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Bahai Pilgrims Home
Mount Carmel, Haifa, Syria
January 24th 1914

Dear friends:

As I was walking toward the Master's house I saw him coming out of the home of Mirza Mohsen. He looked well and strong, full of spiritual energy and ideal happiness. He had visited Hajr Khorassani who has been living in Haifa during the past three months. As he passed by he told me to wait till he returned and walked away. For an hour or two I strolled about the garden and watched the laborers who have been boring through the rocks in one side of the garden. This has been their work for the last few days. Many a time the Master himself would come and direct them ^{placate the} how to drill. While he was standing there the thought came to my mind that he is the divine Driller, just as these men were making holes in the hard rocks with their drill press and by the force of powder causing them

to break into many pieces, likewise Abdu'l Baha by the divine urge of the spirit is daily boring through the hard hearts of humanity, suffering them to become the seats of love and amity. As long as the surface of the heart is rocky there will appear no sign of vegetation but when the solid substance is pulverized and the seeds of Wisdom and Knowledge planted ^{therein} there shall burst out the anemones of affection and the hyacinths of tenderness. This Divine Driller is never fatigued and has undertaken his work without the expectation of any reward. Hast thou not seen how the hearts are softened under the influence of his penetrative Spirit? How the souls are expanded beneath the influx of his all-comprehending ^{the} power? How the minds are developed by perusing his clear and spiritual teachings? Truly it is a divine privilege to see him working at his task, transmuting the metals of animal passions into the gold of mystic and radiant qualities. All of us can learn the secret of his work if we divest ourselves ^{from} our own prejudices.

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After an hour Mr and Mrs Holback came and on ~~the~~ his
return to the Belvéd ~~he~~ called them into his own
room. He gave them a talk on Bahai love and how the
friends are commanded by the Blessed Perfection to ^{love} all
mankind. "The Bahais show their genuine affection
toward all the people in obedience to the commandments
of Baha - allah. They have no other motive." Then he
related two of the latest events of how he came to the
assistance and succor of two persons who had done
so much to undermine this Cause and stigmatize his
character. "We do not look at the evil deeds of the
people. We do not consider the race, the religion
or nationality. We do our utmost to help everyone.
The inhabitants of these parts know this and
therefore whenever they are in difficulties or have
had business reverses they come to us and
we will never send them away unaided
or deprived. This is the quality of the Bahais!
This is the conduct of the believers! This is the
path of the Kingdom of God!"

In the afternoon there was a very large meeting in the house of the Beloved. The central Hall which was very large was used for this purpose. All around the believers were sitting on chairs. In the center there was a large table decorated with flowers and laden with juicy oranges. Two large Samavars with tea things were set on another table. Khasro, Basheer and Esmail Aga were dispensing tea generously. Round and round the tea cups went, the believers drinking their ^{fragrant} ~~rich~~ contents. The different headgears and ^{various colored} ~~colorful~~ oriental garments of these representative Bahais, were most picturesque. Who is not stirred to the very depth of his heart once he looks at such a marvellous scene of unity and good-fellowship between so many different religions and races! Indeed the significance of this fact is a fresh and new wonder to me every time I present myself in one of these unique meetings, the like of which cannot be seen anywhere except on Mount Carmel.

While Mirza Moneer was chanting the Takleets suddenly a door was opened and the Master entered the Hall. Every one was up on his feet. When he sat he gave ^{them} permission to take their seats. Hossein Effandi, one of his grandsons ^{was} sitting most politely next to him. He is only a little boy of 4 or 5 yrs. ^(the Beloved) After a few minutes of silence he began to speak:- "The calamitous death of his holiness Abul Fazel is of such a vast proportion that no matter how I strive to console myself I do not succeed, ^{neither} ~~do I obtain the consolation~~. How good it is that man during his existence may conduct himself in such a manner, ~~so~~ that when he passes away, the hearts of the believers ^{will} be so attracted toward him ^{as} to cherish his memory for ever and ever. While I was living in Ramleh whenever I felt depressed or sad I called on him and soon afterward I felt ^{was in a happier frame of mind} much happier. He was most sincere, most straightforward. He did ^{had not} ~~not~~ ^{least} ~~have~~ the slightest ^{hypocrisy} dissimulation or ^{in his nature} ~~deceit~~. He has left behind wonderful literary traces which are unequalled and peerless.

"All his works and writings go to prove the validity of this Blessed Cause. His tongue and his pen, his thoughts and ideals, were all engaged in establishing the authenticity of this glorious Movement. He had so arranged the program of his daily work that from morning till noon he was occupied with his writing and did not receive any person, but in the afternoons he welcomed any one who cared to call on him.

"Generally the Western women have always many questions to ask, often most trying to one's patience. Mirza knowing this characteristic of theirs ^{from} experience, because he lived in those parts several years, once tried [not to receive them] in a ^{very} ineffectual manner, especially when a number called on him in the morning. They knocked at the door, but they did not receive any ^{answer}. Somehow they did ~~feel~~ ^{was} that Mirza is in the room and so persisted in their loud knocking. Finally when he realized that they ^{were} not

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going away he called out to them in English 'Aloul Fagl not here! Aloul Fagl not here.' The situation was looked ^{as funny to} upon by the ladies so ~~feeling~~ that they burst out into loud laughter, and Murja hearing them laughing started to laugh himself.

"His face was radiant, his heart luminous and his mind ^{enlightened} ~~irradiating~~. The wisdom of God is inscrutable and unsearchable. One remains awe-struck at the majesty of His Comprehension! Although these souls are like divine antidotes yet in his profound knowledge he deems it advisable to take them away. It is self-evident that this was his highest aspiration, and the ultimate degree of existence. This death was everlasting Life and the most eminent Beestamal. There is no greater bounty destined for man ^{than} ~~save~~ this freedom from ^{the} mortal world, but from a natural standpoint, those who had associated with him and loved him and are left behind, feel sad and grief-stricken.

"He was a serious, earnest man. He was cordial and affectionate. There was nothing trifling or trivial about him. He impressed every one who came in contact with him, with an ^{his} air of simple nobility and true Kingship. His presence and words were invigorating. If he expressed publicly his love for some particular person, in his heart he loved him more; if he eulogized him, in his heart he praised him more; if he was attached to him, in his heart he was more deeply attached to him. He was fervent and zealous. If he was displeased with a person, he could not hold conversation with him. The very thought of him would make him shake.

"Once one of the Pashas ^{in Egypt} expressed a desire to meet him, because he had heard his name and fame. He declined most emphatically to receive him. The man who had come especially to arrange the interview at last asked Mirza: 'What is the reason that you do not receive the Pasha?' He answered: 'I do not like him, I do not

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this desire on his part to meet me is not based on earnestness, sincerity and the search after truth, because if he ~~was~~ ^{more} sincere God would have deposited in my heart his love. In short, let it be what it may, ^{as} I cannot receive him with love and sincerity, it is much better for me not to meet him.

"He was not attached to anything in this world, He was severed, detached, Celestial, divine and spiritual,

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The translation of the telegram sent by the Master to the believers in Egypt was as follows:-

"Verily in this most great calamity the eyes wept tears and the hearts burned, Perfect resignation is incumbent upon you in this supreme hour of stupendous trial."

The feast of this afternoon was given by ^{our} four Jewish Bahai Pilgrims from Hamadan. They were most happy to be thus privileged to give this delightful feast in the house of our Beloved.