

Bahai Nest

Mount Carmel, Haifa, Syria

February 25th 1914

Dear friends!

It was a lovely day. The Beloved of our hearts enjoying good health, spent a beautiful hour in the rose-garden. Chairs were brought out and he sat near a long, wonderful bed of fragrant violets. Dear little pansies charmed the eyes, ^{marigolds} many-golds were in abundance, ^{gave out their fragrance.} stocks ^{guinea} smiled gracefully, a big patch of white ^{scented} lilies perfumed the air, the ^{odoriferous} hyacinths were plentiful, ^{peeping their heads above the earth} carnations delighted the heart of the beholder, nasturtiums were delicately tender, ^{geraniums} ^{ranunculus} g. ^{plugs} riot, and oh! many, many other pretty flowers whose names I am ignorant of, adorned the garden. The colors ~~scattered~~ and blended together most luxuriantly. Above all and through all, roses — yellow, pink, white, red, contributed not ^{a little} in a small way to ^{make} raise the tone of the place into a fairyland of the East, a dear garden of the mystic orient, carrying

the imagination hark into a world of spiritual romance and love.

The sky was clear and the ^{afternoon} sun sent down its warm, soft, affable rays. As the Master sat there, now absorbed in his thought, now correcting a number of Tablets lately revealed, and now looking over the delightful garden, he made a divine picture of Moses with the authority of the law, and of Christ with the beauty of ^{the} law of love and meekness. His silky, smooth, white locks were fallen on his shoulders, his spotless, white turban adorned his massive, head, ^{and} his white, beautified, patriarchal beard gave one the confident impression of his fatherly tenderness. The afternoon was so fair and charming, the weather was so bracing and pure, the surrounding so poetic and attractive, that I could not believe it ^{was} ^{real}. It was exactly like a golden dream, the effect of which is exhilarating. But this was not a dream, it was a page taken out of some romantic book, ideal, yet real, illusive yet tangible, unearthly and

spiritual. The Beloved told me to bring a chain and sit near the violet bed. ^{9 mounds} Then he ordered Khassro to pick up a ^{some} bouquet of violets and ^{with them} prepare ^{it some tea} for him ^{unto the} like tea. Then raising his majestic head and watching Esmael Aga working in the other bed of the garden he said: "Is not this garden beautiful? Are there not many kinds of flowers in it? Does it not look like an imperishable paradise? Is not the weather warm and bracing? Were it not for the industry and perseverance of Esmael Aga we would not have this lovely flower-spot. Well, tell me, Mirza Ahmad, what else dost thou want of God? Has he not given thee this fair garden arrayed with multitudes of flowers, and the sight of which thou art enjoying from morning to night, from day to day and month to month?"

By this time a number of the Pilgrims entered the garden and he bid them sit down. When Basheer brought tea for each the Beloved started to joke with me. Addressing the pilgrims he said:-

This Mirza Ahmad claims to be a Doctor. He tells me not to drink tea, because it brings sleeplessness. Is he right in his assertion? ("Yes," ^{loudly} answered, ^{aloud} one of the pilgrims) He says I must drink the violet tea (and he ^{showed} them the cup containing the liquid, of a faint, lovely violet color just given by Basheer). He insists on being a Doctor and says if you don't believe, I will go and put on my head an American hat - and by the way he loves America very much - and then everyone must call me 'Doctor Ahmad' or Doctor Sahrab." Well, he continued to joke with me in this way for several more minutes and I was, of course, very happy. Then he ordered Isfandiyar to have the landeau ready and entered the house to prepare himself for the drive. Just at this juncture Haji Mirza Haydar Ali arrived and the Beloved seeing him there asked him to go with him on the drive. ^{My} Effendi and Hassen Effendi, his two grandsons - between six and 8 yrs old each - accompanied

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him also. Then he asked me to join him which I did with great alacrity. While the carriage was driving along a number of his California addresses were read to him for correction. Various addresses brought back to his rich mind the reminiscences of those never-to-be forgotten days and his sweet words sunk deep into the consciousness of the Angel of Mount Carmel. When we reached the open field and the carriage stopped, he ^{got} came out, walking ^{ed} beside the green meadows, and prairies and admiring their intense verdancy. Immediately a number of poor women, almost clothed in rags with their babies in their arms and a large crowd of poor children, gathered around him. His pocket was full of "Bashleek and Matalleek" and he distributed this money amongst them, placing in the palm of each hand one or several pieces. Before we ^{started} ~~rode in the~~ carriage I saw Isfandeyar carrying in his ^{arms} hand several warm, black woolen coats and

and I wondered for what purpose? ~~However my joy~~
~~was so great when the Master asked me to go with him~~
~~that I forgot all about the coats.~~ ^{Now} While these old
 women were gathered around him clamoring for more
 money, he looked at each with the eyes of judgment
 and precision, and selecting a few out of the many
 he asked Isfandeyar to give him the coats one by one.
 With his own ~~blessed~~ hands he made every one
 to ^{put on a} wear the coat and then ^{buttoned} buttoned them him-
 self. The women were wild with joy and thankfulness.
 They wanted to kiss his hands but he would not let
 them do it. But in their own customary way they were
 praying for him "Oh! Effendi! May God confer upon thee
 many years! May the Lord protect thy children! May
 thy household increase! May the bounties of heaven
 descend upon thee! We are poor and thou art caring
 for us; we are naked and thou art clothing us; we
 are hungry and thou art feeding us; we are
 fatherless and thou art our father; we are
 cheerless and thou art our comfort." Thus they poured

out of the fountains of their hearts these lovely unconscious prayers of gratitude. As the carriage was returning home suddenly it dawned upon my mind how truly biblical was their language; for it was written in the gospel:- "For I was an hungry, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me. I was in prison, and ye came unto me and the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." X

Verily these are glorious days, heavenly days, Biblical days, gospel days in which you and I are living. The Spirit of Christ is again Manifest. Let us follow his divine example, let us be of those ^{who} are doing the Lord's Work. Daily he is teaching us, let us learn from him; through deeds of service he is instructing us, let us imitate him.