

Home of Baha-Ollah

Acca Syria

August 15th 1914

Dear friends'

Once more the sun of the Covenant is shining with full splendor from the horizon of Acca; walking in its narrow streets, meeting the high and the low and teaching its inhabitants through deeds of charity and words of wisdom. No matter where the Master lives, his thoughts are for Acca. His heart is attached to Acca; for the holiest and divinest part of his life has been spent in Acca. For years it has been the beacon-light, guiding to the safe harbor, the wandering mariners on the sea of Truth. For years, mankind, urged by the spiritual hunger, travelled for thousands of miles to sit around the Table of the Lord. For years, people struck with innate poverty, journeyed to this city to receive a share of the inexhaustible Treasury of the Kingdom. For years, humanity, sickened with the evil odor of selfishness and materialism, left their homes to reach this garden-spot of self-sacrifice and idealism, and inhale the sweet fragrances of the roses and lilies of holiness and sanctification. For years, the birds of

reality lost in the darkness of the world, flew on and on unweariedly towards this land of light. And now although the Great Manifestation has departed to the Supreme Concourse, yet has he left behind ineffaceable traces of His Universal Life and glorious deeds. It is for this reason that whosoever enters the Home of Baha-Ollah is blessed; for he lives, walks and dreams in the same rooms that the Blessed Perfection spent many years of his life and dictated many Tablets, the effects of which are visible in the world of humanity. Everytime I come to Acca I feel most happy, for every day spent here is a golden link in the chain of spiritual life.

Although at this season of the year the weather in Acca is unbearably hot but one feels very comforted to live near the Threshold of Baha-Allah and accompany His Divine Son in his daily ministrations. With the thought of Acca in my mind I arose early morning and hastened down the Mountain to join the Master. I found him walking in the garden and already a number of believers were standing by listening to his words of instructions. After half an hour he entered the house, ^{while} assuring us he will

leave this afternoon. About 11 o'clock Shauji Effendi and myself walked toward the Market and whom do you think we met. It was the Master walking slowly toward the same direction, followed by Mir Sayad Haseem Afnan. He was telling about the early history of the Bab and a number of interesting incidents were thus touched upon. He stopped at the Nassar drug store and resting there for a few minutes returned home about lunch time. About 2 o'clock the carriage was ready and Khasro brought out the baggage; then the Beloved came out. He entered the carriage with Shauji Effendi and asked us to take our seats which we did with great joy. Having reached the station we entered the train and after one hour we were behind the gate of Acre. While the Master was walking toward the house he gave money to poor people who fringed the corner of the streets.

The room that I occupied the first time I came to Acre was again assigned to me. The Beloved came himself and asked whether all the necessary accommodations are duly provided and whether I am pleased and happy with my new quarter.

In the evening all the Area believers had a spiritual feast looking in the face of their Lord and listening to his talk. "I have come again to see you. The meeting of the friends imparts joy, fragrance and spirituality.... Praise be to God that we are at peace with all the nations of the world. We have quarrel and dispute with no one and are praying with heart and soul for the guidance of all..... The believers of God are free from these contentions and disputes....." These were a few snatches of his answers to questions he did put to the friends. For more than one hour passed in this pleasant communion. They gave him several reports about the internal conditions of Turkey which I will embody in a separate letter. Then the officers of the garrison arrived and he took them upstairs and had a long conversation with them.

For the first time since our return from Tiberias I had again the privilege of sitting around the table of the Lord and partake of his material food. When I sat down at the table and started to eat I saw his countenance wreathed with the smiles of a coming joke. "Ha! Ha!" he said laughing heartily "Now is

thy present room? Is it all right? Of course it is not as beautiful as thy palace on Mount Carmel, perched on a rock like a watch-tower. Perhaps thou art happier there than here?" Then he turned to Shougi Effendi and Sayad Hossein Afnan and said:- "This is a very strange world and contains stranger people. Sometimes ago a person^{came} to me and said:- 'Please command Mirza Ahmad to leave his room:- so that I may occupy it. He can go and live in the Pilgrims' House. I want so much to have his room.' I was amazed not a little, because I did not expect this thing from him. I told him: 'I cannot really ask Mirza Ahmad to leave his room. He is ^{reigning} in his palace and how can I propose to him to leave his Kingdom. Besides, I am sure he will not abandon it.' Now, was not this a most extraordinary request?" And he looked at me again, his face hallowed with the light of tenderness and divine love. After the supper he said: "I am very tired. I must go to my room and sleep."

In my dream I saw the Master sitting on the Veranda of a lovely house, in a remote country, dictating Tablets and speaking with new people.