Bahai Pilgrim House.
Mount Carmel. Haifa Syria
January 20th 1914

Dear friends!

Very early in the morning we were up to bid our pilgrims who were going to depart a loving farewell. They were sad of course but who would not be sad to leave this Holy Spot. If some one brings me the word that the Beloved will send me away I will be almost beside myself with grief. For this reason I sympathise keenly with these men who adore and love the Master. In their company I descended the mountain till we reached the house of Abdul Baha. Here we waited, the Pilgrims hoping to meet once more their King. Already their eyes were full of tears. After a few minutes they were given this last and memorable privilege. Tea was served to them, but their minds and hearts were not here. They were thinking and weeping over their separation. "Do ye not weep." he told them

"The Lord is your comfort. The Glory of the King of Kings shall rest upon you. Abide eternally in the realm of joy and fragrance. Now return to your respective homes impelled by these spiritual stimuli. Quicken the souls with the Power of the Holy Spirit. Do not ~~diversify~~ scatter your thoughts, rather concentrate them around the Vision Splendid. Be ever conducive to unity and harmony. Do not let this opportunity slip out of your fingers. The core of truth is Unity. Work for it. Let not your steps falter. Work for the cause of Unity. Marshal your intellectual and moral forces on the side of Unity. Let not doctrinal uncertainties confuse you. Pierce through the thick veils of the theological dogmas. In the imperial Court of the Almighty there is no diversification, no class hatred, no denominational bigoteries, no racial distinctions, no spiritual lepers and no infernal prejudices. There, we are all one. In short a Bahai is a remedy for every ailment, a balm for every wound and a consolation

for every despondent heart. To the needy he is the source of supply; to the oppressed he is the shelter and protection; to the stranger the loving companion; to the helpless the staff of strength; to the defenceless the bulwark of security and to the deprived one the fountain of mercy. This is the cause of my joy! This is the exhortation of the Blessed Perfection! "O

Then he kissed each one on his forehead and on his cheeks, sending him out into the world with the warmth of his Love and the glow of his touch. Then the women were ushered into His Divine Presence. I was not there to hear the Beloved's words but their leave-taking with the members of the Holy Family was heart-breaking. For the last few days they have been sad and often weeping because they knew they were going to leave. How they would loved to stay here all their lives! As they came out of the house I could hear their low ~~cries~~ sobbing and weeping. They sobbed and wept uncontrolably. Several of the friends followed them to the station.

to see that they are comfortably quartered. Although there are even now more than 25 Pilgrims in the Home I thought to myself that at least a few days shall roll on before new ones will arrive, but hardly we were back from the steamer when a telegram was put into the hands of Mirza Mohsen from Beirut, saying that on this very evening 12 Pilgrims would land in Haifa from Russia and several Provinces of Persia. Well! that did upset my calculation, didnt it?

In the afternoon ~~the Beloved~~ Abdul Baha called me to follow him. He walked through a few streets of Haifa and then stopped at the humble store of a fruit-vendor. He inquired whether an old woman by the name 'Mother of Joseph Tarsou' lived in the neighborhood? The house was pointed out to him. He told me to wait outside and he entered. After a few moments he returned with two or three old women reverently walking after him. "I have never forgotten her and will always remember her" were the words ~~the Beloved~~ Abdul Baha said to them when departing. On his return from the visit he said:- "Nearly 40 yrs ago this

woman used to come to our house and do the laundry of ~~the Blessed Perfection~~ Baha'u'llah. She was a good woman and I always liked her. For some years all traces of her were lost and I could not locate her. Then the other day her name came back to my memory and I decided to find her whereabouts ..... Now she ~~is~~ has grown very old and deserves every assistance. Isn't that a wonderfully illuminating example of the heavenly faithfulness of ~~the Beloved~~ Abdul Baha? Can you not imagine him sitting beside her bed comforting her and leaving behind a substantial, material token of his love and appreciation, ~~The Master~~ He forgets the services of no one, no matter how slight and how old. This is one out of hundreds of charitable deeds rendered by ~~the Beloved~~ him, that ~~to~~ in all probability will not be recorded, but ~~this~~ is typical, full of pathos, and of touching devotion. When we returned home the Persian Consul of Acca was there. The Master took him to ~~the~~ reception room and invited him to stop over for the night.

By six o'clock the steamer anchored in the Bay of Haifa. A number of the friends were on the Pier to welcome our newly-arrived pilgrims. There were nine men, two boys and one woman. ~~Amongst them is~~ Karbalai Esmran from a town near Bakou — Bala-Khany. Before he accepted the ~~revelation~~ Bahai Cause he was well-known in all these parts as a dangerous character, whose very name struck terror to the hearts of the members of the community. It may be an exaggeration but I have heard from several persons that in his former whirlwind, "desperado" life, he has killed about 200 people. Physically he is a giant, he is not fat but he is big, tall and powerfully built. ~~If you put two Mr Chases together, it will be Karbalai Esmran.~~ Well, when this man embraced the Bahai Cause and learned of its lofty and spiritual principles a most miraculous transformation occurred in his life. To my mind it was more than miraculous. We have no word for it in the dictionary. Whereas formerly he was ferocious he became meek. He was a wolf, now he

became more gentle than a lamb. He was a satan he became a radiant angel. He walked amongst the people as a standing miracle. They looked at him, rubbed their eyes and could not believe. Mystery of mysteries! Wonder of wonders! What divine alchemy has changed the base metal of this man into pure gold! By and by they came around and asked the cause of this moral transformation - not from him but from others. He did not have to open his mouth to teach the Cause. This singular and instantaneous transformation of his character was the greatest act of teaching. Then all of a sudden it dawned upon the minds of many citizens of that town, what a truly marvellous miracle has transpired in their midst. They became Bahais and today they are the most wonderful body of true, noble Bahais in all Russia. As you look in the bright face of Karbelai Emran and catch his infectious smile and a glance of his sunny disposition you can hardly realize that here stands before you

a miracle of the religion of Baha-allah. I have heard of 'conversion', 'saving grace', 'sanctification', etc. But I wonder whether there has ever been such a concrete, practical demonstration of the spiritual power of religion in the ~~rehabilitation~~ rehabilitating of a human character, and the transmutation of metal into unalloyed gold. Let the agnostics and materialists who deny the religion of God, and negate the good it has rendered, study the Psychology of this case!

In the evening the Master met these newly arrived Pilgrims and welcomed each with his heavenly benediction. He was eager to know how are the friends. One by one he asked and they answered. He inquired about the health of our Mirza Ali Akbar who is now teaching in Baku and soon will depart for other parts of Russia. These days in Russia and India the teachers are active, very active, calling the attention of the people to Bahai Peace, Love and Unity. Soon the results will become manifest.