

Home of Abdul Baha
Mount Carmel, Haifa, Syria
May 14th 1915

Dear friends!

Three of the Zoroastrian Bahai farmers who were here with us for the last few days were ushered into the presence of the Beloved this morning and because they were going to return to Adassiah he gave them the following talk: "Convey my sincere greeting to all the friends. Tell them: Teach the Cause of God through your deeds and actions. This is God's real benediction and blessing. Live in such a way that when they observe your manners, behaviours, morals and conducts they may exclaim: these are not men and women but the angels of the Lord. Be ye kind to all mankind. Let mercy be the stimulus of all your dealings with the people. Do not look at their shortcomings. Win the hearts through love and charity. Set them aglow with the Fire of the Love of God. The joy of that soul is indescribable if the fragrances of spirituality wafted from the Garden of his being. This divine happiness is not followed by any sorrow nor this heavenly spring is terminated by the sultry days of summer. I am very hopeful that you may ignite in Adassiah the bright candle of Guidance".

Then he asked me to follow him on a tour of visits. ^{On the way} He spoke about the collection of the Western and Eastern newspapers dealing with the Cause and containing articles about his trips. I told him that I have made such a partial collection when in America and it has been kept up even after my departure. He said: "This is most important. To collect the opinion of the Western world concerning the Bahai Movement will render invaluable service to the future generations. When I send thee back to America this will be one of thy works. Many months have elapsed and we have received no news from the believers in the United States." I said: "I hope the means of transportation will soon be established and then you will be enabled to go to Port Said to read the accumulated correspondence of the past months." "Why should we go there? We will ask Ahmad Yozdi to mail it to Haifa." "What I have been thinking of late" he said "is this: After this war I would like to send 2 or 3 energetic, well-informed Bahais to America; - so that they may travel

and teach the Cause as I have done it. Whom do you have in mind?" ^{I said,}
 "Badi Effendi will be an excellent member of such a party. He is a graduate of the
 American college in Beirut, he speaks the English language quite fluently, he has a
 good voice and informed of the teachings." "He answered: "Whoever I send
 to America must at first gain the regenerative power of the second birth,
 be baptized with the water of universal ideals and be a living torch of the
 Fire of the Love of God. He must be spiritual, celestial, serene, well-acquainted
 with the history and teachings of the Cause and a sign of the mercy of the
 Almighty. He must be an embodiment of exhilaration and an announcer and
 bier of the Glad-tidings of the Kingdom. Then ^{all} his words and deeds will tend
 toward the glorification of the Cause and the promotion of the Principle.
 Although I need thee with myself I may send thee as a
 member of this party. Then it will be the time of displaying the utmost
 exertion and proclaiming the dynamic message of the revelation."
 By this time we reached ^{the store of} Mirza Anayetsullah and he sat there and
 talked with him for a few minutes. He stopped on his way at the Phar-
 macie, next to the Ottoman Bank, sat there for half an hour and
 conversed with the proprietor. Then ascending the stairs of the Bank he
 spoke with the Manager and other officers and went ~~over~~ with
 them over some financial transactions. From the Bank we hired a
 carriage and called on the Mofti and stopped with him for about one
 hour. Here the conversation turned on the lives and manners of the
 Turkish Judges and the Master related several humorous
 stories to illustrate his talk and at the same time entertain those
 who were present. Bidding farewell to the Mofti and his guests
 we walked to the Persian tea-house, built near the custom-house.
 Here several Sheiks gathered around him, tea was brought for them and
 the conversation turned on Mahomadan theology and its futile, unproductive
 theories. Then we walked to a wheat store near the Mosque and the
 Master sat there till one hour after noon. Gaem magaw, the judge,
 and other officers successively called on him and with each and all
 he spoke. It was like a court where all the people, high and low,
 rich and poor received the blessings of the Ideal King. Many ^{miserable}

woman applied for relief and did not go away empty-handed. While he was sitting in the wheel store he wrote a letter to the Commander interceding for a partially blind man who has been forced into the rank of the army and then despatched a Telegram to Jerusalem to Dakki Bay, the Commander who was with us last year in Hammeh, to come to Haifa and be his guest.

In the afternoon while he was entertaining a number of officers in the garden, the Greatest Holy Leaf with three of the maids arrived from Ahan Senan and we were all very happy to welcome her back in our midst. Twenty camels loaded with the household utensils and furniture and beds knelt at the gate of the garden. During the last few months these things were taken to Ahan Senan little by little but now they have brought them back all at once. The long line of 20 camels made an interesting sight. When the work of unloading was finished the camel drivers were asked to come in and have their dinner.

Before sunset the Master took me out for another walk. All the way he was silent and ^{on} our return he asked me to speak. I said:—"Now that the holy Family have come back, if it is Thy Will I may go up in the evenings." He replied: "Go up! Why? No one has taken thy place. Thou art living downstairs. Thou art in my home. Thou must stay with me. Thou dost know all my moods. Now thou art a part of me. Whenever I like to take a walk I take thee with me, because thou dost not expect me to talk. I desire to have thee near me. No. Do not go up. Live in my house." This touching invitation of my Beloved gave me supreme happiness. What a glorious privilege to have the "home of Truth" for one's abode; to walk in this paradise of flowers, this heaven of peace, this dwelling place of the angels! O Lord! Confer on me the faculty of appreciation, the deep sense of realization, the true perception of this divine honor! Ah! I am so worthless, so useless, so utterly incapable! O God! Give me the strength of Thy Power, the consolation of Thy Eternal Presence, O my Master! I weep over my own ignorance, inability and wretchedness! Who am I, what am I? I am less than nothing. I am ashamed. Oh I am so ashamed and I feel my life has been a sad failure from beginning to end.