

احمد یزدی

Ahmed Yardi

عنوان تلغرافی یزدی

ADRESSE TÉLÉGRAPHIQUE "YAZDI"  
A. B. C. CODE USED 4th ED

Port-Saïd, le 17th June 1913

پورت سعید فی

۱-

Dear Harriet!

living for sometimes <sup>hurried</sup> the life of the West and ~~experiences~~ <sup>enjoying it</sup>, I am  
 After ~~ten~~ years of Western life and experiences, I am  
 actually <sup>the calm life of</sup> back in the East - the home of my spirit and my soul. Having  
 lived already 3 years in Port Saïd before going to America, I am amongst  
 old friends and acquaintances. The East, the East, what a volume in  
 a word! Is not the East the Dawning-place of lights? the home  
 of divine civilization? the birthplace of the prophets? the spring of  
 the water of eternal life? the rose-garden of the flowers of idealism?  
 the sea of the pearls of wisdom? the land of the heavenly Quest?  
 the orchards of the fruits of spiritual knowledge and the  
 mine of the jewels of guidance? In the Western world we  
 live a life, constantly stirred by the waves of unrest, mental  
 anguish, nervous activity, feverish thought and abnormal  
 tension. We dash along, galloping, but we do not stop one <sup>moment</sup>  
 to think, to reflect, whether by so doing we will reach our <sup>destination</sup>  
 or be thrown headlong into a yawning chasm of despair; whether  
 we will be permitted into the private garden of the Kings  
 or we will be lost in the wilderness of ~~black~~  
 hopelessness; whether we will be fortunate to unravel the  
 mystery of mysteries or we will put an end to life by  
 cowardly <sup>an</sup> act of suicide. Now if we sympathetically and  
 intelligently <sup>understand</sup> <sup>simplicity of the</sup> interpret the everyday life of the East, we can  
 find a solution for these problems which <sup>disturb</sup> have confused the  
 life of the West. We will be enabled to <sup>infiltrate it with</sup> confer upon it  
 the necessary equilibrium, the adequate calmness and

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This morning I <sup>was up</sup> got up more than usually early. Our steamer was <sup>by the waves</sup> rocked, but I managed to get out of my berth. I was anxious to behold the rising of the Sun <sup>in</sup> of the East. After a few moments, I found myself on the deck and as I was walking back and forth the Eastern horizon was little by little <sup>in</sup> fainted by the brush of the <sup>heavenly</sup> spiritual Artist, the glimmering rays flushed upward and then suddenly, the Imperial Sovereign of the day appeared above the ocean, flooding <sup>to</sup> the gently waving surface with his refulgent beauty. It was a most <sup>inspiring</sup> beautiful scene, and no one was <sup>around</sup> on the deck to mar my <sup>silence</sup> enjoyment with common-place <sup>sound</sup> expression. I was so steeped in my thought that I hardly heard the <sup>steps</sup> noise of walking, but when I <sup>the</sup> heard and turned my eyes, I saw the ather Sun of East - ~~the Ided sun~~ who had also arisen to flood the horizon of the hearts and the minds with his spiritual rays.

3 All morning various persons who had become acquainted with the Master during our trip came up to talk with him, ask his blessing and bid him farewell. It was more than wonderful to see the respect and honor <sup>unconsciously</sup> they paid to him <sup>spiritual</sup> unconsciously. He was the Captain of the ship and the Cynosure of all eyes. To each passenger he spoke with affection, gentleness and heaven-born courtesy. They marvelled at his knowledge, goodness, generosity and loftiness of his character. Each one of them will carry the love of the Beloved in his heart and the news of the Cause to his friends.

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About half-past twelve the outline of Port Saïd became visible and through <sup>the</sup> telescope we could see the harbor, the ~~finely~~ tall buildings and the ever-prominent statue of Des Lesseps. The Master ate his lunch in his cabin consisting of bread, cheese and Salad. It was half past one when the steamer anchored. Mirza Mohsen - son-in-law of <sup>Abdul Baha</sup> the Master, Ahmad Yazdi, Haji Mohamad Yazdi, Mohamad Taki Esphahani and about 12 other Persian Bahais were on the ship to <sup>welcome him</sup> greet the Master. He greeted them with "Marhaba, Marhaba" and everyone kissed his hand. What calm, spiritual influence he exercises over these wonderful souls who are ever ready to give up their lives at his slightest bid! As the steamer was going to stay ~~on shore~~ <sup>over</sup> tonight, the Master ~~he~~ invited Mohamad Yousoff of India to land and dine with him tonight. However ~~he~~ <sup>told</sup> ~~Commissioned~~ Mirza Moneer who had <sup>arrived</sup> ~~come~~ from Haïffa, to take <sup>the guest and show him</sup> ~~him~~ first around the town and bring him home toward the evening.

I don't think this account will <sup>not</sup> be complete without giving you a wee picture of the tall, swarthy, yelling and shrieking Arab boatmen who <sup>climbed</sup> ~~scaled~~ the wall of the steamer and half filled it long before the gangladder was <sup>put out</sup> ~~land down~~. They <sup>were</sup> ~~are~~ ready to grapple you and your baggage and dump you into their boats and drive you <sup>to</sup> the shore before you <sup>were</sup> ~~are~~ aware of <sup>know</sup> ~~think~~ what had happened. But thank to our

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brother Ahmad yardi and his position as <sup>Persian</sup> Consul we ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> molested, although <sup>importuned</sup> ~~asked~~ by every Arab whether we want ~~to go ashore~~ <sup>to see the sights</sup> in almost ~~in~~ as many languages as he can find time. <sup>Especially</sup> ~~Especially~~ motor-boat was ready and we were <sup>whisked to the</sup> ~~on the shore~~ after a few minutes. The Master was taken by Ahmad yardi ~~in a fine carriage~~ to his home. We went to Custom house to <sup>get</sup> ~~release~~ our baggage and without any formalities they were released, although <sup>the officials</sup> ~~usually~~ they are very strict and would <sup>inspect</sup> ~~search~~ through every trunk and handbag. This <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ also due to the position and ~~influence~~ <sup>influence</sup> of our brother Ahmad yardi. The Master <sup>now</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>now</sup> living ~~now~~ with him, because his daughter has ~~also~~ <sup>not far away</sup> just arrived and ~~is there~~. We are <sup>staying</sup> ~~living~~ in a hotel ~~near the Master's~~ <sup>home</sup>, called Hotel Sultani. It belongs to a Persian whose picturesque name is El Haj Ali Hossein Esphahani. It is a cross between the East and the west. Right in front of us there is a wide avenue in which the <sup>native</sup> ~~interesting~~ life of the East ebbs and flows. Generally the <sup>native</sup> ~~Arabs~~ walk with ~~naked~~ feet; the women wear veils with a brass hook suspended ~~from~~ <sup>from</sup> their noses and <sup>while</sup> ~~one can see~~ their black eyes and dark eyelashes. <sup>are exposed</sup> ~~There are~~ <sup>On every turn there are</sup> so many beggars, dressed in ~~completely~~ <sup>completely</sup> tattered garments, mended over and over again <sup>until</sup> ~~nothing is~~ left of the original. Goats and donkeys <sup>roam</sup> ~~walk~~ freely in the streets. Pushcarts <sup>driven</sup> ~~pushed~~ by asses <sup>sell</sup> ~~carry~~ jars of fresh water to every house.

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As I sit in the veranda, my eyes are feasted on a <sup>wonderful</sup> kaleidoscopic procession of Arabs in long, flowing <sup>robes</sup> ~~gowns~~, young natives with European <sup>clothes</sup> ~~clothes~~ and Turkish beggars, goats, Arab musicians, <sup>snake-charmers, story-tellers, vendors of fruits, etc etc</sup> etc etc

8. About half past five the Master came to our hotel to see whether we ~~are~~ <sup>were</sup> comfortably situated. He sat on the veranda for half an hour and casually remarked: -

"Indeed we have travelled much! Where is America and Europe and where is Port Saïd! What a contrast in the life of the East and the West! All their customs are different from each other, yet in this day <sup>the divine</sup> fiat is issued forth that they must become united." Then he went out followed by all the Persians. He walked toward the sea and on the way he dictated a uniform cablegram for New York, Washington, Chicago, San-Francisco and Montreal; that "With joy and fragrance safely arrived <sup>in</sup> Port Saïd." In

9 the evening I took the cables to him. Our Indian gentleman was there, ~~to~~ after having a <sup>very</sup> enjoyable time with the ineffable and kind Mirza Moneer. Our Beloved talked with him a great deal about the present conditions of India and the demands of the Nationalist party. Then he took him on the large veranda, where the full moon was making the night bright.

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night

It was a beautiful, radiant ~~moon~~ <sup>night</sup>, the like of which is seldom seen in the West. In my heart I thanked God that I ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> privileged to be in the Holy Presence of the Moon of the Covenant which ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> above and beyond the configuration of the earth - ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> always full and ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ever shining.

10 While we were <sup>sat</sup> silent, he carried on intimate conversation with Mirza Mahseu, asking about every body and everything in Haifa. I marvelled at his power and tender sympathy for all his people whether small or big.

and About 9.30 supper was served. Khosro was <sup>here</sup> again in his own element. ~~He~~ <sup>He</sup> had prepared for the Master <sup>several of his favorite dishes of his</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> delicious Persian food. ~~He~~ <sup>He</sup> praised ~~them~~ <sup>his industry</sup> very much. After supper our Indian gentleman was again taken to the steamer by Mirza Maneev. The Master sent with him a box of Persian Candy for ~~Mr~~ <sup>Mr</sup> Maganbhai Patel and we were ~~given~~ <sup>permitted</sup> to retire to our hotel. In this manner our first day was spent in ~~the~~ <sup>Egypt</sup> East whose horizon is now begun with the Sun of Reality

Love to all Ahmed

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Port-Saïd, le June 18th 1913

پورت سعید فی

Dear Harriet!

1-

The Eastern people live a life of beautiful simplicity and spiritual contentment. Their hunger and thirst after material things are nothing as compared to their hunger and thirst after spiritual things. We in the Western world surround ourselves with so much superficialities and think they contribute to our happiness. The happiness of these noble sons of <sup>Allah</sup> God comes from within <sup>it is</sup> inseparable from them. The words of "God" and "Peace" are always on their <sup>tongues</sup> <sup>a life</sup> and they live of prayerfulness, contemplation, calmness and adoration. How musical sounded to my ears when I was <sup>awakened</sup> last night by the voice of a man who was praying. It was 3 o'clock. For a long time I lay awake listening to his heartfelt supplications and communions. One cannot fully realize the religious element of the Orientals unless he comes here <sup>prompted by sympathy</sup> and lives amongst them with <sup>given</sup> sympathy. To them this religious spirit, this glowing fire burning in their hearts is the source of eternal happiness. To them religion is not ~~like~~ a shirt to wear ~~it~~ today and to ~~change~~ <sup>change</sup> it tomorrow. This conviction of the nearness of God ~~to them~~ makes them feel joyful and contented. They may be poor but they are ~~rich~~ <sup>rich</sup> in the Love of their Maker. It is well for us to pause for one moment in our hurried life of the West and look upon this phase of the life of our Oriental brother and see whether we are in an attitude of receptivity and humility to learn from him this one lesson of optimism and true happiness.

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2.

To my eyes everything seems very interesting and most charming. All the peculiar and fantastic customs (appeal strongly) to my nature. I listen to the pleading of a beggar and watch the curious costumes of an African or the splendid height of an Algerian with the same keen interest of a European, or American admiring the beauty and stature of a woman in a ball or at a reception ~~of the~~ society. Life as a whole - free from the limitation of race and geography - appeals to me and I try to see good in everything. The saddest scene that one witnesses daily is the number of the beggars, men, women and children. ~~If I had money I could distribute half a dollar a day amongst these poor people. Half a dollar is a great deal in these parts. They are really poor of the worthy class. I wish this evil custom be eradicated from the East but it seems the economic conditions are so adjusted that it is impossible to wipe it away at present time.~~

3 This morning I was busy in my room when some one knocked at the door. It was Yusoff Effendi, a good young Bahai with whom I worked ten years ago in Ahmad Yardi's <sup>when I was living in Port Saïd</sup> store. He asked me to go with him downstairs and have breakfast which I willingly accepted. In the restaurant several other kind and gentle Bahais were present. Amongst them was Mahamad Faki Esphahani



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This man has been a Bahai for more than <sup>40</sup> years, while the Master was in America he <sup>kept no supplies</sup> ~~always sent for~~ <sup>with boxes of</sup> tea and rice and other things. He <sup>was</sup> tall, dressed in cream color oriental robe, very dark complexion, a small beard and the embodiment of love. Another Bahai is Mirza Abul Gasem Shirazi. He is dressed in European clothes, wears fez, has a smooth face gray mustaches and a laughing disposition. He speaks well and with fluency. He lives in Cairo and from there he distributed to many parts of the Orient, the series of letters written by Mirza Mahmoud, giving the account of the Master's <sup>journey</sup> ~~trip~~ to America and Europe. Our brother Mirza Mahmoud wears his laurels with humility. He is the lion of <sup>the</sup> day and complimented <sup>on all sides</sup> ~~from right and left~~ by all the Eastern friends. Through him the Oriental <sup>Bahais were</sup> ~~would~~ kept informed of all that was passing on in the Bahai world in the West. His letters of the last 15 months form perhaps 3 volumes and the friends in Teheran have taken <sup>definite</sup> steps to publish them for general circulation. They are written in the most perfect <sup>Parisian</sup> style and <sup>with</sup> a wonderful literary taste and ~~these letters~~ <sup>they</sup> will form a most valuable contribution to the Bahai literature and in fact the only <sup>authentic</sup> history of the Beloved's wanderings in the Western <sup>hemisphere</sup> ~~continent~~.

5 It is one of the most significant <sup>facts</sup> ~~thing~~ that whenever

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 or wherever the Eastern Bahais gather together the only topic of discussion is the Cause of God. They will never get tired speaking about it, so when we sat down to breakfast some one quoted several traditions about Acca, ~~without laying any emphasis or giving any importance to these traditions~~ <sup>and</sup> I will quote them here: The first tradition is: "Blessed will be the soul who is bitten by the flea of Acca." Another: - "Blessed is the soul who will eat the onion of Acca." A more serious one: - "In Acca Abbas will become the Imam (prophet) of the people." And again: - "Hasten ye toward Acca." To some <sup>inquirers</sup> ~~simple folks~~ in the East these traditions carry much weight and authority.

6. While we were ~~engaged in~~ eating, an Arab entered the Restaurant, sat in a corner and started the chanting of the Koran in a loud voice. In America in fashionable hotels, the management engages a band of excellent musicians to play while the guests are eating; <sup>so our</sup> the hotel manager <sup>here has</sup> also ~~has~~ hired this man to come every morning and chant the verses of the Koran while the people <sup>are</sup> ~~are~~ drinking their teas. Out in the streets men and women dressed in all kinds of <sup>picturesque robes</sup> ~~clothes~~ were passing by and the scene <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ the most picturesque and unique.

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7.

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With Mirza Ali Akbar we walked to Ahmad Yazdi's store where I met and talked with my old friends, then to Post Office and on our return after ~~half an hour~~ the Master came ~~to the hotel~~ to see the rooms which ~~are~~ <sup>were</sup> being prepared for the pilgrims. Tomorrow they will arrive. While ~~he was~~ here he asked ~~for~~ Mohamad Taki about the tomb of Jelbran P Saey and commissioned him to ~~build~~ a tombstone ~~on it~~ and ~~that~~ he will write a phrase to be engraved on the same. How he thinks even of those who have passed away in the Cause!

With himself he brought a basket of oranges and gave one to each of the friends.

8. At twelve o'clock we were eating our lunch when Haji Mohamad Yazdi entered and brought ~~with himself~~ a box of "Baglava" (a wonderfully delicious Persian candy) for us from the Master.

After lunch according to Oriental custom we started to wash our hands and the tall Arab servant was standing erect with the towel in his hand to give it to us to dry ~~our~~ <sup>them</sup> hands. As he offered ~~to~~ <sup>me</sup> the towel he raised ceremonially his two hands to his mouth and forehead with a slight bow of the head and the word "Peace"! Wouldn't you like to have seen him! He ~~was~~ <sup>wore</sup> cross-eyed and ~~wore~~ a small turban!

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9. Now that the Oriental friends have received the news of the Beloved's safe arrival, cablegrams are pouring in from all parts asking for permission to come and visit him. He has rented a house ~~in front of the shore~~ for one month; so we know that we will be here ~~for~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~that~~ much and probably longer.

10 In the afternoon <sup>three</sup> pilgrims arrived from Cairo. ~~One~~ <sup>is Mirza</sup> Fazlollah who was in the service of Mr Harris and Mr Ober <sup>during</sup> their <sup>travel</sup> stay in India; ~~and~~ <sup>then</sup> a Jewish learned Bahai <sup>and</sup> <sup>Christian</sup> interesting old man by the name "Elyahou"; ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> had lived 5 years in Budapest, had published several tracts in German, Hungarian and Hebrew and had been in Acca <sup>during</sup> the time of Baha-Allah. One asked him: "How <sup>was</sup> it that ~~you have~~ <sup>you</sup> kept ~~yourself~~ <sup>so</sup> young?" "I eat the love of Abdul Baha." ~~Then~~ he told us interestingly several stories ~~about~~ the time of Baha-Allah of which he had been himself an eye witness.

11. While we were engaged <sup>conversing on</sup> in ~~conversation~~ about the universal tolerance and love to be exercised <sup>toward</sup> ~~amongst~~ all the ~~peoples~~ <sup>people</sup> a most significant illustration was given to us of its ~~own~~ need in the priest-ridden East. An Arab passed by, having in his hand several volumes of the Koran to be sold. I have forgotten to tell you that I am wearing a red fez which is more or less a symbol

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of being a Moslem. Thoughtlessly I extended my hand to take one of the Korans to see how it <sup>was</sup> published. With a frightened look in his face <sup>the Arab</sup> he retired and asked for my name. He wanted to know whether I <sup>was</sup> a Mahamadan or Christian. Because the Christian being considered as unclean <sup>could not</sup> touch the holy book - Koran.

17 At four o'clock the Master sent words that he will receive the pilgrims. We account ourselves <sup>now</sup> as pilgrims and joined others. The Persian believers never speak in ~~the Presence~~ <sup>in</sup> the Presence of the Beloved unless he asks them to do so. Such reverence and respect they show toward him <sup>that it</sup> is impossible to describe. He talks very little with them, because they are satisfied to look in his Countenance. At first he spoke about Budapest and the meetings held there. Then he inquired the health of Ibrahim Effendi who is an Egyptian Bahai and his son Basheer <sup>now</sup> is studying medicine in Chicago. <sup>He said to Ibrahim Effendi:</sup> - I saw your son in Chicago. He <sup>was</sup> feeling well and <sup>was</sup> busy studying. He <sup>was</sup> very happy there. Then he spoke individually with everyone, commanding this to do one thing and the other another. <sup>He says:</sup> <sup>He says:</sup> he spoke about the difference between the East and the West and how one must change even the mode of expression. <sup>He says:</sup> - When we reached the city of Los Angeles we had travelled half the circle of the globe. The other half has remained. What should we do

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about it? If we had returned by way of Japan, China and India then we could say we have covered the circle but we came back eastward via Los Angeles. I was very anxious to go to these parts and see to those countries and see what <sup>was</sup> going on in Japan, China and India. In California we have a few Japanese friends especially a poet.

The Japanese are a serious-minded people. If the fragrance of God be diffused in <sup>Japan</sup> these parts the Cause will advance very rapidly. Every country has a special requirement. In one city the Cause will progress very slowly, in another <sup>it will spread</sup> like wild-fire.

<sup>Let the</sup> Word of God will ~~display~~ its influence everywhere <sup>and it will</sup> cleave asunder the hardest rock. Through its dynamic force, the blind is made to see, the deaf to hear, the mute to speak, the lame to walk and the sick recovered. If you utter it to the East, lo and behold it is illumined! If you breathe it over the West, lo and behold it is perfumed! No obstacle can stand in the path of the march of the Word of God. However, let us <sup>hope</sup> ~~think~~ of ourselves, perchance we may receive a share from the Favours of the Word of God. May we not remain portionless and shareless! May we attain to a spirituality and illumination! But the Word of God, <sup>irres-</sup>pective of our efforts shall inter-penetrate ~~through~~ all the hearts. The rays and the heat of the sun

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shall impart its effect. In the heart of the rock, it trains the  
 precious ruby; in the <sup>depth</sup> ~~core~~ of the mines, it develops the scintillating  
 diamond; ~~out of~~ the black soil, it causes the growth of hyacinths  
 and lilies. Now let us supplicate and entreat that we  
 may be that black soil; ~~otherwise~~ The Sun of Reality  
 shall shine upon the East and upon the West; The overflowing  
 cup of the wine of the Love of God shall be turned around  
 perchance we may become privileged to drink one drop from  
 it. Friends let us all strive!

Then ~~he~~ gave them permission to retire. He came down and  
 Murza Ali Akbar and myself walked ~~with him~~ toward the  
 sea. Hearing De Leeseps statue he got tired and hiring a  
 carriage, returned home alone.

13. At night all the friends gathered in <sup>the</sup> restaurant of the  
 the hotel, and a limpid river of conversation upon the  
 Cause and its progress flowed on and on. Although they had  
 received a fair report of all the important events of the voyage  
 they ~~are~~ <sup>were</sup> just <sup>the same</sup> eager to hear those who had played a part in it.

Again we had a beautiful moonlight night. After <sup>eleven</sup>  
 o'clock I walked alone toward the <sup>Mediterranean</sup> shore. On the sand I <sup>lay</sup> down myself  
~~down~~ and listened to the innumerable laughter of the waves  
~~playing~~ <sup>on</sup> at the sandy beach. How <sup>magnificent</sup> beautiful  
 everything seemed to me here! Love to all abroad

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Dear Harriet! 1-

The power of Abdul Baha is the ~~only~~ power on this earth that can <sup>introduce</sup> ~~bring~~ the strange, mystic East <sup>to</sup> ~~in sympathy~~ with the more strange, practical West. Putting aside his divine station for a moment ~~he~~ is the greatest <sup>connecting</sup> ~~lasting~~ link between the Oriental and <sup>the</sup> Occidental <sup>people</sup>. ~~This thought is realized~~ with a greater force and ~~is driven home~~ with an irresistible impetus when ~~one~~ <sup>daily</sup> sees the heterogeneous nationalities of the East, ~~the~~ <sup>divergent</sup> religious and warring creeds. What a ~~tremendous~~ tremendous task has Abdul Baha <sup>set before himself!</sup> ~~undertaken!~~ It is more than a miracle that these teachings ~~ever~~ evolved and ~~then~~ saw the light of the day in the pestilential town of Acca! To overcome the religious antipathy, the deep-rooted fanaticism, the silent muttering opposition of the devotees of so-called religions ~~of~~ the East is the crucial need of the age. If the Master had ~~done~~ nothing else but to make ~~one hundred~~ <sup>one hundred</sup> Mohamadaus love ~~the~~ <sup>would have accomplished</sup> Christians and ~~100~~ <sup>one hundred</sup> Christians love ~~the~~ Mohamadaus he ~~has~~ <sup>has</sup> the most wonderful service to the world of humanity. May each one of us become the embodiment of his teachings, the incarnation of his love, the vocal expression of his broad sympathy and the impersonation of his power! Thus we may be able to carry ~~along~~ <sup>our</sup> his work and crown it with the diadem of ~~heavenly~~ success!



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2

The principles of the Bahai Movement usher in the Age of Peace and brotherhood, ~~that age which is~~ sung by the poet:-

The New Age comes, I hear its hidden wings  
Beat with the Dawn above the weary Earth.  
New Hopes, new rays, new wider aims it brings  
This lately born Titan newly come to birth.

Dead is the age in which ere while we were,  
Dead are its glories, and its failures dead,  
In storms and Clouds it sinks and murt'yr'd,  
And lo! a new Sun journey's overhead

Bring Peace not war, Knowledge not Force, till each  
Kinds his best profit in the gain of all  
This precious lesson be it thine to teach  
That none may tarry if his brother call

Bring them the full enfranchisement which can  
Make of the Woman a new precious Form,  
The partner and the co-worker of man  
A strong stream welling from a purer source."

Thus the poet with clear vision saw the rising of the New Sun above the horizon of humanity, shedding the rays of Peace, faith and Knowledge.

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3

This morning Mirza Mohsen came to call on the Persian friends and we were all very glad to receive him. I have ~~written~~ a note-book and as a keepsake for this trip am asking ~~one~~ of the pilgrims ~~etc~~ to write ~~his~~ <sup>my</sup> names, ~~with~~ it preceded ~~of~~ with a quotation from the Blessed Utterances or ~~his~~ <sup>their</sup> own remarks. I asked Mirza Mohsen to write first and the rest afterward. It will ~~become~~ <sup>be</sup> a ~~very~~ interesting souvenir.

4 Haji Mirza Hassan Kharassan, Mirza Assadallah, ~~the~~ father of Doctor Father were amongst the new comers from Alexandria and Cairo. Both of these Bahais have been in America <sup>years ago</sup> and have rendered ~~his~~ signal services to the Cause. From Haifa <sup>thirty men</sup> 30 pilgrims and <sup>four</sup> 4 women ~~have~~ <sup>arrived</sup> today, the rest could not catch this steamer, ~~therefore~~ <sup>and</sup> therefore will ~~come~~ <sup>sail</sup> with the next. The pilgrims are ~~most~~ from different <sup>provinces</sup> parts of Persia, ~~some~~ <sup>etc</sup> are Turk's, others Lurists, ~~There are~~ <sup>eight of them</sup> 8 Bahais who do not speak ~~one word~~ Persian and they wear strange clothes and on their heads ~~carry~~ <sup>wear</sup> very big, rounded black <sup>fur caps</sup> skin hats. There is Darvish <sup>with white beard and white locks hanging on his shoulder</sup> amongst them from Luristan. I had never seen such a loving, happy company in my life. I have arranged to take a few photos from them, especially the 8 with big hats and the Darvish with his long beard and locks. As you <sup>know</sup> ~~know~~ one must embrace each <sup>1 pilgrim</sup> ~~of~~.

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kiss his cheeks three times

and the two kiss each other three times and while going <sup>بورى بعدنى</sup> through this <sup>ceremony repeat the words</sup> they say, Allaha Ahha. This of course is <sup>one</sup> amongst the <sup>over</sup> men. As I looked at all these <sup>thirty men</sup> 30 pilgrims I thought if I commenced with one it <sup>would</sup> take me half an hour before I finished <sup>the job</sup>, so I quietly retired - because they did not know me personally - leaving Mirza Mahmud and Sayid Assad Allah to go through the <sup>courtesy salute and</sup> long ceremony. Meanwhile some one <sup>asked about me</sup> and when I returned I was pointed out. <sup>One of them</sup> He runs toward me with a genuine effusion of Persian Courtesy, and compliments, and embraced and kissed me before I was aware of it. I was in <sup>then for good</sup> and had to go through the long ceremony. The eight Bahais with <sup>few caps</sup> <sup>I am told that</sup> <sup>they</sup> are from a village near Tabriz. They speak Turkish. <sup>alone</sup> There are more than one thousand Bahais in that village and they have <sup>all accepted this revelation because one hundred</sup> become Bahais for the simple reason that 100 years ago a holy man <sup>lived</sup> <sup>in their midst and gave them</sup> appeared amongst them, giving the glad-tidings of the coming of "Gaem" in the near future. When the Bab appeared and declared himself <sup>himself</sup> as Gaem, these people became believers without <sup>any</sup> any more proof. I carried an interesting conversation with one of them through an interpreter and it was most touching to hear his simple

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unaffected, ~~convincing~~ story. <sup>As the guests of the ~~Port-Saïd~~ <sup>لور</sup> ~~It is so arranged that all of~~ <sup>میگفتند</sup></sup>

<sup>They are going to</sup> ~~They~~ <sup>in the same</sup> stay at the hotel where we are. ~~They are the guests~~ <sup>for them</sup> of the Master and one of the Port-Saïd believers, Mohamed Abdul Gani, is going to cook ~~their lunch and dinner.~~

5 While I was talking with some of them, ~~people~~ the Master sent for me ~~and~~ <sup>he</sup> dictated many cables for the East and gave me several letters from America forwarded from Paris. I was glad to receive them. After lunch about 3 o'clock the Master sent word that the pilgrims he divided ~~into~~ <sup>into</sup> ~~three~~ <sup>and each group in turn come to see him</sup> groups. When the first group ~~came~~ <sup>arrived</sup> they took off their shoes before entering the ~~apartment~~ <sup>room</sup> and as they entered they were weeping ~~like children~~ <sup>for the very joy</sup>. They threw themselves ~~before~~ <sup>at</sup> his blessed feet, ~~kissed~~ <sup>kissed</sup> his robe and hands, ~~but~~ he raised them up with kindness and gentleness. What reverence ~~they manifest~~ <sup>they manifest</sup> toward him! Many of them do not raise their eyes while he ~~is~~ <sup>was</sup> speaking; others pray ~~quietly~~ <sup>quietly</sup>. One must learn from them what ~~real~~ <sup>real</sup> humility, reverence, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> obedience ~~mean~~ <sup>Abdul Baha</sup>! ~~There~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~most~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~remarkable~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~thing~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~I~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~have~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~seen~~ <sup>is</sup>.

At first he praised their firmness and resolution in the Cause, then he made a few pleasant remarks about their headgears. There ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~long~~ <sup>long</sup> ~~pauses~~ <sup>pauses</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~intervals~~ <sup>of silence</sup>.

At last he ~~says~~ <sup>says</sup>: - I was thinking that in this world

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there have been many holy persons who have prayed to attain to the Meeting of the Manifestation but they were all deprived of this inestimable gift but you have attained in this day to the Knowledge of the Blessed Perfection. Tea <sup>was</sup> served. Then he rises giving them the words and the blessing of departure. Some fall at his feet <sup>and</sup> he retired to his room. <sup>at this moment</sup> ~~Then~~ the most dramatic thing that I have ever seen transpired. All these sturdy men with long heads fell to the ground, ~~pressing it and weeping.~~ <sup>but I could hear their aching sobs.</sup> For a full minute or two they did not move. Their condition affected me and I wept. Then slowly, reverently they rise, going backward toward the <sup>door</sup> ~~exit~~ of the room. They put their <sup>own</sup> shoes and ~~they~~ <sup>went</sup> away, dedicated to the service of humanity. This is faith! This is assurance! <sup>Incomprehensible! Mystic!</sup> Strange! <sup>Inexplicable!</sup> What is this power in Abdul Baha! <sup>from his</sup> What a marvellous influence in this simple <sup>god-</sup> man! <sup>agnostic</sup> that attracts unto himself the most cultured, the most cultivated, the most philosophic and scientific minds and hearts of America and Europe and <sup>again he enthralles</sup> on the other hand these simple, unlettered, <sup>unlettered</sup> ~~men~~ <sup>of the East</sup> men! What a contradiction! Who <sup>could</sup> ~~will~~ believe it! ~~For my part~~ When I think of this thing, it is as though I saw

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walking in a dreamland. The same scene repeated <sup>three</sup> times.

6 After talking on the blessings which descend upon man through pilgrimage to the Holy Tombs of Baha Allah and the Bab <sup>Al-Baha</sup> he spoke to them about Christ. It is a most significant <sup>matter</sup> ~~thing~~ that the Master should speak unto these pilgrims who have been formerly Mohamadans about the glorious station of Christ and how the people did not recognize him while he was <sup>alive</sup> ~~living~~! Let those Christians who think this Movement sweeps away the name of Christ come here and see <sup>how</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>Al-Baha</sup> ~~Master~~ ~~how~~ ~~he~~ ~~exactly~~ the station of Christ amongst <sup>probably</sup> such people who have never heard this name.

After the talk on Christ and his divine and spiritual qualities a long silence ensued. <sup>Al-Baha</sup> ~~Then~~ ~~he~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~Enlightener~~ of the realm of hearts - raised his voice and uttered these words of light: - "Praise be to God that ye have become believers during the Days of the Blessed Beauty! The Sun of his bounty is shining upon you! The breezes of his Mercy are wafting over you. The rain of his Bestowal is pouring upon you. Thank ye God and arise with great

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power to awaken the Persian people! Addressing them  
in eloquent voice say, - O ye Persians! Do you know,  
<sup>Can</sup> you realize, <sup>with</sup> what a brilliant <sup>your</sup> ~~heads~~ <sup>heads</sup> are crowned? What a world-illuminating  
Luminary ~~is shining~~ upon your bath dawning from  
the horizon of your country? What a Blessed Tree is  
planted in your garden? What a sea is waving in your  
midst? Be ye awakened! Be ye awakened! How  
long this negligence! How long this silence! How long  
this deprivation! How long this inadvantage! Now is  
not the time of slumber! Now is the time of wakefulness!  
Awake! Awake! Imagine the stirring appeal of this  
~~short~~ talk and how these people will go <sup>back</sup> ~~out~~ <sup>to their</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>country</sup> to the  
~~would amongst their fellowmen~~ <sup>and</sup> spread the message of  
progress amongst their fellowmen!

Another group entered. Some of them <sup>1</sup> ~~fell~~ <sup>melt</sup> at the  
feet of the Beloved, weeping loudly and would not let him  
go. To them he spoke in detail about his experiences  
in the city of Denver, <sup>and</sup> his <sup>a</sup> remarks on the religious  
procession held in that city etc. They listened

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with attention, their eyes illumined with the light of enthusiasm. When they left I asked permission to go. He said: "No! <sup>you</sup> must stay. I must be beaten, because I had not received <sup>your</sup> salary. And <sup>then he</sup> came near and <sup>me</sup> did ~~that~~ slapped twice on my face and pulled my two ears. Then he said: - "you can go now."

On the roof of the hotel a very large tent is raised for the meetings ~~and~~ gathering of the <sup>pilgrims</sup> friends. Most of them were sitting on the floor and about 9 o'clock I was forced into delivering an address. <sup>Fortunately</sup> But before opening my mouth the Master <sup>and I sat down</sup> entered. The full moon was also shining. <sup>He sat</sup> on the tent and gave a very interesting talk about <sup>on the life of</sup> the events connected with Baba Allah and the promotion of the Cause in Omenia. Till midnight <sup>long</sup> after the departure of the Beloved - the <sup>pilgrims and friends</sup> friends were <sup>and chanting</sup> talking <sup>and chanting</sup> about the Cause, singing poems, <sup>and chanting</sup> reading <sup>and chanting</sup> communions, etc. It was a very unique gathering. Here the <sup>women</sup> female element <sup>do not</sup> play any part in the meetings. They are not seen at all. All the meetings are composed <sup>regular</sup> with only of men and all the discussion is <sup>every</sup> pure <sup>around</sup> the Cause of God. Love to all

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Dear Harriet! 1-

One must come to the <sup>East.</sup> Orient to see the marvellous results of <sup>Abdul Baha's tour</sup> the <sup>in the West</sup> ~~Abdul Baha's~~ trip to America. <sup>Thinking Oriental</sup> Everybody is talking about it, every <sup>Persian</sup> ~~one~~ is eager to hear the news. The smallest details which to us seemed quite <sup>usual</sup> ~~ordinary~~ <sup>while in America</sup> assume proportionate greatness. Not because they are exaggerated or that the rich oriental imagination <sup>the</sup> without fully grasping them has invested them with royal embroidery of Fancy, but because <sup>they contain</sup> of their intrinsic value and significance. For hours they sit around together talking about their wonderful events in New York, Boston, Washington, Chicago, San-Francisco etc. names that <sup>would have meant nothing to them without these Bahai Associations</sup> they would have never heard in all their lives. I have heard from the Bahai teachers who have travelled during the past year in the Orient, especially in Persia, that the number of <sup>believers</sup> Bahais is more than doubled. The recital of the news of the <sup>and European</sup> American tour, the reading of his great and epoch-making addresses before Churches and Societies, <sup>and</sup> the translation of ~~the~~ many newspaper articles have given the Eastern friends a new spirit and new hope. The tremendous power manifested from Abdul Baha in attracting to the Cause such widely divergent elements

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of Western nations has inspired them with great activity and energy. They have arisen to promote the Cause as they have never done before. Out of the ashes of despair, the Phoenix of a brighter day springs up. It seems to me that they were in need of such a divine example. Whenever one speaks about America, the ears are strained to hear every word; the faces are brightened and the eyes glow with a new light. Mirza Mahmud, Mirza Ali Akbar, <sup>and</sup> Sayad Assadullah are much sought after and whenever they open their mouths, a number of eager listeners ~~to~~ gather around them. Now if the <sup>immediate</sup> ~~present~~ results are so manifest, what will be the future results as time rolls on. Another thing greatly desired is <sup>photograph</sup> of the Bahais <sup>taken with the Master</sup>. Not knowing the conditions, I ~~had~~ <sup>did</sup> not brought anything with myself, but they don't believe <sup>bring</sup> all my protestations. If any of the friends desire to do a good service, they can send me care of Ahmad Yardi photos of the Beloved, either alone or with the friends and I will gladly distribute them amongst the pilgrims who come from far off places. They appreciate this more than any other gift. The love and reverence they manifest toward the Beloved is beyond human comprehension.

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پورت سعيد فى

This morning I went up on the roof. Most of the pilgrims were sitting under the over-shadowing tent, already blessed with the presence of the Master. ~~First~~ Mirza Ali Akbar gave a stirring speech on ~~the~~ <sup>our</sup> duty laid upon our shoulders by the Master for the promotion of the Cause of God. As he ~~speaks~~ <sup>understands</sup> Turkish he enjoys great influence amongst more than half the pilgrims, because they come from Teesani near <sup>Tahry</sup> ~~Tahry~~ where we have ~~more than~~ thousands of Bahais. Then Mirza Mahmud delivered a fine address about the sayings and doings of the Master in America. ~~Others also spoke.~~ It was altogether a glorious assemblage of sweet converse and fraternity.

3 At eleven o'clock the Master sent for me. When I entered <sup>the room</sup> he was eating <sup>a piece</sup> half of a water-melon. He <sup>munched</sup> ate a little of it and gave me the rest. He inquired how I am feeling. <sup>He asked:</sup> "Did you see these believers this morning? How are they? Are they not faithful? These are tested and tried Bahais. They are ever ready to sacrifice their lives for the Blessed Perfection. They do not think of themselves. They are wholly evanescent and humble. They are spreading the Cause through words and deeds. They are selfless. They love all mankind. They are the lovers of international Peace." ~~Then~~ <sup>He</sup> was silent for a few moments as

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he walked <sup>back and forth</sup> ~~to and fro~~ on the Veranda. Suddenly he raised his voice and looking directly into my face, <sup>I understood at once</sup> ~~said~~ - "Have you such Bahais in America?"

Then he talked about other things and other subjects. A few days before his departure Baha Allah called me into his bed room and commanded me to gather together all his writings and Tablets, telling me that they shall belong to thee. This command agitated me and I was very sad at heart, because I understood the days of his ascension <sup>were</sup> ~~are~~ drawing nigh. My agitation was so keen that it was as though the spirit had taken its flight from the body. As he looked into my face he saw my condition and said: - "Rest thee assured" Let not thy heart be troubled. I am with thee always. My confirmation shall always reach thee." This promise <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ more than an <sup>assurance</sup> ~~certainty~~ has been the cause of my consolation. The Blessed Perfection <sup>is</sup> with me. What else do I need? After the ascension, Mahamad Ali stole ~~away~~ all the writings which <sup>were</sup> ~~are~~ entrusted to me; likewise he did steal <sup>twenty-four</sup> ~~so~~ blessed seals which belonged to Baha Allah, thinking that by so doing, <sup>his</sup> ~~their~~ station will be exalted. What was the result? Utter humiliation and degradation. If one possesses all the Tablets and writings of Baha

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~~possesses~~ <sup>possesses</sup> not Baha-Allah, ~~he is not with him~~, <sup>they</sup> it will do him no good, but ~~if he has not one word of Baha-Allah~~, <sup>does not possess</sup> ~~but he is worth~~ <sup>yet possesses Him</sup> ~~him~~, <sup>he is independent of all else</sup> he has everything. Now the Blessed Beauty is with me. I do not need <sup>no</sup> anything ~~else~~. Once upon a time a philosopher went to Christ and carried along a great discussion. Finally he was defeated and could not argue any longer. Then he said to Christ: 'you have not really accomplished <sup>very much</sup> a great thing to silence me; because you are three and I am one. Back of you is the Holy Spirit ~~aiding you~~ and back of the Holy Spirit is God. <sup>now</sup> Whosoever has ~~the~~ Blessed Perfection ~~with~~ himself as I have <sup>will</sup> ~~is~~ never <sup>be</sup> silenced. Through this Confirmation <sup>alone</sup> I have stirred the East and the West. Notwithstanding this, some of the weak-minded desire to stand in my path <sup>and</sup> obscure the Sun of Verity. How negligent they are!

At this <sup>moment</sup> ~~time~~ Mirza Mohsen brought the word that a poor Arab is at the door and asks to see ~~the~~ Master. He was <sup>asked to come</sup> ~~permitted~~ in and instantly his need was supplied and sent back ~~very~~ happy.

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About <sup>noon</sup> twelve I was given permission to retire and I thought back with me a sense of peace and spiritual <sup>consciousness</sup> exaltation.

In the afternoon about 5 o'clock the huge Samavan was hoiling under the big tent and tea was served. The friends were sitting on the chairs and on the ground according to their habits. Suddenly the electrifying <sup>message</sup> was <sup>brought in</sup> given around that the Master <sup>was</sup> walking toward the hotel from the other end of the street. How far off the glorious form of the Beloved could be seen. He wore a white "Aba" and walked slowly and powerfully.

I must tell you that the veranda of the Master's apartment is seen from the roof of the hotel and these pilgrims while they never turn <sup>their</sup> backs toward it the veranda and always are in a genuine attitude of <sup>respect</sup> reverence. I must be really very careful not to do anything which to them seems rude and impolite. The other day one of the friends was sitting on the roof, putting one foot over <sup>the</sup> another as we often do in America even in the presence of the Master. It so happened that he was facing the <sup>Abdul Bahar's</sup> Master's Veranda and he got a gentle but firm rebuke for his <sup>over</sup> reverence ~~reverses~~.

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When the Master <sup>reached</sup> arrived on the roof, all the heads bowed down and he cheerfully inquired about their health ~~and conditions~~. He gave a talk about <sup>the</sup> plague which ravaged four times all Syria during the life of Baha Ullah but never entered the town of Acca, even once four persons were stricken dead just outside the gate but not one was attacked in the town. However after <sup>Baha Ullah's ascension</sup> the departure the plague entered the town and <sup>at</sup> all the Christians fled away. At that time <sup>Abdul Baha</sup> the Master and <sup>his</sup> family were living in "Bahje" but he <sup>returned</sup> came to Acca to share the fate of other friends, God was with them and not a <sup>single</sup> Bahai died from the disease. Likewise at <sup>this time</sup> of the year, although every one left <sup>for</sup> Egypt, <sup>going to</sup> Europe to enjoy <sup>the</sup> cool weather, he has left Europe and came to Port Saïd to be with the friends, no matter how hot the weather <sup>may become</sup>. <sup>Then</sup> Afterward he asked Mirza Moner to chant a prayer which he did with a rare beauty of voice. I liked his chanting very much.

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When the Master arose to depart he asked two of the  
Arab Bahais to go with him. Many run after him  
kissing the hem of his beautiful white Aba or  
if they were more courageous getting hold of his <sup>hair</sup>  
and reverently kissing it. The faith of these men is  
something above our mental grasp. They look upon  
him with totally different eyes than the rest of us  
mankind. Their miraculous faith is <sup>the</sup> source of constant  
amusement to me! I would like to put myself one  
day in <sup>the</sup> place of one of these strong men and  
look upon the Master with <sup>his</sup> their eyes, think of him  
with <sup>his</sup> their minds and love him with <sup>their</sup> their  
hearts. <sup>and then</sup> If I wrote a book about their devotion  
and love for the Beloved, I <sup>would</sup> have not <sup>home</sup> written even  
one word. Indeed this Cause is very great and  
its heavenly power is the marvel of ~~all~~ ages  
in thus binding together the people of the east  
and the west with the indissoluble bond  
of Bahai love. Greeting to all

Almas



احمد یزدی

Ahmed Yardi

عنوان تلغرافی یزدی

ADRESSE TÉLÉGRAPHIQUE "YAZDI"

A. B. C. CODE USED 45 ED

Port-Saïd, le June 21th 1913

پورت سعید فی

Dear Harriet

The <sup>problem</sup> ~~question~~ of public education in Persia plays an important part. According to the Command of this Revelation all the children must be instructed in the sciences and arts. This is considered a religious duty and no one can scape from it. The East as a whole is in need of scientific and industrial training. This at first will do away with pauperism and beggars, <sup>and</sup> for every one will be employed with some useful occupation. Education is light; ignorance is darkness. Education is paradise; ignorance is hell. Education is sight; ignorance is blindness. Education is the Bounty of the Lord of mankind; ignorance is the snare of Satan. Education is ~~progression~~ <sup>decline</sup>; ignorance is ~~retrogression~~. In brief, the most urgent need of Persia as well as other parts of the East is public education; in other words, the Eastern people must open their eyes and put into actual practice the Command of Baha-Ollah! Without this realization, the advancement of the people will be impossible, the mass of humanity will not be educated, the leaders will not be imbued with praiseworthy attributes, <sup>and</sup> mankind will not soar to the highest pinnacle of conscious sublimity.

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Thus during the past few days I have tried to impress my Persian brothers with this important fact, encouraging <sup>them</sup> to <sup>open</sup> ~~open~~ <sup>primary</sup> schools in their own districts and <sup>inspiring</sup> ~~giving~~ them ~~the~~ necessary accounts of the progress of education in America. According to the report of Sayad Jalal, the son of Sina, one of the most celebrated Bahai teachers and poets, the school of Tarbiat for boys and its branch for girls in Teheran are doing excellent work in the field of public education. Miss Liliaw Kappes who is the principal and teacher of the girls' school is <sup>navigating</sup> ~~carrying~~ along most splendidly this <sup>little</sup> ship of education. She is indefatigable in the accomplishment of her duty. Everybody loves her; every one admires her courage, her resourcefulness and her power of initiation and administrative <sup>ability</sup> ~~faculty~~. At this time the school of Tarbiat is well equipped and is known all over Persia as a Bahai institution. However, the building does not belong to them and they pay regularly 50 dollars a month for its rental. It has been <sup>for</sup> sometimes in the minds of some of the friends to construct <sup>their own school</sup> a building ~~for the school of Tarbiat~~. It may cost them \$10,000 <sup>including</sup> ~~with~~ the price of land, ~~for~~ because

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in Persia the cost of construction is ~~much~~ cheaper. If some one could advance this sum and in turn <sup>receive</sup> by installment the monthly rent that they pay at present for the school building it will be a most valuable educational service.

3 This morning <sup>tea</sup> was served under the tent and I listened to a most pathetic story of an old man whose name is Darvesh Karam <sup>Ali</sup> and who comes from the <sup>environs</sup> of Lauristan. With the dramatic simplicity and the naturalness of an epic story-teller he told me of the tyranny of the chiefs, the rapacity of the <sup>enemies</sup> and the lack of education in those parts. It is very strange that they all come to me to tell their woes and beg me to go to the Master and ask him for

4 his assistance and aid and prayer. About ten o'clock the Beloved sent for a number of <sup>the</sup> pilgrims and to them he ~~speaks~~ <sup>speaks</sup> about the early life of Baha <sup>Allah</sup>. They returned with shining faces and happy hearts. The story that I heard from the Master <sup>the other day</sup>

<sup>this story</sup> ~~was this~~: - When Baha-Allah left Bagdad and without the knowledge of the friends went to Soleymaneh one day he ~~met~~ <sup>met</sup> a boy in the street weeping. He <sup>approached</sup> goes near to him and asked him: 'Why art thou weeping?' ~~So hard~~. He answered: 'My father

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has <sup>took</sup> put me <sup>to</sup> in the school but this morning the teacher  
 calls me ~~to himself~~ and says 'Boy! thou art very ugly.  
~~Thy art~~ so extremely ugly that I cannot look <sup>into thy</sup>  
 face. Take thy books and go home and let me not  
 see thee <sup>no</sup> any more.' <sup>Oh!</sup> I am <sup>so</sup> eager to learn and have  
 lost my chance. <sup>What else can I do but weep</sup> ~~therefore~~ ~~I weep~~. Baha-  
 Allah asks him: 'What is thy name?' My name is  
 Azziz,' he answers. 'Come with me: I will be  
 thy teacher. Baha-Allah <sup>then</sup> <sup>taught</sup> him so <sup>thoroughly</sup> well that  
 after a <sup>short while</sup> ~~few months~~ Azziz will become well-  
 known for his extraordinary intelligence. They asked  
 him 'who <sup>was his</sup> ~~was his~~ ~~teacher~~? <sup>and he</sup> naively pointed  
 out Baha-Allah. Then all the learned and wise  
 men of the <sup>town</sup> ~~city~~ gathered around him and <sup>when he</sup>  
<sup>saw</sup> ~~found~~ ~~that~~ these men <sup>were</sup> ~~have~~ taking all  
 his time, he retired to the mountains where  
 nobody could reach him

5 Before noon Darvesh Karanli was summoned  
 into the presence of the Beloved. As he has two sons  
 he requests the Master to remember them. Immediately  
 he <sup>took</sup> ~~takes~~ the pen in his hand and <sup>wrote</sup> ~~reveals~~ the  
 following Tablet for them:—

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To Nasser and Mansour the two honorable <sup>پورت سعید فی</sup> sons  
of Darveesh Karamali Upon them be Baha-Allah El Akbar,  
He is God!

O ye godlike Nasser and Mansour! His honor, your father  
has traversed through the desert and crossed the ocean until  
he reached the Holy Land and attained to the visit of the  
Radiant Tomb. At this time on the shore of Egypt, in  
the city which is built between the two oceans, he is the  
companion and associate of Abdul Baha. He showed  
me the letters of those two young plants of the garden of  
his hope. The perusal of those two letters gave me  
such happiness that immediately I occupied myself  
with the writing of this Epistle. Thank ye God that  
ye are trained and educated in the arms of such a  
father who hath guided you to the Kingdom of  
Holiness and who illumined your hearts like  
unto the lamps with the light of the Most Great  
Bestowal. Appreciate the value of this father  
and convey to all the friends the utmost <sup>highest</sup> love  
of Abdul Baha! (Signed) Abdul Baha Abbas!

6 At five o'clock the Master <sup>he</sup> sent for me.  
When I entered Darveesh Khandan <sup>let</sup> (one who laughs all  
the time) another of the pilgrims was there. The  
Beloved was talking <sup>to</sup> with him. He is from another

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part of Persia: <sup>He said</sup> - My heart is especially attached to the believers of ~~Hindoustan~~; because Sheikh Salman appeared from that land. He was a most blessed personage. He was very sanctified and very holy. In the future the people of those parts shall glory in the name of Sheikh Salman. On this account I ever pray and supplicate that day unto day they may advance, day unto day they may become more spiritual, more attracted and progress along spiritual degrees.

7 Darvesh Khandan gave the utmost of praise to Mirza Yahya, a good Bahai teacher who for the last 18 years has lived in those parts and has taught the Cause to more than 400 families, but he deplored the lack of school for the children and begged the Master to write a Tablet about this matter. He said: - The matter of education is most important. The Bahai children must be given the best and the most complete education and the friends of God all over Persia must exert themselves to open schools for both boys and girls. Then he wrote with his own hand the following Tablet: -

Through Aga Mirza Yahya. Hendejan.  
To the friends of God. Upon them be Baha allah. E. B. B.

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He is God!

O ye believers of God!

In the commencement of the dawn of the Morn of Reality Hendeayan caught the splendor of light. The names of the believers of Hendeayan often were mentioned in the most holy Court of the Blessed Perfection. Causequently, they are dear and near, beloved and related to his holiness Salman. They are accepted and favored. At this time we have returned from the journey to America and Europe and have met his honor Darvesh. Therefore I send you this message and I beg of God that infinite Bestowels may surround the believers of Hendeayan. May they become confirmed to spread the Fragrances, to promote the manifest signs and to organize a school for the children. This is the irrefutable, the irrefragable command of the religion of God and must be put in practice without delay. In this Divine Dispensation this is incumbent upon all.

..... (signed) Abdul Baha Abbas!

Then the Master gave him the above holy Tablet and told him:— Now you must show an effort, go there and create enthusiasm and exhilaration amongst the Bahais. Return from this place

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with attraction, unkindness, praiseworthy morality and noble characteristics.

Then he asked me to read the letters which I have received from America. He laughingly said: - You have many friends in America. you receive so many letters. Read them to me. I read to him, a long letters from Mr. <sup>Alford</sup> ~~and another from Mrs. Boylan, Mr. Powell, and Mrs. Goodall.~~ <sup>As I was going to read some more</sup> ~~then~~ he said, it is enough. ~~The~~ <sup>the</sup> rest you shall read as we walk toward the shore. And so as he was walking, I read to him your last letter of June 4th. He was glad to hear all the news. He went to see the new house which is rented and is now being furnished. He went through the building. ~~As one walks on the roof~~ <sup>from</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>one</sup> sees the whole Mediterranean near sea rippling in the glowing sunrise and sunset. As we approached ~~Ahmed~~ <sup>Ahmed</sup> Yardi's apartment ~~on our return,~~ he gave <sup>me</sup> permission to go <sup>back</sup> to the hotel and he started to climb the stairs. The whole Western horizon was fiery with the rays of the setting sun as we entered our domicile. We had a night of joy-feast with all the wonderful pilgrims.

Love to all

Ahmed



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Dear Harriet!

"May you shine and gleam in the horizon of Abha, as

those brilliant stars in heaven!" Expressions such as these we often find in the Writings of Baha-Allah, <sup>and</sup> the Tablets and addresses of Abdul Baha. Now those who have been in the Orient and have beheld the glorious nights legemmed with scintillating stars and radiant heavenly lamps, <sup>against</sup> a turquoise-blue background, realize the matchless beauty and ~~the~~ poetic idealism of the above quotation. More than anything else, the Oriental people are star-gazers. They love to use metaphors and similes, when they speak <sup>on</sup> ~~about~~ any given object. The Manifestation of God is the Sun, his successor is the moon; his followers are the stars; heaven is religion; earth is the nation; mountains are the leaders, <sup>wisdom</sup> is the Love of God; Paradise is the station of eternal bliss; the sea is the symbol of knowledge; the waves are the <sup>planets</sup> inhabitants of the earth, etc etc. just as the stars receive their lights from the sun, ~~preparing themselves to illumine~~ the ~~inky~~ night, likewise the disciples of the Manifestation <sup>light</sup> must borrow their knowledge from <sup>the Manifestation</sup> ~~him~~ in order to shine through the night of his absence, ~~and~~ ~~separation~~. In this Dispensation the Sun of the Beauty of Abdul Baha <sup>Baha-Allah</sup> is shining and those who call themselves Bahais must draw light from this <sup>spiritual</sup> solar center and make themselves as radiant stars.

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This morning about six o'clock the Master sent for me. In a few minutes I was there. Khosro, faithful as he is, served tea. There was a chair overladen with letters placed in front of <sup>the Beloved</sup> ~~him~~. He was busy writing. He looked a picture of divine glory and majesty. He <sup>was</sup> irradiated spiritual power to all parts of the world, directing the <sup>many</sup> multitude Concerns of the Cause. Wherever he goes, the eye of <sup>the Bahai world</sup> ~~manhood~~ is upon him. With his presence, the desert blossoms like unto a rose; the parched earth, allays its unquenchable thirst and the dispendent hearts ~~are~~ filled with the spirit of joy. It is really incomprehensible, how little by little, one loses <sup>his</sup> ~~all~~ interests in <sup>all</sup> ~~other~~ petty ~~or~~ big things of life when one is constantly in his holy service. <sup>one</sup> ~~He~~ actually becomes detached from all else save him, intoxicated with his wine, enamored with his beauty, enraptured with his music, wrapped <sup>that</sup> up in his words and deeds — to such an extent, <sup>wherever</sup> and whenever he looks, <sup>around</sup> he sees the attributes of the Beloved. He not only overlooks <sup>the</sup> shortcomings and faults but he does not see them. In his estimation, these defects <sup>will</sup> ~~do~~ not exist. He <sup>will</sup> see good in every body — only there <sup>will be</sup> ~~are~~ degrees of goodness. What is "good" in one, he will try <sup>kindly</sup> to make it "better." and what is "better" in a <sup>another</sup> ~~soul~~ he will <sup>himself</sup> ~~exert~~ to make it "best."

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Finishing his letter-writing he raised his head and dictated a cable and then <sup>sighing</sup> ~~wearily~~ <sup>he said</sup> told me: - "How I long to be far away from all the people for two months, somewhere where I have not to read letters, answer questions and always associate with men. Can you deliver me from all this work so that I may rest for awhile? I hope the work of no man will go beyond the limit of his time. However we must work. As soon as we go to the other house, we must work day and night. I must have three secretaries to read all these Persian letters, making digest of their contents in order to despatch the work."

Asking Mirza Mohsen to bring me a cup of the same warm milk <sup>which</sup> that he had drank for his breakfast he laughingly said: - "Mirza Ahmad is accustomed to the Western way of living. He cannot live like the Arabs. He has a too sensitive nature. He must have a cup of fresh milk." We all laughed. ~~Then~~ <sup>was</sup> he told us a story to illustrate my case. I knew it <sup>was</sup> coming: -

One of the oriental kings going to hunt was unavoidably separated from his army. As he was going along the road, riding on his charger, he saw a man carrying on his back a load of wood, <sup>and</sup> ~~but~~ he was walking lamely. "Why art thou lame?" the King asked. "Because in my foot there is a thorn." the poor man answered. "Why dost thou not take it out?" the King questioned him again. "If I put down

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there will be no one  
 the my load ~~in order to take out of my feet the thorn,~~ <sup>there</sup> ~~one to help me to put it again on my back.~~ "I will help you", and coming down from his horse he did so. Afterward the King making a few inquiries about <sup>him found</sup> ~~this man~~ and finding him quite <sup>honest, so he</sup> ~~convinced~~ bought him a village and offered <sup>to</sup> him as a gift. <sup>in the</sup> This man now enjoying quite a large income, built for himself a villas, surrounded himself with royal comfort and luxury, servants and numerous ~~attendants~~ <sup>attendants</sup>. Many years roll on and one day the King passing by the village made up his mind to call on <sup>old</sup> his friend. He knocked at the door, the servants opened it and <sup>thrust</sup> ~~bring~~ him into the waiting room. The King <sup>said</sup> "I desire to <sup>see</sup> your ~~own~~ master". They made obeissance and <sup>said</sup> "We are extremely sorry that you cannot see our master today. He is in bed." "Oh" the King said "What has happened to him?" They answered: "Yesterday there was held a festival of the battle of the thornless roses between our master and his friends in the royal Park and <sup>as</sup> they were throwing at him the petals of roses, his tender body <sup>was lacerated</sup> ~~has felt the injury~~". The King remembering this man with the load on his back and the big thorn in his foot, many years ago, walking painfully along the road, laughed at the changed circumstances and told <sup>to</sup> one of the servants: "Go and tell your <sup>master</sup> ~~friend~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~of~~ so and so is here and desires to see you." The man came

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out immediately and not knowing <sup>what</sup> to say he hesitatingly  
 muttered profuse apology, that really there was nothing the  
 matter with him but desired to keep up the dignity  
 of the station conferred upon <sup>him</sup> me by His Imperial Majesty  
 5 After <sup>this</sup> he sent me to <sup>conduct</sup> bring a number of pilgrims who had <sup>just</sup> ~~had~~  
 come from the environs of Naur - the <sup>birthplace of</sup> ~~town~~ wherein Baha-  
 Ollah was born. When they came he spoke with them  
 in detail about the life story of one of the Martyrs of  
 Mazandran, Mullah Mehdi Kandy. He spoke with a wonderful  
 intensity, at times rising to the highest pitch of eloquence  
<sup>his voice</sup> ~~falling and rising~~ <sup>and falling</sup> as the emotions swayed him, ~~to and fro.~~  
 Toward the end, his voice became very low, his eyes were  
 closed and his whole consciousness ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> wrapped up in giving  
 to us - not so much in word - but in feeling, the laughing,  
 the unearthly joy, the beatific bliss of the noble martyr.  
 When he finished, <sup>the</sup> room was filled with spiritual  
 atmosphere and <sup>one</sup> you could hear a pin drop. Here  
 as in nowhere else, I realized the supernatural power  
 of the Beloved in conforming his talks to the mental  
 attitude and receptivity of <sup>his</sup> ~~the~~ audience. It is something  
 that one cannot describe <sup>it</sup> in word. One must feel it  
 either by intuition or long association. I came out of his  
 presence lost in the contemplation of the varied range of  
 his power and although it was a hot day, I found myself

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walking on the sandy beach, Then the Master called into his presence the two other groups, to each one giving interesting talks about America and the promotion of the Cause in that country. They all write down his addresses and will take with them back to their respective homes to be read to more friends and strangers.

I was called again in the afternoon by the Master. He gave me ~~the~~ <sup>my</sup> letters written to me from America. Ahmad yardi takes all the letters to <sup>Abdul Baha</sup> ~~him~~ and he ~~turns~~ distributes them. I read to him <sup>a</sup> letter of Miss Juliet Thompson. His face was wreathed with smiles and he said: 'Bravo Juliet!' Then he spoke for more than <sup>fifteen</sup> minutes about Miss Rhoda Meals and Mrs Krug, praising the spirituality and services of each most highly. He said some very, very wonderful things about Mrs Krug that it was really <sup>marvellous</sup>.

I passed the rest of my time, speaking with different pilgrims and gathering their opinions about the Cause. To one I talked about the Master's feast <sup>in Englewood, N. J.</sup> near ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~will~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>the</sup> to another I spoke about our experiences in Green Acres. In a few days these men will turn back to their countries <sup>leaving</sup> behind a sweet fragrance of Baha'i fellowship and concord that will never be forgotten.

Love to all Ahmad

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Dear Harriet!

Daily do I hear the strange, tragic story from the lips of various Bahais coming from different parts of the Orient. I have become all ears and I listen to the story of each with a great throbbing interest. It is a fact that we are living in an apostolic age - an age in which the Cause of God is being forwarded with heavenly zeal and unheard of enthusiasm. The Arabs of Bagdad, the Zoroastrians of India, the Turks of Tabriz, the Persians from different parts of Persia all gathered at the Threshold of Abdul Baha and united with the indissoluble tie of celestial brotherhood relate the same wonderful story of <sup>the</sup> progress of the Cause. Port-Said, is like the spiritual clearing-house. These sturdy men, having never seen each other are drawn here by the Supreme Figure of Abdul Baha and once thrown into each other's company, they manifest the utmost degree of fellowship, sociability and good humor. No power could bring them together except the power of Baha-Allah! Really, it is as though I am living in a dreamland of ideal love and affection. Why this unimaginable degree of unity and amity amongst the Bahais? Why this highly developed spirit of co-operation and mutual assistance?

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The Persian Bahais have suffered for the Cause and have gone through the most ~~enervating~~ <sup>harrowing</sup> ~~pains~~ <sup>tortures</sup>. The persecutions ~~altogether~~ <sup>altogether</sup> barbaric in form have knitted their hearts together and ~~have~~ <sup>bound</sup> ~~knitted~~ their ~~hearts~~ <sup>souls</sup> with the unbreakable chain of fellow-feeling. In this instance one of the poets says: - . . . . "Suffering binds not gyres of pain above, but fashions for us A chain of purest gold, knits 'tween soul and soul, Indissoluble bonds, and draws our lives To close, that though the individual life Be merged, there springs a common life which grows To such sublime beauty, as has power to take The sting from sorrow, and transform the pain Into transcendent joy; as from the storm The unearthly rainbow draws its myriad hues And steps the world in fairness. All our lives Are notes that fade and sink, and so are merged In the full harmony of Being."

Consequently the extreme fellowship that one meets amongst the Bahais owes not its origin to worldly means but is built upon the rock foundation of the Love of the Living Lord for the acquirement of which they have suffered



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4 After drinking tea under the tent, the Beloved sent <sup>for</sup> Khosro after me. He was very loving and kind. He gave ~~me~~ <sup>my</sup> <sup>"wages"</sup> commission and <sup>then</sup> ~~before leaving~~ he arose from his seat and putting his hand into a sack filled <sup>the</sup> ~~my~~ <sup>handkerchief</sup> with almonds and pistachios and gave me <sup>also</sup> three ~~linen~~ handkerchiefs ~~which were brought~~ to him by the pilgrims ~~from~~ Yazd. I wonder whether I ~~can~~ keep them because anything blessed by the Master is so much valued by these men and they do not let one at rest till they get it.

5 The Beloved was entertaining all day the <sup>the</sup> Chamberlain of Khedive, so ~~he did have~~ <sup>no</sup> ~~time for the pilgrims.~~ He <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ an ~~very~~ important personage <sup>who</sup> and has come especially from Cairo to meet him and he was invited to lunch and dinner.

6 Our afternoon teas under the tent grow <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>beauty</sup> charm and interest. We have the biggest Samovar. ~~The~~ Water is boiled in <sup>it</sup> this and the tea is steamed over it in large teapot. "El yakh" has received permission to leave for Cairo and so he came to my room with one pound sterling in his hand. "I did not dare to present this to the Beloved of Mankind" he told me "but I want you to <sup>give</sup> ~~go with~~ it to him and ask him to ~~be~~ <sup>it</sup> expended."

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for the dinner of the pilgrims." The Master <sup>asked</sup> ~~told~~ <sup>me</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>enjoy</sup> ~~enjoy~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the <sup>tea</sup> ~~tea~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~and <sup>sugar</sup> ~~sugar <sup>which</sup> ~~which <sup>will</sup> ~~will~~ <sup>last</sup> ~~last <sup>for</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>two</sup> ~~two~~ <sup>or</sup> ~~or~~ <sup>three</sup> ~~three~~ <sup>days.</sup> <sup>Every</sup> <sup>after</sup> <sup>noon</sup> "Sayad Assadollah prepares the tea and sits on the rug in front of the Samanav. He looks very picturesque. There is a young man from Gazwin who sings <sup>very</sup> beautifully the poems of the Bahai poets. His voice <sup>has</sup> a rich volume and range of capacity. Darvesh Karam Ali and Darvesh Khandan also sing. Murja Maneer chants the prayer of Bahá'ollah. <sup>Another</sup> One of them sings most effectively the verses of Kharat-ul-Ayn. <sup>Just</sup> <sup>they</sup> all sing with a wonderful animation, and sympathy. The cool breeze <sup>are</sup> ~~was~~ wafting and altogether we <sup>had</sup> ~~had~~ a most delightful afternoon. The Eastern people <sup>may</sup> ~~may~~ <sup>have</sup> ~~have~~ their shortcomings but they are very simple and very religious; they convey their convictions to others with fire and zeal. Their sincerity and faithfulness are felt. There is a young Turk <sup>not</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>more</sup> ~~more~~ <sup>than</sup> ~~than~~ <sup>twenty</sup> ~~twenty amongst these pilgrims. He comes from Seesau near Tabriz. Whenever he sees me, if I am in the street or <sup>under</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>tent</sup> ~~on~~ the stairs he <sup>puts</sup> ~~puts~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>hands</sup> ~~hands~~ <sup>around</sup> ~~around~~ <sup>me</sup> ~~me~~ and kisses me several times. "What a wonderful day!" he~~~~~~~~~~~~

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Ahmed Yardi

عنوان تلغرافی زدی

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exclamations

says. "I love you very much, my brother! I wish I could sacrifice my life for you!" And if I am sitting on a chair and I happen to be alone, he takes another chair, brings it very close, ~~to me~~, encircles my ~~neck~~ with his arm, looks into my eyes, laughs and then kisses my cheeks. "I love you, Baha-Wllah has said that we must love all mankind. What can I do to love you? Do you know?" He goes on talking in this fashion with the greatest of joy and happiness as though I am his <sup>very</sup> sweetheart. His overflowing love carries away every thing from before it. There is no obstacle that this Bahai love cannot sweep away. <sup>It demolishes</sup> ~~They carry~~ away the citadel of one's heart with a rush and fury and <sup>envelopes the souls</sup> ~~envelops the souls~~ ~~envelope the defences~~ with a hail of friendship and serenity. The defeated in turn becomes the victor and his head ~~is~~ wreathed with the crown of conquest!

At nine o'clock the Beloved sent for me again. He had received several cablegrams and asked me to read them to him. The Chamberlain of Khedive was there too. I was going to leave but he said sit down and have supper with him. I was very glad at heart because it was several days that I had not

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this divine privilege, I have now a little realized how great ~~and colossal~~ was our privilege to be with the Master day and night for more than a year. After the supper and the departure of <sup>the Chamberlain</sup> ~~the Chamberlain~~ the Master spoke to Ahmad Yazdi and myself about the fate of the many, many governors of Akka who opposed the Cause during their terms but afterward they were subjected to the lowest degree of want and humiliation. One of these men ~~is~~ <sup>was</sup> so degraded as to become a beggar in one of the cities of Syria. These people thought to exterminate the Cause ~~into~~ exile Baha Allah and Abdul Baha to a remote country but God made them suffer the consequences of their own deeds. Like unto a great mountain, the Bahai Cause is rolling on and on, leveling all the hilly places <sup>of opposition</sup> and overriding all the obstacles. The Light of the Lord shall illumine the world as the waters cover the earth. Love to all Ahmad

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پورت سعید فی

Dear Harriet!

The Wine of Bahai fellowship intoxicates the souls; the fire of the Love of God burns away all superstitions; The stars of the ideal heaven illumines the hearts. The angels of the Supreme Concourse herald the Coming of the Kingdom; The flowers of spiritual knowledge and wisdom are ~~all~~ <sup>together</sup> in bloom. The Power of Abdul Baha is bringing the East and the West; The Breaths of the Holy Spirit are descending; The banner of righteousness is upraised; The trumpet of the day of resurrection is blown. The dead ones have arisen. The Voice of God is heard betwixt the heaven and earth. The rain of understanding is pouring down. The gardens of the spirits are verdant and fragrant. The Bahais are the physicians of the sick body of the world; The lamp of guidance is ablaze; The soldiers of the Kingdom are being drilled. The forces of darkness are flying away; The Morn of Eternity has dawned; The lights of the Most Great Orb are <sup>drying</sup> ~~chasing~~ away the gloom of despair; Mankind <sup>are</sup> slowly awakened, rubbing their eyes and wondering at the changed conditions <sup>and</sup>. The Baunties of the Lord of Hosts have encircled the Globe! Happy are those who live in this Day!

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پورت سعید فی

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This morning the Master sending for a number of pilgrims, they wanted me to go ~~down~~ with them and write ~~down~~ the words of Light falling from his lips. I went; but before <sup>entering</sup> the room I heard his voice calling me by my name: "Come in." Mrs Stanard <sup>wishes</sup> ~~wishes~~ to speak with you. As the pilgrims were in his presence, we went to the veranda and I was glad to shake the hand of an active Bahai who <sup>was</sup> so well known to all the American friends. She <sup>was</sup> tall and <sup>thin</sup> full of animate activities for the betterment of human society. Of course we talked about the progress of the Cause in America and Europe. She was ~~so much~~ interested to get all the news. At this time Mirza Ali Akbar came in and brought the news that <sup>four</sup> ~~the~~ other pilgrims from India, Yazd and other points have just arrived. The Master <sup>welcomed</sup> this news and told him to look after their comfort and rest. While the pilgrims were sitting in his presence he wrote a few words for each: <sup>to</sup> ~~for~~ one asking to be allowed to be a <sup>gardener</sup> in the garden of Haiffa. He wrote:—"Now you must return to your home with the friends of God. God willing, this country will be

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realized in another trip. Whenever I shall arrive to that holy Spot I will sprinkle the roses and carry on my back a few jars of water in your ~~stead~~ <sup>place</sup> — "The one who had prayed in behalf of his departed father he wrote: "O Lord! O My hope! I supplicate toward the Kingdom of Thy Holiness of Thy Sanctity and entreat ~~toward~~ <sup>before</sup> the realm of Thy might to bless and accept the father of this Thy servant who has attained to the visit of the Holy Threshold, circum<sup>nav</sup>alated around Thy Sacred Home and prayed to Thee with the tongue of his being! O Lord! <sup>Hearken unto</sup> Listen true! Verily Thou art the Listener and the Seer!"

68 <sup>50</sup> For another one who desired a Tablet for his sons he wrote: — "O ye merciful friends! It is now three years that this enamored Wanderer has been a traveller over mountains and deserts and a wayfarer over lands and seas, consequently the body has become weak and infirm. Notwithstanding this without loss of time I am occupied in writing this to you so that the friends may obtain joy and fragrance . . . . ."

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I may translate several others but these few examples will show you how appreciative are these people when they receive even one word from the pen of the Beloved.

6 The Editor of a Persian <sup>Journal</sup> newspaper which is published weekly in Cairo has come to pay his respect to the Beloved and <sup>I found him</sup> on my return to the hotel I found him. I have known this <sup>Editor</sup> man <sup>only</sup> through correspondence. During the <sup>journey</sup> trip after Master in America he wrote several fair, impartial articles and thus brought upon himself the indignation and censure of many fanatical Mahamadan Clergy.

7 Today Riad Salim, an Egyptian Bahai is <sup>the host</sup> giving lunch and dinner to all the pilgrims. He ~~has~~ asked the Beloved <sup>for this</sup> and ~~the~~ permission is granted.

8 In the afternoon after drinking tea and listening to the wonderful singing of some of our sweet <sup>artists</sup> singers, the Master sent for the new pilgrims. Although



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he discourages ~~all~~ the <sup>customary</sup> ~~hand~~ hand - kissing and falling  
 at his feet, one cannot stop the promptings of love  
 and divine attachment. It was a most affective  
 scene to see these fourteen old and young men  
 from different Clinics falling at his feet,  
 weeping and weeping and not letting him  
 go. At last they listened to him and rose up  
 on their feet. They were welcomed and then he  
 spoke to them about physical and spiritual  
 life, the ~~animal~~ <sup>terrestrial</sup> and the celestial  
 existence. One of these men has been  
 a great sharp shooter in the Persian  
 revolutionary army but now he has become  
 Bahai. "What do you think of Abdul Bahai?"  
 I asked. "He is the best sharp shooter  
 in the world. He aims at his target with  
 unerring precision." Coming out of his  
 presence they were thanking God aloud  
 for his bounty and favor. Overflowing  
 with the joy of meeting the center of the  
 Covenant they were singing the songs  
 of gladness.

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پورت سعید فی

The house which is rented by the Master near the Sea is <sup>being</sup> slowly furnished and before long <sup>we</sup> will be living there. He told me this evening as he was again <sup>inspecting</sup> looking over the rooms that the first floor will be given to us - that is, his secretaries, Mirza Moneer, and Mirza Mahmud and <sup>myself</sup> ~~his interpreter~~ Ahmad Sahab, the second floor will be taken by himself and the members of the <sup>his</sup> Holy Family. I was ever so glad when ~~he~~ <sup>she</sup> reported to me this glad news, because although I was amongst the pilgrims in the hotel and learned a great deal <sup>from</sup> ~~about~~ them yet I missed the Master. I saw him every day, some days twice but that was not enough. As soon as we go in the other house, ~~the Master's~~ <sup>his</sup> time will be occupied with answering the ~~innumerable~~ petitions received from the Orient and the Occident <sup>we</sup> ~~we~~ will be very busy.

Love to all Ahmad

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پورت سعید فی

1-  
Dear Harriet!

"When I was in the prison of Acca, I was very happy. Every morning before doing anything else I thanked the Lord of mankind for this heavenly Bestowel! Thus the Beloved spoke to day ~~about~~ at sunset as he was admiring the wonderful coloring of the Western horizon, mellowed by tender hues of pink and bright violet <sup>in the west</sup> and followed by Mrs Stannard and myself. He was walking slowly beside the Mediterranean <sup>coast</sup> the gentle waves of which ~~dashed~~ <sup>washed</sup> against the sandy beach and ~~the further end of which~~ <sup>its limitless expanse</sup> was a beautiful mirror, reflecting the glorious ~~artistic~~ portrait painted by the hand of the Divine Artist in the upper western sky. It is true that no matter where the Beloved is, there is the East but it is likewise equally true ~~with a little emphasis~~ that there is an undefinable elixir in the spirit of the East that makes the environment and ~~surrounding~~ <sup>surroundings</sup> of the Master more sublime, more spiritual, and more ineffable. What is the spirit of the East? ~~But~~ <sup>It is</sup> a conscious longing after the knowledge of God and a deep realization of the Love of God! The love of God is born in the heart of man as soon as ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> begins to love the manifestation of this Will, <sup>or</sup> the Incarnation of this Spirit. One may live a spiritual life on any part of the globe but the home of spiritual susceptibilities and divine emotions is in the East. The Master has often said,

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that in the East divine civilization <sup>was</sup> inaugurated <sup>in the East</sup> <sup>اور</sup> <sup>تعمیر</sup> <sup>فی</sup> <sup>مشرق</sup>  
~~the~~ West natural civilization <sup>was</sup> organized <sup>in the West</sup>. Now in this  
 age, His Holiness Baha Ullah has laid the foundation  
 of divine civilization in the East and the precepts of  
 this heavenly civilization are being rapidly spread in the  
 West. All those who arise to assist in the promotion  
 of these principles are the angels of the Supreme  
 Concurrence and the trumpets of the King of Kings.  
 If the friends desire to teach this Cause, they must become  
 as universal in their sympathy, as broad in their mental  
~~attitude~~ <sup>outlook</sup> and as forgiving as the Master. Nothing must  
 dampen <sup>their</sup> enthusiasm. The Lord of Host is <sup>their</sup> support.  
 All the <sup>constructive</sup> forces of the world are on <sup>their</sup> side <sup>and</sup> <sup>they</sup> shall  
 win the eternal victory.

2 As the Master continued talking on the futility of the  
 physical life <sup>in contradiction to the</sup> and the permanency of the spiritual life,  
 we more and more realized his divine insight and his  
 miraculous comprehension of the real need of this age -  
 less materialism, more spiritual knowledge.  
 He has come into this world to teach us this lesson.  
 He is <sup>the voice of God</sup> crying in the wilderness of  
 agnosticism and fallacious atheism, turning men's  
 attention to their Maker. At the end of our walk  
 he significantly said: - A soul must be like a  
 candle, to be burned and at the same time give  
 light.

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3 This morning while I was drinking tea under the overshadowing tent, there was sitting beside me a Bahai from Bagdad who <sup>was</sup> the guardian of the house in which Baha ~~Allah~~ lived during his eleven years sojourn. He told me the House <sup>is in</sup> needs <sup>much</sup> repair, otherwise it ~~may~~ <sup>will</sup> not last a long time and for this very purpose, he has come so far to talk about the matter with the Master. He was one of the many Bahais who ~~did~~ sent a cable to the Beloved at the time of his arrival in America and received an answer from him.

4 About nine o'clock I went to Eastern Exchange Hotel to call on Madame Stannard and bring her to our hotel to take the photos of the friends. All the believers gathered on the roof under the tent and as her ~~photo~~ Kodak was small we arranged to take several groups, <sup>6 in</sup> each. About 10 groups were taken and immediately <sup>carried</sup> to the photographer to develop them. After a few minutes of rest in the Lounge room of Exchange Hotel we called a cabb and was driven to the Master's temporary home in Almas Yazdi's apartment. The Editor of the Persian newspaper in ~~Bagdad~~ <sup>Bagdad</sup> was in his presence and we were also bidden to enter ~~it~~. The Master was (Beloved)

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تحدثت معه في  
 talking with him about the sagacity and <sup>leverages</sup> cleverness  
 of one of the old Persian statesmen who became <sup>enabled</sup>  
 to disqualify seventy sons of the then ruling Shah and  
 6 putting on the throne <sup>his</sup> grandson. The Master then spoke  
 with Mrs Stannard, telling her that he has found a  
 good work for her, the results of which will be  
 permanent and everlasting. He again praised her  
 unselfish services to the world of humanity, her  
 whole-hearted devotion to her work, her sincere  
 in the Cause and her constant vigilance in doing  
 good. He invited her to have lunch with him and  
 then went on to take a walk with the Persian  
 journalist.

In the afternoon we were again called to his  
 presence, having received letters from America.  
 With him, we took a lovely walk and in the  
 evening Sayad Jalal told me the way he  
 teaches, the simple folks of Persia, the kind  
 of arguments he presents to them and the  
 interesting <sup>semi</sup> logical and traditional proofs conveyed.  
 Sometimes I will translate his remarks.  
 He is a good teacher, well informed and wonderfully  
 clear in his ideas. Love to all  
 Ahmed

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I add to <sup>here</sup> ~~this letter~~ the translations of a few Tablets ~~out of many~~ written for the pilgrims by the Master's own hands:-

He is God!

O thou visitor of the Holy Place around which the Supreme Concurrence revolve!

Were there time I would have written a special <sup>little</sup> ~~letter~~ to each one of the believers of God; but what can I do that the opportunity is missing. Thou observest that I am busy by day and by night. In short, Although I have not the time for writing, yet, I am longing with heart and soul for the beauty and virtue of the friends of God. I supplicate from the ancient Basmala and the New Generosity of the Most Great Name to protect all the believers beneath the shade of his providence and confer upon them a portion and a share <sup>from</sup> of the invisible Bounties. Convey to all the wonderful Abha greetings!

(Sif) Abdul Baha Abbas

Another friend had asked a Tablet for the believers of Barforoush. This <sup>Tablet</sup> ~~number~~ was revealed:-

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O thou visitor whose breath is fragrant! Thou seest how varied are my works and occupations. I have not one moment of rest by day and by night and the time for writing is entirely lacking. Notwithstanding this it is impossible to write separate letters to each. At morn and eve I supplicate and entreat at the holy Threshold of the Beauty of Alha and beg for the believers of Barforoush, divine protection and preservation — so that unseen confirmations may descend upon them uninterruptedly and celestial reinforcements may come to them successively and the Sun of Reality may shine upon that region with the utmost of penetration. Because the region of Tabarestan is the former home of the household of the Blessed Perfection. Therefore, those friends are very dear to me and that region is the delectable paradise.



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Undoubtedly great confirmation shall be vouchsafed.

Give to the new school opened by the friends the name of "Universal" — that is; — its door will be open to all the nationalities. I hope the Principal of the school, Mirza Rouhollah be assisted by the Divine Power so that he may expend every effort in the administration of <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ affairs of ~~the~~ school and become <sup>beloved and</sup> accepted in the Court of the Almighty.

Upon thee be Baba El Abba  
(Sey) Abdul Baba Abbas!

10 He writes for another pilgrim:—

"O thou servant of the Holy Threshold! Thank ~~God~~ God that thou didst answer the call of "am I not your Lord?" with affi-  
mation, become intoxicated with the Gollet of the Word of God, ~~and~~ hastened toward the Ahad of the Beloved, blessed thy face and hair by kneeling at the Threshold of the Friend of the regions

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and associated with Abdul Baha with infinite joy and fragrance. Now return thou to thy native land with perfect happiness, rejoice the hearts of the friends with the Divine Glad-Tidings and convey to them the greeting and salutation of Abdul Baha; especially to thy respectful wife. I beg from the Honor and Grace of the Blessed Perfection forgiveness for thy parent. Convey to his honor Therag Ali, the wonderful Alha greeting of Alha. I hope that he may become the divine torch.

(Sij) Abdul Baha Alhas!

And here is the last one for today:—

O thou who hast visited the Radiant Spot!  
Praise be to God that the Most Great Bounty was unveiled, the most eminent Gift ~~was~~ uncovered and thou didst attain to that which is the highest desire of the people of the Supreme Course. Now thou must return to thy beloved

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land and like unto that Egyptian messenger,  
be thou the carrier of the real Josephic garment  
of the Blessed Beauty. That is; — the Divine  
Glad-tidings that thou must carry away  
from the Holy Tomb. As thou passest  
through the different countries, perfume  
thou the nostrils.

I beg from the Court of the True One  
to immerse thy ~~father~~ <sup>father</sup> in the ocean of  
forgiveness and wash ~~the~~ <sup>him</sup> ~~him~~ <sup>him</sup> and  
sanctified from all the past faults.

Thy revered mother will become the  
the object of the Glances of Mercifulness  
because she is worthy. Convey to all the  
believers of God the wonderful Ahla  
greeting.

(Sij) Abdul Baha Abbas

Love to all

~~Abbas~~

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پورت سعید فی

Dear Harriet!

The ~~weather~~<sup>weather</sup> of Port Said, has quite unsettled and weakened my writing-capacity. It is extremely hot during the day, a kind of dump heat that ~~annoyes~~<sup>annoyes</sup> those who are not accustomed to it. It has even affected the Master's health and for the last two or three days he has given slight indications about it. Were it <sup>not</sup> for the sake of these pilgrims, he would have retired to some summer resort in Switzerland and make another journey to those parts of Europe not yet visited by him ~~at the end of the hot season~~. However, it was the will of God that we came to Port Said, because except through the power of this <sup>the adherents</sup> revelation it would have been impossible to gather so many religious in ~~the~~ a place like this. For the last week it has been my fortunate lot to watch closely the influence of the Bahai Teachings upon the lives and deeds of these men and if this religion can enlist in its ranks such devoted and untutored band of teachers and disciples, even ready to give up their lives for the Cause, surely it will grow, surely it will fill the world with its ringing claim of good will <sup>towards</sup> to all men and peace on earth.

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This morning the Master called into his presence Mirza Mahmoud and he returned with several Tablets written by <sup>with this</sup> the Master's own hand for the pilgrims. Then the pilgrims were asked to meet the Master, groups by groups. To one of them he spoke in detail about the early life of Baha Allah, the story of how he talked before a very large gathering of Ulama and defeated them all in the face of intense opposition. To another group he said, <sup>they</sup> you must be like unto the herads of the Kingdom, carrying the good news to all parts of the earth. Except the <sup>fourteen</sup> pilgrims who arrived the other day, permission <sup>was</sup> granted to all the rest to depart to their respective homes. The two Darvishes, Darvish Karam Ali and Darvish Khandan left in the afternoon for Bombay. The rest will leave on the Russian steamer Euphrates for Constantinople on Sunday. These men filled with the power of the Master, having heard all the glorious news of his Western trip, baptized with the Holy Spirit, revitalized by the breath

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of Abho will be scattered to all parts of the Orient, carrying with them the greeting and love of all the American and European Bahais and thus refreshing thousands of drooping hearts. It is a wonderful, dramatic picture, pregnant with the highest and noblest possibilities to conceive of the birth and assured progress of this Universal religion of mankind. Our Supreme General, standing on the strategic ground is carrying on a most successful campaign. From ~~the~~ <sup>his</sup> vantage-ground, he watches the attack made by his invincible Army! Now he is sending away all these noble men as his lieutenants and Colonels, giving them direct instructions how to wage the spiritual warfare. It is also thrilling to reflect that within one month these fifty pilgrims will reach the furthest corners of Persia, Turkey, India, Arabia, Russia etc infusing within the bodies of the expectant souls the life of Abdul Baha!

احمد یزدی

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Ahmed Yardi

عنوان تلغرافی یزدی

ADRESSE TÉLÉGRAPHIQUE: "YAZDI"  
A. B. C. CODE USED 4<sup>th</sup> ED

Port-Saïd, le

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پورت سعید فی

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In the afternoon as all the friends had gathered under the large tent, they asked me to relate to them the story of the introduction and progress of the Cause in Germany. We all drank tea and listened to the chanting of prayers and the wonderful songs sung by our sweet singers from Gazwin. How I wish some of the American believers were here to see with their own eyes these great meetings. Everyone is responsive to the voice of the spirit and receptive of the higher susceptibilities of the heart. You see actually the words of the Beloved in full realization when <sup>during</sup> his addresses in America he would say: In the Orient, meetings are held in which Turks and Arabs, Persians and Zoroastrians, Jews and Christians, Moslems and Parsees associate with each other with the utmost of love and fellowship. Each one is eager to serve another, losing sight of all their former animosities and becoming as the members of one united family. Therein lies the energizing power of a Bahai meeting.

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پورت سعید فی

4 This evening all the pilgrims were invited to a dinner given by Mirza Jaffer Hadioff of Kaugard, Russia. He is a merchant of considerable <sup>and wealth</sup> fame and comes originally from the city of Shiraz. ~~He had us~~ Besides performing many practical services in the Cause, he has built out of his <sup>fund</sup> ~~own pocket~~ a very up-to-date hospice on Mount Carmel for the ~~strains~~ pilgrims that come and go. This has been really a very worthy service just at this time and he has made himself loved by all the Oriental believers. He is a tall man, black beard and most gracious manner, combined with an ever smiling face. In the center of the Tent, on the roof, the largest table was prepared around which more than 45 guests sat. It was about half past nine when the Master ascended the stairs and the long row of the friends made their obeissances



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عنوان تلغرافی یزدی

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پورت سعید فی

He sat at the head of the table, Murja Mohsen and Ahmad Yardi on each side. Then Pilou and Raquet were served and all ate in silence. While they were eating, the Master spoke on the Lord's Supper of Christ, the gathering of the Apostles on the Mountain, the encouragement given to them by Mary Magdalene and the results issued from their self-sacrificing resolutions. He hoped that the results of this gathering also will be universal and that the spiritual inspiration descended upon them on this blessed night may be the means of reviving many hearts. When the dinner was finished the Master put in the hands of each pilgrim a large piece of rock-candy. Then he retired. The night was starry. The Milky Way was a wonderful revelation of God's creation. You were all remembered under the holy Tabernacle of the Covenant, beneath the shining stars.

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Ahmed Yardi

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ADRESSE TÉLÉGRAPHIQUE: "YAZDI"  
A. B. C. CODE USED 4th ED

Port-Saïd, le June 27th 1913

پورت سعید فی

Dear Harriet!

Motion connotes life; Activity is the symbol of power; growth is the sign of health; Co-operation is the token of solidarity, <sup>and</sup> selflessness presupposes humanistic feelings. Religion must be the active principle. The spiritual movement is <sup>a</sup> the collective center of all perfect attributes. The progress of the Bahai <sup>Cause</sup> ~~movement~~ depends upon the heavenly qualities of its adherents and the spiritual force impelling them to convey the message of the Kingdom to others. The Beloved by sword and by deed, ~~has~~ inspired ~~all~~ the pilgrims ~~now~~ gathered in Port Saïd with the importance of this fact, exhorting them to follow in the footsteps of the disciples of Christ, heed not tomorrow and carry the Standard of Bahá'í to every clime. It is only through this perpetual motion, this ceaseless activity, this constantly growing enthusiasm that this Cause will advance. If we ~~stand~~ <sup>tarry</sup> ~~one~~ <sup>still</sup> moment, the Caravan shall proceed on its march and we will be left behind. If we wait and not enter the garden, the autumnal season will soon come and we will be deprived of the beauty of <sup>the</sup> roses and the songs of nightingales. One moment of neglect, one second of ~~careless~~ <sup>carelessness</sup> will throw us a hundred years behind our comrades.

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پورت سعید فی

Why should we tarry? Why should we look behind? The greatest opportunity is within our grasp, let us not lose it. The most brilliant pearl is in our possession, let us not break it like unto <sup>heedless</sup> the children. The intoxicating goblet is offered to us, let us drink it deeply. The soul-cheering Light is inviting us to sit around the heavenly banquet, let us hasten to fulfill our engagement. The herald of the Kingdom is spreading the Glad-tidings, let us emulate him. In a Tablet revealed today for one of the Bahai teachers in Persia he says:-

"O thou who art growing and firm! Today the Cohorts of the Supreme Concourse are confirming and assisting those blessed souls who have arisen to teach the Cause of God and are the manifestors of the verse 'O God! <sup>make</sup> all my thoughts and ideas one single Idea and <sup>suffer</sup> me to dedicate myself entirely to Thy service eternally'."

While Abdul Baha was attacked by three <sup>suddenly</sup> illnesses, he left Haifa and for the last three years he has been constantly travelling. Servitude <sup>at</sup> the Holy Threshold is the magnet of Confirmation. Whatever I have wished for myself (to spread the Cause) I have wished it for thee. (Sig) Abdul Baha Abbas.

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پورت سعید فی

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This morning the Beloved sent for me and said, <sup>that</sup> although he ~~was~~ going to move into the other house it <sup>was</sup> better that ~~we~~ <sup>we</sup> ~~may~~ <sup>should</sup> stay in the hotel and associate daily with the pilgrims till they leave. I said: I have been very happy ~~to be~~ with them and ~~thus~~ <sup>have</sup> been able to learn from them many Bahai lessons. He said: In reality these believers are the essences of existence. They are pure and sanctified. They are as clear as limpid water. These are the friends of the Blessed Perfection. They are the embodiments of sincerity and faithfulness. ~~He~~ <sup>He</sup> ~~told~~ <sup>told me</sup> to carry to them several packages of rock candy which have been brought to him to be blessed. This rock candy is carried to the furthest corner of Persia, India, Russia etc and small pieces are given to the many thousands who cannot travel and look into his divine face.

Many pilgrims were received to day individually and collectively, most of them coming out with Holy Tablets, written with his own blessed hands. This is a special favor to the Oriental believers at this time; because unless on rare occasions <sup>the Master seldom</sup> he ~~never~~ rewrites Tablets himself, but dictates.

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پورت سعید فی

4 In the afternoon I was again sent for and when I arrived there were three Baptist American missionaries, sitting in his presence and waiting for the interpreter. There were two women and one man, they are living in Port Saïd and have a missionary school. Having heard of <sup>his</sup> arrival, they came to call on him. They were exceedingly dogmatic and narrow and they rather liked to argue than to be informed. The Beloved ~~gently~~ spoke to them about the fundamental identity of all religions, — a principle which they quite disliked — the validity of the religion of Mohamed which ~~stunned~~ <sup>shocked</sup> them and many other points. When the Master told them about the Bahai conception of Christ — so lofty, so sublime! — they could not understand why he <sup>was</sup> not a "missionary". And when he said, that in America he established the validity of the sonship of Christ in several Jewish Synagogues, they looked at each other in credulous amazement. "Why do you think Mohamed was a prophet?" they asked. He gave them logical and satisfying reasons. "Granted that Mohamed spoke about Christ as the Word of God and the Spirit of God, he did not say that Christ was

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 The master said: - The title of the son is not  
 the <sup>"son"</sup> son of God. "They objected. The title of the son is not  
 as great as the title of the Word, because in the old  
 Testament all the Israelitish people are called  
 the sons of God, and even God addressing David  
 says - thou art my son. On the other hand no  
 divine Messenger is called the Word except Christ.  
 The station of the Word is so great that it is <sup>recorded</sup> ~~recorded~~  
 in the first chapter of St. John: - In the beginning  
 was the Word, the word was with God and the  
 Word was God. They could not object <sup>to</sup> this  
~~answer~~ and so they preferred silence. Fear  
 was served ~~to them~~ and the Master was very  
 kind to them. Toward the end he talked about  
 the abandonment of religious prejudices and  
 the incalculable of love and unity. They left  
 his presence, ~~not~~ <sup>confused and displeas</sup> quite ~~satisfied~~ because they  
 did not expect such an overwhelming power,  
 knowledge, love and radiant influence.

Today a few pilgrims left for Alexandria, <sup>amongst</sup>  
 them was Sayid Jalal, the son of Sina. Before <sup>going</sup>  
 away he gave me a short account of the  
 interesting story of his <sup>family</sup> uncle and father.

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پورت سعید فی

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which I may embody in future letters. I will bring this letter to <sup>close with</sup> the translation of a Tablet to the Zoroastrian Bahais.

"O ye kind friends! When I returned from the Western regions to the Eastern clime, I met the Zoroastrian Believers, The illumination of their faces indicated the fragrance of the rose-garden of their dispositions. While here, they remembered you and adorned our page with your names. As I read the blessed names of the friends, happiness and ecstasy was obtained, to such an extent that immediately I took up the pen, am writing you this epistle and am occupied with your mentioning - so that you may know how beloved and favored you are in this spot. I beg for you from the Bestower of His Highness the Exalted Lord, enlightened hearts, pure spirits and radiant consciences. It is the desire of my heart and soul that in this path, ye may travel along all the degrees of existence and attain to the loftiest horizon of the ideal virtues and the pinnacle of human excellences. In order that all the people may witness how the servants of His Highness the Friend are illuminated, shining and radiant. This is the highest hope! This is the greatest Grace of His Highness the Lord of Glory! Upon ye be Baha El Akbar!

(Sig) Abdul Baha Abbas.

I may translate many more such beautiful Tablets but I have to stop now as I am called away  
Ahmad

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Ahmed Yardi

عنوان تلغرافی زدی

ADRESSE TÉLÉGRAPHIQUE: "YAZDI"  
A. B. C. CODE USED 4th ED

Port-Saïd, le June 28<sup>th</sup> 1913

پورت سعید فی

Dear Harriet!

"The separation of <sup>the</sup> loved and the beloved is harder than the pangs of death," is an Arabic epigram and I found it quite true in the meeting of this morning when the Beloved gave a farewell talk to 22 of the pilgrims who left an hour later for Alexandria, there to meet our reverend teacher Mirza Abul Fazl and then take the steamer direct for Constantinople.

Early morning everybody was in a <sup>hurry</sup> haste, preparing for the impending departure when the word came that the Master <sup>desired</sup> to see all the pilgrims who will leave today. According to their custom, they took off their shoes before entering the <sup>room</sup> apartment and were welcomed by the Beloved. They all sat around the room and tea was served. Then <sup>he</sup> the Beloved ~~began to speak~~ as follow:-

"Praise be to God that you have crossed the mountains and deserts, the lands and the seas and attained to the visit of the Holy Tomb with joy and fragrance. You traversed this long distance till you reached the Blessed Spot and became assisted and confirmed. Often souls start from their home, accept the hardships of travelling but do not reach their destination, but praise be to God, <sup>if</sup> you have attained. Likewise in my behalf you <sup>visited</sup> the holy Tomb. The great spiritual value attached



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to the visit of the Blessed Tomb of Baha - Ullah is not known to day but ere long it will become evident. The plain of Acca that you observe today will become an emblem of Paradise. In prosperity and progressiveness it will become unique and unparalled in the entire world. The Kings and emperors of the world shall come to visit the holy Tomb. Having reached the shore of Acca they shall kneel down and prostrate on the ground and with pots of flowers in their hands and on their heads they shall proceed on foot toward the Blessed ~~Tomb~~ <sup>Spot</sup>. ~~Then they will~~ <sup>(and)</sup> visit the Tomb of the Bah on Mount Carmel. Then it will become known what a world is this! What spirituality and fragrance is this! Those souls <sup>whose</sup> ~~the~~ nostrils of are opened shall inhale the fragrance of the Holy Tomb but those who are afflicted with catarh, do not sense it. A person afflicted with cold says "where is the perfume? Where is the fragrance?" In short, praise be to God that you have attained, reached your destination and on my behalf visited the holy Tomb. & You came also to Port Saïd and for several days we associated together with the utmost of love. I hope now that you

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return everyone of you may be like unto a person who has entered a rose-garden. When he comes out of the garden he carries in his hand a bouquet of flowers. I hope each one of you will carry away in his hand a bouquet from the blessed Garden of Abba and perfume the nostrils of whomsoever <sup>you</sup> comes in ~~touch~~ contact. Pray at the Threshold of Almighty to make you <sup>more</sup> illumined day unto day, more attracted day unto day, more detached day unto day, more holy and pure day unto day. Know ye of a certainty that this Cause is like unto a sea. The sea does not accept the dead body. It will throw it out, by all means. Therefore you must be severed, attracted, enkindled, godlike, righteous, upright, evanescent, humble and at all time turning your faces toward the Kingdom of Abba. I hope that each one of you may reach to this lofty and divine Station. In whichever city you enter, be ye like light lamps, and shed your rays to all around, - so that whosoever sees your deeds, your words, your behaviours and conducts, he may exclaim:

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Ahmed Yardi

عنوان تلغرافى يزدى

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پورت سعيد في

this person is not of this world; this soul is not human but divine; this person is the sincere servant of the Blessed Perfection, he is radiant, spiritual, heavenly and the means of the prosperity of the world of humanity. Then the Beloved <sup>he</sup> arose from his seat and told <sup>them</sup> "Marhaba" meaning farewell. Everybody was weeping, one was kissing his hand, another his shoulders, another was at his feet. Really it was the most touching scene that I ~~have ever witnessed~~. The Master asked them not to weep, not to kiss his hands, not to fall on the ground but love had taken the reign from their possession and they could not control themselves. Finally the Beloved <sup>he</sup> embraced each person, kissed his cheeks and forehead and after a few minutes, they were out of his Presence, but the Presence of his love and kindness was in their hearts.

About 8 o'clock they were in the station and most everyone went to bid them farewell.

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Ahmed Yardi

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پورت سعید فی

3 During the day the rest of the pilgrims were <sup>now</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>called to visit him</sup> ~~summoned~~ to his Presence, to one of them he had said: "I have received many letters from Constantinople <sup>inviting me</sup> to go there and speak at various gatherings. Were ~~this~~ according to ~~the~~ wisdom I would have gone ~~there~~ at ~~this~~ time and raised a new melody." ~~Then~~ I was sent for and he dictated several Tablets. Afterward <sup>also</sup> he wrote with his own <sup>hand</sup> ~~pen~~ a very long and wonderful Tablet for the believers of Azerbayjan. It was the longest ~~Tablet~~ written by himself in these days. It <sup>was both</sup> in Arabic and Persian. Three times he repeated himself: "This <sup>was</sup> an exception."

Love to all

Ahmad

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احمد یزدی

Ahmed Yardi

عنوان تلغرافیائی یزدی

ADRESSE TÉLÉGRAPHIQUE: "YAZDI"

A. B. C. CODE USED 4th ED

Port-Saïd, le June 29<sup>th</sup> 1913

پورٹ سعید فی

Dear Harriet!

One more letter and the book of our correspondence will come to a close. During the past months I have given you a whole lot of trouble and you have been patient and kind enough not to murmur. However, everything was done for the sake of the Cause and I am sure your reward will be with the Beloved. Through your indefatigable effort the friends were kept in touch with the movements of the Master. There is a time for speech, there is a time for writing and there is a time for silence. From the hour the steamer left the New York port up to the present moment you have been informed with the passing events which have nevertheless a permanent place in the history of the world; now I feel I have to devote more of my time to ~~the~~ <sup>another</sup> work of the Cause. The American friends have enjoyed every spiritual blessing, they have beheld the Face of the Master and have heard the teachings from his own holy lips; so really they do not need these letters at all; I have been quite thoughtless to ever start them.

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ADRESSE TÉLÉGRAPHIQUE "YAZDI"

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پورت سعید فی

As to the disposition of the originals of these letters, photographs, newspapers etc which have been sent to you during the past few months you may either keep them with yourself and if they are too burdensome you may put them in a box and send it to Jos. H. Hammen, Washington D.C., who has been kind enough to take care of my other belongings. There is another thing that I wish you very much to settle and it is this:— I have mailed you now and then for economy's sake many letters, photos and newspapers so that you mail them to their respective destinations from New York. Now will you let me know how much you have expended so that I may pay it back. Also if there are other expenses in connection with the copying of my letters, mailing etc I will be most glad to defray them. I may roughly guess how many letters I have sent you to mail — the utmost may be one hundred — but please let me know about the other items. In case you send the letters etc to Mr Jos. H. Hammen to be taken

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پورت سعید فی

care of for me, please send the lion by Express and the charge to be collected C.O.D.

This morning many pilgrims had the privilege of meeting the Master. Later on I was <sup>allowed to sit in</sup> permitted ~~in~~ and listened to his words of wisdom and knowledge. He feels quite well. Today ~~also~~ <sup>other</sup> seven pilgrims have left for Russia, Syria and Persia; amongst them was Mirza Mohsew <sup>who is</sup> sailing for Haifa. About 5 o'clock we all went to the shore to bid farewell to the departing guests. At 7 o'clock four others left for Cairo. At present there are <sup>only</sup> about 12 more pilgrims, who are Zoroastrians from Yazd, Teheran and Bombay and <sup>a few</sup> Arabs from Bagdad. They will also be given permission to depart in two or three days and thus we will be left again alone till new pilgrims <sup>arrive</sup> ~~come~~ and new faces shine. It has been the greatest pleasure of my life to meet these pilgrims who were so sincere and devoted to the cause.

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عنوان تلغرافی بریدی

ADRESSE TÉLÉGRAPHIQUE : "YAZDI"  
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پورت سعید فی

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In the afternoon two Blessed Tablets were revealed for Prof. Goldziher and Prof. Vambergy of Budapest the translation of latter is as follow:— He is God!

O thou my revered friend, famous throughout the world! From the day of separation up to this time not one moment I have been disengaged from the remembrance of your kindness. Ever your sympathetic face is in my thought and the sweetness of your conversation is like unto the delicious honey in my taste.

During this time I was on <sup>travelling</sup> my way, therefore correspondence was impossible. Praise be to God that safely and with the enjoyment of good health I have arrived in Port Saïd. My purpose is to stay and rest for some times in this place— a place isolated and free from the din of occupation; in order that I may get over the hardships and vicissitudes of the journey. Then if it is possible, I shall ~~again~~ raise a new melody and sing a <sup>new</sup> song, vibrant with tumultuous strains and clamorous notes and then probably I shall meet you again. My aim is to render a service to the Reality and make an effort and exertion in the world of humanity.



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Ahmed Yardi

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پورت سعید فی

Praise be to God your intention is humanistic and your object is to serve mankind along the path of prosperity and progress. You have consecrated your life to this Glorious object. Consequently I am very pleased with and grateful to you and in order to express this pleasure and happiness I write you this letter and I ever anticipate to receive your good news, . . . . . "

~~As a token of my affection~~

(Sij) Abdul Baha Abbas'

3 I may add a ~~short~~ beautiful prayer for the Toioastran believers:-

O Thou faithful God of the upright people! Thank be unto Thee, because these pure souls are detached from the world of matter and have attached their hearts to the world of Purity. They are ready and agile to serve Thee. Confer upon them the heavenly Gift, ~~and~~ grant unto them spiritual illumination and develop these ~~pearls~~ through the downpour of the vernal showers of Thy Generosity! (Sij) Abdul Baha Abbas'

My Bahai greeting to all  
Ahmad

احمد یزدی

Ahmed Yardi

عنوان تلغرافیائی یزدی

ADRESSE TÉLÉGRAPHIQUE: "YAZDI"

A. B. C. CODE USED 4th ED

Port-Saïd, le June 30<sup>th</sup> 1913

پورت سعید فی

Dear Harriet!

This was a beautiful day in Port Saïd. The ~~weather~~ <sup>phenomenal</sup> sun flooded all the space with its luminous rays and the spiritual sun shone forth with the utmost of brilliancy. The ~~first~~ <sup>former</sup> is the cause of material development, the ~~other~~ <sup>latter</sup> the means of ideal progress. The ~~former~~ <sup>One</sup> is the light of the world, the ~~latter~~ <sup>other</sup> the light of the spirit and the mind. One trains the precious minerals in the mines; the other develops the jewels of new concepts and world-reforming thoughts in the ~~hearts~~ <sup>hearts</sup>. Ours is the privilege of living in the day in which these divine events are mysteriously shaping themselves. Happy are those who girding up the loins of endeavor, enter the arena of activity and raise the call of ya Baha El Abha! Theirs will be the real victory, the signs of which will be handed down to posterity. We must not let any difficulty ~~impede~~ <sup>impede</sup> our spiritual advancement. In our effort to serve the Cause we must strive to eliminate ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> self as much as possible and adorn our beings with the mantle of sincerity; otherwise nothing will yield ~~any~~ fruit. The faith and optimism of a Bahai must be perfect, then he will be able to serve.

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Three more pilgrims left the Holy Presence <sup>today</sup> five will leave tomorrow and except one or two the camp <sup>will appear as though deserted</sup> is empty, ~~and~~ the tent erected on the roof is brought down and there is <sup>an</sup> expectation in the air that in a few days nearly 40 young Bahai ~~men~~ <sup>students</sup> are students of American college in Beyruth will come to greet the Beloved on his return to the East. The Master has sent for "the Greatest Holy Leaf" and soon she will arrive. The sister of the Beloved's wife will land tomorrow from Haifa. The Master has also moved into ~~his~~ <sup>the</sup> new house and everybody was invited by him both in the morning and afternoon to take tea and listen to his divine Words.

As this is the last of my letters I will give you a glimpse of the Beloved on both occasions and then for the present will say farewell till we meet again, perhaps in this world, probably in the next. Anyway the spiritual communication which exists amongst the friends will be uninterrupted and eternal. The outward correspondence is only a faint symbol of <sup>the</sup> spiritual correspondence. If we have reached that station we find there is no importance in this visible sign of communication, otherwise writing <sup>even</sup> a hundred letters a day will not help bring us nearer to each other.

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پورت سعید فی

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When we entered his holy Presence this afternoon he was sitting in the front room of the first floor of the new house. There were nearly 15 pilgrims, several of them being Zoroastrian. Turning his face to them he said: - The Zoroastrian Bahais whether in Teheran or yezd of India are very blessed souls and ere long wonderful people shall arise from amongst them. <sup>Amongst</sup> ~~Amongst~~ them is Mullah Bahram who is pure, sincere, faithful and upright.

Looking out of the window and inhaling in the fresh breeze he said: - The Orient is a wonderful region, its sun is ever shining, its stars are always glowing, its heaven is most blue, its zephyr is refreshing, its moon is most radiant. In the west we find the earth illumined - by electricity; in the East we behold the heaven bright - by the eternal stars. If one collect all the decorations and embellishments of the world in one place, they will not become as beautiful and as soul-inspiring as the heaven of the East with its galaxies of stars, constellations and the Milky Way.

After a moment of silence, he raised his head and in the following words showed the dynamic force and the irresistible energy impelling him to go out into the world: - Well, what are we going to do next? Tell me what should be done? We have already travelled a

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good deal. We have crossed the seas, passed through wonderful centers of populations in the West, traversed over mountains, deserts, deep valleys, <sup>impassable gorges</sup> towns and villages. What route shall we take next? Wherever we have been we called the people to the Kingdom of Akha. ~~He~~ related most interestingly for the benefit of our Persian pilgrims the way he delivered his main addresses in America before religious organizations and churches so that not even the clergy could object and the audience agreed and responded to. He advised them to follow his example, never antagonize ~~any~~ <sup>any</sup> soul. "If you cannot win a soul to the Cause, do not make him an enemy" <sup>is</sup> a golden statement to be always remembered by every person who attempts to teach and conveys the <sup>Bahai</sup> message to others. <sup>He said:</sup> We must let lose the divine forces so that those souls who ~~stand~~ are standing still at the turnpike may move along the path of progress. The centers around which the thought of the majority of mankind revolve are egoism, selfishness, blind passion, hypocrisy, insincerity and avaridity. We must do something to change these centers entirely and generate new thoughts, new ideals which are the essential requirements of this divine age. Then these people shall become

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freed from every tie and soar toward the atmosphere of spiritual freedom. We must ever observe the capacity of the people. Every human being has a special capacity and ~~It is so reported in Materia Medica~~ that once the illness is diagnosed, the treatment is made easy. Therefore, the believers as the spiritual physicians must diagnose the spiritual sicknesses of the people and then treat ~~it~~ accordingly. Now just as there are various degrees of capacities, likewise there must needs be different modes of expression, various ways of teaching. Often it has happened that ~~the~~ <sup>the same</sup> talk will be the cause of awakening to one ~~and~~ and of complete indifference to another. We must ever strive to find out the <sup>subject</sup> ~~point~~ which is of interest to the other party and speak with him from that <sup>standpoint</sup> ~~standard~~. Then he related ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> interesting story about his <sup>meeting</sup> ~~with~~ Feried Pasha in Acra years ago and his conversation with him. Afterward, <sup>he spoke with</sup> the pilgrims that were going to leave that evening and we left his Presence with a feeling of real joy and spiritual satisfaction.

Toward the evening the Beloved after taking a long walk came to Our hotel and rested for half an hour. He spoke with a Persian believer who <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ 80 yrs old and yet is vigorous and healthy.

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In the morning

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 Similarly we were invited to have our morning tea with the <sup>him</sup> Master. After the tea was <sup>served</sup> he spoke about his three <sup>visits</sup> ~~trips~~ to Washington, three <sup>visits</sup> ~~trips~~ to Chicago, many <sup>visits</sup> ~~trips~~ to New York and his <sup>travels</sup> ~~visits~~ to various <sup>other American</sup> ~~cities~~ <sup>in America</sup> the promotion of the word of God and the spread of the Message of the Kingdom. ~~Then~~ <sup>He</sup> left the house and all the pilgrims followed <sup>him</sup> in his footsteps. He walked toward the sea, as far as the statue of De Lasseps. Silently he looked toward the far off horizon. The mind of the Beloved <sup>was</sup> ~~in~~ another sea, <sup>and its</sup> ~~the~~ waves <sup>thoughts</sup> ~~of which~~ <sup>are</sup> never calmed down. ~~Then~~ <sup>we</sup> returned toward the Casino palace Hotel. He ascended the stairs and we followed him. He sat on a chair and <sup>also</sup> ~~all~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~seat~~. The <sup>Casino</sup> ~~place~~ faces the sea and has a most beautiful outlook. He ordered Turkish coffee to be brought for each, after which he dictated several wonderful Tablets, then he spoke about the former glory of Islam and its present <sup>decalence</sup> ~~decalence~~ illustrating it by an striking story of the <sup>time of</sup> ~~then~~ Byzantine Emperors in Constantinople. ~~Then~~ <sup>He</sup> grew silent always looking at the Mediterranean with its gentle waves washing the shore.

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It was a quiet morning, the air was permeated with a spirit of calm peace, the sun was now shining, now hidden <sup>behind</sup> the clouds, the wafting breeze lulled us to a kind <sup>of</sup> half-<sup>slumber</sup> half-wakefulness. In the midst of this undisturbed <sup>calmness</sup>, the voice of the Beloved was raised like a beautiful, sweet music:— The Bahai Cause is like unto the Great Ocean or rather the Great Ocean is a <sup>symbol</sup> <sup>sign</sup> of the Cause of God. Its mountainous waves are <sup>within</sup> ~~in~~ itself and by itself. While it is in the utmost of calmness, the northern and southern winds lash it into furious <sup>tempest</sup>. How thoughtless are those people whose aim is to <sup>dominate</sup> ~~dominate~~ the Great Ocean. They construct around it with their puny efforts dams and fortifications, ramparts and embankments, but the perennial waves of the Great Ocean beat against them and slowly, <sup>surely</sup>, <sup>surely</sup>, unmistakably wash them all away into <sup>its</sup> <sup>own</sup> <sup>bosom</sup> ~~and~~ absorb them and leave behind not a single trace. Such is the power of the Cause of God. The Great Ocean of the Cause is <sup>tempestuous</sup> at all seasons. It is always in <sup>agitation</sup>, it has hurricanes, whirlwinds, ~~winds~~



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<sup>cyclones</sup>

storms, gigantic ~~tsunamis~~ and uncontrollable movements,  
 How many nations, how many religions, how many <sup>individuals</sup>  
 whose aim is to stop the progress of the Cause, to bring  
 it down from its station of sublimity, to retard  
 its influence and to cast it headlong into the abyss  
 of degradation! Alas! They are not aware that the  
 Cause of God shall overcome all these hindrances  
 and <sup>all</sup> control these forces. Therefore the Great Ocean  
 is the Great symbol of the Cause of God. Abdul Hamid  
 and Nasereddin Shah - the two despotic Kings - strove  
 with all their available <sup>imperial</sup> resources to <sup>down</sup>  
 this Great <sup>Spiritual</sup> Ocean. Where are they now? The cohorts  
 of the Mohamadan ecclesiastical orders did their  
 best to <sup>dam the channels of</sup> calm this Sea. <sup>And you do</sup> Do you not see its <sup>cyclonic movements</sup> ~~waves~~  
 all over the <sup>earth</sup> ~~world~~, its majestic waves ever rising,  
 ever rising, <sup>ever</sup> rising to the very apex of heaven <sup>celestial</sup> ~~east~~  
 on the shores all the rubbish and <sup>debris</sup> ~~debris~~, its waves  
 gathering velocity and power, roaring, clamoring  
 battling? Do you hear its thunderous voice? <sup>Do you see</sup> its  
 almighty power? Do you? Do you?  
 For the present I bid you farewell. Bahai greetings  
 and love to all. Ahmad