

Home of Abdul Baha
Mount Carmel, Haifa, Syria
January 30th 1915

Dear friends!

It is midnight! For more than one hour I was walking in the garden of Abdul Baha and I have just entered my room to speak ~~with you~~ and communicate with you in the silent language of the spirit. The brilliant moon is full, beaming with such soft radiancy and brightness; the sky is perfectly cloudless, gleaming with the glorious beams of the queen of night; there are few glittering stars visible to the naked eye; the green Mountain of God is ^{serene} in its majesty and spirituality; the blue sea is unwontedly quiet; all the voices are hushed and such peace and calmness reigns over all nature! The garden is very odoriferous during these late hours of the night and I could not break myself away from its bewitching influence. How wonderfully spiritual is everything when the name of Abdul Baha is attached to it! I can live all my life in this garden and be always happy; always dreaming and thinking of my Master who is the light and the life of the world. While I was walking amidst the fragrant banks of ^{the} flowers I looked up and saw the face of the Beloved behind the window of his room and when I came in, a few minutes ago, he was still awake. Is it not beautiful to be here and roam at will through the paradise of Abha and associate with the holy ones of God! Thousands of years roll on ^{until} a cycle of divine dispensation is set in, dispelling the darkness of ignorance and ushering in an era of celestial illumination! While I am sitting ^{behind} my simple table, I am plunged into the sea of past cherished memories, diving into its depth and bringing up the priceless pearls of abiding friendship and precious gems of ^{enduring} Love! How sweet it is to dwell in thought on these blessed scenes of unutterable beauty which never lose their spell and have taken fast hold of the brain! What a source of satisfaction in the hours of tragic despondency! What a mainspring of faith when one's trust is shattered by the rude hand of man! Like unto a fountain it allays the thirst of the wanderer in the desert of hopelessness and similar unto the song of the nightingale it soothes the troubled and vexed heart!

This morning I accompanied Lua to the hotel Carmel and had a long talk with Doctor Getsinger about America and the friends of God. It was about noon when we finished our conversation and ^{on} our return, as we reached near the home, we saw the landau coming towards us. We guessed the Master is in and ~~we~~ stood reverently on the sidewalk. He beckoned to me to enter in the vehicle and Lua continued her walk towards the home. We passed through the German Colony and then crossed the open country, green with waving rye. The zephyr played over millions of swaying blades and they bowed their gentle heads, praising and glorifying the almighty with their innate tongues. It made my heart leap with joy as I looked upon that large field of moving, pulsating, undulating, tremulous, verdant grass. The warm sun was also shining upon it, endowing the field with an unusual brilliancy and glamor. The Beloved asked me a few questions and I answered him in monosyllables, realizing he preferred silence ^{on these} occasions. We continued our ride for an hour and so and then returned. On our way back we found nearly 30 rugged children and old women gathered on the countryside. When the Master saw them he made the landau to stop and asked me to get off. Then he filled my hand with two Matalek pieces to be distributed amongst them. Isfandiyar formed them into ^a line and while the Master was watching us I gave one piece to each. They were all most happy to receive this rather unexpected help, As we passed through one of the streets of German Colony he pointed out to me the hospital building over the facade of which is written 1870. ^{He said: -} "This is the first German house built in Haifa by the leader of Colony, called Hertek who came here in 1870 with about 500 people who either accompanied him or ^{immediately} after his arrival, followed him. At that time most of them died and the sad news carried back to Germany checked the enthusiasm of nearly 10 or 15 thousand families who had resolved to migrate to Palestine and wait the descent of the Son of Man from heaven. Hertek and his followers were men of religious zeal and spirituality. They were inspired by an ideal vision and filled with the holiest thoughts but their descendants have lost that fair, heavenly outlook and have turned into busy farmers, merchants and traders."

In the evening the Beloved called us into his own room. At first he was ^{silent} and then asked Haji Mirza Haydar ali to speak to him. He had nothing to say. "We are hedged in from all directions" the Master said "the roads of correspondence are all blocked and it is impossible to receive or send any news. From one standpoint to have no news in these days, is an advantage, because there is no joy-imparting news. Only the news from the believers impart happiness and that is also interrupted. What can one possibly gain by reading the wild, contradictory reports of slaughter and bloodshed in England, France, Russia, Germany, Egypt, Persia, China, India, Japan, Austria and other parts of the world? These current news occupy the minds without any results. The doctrine of patriotism has brutalized the civilization of the West and vitiated the ideals of humanity. All the benefic forces are dethroned and the delicate flowers of the hearts and the minds are withered by the cold wind of modern barbarism. Only the glad news of the believers of God is conducive to joy and fragrance, brings about the illumination of the human thought and grants divine spirituality to the hearts. Now we are deprived even of this..... Praise be to God that Mirza Fazlollah Khan arrived safely from Shiraz and brought to us the good news of the believers of the Merciful. This ~~gave~~ ^{gave} us great rejoicing. The friends in all parts are expecting the news from the Holyland, especially the Eastern friends. On his return he may stop in all the cities through which he is going to pass and write to other centres which are not on his way..... Shiraz must become a teaching-point for all the cities in ~~this~~ province of Fars. They must send enlightened, attractive teachers to all directions, - such as Keireez, Jahrom, Bandare Abbas, Bushir, India etc. The members of the spiritual Assembly must concern themselves with these important matters of the Cause. The question of correspondence with other assemblies, both native and foreign is of the utmost importance - thus they may ^{learn} of each other methods and ways. One bright, glowing torch is better than a thousand extinct ones and one alive, spiritual soul will become the cause of the awakening of the inhabitants of a city. I hope that each Bahai will become a radiant candle, a fragrant rose, a divine messenger and a heavenly trumpet."