

No 25

The Diary of Mirza Ahmad Sohrab
Beginning May 29th 1914
Ending June 13th 1914

Tiberias, Sea of Galilee. Syria

- 27 A Dialogue between an Eastern and Western
woman about their freedom and rights By M. A. Sohrab
- 39 The Shepherd calling an old woman a
new-fading rose By A. B.
- 66 The Mohamadan Mullah and
the Butcher By A. B.

Tiberias, Sea of Galilee
Syria

May 29th 1914

Dear friends!

Early this morning our two Indian friends leaving their little hotel across the street came to see the Beloved. According to our reckoning this was the day of the departure of the Blessed Perfection. Although the Master has sent instructions to Haifa and Acca to hold a memorial meeting in the Sacred Threshold of Baha-O'Allah yet I will be deprived of taking any part in it. Of course with the Presence of the Beloved in Tiberias and the rare privilege of daily association with him one yearns for no other earthly joy. The shining light of his Countenance eclipses the brilliancy of the sun. The stars of his grace and benevolence outnumber the stars of heaven. His acts of Charity are more numerous than the sands of the earth. The sweetness of his voice is more soothing than the music of the angels. The glory of his majestic presence bedims the audience of the emperors! The pearls of the sea of his Love are whiter than the pearls of the sea — Hence I am perfectly happy here and long

for no other position and attainment in life. His ser-
 vitude ^{to him} is my highest honor. His words and Teachings are
 my mental and spiritual ^{nourishment} ~~palace~~. His inspiring Presence
 is the staff of my life. His daily examples are my guides
 and mentors and his illumined, practical precepts of
 social service and the upliftment of ^{the} submerged, depressed
 and down-trodden classes of all nationalities and religions
 are ^{the} my evangel of freedom and ^{redemption of social conditions} ~~redeemed~~ societies.
 Nothing in this world would deter me from ^{seeing} his cause;
 no life no matter how glittering its dazzling possibilities
 would entice me away from his Court; no interest
 no matter how enhancing its issues would detract
 me from his service; no position no matter how
 tempting ^{its appearance} would drive me away from his door. I
 know that I am the smallest, tiniest rivet or bolt in the
 machinery of the Cause, but such as I am, I have resolved
 to stay in my place and do my duty. I will not put myself
 out of commission as long as there is an iota of energy
 left in me to serve the believers. If at any time the
 rivet is incapacitated through rust or dust, then I shall
 pray to God to polish and ~~cleanse~~ it with the oil
 of his wisdom and cleanse it with the water of his spirit.

When Hashmatullah told the Master that a well-known English author who has been in Persia a long time expects to write something about the Cause he said:— "The author must first thoroughly acquaint himself with the history and the events of the Movement; he must be well versed in the literature of his own language, be well-grounded in the subtle expressions and eloquent manipulation of his subject and be attracted and deeply in love with his theme. If man is not detached, severed, spiritual, merciful, God-intoxicated and in the utmost state of sincerity, enthusiasm and fiery conviction his oral or written words will not have any effect; and if there is any effect it will be temporary. The Fire of the Message must burn upon the altar of the heart in order to give light and heat ^{to those} who have gathered around it. Now that you are returning to your native land, God willing you will become the means of training and educating such souls who ^{will} attain to the most exalted station of attraction, enkindlement and acclamation. The people of the world are not just, nay rather they have fallen into a deep slumber. The more they are shaken ^{that} ~~to open~~ ^{may be opened} their eyes, the more

powerful will become the spell and witchery of sleep. Their sleep is the sleep of the dead. They do not awake. They are deaf, they do not hear. If they were the least mindful, they would have realized that today the Call of God is raised from this Cause. The religious and moral conferences of the world are silent and speechless in comparison with the fruitful activities of the Bahai assemblages. The divine Summon is being issued to the world of humanity from this Greater Revelation. The vibrant, spiritfuf, dynamic message of Unity and Peace is preached and insisted upon by this community. Others lecture, talk, deliver sermons, plot and scheme. The religions of the world are trying to bring about union through political persuasions and sand-rope measures but the Bahais have relied upon Divine Power. They have turned their faces toward ^{the} heavenly Potency and with this instrument they are consolidating the various contradictory factions. Herein lies the difference between the Bahais and others! The religionists seems to say: 'We have found our fathers and ancestors in this Faith and we are following in their footsteps. Why should there be a change?'

but the Bahais can truthfully say: We have abandoned traditions and dogmas and without any prejudice investigated the truth and reached the goal of our search..... The work of some people is like drawing pictures on the surface of a lake which no sooner are they drawn ^{than} they disappear. But the work of the Bahais is like engraving real pictures on a tablet of adamant rock. Every one is thinking to build ^{some kind of a} a house; here a man is building a commercial house; then a travelling agent; one would like to take a long journey, another to make a fortune in a short time and a third to gather a rich harvest. All these pursuits are similar unto the mirage. On the other hands the believers of God are anxious to construct the House of the God-pleasure of Lord, to lay the foundation of the palace of reality, the Knowledge of God and servitude at the Threshold of God. This is the edifice of the Lord, the Tabernacle of testimony."

Just before their departure for Haifa and India he called them into his own room and said:- "I shall expect to receive ^{word of} the results of your appearance on the soil of India; to see what services you are rendering, what fragrances shall waft from those regions. We

shall inhale them from here. When you arrive in Hindustan, I hope you will vivify that land like unto the fresh, vernal breeze of the mountains. When the Zephyr of the spring passes over orchards and meadows, the world of nature will be adorned with the daintiest and most graceful draperies. The germinating and growing trees join the bubbling brooks and sighing pines in the singing of their anthems. May you also resuscitate the dead souls with the wafting of the Breeze of Divine Grace! Praise be to God that the Bounty and Bestowal of the Blessed Perfection are with us, His Confirmations, His Spirituality, His Teachings, His advice and His Exhortations are with us. He has given us such an irresistible power that all the nations of the world cannot withstand it. May you ever be under the protection of God! May the almighty Father assist and guard you! I shall never forget you. I will ever remember you. You will be always in my thoughts and I hope you will not forget me. I trust that the ideal bonds of spiritual communication may ever become stronger and firmer between us. These celestial ties of communion are eternal. When-

ever I supplicate and entreat toward the Kingdom of Abba
I shall beg for your confirmation and assistance, to open
^{that if} before your faces the door of every good ^{may open before your faces} - so that each one of
you may become a sign of guidance and a flag of peace.
The portraits drawn on the canvases of the world have
become antiquated. May you become inspired to paint
new, life-like portraits on the frame of the universe
with the delicate brush of the spirit!

The rest of the day the Beloved spent busily con-
versing with his guest, the Pasha, and other celeb-
rities who called on him at ^{different} all hours. They are
drawn to him they know not why. In the afternoon
as usual they gathered on the veranda of the hotel,
drank tea and talked on every conceivable sub-
ject, the Master always leading them to the realm
of spirituality.

Another party of 125 Spaniards arrived today
from Nazareth. There are many pilgrims amongst
them from South America. They have brought
~~with them~~ noise and a din of many voices. Tomorrow
they leave for Haifa to start for their homes. This ^{was}
the second section of the first large party.