

Bahai Nest

Mount Carmel, Haifa, Syria

February 18th 1914

Dear friends!

Oh what a day! Heavy clouds, raging winds, furious storm and the downpour of rain! The elemental forces of nature had conspired against man to make the day disagreeable and damp. From morning till noon I did not make any attempt to flee. I preferred my Nest to the violent storm outside. The door of my room being open I could watch everything going outside, especially in the garden of the Master. A number of the Pilgrims ventured out and descended the mountain. They were naturally rewarded with meeting the Beloved not only once but twice and each time they listened to his words and explanations with the greatest joy.

The wind blew with such velocity that several times I thought the very foundation

had been

of my little room was shaken. Myriads of the blossoming ^{ing} petals of the almond trees were blown ^{held} ~~hither + thither~~ ^{held} away by the force of the wind and holding a most fantastic dance in mid-air. Huge volumes of mists and clouds rising from the sea travelled directly toward my nest and then passed as rapidly over the mountain. All the houses were wrapped up in a white blanket of swirling clouds and as one tried to penetrate through the hazy mist, these dwellings looked ~~like~~ ^{like} fairy castles hanging between the heaven and the earth. The sea was a spectacular scene of rough, racing, towering waves, rising as high as possible and dashing against the worn-out shore. Now the rain came down like a deluge, the world was dark, the wind was blowing, and then like a magic the weather would ~~clear~~ ^{be} cleared and the sun shine brightly. These ^{peaceful moments were of short duration} ~~lasted~~ ^{of course} only for a few minutes, and then the change ~~took~~ ^{for the better} but for the worst. ^{the storm would commence again.}

When the Pilgrims came up for ^{their} lunch they gave us the account of their visit to the Master and imparted me the good news that he asked them to tell me to go ^{come} down in the afternoon. As soon as I finished my frugal lunch I braved the rain and descended the mountain. Three Turkish officials just arrived from Constantinople were calling on him and he was ~~speaking~~ ^{giving} to them the account of the wonderful meeting in Voking Mahammeden Mosque near London. Then he gave them several newspapers containing articles on the Cause. While they were thus engaged in conversation I was standing outside in the corridor near the window watching the antics of the weather; the wind was blowing so furiously as to bend the tall pine trees this ~~or that~~ way. When they left the house the Master asked me to ^{come} in. Then he asked Bassem to bring a cup of hot tea for Mirza Ahmed Sohrab,

because the weather ^{was} is very cold. He said: "I am feeling now very well and I feel as though I am ready to take up the lost thread of correspondence". In my heart I rejoiced over this good news, because I know how the Bahais all over the world are waiting to receive the inspiration of his words. He was going to start there and there when the door was opened and a number of Effendis were ^{announced}. After an hour Mr and Mrs Halback called and the Master welcomed them with happiness and health beaming from his face. The news that Mr Carnegie has given two millions Dollars to establish unity amongst the sects of Christianity was hailed as one of the greatest signs of time. "Mr Carnegie's aims" the Beloved said "are all altruistic and his intentions are revolved around the principles of service to the oneness of the world of humanity." Prof. Chyenne of Oxford, England had forwarded a book to Mrs Halback which is published

in Rome in French and Italian containing Confessions of Faith by 76 well-known thinkers of the West, including Professor himself. In his article he mentions this movement.

Before I left his holy Presence he asked me to stay tonight in the house, probably if he is equal to it he will dictate a few Tablets. I was more than glad to comply with his wish and sleep under the roof of his blessed home. Although I stayed he did not send for me, because he was too tired to do so. In the evening a number of the Pilgrims gathered downstairs and talked together about the Cause. Those who have just arrived from Ashkabad and Bakou gave me an interesting account about the large, overflowing memorial meetings held in honor of Mirza Abul Fazl after the receipt of the Beloved's cablegram. In the latter city our dear brother Mirza Ali Akbar was the principal speaker, giving a graphic history of the life of him whose

loss is mourned by all the Bahais in the Orient.
 In Ashkabad the Persian Consul attended the meeting and
 gave a dramatic address on Unity. He said:—"Out of
 the storm and stress of time the Bahais have extricated
 themselves victorious. This have they been able to achieve
 through their notable power of cohesion and union.
 Today the Bahais are the means of our glorification
 abroad. We point out to it with pride and honor.
 all the other parties - both religious and secular - which
 were formed in Persia for the last one hundred yrs
 have been flat failures - but the Party of Baha Olla
 because it is confirmed with the Divine Power, has
 succeeded. Therefore in the school of Unity the
 Bahais must be our teachers. Let them go
 forward with perfect confidence and pave for us
 the highway of national and international unity.
 Let them inspire our hearts by their matchless
 example of Unity. We are eager to learn from
 them the secret of this mighty elixir"