

Home of Abdul Baha 16
Mount Carmel, Haifa Syria
May 19th 1915

Dear friends

This afternoon my Beloved sent for me to accompany him to the house of the Persian Consul. On the way I asked him for a Manuscript book containing the account of the martyrdom of the Bahais in Yazd. Wearily he answered: "All the Bahais books are being preserved in boxes and in these days I have no inclination of opening them. In former years month after month I worked from sunrise till midnight and I did not feel the effect of it, but now it is different. For the last few weeks I have been thinking of my possible attainment to the most great station of martyrdom - perchance the end of my life may be diffused with the fragrance of this musk and that I may quaff this goblet of the most exhilarating wine. I am placing myself on the plain of pre-natal spiritual prayerfulness, - so that if it comes it may find me ready, resigned and ^{in a state of} submission. I am also thinking, dreaming, cogitating what will become of the future of the Cause when I am not in this world, ^{where} are the souls who shall meet and solve the perplexing, crucial problems that shall constantly arise, of what materials are they made ~~of~~, how will they bring together the contending, antagonistic parties? I am hourly supplicating and entreating at the Threshold of the Blessed Perfection to upraise ^{such} spiritually-minded souls for the promotion of the principles of His Cause, men and women, endowed with extraordinary powers, angelic strength and world-subduing resolutions. I desire them to dedicate their whole beings to the service of the Lord of Hosts. According to the ultimate wish of my heart and soul should they go forth and teach the glad-tidings of the Kingdom of Abha. While my body lives in Haifa my mind is searching throughout the world to see whether there are such capable servants. For this work I am daily instructing thee; for the carrying out of this divine behest I am training thee. In the realms of thought thou ^{must} hurl a new communion. As long as I live and after me thou must consecrate thy entire life to the proclamation of the Word of God. Thou must abide in the station of renunciation and self-sacrifice. Under all conditions

thou must show firmness, steadfastness and stability. Encourage and incite others in the execution of these affairs which ~~must~~^{might} become conducive to the glorification of the Cause.

By the time we reached the house of the Persian Consul the Beloved had given me a long talk, embodying personal advice and exhortations, part of which I have translated for my own strength and reinforcement in the future. We found him at home and the rather interesting intelligence was given us that the Italian Parliament will be opened tomorrow to decide whether Italy should declare war against Austria and indirectly Germany or not. The consensus of opinion is that Italy will also join the rank of the warring nations but every one is awaiting with a suspensive anxiety.

When the Beloved came out this morning to take his customary walk in the garden Haji Mirza Haydar Ali was standing near a tree. The Lord of Love approached him with beaming face and while the words of enquiry about his health were on his lips he took him passionately into his arms and kissed his face and head again and again. "Oh Mirza! Oh Mirza" he said "Thou dost not know how much I love thee!" I cannot describe to you the feeling of happiness which swept over the old man, his back bent with years in the service of the Cause. This was indeed a heavenly reward, the like of which he did not expect to receive even from the Kings of the earth.

After a few minutes several little boys and girls came at the door and clamored for money. He went toward the gate and informed them that for the present his pocket was empty. They did not want to believe and insisted on their demand. The Master was in a kindly mood, so taking out his handkerchief and rosary, he asked them to come forward and search through his pockets. All of a sudden they were dancing and laughing around him, forcing their small, little hands into his pockets but finding nothing they drew them out. Then they thought his bag contained money and insisted on him to open it. He complied with their request and lo! there was not even one Matalack. The children did not mind it and went away happy and contented. Altogether it was a lovely picture that will never be forgotten.