

Martha-Pension

FAMILY-HOTEL

97, rue Lauriston

PARIS

PARIS, 1^e June 5th 1913

TÉLÉPHONE
PASSY 51-03

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Dear Harriet!

The greatest gift of ~~divine~~ religion is the bestowal of internal peace and the attainment of spirit to a calm, undisturbed equilibrium. Neither philosophy nor science offers to a world shaken with the contrary winds of unbelief and agnosticism such a balm of conscious peace. The present day religions are ~~literary~~ so hoodwinked by blind dogmas and ecclesiasticism that they have forgotten the old, true Teachings, and are clinging to the ropes of sand. Their lanterns being extinct, they cannot show the royal Pathway to the wanderers in the wilderness of doubt and hesitation. Nor the various Societies or organizations which

have incorporated in their platforms
 lofty ideals and humanitarian principles
 are able to establish the Kingdom of
 eternal peace in the empire of ~~the~~ ^{our}
 hearts. All these ^{present-day} ~~present-day~~ institutions of the
~~present-day~~ make the confusion worse
 confounded and ~~have~~ added to the ^{clash}
 and noise of human world. The religion
 of Baha-Ullah is the only living religion
 to readjust human ~~character~~ ^{character} and to
 grant man the desired peace and
 serenity. This regeneration is brought
 about, not because this religion contains
 a set of divine principles but because
 it is energized by ^a ~~the~~ dynamic perso-
 nality ^{such as that} of Abdul Baha. He alone - as
 the Perfect Man - is able to confer
 upon the person the desired internal
 Peace which is capable to make him
 a calm, equi-poised, and spiritual.
^{Having} If ~~we~~ reached to that high station
 wherein no event disturbs the balance
 of our consciousness, ~~then~~ we have
 acquired the greatest Favor of God.

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The pleasures of the world and their alluring
 tinsels distract the mind and dissipate our
 godlike faculties. Only by turning our faces
 to the Kingdom of Akha, wherein, Abdul
 Baha eternally dwells, do we find that
 peace which passeth understanding. The
~~establishment of an external~~
~~coming outward~~ peace amongst nations
 will be only a faint symbol of the Peace
 to be established in the hearts of men. Today
 the hearts are too easily swayed by the
 conflicting emotions, various interests, ^{and} con-
 tradictory reports, ~~and~~ lacking that heavenly
 serenity, that ineffable calmness, that
 sweet content which ^{alone} descend from heaven.
 The broad effluence of light which radiates
 from the Spiritual Personality of the
 Beloved must illumine every heart

and banish away the hobgoblins of despair
and hopelessness. The great awakening
sooner or later must come in the life
of each individual; otherwise he has lived
a most prosaic life, contenting himself with
the shell instead of ^{the} kernel. The Sea
of Light beckons us to go onward, to rush
forward and be immersed in it. In
that sea we will not be drowned but
light-footed, we will walk over its
marmorial surface or ride over
the high crest of ^{its} tumultuous waves or
swim dextrously from shore to shore
or dive to its calm depth, wherein we
will behold the wonders of God's creation.
Once immersed in that sea all the
human qualities are dropped away; the
fallen will rise to the heaven of glory;
the lame will walk, the dumb will
speak and the satanic attributes ~~are~~
transfigured into angelic characteristics.
Then one finds that internal Peace,
the lustrous hues of which shall add
charm and attraction to his life and
added beauty and sublimity to his nature.

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Today I was busy ^{all} ~~in the~~ morning translating
an excellent report by Mr Jos. H. Hannen
on the activities and festivities of the
New York Convention. The Master called me
early ~~in the morning~~ to dictate Tablets ^{and}
as I ^{had} started to translate the first report
at hand - that of Mr Hannen - he was
so pleased with it that he told me to
go ^{up} ~~down~~ now and ^{finish} translating it, into
Persian as he desired to show it to some
very prominent Persians. It was a
report of twelve typewritten pages and
it took me all morning to translate.
Immediately Mirza Mahmood was
put to work to write two copies - one
for Sardar Zafar and another for Sardar
Mansour. Copies will also be made to be
forwarded to Oriental Assemblies.

In the morning and afternoon
 the Master called on important
 Turkish and Persian personages
 to bid them farewell; and now and
 then he was in the hotel speaking
 with new callers. Most of the calls
~~he payed today was alone~~. He asked me
 to write the addresses of those ^{whom he desired to see} ~~men~~ on
 pieces of paper. ~~Then~~ he would ^{then} call
 a taxi, show the ~~the~~ address to the
^{driver} ~~Chauffeur~~ and enter in. In the
 evening the Master, Mirza Mahmood,
 Sayad Assadollah, Mirza Jalal, Mirza
 Ali Akbar, Hashmatullah, Doctor Mohamad
 Khan and ~~Ahmad~~ ^{myself} Sahral were invited
 to a Persian Supper ~~to~~ the house of Mon.
 and Madame Dreyfus. The Beloved
 enjoyed the supper very much and it
 was about half past ten when we
 walked back to the hotel behind
 the King of Kings. Tonight I dreamed
 I am in Port Said and Haifa, walking
 on the mountain of the Lord.
 Love to all. Ahmed