

Bahai Bektash's B. m.
 Mount Carmel, Haifa Syria
 January 28th 1914

Dear friends!

Divine solitude! The very sound of it is sweet to my ears. I can now concentrate my thoughts and hold silent communion with nature and the Its Creator. Away from the din and noise I will be able to follow the stream of my work and serve the Beloved uninterruptedly. By this I do not mean that I will become a hermit or a speechless, unsociable monk. Far from it. I will associate with the friends and the Pilgrims as much as I have been doing, but I will have from now on a "Nest" belonging to my self and a few hours of seclusion and privacy. For the last 3 or four years I have been put in contact with so many people of the East and the West, that I hailed this opportunity to be ^{a part of} partially alone for at least the time being. How quiet and peaceful is this charming place in contrast with the happy, care-free comradeship of

the Pilgrim's Home! My single room overlooks the best part of Haifa nestled in the ^{the} Cap of Mountain, then the wide channel of the placid, marmorial (today) sea, beyond it the white city of Acca, then the plain and at last the blue range of the mountains. ^{from} A window which opens on the opposite side I see the green Mount of God towering above my head. On my left hand I can see from another window the Blessed Tomb of the Bab and on my right hand, almost parallel is the Pilgrim's Home. My writing-table is placed in the center of the room and while I am writing just at this moment I look up and down at these fairy scenes of exquisite beauty and loveliness. Moreover I do see so clearly everytime I look up from my paper the house of the Beloved, wherein the inimitable parts of his divine life are ^{acted} daily and hourly. The Beloved could not give me a more enchanting place even in Paradise, Here indeed is my heaven. I want nothing else in this world but service at his divine Threshold, to become the dust of the feet of his

friends. Oh! I never believed I could be so fortunate
 and happy! Even the Kings do not have such a tiny,
 lovely "Nest" as Abdul Baha has prepared ^{it} for me. It
 is built high, high on the slope of the Mountain.
 People work for years, ~~tail~~ daily, till with the
 sweat of their brows and the labor of their hands
 they build a small, insignificant monstrosity and
 fill it with all kinds of useless furniture, but
 here I am ^{and} without any labor on my part. I have
 a lovely, room, airy, nice, matchless, perched
 on a rock. Here I shall lead a simple, contented
 life, wishing nothing but the good-pleasure of the
 Beloved, aspiring to no higher station — because
there is no higher station, otherwise I would have
 surely aspired — save the station of service
 at his Threshold and climbing step by step the
 difficult yet sure path of renunciation
 and self-forgetfulness — Some day we may
 meet each other and talk together on the particulars
 of this ^{real} life but until that day comes let us open

the windows of our hearts, break the cages of our minds and suffer the birds of thoughts and the nightingales of spiritual ideals ^{to} become free - thus may they may fly through the immeasurable space from city to city, country to country, world to world, star to star and sun to sun - cheering the despondent hearts with their musical lays and creating a new tumult in the sphere of human and angelic intellects through their seraphic songs and celestial anthems.

Today the Master was very busy receiving outsiders. There was quite a long stream of them, especially a travelling correspondent representing a newspaper in Egypt. After talking with him for more than half an hour he asked me to give him a number of newspapers containing articles on the Cause.

In front of the house there was sitting a young, handsome, tall Arab the ankle of whose foot was dislocated through an accident. He was suffering with pain, waiting for the coming of the Master

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He told us his pathetic story. How at first he was ⁱⁿ at the German hospital, but they sent him ^{out} after a few days because he could not pay; how a friend payed for him and sent him to the English hospital, and how when his term was up yesterday they forced him to leave the premises, for he was ^{without} void of cash. They have sent him away while they well knew his foot was not yet well. He wanted the Master assist him to go back to the hospital.

There was no meeting to night for the activities of the day ~~had~~ tired the Beloved. His health is steadily improving and he feels marvellously well in comparison to Ramleh. We do not need to go far to find the origin of this happy event for all the members of the Holy Family and the Greatest Holy Leaf are looking with solicitude and tender care after the preservation of the physical health of the Master, by surrounding him with tokens of the love of the Bahai world and the expressions of their attachment to him.

This is my first night in my Babai Rest and as I write these words I feel the quiet charm and divine spell of solitude for which I was longing. What else can I do but to raise my voice in praising and thanking the Giver of all Gifts in thus answering the prayers of my inmost heart!

X It is said a man longed to attain to the pinnacle of human greatness. One day he was talking with his friend. "I am going to enter the army as a private," he said. "And afterwards?" "I will be promoted to higher position." "Then?" "I will become a colonel." "Then?" "Of course a lieutenant." "Then?" "A General." "Then?" "I will be a Cabinet Minister." "Then?" "Surely the Prime Minister." "What is thy highest ambition?" "Oh! After filling all these positions I ^{would} like to be the King." "What afterwards?" he asked. The man ^{was} astonished and answered "Nothing of course." "Well, well I am already that 'Nothing' without going through all these grades and stations."