is buried! All of them prostrated on the floor, and many of them wept upon looking at this extraordinary and peerless scene. The Master, feeling the presence of other people in the Court, arose and retired most quietly in the other room. One of them chanted the Visiting Tablet, and as soon as he finished the Master emerged from the room and in a tremulous, weak and yet passionate voice chanted for the Pilgrims the Visiting Tablet. Then they were invited to go in the other room to drink tea, and the Master spoke to them quite awhile. As the train left at 5 o'clock, they were at the station in time, and in the evening they brought to us all this good news, and more.

The brother of Dr. Bagdadi- Hossein Egbal, with his son and another Baha'i, arrived to-night. I was most happy to see them. They will go with us to-morrow for Acca to see the Beloved.

In the afternoon, Mr. Holbach paid a visit to the Pilgrims' Home, and we were most happy to welcome him in our midst, talk with him about the Cause/^{and} offer a cup of Persian tea.

I will close this quiet and happy day by translating part of the words of the Master as spoken to our pilgrims in the Holy Tomb this afternoon. This will no doubt--in an indirect way--stand as his Christmas message to the Bahai world.

"You are all welcome. How are you? It is part of the Divine Wisdom that I may keep silence for a time. All that has been required of me is to raise my voice and speak in the Churches, Synagogues, Conventions and meetings of all kinds and descriptions, and calling the attention of the people of the Kingdom of GOD and the Appearance of Baha'u'llah: praise be to God through the confirmations of the Blessed Perfection this has been accomplished. Now it is the turn of the believers of GOD. Now I am expecting all the time to hear the sweet call of the friends raised from all directions, and the clarion watch-word of Ya Baha El Abha may reach to the ear of the heart and spirit. Those souls who have become evanescent in the Blessed Perfection must know of a certainty that they attract unto themselves heavenly Confirmations and Assistance. Now existence in the Sacred Threshold is the magnet whereby aid is attracted. The more the believers are meek and submissive at the Divine Threshold, the more powerful and universal will be the descent of the Holy Spirit of Dedication upon them. The more they strive in teaching new souls, the greater will be the power of sanctification and attraction. To-day the merciful powers reinforce those souls who are spreading the Cause of GOD. The person who walks in this highway is confirmed; even if he is outwardly a dried plant he will be changed into a fruitful tree. ----- GOD willing, all the friends will be rendered successful and aided in this work. They are the flowers and anemones of the Garden of Abha. They must emit their fragrances. ---- Praise be to GOD that you have crossed mountains and deserts and travelled over land and sea, and have at last laid your heads at the Threshold of the Blessed Perfection I hope that the results of this visit will become world-wide, and that every one of you will become a herald of the Kingdom; that you may be conducive to the tranquility and composure of the hearts of humanity.

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You are the trees planted by the hands of Baha'u'llah in the orchard of the Kingdom; He hath watered you through the Rivers of His Knowledge and hath protected you from winds and storms. I hope that each one of you may become a tree laden with delicious fruits for the healing of all the tribes and tongues. -----"

May this message find a strong echo in the heart of every Baha'i in the world.

Baha'i Pilgrims' Home, Haifa, Syria
Mount Carmel, December 26th, 1913

Dear Friends:

To arise in the morning with the joyful anticipation that you will look into the countenance of the Beloved, drink in the wine of his love, be set aglow with the fire of his attraction, be immersed in the ocean of his nearness, listen to the sweet music of his words and come within the radius of his divine spirituality, is a real delightful experience, which if it is repeated a hundred thousand times never loses its significance and genuine interest.

Foroughi was in our party, and whenever he is amongst the number of people the spirits are kept up at a high pitch. He continued all through our way to sing poems and chant the verses from the Writings of Baha'u'llah. Seldom have I seen a memory more remarkable than his. He has committed to memory long Tablets by Baha'u'llah and Abdul Baha, and he has such an inexhaustible fund that never comes to an end. Likewise his son has memorized a number of Tablets. When we arrived in Acca, a number of us went to the Holy Home and the rest direct to Bahajee. We found that the Master was out calling on a number of people, but after awhile he came in, a little tired but well. He climbed the stairs with great agility, and welcomed us with a

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cheerful face. He said: "It is no doubt decreed that I remain silent for the time being. On one hand my constitution is not strong enough and on the other hand so much work is being accumulated that I wonder what I must do first. So many letters have been received from the East and the West that demand my attention, and I pray to GOD to confirm me in the accomplishment of these services." Then he inquired about the news from our believers in America and Europe, and how they are spending their days and nights. He is always looking Westward and hoping that the rays of the Sun of Reality may enlighten the hearts and the minds. He said he had been speaking last night with a large number of people until almost midnight, and he felt very tired when he bade them farewell. Just at that time several strangers entered, and no sooner were they welcomed than they began to ask a number of most difficult questions, which were in turn answered by him with the same facility of expression and variety of knowledge.

At noon we enjoyed a nice lunch, at which were present Mirza Jalal, Shougi Effendi and Rouhi Effendi. At two o'clock the carriage was ready, and the Master asked all four of us to accompany him. We considered it a great privilege to be with him, and float in the air of his sanctification. Half way he alighted from the carriage. He wanted to walk all alone, and ordered Isfandeyar to drive the carriage. His face was anxious and worried, and his eyes betrayed solicitous dreams.

After half an hour we found ourselves in the court of the Holy Tomb, worshipping with eagerness at the Threshold of the Almighty and listening to the rapturous voice of the spiritual King offering a fervent supplication in behalf of all the Baha'is. In the other room he spoke only a few words: "How wonderful it is that

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you have come at this opportune time, so that you may visit the Holy Threshold. I praise GOD that He hath confirmed me to pray with you at this Celestial Court. I praise GOD for that! I praise GOD for this! Convey to all the believers my wonderful Baha'i greetings, and tell them I am praying for them at the Threshold of the Blessed Perfection. I beg for them confirmation and assistance. Let them remain confident, be ever happy, be rejoiced, with the Glad-Tidings of the Kingdom of Abha. With the utmost joy and fragrance they must offer their entreaties and supplications at the Court of Majesty, thus may they be reinforced to spread the News of the Kingdom."

As soon as he finished the above words, he gave us permission to retire, in order that we might catch the train. We had to hasten back, because there was little time left. With Mirza Habibollah and four others I ran until we reached the station; the rest were left behind. I hurried back, especially, because the Master addressed me to make all haste.

When we arrived at the Baha'i Pilgrims' Home, they were all anxious to know the news, and exclaimed how fortunate were those who were left behind!

When the Baha'i students were in Ramleh, the Master encouraged them to form an oratorical club, so that they may practice public-speaking. Mirza Bahibollah tells me that they have achieved wonderful results during the last few months, and at their weekly meetings some of the students have developed an effective power for speaking. Likewise about seven or eight of these students expect to go to America to enter the Stanford University. Before the opening of the next session in Winter they will start, and it is their hope to visit many Assemblies and meet/^{as} many of the Baha'is as possible.

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Of course they will go with the consent and full permission of the Beloved, and it is hoped that the friends in each city will give them a rousing Baha'i reception; thus they may realize what a Western Baha'i spirit of hospitality means.

The monthly organ of the College contains a fine article on the Baha'i Revelation. I hope to get a copy and translate its contents for you.

Baha'i Pilgrims' Home, Mount Carmel
Haifa, Syria, December 27, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

An aeroplane flying over Haifa, and the large crowd of Arabs, Turks, Persians and a motley gathering of Europeans gathered to watch its rapid flight, was the most spectacular sight that could be witnessed in this far off part of the world. The aeroplane had started from Beirut at ten o'clock, and was here about 11:30, and was going to Jaffa and Jerusalem. The whir of its machinery could be heard by the spectators, and before it disappeared from sight beyond the summit of the green mountain of GOD it made a few marvellous circles and evolutions. Probably no one had seen an airship before, and thus it was the topic of discussion everywhere. The Frenchman certainly gave much food for thought and marvel to the simple folk of not only Haifa but the villiages, towns and shepherds all along the way. Now doubt the Master has also watched its flight over Acca. Thus the ancient world is now and then attacked by the instruments of modern civilization.

To-day Haji Mirza Hedar Ali asked Aga Mohammed Hassan to bring his CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH to show it to me. It was the one which contained the photograph of the Beloved, and a long, interesting article in connection with his second visit to that great metropolis. The four pages were framed with the most expensive

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wood and kept in a heavy, thick box, to be preserved for future generations. Thus you will observe how this paper is loved by the Baha'i world and framed so lavishly. It would, I am sure, make the heart of the noble Editor joyful to know this --that here on Mount Carmel, in far off Syria, the CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH is not only read with avidity and its spiritual, uplifting contents perused, but the copies are so framed as to guard them from the ruthless ravages of time. I have not the slightest doubt that the same respect is shown to the CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH in many cities throughout the Orient, and that in future a traveller when coming in contact with the Baha'i will be delighted to see these historical documents so much appreciated by the Friends.

The question of "Where, Whiter, Whence", has for so many ages troubled the minds of the intelligent seekers and the students of the hidden origin of things: I heard to-day a little story which may be satisfying to some minds religiously inclined. Once a mystic who was known to be a depository of great wisdom, was questioned by a simple man: "Where do you come from?" "I am from the part of GOD" "Whither art thou going?" "I am going to GOD." "What will be thy sustenance?" "Trust in GOD." In this fashion these simple folk of the Orient formulate their religious creed, and let go all the hair-splitting philosophies and crazy metaphysics. Then consciously know their divine origin and return, and never let the difficulties and anomalies make their child-like faith weaker. All their theories of life are based upon the above observation. "Be thou with GOD and thou shalt see GOD with thee!" is one of their oft quoted aphorisms. This is the foundation of their belief. In order to have GOD enthroned in the chamber of their hearts, they try their utmost to purify it and cleanse it from the dust of self and ego.

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In the evening, Foroughi and other pilgrims arrived from Acca bringing with them the good and happy news of the health of the Beloved. Again they repeated his moving words and his exhortation about the teaching of the Cause of GOD with great firmness and steadfastness. All the believers and pilgrims were gathered in the home of the Master. These meetings always strike me, with their cosmopolitan spirit, their wonderful tolerance, their attraction and devotional beauty. I wonder whether it is possible to find such meetings anywhere else: Mohammedans, Jews, Zoroastrians and Christians coming from the different parts of the world and gathered here, worship the glorious LORD, forgetting entirely their religious and racial prejudices. A unique scene, indeed!

The grandchildren of the Beloved have learned to chant stirring Baha'i poems, and to-night they entertained us most royally with their sweet, harmonious voices. Everybody loves these dear, innocent children. They are the buds of the Garden of Abdul Baha, and it is hoped that each one of them will become a great teacher of the Cause.

A striking manifestation of the Baha'i Love I have witnessed in Mirza Mohamad, Foroughi's. He pours out his god-like love upon everyone, and all day he copies Tablets for the believers. Often while I am engaged in writing he will walk stealthily from behind and lock me within his capacious arms, kissing me ever so many times. "I love you very much. I wish I were sure that others love me as much as I love them." Then he kisses me again and again.

Another young man who is from Eshkabad, and whose name is Mirza Habibollah, serves in the Pilgrims' Home most self-sacrificially. He serves so willingly, with such self-abandonment. Mash-hadi Akbar, the attendant of Ebne Asdag, is also another Baha'i who serves

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heartily and faithfully. Thus the duties of Aga Mohammad Hassan are happily shared by other pilgrims, who consider it a most exalted honor to be privileged to serve in the Pilgrims' Home.

All day a most violent wind was blowing. In the morning one thought it is going to start another period of rain, but in the afternoon the weather was clear and the clouds disappeared.

Baha'i Pilgrims' Home, Mount Carmel
Haifa, Syria, December 28th, 1913

Dear Friends:

Long before sunrise I was out in the open, climbing the mountain and trying to reach the top. Mountain climbing is difficult in itself, especially when it is not done in broad daylight. At last I succeeded in reaching the plateau which I was thinking would be the summit. I was breathing very hard, so I lay myself down on the soft, velvety grass. Just at that time the Eastern sky was colored with rosy hues of the ascending sun. I watched it rising and rising flooding the immensity of space with the glorious lights. I looked all around, and I could see no human being within my sight. For awhile as I gazed toward the city of Acca, I prayed and supplicated GOD'S MERCY and Confirmations in behalf of all the friends. Then I opened a book of Tablets, and read some extracts out of it. Would it not be just beautiful if you soared for a little while on the white wings of aspiration in this early dawn, and could be present with me on the summit of Mount Carmel, and listen to the words of Abdul Baha? Of course, it would be just lovely. Very well then, Now that I have you all with me, I will read these passages to you.

"The friends of GOD must live in accord with the Exhortations

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and Admonitions of the Light of Reality, the Blessed Perfection--- may my life be a ransom at His Threshold! One by one they must put into execution these Teachings. Not that they may only read and let their significances be hidden behind the Words and Tablets. The spiritual and material laws of the Most Great Name--May my existence be a sacrifice to His Court!-- must be revealed on the arena of manifestation and become embodied and personified in the lives and conduct of the friends of GOD, otherwise there will be no result and no benefit. In short, the utmost longing of Abdul Baha is to become the embodiment of the spirit of one word of the Exhortations and Teachings of Baha'u'llah. Likewise it is certain that this is also the yearning of the friends. A Baha'i must be the candle of the regions and a radiant star from the horizon of Effulgence. If he fulfill this condition, his relationship is real; otherwise it is accidental (superficial). He is fruitless and baseless. He is like unto a black man whose name is Diamond. In reality he is a raven and a crow, but his name is the sweet-singing nightingale. What benefit lies in a verbal relationship, and what fruit is one able to gather from the mere word "Baha'i"? One must be Baha'i in reality, with heart and soul.-----"

"Faith and assurance are like unto trees of the orchards, and praiseworthy deeds and actions are like unto the fruits thereof. A lamp is in need of the illuminating light, and the stars must of necessity gleam and sparkle. I beg of GOD to confirm the lives of the friends of GOD with that which is behooving and befitting the lives of the righteous ones, and to cause the diffusion of the Fragrances of Holiness from those spiritual roses.-----"

"In these days as much as you are able teach the Cause of GOD. The Divine Hand of Power has prepared for you a rare and exception-

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al opportunity. Do not let this opportunity slip out of your hand. All the hearts are turned toward the Cause of GOD, and all the ears are waiting to listen to the Word of GOD. All the communities are self-occupied and self-centered, and many of them are fallen into sullen despair and look upon life from a pessimistic standpoint, because they see so much of turmoil and conflict. They are trying to find an avenue of escape, an abode, an asylum, and there is no other shelter or refuge save the Kingdom of Abha, which has thrown a great reverbration and tumult throughout the regions."

"When the Org of regions shone forth upon the Orient and Occident, the distinction and differentiation between Turk and Tajik; Belgium and France; Persia and America; Asia and Africa, were obliterated. The Salute of the Oneness of the world of humanity caused a great reverbration. That is why we behold the East and the West embracing each other, and the Orient and the Occident are like unto the lover and the beloved.----"

"O thou who hast addressed me as 'Abdul Baha' in the beginning of thy letter! How wonderful is this brilliant, luminous and spiritual title in the commencement of thy epistle! How sweet is its significance! How delicious is its meaning in my taste! It was like unto a sea of pure honey, or a fountain from the salsabel of the heavenly water or the Spring of Eternal Life flowing out of the Supreme Paradise. Bravo! Bravo! Well done! Well done! O, my friend! How happy am I and how happy art thou! O, my Beloved! How pleased I am to be the recipient of such an address. May GOD facilitate thy work, increase thy bounty, dilate thy breast, enlighten thy eyes and illumine thy heart, expand thy spirit, amplify thy generosity, perfume thy nostrils and exalt thy station. I declare by thyself that I have become enthralled with thy love, obli-

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gated to thee for thy affection and the prisoner of the Majesty of this title (Abdul Baha). I beg of GOD to increase thy good deeds and success!"

When I descended the mountain, I felt not only the invigorating air of Mount Carmel, but the holier vibrations of the spirit. All day I was happy; now in the town, again in the Pilgrims' Home. Mirza Mahmoud and Ebne Asdag had permission to go to Acca and so they left early this morning.

In the evening, a long letter was read, written by Mirza Ali Akbar Rafasanjany, from London, on the progress of the Cause in England. It was enjoyed by all the pilgrims. Then Foroughi gave us a most vivid talk about his father and Bab-el-Bab, and how the latter taught the former, and how both side by side fought in the fortress of Tabarassi. This story, which I hope to reproduce somewhere else, was supplimented by many dramatic and tragic incidents of Baha'i life, impelled by the mysterious faith of self-sacrifice and demonstrating a firmness which has no equal. The evening was spent with the utmost joy and fragrance, and I went to bed with a deep sense of my utter unworthiness and uselessness.

Baha'i Pilgrims' Home, Mt. Carmel
Dec. 29th, 1913. Haifa, Syria.

Dear Friends:

The outstanding event of the day was the return of the Beloved to Haifa, unexpectedly. It was about 11 O'clock when with Mirza Habibollah Khodabaksh we were walking toward the store of Mirza Jalal, when we saw coming from the opposite direction a carriage, beside the driver of which was Basheer. By this time the carriage came near and passed by. As we hoped, inside we saw the Master and two Baha'is. Naturally we were most happy, and started to re-

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turn at a brisk pace toward the Home. Some special work has brought him back to Haifa, and no doubt he will return in a few days. It is the aim of the Beloved to make Acca also a Baha'i Center, in the fullest sense of the word. During the last few years, it has lapsed into a place of secondary importance, because so many believers have left, many of the "companions" are dead, and there is no Pilgrims' Home. Now the Home of Baha'u'llah, in which I lived, will be turned into a Pilgrims' Home, thus facilitating the sojourn of the friends.

Word was sent to us up the mountain that the Master will come about 2 O'clock p.m. thus all the friends were made happy. For the last few days, the believers and the pilgrims desired to take a photograph, but they could not readily arrange it. Moreover, they longed to have the Beloved in their midst, thus imparting to it a spiritual significance. They supplicated his permission with all humility, and he accepted their appeal with genuine pleasure.

When he arrived, all the believers were gathered around the B. building of the Tomb of the Bab. At first he sat for a few moments in the large reception room and greeted everyone with a few loving words. Then he asked Foroughi to chant a supplication, and afterward when the photographer had his camera ready, he was notified. He asked the believers to stand on the Eastern wing of the building, and when everyone was standing in his place he came and sat on a chair, reserved for him, in the center. On his right hand sat Mirza Heydar Ali, and on his left Mirza Mahmoud Foroughi. This is of course the very first photograph of the Master (in a group) in the East, and this very fact invests it with a particular significance. Not only this, but because it is taken in front of the Tomb of the Bab and on the Holy Mt. of GOD. As the believers were dispersed, he was heard

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speaking to a number of them while pointing with his blessed hand toward the building: "Under what tumultuous times the foundation of this divine structure was laid! Owing to the false reports forwarded to the Sublime Porte, many cablegrams were sent by Abdul Hamid to the Governor of Haifa to stop progress or watch its construction. Many spies were daily busy around this building, and the slightest move on the part of any of the laborers was reported to the military headquarters. In reality to bring the remains of the BAB from Persia and inter it in the unique building was the most difficult and at the same time the most triumphal work of the Cause.

Then he told all the believers to go into the reception room. They sat all around the room on the floor; likewise the Master; It was a peerless picture to see the attention of all these men centered upon the center of the Covenant, many of them with white beards, who have served the Cause in many campaigns. Undoubtedly their supreme desire was to be photographed with the King of their hearts, and this object was at last obtained. No one considered himself worthy of this great bounty, but they were overflowing with thankfulness. Now that he has given permission to be photographed with the Oriental Baha'is, there will be others in the future and thus our collection of his pictures will be enriched with these old and tried believers. What will be the spiritual worth of these photographs, taken in the Holy Land, to future generations, no one can prophesy. Here is the proper environment and the ideal surrounding to photograph the Spiritual King of the world. Here is his Holy Home, the very sacred atmosphere, the place where the weightiest world drama is enacted!

For a few seconds the Beloved was quiet, his eyes shut, the atmosphere filled with the vibrations of his Presence, and all the believers focusing their attention on him. Then he opened his eyes,

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and spoke the following words of light and wisdom: "It is most significant that we are all gathered here in the Tomb of His Holiness the Supreme (BAB) and beneath the Protection of the Blessed Perfection. No one could ever conceive that such meetings and such gatherings could ever be held in these places. Praise be to GOD that through the Bestowals and Favors of His Holiness Baha'u'llah they are made possible. If we glorify GOD during all our lives for this most eminent Bounty and the Greatest Gift, we shall be unable to adequately express our thanks at His Holy Threshold, but we must thank Him according to our capacity. 'If one does not comprehend the whole, he must not give up the part.' Under all circumstances we must be engaged in the servitude of the Holy, Divine Threshold, and praise Him under all conditions. We must know this of a certainty, that no bestowal, no honor, no sovereignty, no glory is greater than servitude at the Holy Threshold --real servitude without any interpretation. The servitude at the Holy Threshold means this:- We must be occupied with the promotion of the Word of GOD and the diffusion of the Fragrances of GOD. We must engage our time in the promulgation of His Teachings. We must not rest neither by day nor by night, and seek neither rest or composure. We must exert ourselves to convey the Message and deliver the Glad Tidings. We must not relax our energies or flag behind. With words and deeds, with conviction and action, we must summon the people to the standard of universal peace, brotherhood of man and the solidarity of humankind. Ours shall be the final victory if we persevere. The world is sick, these Divine Teachings are the remedies and you are the physicians. Be ye, therefore, skillful physicians and heal this sick body. This is the most great bounty! This is the highest aspiration! We hope that we will all become confirmed therein.

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You observe that the Temple of the Cause of GOD is surrounded from every direction by the enemies. From one part the Mohammedans are carrying on their attacks, the dogmatic Christians are assailing us from the opposite direction. The 'Yahya-is' are bombarding from this part, and the unfaithful ones from every part. Thus it is clear that the City of the Cause of GOD is besieged by all these enemies. They strive with their utmost power to force us into unconditional surrender. They endeavor to pull and tear this Blessed Tree, root, stem and branches. Consequently it is made evident how self-sacrificing we must be, how we must be severed from all else save GOD, how we must adorn our beings with pure intentions, how we must dedicate our lives anew to the service of humanity, how we must be inspired with the Breaths of the Holy Spirit; how we must unfurl the Flag of the Kingdom of Peace and reconciliation over the mountains of the earth; how we must quicken the dead with the spirit of GOD: how we must create a new reverberation throughout the regions of the earth, the echoes of which may be handed down to posterity.

My beloved friends ! This is the time of action! This is the period of self-sacrifice! This is the age of your service. Arise and accomplish the Will of your Lord, and unify all the races and tongues with the Spirit of Love. You are the soldiers of the Army of Baha'u'llah. You are the stars of His Heaven. You are the nightingales of His Rose-garden. This is not the time of silence. Arise and speak with might and power the Cause of your Lord, the Supreme. The period of speechlessness and silence has passed. The time of attraction and enkindlement has come. The fiat of the King of Kings is issued forth, the firman of the Lord of Hosts hath proceeded. This is the Age of Unity. This is the Cycle of Peace.

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Let us work and work, strive and make an effort to protect the Fortified Fortress of the Cause of GOD from the onslaughts of these inveterate enemies. You are observing what they are doing. In America many dogmatic Christians announced that we are the enemies of Christ. They published and circulated many false reports, based on pure imagination; although we proved in the Jewish Synagogues that His Holiness Christ was the Word of God and the Spirit of GOD, and His Holiness Mohammed was the Prophet of GOD. Notwithstanding this, these unkind Ministers have circulated around that the Baha'is are the enemies of Christ; yet up to this time there has been found no one to proclaim Christ as the WORD of GOD and the Spirit of GOD in the Jewish Synagogues of America. How ungrateful are these people! Our spirits, our hearts, our souls, our minds are evanescent in the station of His Holiness Christ, evanescent in the station of His Holiness Mohammed. We long to sacrifice our lives in their paths. But if many of these people undergo the slightest inconveniences, they will forget Christ and His Mission, and on the other hand spread the rumors that the Baha'is are the enemies of Christ, the destroyers of His Foundations and the abrogators of the Religion of GOD.

"In short, we hope that, GOD willing, all of us shall become confirmed in the service of the Divine Threshold with the utmost nothingness, the utmost severance, complete supplication and invocation and perfect obedience and perseverance. May we be firm and steadfast in the Cause of GOD through this spiritual power, till our very last breath. This is our ultimate hope! This is our greatest aspiration!"

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Baha'i Pilgrims' Home, Mount Carmel
Haifa, Syria, December 30, 1913.

Dear Friends:

When the Beloved descended the Mountain last night, he left behind a message for me to go down the mountain this morning and see him. I was there early, while Khosro and Basheer were drinking their tea. The believers likewise started to come down one after the other. After half an hour, I was summoned into his presence. There were a few Arabs present. At that time one of them got up from his seat and recited a very eloquent poem in the praise and glorification of the Master. It was in Arabic, and the poet had committed this rather long poem to memory. I asked him to send me a copy, to be translated into English at some future date. Afterward he dictated to me a few cablegrams for Persia and America. In the course of conversation, he said: "If a man lives a thousand years or achieves the most wonderful service, this does not avail him. If he becomes the most famous man in the world it is like the mirage and phantasm; but the good-pleasure of the Lord is the most important object to be attained. If a man does not become confirmed and assisted with His good-pleasure and his name immortalized, it will benefit him not." He sent me down town to despatch a few messages, and when I returned he was yet speaking with a number of Turks and Arabs. These people take lots of his time and strength. Then he left the house, followed by them. About 2 o'clock another photograph was taken of the Beloved and all the believers in front of his house. This was for the purpose of including Abne Asdag and a number of other believers who were not present yesterday. Mrs. Hoagg was also there, and took the same photos with her kodak.

As a number of the Pilgrims, with their wives, are given per-

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ing together about their exceptional privilege, and how they hope to go forth with a new fervor and inspiration. Haji Mirza Heydar Ali listened to them, and then said: "Your chief concern is to create by every means a spiritual consciousness in the innermost soul of every human being. Through this you can lay a claim to the Treasures of the Kingdom. By teaching the Cause you will become enabled to establish that mysterious inter-cosmic relation between all the members of humanity. One of the conditions of spreading the message is entire severance from all else save GOD, and a whole-hearted concentrated devotion to the Divine Purpose. What ever GOD has given us of His material and spiritual bounties, we must share them with the rest of our fellow-men, and be kind and benevolent to the poor and the orphans. If we live in this manner, we are the servants of the Kingdom. Years ago the Government of Teheran imprisoned a number of the most prominent Baha'is. Amongst them was Haji Ameen. As these Baha'is had influential and noteworthy relatives, they used to cook for them the most delicious dishes and bring them into the prison. Haji Ameen did not eat of these dishes, but was satisfied with the prison coarse bread. Of course there were many other prominent prisoners, and the rather singular act of Haji Ameen and his spiritual independence pleased them. They started to inquire why he did not eat the delicious food brought from the outside, and this train of investigation led to other tracks and ended in their belief."

"At another time I was invited to speak with a rich man about the Cause. As he was wealthy, I put on my best clothes and Aba. After hours of discussion, I left him with the idea that he is convinced of the logic and sanity of my proofs. He was heard, however,

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saying to his friends that this man is very broad, and apparently proved his cause with much force, but I could see that he had dressed himself for the occasion. Consequently irrespective of all outward circumstances, we must sincerely arise in the promotion of the WORD of GOD."

I may end this letter with a translation of one or two quotations from Abdul Baha's Tablets:

"The Teachings of Baha'u'llah, the laws of this Cause and the Principles of this Manifestation have no deniers. The world is like unto a thirsty fish, and the Teachings of the Blessed Perfection are like the salubrious water. There is no strife, no sword, no anathema, no apostate, no heretic, no opposition, no interference and no resistance. Its sword is the proclamation of the Oneness of the world of humanity; its world-conquering weapon the Merciful Bestowal; its tactics and its art of war the explanation of the Wisdom of GOD; its Commander -in Chief the Light of the Divine Guidance; the impetus of its army the Love of GOD, and its rules and regulations love and kindness toward all the members of humanity; to such an extent that the unknown is known; the strangers are as the friends and the ill-wishers as the well-wishers. This must be the foundation of our association with the world of humanity. Because HE addresses all the nations of the world 'Ye are all the fruits of one tree and the leaves of one branch'.---

"O GOD! O GOD! This is the attracted servant of Thy Bounty of Abha; his heart is set aglow with the Fire of Thy Love amongst mankind, his tears are falling through Thy mention in the middle of gloomy nights, his patience well-nigh spent in the Love of Thy Supreme Countenance; his face radiant through Thy Consummate Mercy; His breast dilated through the verses of Thy singleness.

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He has travelled toward the West, leaving behind his sweet country, and has accepted hardships in Thy Path. O Thou my Glorious Lord! O Lord! He has forsaken rest and composure, tranquility and peacefulness, serenity and calmness, and has journeyed to that distant clime-- a land which is not touched by the feet of his fathers and ancestors --in order to diffuse Thy Fragrances, upraise Thy Flags, spread Thy Words and elucidate Thy Proofs.

"O Lord! O Lord! Suffer him to become the sign of Thy Bestowal the ensign of Thy Knowledge, the Fire of Thy Love, the sign of Thy Gift, confirmed with Thy angels, assisted with Thy Providence and Caution, safeguarded by Thy Protection and Shelter and guarded under Thy Refuge and Defense:- So that he may diffuse Thy signs in those regions and cause the irradiation of Thy Lights in those countries. Suffer Thy call to reach the ears of the Faithful ones, and make Thy Argument manifest to the concourse of the world of emanation.-----"

Pilgrims' Home, Mount Carmel
Haifa, Syria, Dec. 31st, 1913

Dear Friends:

The spirit of an old Baha'i, about eighty years of age, has just soared toward the Kingdom of Abha. His name was Sheikh Abul Gasem; He had lived in Acca for many years before the departure of Baha'u'llah. He had seen in his life many blessed days before and after the passing of Baha'u'llah, so, like unto a nightingale, his spirit soared out of this mortal cage toward the rose-garden of Abha. On the morning after his death, the Master called on his wife and son, to console them. He stayed in their house for an hour, giving them directions for the burial of the dead. When he returned, there was

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a large number of believers and pilgrims present in the garden, and as he entered they all bowed before him. He sat on the low wall dividing the garden and the board-walk leading to the broad steps of the house, and motioned to the others to do the same. Half of them sat on one side and the rest on the other. It was a day of perfect sunshine and glorious air, redolent with the sweet scent of the flowers and blossoms. After a few minutes silence, he said: "I have been out to see the wife of Sheikh Abul Gasem. He was one of the blessed souls in the Cause. His end has been very good. He was a very old Baha'i, and had many, many Tablets from the Blessed Perfection. He has left behind one son. May GOD confirm and assist this only son, so that he may walk in the footsteps of his father." Some one asked a question which I did not hear, but I wrote down the Master's answer: "If we-(all the Baha'is)who are beneath the shade of the Sadrat-el-Montaha , arise to teach the Cause of GOD, unquestionably the Almighty will confirm us. We must lay aside every idea, thought, mention, desire, service and devotion, except those prayers which are obligatory, and occupy our time with teaching the Cause, spreading the Fragrances of the Merciful and serving at the Divine Threshold. Through teaching the Cause, the Blessed Tree shall grow and develop, the world of humanity will become illumined, the blind ones find sight, the deaf hearing, the mute speech and the dead life. These things shall not come to pass except through the promotion of Truth. This is conducive to the rejuvenation of the world of man, to the development of the ideals of mankind, the unfolding of the mystic virtues of the inhabitants of the earth, and the advancement and uplifting of human existence: Even the world in its physical aspect will become ameliorated and perfected. The teachers themselves will become spiritual! How illuminated they will

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become! How divine and celestial they will become! They will enter into another and higher state; they will be enlightened with another light; they will be endowed with another power, and they will gain a new spirituality. Ordinarily a moral teacher strives day and night until a person abandons one of his many evil attributes, but as soon as the guidance of GOD and the faith of GOD dawn from the horizon of his heart, he is a changed man. All his evil characteristics are transformed into praiseworthy attributes. Whereas formerly he was a coward, he became courageous. Whereas before he was debased, he becomes sanctified and holy. Even in his intelligence, his knowledge, his sagacity and in his mentality he is a different man. " Then the Master went up to his room, and we climbed the mountain toward the Pilgrims' Home. In the afternoon, there were ten large carriages ready to convey the believers to the home of the deceased one, which is quite out of the town. Every Baha'i was there, and after the performance of the simple ceremony the body was taken to the Mosque and the Mohammedan prayers were offered. There were a number of Sheikhs walking ahead of the hearse, and chanting the formula: "There is no GOD but GOD and Mohammed is HIS prophet"! The Baha'i cemetery is out of town, at the very foot of Mount Carmel. It is a large tract of land, newly acquired, and contains only a few tombs. The tomb was already prepared, and the coffin was lowered into the grave. A Mohammedan Mullah read the rituals for the dead. He commanded the dead as though he were alive, as follows: "If the angel of death comes to thee and asks thee: 'Who is thy Creator?' Do not be afraid. Say: "He is the Lord the Most High, the One GOD. The Maker of heaven and earth; Mohammed is HIS Prophet.----" Amongst others, I threw a few shovels of earth. Afterward Foroughi and his son, each in turn, offered a prayer for the soul of the dead, and the former delivered a

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short oration on the perishableness of the worldly things and exhorted the son of the deceased to adorn himself with the qualities and virtues of his father. The poor man had willed that all the believers be present at his funeral, and thus his last dying wish was carried out to the letter. The kindness and thoughtfulness of the Beloved for even those who pass away is one of the miracles of his life and work.

When we all gathered together again in the Master's House, we found that a number of our Jewish Baha'is with their wives, as well as our Baha'i students of Beirut College, were on the point of departure. The believers were scattered in the rose-garden, and the silver beams of the moon, with the radiancy of countless stars, added to the charm of the night. The departing friends, one by one, met the Beloved in his room to receive his last blessings, to look probably for the last time on his heavenly countenance. They came out weeping. We embraced them, and were sad to see them leaving the holy spot. Many of the believers went with them to the steamer to say farewell. They carry away the spirit of enthusiasm. They will refresh many souls with the wonderful story of the Beloved, and teach many souls in as many cities. May GOD protect them and encircle them with the lights of Reality! Ere long we shall hear their news of Victory and Triumph in the propagation of the Word of GOD.

END of Dec. 1913