

Bahai Pilgrims Home
 Mount Carmel, Haifa, Syria
 January 23^d 1914

Dear friends!

This was a day of affliction and grief to the Bahai world for our great and noble teacher Mirza Abul Fazel departed from this earth, and the sweet-singing nightingale of his ^{pure} spirit soared toward the rose-gardens of the Kingdom of Abha. The telegram arrived last night, it was delivered this morning, and the heart-breaking news conveyed to the Beloved just at the moment ^{as} he sat ^{down} at table to partake of his lunch. The news saddened and grieved him. He did not say a word, but arose from his seat without eating: He ^{remained} alone in his room till late in the afternoon, when he came out and with Mirza Hadi went to the telegraph office to send a message of consolation to the friends in Cairo. The Pilgrims Home was a house of mourning; many eyes were weeping and many hearts burdened with sorrow.

45
With the passing of Mirza Abul Fazel we have lost the
strongest champion and protector of the Cause. The Bahai
world in the East can single out no other man as learned
and ^{as} philosophic, as Mirza Abul Fazel. The name means
the 'father of science' and the Master appropriately calls
him 'Abul Fazel' - ^{which means} the father of sciences. There
was no school of literature or history, philosophy or
religion that he was not well-acquainted with.
His breadth of view, his keen memory, his intellectual
perspicuity, his clear vision and his unerring wis-
dom, are detected throughout all his invaluable
writings. His works in Persian and Arabic are
the standard models of the ^{perfection} ~~character~~ of diction, beauty
of style and the purity of thought. (His books and
articles ^{reshaped in another} ~~were the harbingers of a literary~~ ^{renaissance}
in the Bahai world.) No one is considered a
good and learned teacher of the Cause today
in the East, unless ^{morally and intellectually} he has thoroughly appropri-
ated in his moral and intellectual constitution
the contents of his books.

When I heard this bitter news my heart was
~~unwashed~~^{tormented} with anguish and regret and could
 not keep back the tears ^{from} my eyes; because, through
 his kind intercession at the Threshold of Abdul Bala,
 I was permitted to go to America and serve him
 during the 3 or 4 years that he was engaged in the
 promotion of the word of God in that distant coun-
 try. How he fathered me, took care of me and
 taught me the lessons of life and truth. Without
 Mirza Abdul Fazl, without his love and protection,
 where would I have been now? If I live one
 hundred years and praise him every second of
 my life I have done nothing ^{to express his worth} adequate. The
 American friends ^{will} mourn his loss greatly.
 Did they not love him? Was he not a good guide
 and spiritual preceptor to them? Did he not
 open ~~up~~ many eyes? Did he not teach many
 souls? Did he not accept the hardships and
 tribulations of a strange country, so that he
 might awaken the sleepy ones, give sight

47

to the blind, hearing to the deaf and understanding to the ignorant? Many hearts are happier; many lamps are enkindled; many intelligences are awakened and many souls are purified because Mirza Asadullah Khan ^{has} lived in this world. Alas! Alas! that God through His wisdom deemed it wise to take away from ^{amongst} us this bright diamond of knowledge and guidance. Although his physical ^{presence} ~~body~~ will be greatly missed ^{by} yet this memory shall live in the hearts and minds of men for all the future centuries and cycles. His writings and works are his permanent and undying traces of Eternal Glory in the Kingdom of Allah. They will mould the ideals of the youths, stir the nobler nature of the young, and his life with its tragic events of imprisonment and exile, will be written in the book of universal history. How fortunate one must feel to have seen him and heard him speak on spiritual subjects! I can never forget our beautiful days in Ramleh and his unflinching kindness

toward every one. In the evening all the believers gathered in the Master's House. Under breath every one was discussing the death of our venerable teacher when Mirza Hadi brought us the word that the Beloved ^{would} ~~shall~~ receive^{us}. We all ascended to the upper floor and after a few minutes He came in. At first he was silent, then while his eyes were shut he started to speak. He would speak a few phrases, then a flood of sad emotions sweeping over him. ^{He} ~~He~~ would stop a few seconds and then continue. He said in part:—

"Today a most painful news was received; its effect was agonizing and its anguish very hairraising. Truly I say ^{Mirza Abul Fazl} he was a glorious personage. From every standpoint he was peerless. It is a rare thing to find a person perfect from every direction, but he was such a person. His Honor Age Mirza Heydar Ali must write the biography of his (Mirza Abul Fazl's) life. Truly I say he was in a state of the utmost severance, he

and adorned with the highest virtues of firmness and steadfastness. He was absolutely detached from everything. From the day that he became a believer up to the last moment of his life he was occupied in the service of the Cause of God; either he conveyed the message or wrote books proving the validity of this Cause. He had not the slightest attachment to this mortal world. How erudite and learned he was! He had a marvellous knowledge of the contents of the books. He was well informed with the tenets of every religion and had mastered the intricate laws and complicated customs of every nation - ancient and modern. He knew in detail the doctrines of every sect or party, and was a standard-bearer of the oneness of the world of humanity. In the servitude of the Holy Threshold of Baha-olלה, he was my partner and associate. During the hours of grief he was the source of my consolation. From every standpoint I trusted him and had in

him the greatest amount of Confidence. Whenever anyone wrote books and articles against the Cause I referred them to him for irrefutable answers. How humble and meek he was! We tried our best to persuade him to keep a servant with him, he would gently decline. He desired to serve the believers personally. Whenever the believers and the ~~new~~ ^{weak and in fever, yet} believers called on him, although he was sick, ~~he~~ ^{she} would get up and prepare tea and serve his callers with his ~~own~~ hands. All his anxieties revolved around this one supreme object - to make people satisfied and happy at any cost. During all the days of his life I never heard from him the word 'I' - 'I' said so or 'I' wrote so and so. He would say 'this servant requested them' or 'this servant begged the believers'. He never made a display of his knowledge nor wished to impress upon the mind of any person that he ^{knew} ~~knows~~ such and

57

such a subject or locks in his mind such and such an information. He was evanescent and lived in the station of nothingness. He was self-sacrificing at the Holy Threshold. No one inhaled from him the odor of superiority. Now the consummate wisdom of God hath so deemed it wise to take him away from amongst us. The only way left to us is patience. How often one man has been equal to one thousand.

"In short, you are who are the believers of God, ascend the mountain with ~~a~~ contrite hearts and gather together and chant in his behalf, communions and prayers, so that God may exalt more than ever his station in the spiritual world. I will likewise engage tonight in supplication at the Divine Threshold in his behalf——" Then he asked Foroughi to chant a prayer which he did with great emotion. In the midst of great silence the Master left the room, his heart heavy ^{laden} with pain and sorrow over this appalling tragedy.