

Bahai Pilgrims' Home
Mount Carmel, Haifa Syria
January 26th 1914

Dear friends!

Let me whisper into your ears a charming story that I shall ever treasure ~~it~~ in the Hall of my ^{dreams} and the secret chamber of my heart. It was related to me late tonight by the Angel of the mountain of God—Mirza Heydar Ali. Quietly he opened the door of my room and entered in. "I have a message for thee" he announced. "From whom?" I asked. "From the Holy Mother or in other words the Blessed Wife of the Beloved." "Oh! I am most honored indeed. What might the nature of this message be?" I questioned him. "She sends you her Bahai greeting and salutation. She called me yesterday ^{and said:} "Tell Mirza Ahmad Sohrabi asked me to tell you that up to this time I could not recall the history of your ^{his} family in Esphahan. (She is a native of Esphahan) but now having thought over carefully I remember very distinctly that I taught ^{his} your grandmother. We used to have a devotional worship

meeting for women where many of us gathered together
 and read Tablets and Communions. In one of these meetings
^{his} your grandmother was present and listened with eagerness
 to every word. The spiritual wine was so strong that it
 intoxicated her and the power of the Words was so great
 that she fell unconscious on the floor. When we brought
 her back to her wakeful condition she asked, ^{if} who is
 the author of these writings which were read? Then I
 told her about the history of the Cause and its claims
 and immediately she became a believer. Ever after-
 ward I associated and conversed with her all the
 time. Now for the sake of this ancient friendship ^{he} ~~you~~
 must let us know, anytime, ^{if} any thing ^{he} you desire or
 wish for, and it will be attended to without any
 delay. " If some one had given ^{me} all the riches of
 the world I could not be any happier. ~~Just think~~
 To have the Blessed Wife of Abdul Baha as the
 teacher of your grandmother! Oh! I wept the
 tears of joy! No wonder her grandson loved her
 always so tenderly, so mistfully. It has been

48 always the greatest grief of my life that I could not look into her gentle face on the eve of her departure a few years ago. How happy she would have become were she living today to see her grandson working at the Spiritual Threshold of the King of Kings whose Blessed Consort taught her the knowledge of this Revelation in her girlhood. This was indeed the most gorgeous gift that the Blessed Wife could send me; for ^{as far} as I am concerned I yearn for nothing else but the good-pleasure of Abdul-Baha. One loving glance from him is more appreciated than all the material presents of the world. This is the priceless jewel of the Kingdom of Abha; the light that sets aglow every heart and the tree that produces much fruits. Now I ever pray that I may become worthy of the aspirations of my grandmother for she gave up her rest and comfort to train and educate me during the period of my childhood. My intense attachment to her was responded by ^{her in} equal ratio. She was a

nable woman!

Today our four Jewish Pilgrims departed for Jerusalem. They will stay there a few days and then return to their native city in Persia. At one time there were so many Jewish Bahais in the Pilgrims Home that ten of them slept in the room where I sleep. I can testify to their intense love and devotion to the Cause. Their sincerity is unquestioned and their beautiful lives exemplary. The Master loves them exceedingly and has showered his blessings upon them repeatedly. I had also grown to love and admire their genuine qualities and it was very difficult to see them depart, but their luminous faces and their fiery faith will never be erased from the Tablet of my heart.

Another old believer by the name Mohamad arrived today from Kerman. He was weeping like a child when his feet touched the ground of the garden of the Beloved. He knelt down and praised the Lord. He has been 4 months on the way, stopping about 25 days in Bombay where he met Doctor and Mrs Göttinger

About 2 hours in the first part of the morning the Master spent in the garden talking with the believers and caressing two children belonging to one of the pilgrims. He asked Mirza Hadi to go into the house and bring for them some hon-hous. He kept both of them on his laps for a long time speaking with them tender words of light and love.

In the afternoon Mirza Heydar Ali descended the mountain and in the house of Aga Sayad Yahya Mr and Mrs Halback listened interestingly to the continuation of his narrative and the rich events of his life. ^{While} I was translating the Beloved sent for me and gave me about 60 agate stones of the greatest name to be sent to a number of believers in America and Germany.

In the evening all the believers gathered in the Blessed Home and the Master delivered an eloquent talk on the lack of the spirituality of a section of mankind and the materialistic ideas which are ^{sweeping} over the world. Towards the end he spoke again on his own station and the station of servitude at the Threshold of the Almighty.