

Bahai Nest Mount Carmel. 21
Haifa Syria Oct 25th 1914

Dear friends!

Today two Pilgrims arrived from Alexandrette and Beirut. From the former came Ali Effendi Ehsan, the brother of Doctor Bagdadi in Chicago. He is going to stay a few days. He brings the same disturbed news from his town, how the people, forsaking all their businesses, are flying away. There is a vague, undefined fear all over Turkey and no amount of official assurance gives peace and balance to the frightened inhabitants. Our two pilgrims arrived in the evening and the Beloved received them in his room. For several hours in the morning, afternoon and evening he dictated numerous Tablets for the Persian believers all over the Orient to refresh and encourage them during these days of human misfortunes. It has been a long, long time that he did not work in the evening and I felt very happy, putting down on paper his holy Words of Light. His ^{overcoat} two pockets were full of letters. Every few minutes he would delve into one and bring out one or two letters and answer them. ^{They} ~~The~~ all outward appearances it was ^{purely} a matter of luck of ^{which} ~~who~~ will come up first! It was a divine surprise party and I enjoyed it ever so much. Of course, the most surprising part of this was that the letters never came to an end. I numbered about fifty letters which he took out of his pocket in the course of the day and answered ~~them~~ and yet there was some more. What a wonderful storehouse of missives! It seems ^{these were} an inexhaustible treasury! The most beautiful experience of course, was in the quiet evenings in the sacred room of the Beloved where there was no one else beside Ahmad. On the table near the door was an oil lamp, further in the corner, near the window the Master sat on the divan with newspapers and letters all around him. Very near to him, was a lighted candle, placed on the chair by the light of which he read the letters. While the sweet, musical, poetic words fell from his sacred lips, his eyes were shut as though he was ^{was} in a reverie. Between the phrases he paused many a second, as though waiting to

to receive Divine Revelation from the unseen source. For two hours he continued dictating Tablets now to Russia, then to Persia and again to India, bringing under his heavenly vision the natural aspirations and conditions of every country. Under the glow and inspiration of the words, ^{his face often} ~~after~~ his heavenly face was transfigured ^{with} the light of holy enthusiasm; his eyes were penetrating and his countenance etherialized. Oh it was a godlike, majestic figure, never to be forgotten and always ^{to be} cherished in the chamber of one's heart as a remembrance for future reflection and contemplation.

It was about sunset when the Master walked towards the Pilgrims Home and started to walk in the front of the door. Immediately the friends came and were glad to look into His serene face. Aga Abul Gasem had dug two large holes near the entrance ^{in which} to plant trees. The Beloved asked him what kind of trees ^{he is} he going to plant? He did not know yet. Would the Master suggest one? Then He said:—"I so much like fruit-bearing trees. No matter how green and beautiful is a tree ~~to~~, it has that the same attraction to me as a fruit-bearing one. A tree must yield fruit. Under certain general rules, a field verdant with succulent ~~with~~ vegetables, such ^{as} parsley, turnips, potatoes, ~~straw~~ berries, tomatoes, spinach, etc is more attractive than a garden with a profusion of delicate flowers. Man also must be useful; the tree of his existence must produce fruits, - such fruits which shall satisfy the hungry souls, otherwise this life itself would be without an exact compass."

For a few ^{moments} minutes let us divest ourselves of all the ^{metal} robes and enter into the golden ^{city} of God and through the lovely Tablets of the Master, listen to the Voice of the angels. In a Tablet he says, "Turn thy face towards the Kingdom of Alha and beg infinite Confirmation, and unloose thy tongue with an exhilarated mind and a joyful heart. Unquestionably God's assistance shall descend upon thee." Again

"Thy duty is this: Be thou always in a state of attraction and severance, - so that thou mayest become the cause of the guidance of others."

To one of the Bahai Assemblies in Persia he writes:-

"O ye friends of God! The innate desire of this humble servant is to write to each one of those blessed souls a manifest book but praise be to God in the East and in the West the friends are surging like unto the waves of the sea. Therefore, to write special epistle to the most prominent from amongst them, seems quite impossible and not feasible; hence I am obliged to write ^{to all of you} collectively;— so that you may know that this yearning one is ever thinking of the friends of the Orb of the regions. For each one of them I wish the Outpouring of Divine Splendor, calling them the standards of the Covenant. Whenever their remembrance passes through the heart and the soul, they are so moved that their waves far transcend the waves of the sea.

"In brief, although outwardly we are far and remote from each other and are burning with the fire of separation—yet because we are intoxicated with one wine, are rejoiced and exultant through the Favours of the Forgiving Lord, are immersed in one sea, wanderers in one desert, birds of one rose-garden and the fishes of one sea;— therefore we are associates and intimates, companions and fellow-singers. The Power of the Kingdom of Abha has established ideal communication, the Orient has embraced the Occident, the remote countries are interlinked, ^{and} the surface of the earth has become the expression of one gathering. Consequently, amongst us there is no division, we cannot conceive of any separation nor can we imagine of any spiritual remoteness or deprivation. What a charming melody reaches its ears of these longing ones from all parts of the world! which does consist of the glorification and sanctification of the Forgiving Lord and the Glad-tiding of the Day of Manifestation. It is the anthem of 'Ya Baha El Abha and the song of 'O my Lord, the Supreme! It is the harmony of Unity and the symphony of the nightingales of abstraction! Praise and thanksgiving is due to the most Glorious Lord for He has established such a divine Society, whose

orchestra and minstrelsy is the music of the Supreme Concourse, whose light-giving lamp is the Light of the Most Great Guidance, whose witness of the Congregation is His Holiness Baha-Allah, whose soul-stirring wine is the love and affection for the Peerless Adored One and whose luscious sustenance is the Heavenly Food...."

To Shahreyar Khorsand, a Zoroastrian Bahai in Bombay he says:—
 "O Shahreyar! Cry at the top of thy voice: The Century of the Manifestation of His Holiness Baha-Allah is the Effulgence of the Friend and the fragrant sac of musk diffusing its fragrance to all ^{the} world. That Sun of the heavenly Sphere shone forth with such intensity as to illumine all the regions, transforming the world of humanity into the rose-garden of immortality. It is the crowning glory of all the preceding centuries and cycles and the soul-conferring season of the divine Springtime. Praise be to God that thou hast arisen in teaching the Cause of God and art engaged in the service of the Kingdom. Thou hast unfurled the flag of servitude and entered into the vast arena of action. Thou hast become the means of the guidance of the souls and the cause of the enlightenment of the hearts....."

To another Zoroastrian friend in Shiraz he writes:—
 "Praise be to God that through the Power of the Divine Word and the Voice of the Supreme Pen, thou wert saved from the waves of destruction and arose to the apex of heavens. The eyes became seeing and the ears hearing. In these latter days, the Kind God has cast His Glance of Grace towards the Zoroastrians. He made their extinct lamps a radiant candle and after darkness, the Morn of their hope dawned from the horizon of everlasting glory..... O thou servant of Baha-Allah! The end of every trade is loss and the outcome of every profit forfeiture, except thy commerce whose wares are Love and Knowledge, whose market is the Kingdom of heaven and whose Buyer is His Highness the Merciful....."