

Home of Abdul Baha
 Mount Carmel, Haifa Syria
 May 12th 1915

Dear friends!

Now that I have the advantage of living in the home of Abdul Baha and enjoy the privilege of uninterrupted association with the Centre of the Covenant I rise very early every morning and make a tour of the Mount of the Lord. I am up and roaming over the ^{hallowed} mount, long before sunrise. In these delightful strolls I am always alone but now and then I think how much more beautiful it would have been if you were my companion. Then as we rambled along or walked through the craggy bypaths or looked at the charming scene of sea and land we could talk about — Oh about an infinity of things or more probably in the presence of all these enriching and ennobling experiences we would have remained silent — transmitting our thoughts to each other in the ethereal language of the soul. Having reached the summit I sit on the fragrant flower of the ideal, heavenly chapel — a sylvan wood of pine and fir trees — the birds perched on the trembling branches break forth into their matutinal prayers, through the golden organ of nature the gentle breeze sings her religious songs and the divine stillness of this temple adds to its indescribable beauty and ineffable mystery. Then opening my book of prayers and communions I join ^{the} my voices to that of the birds and the breeze and altogether worship the Creator, proffering our homages at His exalted Threshold. While thus engaged in spiritual communion the resplendent sun dawns from behind the hills of Galilee, tinting the verdant roof of our arboreal Church with its dazzling, prismatic colors. I look up and I see the soft rays of the Orb of the day slanting down through the green windows, bathing the world in a flood of transparent light. How quiet! how fascinating! how spiritual! how ideal is this cathedral built by the hand of the Supreme Architect of the Universe! I hope that you will also come and worship God at this ^{cool and} shady altar. Now that I have finished my prayer I rise from my seat and return by a different road to the Pilgrims' Home. Here for half an hour I rest, take my breakfast, speak with the Angel of the Lord [Baji Mirza Haydar Ali] and then descend the mountain, finding myself again in the garden of the Beloved.

From morning till evening I meet the Master several times, now in the garden, now in the street, again in the store of Mirza Anayetullah and then in the meeting. During the day he was entertaining the strangers and speaking with the Arabs and the Turks. It is impossible to report all that he said but you may by this time guess the nature of his talks and conversations for they are always related to subjects which elevate the minds of the listeners and spiritualize them. To our brother Doctor Bahib he gave another talk, part of which is as follows: -

"Give my greeting to his honor Haji Arman. Tell him to send Mirza Abdul-Hafiz Tafti very soon. I have telegraphed to him, but during these disturbed days he may not receive it. Now you are an oral book yourself and you will carry the spirit of Confirmation. According to the saying of Ali, the son-in-law of Mahamad: 'thou art the manifest book, through whose letter the hidden meanings become clear'. It would have been well if you could go to Teheran and meet the friends and exhilarate them with the glad tidings of the Kingdom. " "Will I have the joy of meeting the Master again in this world?" "God willing, but the sure end of this earthly life is disintegration and dissolution. If we do not meet each other in this world, we will meet and associate together in the Kingdom of Abha, in the Paradise of Divine Nearness. As long as the hearts are united together with the bond of the Love of God they are present in the same meeting, drinking of the same cup and beholding the same Countenance. Convey my salutation to thy father and say to him: 'Be thou not sad and unhappy over the martyrdom of thy son. He was not taken away from thee. He will be thy companion in all the worlds. Like unto a luminary he is shining from the horizon of Abha. To whom ^{has} this world been loyal, - so that he may be to thee? Praise be to God that He has given thee a son like Mirza Bahibullah who is a servant of the Cause and of the world of humanity. Thy family is a blessed one'. Wherever thou art Baha Ollah will be with thee. Thou art under the protection of the Blessed Perfection."

The dear friends who are sitting in this room while I am writing commission me to send you their sincere Bahai salutations and beg you to remember them in your prayers.