

Bahai Nest. Mount Carmel
Haifa Syria
August 27th 1914

Dear friends!

When this morning I descended the Mountain of God and entered the garden of the Lord I heard that the Beloved is going up this afternoon to stay in the house of Abbas Gali, the guardian of the Tomb of the Bab for two or three weeks. Well, this news imparted to me much pleasure, because adjoining the house of Abbas Gali is my Nest. Good luck! my friends, the Master will be our Neighbor and Companion of ~~our daily lives~~ for many days to come. Henceforward I shall not have to descend the Mountain as long as the Beloved stays there. For although I have addressed all my Haifa letters from the "Bahai Nest," they were most of them written from the "Greater Nest" of the Divine Nightingale - the home of Abdul Baha. For awhile I will not fly out of my Nest but live there, with great peace and greater contentment. I will inhale the fresh breeze all day, sit under the fig trees and help myself of the big, sweet juicy fruits, sleep in the

veranda in the afternoons while the refreshing Zephyr passes by gently over my face, walk in the magic moon light, gaze at the starry hosts of heaven, drink the nectar of the Love of God from the hand of the Beloved and altogether enjoy life.

At two pm the carriage was made ready and the Master came out of the house and accompanied by a few friends rode up. Badi Effendi and myself hastened up and were then ahead of the carriage. After a few minutes the Master arrived, went into the holy Tomb, chanted the visiting Tablet and then retired to his own Room. Shaugi Effendi and Monavvar Khanom also will be here with the Beloved. Khosro will bring up his dinner and supper and altogether the Master will have a quiet time.

Three quotations from three letters received from England, America and India will bring this letter to a close.

^{Miss} Florence Harris, a little girl of ten years old writes the following to the Master:— "I feel very highly honored in writing to you. I did not see you when you were in London but I have got two photographs of you. Dear Abdul Baha! I want to ask you for your spirit to guide me, as I love you very much

and I am always thinking of you. Marn, Dad and myself are all Bahais. We have a book called the "Hidden Words" and it is a nice book. Mr Cobb from America came and I saw him. The last time I saw him ^{was} in the Library in Lavender Hill, where I took my friend Kelly. He gave to each of us a flower. I have kept mine till it is quite dry and am going to press it and keep it as a keepsake. I like him very much. Dear Abdul Baha! I live in the hope of seeing you one day on this earth very soon. I must now close with love and greeting from your loving little Bahai. "

She writes a little lovely Essay on "Love". It is as follows:-
 "God is love. He is the very essence of love. Sometimes things happen. Why? Because we have got to learn something through them. God wants us to share our Love with others. Love one another; that is what we all should do, every one of us. Love is a good thing. God puts love in all of us and we should show it by being kind to others and help them when they are in trouble. We should all try to love one another, that is a beautiful test."
 Another little girl from Oakland, California writes:-
 "The throat of humanity is now encircled with a

most wonderful string of pearls. The Manifestations and prophets have come each with a few beautiful pearls to give to humanity. In childhood the pearls have been very fascinating to play with but their true value was not realized and they became scattered upon the table of the world. Now Baha - Ollah has come and run the thread of Unity through the scattered pearls. Humanity has reached maturity, - so a few more precious pearls have been added to enlarge the necklace which has been fastened by the "Greatest Name." It is all so wonderful! Hardly can I realize it and yet I am so happy. "

Abbas Ali Kashmiree writes from Rangoon, India: "I reached here safely a few days ago. The reminiscence of the most blessed days of my life and the love and affection that my Beloved Master showered upon me are acting as stimulants ^{to} my minds and are urging me to sacrifice my life, soul and spirit on the blessed dust of His Chosen one's feet. His love has taken a deep root in me and His affection has moulded my will in complete resignation to His ^{Blessed Beloved} Will. I am His; no earthly power can separate me from the dust of His Feet. The whole universe may rise against me but still I adore Him, I will worship

Him; I will love Him. I know I am wholly unworthy of
 even kissing the dust of His Beloved Feet; I am aware I
 have nothing to sacrifice for Him. Some have sacrificed
 their relatives, some wealth, some learning and some
 their pure lives but I have nothing. I have no relatives, no
 wealth, no learning. There is one thing ~~and~~ that is
 "life" but Ah! even this is not worthy of calling as
 His. There is no one mine in the whole universe
 except Abdul Baha. He is the Only One whom I may say as mine
 and He is mine. The Cause is no doubt, progressing here in
 India in a mysterious way. The Power of the Blessed Perfection is
 apparent and the strength of the Centre of the Covenant is manifest.
 A peculiar turn of events is taking place. India is waking to a sense
 of spiritual aspirations. The lectures of Doctor and Mrs Getzinger
 as well as of Mrs Stannard have done much to alter the haughty
 atmosphere of this ever-enslaved land. These noble servants of
 the Most Supreme Centre of the Covenant are accomplishing a
 wonderful work. Ah! How I wish to sacrifice my life
 at their blessed feet! The Hosts of Confirmations are
 certainly with them and the angels of assistance
 are no doubt surrounding them."
 Love and greeting from Most Carmel to all the friends.