

45
Ramlah, Egypt
Oct 20th 1913

Dear friends!

It is good to go on the shore of the great sea where the sun is set and the myriads of the stars make the night wonderfully majestic and inspiring. I was there half an hour ago lying on the soft sand, my eyes gazing upward, my mind wrapt up in the contemplation of yon brilliant dome of God. The moon was not yet up and so the stars were in greater evidence, so lustrous, so luminous, so faith-inspiring. The Milky way was a royal path strewn with millions of stars, each one probably larger than our globe. It was a truly magic night over which was thrown the spell of beauty and the motion of the spheres. How stupendous is God's creation and how small we are trying to make it, to bring it within our human ken and petty understanding! How his mighty spirit pervades throughout all these infinite worlds, keeping each in its circumscribed circle and never allowing it to go out one hair's breadth from its natural course! How glorious is this divine workshop wherein the most complicated mechanism is adjusted by the minutest and most unalterable law! I could not close my eyes, the more I beheld these handiworks of the Lord, the more I was infatuated by them, held as though by an invisible force. No wonder that astronomy held and still holds a most honorable position in the colleges and universities of the world and is one of the most instructive and valuable part of our modern education.

As I was thus spell-bound with the charm of the stars I heard a voice which brought me to the earth again. "What art thou doing here?" I looked around and it was the harbor police - an Arab negro. "I am watching the stars." "Are they not wonderful? I look at them here every night and I believe they are the eyes of the Lord which look down upon the earth, so that men may be ashamed and do no evil," he answered with firm belief. Then we started to talk together. He asked me, "Where dost thou come from ^{brother}?" "From America." "Oh!" he gasped "I thought I have heard about it. Is it not very far, in the other end of the earth." This gave me a chance to enlighten and at the same time astonish him a little bit on the subject. He could not believe that there are buildings 40 or 45 stories high in New York. "If such buildings exist they must have of course been constructed by the genie as no man can accomplish such a thing" he finally concluded. "Are there any Moslems there?" he was anxious to know. "Yes!" I rejoiced his heart "there are many fair-minded Americans who believe that Mohamad is the prophet of God and mention the name of the Arabian Messenger with honor." "Are you telling me the truth? Some one must have then worked a miracle in their hearts, because all the Christians I see hate our prophet and consider us Moslems as infidels and worse than pagans, yet we all believe in 'Sayyedena Nasir' - Our Lord Christ." "I assure you, my brother that I am telling

thee the truth." "Praise be, then to Our God on
 High!" he cried out. "The time has come when
 the Moslems and Christians must come together
 in the hand of love and affinity and forget their
 prejudices and know that they are brothers."
 "Oh!" he said "What a joy will it be when
 that day comes! May our Lord hasten its
 coming. The Moslems are willing to meet
 their brother Christians more than half way."
 "I have lived in America" I answered him as I
 arose and shook off the sand from my feet
 for many years and I give thee the good news
 that will rejoice of all the people that there
 are thousands of men, women and children
 in that country who believe in the prophet-
 hood of Mahomed and their numbers are
 increasing." He did not know how to thank
 me and I left him to his ^{own} thoughts. I hope
 I will see him another night and tell him
 some more. Now wasn't this an interesting
 experience! I returned home absorbing what
 the negro Mohamadan told me and how
 he was interested to know everything about
 America and the people living there.
 If we appreciate duly the Bahai Cause it
 is the most heavenly gift of God, for
 with this light in our hand our path
 will never be dark and we shall never
 lose our way. We will hail the good
 no matter from what source! It gives
 us such a universal sympathy for all
 mankind and a keen sense of discrimination
 to weigh and judge the truth no matter
 where and how we come in contact with it.

As I was returning home I saw the Master coming out of the hotel Victoria. I followed him to the door of the house and I was glad to have had even these few minutes with him. I was going to tell him my singular experience but there was no time. In the morning also he sent for me and gave me a package of Tablets to translate. Before I left him, however he did strike 3 times on my face. I took them as part of my salary advanced and arrears. In the afternoon also he came to Mirza Abdul Gajl and there were several Arabs present he presented a wonderful interpretation of several mystic traditions of Mahomed which were greatly appreciated by his hearers.

Today another interesting pilgrim arrived from Cairo, a very old man. He is the man sent by Bahá - Allah many years ago before His departure to Khortum to find out the whereabouts of Haji Mirza Heydor Ali who was imprisoned there for 12 years and no one had heard anything from him. ^{He} This man was sent to find them out. He walked on foot for months before reaching his destination and finally accomplishing the work entrusted to him and returning to the Blessed Perfection with the news.

Tomorrow Mirza Mahsen and the daughter of the Master will leave for Haifa as the first party and probably in a week or so we will be on our way. The Master has finally decided to go which will give joy to the hearts of all the believers of Syria.

I will translate herein the lovely Tablet revealed
to the German Bahais, thus giving you the vision
and the noble outlook of that sturdy nation;
He is God!

O ye sons and daughters of the Kingdom your
letter dated September 30th 1913 duly received.
From its contents it became evident that the
Fire of the Love of God is ignited in that region,
such a Flame that shall illumine the
world and shall make the East and the West
the field of the heroes of the Kingdom; all
the people are sleep on the bed of negligence,
praise be to God that you are awake; all
are inadvertent but ye are mindful. All
are deprived of the Bestowals of the Kingdom
and you have taken a goodly portion. The
Crow and the owl do not enjoy the brilliant
rose garden. The beauty and the virtue of the rose
is the food of the longing nightingale. It will
receive a share and a portion from the fragrance,
delicacy and elegance of the rose.

Now the Kingdom is like unto a rose-garden
and ye are the fortunate and sweet-singing
nightingales. The world of the Kingdom is like
unto the fountain of life and ye are
like unto inconsolable, thirsty fish. Thank
ye God that in the day of the appearance
of the Kingdom ye have become so accepted
and favored at the Threshold of the Ever-
giving Lord. Therefore strive ye with
heart and soul so that the world of huma-
nity may become illumined, the foundation
of hatred and animosity may become
entirely razed to the ground and

all humanity may associate with each other
with the utmost love and kindness, good-
fellowships and intimacy.

Upon ye be Baha Elabha!
(Kip) Abdul Baha Ahha

In another he says:-

O thou servant of His Highness the Friend!
Strive thy utmost that in the center of the
world thou mayst become the sign of the
merciful and beneath the protection of the
Almighty thou mayst become the manifest
ensign. Mayst thou prepare thy sustenance
for the spiritual world in this mortal
life and from the hand of the cup-bearer
of Providence mayst thou drink the
overflowing goblet of Favor! Bend thou
asunder the garment of patience and clothe
thyself with the garment of joy and happiness.
Become thou so slight and ethereal
that thou mayst soar in the pure atmos-
phere and become the token of the essence
of essences."

O thou servant of the Beauty of Ahha! Be thou happy
because thou hast presented thyself at the table of
the heavenly food and partook of the spiritual
sustenance; thou didst perfume thy nostrils
with the fragrance of Holiness and Illumination,
thy face with the light of Faith; thou didst
quaffed the cup of the Most Great Beauty and
sweetened thy taste with the honey of
the Love of God. Thou must thank God
for this divine Generosity a hundred thousand
times, because thanksgiving becometh the
heavenly Bestowment."