

Port Said, Egypt
Nov 16th. 1913

Dear friends!

This is our last day in Port Said. Tomorrow we shall return to Ramleh. The ^{news of the} death of Aga Ali Akbar in Ramleh was received last night and the Master sent immediately Mirza Hadi and Mirza Hossein to console the family and carry to them the messages of his love.

On the other hand the steamer China of the Austrian Lloyd left ^{and} tonight at 7 o'clock carrying Doctor and Mrs Gelsing and the five Zoroastrian men with their women and children for India - that far off land of strange creeds. With them goes the Confirmation of the Kingdom of Abha and the host of spiritual Angels. There is a glorious mission and let us all pray fervently that they may be succeeded to teach many souls and call the attention of many people to the Cause of God.

Mrs Stannard has also arrived from Cairo. Having disposed of all her objects she is now ready to start for India with greater ease and confidence. She has burned the bridge and shall leave on the 20th of this month. United in purpose and aim the three will become assisted to perform signal services in the Cause. England, America, Persia and India are going to shake the hand of friendship and Bahai fellowship. Although there are four gardens and four kinds of flowers yet they are all fragrant and once their perfumes are mixed there will be a new, sweet fragrance - spiritual, super-sensual.

Early in the morning the Beloved called for the pilgrims. As he came in all arose and he walked around looking in the face of each - eager, emanating love and devotion for him. He smiled, he was happy. These were his own spiritual children. Ah me! How in one glance he conveyed to each his silent love-thought and the joy of spirit which is keynote of heaven! Then he sat down, his holy face wreathed with the flowers of happiness and indescribable pleasure. "You are all welcome! What joyful, spiritual faces are yours!" "Come unto me" he asked the three Zoroastrian Children. They ran toward him. He made ^{one} of them sit on his right hand, another on his left and the smallest on his lap. With his blessed hands he caressed their shining black hair and little brown faces. The father and mother were so moved by this scene that they wept tears of joy. "These are my darling little friends. Khosro bring for them bangles. After filling their pockets and while they were nestling as close to him as possible he said to the group up:-

This is the last day that I am meeting you, but in reality this is the first day. Although physically it is the last day, yet spiritually it is the first day. In the divine world there is no beginning and ending. From a material standpoint there may be the first and the last, but from the spiritual standpoint there is neither first nor last. We have had together such wonderful days. Praise be to God that we were all engaged in the mention of God. We had no other

aim save God and entertained no other longing
 except his servitude. Although outwardly we were
 living on the surface of the earth, yet inwardly
 our hearts were in heaven, our spirits were
 in the Kingdom of Akiba. One could never imagine
 more blessed days than these! Now we expect
 the results of these ideal experiences. Many
 eyes were weeping. One of the pilgrims expressed
 the hope that he will see Baha-Allah in the
 Kingdom. "Ah yes!" he said softly and
 quietly, "I hope that we will all be gathered
 there! Our real gathering is There! Our divine
 Assembly is There! Our spiritual Feast is
There! Our eternal union is There. This
 meeting is only an introduction to the One
 prepared for us by the Blessed Perfection. With
 what infinite longing, what unfailing yearning
 he uttered these words! They made us all
 long to enter that realm of light as soon as
 possible. Again he spoke:— "This voyage of
 yours was extremely significant. Because first
 you were with me in Alexandria, then you
 departed to visit the Holy Tomb of Baha-Allah
 and now we are gathered in Port Said. ^{Intending to come} ~~There~~
 are two kinds of travellers. — pilgrims and
 tourists. The pilgrims are those who after the
 visit of the Holy Tomb are surrounded with
 the Glances of the Mercy of the Almighty,
 their hearts become the caskets for the
 jewels of the Treasury of God, and their
 spirits stored by the Breaths of the Holy
 Spirit, but the tourists are those who
 just come to see the places, showing in
 all things a historic interest and probably

after their departure they will write a basket, Praise be to God that you are pilgrims. . . . Praise be to God that you are pilgrims!"

One of the believers of Port Said Aga yourself had invited the pilgrims to lunch, so the Master said:— Well done! Well done! The believers of God must always invite each other. They must shew toward each other the utmost hospitality and kindness. A Bahai feast is not like the feast of other people. The receptions given by the friends are the store houses of spirituality and fragrances. The Arabs have a saying 'As soon as you have helped yourselves of the food, depart! This is a cow-like quality. They graze on the grass, drink from the fountains and once satisfied they leave their pasturage. But when the Bahais gather together they commemorate the name of God, they chant prayers, and encourage each other through spoken words in the love of God — a feast of the soul. The name of God is the feast of the spirit."

"Ah! my beloved ones! I love you very much, because you are the believers of God. If I do not love you, then whom can I love? If I am not made happy through you, then who can make me happy? If I had time I would have come with you as far as Ramleh. But now I have received the news of the death of Aga Ali Akbar from Ramleh. I must return to console the members of his family. Aga Ali Akbar was a pure soul, believer and assured. He was firm in the covenant and his face shone with divine happiness, when he was in yazd he was a rich man. No man

it was known that he is a Bahai all his property was confiscated and he was thrown into dungeons. They finally brought him out and bastinadoed him. Seeing that he was a strong man they stripped him of all his clothes and inflicted whips on his bare back till blood started to flow. He never complained. He stood there as a rock. This means faith. After some time he came to Acca. He did not have one cent. He was a very contented man, I gave him five francs. (one dollar) he went away and for two years this was the capital of his business. Finally one day I asked him whether he has got any money. He said 'Oh yes' The five francs have supported me for the last 2 years. Then I joked with him that I will sue him in the court if he does not divide the interests with me." X

When the pilgrims left the house he had another long talk with Lua about her trip to India giving her some instructions and toward the last he said: - "Now that thou art departing for India I desire that thou mayst become like unto a rose garden to perfume the nostrils of all the people. Be thou a joy-carrier a harbinger of the spiritual springtime, a glad-bearer of the Kingdom of Abha. Be thou the embodiment of spirituality and independence. Trust in God and work day and night. People are divided into two kinds. The first kind are those who live in the underground of moral darkness and satisfied with the dim light of the candle; others estimate

themselves from the prison and soar toward the
 immensity of space. "Strive thy utmost to free the
 people from darkness and cause their entrance into
 the Kingdom of Thy Glorious Lord! In the middle
 of nights pray and supplicate to God with such
 fervor and zeal that I may hear thy calls."
 Then he went ^{out} on the veranda, and ^{to walk} after a few
 minutes he called Lua and me to himself. ~~He showed~~ ^{he showed}
 to us a lovely garden below. "Do you see this garden?
 Well! This belongs to a European who is in the service
 of the Egyptian government. He receives five hundred
 dollars monthly salary. Do you see that lovely
 Kiosk built in the center of the garden and the
 shady, charming avenues? When in the evening
 he returns from his work, after changing his
 clothes he goes under the Kiosk and with his
 wife drink tea, wine, etc. Then when night
 comes and the beams of the silver moon are
 spread over the calm oriental atmosphere,
 they take their dinner and after awhile
 together they dance and waltz till midnight
 through the green lanes and fragrant
 avenues of the garden. They are thoroughly
 absorbed in each other and apparently enjoy
~~each other~~ ^{one another} company. While the eternal stars are
 marching in their prescribed courses, this couple
 dance in poetic motion and gyrate to the
 music of the heavenly spheres. Apparently some
 people may conceive that this is the height of
 happiness but it is material and fleeting. It
 does not last. The only abiding happiness is
 spiritual and ideal. That is real, all others
 are phantasmal and non-essential.
 The joy of the spirit confers Peace."

Then coming in the room he took in his hand the pen and paper and wrote himself the following spiritual Charter for Lua:—

"O thou maid-servant of God Lua! Depart for India with the intention of Teaching the Cause of God and spreading the Fragrances of God. Go forth with a pure aim, attracted heart and a spirit rejoiced with the Glad-Tidings of the Kingdom of Allah! Be thou so severed from all else save God that thou mayst eternally soar toward the heaven of Nearness. Be thou so detached from the material world that whosoever comes in contact with thee, - if he is extinguished he may become illumined, if he is silent he may unloose his tongue, if he is withered he may be refreshed and put forth leaves and blossoms, if he is blind he may receive sight, if he is dead he may be resuscitated. I hope that this trip will make thee wholly spiritual, and become entirely dismounted from the requirements of the physical world.

..... Upon thee be Baha!

(Signed) Abdul Baha Abbas!

I was glad to find Mrs Stanward in the afternoon in the Master's house. Mrs Getzinger was there too:— "You two must love each other very much. Be very kind toward each other. Both of you are my dear daughters. Should you realize how much I love you you would soar with joy!"

Then for the last time the pilgrims came and the Master introduced Mrs Stanward to them. "She is a spiritual woman, a faithful worker of the Cause. She desires to meet

the old Zoroastrian Community. It seems that God has desired to unite the East and the West, because these western friends are coming to visit you. These (the Zoroastrians of India) are the plants of the garden of God. I am accepting all these hardships for their sake. These are the sheep of God. Now the Divine Shepherd has come to gather them in one flock." Then they left His Presence. It was a moving, touching scene. The Master went and stood at the door. He embraced and kissed each one as he passed out. Their eyes were full of tears. They fell at his feet and Oh! so reverently kissed the hem of his garment. The Zoroastrian women also were weeping. The heart of stone is melted at the beauty of the faith and the sincerity of these simple folk.

At 5.30 with Mrs Stannard I went to the steamer to say farewell to Doctor and Mrs Getzinger and the Zoroastrian believers. They were all very happy, conscious of the sacred responsibility which is laid upon them by the Lord of Mankind. When we left the steamer they were all on the deck shaking their hands & cheering and bidding us goodbye. Farewell! dear Eva. There has ever been a faithful servant of the Cause, and he has taught many souls and invited many people to the Kingdom of Abha! Mayst thou perform thy mission fully and nobly. We ever anticipate to hear the good news of thy triumphs and spiritual victories. Fare thee well, God is with thee.

In the evening I was left to myself. I could do as I pleased so I decided to go "strolling" in the native quarter of the town. The streets were dark, dirt and refuse abounded, pools of stagnant water noseated the passer by. Now and then a weird music of cymbal, the monotonous voices of women rising shrilly and their handclapping reached the ears. Then I suddenly came upon the native bazaar. Women squatted on the sidewalk selling bread and dates, the dirty coffee-houses were filled with Arab coal carriers - their faces as black. I walked from one end of the Bazaar to the other end but I did not see a clean spot. How different methought is this oriental scene with all these Arabs compared with the up-to-date restaurant on Broadway in New York and the fashionable balls given ⁱⁿ the different capitals of the Western hemisphere. Notwithstanding all these hygienic and sanitary handicaps the people seemed to be happy and contented. You could not find in the face of all these people any sign of mental worries and nervous breakdown.

This is for the present our last night in Port Said. Only ~~five~~ ^{four} more pilgrims are with us; two will return to Bagdad one to Russia, another to Alexandrette and the fifth to Haifa. Tomorrow at one o'clock in the afternoon we will leave for Ramleh. To you and all the friends I send you the Bahai love of these Oriental brothers. They all love you and long to shake your hands.