

Bahai Nest

Mount Carmel, Haifa, Syria

March 6th 1914

Dear friends!

After nearly 4 months of absence our old friend Mirza Ali Akbar is back from Bakou, Russia, hail and hearty. With him comes his sister, her husband, a dear little girl of 3 yrs old; Sheikh Mohamad Ali and his son of about 15 yrs old. Sheikh Mohamad Ali is a learned Bahai, a teacher and a writer of unusual ability and talent. He lives in Ashkhabad and is well-known throughout the Bahai world. He is tall, and vigorous. He has a dark but extremely pleasant face, penetrating eyes and a black beard. He is a vocal teacher and consequently chants the Tablets very beautifully. Their steamer arrived last night but they were landed this morning. I was a little late in descending the mountain and so when I entered the garden I heard ^{that} the Beloved had asked for me two or three times.

I hurried to the reception room and found the Master engaged in conversation with our newly arrived pilgrims. They were telling him about the Cause in Russia and in turn he was inquiring about the health of the various believers. "No difficulty, no matter how insurmountable" he said must discourage us. In the long run all the perplexing ^{problems} of the Cause will be solved. Our trust is in the Blessed Perfection. He will unlock all the sealed doors before our faces. Praise be to God that in these days wherever you go, you meet believers, who are making their utmost effort to teach the Truth. After a few more minutes talk he bade them to retire ~~to~~ and rest after their long arduous trip of 16 days. Then I was left alone in the room. He got up from his seat and commenced to walk. Approaching me to the point that I could feel his breathing he looked lovingly and smilingly direct into my eyes. With his gentle, warm hands he patted on my shoulders and ~~did so~~ ^{brush my cheeks} gently several times on both ~~my~~ ^{my} cheeks. It was as though he did set loose the batteries of

his spiritual, creative energy and I felt myself trem-
bling and shaking, ^{while the} tears rolling down my cheeks.

"Consider" he said with a firm tone, as he left me in
this confused state and continued his walk "and
reflect over the Favours and Baunties of the Blessed
Perfection! How He hath made thee known throughout
the East and the West! Today all my Tablets and
talks are transmitted to the outside world thr-
ough thee. Reflect over this station and appreciate
thou its heavenly value. Render thou thanksgiving
unto the Creator of the heavens and earth for thus
suffering thee to become the object of this Ever-
lasting Glory. Thou art my friend of the "Cave"!
Thou art my old friend! Praise and glorify God
every moment of thy life so that day by day ^{these}
eternal Bestowals may descend upon thee
more abundantly. I will send thee to America,
but I will send thee with such a power as to
astonish the people and amaze the beholders.
The Favours of the Blessed Perfection will enir-

cle thee and His Graces will descend upon thee
 incessantly." (oh! I was going to plead him not to
 send me away from him. I actually did so; but he
 turned his wonderful face and repeated the words
 twice:) I will send thee to America! I will send
thee to America. All the believers of God love thee ^{now}
 but when I will send thee back to them they
 will love thee more, infinitely more. I will send
thee back with the heavenly Power, the Confirmation
of the Kingdom and the Divine Potency. Rest thou
 assured of this! Rest thou assured of this! I will
dedicate thy life to the service of the Cause. I will
baptize thee with the Fire of the Love of God.
 Day and night, work and prepare thyself. Sanctify
 and glorify God. A person who is taught and
 instructed by me, a person who has associated
 with me by day and by night must move
 and thrill the world of humanity with the
 spiritual Dominion of the Kingdom of Abha.
 Wait, wait, and thou shalt see to what

a station I shall cause thee to ascend! The penetration and influence of the Word of God is miraculous! The Power and Majesty of the Cause of Baha'ollah are extraordinary. He holds in His Grasp the Scepter of 'He specializes with His Grace whomsoever He pleases' and He keeps in His Hand the law of 'He doeth whatsoever He willeth.' "

By this time I was weeping like a child. I knew in my heart how weak and impotent I am, how truly incapable I am to fulfill even one of these lofty commands of the King of Kings. Daily he is putting more responsibilities on my shoulders and making me feel their moral and intellectual weights. It is impossible to desert the camp. One must go forward and onward and only through the prayers and supplications of the friends, spiritual assistance is secured and we are saved.

Then he started to dictate Tablets for Mrs

47

Helen Goodall, San Francisco, Calif.; Mr and Mrs Gregory of Washington D.C. Mrs Asayah Allen; Mrs Dixon and Stuttgart believers. While he was dictating the above Tablets the effect of his words to me was so great that I could not stop the tears falling from my eyes.

Today all the Pilgrims went to Acre but as it was raining all day they could not go to visit the Holy Tomb, so they did not return for the evening.

In the afternoon I was pleased to stand again in the Presence of the Beloved. He gave me six mandarin oranges and ordered Basheer to bring Coffee. Apropos of habit he said: "Formerly I was so accustomed that I slept in Acre in the same ^{small} room with 13 other souls, but now if there sleeps another person in my room I lie awake all night. Once there were many pilgrims and I asked Taki Menshadi to come and sleep in my room. He was my room-mate for nearly a week but I could hardly sleep. Habit is bad and as much as possible we must shake off its tenacious effect."