

Home of Abdul Baha  
Mount Carmel, Haifa Syria  
April 24<sup>th</sup> 1915

Dear friends!

"Man is created in the Image of the Lord of Mercy, i.e. Divine Character. Physical likeness is mortal; merciful characteristics are immortal. Spirit is the Grace of God. Body is an earthly compound. Therefore strive ye to adorn yourselves with the Image of the Lord of Mercy." This was the sententious and pithy statement the Beloved wrote with his own handwriting this morning and handed me for translation. Our German Artist, Herr Julius I Rothschild had asked for it. He desires to write the same above the portrait painted by him. While the Master was talking in the garden with two men from Nazareth he came in to have a third sitting. I did not know that our Lord has been in Nazareth, the birthplace of Jesus Christ but in the conversation that ensued I gathered that he has been there three or four times, being the guest of Sheik Yousoff and his sons, the most prominent <sup>city</sup> of that historic town. The painting continued till half an hour before noon and then he invited the Beloved to call on him tomorrow morning which was accepted with pleasure. As he was a little tired he asked me to take a walk with him through the German Colony. On the way he called on a Christian family originally from Acca who are living now in the same house ~~that~~ that the Blessed Perfection lived during his stay in Haifa. For half an hour he spoke with them on the misfortunes of the time and the deposition of the Gaemmagam of Nazareth. He advised them to inform him that he should apply directly to Jamal Pasha without any intermediary and he <sup>was</sup> sure that his case would be thoroughly investigated before the complaints against him are accepted on their face value. Coffee was served and the wife of the man with his children came in to welcome the "Master" in their home. When we left his Christian friends he spoke about the large tent which was pitched in the adjoining ground and under which Baha Allah spent many spiritual hours. "Now" he said "that sacred Tent which belonged to the Manifestation of God, the tent under which the Surat-El-Keiykal, the Ketab-El-Akdas and other glorious Tablets were revealed, the tent which was hallowed by the presence of the Seen

of Reality, that tent of the Lord which was predicted by the prophets to be raised on the plain of Acca and on Mount Carmel, the tent under which international Congress of humanity must be convened in the future and the Kelag of Universal Peace were, over it - I say this tent is given by the violators of the Covenant to Jamal Pasha, the general of the Syrian Army. The divine pavilion of Love is sent by these heedless ones into the infernal camp of hatred. The Canopy of Peace is forwarded to the battlefield of slaughter. The tabernacle of the oneness of the world of humanity is dispatched to the scene of bloody hostilities. The tent of the Lord of Peace is offered to the lord of war. Ah me! How I have felt sad since hearing this news! Consider how negligent and thoughtless are these Nakezens! They are submerged in the sea of inadvertence and have renounced the Beauty of the Beloved of the world. After the departure of the Blessed Perfection I did not consent that it may <sup>be</sup> raised for one hour but the violators pitched it up against my desire and invited under it questionable guests. .... "

I walked behind him and he talked with a great animation and intensity, raising his hands, making natural, emphatic gestures and then suddenly stopping on the way, turning his face toward me and impressing me with the force of his utterances. By this time we reached the little sylvan wood of pines where he always loves to sit <sup>on the low wall</sup> and listen to the gentle murmuring of the breeze and <sup>the</sup> sighing of the wind through these lofty outstretched branches. "Whenever I can I come here to hark to the whispering music of the zephyrs playing above my head. The Blessed Perfection loved it also. Listen! listen! - - - - - Is it not charming? ... Is it not soothing? .... "

After ten minutes of delicious silence and meditation an Arab girl came with her vase wonderfully balanced on her head to fill it with drinking water from the well. The Master spoke with: "Does this well give water for all seasons?" "No, only in winter and spring." "What about summer and autumn?" "It is dry." "Wilt thou give me a cup of water?" "With great joy, Effendi." When she left the King of our Hearts said: "The inner, spiritual life of man is like unto this well. He must allay the thirst of the travellers on the path of truth with the water of signs

Man must be the well of the Love of God, the well of divine faith, the well of affection and compassion, the well of generosity and benevolence. He arose and walked toward home. On the way as though struck by another idea he turned to me and said: "I hope thou wilt become the hoiling, gushing, flowing well of the Love of Baha Ollah, irrigating the parched ground of the hearts with the water of zeal and enthusiasm. Mayst thou spend thy days and nights in the service of the Cause of God and raise the cry of ya Baha El Ahha from every meeting. Close thy eyes to all the material things <sup>and</sup> enter the heavenly palace of the Ancient Beauty. In these days and months thou hast been my inseparable friend and companion. <sup>Thou</sup> hast been always with me and associated with me continually. In this I have great hope. I expect that in the future thou wilt render universal services to the Cause, that thou wilt promulgate His Message everywhere, that thou wilt display undreamed of efforts in the expansion of the Movement, that thou wilt sacrifice thy life for the sake of the Blessed Perfection. God willing at the consummation of this war we will travel together and raise the Celestial Clarion in many a meeting. Consider what dynamic spirituality and fragrance we obtained while we were journeying throughout America! because we were engaged in the propagation of the Word of God. The heavenly joy, the beatific delight is only possible when we are occupied with teaching the Cause of the Merciful. The more we <sup>convey</sup> the message, the greater will be our happiness. All other affairs are fruitless and conducive to lukewarmness save the mention of God, the commemoration of God and the admonitions of God. This is the source of our life, the main-spring of our activities, the fountain-head of our pleasure and the light of our eyes. We must hold fast to this rope, gain this celestial vision, be filled with this all-conquering conviction, sing this stirring anthem, and move and have our being in this world of idealism. I trust and pray that thou wilt be confirmed therein."

In the afternoon, <sup>he called</sup> on Mr Michel, the Treasurer of the Imperial Ottoman Bank who has rented the house of our brother Mirza Anaytullah. This gentleman is from Bagdad and has received his instruction in Europe for 12 yrs. His family <sup>consists</sup> of a charming wife, two pleasant daughters and three or four progressive sons. He is well-educated and speaks intelligently on history, philosophy <sup>and religion</sup>. As he is a believer in spiritualism the Beloved talked with him on the abstract reality of the spirit, the logical evidences of its existence, an account of his lectures in the Jewish synagogues of America, the history of Manu and the prevalence of his secret communistic doctrines after Christ and a host of other subjects, all new and fresh to the ears of our friends. For more than one hour the Master talked and they were transported with joy and pleased with the acquirement of the divine wisdom of the Centre of the Covenant. When the little servant girl brought in the tray of the Coffee, the Beloved looked at her and said: "My daughter! I seldom drink coffee, for it is a stimulant and it robs me of sleep, but because <sup>you</sup> have prepared <sup>it</sup> with love I will drink it." You can't realize how her face beamed with joy, her eyes filled with tears and her body trembled! She was going to fall at his feet and ask for his blessings but he understood it and prevented her. Thus with a few words he is able to transform the hearts of those who have never seen him. When they brought <sup>in the</sup> tea he did not drink but he gave his own cup to Mrs Michel which overpowered him with gratitude and wonder. All the members of the family were charmed with these innate, natural tokens of celestial etiquette and divine good-breeding.

Leaving their happy, beautiful home he asked Mirza Haydar Ali and this servant to take a ride with him in the landau. At the end of the road he divided coins amongst his 300 children and women and then entered the lovely garden of a German horticulturist. Here he stayed for an hour, walked around, spoke with two policemen on criminology and gave money to the daughters of the gardener.

In the evening we had a good meeting. Because there was a stranger in our midst he asked him many questions about his affairs, <sup>which provoked general laughter and glee</sup> and when he left he offered us a few ideal roses from the garden of Ahha.