

and attacking the rank and file of the forces of darkness, putting them into complete rout. Through the gloomy nights of ignorance and fanaticism the light-bearers of reality, with torches in their hands, are running through the length and breadth of the East, illuminating the hearts with the effulgence of the kingdom. Lo, lo! Do you hear the voices of the eastern teachers that are being coordinated into one mighty voice: "Let us follow the Master. Lo, he hath paved for us the highway of teaching. He hath set us the example. Let us follow him. Let us emulate him. After this glorious standard we shall seek no rest; we wish for no comfort. Follow him! Follow him! We are his servants, and he is our lord. We are his soldiers, and he is our commander. We must increase the power of our activity. We must travel. We must forget everything else save the promotion of the cause." Thus a new spirit is roused all over the East, impelling the teachers to go forward, to rush onward and follow the Master.

The Beloved called this morning. He was in a happy mood. Mirza Abul Fazl was here, so the main force of his talk was directed toward him. First he talked about the two mullahs who called yesterday, saying: "Those Arab Sheikhs do not understand what fair discussion means. They have a great love for argument, preferring a fight of this kind before their own lives. They do not mean to investigate a given subject, examine its minor and major and obtain the conclusion. They love to go on, pro and con, ad infinitum."

Then he spoke about Rasheed Pasha (this name he left out), a former governor of Syria, who called on him many times in Paris this last time. He said in part: "This man, according to popular

tradition, must have been bad even before Adam and Eve. He extorted money by the flimsiest pretexts from the well-ordered citizens of Syria. For example, he would send for a wealthy merchant and manufacturer to come to Beirut on urgent business. Then, on his arrival, he would tell him: 'I have received bad reports concerning your character and dealings. You must stay here till I send a committee to investigate these false reports and let you free.' The man, finding himself helpless in the face of such accusations, stays one, two, three, or four weeks. Meanwhile there is no one at the head of his business, and alarming reports come to him. Finally he feels himself constrained to go to the governor and give him a few hundred pounds sterling to get away. As, on the other hand, he (Rasheed Pasha) was a favored spy of the Sultan of Turkey, he would forward most dreadful reports about the law-abiding citizens, thus filling his pockets with bribes and extortions. It happened that at one time the secretary of the Turkish Embassy in Paris met Madame Jackson at a reception. Madame Jackson poured out her heart to him about my incarceration in the town of Acca, and said how cruel and unjust the Turkish authorities were. Well, the secretary being a relative of Rasheed Pasha tells Madame Jackson that there must be at least 3,000 pounds sterling to give me freedom. Madame Jackson agreed to pay this sum if he succeeded in achieving my liberty, and immediately he wrote to Rasheed Pasha that there is a woman in Paris who is willing to pay such a sum if Abbas Effendi is freed. The governor, who loved money better than life, cabled back to Paris: 'Very well, it will be done.' Meanwhile I heard about it in this way: The Motossaraf of Acca, who was the husband of the

sister of (Ahmad Baxat Pasha), came running to me, saying: 'God be praised! All the means are prepared.' 'How?' I asked. 'What has happened?' 'Oh, do you not know?' he said. 'Soon you will be free. You will go out of this prison. You will travel wherever you wish.' Then he told me the rest of the story. As soon as he left my abode I sent a cable to Madame Jackson: 'Beware, beware, lest you pay one cent for my freedom. In prison I am happy.' The governor heard in time about my instructions to Madame Jackson, and of course became furious. He was thinking, 'It is so easy to get this sum of money.' Changing his tactics, I received one day a letter from the secretary in which he wrote, 'The governor is very anxious to see you enjoying the air of freedom.' I did not answer. After another week I received a letter from the same gentleman, saying, 'The governor has instructed me to draw up a petition for His Imperial Majesty, begging him to grant you liberty.' Again I did not answer. Then he wrote, 'He has ordered the petition to be put in the envelopes.' I did not answer. Again he wrote, 'The governor is going to sign the papers and mail them to-morrow.' I did not answer. Then I received his last letter, telling that the governor read the petitions and wrote over the envelopes 'Not to be sent.' This also I did not answer. When the governor realized that in this he had failed, too, he sent his own son to Acca to see me personally, perchance he may succeed. The son was, of course, lavishly entertained by Motossaraf. I was invited there, too. Before and after dinner he intimated the subject from various angles of vision. I made it appear as though I knew nothing about it. After dinner he came to my house and spoke a great deal, but of no

avail. 'I am sorry to see you in prison,' he would say. 'Here I am very happy,' I answered. When he left in the morning, disappointed, he made another effort by saying, 'I hope, my Effendi, I shall see you next time in Haifa.' I waved the matter aside. When the governor heard the unsuccessful report of his son he was crest-fallen and angry. At that time he was so powerful that all the inhabitants of Syria trembled through fear of him. His reports to the Sultan were laws. One word from him would bring down the ire of His Majesty on anybody's head, no matter how important and influential. When I realized that they were again on the track of their old tactics, trying to make me say the word 'Yes' to their extortionate demands, one day I called the Motossaraf to my house and said to him defiantly: 'Do not make any more struggle. You shall fail in all your secret machinations. There is a destined period for my imprisonment. Before the coming of that end even the kings of the earth cannot take me out of this prison; and when the appointed time has passed all the emperors of the world cannot hold me prisoner in Acca. I shall then go out. Rest thou assured of this.' When the Motossaraf heard this emphatic statement he wrote a letter to the governor, advising him not to make any further move 'because Abbas Effendi knows the talisman of Imam Ali. He has learned from the position of the heavenly constellations the time of his freedom, and no one can hasten it. It is better for us to give up the idea.'"

After this interesting narration he spoke about the position of the Young Turks, then left us to call on other people. At noon Mirza Moneer brought me a letter to be translated into Persian,

and it was about 4.30 P. M. when I called at the Master's house to give him the translation of the letter. I knocked at the door three or four times before Khosro answered it. As I was waiting outside I heard the voice of the Master dictating tablets to Mirza Moneer. I was then announced and ushered into the room. The Master welcomed me and bade me be seated. He was sitting on a chair near the balcony. In front of him there was another chair overcrowded with letters from the East and the West. He was dressed in spotless white, his white-gray locks falling on his shoulders, his white turban towering on his noble head, his white beard beautifully matching the rest of his headgear. On the other side of the street there was a tall, green acacia tree which attracted his piercing gaze now and then. Upon occasion his eyes were closed and then opened, revealing to one the infinite pity and love lodged behind the unerring balls. Mirza Moneer was sitting on the other side of the room with paper in hand, writing down the heavenly words which streamed like a fountain from the tongue of the Beloved. As I sat there watching him I was struck with the divine beauty of his countenance, soft, tender, and most adorable. The world and its many difficult problems were solved by him. Here he wrote to Persia how to hold an election; then to the far-off America how to rent a hall. One Bahai desires to know whether she must cook the food for her child and take care of him; another person wants to know how to proceed to buy a piece of land. There are some misunderstandings in this Assembly to be removed; the feelings of another person are ruffled; she must be smoothed down. One's mother or father is dead; he supplicates for a tablet of visitation;

another desires to have a wife. To one a child is born; she begs for a Bahai name. Another has taught several souls; he asks for them rings. This man has fallen from a ladder; he implores a speedy recovery. This man has had business reverses; he must be encouraged. One man has fought with his wife; he wants to know how to become reconciled. Another is going to be married; he supplicates the Master's blessings. Aside from these curious things, the important events of the cause hold his attention. He goes over these one by one with infinite patience, and with his words of advice he creates order out of chaos. The world, with its woes and sorrows troop along and pass in review before the Master, and as they pass, lo! the transformation happens: the sorrowful becomes joyful, the ill-tempered becomes good-natured, the lazy becomes active, the sleepy ones are awakened. With his magical words he transmutes the iron into gold and the darkness into light. At last he gets up from his seat. For a while he walks to and fro and dictates tablets to the philosopher and the simple man. Now he soars toward the empyrean heights of spirituality, giving us a vision of the glory of the flowers of significances, of the anemones of sanctity, of the roses of paradise. For a while we roam, led by him, in those delectable gardens of Abha, intoxicated with the fragrance of God, and then we find ourselves in the streets, walking toward our home, upborne as on the wings of light.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB

Ramleh, Egypt, Aug. 1, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

What can we do to become a more fitting instrument, a purer channel, a diviner personality, devoted whole-heartedly to the furtherance of the interests of the Bahai cause? Is it through the organizations of various committees, the discussion of various plans, the reading of tablets and words, the delivery of public addresses, the expounding of the holy utterances, the holding of Friday or Sunday meetings, the announcement of the message, the publication and circulation of literature? It may be through any one or all of these, and in fact each one of the above questions is important in its own place. But from a larger outlook it is through the attraction of the heart, the purity of conscience, the spirituality of the ideals, the concentration of selflessness, the leaping forth of the fire of the love of God, and the entire renunciation of self.

In the last few days many tablets have been revealed for the dear Persian believers, and therefore it is very fitting to translate a few extracts:

"The long journey over land and sea, the innumerable difficulties in the morn and eve, the lack of rest and sleeplessness, the delivery of detailed addresses in public congregations, the meeting of the people from sunrise to midnight in America, answering countless questions and withstanding the hardship of the trip, the different kinds of weather, etc., have left their impressions

upon this earthly constitution, and the result is great weakness.-- It is now a few days that I am in Ramleh, and, feeling somewhat better, I am engaged in writing to you.

"Convey infinite longing and love on behalf of Abdul Baha to all the believers of God. Day and night I am remembering the friends, kneeling before the Threshold and begging for them the confirmation of the Kingdom of Abha. I hope that from now on the broken chain of correspondence will be taken up, and through the protection and preservation of the Blessed Beauty the pen will be set in motion."

"The glances of divine providence are always vouchsafed; the infinite bestowals are continually descending. These are clear evidences that in the service of the cause of God you are confirmed. Know ye the value of this most great favor, and render ye thanksgiving unto the Threshold of God by day and by night, because you have adorned your heads with such glorious crowns and have illumined such a light-giving candle in the assemblage of the world. Now the value of the greatness of this station is hidden and invisible, but ere long it will become evident and manifest."

"Thank thou God that thou art assisted in serving the believers of God. Thou art the enkindled brazier of the fire of love and a lamp in the utmost purity through which the light of God's attraction shines forth. Appreciate the value of this divine favor. Be thou self-sacrificing, and give thou exhilaration and rejoicing to the friends of God, and engage them in the adoration and



thanksgiving of the most glorious Lord with infinite gladness and happiness."

To-day the Beloved came to see us in the morning. He was rather weak, and sat on a chair in the veranda. He asked Mirza Moneer to bring the tablets he dictated yesterday to be corrected. For half an hour he read them over and made a few corrections here and there. Then he dictated a tablet to Mharaj Couch Bahar of India. He dictated eight cablegrams for the various cities of Persia, giving the believers the good news of his health, and then went out to call on Mirza Abul Fazl.

For the first time since my arrival in Ramleh I went to the meeting in the house of Khorassani. There were many Persian and Arabian Bahais present. After our entrance, according to the lovely Eastern custom rose water was given us to anoint our faces. Then tea was served and conversation started. I told them something about our American trip, in which they were greatly interested. We spoke about certain people who, after rising to a great station in the cause, suddenly fall and are forgotten. One of the old believers illustrated this subject as follows: "If a person scales only a few steps of a ladder and falls, it is possible for him to get up, shake off the dust, heal his bruises, and scale the ladder again. But if he falls from the highest step of the ladder it will be most difficult for him to get up." Then an old man was chanting one of the very spiritual supplications of Baha'o'llah when some one brought in the news that "our Lord is coming." Immediately the old man stopped his monotonous chant, all the voices

were hushed, everybody was on his feet waiting the entrance of the lord of mankind. As he entered all the heads bowed down, and he walked toward the upper part of the room, and sitting with majesty and grandeur he spoke in Arabic for the sake of the Arabic believers. He talked only for a few minutes, on the pyramids and their antiquity. As he left the room he called me to go out with him. I was very happy. He spoke with much gentleness and kindness. Although he does not feel strong he is at all times thinking of the welfare and comfort of his servants. He walked back home, but with considerable exertion. In connection with some one in the cause he said:

"I desire every Bahai to be severed and detached. If he passes between two mountains of gold he must not look on either side. Those souls who have entered under the shade of the Blessed Perfection must show such independence as to astonish the people of the world. If men come to them with money and supplicate them to accept they must reject it."

On our way home Mirza Ali Akbar brought the news that the Greatest Holy Leaf and daughter of the Master, with Shougi Effendi and five or six others, had arrived. This was, of course, great news. The Beloved came to our house, sat for one hour, drank a cup of coffee, and then left us for the other home to see the newcomers. In the evening Shougi Effendi brought me a few letters from America sent by Ahmad Yazdi, and the new book of Mr. Horace Holly, "The Modern Social Religion," just out and put on the market.

Ahmad Sohrab.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB

Ramleh, Egypt, Aug. 2, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

To-day the Beloved did not come to see us in the morning, because he was entertaining the Greatest Holy Leaf and the rest of the friends who have come with her. In the Bahai cause she is a unique woman. She has devoted all her life to the service of humanity. She is a glorious star set upon the crown of womanhood. She is a light-giving personality. Everybody loves her, because she is a loving mother and sister to every Bahai. Her noble life is a glorious epic of self-sacrifice, generosity, kindness. She radiates joy and ecstasy and is the worthiest representative of her kind. All those who have come within the radius of her calm, spiritual influence and have spoken even a few words with her bear testimony to the fact that she is a heavenly soul, apart from her kind, wonderfully spiritual, highly refined and attuned with the ethereal music of the celestial spheres. Well may all womankind be proud of her sweet life, spent in the path of God, consecrated to the love of God, and dedicated to the service of the Almighty. I hope I shall become enabled to write more about her in the future.

Rouhi Effendi and his mother left to-day for Haifa.

Rouhi Effendi is about fourteen years old. He has captivated my heart and I have surrendered. What a sweet soul he is! I love him, oh, ever so much. He is so polite, so gentle, so humble, so beautiful, so pure, so noble. What a wonderful person he will become when he has grown to manhood. Watch him. Some day I hope he

will become a great power in the cause. All morning we awaited the dawn of the Sun, and our expectation was not fulfilled before five o'clock. We would have been deprived of seeing him had it not been for the sake of two pilgrims who have just arrived from Persia. One is from Yazd, the other from Khorassan, one of the relatives of the Bab-el-Bab. I was going to take a walk when I saw the Master dressed in his pure white garment, walking slowly and with such majesty toward me. I stood aside in reverent attitude till he arrived; then I followed him. He felt very tired and restless, because he had been writing and reading during the hours of the day. He said:

"I wish so much I could go away from all the people for several weeks and do nothing but rest." He sighed, and I wondered whether he would be happy then, because I have not seen him really rest one day. He entered the house, and our dear pilgrims wanted to kneel before him and kiss his hands, but he sweetly prevented them from doing so. He inquired from each how the cause is progressing in their respective cities. The one from Yazd answered that the cause is spreading very rapidly in his city, the teachers of the movement are very zealous and active, the meetings are very warm, and that every day from ten to fifteen people are taught at their various gatherings. The Master praised their zeal and courage, and expressed the hope that they will increase their enthusiasm and the power of teaching. He said: "This is the day of teaching. This is the day of service. This is the day of the illumination of the world of humanity. Nothing else will give permanent results. This is our work." Then he left us, but our

hearts were filled with his love, a love which never grows dim, but is light upon light.

Then I went out, walking toward the Hotel Plaisance, where Mr. and Mrs. Sprague, Miss Hiscock and Mr. Atwood live. I had a most interesting talk with Mr. Atwood. He is very cultured and learned, and the Master thinks highly of him. He writes articles for the magazines, is well-informed on many subjects, and has lived in Ramleh for nearly four years. From now on I hope to call on him as often as I can, for I love him exceedingly. He is a man of intelligence and sound mind.

I will bring this letter to a close by the translation of a few extracts from tablets:

To a father whose son is a teacher in the cause:

"Every son does not become the cause of the glory of his parents. How many sons turn out to be fruitless and unfaithful. Therefore render thanksgiving unto the Lord, for thou hast such a kind and skillful son. He is a servant of the cause, and very efficient. He is favored at the Threshold of the most glorious King. His heart and soul are vivified through the breaths of the Merciful. His eyes are turned toward the horizon of His Highness the Unconstrained. His tongue is fluent with divine proofs and evidences, and his nostrils are perfumed with the sweet fragrances of the Clement One."

About the future of Persia:

"Now the region of Nur is the birth-place of the Speaker

on the Mount. Consider to what grandeur, importance and splendor it shall attain throughout the future ages and cycles. It shall become the nest of the paradise of the kingdom, the forest for the lions of the forgiving Lord, the holy ground for the people of all the nations, and the abode of the angels of the Most High, because the fire of Sinai flamed forth from the region of Nur and the Most Great Luminary dawned from that horizon. But a thousand times, alas, that the inhabitants of that country are yet heedless and unaware. Ere long they shall become awakened and mindful, and they shall glorify and magnify the Lord for these privileges."

About his western trip:

"O ye illumined friends of Abdul Baha! It is now well nigh three years that like unto the wind I have been crossing vast deserts, and like unto the nestless and shelterless bird day and night have I been singing over mountain slopes. Now in the midst of the ocean I watched the crest of the furious tempests, and then while traveling I beheld the vastness and the immensity of the wilderness. One moment of rest I enjoyed not; one second of peace I sought not. Throughout many cities of the Occident I delivered the glad tidings of the appearance of the Sun of the Orient, and in many churches did I raise the cry of Ya Baha el Abha, and before innumerable audiences with resonant voice I gave the gospel of the kingdom. Praise be to God that the rays of the Sun of Reality are shining upon the East and the West, changing the dark night into luminous days. From every direction the cry of Ya Baha el Abha is being heard, and from every side the voice of 'O my Lord the

Supreme' reaches to the zenith of heaven. In short, after great difficulties, from the West I have returned to the East. For a while I shall tarry in Egypt in order that I may gain a little strength and energy; perchance, God willing, I may render a service to the Threshold of God, and at the court of the Beauty of Abha I may be confirmed in thraldom. If the believers of God loosen the tongue of teaching, undoubtedly in a short time this world will become another world, the rays of the Most Great Luminary shall shine, and the darkness be transformed into the illumination of the East and the West."

Ahmad Sohrab.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB

Ramleh, Egypt, Aug. 3, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

His Holiness the Bab hath said that every day before sunrise the spiritual sustenance of mankind is provided and distributed. Similarly, how appropriate it is to adorn the beginning of every letter with the name of the Lord of mankind and with quotations from the tablets revealed from the tongue of the Beloved. He thus writes to a Persian believer:

"The cloud of beneficence hath poured down the rain of guidance upon the East and the West; the rays of the Sun of Reality hath shone forth upon all the inhabitants of the world; but out of the brackish ground nothing will grow except thorns and thistles, and the effulgences of the Orb of Truth do not penetrate through the black stone. Therefore thank thou God that thy pure heart was the clear mirror reflecting the radiant rays of divine guidance, and thy mind was the fertile soil, because through the downpour of the rain of grace there appeared the flowers and anemones of wisdom. Thank thou God for this eminent bounty, for verily thou art one of those who has attained."

About his western trip:

"Thy letter was received. Thou hast lamented and complained because for some time since thou hast not received any letters from Abdul Baha. For forty years Abdul Baha was kept in prison, but his infinite longing was to spread the word of God with a resonant voice throughout all the countries and loosen his tongue



in the exposition of truth and the teaching of the cause. No sooner was he freed from prison and incarceration than he hastened to every clime and country. On every mountain he raised the cry of 'He is God!' and in every city he spoke with public-spirited men. In every garden he sang a new melody and song, and like unto the bird of the morning he raised the note of 'Ya Baha el Abha!' In every meeting he elucidated the teachings of the divine cause, and while traveling through the western countries he summoned all to the kingdom of God. Under such circumstances there was no time to write, and therefore correspondence was neglected."

This is the first day of the month of Ramadan, the month of Mohammedan fasting. The Beloved made this announcement this morning as he entered the house. He sat down on the veranda and spoke on the subject of fasting. The Mohammedans are very strict about it. One must eat, smoke and drink nothing from sunrise to sunset. As the eastern calendar is lunar, therefore the month of fasting falls in different seasons. As a result of this arrangement this month is in August - a month extremely hot and the days exceptionally long. The laborers and farmers suffer very much from thirst during the day, but they cannot break the laws of their religion. If by mere chance they find a Mohammedan eating in the streets, he will be severely punished by the Sheikh. In the evenings every good Mohammedan goes to the Mosque to pray, and strictly obeys all the ceremonials connected with this holy month. It is supposed that every person, whether he understand or not, should read the Koran at least once from first to last.

The Master told Mirza Ali Akbar to go to Alexandria and

bring our two new pilgrims to live with us. They had taken rooms in a native hotel somewhat down town. By three o'clock they were here, full of joy and delight because they were going to be near the Beloved and see him every day. In the afternoon he came, and as there were present several Arabian believers he talked in Arabic on physical and spiritual fasting. Real fasting is to abstain from carnal desires and the promptings of the ego. Fasting must purify the heart from every stain of egotism, replacing material tendencies with spiritual susceptibilities, refining the moral fiber, intensifying the fire of the love of God, cleansing the self from the cross of haughtiness, teaching self-abnegation and humility, and dispelling the darkness of ignorance.

When the Beloved left, the audience was scattered, and each one took a path for a brief stroll. In a few minutes I found myself in the Hotel Plaisance, talking with Mr. Atwood, Miss Hiscock and a very charming Turkish lady. She spoke French and English quite well, besides three or four other languages.

I shall end this day also by quoting here the translation of another tablet in full.

\*Through the Rev. Promotho Lall Sen  
To His Highness Prince Maharaj Couch Bahar  
Upon him be greeting and praise!

H E I S G O D !

O happy starred Prince and noble King!

The gift you have forwarded was very acceptable, because

it was from your Highness that it came. Especially this exiled one over mountain and plain, and this wanderer over land and sea, took that cup as a symbol signifying: 'I am thirsty for the water of reality, and longing for intoxication with the wine of knowledge.' Therefore I upraised the hand of supplication toward the kingdom of the Incomparable One, praying: 'O thou Almighty! Deign to fill this divine goblet with the wine of thy love, and overlook this golden goblet with the chalice of thy grace, so that the friends and the strangers may become intoxicated with the wine of "Am I not your Lord?" and the shareless ones may become the adorers of the ideal wine.' In short, I offered the utmost of prayer and supplication at the Threshold of the Possessor of Glory, that the leader of the worthies, the glorious Ameer, your kind father, may be submerged in the ocean of divine grace, become intoxicated with the wine of celestial bestowal and favor, obtain peace of the spirit in the rose garden of the Merciful, in the midst of the paradise of knowledge, and attain to the station of transfiguration in the delectable heaven of God.

May the Almighty confer the happiness of both worlds upon thee - that happy starred prince, - grant eternal happiness and joy never-ending, suffer thee to become the manifestation of confirmation, and inspire thee under all circumstances with a new spirit. This is the prayer of this wanderer in behalf of that leader of freed men.

Upon thee be greeting and praise!

(Signed) Abdul Baha Abbas."

Mirza Mahmud and Mirza Ali Akbar are present and send you their sincere Bahai love and devotion. They often think and speak of the wonderful days in America.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB

Ramleh, Egypt, Aug. 4, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

Praise be to God that you have heard the call of reality, listened to the clarion of wisdom, quaffed the water of eternal life, hastened toward the arena of knowledge, embraced the beloved of truth, voiced the message of the kingdom, been quickened by the breaths of the Holy Spirit, stirred by the glad tidings of the Lord of hosts and rejoiced by the wonderful words of the Master. May your hearts be as fountains from which the limpid water of divine poesy may ever flow. May your hearts be as rose gardens wherein the flowers of idealism and world-embracing thoughts grow and develop. May your spirits be as mines out of which the nuggets of love and jewels of friendship are produced. Yours is a heavenly heritage. Your inner world, like a beautiful meadow, is carpeted with the hyacinths of affection, the violets of harmony, the anemones of immortal ideals, and the lilies of spiritual susceptibilities. Let the nostrils of the people of the world be thereby perfumed. Do not hide these tender flowers under the bushel. God has given them to you. Let the light shine. Sing like unto the nightingale. Gird up the loins of endeavor. Soar heavenward. Step into the arena of activity. Diffuse the radiance of the celestial light. Leap forward. Raise the ringing watchword of Ya Baha el Abha. Do not tarry. Travel on and on in the mystic realms of guidance. Your helper is Baha'o'llah. Your inspirer is Abdu'l Baha. Your co-workers are the angels of the supreme concourse. You have

had the inestimable privilege of seeing the king of kings and hearing his spiritual teachings. You have known the truth, and the truth hath made you free. What greater blessing is there than this? This is the eternal glory and everlasting life. May you become confirmed by the Supreme Will and arise to perform that which shall win the good pleasure of the Lord.

In order to teach this cause effectively every Bahai must become a clear channel for the expression of the love of God, the focalization of the knowledge of God, and the manifestor of the attributes of God. We are all his servants, and before his throne we stand with the utmost of humility. We must magnify our efforts, strive in the pathway of righteousness, illumine the world of humanity with the rays of brotherhood and interracial feeling and upraise the standard of the solidarity of mankind. This is our work; this is the task for us. With the assistance of God and the cooperation of all the public-spirited men we shall and will not fail.

Hardly were we out of our bed when Khosro rang the bell. Haji Sayad Javad and myself were summoned by the Beloved. I wondered why the Master called us two to his presence. When we arrived at the door of the apartment Khosro made a sign to wait, bringing two chairs for us to sit. The door was shut and we could see nothing. In a moment I heard the sweet voice of a woman. Oh, she was chanting a prayer, and I was all attention. I knew now what it is. Like a flash it dawned upon me. It was the family morning prayer offered at the Threshold of Baha'o'llah and presided over by the Center of his Covenant. I pictured to my mind a

spiritual social body when every home is a temple of God like the home of the Beloved, from whose hearth every morning the chants of thanksgiving and praise are sent up to the heaven of the Almighty from the lips of those whose hearts are stirred with spiritual fragrances, their spirits the treasures of the mysteries of God, and their consciences reflecting the longings and aspirations of the angels. The chant continued, soaring higher and higher, carrying me with it to the extent that I was lost to my surroundings. I thought I was listening to the delectable voices of the seraphim and cherubim. Then the voice was degree by degree brought to an end, leaving behind the delicate hues and perfume of the world of God, and filling the void with a rare atmosphere of spirituality, serenity and ecstasy. Then the door was opened and we were bidden into the Master's writing-room. We were told to wait a few minutes longer. As we sat there, the voice of Shougi Effendi was heard, full of pathos and sweetness. While he was chanting, lo! we were entranced by the voice of the Master. I was on my feet involuntarily. What marvelous depths of feeling has his voice. It causes the stones and rocks to dance with joy. He was teaching Shougi Effendi how to chant, and how to control his voice under various expressions. What a heavenly feast I have had this morning, - manna from on high. What a great privilege to have even a mental glimpse at this holy shrine of the lord of mankind, wherein every morning prayers are proffered for the general welfare of all the human race - such prayers as will take root in the very foundation of the social consciousness of every man and woman in this world. How beautiful and perfect it will be when all the families of the

world reflect the same spirit of worship and adoration.

Then the Master entered and told us that as this is the month of Ramadan he cannot serve us tea. He had prepared many envelopes of tablets to be mailed, and he asked Haji Sayad Javad to take them to Port Said to be registered from that point. But he said he must go to Cairo first, just for one night and return. The Beloved told him, "You may go this morning and return as soon as possible." While I was in his presence, the mail-man brought several letters from America and four big packages of the magazine "Travel" kindly sent by Mr. Roy C. Wilhelm. These magazines delight many hearts. Already several copies are with Shougi Effendi; some of them are with Mr. Atwood. Everybody is interested in the pictures of travel. To-night Khosro went through them all, and whenever he saw the picture of a ship he gleefully declared, "This is the 'Titanic'!" I will appreciate it if the friends could send to my address every month some of the current magazines and papers. They will delight the hearts of many friends, especially those magazines containing many photographs. There is no need of sending old magazines.

In the afternoon I called on the Master. He was sitting in the balcony. He asked me about the news from America. I read to him the letters just received from Miss Thompson, Mrs. Ralston, Miss M. Magee, Mrs. Fraser, etc. After half an hour's talk about the cause in America he left the house, accompanied by myself. In the streets almost everybody pays voluntary respect to him. The police standing at the corner salutes him; the man sitting on the ground gets up as though compelled to do so by a superior force. He

walked toward our house and surprised every one by his sudden appearance. For nearly an hour he sat in the veranda watching the slow stream of life passing by. Now and then he spoke in monosyllables, and then he took his customary walk.

During the days of Ramadan life is very interesting just before and after sunset. Before sunset everybody is exhausted with hunger and thirst; the cafes are filled by the crowd waiting anxiously the setting of the sun; and the streets are a hustling motley of humanity after sunset, because once they have satisfied their needs they go out to the restaurants, amusement places, etc.

Mirza Abul Fazl came to us in the evening and told us a few incidents out of the rich treasure of his life. When he was imprisoned in Teheran with eleven others, there was an old man amongst them by the name of Mirza Mohammed Reza. He was well-known for three rare qualities: firmness, fearlessness and truthfulness. He defied all the prison authorities by his courage, and all the enemies by his firmness, and set at naught the intrigues of all the foes by his truthfulness. "Whenever," Mirza Abul Fazl said, "one of the ministers of the court, Hajeb-ed-Dowla, came to the prison to investigate the condition of some one, Mirza Mohammed Reza would run to him and keep on talking into his ears for a few minutes with great earnestness. Finally Hajeb-ed-Dowla would turn to him, and with a despairing look say: 'Sir, this is impossible. I cannot do it. Why did you not ask the Prince Nayeb-Eos-Sultaneh about it? He can do it. He is the authority.'" At last one day we asked him, 'What is this you are talking with Hajeb-ed-Dowla about whenever he comes to the prison, and which he refuses you so emphatically?' He



said: 'I ask and plead with him to sentence me to death. I tell him I am an old man; I am of no good to the world; I want to bathe my body in blood for the sake of Baha'o'llah. Please! Please! I beg of you to do something for me. Is this too much favor that I ask of you? Are you not kind enough to fulfil this last wish of an old man? Praise be to God that you are an influential man. But he does not listen to me and answers me loudly the way you have all heard.' At another time the chief of the jailers passed by him and scornfully pointed out his long hair: 'Why do you keep your hair so long? What for?' And laughing, Mirza Mohammed Reza asked him, 'What is that insignia on thy breast?' 'It is the sign of my office,' he answered with great flourish. 'So is this!' pointing to his hair, - 'the sign of a Bahai!'

Now just think, to talk in this fashion in an Oriental prison to your prison authorities who used to hold the sentence of life and death in their own hands. It is fairly incredible. One could write a most interesting pamphlet of the anecdotes connected with this singular man, especially the way he accepted the Bab and Baha'o'llah long before they declared themselves. Mirza Abul Fazl was giving us the graphic description of another prison scene and he had just reached its climax when the door opened and the Master came in. Apparently he felt well and in a happy mood. All of went into another room and were permitted to sit down.

"Last Friday," he said, "I went to the Mosque of Sidi Jahar. There were many Mullahs. One of them started to pray, while another began to chant the verses of the Koran. I could hear neither, so I addressed the one who was reading the prayer in a

loud voice: 'What art thou doing? Hast thou not heard the saying of Mohammed that when El Koran is read every one must listen?' The man turned red and was ashamed, and all the other Mullahs looked at each other wonderingly. During the early years of our arrival in Acca one night I was invited to a feast wherein for the edification of the guests El Koran was chanted by very good singers. Mohammedans, having forgotten their reverence for the holy things, and overlooking the injunction of Mohammed, smoke and talk on such occasions. When I arrived there was a hubbub of confusion, people chatting, smoking, talking and drinking coffee and tea; and in the corner of the room there were two singers who chanted the Koran very beautifully, but no one listened to them. I looked around, and there sat beside me a very fanatical man, Mullah Sadek. I asked whether this is right, and whether according to the text of the Koran these people should not remain quiet, listening. He said, 'Yes.' 'Then enjoin the law of God upon them,' I told him. Mullah Sadek got up from his seat, and with a loud voice cowed them into silence. 'Shut up!' he hurled at them with a tremendous fury, and went for their hubble-bubbles, pipes, glasses, cups, breaking them all in his religious zeal. He broke the hubble-bubble of the judge. He harangued them for their lack of religious spirit, their forgetfulness of the laws of God, and their awful disobedience. The people were astonished and thought he had turned a lunatic. But from that time on, at all the feasts, while the Koran was chanted, nothing was served, and everybody was attentive. Although Mullah Sadek considered us as infidels, yet he used to come every night to my house, staying for supper and talking until midnight. He was so

fanatical that if any person deviated one hair's breadth from the prescribed form of the religion he would consider him an atheist."

The Beloved continued talking and relating several funny stories, laughing and making us laugh. "I told you these stories to make you laugh to-night," and he arose from his seat to leave us. When he passed by me he raised his twinkling eyes and looked at me with laughter - that divine, inimitable laughter - and raising his hand brought it down on my cheek. It was a hard blow and everybody enjoyed it, especially myself. It has been some time since I have received a "love-pat" and I was thinking I am out of favor. A love-pat from the Master is worth all the kindness of the people of the world.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB

Ramleh, Egypt, Aug. 5, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

Let me commence another letter with the translation of the words of the Beloved revealed to the Persians.

"It has been some time since Abdul Baha has been deprived from correspondence, because he has been engaged in the delivery of public addresses. He has been speaking constantly. He was crying out at every morn and shunning rest at every eve. On many a night and day he has been giving the glad tidings of the appearance of the kingdom of mysteries, in the temples of the friends and strangers. This delay in correspondence comes from the lack of time and opportunity. Otherwise you are always before my sight. It is hoped from the favor of the self-subsistent Lord that your hearts may be flooded with a new effulgence,- that is, you may obtain a new joy and ecstasy, and leap high like an inextinguishable flame, so that the fame of your love may reach to all the regions."

"The meetings thou art holding in thy house are the means of strengthening the hearts of the spiritual ones, the guidance of the seekers, and the awakening of the sleepy ones. Those meetings are illumined with the splendor of divine providence, and like unto the rose garden of wisdom they are adorned with the flowers of significances and ideals. I hope that those meetings may progress day by day."

"O thou who art attracted by the fragrances of God!

"Every person is a farmer. One sows the seeds of industry; another scatters the acorns of commerce, and a third farms politics. Although these various agricultural pursuits are crowned with harvests, yet they do not enjoy the blessings of the eternal springtime, neither can they gather many inexhaustible harvests. But as the friends of God are scattering seeds in the farm of reality they will gain unending harvests and age-abiding blessings, and they will collect throughout the centuries and cycles thousands of harvests. Now praise be to God that thou art sowing the seeds in the ground of truth, and art the farmer of His Highness the Peerless One."

"Thank thou God that such a light of guidance shone in the court of thy heart and soul. Thirsty wert thou and thou didst attain to the water of eternal life. Sick wert thou and thou didst receive the most glorious antidote of the glorious Lord."

"Your letter was received. I supplicated and entreated at the Threshold of the Kingdom of Abha to confer upon you a new grace and bounty, so that those souls may ever walk in the straight path, move in the ancient highway of the Lord, and be seekers of truth and speakers of truth. This is the utmost hope of Abdul Baha."

"O thou servant of the Threshold of the Blessed Perfection!

"Offer thou glorification and thanksgiving unto the Lord

that the radiant morn of the Most Great Guidance appeared from the dawning place of the heart and spirit; the musk-diffusing fragrance of the garden of reality reached the nostrils; the divine confirmation rent asunder the veils; the sight and insight beheld the most glorious signs; the dove of the love of God returned to the meadow of the Covenant, and the moth of attraction circled around the divine lamp."

Our home was illumined very early this morning with the presence of the Beloved. He walked in with confident strides, his face beaming with joy and health. The sun of his countenance irradiated happiness, and in turn we were made glad. Our peaceful life depends upon his health, and it is diverted from its natural course whenever he is not feeling well.

"To-day I am very well," he said, while sitting. "For the last two nights I have slept very well." We could see the corresponding effect of these two statements on his animated face. It had not any of the former weariness. Then he spoke about fasting, and how it is necessary for the rich to think of the poor during the month of Ramadan. "Those souls who prefer themselves to others are tied with selfish iron bands; but those who prefer others to themselves are the benefactors of the human race. Such was the conduct and the life of Baha'o'llah. When we were imprisoned in the military barracks of Acca there was a small, primitive bath in which the Blessed Perfection took an occasional bath. When the time arrived for our departure from the barracks we rented a very small house in the town. It was a two story house, having two

rooms on the lower and four rooms on the upper floor, but they were very small indeed. On the other hand, our party consisted of many people, and we wondered how all these souls could be accommodated in this small house. Finally thirteen of us agreed to live in one room. They lived and slept and worked in this one small room. We lived in this house for well-nigh twenty years. It so happened that although the house was small, yet it contained some sort of a bath, and so the Blessed Perfection could use it as often as he wished. At the end of twenty years we rented a much larger house, but it had no bath. I went to Baha'o'llah and asked permission to build one. The more I begged the stronger was his refusal. I said, 'With only fifty pounds a little, comfortable bath can be built,' but he did not give his consent. Finally a month passed and I was quite worried. At last I went to an Arab friend of mine and borrowed from him two hundred and fifty pounds at two per cent. This money I took to a merchant who was in former times a grain dealer, but now out of work. I told him: 'We will enter into a partnership, I to furnish the capital, you the labor. With this fund you will deal four months in grain. After paying off all the expenses of rent, etc., and receiving your monthly salary, we will divide the net profit: one third for you and two thirds for me.' We entered into this agreement and engaged in business. After four months we cleared our accounts. I paid the debt with its two per cent, the merchant received his one third of the net profit, all the other expenses were defrayed, and eighty pounds left in the balance for me. With that sum, then, I built a bath in the house which is kept intact up to the present day."

Then the conversation was turned upon another subject: how outward circumstances, such as wealth, honor, title, even spiritual gifts, make some people proud and haughty instead of humble. About this the Master told the following story:

"It is said that at one time a king went out traveling incognito. He put on a humble suit of clothes and started on his way. After a few days' journey he lost his way in the scorching desert, and finally reached the door of an Arab's tent. The Arab, finding the man exhausted from the heat and hunger, dragged him under the shade. When the king was revived he asked the Arab what he had to eat and drink. 'I have a goat-skin of wine and a little goat,' the Arab answered. 'Very well; bring the wine and kill the goat to be cooked,' he said. The wine was brought. When the king drank one cup he looked at the Arab and said, 'Do you know who I am?' 'No.' 'Then you must know that I am a soldier in the king's army.' The Arab was glad to entertain a brave man. He drank another cup. 'Do you know who I am?' 'Who are you?' 'I am a minister in the king's council chamber.' 'I am delighted to receive such a distinguished statesman.' A third cup was taken. 'Do you know who I am?' 'Well?' 'I am the king himself.' The Arab could stand it no longer. He arose from the place and took from him the goat-skin of wine. 'Why do you do this?' the guest asked astonished. 'Because I believe if you drink another cup you will declare yourself to be the prophet of God, and a fifth cup may raise you to the station of God, so it is better for you to cool down a little, to cool down a little!'"

He left us with laughter and joy in his face and gladness



in our souls.

At five o'clock he returned, and with Mirza Ali Akbar went out to call on Mirza Abul Fazi. He returned after two hours and complained of fatigue, because he was speaking all the time with several Arabs who had made an appointment to see him. He said from morning to this very moment the beggars of all nationalities and religions have knocked at his door, every one demanding money, and naturally receiving. Even at this very moment there is a beggar waiting outside, and he gave me some money to send off this beggar. His munificence extendeth to all creation. He giveth freely to all, without distinction of race and color. Our duty in life is to follow his glorious example, take care of our poor in the time of need, and practise charity and kindness. I do not see nor hear what he does or says all day long, but I am sure every moment is spent in the thought how to make the world better, how to improve the conditions of mankind, how to raise the standard of moral consciousness, and how to make the hearts more glad. Before leaving us he uttered the following words:

"The duty of the believers of God is to be servants to each other and attend to each other's wants. I am the servant of the friends of God."

Ahmad Sohrab.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB

Ramleh, Egypt, Aug. 6, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

When I desired to arise this morning my head reeled like a spinning-wheel and I fell back on my bed. I did not know what was the cause, unless it was occasioned by the long walk I took in the sun yesterday morning and afternoon. Every time I tried to rise and work the world went round and round, my eyes saw the fixed objects as moving, and my whole body shivered. I was dazed and could not move. I thought I would lie down quietly on my bed and say nothing for a few hours. All morning I felt anything but well, and about noon I fell into a semi-sleep. When I awoke I realized that my head was cleared from the fog and dizziness of the morning. It was about four o'clock when I dragged myself out of bed and with much difficulty tried to dress. I was weak still and yet a trifle dizzy, so the past events of the last year and this, the happenings of extraordinary occurrences in connection with the cause, the historic tour of the Beloved through the United States and Europe, and our present quiet stay in Ramleh, - What does this future hold for me? I asked subconsciously. I cannot point to my past with satisfaction. I have not been confirmed to render any signal service to the cause. All my efforts and endeavors in this great field have been painfully small and of no consequence. Others have achieved great victories, while I have failed to put forth an extraordinary will, a self-sacrificing step and a truly lofty exertion. What have I done? I repeatedly asked the inner monitor. And the answer

came back every time, Nothing. I felt very sad. All the past years wasted and the sum total is zero. What can I do in the future to amend the past? What road shall I take which will lead me to spiritual success? What course is the best to pursue? How can I distinguish the path leading me to my expected destination and the trail which is ended in the wild desert surrounded by violent winds and awful sand-storms? For of one thing I am wholly certain, and that is this: I love the cause of Baha'o'llah. I adore Abdul Baha. I love the believers of God. I am ready at every moment to give up my life for any one of them. But what can I do to prove this claim? So far I have been stating it in word. How can I translate it into deeds? Baha'o'llah hath caused for us the descent of all the divine blessings. He hath spread before us a heavenly table containing all kinds of spiritual foods. He hath left among us his son - the Center of his Covenant - to interpret his words and to spread his universal message. He hath summoned into existence wonderful souls all over the world to promulgate his principles. Now I, who am I - poor private in this victorious army? Have I done my duty? Have I performed my responsibility? No! the emphatic answer came back. Then I must trust to the future. I must let the lamp of hope burn. I must let remorse and pessimism go. If I fall I must rise immediately and push forward. The same God who assisted others will no doubt come to my help if I am capable of becoming the recipient of his bounty. But who is going to be my guide? I asked half aloud, as though I had been speaking with a second person. Just at this juncture the door was opened and the Beloved entered, followed by Shougi Effendi. I felt

in my heart of hearts that I have received my answer.

No sooner had he sat down than we gathered around him like moths around the candle. Little by little the believers arrived. Then Miss Hiscock came with an Arabic believer, a tall young man. The Master spoke with him on spiritual union of the hearts irrespective of color or nationality.

"This is one of the wonders of this age, that an Oriental and an Occidental can meet each other on a common ground. Although there exists amongst them no racial, no patriotic, no political relations, yet they love each other as though they belong to the same race. This is the spiritual relationship. Often two brothers, reared in the same family, are antagonistic against each other, but you two, who are remote from each other, are in reality as brother and sister. Happy are you because you have drunk from this spiritual fountain and attained to the reality of existence!"

Then he spoke about his western trip, mentioning the names of the various cities of America, and how his time was engaged in those places, and although often he did not feel well he was happy because he could teach the cause and spread the glad tidings.

After the sunset he ordered tea, and in the calm atmosphere of a lovely eastern night we felt more than ever his majesty and power. He is the king of our hearts and spirits, and our love for him is increased daily. He left very quietly, followed by an Arabic believer. I felt a new ray of hope is dawning over the horizon of my soul. After dinner I desired to be all alone to contemplate the divine sweetness of the Beloved. Contrasting my condition

in the morning and this evening, I was a different person. I sailed out of the house all alone. Walking through the avenues and streets, I looked up at the millions of stars which were shining in their accustomed glory. I walked on and on. The night was beautiful. The eastern sky was a radiant court of galaxies of stars. They were the shining lamps of God. At last I was fatigued and I sat on a broken wall. I looked around. There was no one in sight. The sadness of the morning was changed to gladness, the hopelessness into hope; the remorse into joyful acquiescence, and the darkness into light. I was confident of the future, no matter what might happen. God in his bounty hath guided the ship of my destiny thus far, and he will do the same in the future. I came home with a light step. On my way home I found three other believers who were walking. Each of them is a good Bahai, sincere in his strivings, and longing to be of more useful service. How confident they were; how simple, how spiritual, how glorious their faith! They inspired me with greater faith, a larger effort, and a higher exaltation. In the darkness of the night there arose a great light, full of radiance and beauty. I stepped into the house very happy. My heart was singing. The future is in the hands of God!

Ahmad Sohrab.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB

Ramleh, Egypt, Aug. 7, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

From where I sit on the veranda the great clock of the New Victoria Hotel is visible, wherein the Beloved has staid both at this and the other times. The manager, with much pride and self-satisfaction, shows to the guests the various rooms occupied by the Master. He knows something about the cause, and recognized the great honor and blessing bestowed upon himself and his hotel. When the Master was here last time he gave two large feasts to the numerous pilgrims who had come to visit just before his departure for America. There are a few other hotels and houses in which the Beloved has lived periodically. The homes of the Pashas are really wonderful specimens of the best Renaissance architecture. They resemble very much the houses and villas I have seen in Nice. Wonderful palaces, furnished with taste truly magnificent and lavishly Oriental, are inclosed within a garden, the beauty and charm of which rival any fairyland of nature or the handiwork of man. These villas are surrounded by a wall of about two to four yards. The principal streets are macademized and clean, and the smaller streets are also very much like the garden-streets of Nice. As one walks through them the perfume of the flowers passes by, the branches of the trees overhanging the walls give a cool, inviting shade, and the climbers add to the charming verdancy. A man walking through the streets and looking over at these houses sees all the windows tightly shut at all hours of the day. A stranger might think no

one lives in them, but on inquiring about this strange custom of shutting the windows on hot summer days he is politely told that as the owner is a Mohammedan these windows are shut so that no stranger may see the women living in the houses. Several of the houses of these Pashas are honored by the presence of the Master, for they admire him and his teachings of tolerance and broad-mindedness. It is very strange that, although these men do not believe in the cause, yet they glory before strangers about the existence of Abdul Baha. "Look here," said a very prominent Pasha who has traveled much, has seen the Master many times, knows English well, and has received copies of newspapers and magazines, as he handed the Christian Commonwealth containing an article and photograph of the Master to a visiting Englishman, "We have produced in the Orient such a man as Abbas Effendi, who goes alone to Europe, to America, and through the sheer force of his personality and the wonderful soundness and brilliancy of his philosophy captivates your pulpits and platforms, revolutionizes the current of the western thoughts, opens before your faces vistas of glorious ideals, draws to his audiences thousands of men and women who are deeply attracted to his human and divine wisdom, and the press of the West, from one end to the other, is but one tongue in praising his many virtues and elucidating his system of religion and philosophy. Yes, sir, we are proud of him! We honor him because he comes out of the heart of the Orient. He represents us. He utters our ideals and longings. You have never sent to us a man who could travel in the Orient and deliver lectures as Abbas Effendi has done in the West."

Thus these people are teaching the cause in a way far

more effective than any Bahai can do, because they are men of great influence. They are not believers in the accepted sense, but every one listens to them attentively.

It is strange how one idea brings another. I started to write about the clock of the New Victoria Hotel and ended in an entirely different thing. This clock works in two ways. It has two faces, one giving the eastern and the other the western hour. It is one clock presenting two different aspects of the time - one to be understood by the East, the other by the West. Abdul Baha, from a certain standpoint is this divine clock, who reveals teachings and principles in conformity with the requirements of each hemisphere. The easterner and the westerner may not agree as to the time, but they certainly will agree as to the oneness of the clock. When they look upon the clock it is one; when they see the time it is different. The spirit permeating throughout all these forms is but one; the forms are various. We must ever gaze at the identity of spirit, and not at its different manifestations. Often it has been experienced that people belonging to various nationalities, - religions and sects, forget their points of difference in the presence of Abdul Baha, because he makes them to look at the clock, the oneness of the spirit, and not at the time; he suffers them to drink from the same fountain, and pours upon them the rays of one sun. But once they are out of the circle of his spiritual influence they start again to look at the time, and seeing it different engage in backbiting and gossip-mongering. Thus the Bahais are taught to look at the oneness of the spirit under all circumstances so that they may be free from the limitation of time and space.



This morning the Master did not come to our house, but he passed by, asking for Mirza Ali Akbar. During the day he came in two or three times, but only for a few minutes. His health has improved very much. He seems to be very busy, for he is out often. He pays visits on this or that personage. In the morning our friends told me many interesting stories about how certain people have become Bahais and how some of the believers teach. These stories are really worth recording, for they illustrate the peculiar disposition of a people who may be taught with one line of poetry quoted at the right time, but refuse to listen to all kinds of arguments. In the evening the Beloved came with a number of friends. The tea was prepared according to his directions and was served by himself. He staid for half an hour, speaking now and then about the cause, and encouraging the pilgrims to teach when they are back in the midst of their friends and relatives.

Ahmad Sohrab.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB

Ramleh, Egypt, Aug. 8, 1915.

Dear Friends:-

To-day I played the part of a house-cleaner and a cook. I spent most of my time in the kitchen cleaning dishes, washing the utensils, scrubbing the floor, and dusting the ceiling and the cupboard. It was an object lesson to our cook, who is a lovely Bahai but does not know the simplest lessons of sanitation. When I left the kitchen all the Persians came in and were admiring the cleanliness of everything. The cook is most willing to learn, but there was no one who would take a day off to show him by demonstration what to do. He said: "My parents did not teach me any of these things; in fact, they did not know how." Most of these simple, loving folks have plenty of religion. They are honest, truthful, hospitable, large-hearted, but they lack the knowledge of hygiene. They leave their children dirty; they do not in many cases dress them, because they are afraid of the evil eye. Woe betide any one if he praises or admires the beauty of a child of a strict, orthodox Mohammedan. What they need is knowledge and the inculcation of the sanitary laws. Once they learn these two, little by little they will forget their superstitions of antiquity; the outlook of their cramped lives will be explained, the light of intelligence will shine, and the beauty of holiness appear. The most important thing for them is the supreme knowledge of cleanliness, which is next to godliness. Of course, the Bahai revelation is inculcating this lesson, and they are learning as fast as opportunity is

offered to them. We know right well that spirituality is not dependent upon outward surroundings. It becomes manifest now here, now there, according to the will of God; but we know also how all the manifestations of God have insisted again and again upon outward and inward cleanliness, purity and holiness.

While I was busy with my house-cleaning the Master was dictating tablets for the Oriental believers, to Mirza Moneer. In the morning he came to see the pilgrims, but most of them were not yet up. However, within a few minutes they were in his presence. He asked the cook what he was going to prepare for us. He did not know. He demanded from one after another to know what he liked, and finally the decision was in favor of meat and fried potatoes. He told us the story of a Darvish as follows:

"When we left Bagdad, a Darvish came to me and begged to be a member of the party. I told him the trip would be most difficult. He was willing to accept all manner of hardships. He came with us as far as Constantinople, and when we left for Adrianople he staid behind. After a while he joined us. Having been accustomed to our association he could not live alone. In Adrianople he rented a room in an adjoining Mosque with another friend, and they lived peacefully together for some time. One day the Darvish came to Baha'o'llah saying: "My friend attacked me furiously this morning and gave me a sound beating, but I did not say anything. I was in the state of utmost resignation. After half an hour he returned, kissed my hands and said: 'Verily you have attained the stage of great merit; you are now a saint.'" Baha'o'llah, listening with interest to this story, said, laughing: 'If he beats you

another time and you demonstrate such resignation he may believe you have attained the station of prophethood.'"

In the afternoon the Beloved, passing by, asked for Mirza Ali Akbar, and in a garden near by we could see him walking among the lovely roses, followed by Mirza Ali Akbar. He was talking with him on the object of the coming of the manifestation of God. Before sunset we went to the meeting in the house of Khorassani, but the Master did not come. He was very tired on account of the activities of the day. In the evening a number of Arabs called on him in his own house. One of them had composed an eloquent poem in the Beloved's honor, and read it aloud in his presence. They staid until twelve o'clock, and went away impressed with his knowledge and wisdom.

In a tablet revealed to the Persian believers he says:

"O ye beloved friends of Abdul Baha:

"It is now three years that like unto a nestless and shelterless bird I am wandering over mountains and plains and flying over the wilderness and Sahara. I rested not one moment, neither did I tarry long anywhere. Constantly was I moving and traveling. The call of the kingdom of Abha was raised and the Most Great Glad Tidings penetrated throughout these vast and remote regions. The flag of the cause of God was unfurled over every hill and waved over every country. As I was occupied day and night raising the world-consuming cry of the cause, I failed to correspond with the friends of the heart and the soul; but as soon as I returned to the Orient, notwithstanding weakness and indisposition, I immediately started to correspond, for the utmost desire of the heart and

spirit is to remember the believers and to mention the names of the friends, especially those friends who have been at all times the objects of tests and are submerged in the sea of trials; notwithstanding this, with infinite firmness and steadfastness you withstood the attack of the waves, underwent bravely the violent storm, and guided the ark to the shore of salvation. Therefore I am greatly pleased and most satisfied with the believers of Boushrayah, Kheir-ol-Gara and Faran, and all the believers of Khorassan. I hope that in the future their flame of enthusiasm and the fire of their devotion may be enkindled more than before in Faran and Boushrayah.

"Upon ye and upon the maid-servants of the Merciful be Baha el Abha!

"(Signed) Abdul Baha Abbas."

Ahmad Sohrab.

Boushrayah.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB

Ramleh, Egypt, Aug. 9, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

No matter where we go or what we do the protecting hands of God overshadow us. We are tenderly and wistfully taken care of by him who rules the world of creation. In his mighty grasp he holds the scepter of guidance, and in his hand he carries the golden crown of the heavenly glad tidings. He illumines the hearts of the sincere ones with the light of providence, and summons all the nations to come under the tent of his mercy. He quickens the dead with the breath of the Holy Spirit, and inspires the hearts with the divine knowledge. He adorns the heaven with countless scintillating stars, and commands the winds to blow from every direction. He causes the water to gush out of the adamant rock, and irrigates the soil with the rain of reality. He reveals unto man the mysteries of the kingdom of God, and spreads before him the vision of the paradise of Abha. Glory be unto him for this manifest bestowal. Thanks be unto him for this evident grace. Praise be unto him for this spiritual outpouring. His true servants adore him under all conditions and circumstances. They obey his will and follow his commandments. They lose the self and attain to the station of renunciation. The love of humility courses through the stream of their lives. They become the spiritual springtimes which are followed by no autumn. They constitute the beatific guardians of the rights of men, the heralds of the kingdom of God, the flowers of the rose garden of sanctity and in the image

and likeness of God. They are the angels of the supreme concourse, the fruitful trees of the orchard of the Almighty, and the singing nightingales of the meadow of truth. It is the hope of every Bahai to become the center of these merciful qualities, to attract unto himself these praiseworthy attributes, to surround himself with these wonderful virtues, and to reflect the rays of the sun of righteousness.

A tablet was revealed yesterday for the believers of Esphahan. Esphahan is my native home, and I have of course a secret predilection for that place. The tablet is revealed through Seyed Assadollah of that city, who is a fine young man among the present pilgrims. He leaves to-morrow for his home, going via Constantinople, after having a most memorable visit of many days with the blessed Master. The translation of the tablet is as follows:

"O ye friends of Abdul Baha!

"His honor Seyed Assad'o'llah arrived in Alexandria, and the meeting was obtained. When he received permission for his departure he mentioned your names and asked for a tablet. But Abdul Baha is like unto a bird flying constantly and unflaggingly for many days and nights, and is exhausted. He has not rested one moment and is in the utmost of fatigue and weariness, to such an extent that he has not the endurance of writing even one word. Notwithstanding this, through the tremendous upheaval of the love of God, and the rising of the waves of affection for the believers of God, I am engaged, so that you may realize how this heart is attracted toward those blessed souls and how this heart and soul is

the captive of the memory of the friends.

"In short, it has been some time that in the regions of the West, like unto a breeze wafting, I have been traveling every day over a country, and under all conditions and circumstances I remembered the friends of the East. At every moment the spirit enjoyed a new exhilaration, and often I regretted the fact that I was far from the association of the ancient friends. I did not choose any place as my shelter and abode. This night I was crossing mountain, and that day speeding on the train and in the flower beds. At one time I was traveling in the midst of the great ocean, and at another time landing on the shore of a continent. Day and night I raised my voice and cried out in the name of His Highness the Almighty! Now at last I have reached Alexandria and looked in the faces of the Oriental pilgrims. Praise be to God that I beheld such pilgrims who are in the utmost supplication and adoration of God. I have also remembered you. It is hoped that the rays of the Sun of Reality may so shine upon the East that with one of its effulgences the West may become illumined, that the friends of Persia may be the means of guiding the hearts of the people of other countries and arise in the guidance of the inhabitants of the earth. Praise be to God that the confirmations of the Blessed Perfection like unto the vernal showers descend incessantly and the merciful reinforcements are aiding successively. Therefore, O ye believers of God, avail yourselves of this opportunity. Be ye engaged in the occupation of the souls, and think ye of the unlimited illumination of your hearts. Enlighten the East! Perfume the West and let the nostrils inhale the fragrances! Upon ye be Baha el Abha!"



This morning the Beloved came as a breeze of the early spring wafting from the sylvan woodlands, bringing with him the sweet perfume of Arcadian gardens and Elysian fields. He called each one of us by name, and our hearts glowed in response with unchangeable love. He said to the pilgrims that it was the wonderful love of God that gave him impetus to write so many tablets to the friends of Persia through them, otherwise physically it would have been impossible. Then he said he could not sleep last night because he was submerged in a sea of thought and reflection. Then he gave a contrast between the Oriental and Occidental houses by saying that all the Oriental houses are inclosed within beautiful gardens and courts. If a person cannot sleep at night he can go out in the court, walk around quietly, commune with the stars, and pass the night in the open. But one cannot go out of Occidental houses except to go in the streets; otherwise he may sit all night before his window. After a while he left us, and each one of us busied himself till noon. In the afternoon he returned and asked for Mirza Moncer. While he was standing in front of the house an Arab stopped in his walk and begged for money to feed his children in the evening because he is a stranger in the city. I wondered whether he was telling the truth, but the Master gave him one dollar, which is quite a sum in this part of the world. Then he went into the garden near-by to dictate tablets, but did not. For more than an hour he sat silent, his eyes half closed, only now and then opening them fully to look at the flowers. It was about sunset when he left the garden.

During the afternoon we had with us Mirza Abul Fazl, who

spoke at length on the life of Qurratyl Ain and other interesting Bahai subjects. Especially was I interested in his account of how he did not marry a girl by finding another husband for her on the ground that he was a teacher, one year here, another year there. Her family were anxious for the match, but he did not shoulder the responsibility of a married life.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB

Ramleh, Egypt, Aug. 10, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

My writing-table is in front of a window overlooking the unattractive vision of an untidy back yard. Above my head is the window of our neighbor's kitchen. The only attractive feature is a vine which has grown stately and climbed over a trellis arranged with barb wire. This gives me the clue to tell you that there are fine grapes as well as figs here. There are large tracts of land covered with fig trees on both sides of the track as your trolley car runs into the city. There are red and green fresh figs as large as an orange, if not larger. There is a place about twenty minutes' walk from Ramleh called Sidi Jaber and another village by the name of Persian which produces the best and most luscious figs. All day long the venders cry in the streets "Figs from Persia." Watermelons, pears, apples, are very excellent. There is another kind of fruit called sabr. It is full of thorns, and the vender alone can open it with a knife, offering you the juicy fruit about the size of a good sized egg. This is, however, the height of the season for figs, and every one eats them in great abundance. The vine and fig trees are familiar words to the students of the Bible. "I am the vine and ye are the branches," said Christ. "On that day every man shall sit under his own fig tree," says the Israelitish prophet, expressing unity in diversity, that although different religious systems may carry their peculiar names they will stamp out their former antipathy toward each other, they will enter into a

divine bond of eternal friendship, they will worship God with that broad simplicity, heavenly universality and a spiritual consciousness. Then they will constitute the branches of the same vine, the fruits of the same tree, the stars of the same sidereal circle, the letters of the same book, the pearls of the same depth, the flowers of the same garden, and the tumultuous waves of the same sea.

This morning I was called into the presence of the Beloved. He was very happy, but was quite weak compared to yesterday. He asked for the letters which had come from America and Europe. Most of the letters that come from all over the world are attended to. I returned home and took back with me a package of letters which had accumulated for some time. As soon as he started to dictate, and the words of wisdom like unto a sparkling stream flowed from his blessed lips, he was a transfigured personage. He sat immovable on the sofa, his eyes most of the time shut, but his heart a waving ocean of revelation. Now he revealed a tablet to a believer in Constantinople, and again to a friend in Rangoon. Stuttgart and Switzerland, London and Paris, New York and Honolulu, Washington and Boston, were all presented before the throne of glory, and each received many rays of light. How wonderful and significant appears to me this golden network of spiritual correspondence reaching to the furthest corner of the globe! This correspondence is for the salvation of the world and the illumination of mankind. It is not based upon any commercial or material plan. It is the eternal plan of God to diffuse the fragrance of this spiritual rose and to scatter the rays of this divine sun to all parts of the earth.

Every day an ideal congress of religions or nations is held in the rather small room of the Beloved, and he presides over the proceedings with a dignity and wisdom that is nothing short of miraculous. Some of the friends who became the recipients of the holy tablets are as follows: Miss Beatrice Irwin, Miss Rhoda Nichols, Mrs. Isabel Fraser, Mr. Remy, Miss A. Boylan, Miss Olie Schwarz, Abbas Butt Ali, Mr. Eckstein, Madame d'Ange d'Astre, J. Miller, Dr. Skinner, J. Wieland, Miss Alma Knobloch, Miss Fanny Knobloch, etc., etc. Toward the end, the Master became so excited that he arose from his seat and began to walk to and fro while dictating, and I trying to keep up with the rapidity of his uttered words. When I mentioned the name of one of the believers his whole countenance changed and he was very happy. "How I love him, because he is very sincere in the cause." In his tablet, with a loud and sweet voice he said:

"May His Holiness Baha'o'llah be thy confirmer and helper. May the effulgence of the Sun of Reality be the light of thy path. May the sea of divine confirmation cast its waves over thee. May the cloud of celestial grace pour over thee. May the breeze of providence be the cause of the fragrance of thy nostril. May the treasury of the kingdom be thy wealth. This is the prayer of Abdul Baha in thy behalf."

What a heavenly prayer! What a holy privilege! Then he revealed a most wonderful tablet on the sinfulness of backbiting, faultfinding and gossip, which must be spread all over the Bahai world. Soaring again toward the spiritual realm of eloquence and pausing for a moment he said:

"If these tablets do not stir and move the hearts out of their sleep and do not spur them to insatiable activity, they are harder than stones, because in this condition of weakness I am writing to them with such love and devotion."

It was about 11.30 when I left the holy room and returned to our home with joy in my heart. In the afternoon he went into the rose garden near-by, and while sitting on the soft grass dictated many more tablets to the Persian believers.

In the evening he came to our house. He sat on the veranda. Many believers were gathered around him. He spoke on the opinions of the Theosophists, his interview with Mrs. Besant in London, and other prominent Theosophists in the West, the story of the child being educated in Oxford to become the manifestation of God, and a most instructive exposition of the principles of reincarnation, which was greatly beneficial to all. Mirza Abul Fazl said afterward: "I have read many books on this subject, but have never seen anywhere such clear and lucid arguments."

Ahmad Sohrab.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB

Ramleh, Egypt, Aug. 11, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

Three of our pilgrims - one from Eshahan, another from Yazd, and a third from Ashkabad - departed for their respective countries, carrying with them the glad tidings of the kingdom of Abha. As they travel along from country to country, before reaching their native lands, they will cheer many hearts, console many despondent spirits, reach many souls, and diffuse far and wide the fragrances of the roses of love and affection. How exactly parallel is the promotion of this movement with that of the early Christians. Whole-hearted, spiritual, zealous men and women, without the expectation of any monthly salary, are spreading the cause throughout all the countries of the world. Their only reward is the good pleasure of the lord of mankind. They are affected neither by the praise or the blame of the people. They work for the sake of God. They are always in a good humor, ever teaching their fellow-men the ways of charity and freedom, amity and concord. The Master sent for these pilgrims early in the morning, so that he might see them for the last time and speak to them the words of blessing and comfort. He praised the steadfastness of the Persian believers before the executioner's sword and under the severest trials, how they danced with joy when they were surrounded by the most severe persecutions, and how they faced martyrdom with benign faith and smiling countenances. Some of us went to the station to bid the pilgrims farewell and wish them great courage in their spiritual labor.

Ray this morning I walked toward the sea, and as I passed the base of the Beloved I saw him walking to and fro in his room and talking to the pilgrims who were going to leave at nine o'clock. He did not come all morning, and about noon he passed by our house. About four o'clock he sent for Mirza Moneer. In the rose garden near-by many tablets were dictated to the eastern and western Bahais. These tablets must no doubt carry with them not only the ideal fragrances of the paradise of Abha, but the actual perfume of the flowers stretching before his loving vision. They have a special charm and significance to me, and as I translate or read them the beautiful rose garden with its luxuriant verdancy and fragrant flowers passes before my sight, and I look upon each one of these tablets as a spiritual rose, never-fading, imperishable, sent as a divine gift to the friends of God. These roses of the Kingdom of Abha are being scattered all over the world, perfuming the nostrils of mankind, and not only in these days but throughout all generations to come. Just think of the Beloved. Visualize him in your mind as walking amongst the flower-beds, pausing here to pick a rose, there a carnation, inhaling them in the sweetness of his spirit, and dictating words of life and wisdom.

Herein I will quote for you in its entirety the tablet on backbiting. It is revealed to Dr. M. G. Skinner of Washington, D. C.

H E I S G O D !

O thou my Doctor!

Thy letter was received. Thou hast written regarding thy aims. How blessed are these aims! Especially the lack of backbiting (gossip, faultfinding, etc.) I hope that you may become



confirmed therein. Because the worst human quality and the most great sin is backbiting, and most especially when it emanates from the tongues of the believers of God. If some means were devised so that the doors of backbiting could be shut eternally and each one of the believers of God unsealed his tongue in the praise of the other, then the teachings of His Holiness Baha'o'llah would have been spread, the hearts illuminated, the spirit glorified, and the human world would have attained to everlasting felicity.

I hope that the believers of God will shun backbiting completely (gossip-making and faultfinding), each one praising the other cordially, and believe that backbiting is the cause of the divine wrath; to such an extent that if a person backbites to the extent of one word he may become dishonored amongst the people; because the most hateful characteristic of man is faultfinding. One must expose the praiseworthy qualities of the souls and not their evil attributes. The friends must overlook their shortcomings and faults and speak only of their virtues and not their faults.

It is related that His Holiness Christ (may my life be a sacrifice to him!) one day accompanied by his apostles passed by the corpse of a dead animal. One of them said: "How putrid has this animal become!" Another exclaimed: "How it is deformed!" A third cried out: "What a stench! How cadaverous looking!" But His Holiness Christ told them: "Look at its teeth. How white they are!" Consider that he did not look at all at the defects of that animal; nay, rather he searched well until he found the beautiful white teeth. He observed only the whiteness of the teeth and overlooked entirely the deformity of its body, the dissolution of its organs, and the bad odor.

, This is the attribute of the children of the kingdom.  
This is the conduct and the manner of the real Bahais.  
I hope that all the believers will attain to this lofty  
station. Upon thee and upon them be Baha el Abha!

(Signed) Abdul Baha Abbas.

Toward the evening the Beloved called at the apartment of  
Mirza Abul Fasl, and finding there a few young Arab students spoke  
to them on general subjects. For the present Mirza Abul Fazl is  
writing a book, which may be considered when finished as the chief  
work of his busy and stormy life.

Ahmad Sohrab.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB

Ramleh, Egypt, Aug. 12, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

This is the time that the American believers must give more attention to the spread of the teachings amongst those people who have not yet heard of this movement, so that their petitions may be forwarded to the Beloved. There must be a general forward movement and activity among all the Bahai assemblies of the country. For the moment, personal questions must be forgotten and laid aside, and the supreme question of spreading the lights of the kingdom of Abha gain the upper hand. The Master loves to see the results of the work of the friends. If the believers are teaching new souls, if those later ones have entered the advancing army of the Supreme Concourse, no doubt they would like to write to the Beloved so that their names may be recorded in the book of life. These new souls must be encouraged to write to the Master, while the sun is yet shining from the Center of the Covenant. There are many believers who have received many tablets from Abdul Baha. Many of the Bahais enjoy the privilege of having from one to one hundred tablets, yet they hunger for more. Well, from one standpoint I do not criticise this spiritual greed. But in order to render due praise to God for these unparalleled graces they must teach others, so that new friends may enjoy at least the distinction of receiving one tablet from the Master. I cannot lay enough emphasis on the importance of this subject. The petitions which are received from Persia and various parts of the Orient are penned by new believers,

and every one is a source of great delight to the heart of the Beloved. He loves to see new souls entering the kingdom of God. He experiences a divine joy because he realizes that by virtue of these actual facts his generals are not remaining idle; they are recruiting new soldiers to the army of Abha. The American friends must avail themselves of this great opportunity. They must loose the tongue of eloquence and invite all men to the heavenly banquet. They must speak with holy fire and let the Spirit of God inspire their hearts. While the Master is crying, teaching, speaking, doing good, should we remain silent, indifferent, speechless, mute and voiceless? No! A thousand times no! Why hath God given us the tongue? To speak out his cause, to proclaim his manifestation, to raise our voices in public meetings and gathering places, to widen the circle of human thought, and to teach his principles. Because the Master has traveled throughout Europe and America, the Persian teachers have added a hundred times to their zeal and enthusiasm. What, then, should the American believers do? Because they have seen with their own eyes, heard his teachings with their own ears, the slogan of every Bahai in America must be: "Let us teach new people and let them write to the Master. New believers! New petitions!" From Maine to California the unanimous cry must be raised. Let every Bahai teach one person a month, and let him write his faith to the Beloved. The friends must not let matters of no vital importance engage their attention. All their mental, intellectual and spiritual forces must become concentrated upon the achievement of one object: Teach the cause! Teach the cause! No other thought, no other idea, no other plan must enter their

radiant craniums. I am more earnest to-day about this subject than at any other time. If you do not catch my fiery earnestness across the ocean, if you do not feel the same spirit of get-up-and-do-something in your constitutions, well, I am to be blamed for it, because some of my connecting wires may have become tangled. The cause will not stand still. If we do not arise to teach new souls, we are the losers; we have let the golden opportunity pass from us. Other servants with greater capacity will arise to do the work that the Master wants us to do in his own day. Let us make his heart happy and fulfil his anticipations. The road is paved; the highway is straight. It all depends upon our effort.

This morning the Beloved sent for me. He was feeling well. Mrs. Getsinger was called in the room and the plan of her journey to India was discussed. She lives a mysterious, oriental life, to which she is accustomed and which must be very charming. I mean she lives with the holy family, presided over by the Greatest Holy Leaf - the sister of the Master. It is a great privilege and rare distinction. Then the Beloved dictated a few tablets and cablegrams and I was given permission to retire. In the afternoon the Master passed by the house, followed by Shougi Effendi, and asked for Mirza Moneer. In the garden many tablets were revealed. No one is allowed to go there during these hours unless permitted by him. One of the tablets lately revealed is to Mr. Eckstein of Stuttgart. He is a fine Bahai and translated the words of the Master on many occasions during our recent trip. It is as follows:-

O thou illumined man!

The days I spent with thee in Stuttgart I shall never forget, for at all times were we associated together with the assistance of the breaths of the Holy Spirit. The spirit of the confirmation of His Holiness Baha'o'llah waved over these meetings; the lights of the kingdom shone forth from the horizon of Abha; the invincible aids descended successively; the hearts were in the utmost joyousness; the spirits were exhilarated with the divine glad tidings and each one of the believers was shining like unto a candle. On this account, these days will never be forgotten.

Now it is my hope that after my departure the fire of the love of God may flame with greater intensity and that thou mayest sing a heavenly melody in every gathering. ... ..

I am most grateful to and satisfied with the believers of Stuttgart. Truly I say they are blessed souls. I shall never forget them for one moment. Their remembrance makes me very happy.

In this way the Master thinks of all his children in all parts of the world.

Ahmad Schrab.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB

Ramleh, Egypt, Aug. 13, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

To be out in the early morning walking through the sylvan lanes of Ramleh until you reach the shores of the Mediterranean, and then stand quietly watching the royal sun rising slowly with its majestic splendor out of the eastern horizon, scattering gold dust through the clear space, is a rare sight, never to be forgotten, a feast for the soul of the lover of nature, a wonderful symbol of the glorious dawn of the Sun of Reality. When every span of space was filled with the soft rays of prismatic colors, my attention was drawn to the beach and how the little foamy waves washed away the sands. Soon I saw a barefooted Arab walking very near the shore, leaving behind him clear footprints. Then two or three waves washed away entirely all traces of these footprints as though there had been none at all. How wonderfully illustrative of the lives of many human beings who are born indifferently and die without handing down to posterity any trace of their several score of years. If, on the other hand, man dedicates his life to the service of the kingdom, gaining the guidance of God, and characterizing himself with the attributes of divinity, he will become eternal and everlasting. The life of such a man will be an example to all mankind; the activities of such a person will be universal in their scope; the thoughts of such a being will influence and direct many lives; the precepts of such a personality will be the foundation upon which the structure of human well-being will be laid, and the

message of such a man will find its way into the deep consciousness of every creature; in other words, his life will be exactly contrary to the experience of the footprints of the Arab on the beach. These were my thoughts when I traced my steps back to the house. I passed by the abode of the Beloved. I could see him walking to and fro, erect and majestic, a real king leaving his celestial palace and coming down upon the earth to walk and mingle with his subjects.

When I reached home, after half an hour the Master himself came to inquire about the health of his servant. The star of his love dawned from the horizon of our hearts and we responded joyfully to his questions, put in happy vein, about fasting, eating, etc. After a few minutes, he sat down and corrected the tablets which had been dictated for the last two days. Then in connection with his remarks about the Persians who confess to be Bahais because they expect some material profit he told the following story:

"When we were in Baghdad there was a very prominent man who used to come often to see Baha'o'llah. He sat in his presence with the greatest respect and listened to the utterances of the Blessed Perfection attentively. One day he tried to express his faith and belief in this cause with all apparent sincerity and devotion. 'Yes, my lord! Yes, my lord!' he concluded his talk, I thoroughly believe in the cause. In the year 1830 one of the great teachers of this movement passed by our city. I met him and he talked with me for several days, which convinced me of the validity of this revelation. From that time on I have been a believer.' "

Then the Master laughed and said: "This man did not know that the beginning of this cause was in 1844, and so in order to convince us



of the genuineness of his belief he would set the time of his acceptance before the appearance of the Bab!"

"At another time there were fifteen celebrated thieves in Baghdad. They raided many houses during the night. The government and the police were unable to find their whereabouts. One night they robbed the stores of several Persian merchants, and according to the law of capitulation the Persian Consul did his best to catch them. This Consul was very greedy and avaricious, and he was more interested in his personal profit than in finding the robbers and giving back to the merchants what had been stolen from them. One morning early I arose and came out of the house. I saw there were fifteen uncouth men waiting in a row. Their spokesman told me that they were the band of thieves and in order to escape the wrath and rapacity of the Consul they had come to take refuge under the shelter of Baha'o'llah and become Bahais. I inquired their whereabouts and gave them some advice and sent them away. Knowing that if the goods were taken by the Consul they would never be returned to their owners, I sent one of the believers to the chief of the band, requiring him to return everything, which he did with satisfaction. The merchants in turn quietly received all their stolen goods without the mediation of the Consul. But when he (the Consul) heard of my part in this affair he was very wroth, because I had taken this matter out of his jurisdiction. He expected to fatten his pocket-book, and not succeeding he tried ever afterward to injure us on every occasion.

"Amongst these robbers there was one whose name was Heydar. As a punishment for a former raid, the Government had cut

off both his hands. Notwithstanding this handicap, he was the cleverest of them all. One morning one of the believers came to me and said: 'Last night my money, which was sewed in a special pocket in my vest, was stolen. I do not know who has done it or how it was done.' I told him to go and bring his vest. Having brought it, I observed that the pocket was not ripped with a knife but chewed to pieces with the teeth. I did not say anything, but sent for Heydar. When he arrived I told him: 'Thou hast stolen the money of this poor man. Give it back to him.' He tried to deny. I said: 'Look at this vest. It is not torn with a knife, as any other man would have done were he in possession of hands. Thou hast chewed the pocket with thy teeth.' No, he would not confess that he had stolen it. Then I ordered the bastinado to be brought in. After a few lashes on the soles of his feet he took out of his pocket the small bundle and gave it to its owner. Then he was released."

Speaking about the army of poor who daily surround him, begging assistance in various ways, he said: "It is very strange that up to this time not one Persian has come here just to pay a social call or to express a greeting of welcome. Every one of them wants money or help. During the period of unjust persecutions and sufferings, no one came near except the tested and tried friends, those who wish for nothing else save the love of God and the knowledge of the Merciful. Before my departure for America, the poor of all nationalities came to me, - Persians, and Turks, Arabs and Syrians, Greeks, Europeans, etc., belonging to all religions and faiths. I gladly helped every one without any distinction of race or color, but this year I cannot do it to the same extent because

our American and European expenses totaled a great sum, beyond our endurance; even now I am under a heavy debt. However, you see that although these difficulties exist, I do not send away one man without satisfying in some way his immediate want. The worst conditions of life is when one is in urgent need of the means of livelihood. It is indeed very sad if a person begs assistance and one is unable to relieve him of the burden or contribute something to his relief." Then changing the mode of his expression he said:

"One day a layman went to a Mullah and asked several questions. The Mullah did not answer him. The man then told him: 'Have you not read in the Koran, "You must not turn away a questioner"?' The Mullah in turn rejoined: 'Hast thou not also read in the same Holy Book the injunction: "Give not thy possessions to the fool"?' Now my possessions are the ideals and knowledges of truth. I must protect them from the intruders."

Then he interpreted a dream of Mirza Ali Akbar and left our precincts to attend to the many works of charity which call for his personal help.

A new pilgrim arrived to-day from Beirut. He is an old Bahai and has a most dramatic history. He has a most limited education, but out of the clearness of his heart and the beauty of his faith he interprets the verses of the Koran and carries along most instructive discourses on spiritual subjects. The Master has laughingly asked him to interpret in his presence one Koranic verse every day.

When I returned from Alexandria in the afternoon they told me the Master had asked for me. I went immediately to the

garden. Seeing me standing near the door, he permitted me to enter and take a seat. He was walking in the avenue fronting a most charming rose garden and dictating tablets to Mirza Moneer. Shougi Effendi and Mr. Sprague were also there. For nearly three hours the limpid stream of revelation was flowing to irrigate the parched ground of the hearts in distant climes, and just as the sun was sinking below the western horizon he revealed a most touching prayer, his heavenly voice rising and falling like the music of the spheres, now chanting in a clear, rich voice, now low, in sweet undertone. The effect of his voice made us forgetful of everything. The dusk of the evening, the lovely murmur of the breeze through the roses and the trees, the unbroken calmness of the atmosphere, the spiritual beauty of the presence of the Master, and then as we looked up at the twinkling stars gazing down upon us we in reality thought that we were worshipping our glorious king of kings in the holiest moment of our lives. The context of the prayer was a supplication toward the throne of the Almighty about the purification of the souls, the spiritualizing of the hearts, in order that they may sing the praises of their Lord and cause the ringing voices of "Ya Baha el Abha!" to ascend from their meeting places to the Supreme Concourse.

As we left the garden, methought that wonderful prayer of the Beloved ascended on wings of light and was accepted by the Ruler of mankind.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB

Ramleh, Egypt, Aug. 14, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

Yesterday afternoon the Master read to us a letter received from Kashan, giving the details of the examination of the children of the Bahai School in that city. There were more than 700 pupils present, and all the scholars examined came out with flying colors. The school has become a credit to the Bahai community and every one speaks about it. Another letter from Teheran was given us by the Master to read. It contained a graphic description of the examination of the students of the School of Tarbiat. Thirty students with the president of the school and the teachers present themselves every day before the Board of Examiners appointed by the Government in the College of Darol-Fonoom. Twenty-one out of thirty pupils received their diplomas. This in itself shows the earnestness of the students of the School of Tarbiat and their thorough education and readiness for examination. After this examination, which lasts for several days, the faculty of the School of Tarbiat arranges a wonderful feast to be given for the public, to which more than two thousand people are being invited. The School of Tarbiat is well known throughout Persia as a Bahai institution. It ranks high for its educational standard, and its branch for girls is headed by Miss Lillian Kappes. It has been slowly but surely forging ahead, notwithstanding many stumbling blocks in its path. Its progress and steady advancement is very dear and near to the heart of Abdul Baha. He hopes that it may

become a wonderful influence for culture and refinement throughout all Persia, and those friends in America who are assisting in some way or another this school are assisting the cause in an unqualified manner. Not only the American friends have realized the importance of this fact, but also the Indian Bahais in far-off India are doing their best to support this school. In a tablet revealed a few days ago to the believers of Rangoon he says: "Whatever contribution you send toward the School of Tarbiat in the estimation of Abdul Baha is much beloved." Thus we observe in these various commands and suggestions of Abdul Baha the hand of God working for the progress of the aims of this Bahai school. The western friends have rendered a worthy service through the instrumentality of the Orient Occident Unity in Washington to the School of Tarbiat and other institutions. It is hoped that this channel of philanthropy will be continually widened, its various interests solidified, its annual scholarship list kept up and increased in number, and its wholesome disinterested influence expanded. As this is a universal undertaking, and as every universal undertaking is divine in origin, its activities will continue and its leaves will ever be green. God has confirmed this work in many ways, and will confirm those who are serving.

This morning the Beloved sent Basheer for me. When I stood in his presence he spoke with tenderness and quiet beauty. In his face there was the serenity of the kingdom, the newness of the spring, and the delicacy of the roses. Through his tongue the angels of love and affection uttered words of virtue and mercy. I could hear the aeolian harps playing in infinite chords of sound

and color. My spirit was transported into the seventh heaven of ecstasy. Do you hear his heavenly voice playing through the multitudes of charming strains and celestial notes?

"I have brought thee with me," he said, "that I may educate thee according to my own standard. As soon as I observe that thou hast attained to that standard, I shall send thee away. Daily thou must prepare thyself for the services of the cause before thee. Thou must live in such a manner that wherever thou goest thou mayest attract from the kingdom of Abha the divine confirmations of the Blessed Perfection. Like unto the nightingale thou must sing, like unto the bird thou must soar, like unto the tree thou must bear fruit, like unto the breeze thou must waft over mountain and desert, and similar to the artist thou must paint. Sanctified and holy, thou must occupy thy time with the diffusion of the lights of the kingdom, strive in the enkindlement of the hearts and the regeneration of the souls. Thou must be the servant of the Blessed Beauty and create a great reverberation in the spheres of thoughts and ideals. Thou must desire for the protection of thine eyes in order to behold his beauty and thine ears in order to hear his music. My wish for thee is to be trained in accord with my nature and walk in my footsteps, so that when I send thee away I may ever receive as in former times glad news from thee; that I may declare that my son, my Ahmad, is the spreader of the cause of His Holiness Baha'o'llah, that he is the conqueror of the cities of the hearts, that he is the torch-bearer in the highway of guidance, and the radiant star in the heaven of the supreme concourse. There is much work to be done. Gird up the loins of

endeavor. Be wakeful and pray. Little by little I shall send thee away. The time is coming soon. Now daily I am watching thee, just as the gardener watches the growth of the plant, with solicitude and care. Like unto the magnet thou must draw the configurations of the kingdom of Abha unto thyself and be connected with the Most Great Sea. Thou must not rest one moment. Thou must not seek any comfort. Yea, yea, walk thou in my foot-steps! I declare by the Blessed Beauty that there is no other ideal in my mind except the ideal of servitude at the threshold of Baha'o'llah. Thou must live eternally in this condition. All other conditions are non-existent when compared with this supreme state, - the guidance of God. Thou must spread this ideal amongst the people. Baha'o'llah also is thy faithful helper and supporter. The time of thy services has come. Be thou confident. Rest thou assured. The Blessed Perfection is with thee. ... .. "

These utterances of the Beloved flashed through my mind and heart like unto so many rays of light. I was dazed and wonder-struck. From the height of authority and inspiration he was speaking. I was moved to tears and my whole constitution was shaken to the core. Why is he speaking to me, - a pitifully small creature like this? Is he not aware that I am incapable of doing all these things? Have I not been unworthy of all his past bounties that he is showering more upon my head? If I have failed to serve him adequately in the past, how can I assure myself that I shall shoulder the new and startling responsibilities?

I was submerged in a sea of thought, but by this time the Beloved, seeing my condition, changed his talk and spoke about more



human things, comprehensible by my limited mind. He dictated several tablets for the believers of Persia. The end of the last tablet contained a very spiritual supplication. He chanted it aloud as I wrote it down. When I left his presence my forehead was furrowed with lines of thought. I walked through the streets as a man in a dream. I had much food for reflection and dedication.

In the afternoon, as he passed by the house to go to the garden, he called me to go with him. In reply to his cablegram to Mrs. Goodall he had received an answer which made him very happy. "She is my beloved, heavenly daughter. She is the daughter of Baha'o'llah, ever serving the cause with a rare faithfulness and magnanimity," he said, as he told me the contents of the cable. He spoke very lovingly about Mrs. Getsinger. "If she conducts herself according to my instructions she shall move India and teach many souls. Her words are endowed with effect. Severed from all else save God, she must go to India, relying upon Baha'o'llah for confirmation."

I gave the Master a list of the names of the Bahai assemblies of America and Europe, requesting him to reveal a tablet to the members of each assembly. He took the list and put it in his pocket.

At the gate of the garden there were two poor Persians standing. He told me to bring them in, and finding that he had no money with him he borrowed from some one present two pounds and gave one to each.

Talking about a person he said: "The difference between me and the rest is that I wish the welfare of the people for their

own sake and without any ulterior motive. I desire that every one of the friends shine as the sun. Others may love you, but it may be for some ulterior purpose. They may love you because they expect some day to receive some reward from you, but I expect reward from no one. There are some people who desire to wallow in the mud, but they believe they are the world-illuminating suns. I want to release them from these impediments, but they cry out: 'No, no! We are suns and stars; we are not in need of thy education.' Notwithstanding this, I must open the way for their freedom."

Then he walked toward the end of the garden and spoke for a few minutes with the gardener. The gardener picked three roses - one white, one pink, and one red - and offered them to the Master, - a beautiful symbol to those who know the significances and meaning of each color. With these roses in his hand, he faced the setting sun. The horizon was suffused with purple and crimson. For a long time he looked toward the west, as though expecting to see the sun rising from that direction. He was in deep thought, his eyes radiating like two stars. Without a word he walked out of the garden, and we followed him.

Ahmad Sohrab.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB

Ramleh, Egypt, Aug. 15, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

How are you to-day? Are you happy? Are you glad because you are living in this unparalleled day of the Lord? Are you facing the world and its puzzling problems this morning with courage and enthusiasm? Are you going to make another heart happy beside your own? Will you open the window of your heart to the sunshine? Is the meadow of your life verdant? Will you continue to be hopeful and optimistic? Will you dedicate yourself anew to the service of your fellow-men? Are you feeling the whir and stir of the New Dawn? What will you do next to benefit mankind? What kind of thoughts and ideals do you hold in the secret chambers of your minds? Are they exalted and lofty? Are they humanitarian and disinterested? Let us make a new resolution on this day. Let us stand up and with radiant faith proclaim the cause of God.

This morning our new pilgrim, Haji Mohammed, from Beirut, carried on a long discussion with me. "Religion and atheism, faith and agnosticism, are like two streams which have been flowing from unknown sources since the genesis of mankind. The former is sweet, and the latter is bitter. When the stream of religion becomes a turbulent torrent the stream of atheism is dried up; therefore the fresh stream of faith must ever be strong in order to consume the bitter stream without any change in its own taste. In this day, our lord Baha'o'llah, from the inaccessible heights of the mountain of revelation, has sent down upon the valley of humanity fresh and

sweeping torrents to swell the volume of the stream of religion and bring within its embrace all the streams of materialism. Each Bahai is a new torrent, and must roar with the power of reality. This stream of truth is greater than an ocean. It clears the path of all the thorns and thistles and leaves behind culture and civilization." To hear from an illiterate man such an explanation as this is a great thing. Of course he went on talking about other things, but I have just given you an illustration of how the hearts of these people are set aglow with the fire of the knowledge of God.

After awhile I was summoned to the presence of our Beloved. He was in a hurry to send a cable to America, and as soon as he dictated it I was sent with Mirza Ali Akbar to Alexandria to dispatch it. When we arrived at the Eastern Telegraph Office, after three quarters of an hour, Ali Akbar had forgotten to bring money. He had to go back to Ramleh. I staid in the city, walking in this and the other avenue. When he returned the messages were sent and we were back in Ramleh by noon.

At three o'clock Basheer told Mirza Mahmoud and myself that, according to the wish of our lord, Shougi Effendi will take us this afternoon to the National Garden, Nouzha, the famous park of Alexandria. I welcomed this invitation, because I was looking forward to the day when I might see this public garden. We took the electric car for Alexandria, then another car through the city before we reached Nouzha. It has a fine gate, and as one enters on every side there are shady, inviting avenues and lanes. There are many animals, and a part of our time was taken in looking at them. "Aren't they awfully funny!" a little girl watching them cried

out. There was a party of English tourists who stood before every cage admiring the mimicry and antics of the monkeys. "Aren't they awfully funny!" a little girl amongst them cried out. The flower beds are laid out very artistically. There is a lake and many small reservoirs of water in which fish disport themselves with great abandon. Tall palm trees, at the top of which hang many clusters of green dates, lend a charming Arabian effect. It was almost sunset when we left the park, having thoroughly enjoyed its scenic beauty and large green vistas. We walked back half of the way, and for the other half took the car.

When we reached the house the Master was seated talking to the friends. He told us to hurry and go with the rest of the believers to the meeting in Haji Khorassani's house. There we met three other pilgrims from Cairo: Mirza Abul Gasem, El Yahan, and Mirza Javad. Later on, three other believers from Cairo (Arabs) arrived to meet the Master, so the meeting was enlivened by the presence of these newcomers. Tea was served, prayers were chanted, and different ones spoke. It was a lovely, informal, spiritual meeting.

During our absence in the afternoon Oaman Pasha, one of the ministers of the Khedive, called on the Master, conveying the loving greetings of the ruler of Egypt and his longing to meet the Beloved again. The date was then fixed for the afternoon of the 17th. His Highness the Khedive is now living in Alexandria. He has his summer resort near Ramleh, but has not yet occupied it. He lives in one of his palaces fronting the sea, called Ra'as-ottin. The Khedive is very friendly toward the movement and has special

regard for the Master. It may be that history will record that he is the only Oriental ruler who has received the real king with due honor.

While we were walking through the garden of Nouzha, the Beloved was dictating beautiful tablets to Mirza Monser in another garden in Ramleh. One of these tablets is to the little daughter of Mr. Theodore de Bons, whose husband is a dentist in Cairo, but now all three are on a vacation in Switzerland. Her name is Mona, so in this delightful manner the Master opens the tablet:

"O thou my darling little Mona!

Thy tiny eloquent letter was received, and thy sweet, dear thoughts became known. Rest thou assured that I shall behold thy charming lovely face, and from thy dainty mouth I shall hear a wonderful melody and song in the glorification, thanksgiving and praise of the Almighty.

Upon thee be Baha el Abha!

(Signed) Abdul Baha Abbas."

Thus he showers his mercy upon all, upon the little child as well as upon grown-ups.

Ahmad Sohrab.

Ramleh, Egypt, Aug.  
16, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

May I be permitted to open this day by quoting a Tablet revealed to an Indian Bahai in Rangoon, who has translated into Hindustani language the Holy Books of Ighan, Seven Valleys and Hidden Words? His name is Abbas Ally Butt Cashmires. Mr. Jos. H. Hannen had forwarded a copy of his letter to him to the Master, and the following is an answer to it:-

HE IS GOD!

O thou Abbas of Abdul Baha! O thou namesake of Abdul Baha!

The letter that thou didst write to Mr. Hannen, that beloved personage forwarded a copy of the same to me. Shouldst thou realize what an ecstatic condition was obtained through the reading of thy letter, unquestionably thou wilt become enkindled like unto a candle, like unto a moth thou wilt burn thy wings and similar unto the nightingale thou wilt break forth into songs of thanksgiving and glorification.

I love thee, and my heart and soul obtains the utmost joy and fragrance when I remember thee. I hope that thou wilt become assisted in rendering mighty service. - - - - -

It is my hope that thou wilt become confirmed and aided in the diffusion of the fragrances of God and spread the Tablets and Holy Words.

Convey to all the friends the wonderful Abha greeting!

Upon thee be Baha El Abha!

(Signed) Abdul Baha Abbas

One of the pilgrims, El Yahan--an old man, had brought with him from Cairo a bouquet of white, fragrant flowers and six white fez for the Master. He stayed with us last night, but we did not enjoy much sleep, because he kept our party in good humor until the wee hours of the morning. About ten o'clock he desired the flowers and the fez to be taken to the Master, which I did with great pleasure. I knocked at the door, and to my delight and surprise the Beloved opened it; He took the bundle out of my hand and told me He would send for him in a few minutes.

All day I suffered from a bad headache, and I tried in various ways to get rid of it, but to no avail. Although physical health is not important, yet the absence of it keeps one from the accomplishment of duty.

In the afternoon, after 4 o'clock, the Beloved could be found in the garden of roses, preparing spiritual banquets to be forwarded to the believers of the East and the West. May these heavenly roses perfume the nostrils of all mankind! May they scatter their aroma to all parts of the globe! May they refine the dingy atmosphere of materialism and withering unbelief! May they dispel the clouds of superstitions and doubts! May they adorn the chambers and halls of the spirits and souls!

At six o'clock I called on Mr. Atwood. After awhile Miss Hiscock came, and for about an hour we talked about the Cause, and what each of us would have liked to do were he capable and endowed with ability. When I returned home, I found to my great disappointment that the Master had come and left. Alas! What miserable luck

Aug. 16, 1913.

one must have, thus to miss seeing the Beloved of the world!

Every night after dinner Mirza Ali Akbar and myself, take a long walk as far as Sidi Jaber. Arriving there, we sit in front of a Turkish Cafe, facing the broad avenue. Around this Cafe there are many palm trees. We watch the long stream of carriages and motors driving by from Ramleh to Alexandria, many of them carrying shrouded Turkish and Arabian ladies of the social world to the city, to the theatres and places of amusement. Then we drink coffee, lemonade and sherbet, all for the munificent sum of five cents. After half an hour's rest, we walk back home, talking now and then about America and the friends. These lovely walks in the moonlight nights are most attractive, especially when we remember this friend or that in the far-off populous cities of the United States, and then we turn and inquire of ourselves "where are we?" "In Egypt?" But our hearts are united in the love of Abdul Baha, no matter where we are!

A letter was received from Mashad, in which the writer states that there are two believers in the city, a German and an Austrian. They are taught by the Persian believers. The Master says in answer: "Thou hast given the utmost praise to the two believers, German and Austrian. Come and go to Stuttgart and see with thine eyes what has happened! Those two blessed souls are living in your midst and are the samples of those friends. Such persons have entered beneath the Tent of Providence in Germany, each one of whom signs like unto an ethereal angel! Their hearts are attracted with the Love of God, and their spirits rejoiced with the Glad-tidings of God! Exercise the utmost of kindness and love toward those holy souls who are with you. Give the name of Hossein to the German and Hassan to the Austrian. In these names there is a wisdom. You will become informed of it later."

In another Tablet he says: "All the believers of God and the maidservants of the Merciful must summon the people to the Kingdom and be the cause of the guidance of the inhabitants of the world. They must live and conduct themselves in such a manner that in sanctity, prayerfulness and devotion they may become distinguished from the rest of mankind!"

To the two friends who bid us farewell in Marseilles, he says: "Praise be to God that you have not forgotten the time of our meeting, and your hearts and souls are attracted to Baha'o'llah. I hope that you will obtain complete concentration of thought, so that you may have no other ideas and conceptions save Baha'o'llah. Then you shall make extraordinary progress and the Confirmations of the Kingdom of God shall descend upon you. You shall discover a seeing eye and a heart overflowing with the Love of God. Your breaths shall have influence upon others, and your tongues will become the interpreters of the Holy Books. Therefore strive as much as you can to attain this station!"

Ahmad Sohrab.



FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB

Ramleh, Egypt, Aug. 17, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

This was an important date in the Bahai calendar, because the ruler of the spiritual world and the ruler of Egypt met each other for the second or third time. Beyond this bare announcement I have no further information. We may not know any more than this, save what the Master may in his wisdom tell us. He may give us later on some bare outlines of the meeting, so in our imaginations we may construct some sort of concrete picture, or he may not divulge any of the details. No one of the believers was present, so that I cannot even get a second hand report. He has told us how he met His Highness the Khedive at the first interview about two years ago. It is enough to know that on this day, between 3 and 6 P. M., the sovereign of Egypt had the honor and privilege of talking with the ideal sovereign of the hearts.

I was given the joy undimmed of standing in the presence of my lord and master this morning. The more one receives his benediction the greater becomes his hunger. Mrs. Getsinger was called in and the question of traveling companion was discussed. Different names were mentioned, but no one mentioned up to the requirements of the Beloved. Then the name of Mrs. Isabel Fraser was presented. Why, the face of the Master beamed with satisfaction! "Yes! Yes!" he exclaimed, delighted. "She is just the right person. I love her very much. I always desired to give her a service. Why did we not think of her sooner? She will render a great service in India. Her heart is attached to the cause. She has no other thought except the love of Baha'o'llah." Then he dictated a cablegram to be sent to her without delay, the contents of which is as follows: "If possible leave immediately for Port Said. Wish send thee India for service. Cable Yazdi. Abbas."

All day I was thinking how beautiful it will be to meet Isabel Fraser in Egypt. I wonder whether she will come. This is the greatest opportunity of her life. If she is wise, she will grasp it by the neck. Then later on she may meet the Beloved in India and join his party throughout the far Eastern countries.

Between six and seven the Beloved came to our house and staid more than an hour. He spoke on the subject of the enmity of the ignorant people against the manifestations of God throughout every age and cycle. This comes through the accumulation of dogmas and traditions and blindly following religious leaders. "Some people," he said, "are like unto spiders. The more you tear to pieces their webs of imaginations and imitations the greater will become their zeal to spin them again. Once the French Ambassador to the Sublime Porte satirically asked Foad Pasha, the Minister of Foreign Affairs: 'How did Mohammed ascend to heaven, according to your trustworthy tradition?' Foad Pasha, realizing the scoffing tone of the Ambassador, cheerfully volunteered the answer, saying: 'With the same ladder our Lord Christ ascended to heaven after his resurrection!' His Excellency could not say anything." Then one by one Abdul Baha related several stories of the time of Baha'o'llah when he was in Bagdad. These stories lose entirely their beauty and

charm if translated into English, because they are not only in accord with Oriental conception, but parts of them are masterful plays on words and their various shades of meaning, which are enjoyed solely by the Persians. The Master, knowing so well our nature, from time to time supplies this demand, and thus makes us more captivated with his peerless witticisms and humane humor. He had just come from the meeting with the Khedive, and as he was in such a lovely humor I believe the meeting must have been very satisfactory.

I conclude the day with the translation of the tablets to the Persian believers:

"Consider how Abdul Baha forgot all thoughts and mentions and turned his face toward the countries and empires, cities and villages, mountains and deserts of the West. Day and night he was engaged in teaching the cause and conveying the message. The principle upon which his trip was directed was this verse: 'O God, make all my ideals and thoughts one ideal and one thought, and suffer me to attain to an eternal, unchangeable condition in thy service!' He sought no rest, neither did he breathe one breath of comfort. Notwithstanding the weakness of constitution, the infirmity of the body and the nervous fever, every night I was in a city, and each day amongst a community. Although at times I could not speak one word before large audiences I delivered lengthy addresses. Working in this manner shall bear fruits."

In another tablet he says:

"Praise be to God that this second journey is happily completed, and from the West I have returned to the East. But this second voyage cannot be compared with the first European trip, because America is not comparable with Europe. That country is another world. Its inhabitants are another people; their capacities and receptivities of another type. Therefore Abdul Baha found a vast arena and an unlimited expanse and opportunity. In all the conventions and conferences he raised the clamor of Ya Baha el Abha, and caused the clarion of 'O my Lord, the Clement,' to reach the supreme apex. From the infinite bestowals of the Blessed Perfection I am anticipating the appearance of the results of this trip. I hope that this conduct of Abdul Baha will become an example for the believers, so that all of them may convey the message accordingly, be a wanderer over the deserts and mountains, seeking no serenity or composure, and taking their lives and spirits on the palms of their hands sacrifice them to the Blessed Perfection."

Ahmad Sohrab.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB

Ramleh, Egypt, Aug. 18, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

The most significant personage living in this age and generation is the personality of Abdul Baha. No other person in the history of mankind has been so successful in combining the harmonizing influence of the East and West. Whether present or absent, he wields the scepter of spiritual power. His mighty, overshadowing presence is felt in the remote corners of the earth. His divine perfection discerns the passing events of the time. His unerring judgment reads the secret longings of the hearts. His influence and infinite knowledge spiritualize the lives of men. His sweet love ennobles every degraded being. His sublime consciousness embraces every nation of the earth. His universal conceptions enkindle the fire of celestial brotherhood. His lucid explanations will readjust the intricate social and economic problems of modern civilization. His divine mind grasps the stupendous plan of creation and its ultimate fruition. In his dealings with the people he is merciful. In his treatment of the poor he is generous. In his association with men he is helpful. In his intercourse with society he is forgiving. In his coming and going he is a majestic king. In his bearing he is awe-inspiring. In his attitude toward mankind he is a father. One who has seen him only once can never forget him, and those who have met him many times are ready to do anything for him; but those who have perceived with a spiritual eye his real station are willing to sacrifice their lives at his feet. In his court there are various degrees of lovers. Every one, both friend and stranger, loves him, but each person loves him from a different standpoint. In turn he loves all. He showers his mercy upon all. He exercises kindness toward all. To love Abdul Baha is different from loving a human being. In the court of human love jealousy and rivalry may wage war, but the lovers of Abdul Baha must associate with each other with sweet amity and fragrant fellowship. We cannot truly say we love Abdul Baha and then be jealous because it so happens that he has lovers all over the world. If we do not receive the graces of his love, there must somewhere be a lack of receptivity, for he is the most generous beloved that ever lived. His love is similar unto the sun. It shines upon the mirror - the result is immediate reflection; it shines upon the stone - the blackness of the stone prevents polarization. Then let us not be sulking and harbor jealousy and envy because outwardly we may not reflect the rays of his love, but let us pray for capacity. Abdul Baha is the mystery of love, but an open mystery. God in his wisdom is daily revealing the mystery of this love so that we may learn more and more of its ineffable sweetness and thoughtful tenderness. His life is a living book of love in all its heights and depths; its ink has been the blood of the martyrs, its chapters the tragic lives of glorious souls; it is written with the pen of diamond upon the pages of universal history. Who can measure the glorious possibilities of a life so complete as the life of Abdul Baha? He stands in the center of immensity; he voices the mysteries of eternity; he upholds the heavens of justice; he paces the

path of the kingdom of God; he ushers in the dawn of a new age; he breathes into the dead bodies a new spirit; he begems the firmament of the cause with the radiant stars of praiseworthy virtues; he breaks the seals of the heavenly books; he fires with the flame of the love of God the hearts of the people; he sings the songs of the past and coming ages; he calls all the inhabitants of the globe to spiritual solidarity, and he spreads far and wide the fragrances of the rose garden of Abha. We are lovers of his face, adorers of his beauty, seekers of his abode, travelers in the road of his life, walkers after his footsteps, dwellers in his mount, soaring in his pure atmosphere, flying toward the summit of his vision, and praising God for his bounty and mercy. Those who sincerely love him will carry on his work from step to step, laboring patiently, and expecting naught else save the good pleasure of the Lord. To think that he lives in Egypt, reviewing daily the events of the cause, answering the hundreds of letters pouring upon him from all parts, supplying the peculiar need of the believers both in the East and the West, sending teachers here and there according to the aptitude of the people, tiding over the furious storms of difficulties, contributing right and left to the poor, giving advices to the far-away Bahais who stand in sore need of counsels, and attending to the thousands of details which are coming up all the time and demand immediate decision, - is very significant.

This morning the Beloved came to us and staid a long time. He spoke about a great Sheikh who lived in Constantinople and was a favorite of Abdul Hamid. His name was Aboul Hodar. He tried his utmost to intrigue against the Master, but he failed to accomplish his purpose. After the declaration of the constitution in Turkey, his enemies confiscated his properties and reduced him to wretched poverty. This sudden change of fortune so deranged his mind that he died a year afterward. This man thought that Aboul Hamid desired to send for the Master to come to Constantinople and fill a high position under the government, so he worked hard to poison the mind of the Sultan against the Beloved. The Master sent him a message: "Rest thou assured that I shall not come to Constantinople even if I am sent for. I am the humble servant of God. What connection is there between me and royalty? I love God, and in the solitude of my prison I worship him better than amidst royal splendor; nay, rather, the latter would keep me away from the threshold of the Almighty." After telling us two stories about the wiles and deceits of this man, amidst laughter and hilarity he left us.

In the afternoon, while passing by the door of the house, he called for Mirza Moneer to go to the garden to receive the dictation of the holy tablets.

In the evening a number of the newly arrived pilgrims received permission to see him at his own house. We did not meet him in the afternoon, because from the garden he went directly to the house to be with the rest of the family.

Ahmad Sohrab.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB

Ramleh, Egypt, Aug. 19, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

"Coming immediately - Fraser." The words danced before my eyes as the Beloved handed me the cablegram. In my heart there was gladness; on my face there was a smile and the effulgence of entire satisfaction. I looked up in the countenance of the Master, and I saw my condition is but a reflection of his. I knew it! Never mind, Isabel is a daring soldier of the type of the Amazons, ever ready to pack up bag and baggage and go anywhere at a moment's notice by the command of the supreme commander. A Bahai like her is priceless. Well done, thou good and faithful Isabel! Thou hast made the heart of the Beloved very happy. Thou art indeed his daughter, and his heart is full of love for thee. Is not this worth all the wealth of a Croesus or a Rockefeller or a Carnegie? What is the value of all the nations compared with the love of the Master for thee? Well done! I wish we had many, many more Bahais like thee. Thou hast won the palm of victory out of the field of spiritual glory. I know thou shalt render great service in India. In the presence of the Master thou wilt receive a new baptism of fire and spirit. He shall put in thy hand the torch of guidance, on thy lips the words of light, in thy heart the symbol of life, and he shall send thee away with a new power, a new dedication, a new vision. Art thou sailing even now on the broad, unfathomable sea? Hastening on and on to take up the task that the Master of destiny hath prepared for thee? May the hands of God protect thee throughout all thy voyage and bring thee safe in the land of Egypt, wherein the ideal Joseph lives and rules and guides the progress and evolution of a divine humanity. We are all glad because thou art coming, and we look forward to the day when we will talk again of things holy and divine, as we were wont to do in London and Edinburg, Bristol and Paris. Thou wilt be a welcome guest in the holy household. Thou shalt have much to write for the Bahai world. Thy star is ascending.

I staid only a few minutes in the presence of the Master this morning. He sent for me to give me this glad news. I took to him a big package of tablets with their translation for the friends in America and Europe. He himself attends to the final dispatch of the rather voluminous mail to all parts of the world. For the last few days his health has been very good, and his food, although simple, is regular and served at the right time. He takes long walks, either in the early morning or late afternoon, and in these walks he is always alone. Outwardly he is walking, but in reality he is thinking and communing with our Maker.

In the afternoon I again had the good fortune to be summoned into his presence. A cablegram was also received from Dr. Getsinger to the effect that he has obeyed the call and is willing to come. Lua was called in, and in the course of the conversation with her the Master said:

"Thou must be firm and unshakable in thy purpose, and never, never let any outward circumstances worry thee. I am sending thee to India to accomplish certain definite results. Thou

must enter that country with a never-failing spirituality, a radiant faith, an eternal enthusiasm, an inextinguishable fire, a solid conviction, in order that thou achieve these results for which I am sending thee. Let not thy heart be troubled. If thou goest with this unchanging condition of invariability of inner state, thou shalt see the doors of confirmation open before thy face, thy life will be a crown of heavenly roses, and thou shalt find thyself in the highest station of triumph. Strive day and night to attain to this exalted station. Look at me. Thou dost not know a thousandth part of the difficulties and seemingly insurmountable obstacles that rise daily before my eyes. I do not heed them. I am walking in my chosen highway. I know the destination. Hundreds of storms and tempests may rage furiously around my head, hundreds of Titans may sink to the bottom of the sea, the mad waves may rise to the roofs of the heavens. All these will not change my purpose, will not disturb me in the least. I will not look either to the left or to the right. I am looking ahead. Far, far, piercing through the impenetrable darkness of the night, the howling winds, the raging storms, I see the glorious light beckoning me forward, forward. The balmy weather is coming, and the voyager shall land safely. Korratal-Ain had attained to this supreme state. When they brought her the terrible news of the martyrdom of the Bahais, she was not shaken, she did not waver; it did not make any difference to her. She also had chosen her path; she knew her goal. And when they imparted to her the news of her impending death, no one could see any sorrow in her face; she was rather happier. Although she never cared for dress, that day she wore her best silk dress and jewelry, and perfumed herself with the most fragrant attar of roses. She hailed the chamber of death as a happy bride entering the nuptial bower of the bridegroom." Then turning his divine face to Isha he said: "To this lofty summit of unchanging purpose thou must attain. Like Korratal-Ain, nothing must shake thy firm faith."

Miss Hiscock, who was with the holy family, was called in. The Master told her: "I am well pleased with thee. Thy aim is to serve the cause. The day is coming when I shall command thee to teach." She said: "I have no other hope save in this cause and the love of Abdul Baha." "I know, I know," the Beloved answered. Afterward he told me: "Truly, Miss Hiscock's heart is very pure; she is very sincere." I left him in his room with new ideas in my head and a great resolution in my heart.

Late in the afternoon he called on Mirza Abul Fazl, and staid with him for nearly an hour. He passed by our house, but did not stay for tea. His lovely stature, saluting us as he passed the house, remained with me all night as a heavenly picture of the spiritual being descending from on high.

Ahmad Schrab.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB

Ramleh, Egypt, Aug. 20, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

Instead of giving you extracts from his daily talks, I am obliged to substitute for them extracts from his tablets, for except when I am called into his presence, or when he comes to us here, I am not fortunate enough to be present at the various kinds of interviews he gives every day. The rules of social intercourse are so different from America that it is quite impossible to compare them. From the standpoint of the natives, these customs have just as much right to exist as the customs of other nations. Because their manners are not similar to those of so-called civilization does not argue necessarily that they are an inferior race. On the contrary, they have many splendid qualities that other people may well try to emulate. We well know that no nation can ever claim to be perfect, or that it has unraveled all the mysteries of the world, but every nation according to the upbuilding of a universal civilization.

Now to return to our subject. In a tablet on divine guidance the Beloved says:

"O ye blessed souls! In the world of existence no beauty remains eternal and permanent, and no grace continues to be immutable, save the bestowal of divine guidance. This is the everlasting grace. Praise be to God that you have attained thereto. Should you live thousands of years, and unloose thousands of tongues in order to occupy your time to offer thanksgiving for this grace, you will be unable to render adequate praise, for the praise itself is limited, and this grace is unlimited. How many souls there are who were hoping to live in this day of the promised one, but it was not realized; and how many thousands of people underwent severe discipline, yet they were deprived in the day of the promised one.

"Consider what a bounty God has conferred upon you. Without undergoing any hardship you have reached the goal, and without traversing vast Saharas you have drunk from the ocean of sweet water. Without any suffering you have tasted from the fountain of guidance. This is the most great bestowal, if man appreciates its value. Otherwise, in the estimation of the ignorant ones, guidance and error are practically the same. The person who is not thirsty does not know the delicacy of sweet water; likewise the salty ground is shareless of the outpouring of the vernal shower, and the dead tree does not respond to the call of the rain of the cloud of the springtime.

"Therefore thank ye God that ye have received a goodly portion and become the confident of the mysteries of the kingdom.

"Upon ye be Baha el Abha.

"(Signed) Abdul Baha Abbas.

In another tablet he says:

"The lack of trustworthiness (on the part of the Bahais) is a poisonous arrow which wounds mortally the heart, the soul, and the spirit of Abdul Baha."

In another tablet, on the persecutions in the path of God, he says:

"Praise be to God that ye have soared in the divine rose

garden, found your way to the kingdom of mysteries, and become recipients of the favors of his highness the Incomparable One. On the other hand, ye have heard the ridicule and scoffings of the ill-wishers; ye have suffered sorely and tasted the poison of the tyrannical serpents; but as this was in the path of the glorious Lord, this venom was honey and this pain was health. Look ye at the outcome of these events. The result of these ordeals is the divine gifts. This blame and derision will be followed by praise, glorification and adoration. Ere long it will become evident and manifest."

As regards the teaching of the cause, he writes to another friend:

"Be thou in the utmost joy and fragrance, and render thanksgiving unto the forgiving Lord that praise be to God thou art victorious and triumphant and art speaking in the glorification of his highness the king of mankind, and in conveying the message thou art striving and putting forth praiseworthy effort. Know thou of a certainty that the authoritative firman of to-day is revealed from the kingdom of Abha for those who teach the cause. I hope that thou mayest become assisted in this and be the means of guidance of innumerable people. This is the divine bestowal. This is the eternal honor. This is the everlasting life.

Concerning faithfulness at the holy threshold he writes:

"I supplicate and entreat at the threshold of the Blessed Perfection and beg for the divine friends infinite bestowals and grace, so that they may become confirmed in being loyal at the sanctified threshold. May they ever remember his bounties and favors, sacrifice their lives in his path, and give up their possessions freely in the highway of the Merciful One."

To-day we welcomed another pilgrim from Tabriz. His name is Haji Abbas. He does not speak Persian very well, but he is a Turkish poet. He is an old Bahai and has served the cause for many years. He will stay for nine days. Generally all the pilgrims have permission to stay for nine days, after which they return to their native lands.

We have heard from Haifa that Mrs. Stannard has gone there from Port Said. In order to regain her health she may pass the rest of the summer there. The Master was very anxious to know where and how she is, and the other day he sent her a loving message of inquiry through Miss Hiscock.

Our new pilgrim told us that while he was walking through the streets of Constantinople he saw the photograph of the Master surrounded by a group of blessed Bahais, exhibited for sale in the window of a photographer. In the photograph two believers held aloft the Greatest Name in their hands. Many people were buying copies. This is very significant, considering that in this very city lived the despot who imprisoned Abdul Baha in the fortress of Acca more than forty years.

In the afternoon he went to the garden, and two of the friends who had just arrived from Cairo went there to see him. As I was returning from the post office I passed by the garden and saw him walking to and fro and talking with much animation. Immediately afterward, I was called into his presence. He spoke earnestly for a few moments about a person, and then permitted me to retire.



After supper, about nine o'clock, at a time when we did not expect him at all, and while I was sitting in my room writing, the door was opened and suddenly he came in. I had neither my tarboosh nor my coat on, and jumped up from my seat confusedly. He walked toward the veranda while asking, "Is there no one here?" It was a typically Oriental night, very quiet, and very enchanting. Little by little the friends gathered around him. He asked questions about the believers of Cairo, and Mirza Abul Casem of Shiraz answered. His remarks made the Master speak. He said:

"In this day the greatness of the cause is acknowledged by all the people, even the outsiders. This last time one of the Sardars of Persia came to call on me in Paris. He told me the following story: 'When I was in London I was invited by one of the English lords to his reception. There I met many members of the English nobility, with their wives and daughters. I was introduced to all, and when they heard I was a Persian many came to me expressing the utmost delight in meeting a person who belonged to a race who had given to the world Abdul Baha. They asked me: "Do you know him? Have you met him?" I saw the wife of my noble host, instead of wearing on her fingers jewelry like other ladies, wore a solitary, simple ring. I was a little surprised. I approached her, asking, "What is this stone?" She answered: "This is agate. Do you not know?" I rejoined: "Yes. But why do you wear it?" "O, upon this stone is impressed the name of Baha'o'llah," she fairly cried out, with happiness and serenity on her face. I do not know the teachings of this cause. I do not understand what revelation means. I cannot comprehend how a man communicates with God. These subjects are beyond my mental capacity. Neither should you try to teach me these things, because I have made up my mind not to understand them. However, I know this, because I have witnessed it with my own eyes, that the cause has become the means of the honor and glory of Persia throughout the civilized world. To this I bear witness to the end of my life.'

"The teachings of the Blessed Perfection are so humanitarian," the Beloved continued, "that even the enemies bear testimony that they are the spirit of this age. They cannot be compared with the teachings of other dispensations. For example, Baha'o'llah says: 'O ye people of the world! Ye are the fruits of one tree and the leaves of one branch.' Or, 'Consort with the devotees of all religions with joy and fragrance.' Throughout many cities of America and Europe, in churches and meetings, with a loud voice I declared the teachings, and there was found not a single soul to contradict them."

Then he gave a detailed account of the meetings in Washington, New York and San Francisco, and ended his talk by saying:

"This blessed cause has such great power that it shall ere long vanquish all opposition. We must live and act in such a manner as not to lower the standard of the cause, but rather day by day and by night endeavor to raise its banner loftier and its station higher. The Blessed Perfection has given us wares that are eagerly sought in the market of the world."

After a few minutes of silence he departed, but left us happy.

Ahmad Sohrab.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB

Ramleh, Egypt, Aug. 21, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

Bright is the moon; brighter is the face of Abdul Baha. Gentle as is the breeze of the early dawn, more gentle is the disposition of Abdul Baha. Fragrant as is the rose of the garden, more fragrant is the nature of Abdul Baha. Cooling as is the water of the spring, more cooling is the compassion of Abdul Baha. Uplifting as is the zephyr wafting over the mountain slopes, more uplifting is the inspiration of Abdul Baha. Lofty as is the firmament, more lofty is the majesty of Abdul Baha. Quickening as is the downpour of the vernal shower, more quickening is the knowledge of Abdul Baha. Illuminating as is the sun's ray, more illuminating is the wisdom of Abdul Baha. Fathomless as is the depth of the sea, more fathomless is the understanding of Abdul Baha. Piercing as is the dart, more piercing is the vision of Abdul Baha. Refulgent as is the Milky Way, more refulgent is the individuality of Abdul Baha. Musical as is the mountain stream, more musical is the voice of Abdul Baha. Starlit as is yon blue canopy, more starlit is the heart of Abdul Baha. Ethereal as is the upper sphere, more ethereal is the tenderness of Abdul Baha. Sylvan as are the Arcadian woods, more sylvan is the character of Abdul Baha. Picturesque as is the charming panorama of nature, more picturesque is the personality of Abdul Baha. Melodious as is the lovely nightingale, more melodious is the song of Abdul Baha. Soothing as is the soft murmur of the fountain, more soothing is the bestowal of Abdul Baha. Brilliant as are the precious jewels, more brilliant are the qualities of Abdul Baha. Spiritual as is the quiet evening of the East, more spiritual is the presence of Abdul Baha. Peerless as is the portrait of the master painter, more peerless is the stature of Abdul Baha. Poetic as is the scenery of the verdant valley, more poetic is the imagination of Abdul Baha. Scented as is the pine forest, more scented is the grace of Abdul Baha. Pure and innocent as is the babe, purer and more innocent is the life of Abdul Baha. Unsolvably as is the riddle of the universe, more unsolvable is the mystery of Abdul Baha. Divine as is the essence of God, more divine is the humanity of Abdul Baha. Simple as is the existence of the bird, simpler is the existence of Abdul Baha. Sweeping as is the torrent, more sweeping is the generosity of Abdul Baha. Free as is the air, freer is the spirit of Abdul Baha. Rich and varied as is the meadow, richer and more varied is the intellect of Abdul Baha. White as is the pearl, more white is the soul of Abdul Baha. Exalted as is the canopy of the heavens, more exalted is the morality of Abdul Baha. Transparent as is the mirror, more transparent is the mind of Abdul Baha. Sanctified and holy as are the angels, more sanctified and holy is the outlook of Abdul Baha. Deeprooted and fruitful as is the tree of the orchard, more deeprooted and more fruitful is the tree of the hope of Abdul Baha. World-consuming as is the fire, more world-consuming is the fire of the enthusiasm of Abdul Baha. Scintillating as are the heavenly bodies, more scintillating are the attributes of Abdul Baha. Overshadowing as are the leafy branches, more overshadowing is the protection of Abdul Baha. Universal as are the thoughts of the age, more universal are the ideals of Abdul Baha.

This morning Shoughi Effendi came and told me that the Master is ready to receive his servant. In a moment I was standing in his presence. He inquired about my health and how I am getting along with fasting. Eleven days still remain of the month of Ramadan, after which the Mohammedan world will hold the national fete for several days. Then the Master called in Iua and inquired from her about the cause in America. A cablegram has been received from Chicago about the re-election of the House of Spirituality. He said:

"There is no need for re-election at present." About election he said: "In the election of the members of the House of Spirituality no political tactics shall enter. They must be free from self, nor anxious to further their own personal ambitions. The existence of the Spiritual Assembly is for no other purpose than to discuss those means which would further the promotion of the cause, otherwise its non-existence is better than its existence. The members must not be opinionated, but devote their attention to the service of the people. The spread of the principles of the cause must be the uppermost idea in their minds. Nothing else will yield fruit. No secret canvassing will add to the luster of any person. The people must be free and untrammelled to choose whomsoever they want. As soon as political plans are introduced in the cause the spirit is killed. The apostles of Christ never devised any political schemes whereby to win the majority of votes. They went out into the world and taught the gospel of light to all mankind. The result is that whenever we mention the names of John, or Peter, or Matthew, a wonderful spirituality is obtained, the hearts are inspired, and the souls rejoiced. These disciples were not politicians. They were the harbingers of the glad tidings of the kingdom. They did not know anything about elections, votes, initiative and referendum. They were filled with Christ. They knew him only. Similarly, this cause is pure spirituality. It deals with the aspect of human kind. The hearts of the believers must be the fountains of the love of Baha'o'llah. Freeing themselves from all withering restrictions, they must occupy their time with the promulgation of the word. They must love each other, and banish all phantasms of suspicion and doubt."

Then he left the room, and for a few moments I had time to speak to Iua. She is most happy in her spiritual nest, and is learning to chant many prayers of Baha'o'llah in the original.

In the afternoon, for nearly two hours, the Beloved was in the garden, dictating fragrant tablets to Mirza Moneer, and when he passed our house he carried in his hand a bouquet of faint yellow roses.

In the evening two Arabs who are his friends called on him, and until almost midnight he entertained them beautifully. When they left he was very tired, but well. How glad we are when he is well and in good health.

Ahmad Sohrab.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB

Ramleh, Egypt, Aug. 22, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

I was not feeling well this morning; in fact, since my illness in Paris I have not recovered entirely. Often I feel very weak. I have tried to overcome it, but at times it comes back, leaving me concerned and worried. I have kept my work in order, leaving nothing in arrears, but it has exacted its toll. However, it does not matter. The desire of all of us is to serve the cause and each other to the best of our ability, and we must not desert the rank and file of our fellow workers to the very last breath. We must toil and labor with them, shoulder to shoulder, in order to comprehend fully the sweetness of common experience and share the same fate. It was on this very subject of physical and spiritual health that the Beloved spoke this morning. Haji Mohammed, our simple philosopher, was going to leave to-day for Cairo. The Master, as an opening, said:

"For the last several days I have been feeling better every day. Not that physical health is important in any way, but it may keep one from attending to his work. When you meet the friends in Cairo tell them that through the favors of the Blessed Perfection I am enjoying good health. I hope that they will all be protected under the shield of God."

Then he told us three stories about Bakhtashis, who belong to a religious sect in Turkey. I am inclined to repeat them here, as the Master in each case has been a direct factor.

"When we were living in Adrianople," he said, "there was a Bakhtashis who lived close by us. Professionally he was a wood chopper; socially he was a wit. Once he got very ill and was on the eve of departure from this world. Becoming acquainted with this fact, I called on him. He was lying on a low, uncomfortable cot, and his old wife sitting beside it, with the marks of solicitude and care on her wrinkled face. Suddenly she starts to speak, addressing her husband: 'Thou art going to get well soon. This sickness shall pass away, and then thou wilt be strong. Oh, my beloved! I am praying to Allah for thy speedy recovery. May Allah hear my prayers!' The sick man, as though pulling himself out of a heavy drowsiness, half opened his eyes and said: 'What can I do even if I get well? I am tired of this world, and I want to leave it, my dear. Oh, I am so weary, so weary!' And he closed his eyes. The wife, with much agitation in her mien, declared: 'Oh, no, my darling, thou wilt gain back thy health. Together we will go into the garden, and there eat all kinds of fruits. Hand in hand we will walk through the woods and listen to the songs of the birds. Yes, yes! I will nurse thee as the apple of my eye.' The sick man, without opening his eyes, and seemingly with much struggle, answered her: 'Oh, my wife, be silent! Nothing shall happen if I get well. Only this: I shall have to chop ten or twenty or thirty more loads of wood. That's all. Have I not cut enough wood? Oh, let me die!' In this world we are more or less wood choppers. If we are attacked with sickness and survive, we have to work a little more, to chop a few more loads of wood, and the world will go perennially on as before."

"There was another Bakhtashi who in his younger days was an officer in the Turkish government. This man became also very ill, and when I called on him the members of his family had summoned a Mullah to his bedside to pray for him and ask him to pray, so that God may forgive his sins before his death. After the performance of many ceremonials, the Mullah, in his most solemn voice, asked the patient to repeat the formula: 'O God, I have sinned much. Confer upon me forgiveness.' The sick man did not answer. The Mullah, most thorough in his duties, repeated it again and again, but with no effect. The sick man did not respond. Finally the patient, getting tired of the repetition, turned his eyes to the Mullah and said with real earnestness: 'Man, for many years I have sinned against God and his servants. I have ransacked the houses, orphaned the children, burned the hearths, and have committed all kinds of iniquities. Is the government of God so childlike as to forgive all my past sins with the repetition of a formula? Is his system of dispensing justice so loose? Begone! Thou ignorant Mullah, thou art telling me all these things to get ten piastres as thy fee. Come, come, my friends, give him some money, and let him depart quickly from my presence. He is a satan and a tempter.' When the Mullah left the room in haste, and I was alone in the room, he fell on his knees, and out of the depths of his heart he cried out: 'O Lord, I beg thy mercy. I have committed many sins. I have committed many sins. I have not done that which thou hast commanded me, and have practised the things thou hast made unlawful. With humility and contrition I am standing in thy presence. Do with me whatever thou wilt.' I was much affected by this outburst of earnestness, and left the room, praying that his supplication might become accepted at the threshold of the Almighty.

"In Adrianople, vis à vis of our house, there was a cafe. Here sat every day a retired officer from the Turkish army, belonging to the Bakhtashis sect. The Bakhtashis were always on good terms with us. This retired soldier received a pension of five piastres (25 cents) per day from the government. Every morning he would come and take a chair in front of the cafe and order a cup of coffee. Then the people would gather around him and listen with delight and laughter to his humor and stories until noon. At that hour he would call the garcon and give him five cents to buy for him two loaves of bread, two rolls of roast meat, and a dish of salad. Then he would ask for a clean table, and use his neat handkerchief as a tablecloth. Every day he invited one of the habitués of the cafe to lunch with him. 'Come here, my friend!' putting out a chair for him on the other side of the table, and placing before him a loaf of bread with one of the slices of roast meat. 'Come here and be my guest to-day!' Then he commenced to eat. Every mouthful that was taken was followed by the short sentence: 'O God, I thank thee. How delicious is this lunch!' - till he finished. Then he again would start his conversation, always tempered with sharp wit and the joy of living. From time to time he would come to the mosque of Sultan Suleiman, where the Governor and the officers gathered to pass a pleasant hour. He kept them roaring with his stories all the time. One day, as these men gathered together as usual, and I was present also, our Bakhtashi entered with a mat under his arm. Laughingly he saluted every one and said: 'To-day I am going to start on a long journey. Therefore I beg you to

forgive all my past shortcomings.' 'Art going to Bagdad?' some one inquired. 'Further,' he said. 'To Persia?' another chimed in. 'Further, much further.' 'Surely to China?' 'Very much further.' 'Than no doubt to Australia?' 'Still further.' All this time everybody laughed, because they thought he had a joke up his sleeve. 'Please, please,' he again pleaded, 'I beg you to forgive me. Say that you do.' In order to humor him they said, 'All right, we forgive thee.' Then he said: 'I am now happy. I will also forgive you, my good friends. May God prosper you and bestow upon you his blessings.' Then he walked toward the court of the mosque. He spread half of his mat on the ground, laid himself down, and covered his body with the other half. The spectators, thinking they had reached the climax of the joke, laughed uproariously. Five minutes passed. No movement. Ten, fifteen minutes, half an hour. No sign of life. The minutes grew heavy and strained. They looked at each other with wonder in their eyes. Then with more laughter and motion of the arms, they left the room and gathered around the mat. Wonder of wonders! The man was dead! Then these men carried him on their shoulders with laughter and singing, took him to the undertaker's with laughter, washed his body while laughing, and buried him under the earth with the roar and thunder of laughter. It was a most phenomenal event! This Sakhtashi used to call on me often. He had heard about Baha'o'llah and knew something about the cause. The believers asked him several times to call on the Blessed Perfection, but he would flatly refuse while saying: 'How can I, the essence of sin, stand in the presence of the essence of holiness! I am not worthy of the privilege. Whenever I find that I have attained to the merit, I will go, but not now.' Thus this good man lived and died in happiness."

It was about noon when the Master passed by our house and called for Mirza Ali Akbar. On his return he told us that there was a great festival in the mosque of Sidi Jaber. The Master was also invited to be present. The mosque was most beautifully decorated with flags and draperies. The Khedive was there also. After the ceremonies, the Beloved came out, and all the poor, men and women and children, gathered around him with their tattered garments and dusty appearances. He put money into the palms of each, patting the shoulders of some and cheering every one of them with his loving glance.

About four o'clock he went to the garden, but this time all alone, there to walk and think divine thoughts and ideals.

To-day I received letters from our American friends. I read them with much pleasure, and their contents will be presented to the Beloved at my first opportunity. May this link of spiritual correspondence bind the East and the West closer together!

Ahmad Schrab.

Ramleh, Egypt, August 25, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

We are living in an age in which the cry of the most enlightened men is for practical results and economic efficiency. The manufacturer, in order to attract more capital, glibly tells you how much dividends the stockholders have received this year. The banker points out with heightened pride to his credit and large circulation. The farmer will tell you of the large crops he has gathered in previous years. The men of science show the benefits accruing to humanity through their discoveries and inventions. The whole world has become one large chorus, praising the lives of those men and women who have uplifted mankind through their works. Not only in America; or Europe, this spirit has become keenly manifest; but even the slow going, heavy-weight East has at last awakened to the fact that she must somehow free herself from the sluggishness of the past and enter into the family of living nations, otherwise she will fall behind the triumphal march of progress and civilization.

Now the Bahai Movement has come into the world principally as a Cause of Love, Spirituality, Unification, Reformation, Reconciliation, Universal Peace, Idealism, International Language, Unity of Religions, Equality of Rights, General Education, Sanctity, Brotherhood and all the celestial attributes that will contribute toward the union of the Orient and the Occident. The inevitable conclusion--after much necessary or unnecessary talk--is that those who call themselves Bahais must embody these principles in their lives, either fully or at least in part;--so that mankind may see with their own eyes the concrete, spiritual results of the Bahai Teachings and arise to spread them more universally. Very few are so constituted as to deal entirely in abstract ideas; because we are all human. We love to see all our ideals becoming realized in a human being. If we admire courage, we would like to see this quality in a hero. If we are attracted to Love, we consider it a high privilege to see this attribute manifest in a person. In brief, like everyone else, we are also hungry after results. The other day Mirza Moneer told us a story which will illustrate this point. There was a young man in Beirut who worked as a waiter in a restaurant. For twenty years he lived in a small room on the top of a house. He worked all day and resorted to his room by night. By mere accident he met on the street an old friend of his who had just arrived from his native town. "Where are you going to live?" he inquired. "I am at this very moment looking for a Hotel." "Oh, no! Don't go to the Hotel; come and be my guest." After some insistence he accepted the invitation. "Here is the key to my room. Take it. The address is at such and such a place. Go there now and take a rest. I will come after my work about nine o'clock." The man took the key, and after some inquiries found the place. As soon as he unlocked the door, a stuffy, most evil odor broke upon him. He waited outside a few minutes, and then with much difficulty entered the room. He found it dark and dirty and all the simple furniture covered with several inches of dust. As he was a man accustomed to cleanliness, he started to sweep the room, dust the objects, clean the things and scrub the floor. In carrying the furniture and boxes from one corner to the other, he found to his delight the closed shutters of a window, rusty and

apparently unopened for many years. With much effort he opened it, and a flood of light entered, lightening the room and purifying the air. After this thorough room-cleaning, he sat down and waited for his friend. When night came around he went out and brought a candle. He lighted it and began to read his newspaper. Nine o'clock and his friend had not arrived; 10 o'clock and there was no sign of him; at 11 o'clock he got up from his seat and went out to see what had become of him. He saw a man walking to and fro on the veranda. "Who art thou?" he asked in the darkness. "I am----, and it seems I have lost my room." Realizing that he was indeed the lost friend, he told him that this is his own room. He came in then and looked around with evident astonishment. "I have lived in this room for 20 years," he said, "and never knew that it has a window. I have never lighted a candle. I entered this room by night and feel my way to the bed. I take off my clothes and sleep. Early in the morning, before sunrise, I dress and go out. Thus I have never been here by daylight. Now when I came to-night I locked in the room and saw there an open window; I saw many things that I don't remember having possessed; so I thought this is surely not my room, and for more than two hours I was pacing to and fro wondering what I should do."

Now God in His Generosity has given us many things, but we have to use them; He has revealed many Precepts, but we have to live by them. If we close the shutters of our hearts, the light will not shine therein; the spiritual atmosphere will not become purified, dormant powers will not be awakened, divine susceptibilities will not be obtained; intellectual faculties will not become active, heavenly illumination will not be realized, Celestial Love will not be revealed, results will not be produced and moral civilization will not raise its standard.

Before noon the Beloved passed by our house and called for Mirza Ali Akbar. He sent him to Alexandria to attend to an errand, and personally called on an important personage. In the afternoon, one could find him in the garden, dictating Tablets for Oriental Baha'is. About sun set he came to us. Many believers were here, and the Master spoke, partly in Arabic and part in Persian. He said: in part: "These stories of the Prophets recorded in the Koran are not for the sake of recording history. They are as warnings to the future generations after Mohammed;--so that they may know what was done by former people to the Messengers of God. Although they opposed the Cause, yet were they defeated in their purpose. Who can stand before the Will of the Almighty? Let me give you a plain example: His Holiness Christ after his Crucifixion had only 11 disciples. One of His disciples betrayed Him, another denied Him thrice, and the rest deserted Him on the crucial night of His life. He was left all alone, friendless and helpless. Then afterward, the page was turned and the combined Will of the Roman and Greek Emperors and philosophers could not stamp out the Power of Christ. Like a mighty torrent everything was swept before it. Now after the departure of Baha'o'llah to say the least five hundred thousand men and women believed in Him; thousands having already testified with their blood and the rest ready at any moment to give up their lives. If we reflect for one moment and compare the result of the two Movements, we will logically conclude that no power on



earth can stand in the path of the progress of the Bahai Cause, which is the Cause of humanity."

Then he spoke about some of the events of the stirring days of Acca, when the Investigating Committee had come to send him to Feyzan at the instigation of his enemies. The events of these years--1863-67--if collected and written, will form the most dramatic story of the Master's most epic life. They illustrate better than anything else his courage, endurance, patience and spiritual control over great difficulties.

Ahmad Schrab.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB .

Ramleh, Egypt, Aug. 24, 1913.

Dear Friends:

The other day I observed one of the pilgrims from a far-away town of Persia holding a book in his hand. He was reading it with great attention. Going near to him, I looked at the top of the page. To my surprise I read the name of Mr. William Hoar of New York City. It was a copy of a tablet revealed to him by the Master on the eve of his departure for Acca many years ago. "Do you know whose tablet you are reading?" I asked. "Of course I do; it belongs to one of our American brothers," he said with pride. "How do you come to get a copy of it?" I asked again. "Oh, it is spread all over Persia," he replied, "By the way," he said, as though remembering something, "tell me something about Mr. Hoar. When I go away I want to tell the story to my friends, because we used to read this tablet in every meeting." "Very well. Then ask the rest of the pilgrims to gather together in the room and I will talk to you about him. However, I shall exact one condition, and that is to get a copy of this tablet." Having told them what a splendid and upright Bahai Mr. Hoar is, I received my reward - a copy of the tablet. And if you won't tell him anything about it, and are good enough to keep the subject all to yourself, I will share the contents of this wonderful tablet with you by translating it herein. The original is in eloquent Arabic.

To Mr. William Hoar: Upon him be Baha'o'llah!

H E I S G O D !

O thou visitor to the Blessed Tabernacle!

Verily the Messenger of Confirmation and the Commander of Assistance invited thee and brought thee safely to this radiant Holy Land. Verily thou hast crossed the seas and passed through the cities until thou didst reach to this center of lights, the origin of divine traces, and the dawning place of the inspiration of thy Lord, the Mighty, the Master of Destiny. Verily, verily, I say unto thee, this is a bestowal through whose mention the unitarians are rejoiced and the sincere ones long for its attainment. This is a food for the spirit, a sustenance from heaven, a grace through which the hearts are resuscitated, and a favor by which all the souls are revitalized. Render thou thanksgiving unto the Lord for his generosity and liberality. Appreciate thou its value and guard its preciousness.

I declare by the True One that if a faithful believer in GOD, while turning his face toward his kingdom, the supreme, arrives at this white land, the luminous spot, perfuming his nostrils through the fragrances

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of holiness which is being diffused to all parts of the world, the Most Dynamic Power shall aid him, the Glorious Giver shall reinforce him with his love and good pleasure, and confirm him in the accomplishment of a matter which shall have no parallel in the realm of existence and no similarity in the world of visibility.

But as to thee, gird up the loins of endeavor and return to that distant continent in which thou art living, and give the glad tidings of the kingdom of GOD to the people, - the kingdom whose doors are opened before the faces of all those who live upon the earth and in heaven, a kingdom for the attainment unto which the chosen ones from amongst the dwellers of the cities of the Almighty longed but did not attain. Verily the receptivity and capability for this uninterrupted downpouring is a grace from the graces of God, and the most glorious gift, and verily the generosity of thy Lord is not limited.

Declare thou unto the people: Verily at this time the sun hath shone forth, the orbs are gleaming, the stars are sparkling, the lamps are ignited, the heavens expanded, the seas have become tempestuous, the breezes have wafted, the cloud poured down, the earth is adorned, the tabernacle of the Lord is lifted up, the rose gardens are embellished, the orchards are in luxuriant growth, the birds are singing, the flowers are blossoming, the fragrances are scattered, and the zephyrs are blowing. How long, how long, are ye asleep in your tombs and resting upon the beds of negligence? Will ye not be awakened out of your slumber, cleanse your ears, respond to the call of your Lord, the Omniscient, become rejoiced through the favor of your GOD, the Clement, reading the verses of his mercy, and worshipping the adorned countenance in this manifest day? Hasten ye, hasten ye, O ye sincere ones! Hasten ye, hasten ye, O ye attracted ones! Hasten ye, hasten ye, O ye expecting ones! Hasten ye, hasten ye, O ye longing ones! Ere long ye shall behold the banners of guidance waving from the summit of the highest mountains, the knowledge of GOD encircling this terrestrial globe, and the signs of the bounties of your Lord appearing in all directions as the appearance of the sun of mid-day. On that day the faithful ones shall break into songs of gladness; the people of unity shall rejoice, and the hearts which are filled with the love of the Living, the Self-Subsistent, will become dilated; the heedless ones will be in loss, the violators of the Covenant in regret, and the rebellious ones in degradation.

O ye servants of GOD! Avail yourselves of the opportunity which is offered to you through these favors, and do ye not forget that which was promised you in all the holy writings. This day is the day of attraction. This day is the day of enkindlement. This day is the day of soaring toward the ethereal atmosphere of the Merciful. This day is the day of the call. This day is the day of Grace. This day is the day of the most eminent bestowal. This day is the day of the most valuable treasure. O ye servants of GOD! Do ye not deprive yourselves of the ocean of favor, and do ye not shut your eyes to the vision of the signs of your Lord, the Omnipotent. Approach ye toward the kingdom of Abha, the supreme heaven and the loftiest station, with radiant faces, hearts overflowing with the mention of GOD, and breasts dilated by the verses of GOD, so that ye may attain to that which was longed for by the righteous ones, - the station created by the saints and prayed to by the holy souls. Verily in this is that which causes astonishment to the

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people of intelligence.

Convey my greeting and praise to all the believers of GOD in that vast and spacious continent, and say unto them from the tongue of Abdul Baha: "O ye believers of GOD! It is incumbent upon ye to work mightily (in the cause), strive nobly to speak out the bounties of GOD. Be ye engaged in the commemoration of the mention of GOD. Be ye severed from all else save GOD. Take a firm hold of the rope of virtue. Shun obedience to the dictates of self and passion. Practise kindness toward all the people of the world. Serve the cause of universal peace, and show ye love to all the nations of earth."

Upon ye be greeting and praise!

(Signed) Abdul Baha Abbas.

I did not see anything of the Master this morning. Having received large packages of letters from the various countries of the East, he is busy reading them. Like simple children, they come to him for advice on all sorts of problems. From my standpoint they heap too much on the shoulders of the Beloved. Of course, he is our only light and guide, but there are certain questions that we can settle just as well through the light of the spirit and reason. However, it is not my province to criticise. It is all the more wonderful to me that he attends to all these infinite details of correspondence with unlimited patience and perseverance.

At four o'clock I found myself at the door of the house of the Master. He was coming down with firm strides. The carriage was waiting. He had promised to take Mr. Atwood with him one day for a drive, and this was the day of fulfillment. In my hand I had a package of letters to be read to him. Looking at the rather thick package of communications, he laughed, and taking it out of my hand turned it toward the upper windows (apparently some of the members of the holy family were looking down) and said: "Look! What an amount of work he has brought for me! Does he not deserve a sound beating?" And with the umbrella handle he did strike me twice gently on my back. Then he entered the carriage; after him, Shougi Effendi, and next this humble servant. Before reaching the Hotel Plaisance, in order to take Mr. Atwood with us, he talked with much humor, laughing all the time.

"It has reached to such a point that if some of the friends want to cough or sneeze they write to me to do it for them, thinking it too much trouble. I have repeatedly written that any feasible plan which had for its aim the spread of the cause is agreeable. Every one desires that I may free him from his perplexities and lighten his work, but no one has yet written to me: 'I have heard you are too busy. May I be of some service to you? May I come and lighten your load?'"

Finally we reached the hotel, got Mr. Atwood, and started again. He has written two articles on the cause in these days, the first appearing in the Christian Commonwealth, the second to appear in another London paper. On the way, he asked two questions: One on creation and its apparent incongruities and anomalies, the other on free will and predestination. To each one the Beloved gave a satisfactory answer.

If we look upon creation from a general standpoint, we see symmetry and harmony, and the apparent differences and anomalies of nature which we call freaks are not freaks at all, but they are created by a

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definite wisdom. As soon as we learn the purpose of their creation they are not freaks but parts of a creation. For example, we know the wisdom of the creation of the eyes, the ears, the teeth, the hands and the feet, but we may wonder why a single hair is grown on the top of somebody's nose. This also has a purpose, were we to become cognizant of it. The law of composition and decomposition, amalgamation and dissolution, construction and destruction, protection and danger, are two basic principles of creation. An organism, whether living or inanimate, must be decomposed at a stated time, so that through its scattered atoms or elements other organisms may be composed and created. Creation, therefore, is based upon the activities of these fundamental laws. On the other hand, there is the law of the eater and the eaten. The higher forms of life feed upon the lower status of genera. The grass takes its nourishment out of the soil and grows every day taller and taller, like unto this (extending his hand toward the tall grass waving in the field). The animal in turn (showing a cow grazing in the field) eats this grass and is sustained by it. After a while man comes along, kills the cow and feeds himself upon it. Thus we observe that these various kingdoms of life feed upon each other, but they have no conscious knowledge of one another's existence, Hence the inferior degree is entirely out of touch with the superior degree, but the upper can look down upon the lower and help it. That is why, when we live in this world, we are not informed of the existence of the spiritual world, but the dwellers of the world of spirit know about us and can assist and help us.

As regards the free will: There are two kinds of affairs: the first controlled by man, the second beyond his control; the first voluntary, the second involuntary. I am a free man as far as walking is concerned, but I am not free to soar in the air unless I build an aeroplane.

While the carriage was rolling on and on, across fields of cotton, palm groves, primitive hamlets, the Master spoke on the above subjects. We returned about seven o'clock. Mr. Atwood enjoyed the ride most heartily, and thanked the Master for it. At 8:30 the Beloved came to our house. There was an Arab Sheikh waiting for him. After harranguing some poetry and philosophic jargon, to which the Master listened patiently, he ended by the announcement that his wife and children were sick and he had nothing. The Master gave him five dollars, and he left the house happy. Afterward, six more Egyptians of the noble class came. For more than two hours he spoke to them about the virtues of English and American people, their scientific achievements, his traveling throughout those distant countries full of marvelous wonders. Then he gave a resume of his lectures in the Jewish synagogues in America. He was very lively in his description, and laughed throughout his interesting talk. The young Egyptians were absorbed in attention. His remarks were relished.

Today the Beloved was very happy and well. All his words created joy and spread sunshine. He laughed, and the waves of his laughter rippled on the sea of lives, creating wider and wider circles of the joy of living.

Ahmad Sohrab

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB .

Hankeh, Egypt, Aug. 25, 1913

Dear Friends:

Most important of all is the establishment of a line of correspondence between the East and the West. Not that it may go on for a month or two, or a year or two, but that it may grow from step to step without interruption. The success of every affair depends upon one's firmness and resolution in following it up. Of no less importance is correspondence between the various cities of America, so far as the Bahai assemblies are concerned, also with European Bahai centers. Thus each assembly will become informed of the status of the others, giving moral support to each other. In carrying on a correspondence, the writer, at the moment of writing, must forget local feelings, gossip and narrow idiosyncrasies of individuals, and looking upon the larger and more ideal aspects of the cause may write such news and pen such thoughts as may uplift, the ambition and inspire the readers with greater activity and service. To carry on correspondence on this large scale, a simple organization is necessary. It will be well, for example, to designate certain active centers in America - Chicago, Washington, New York, San Francisco and Boston - to correspond regularly with European and Oriental assemblies, and in turn disseminate the news they receive to smaller centers; that the future Bahai conventions may give one or more sessions to this important subject, that the secretaries appointed to such office may report fully on what they have done during the year, and how many letters they have written and received. Probably this winter and autumn this plan could be put more on a working basis, so that by the next convention further plans may be taken up by the delegates. Another aspect of this chain of correspondence must be to forward regularly a monthly report to the Beloved. All the assemblies, whether large or small, in America or Europe, must consider it their bounden duty to dispatch this report. Several assemblies in the past have tried to send monthly reports to the Master, but after a while they have given it up, evidently showing their lack of attention and determination about this important affair. The secretary of each assembly must be made responsible to carry out definitely these duties. Otherwise no permanent results will be achieved.

As a confirmation of the foregoing statements, I translate the following tablet, which deals entirely with this subject, and I am sure after reading it the believers will do their utmost to carry out its instructions.

"The correspondence of the believers of GOD with all parts of America, and from America to all directions, is very acceptable and reasonable. It will be the means of drawing the hearts together. Unquestionably show ye the utmost effort in this matter and correspond with every part. The friends of GOD must be like bouquets of roses, disseminating their sweet fragrances from one to another. They must

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