

Home of Baha-ullah.
 Acca, Syria. December 2d 1914

Dear friends!

God has given to Mirza Nauredin a lovely baby-girl in Abou Senan. It is the first Baha' Baby born in that village and he ~~gave~~ last night to give us the good news. The Master congratulated him and wished her a bright and happy future. No doubt he will give her a name, as all the christening in Acca and Haifa is done by him. He is the godfather or the spiritual Father of all the children in these parts. The Beloved had also sent for Mirza Halibollah and he arrived yesterday afternoon. Both these young men slept with me in my room and this morning we were all called into the Presence of the Lord. While he was walking to and fro Mirza Jalal served us tea. He only inquired about the health of each ^{one} of us and then grew silent.

After an hour he came down to call on a number of people and on his return we took him a chair and he sat in the sunshine on the threshold of the house. "Dost thou like the sunshine?" "Yes." "Then, come and sit on that piece of stone." Having taken my seat I asked several questions about the lost tribes of Ad and Thamud with their prophets Houd and Saleh and the "she-camel" mentioned in many chapters of the Koran. To each question he gave a satisfactory answer and then he arose and told me to follow him to Fakhouré. He walked on the rampart for a few minutes and looking towards the sea he said: - "In reality the view from this point is matchless in scope and sweep. If this town was built on the shore of one of the European seas, by this time it could boast of a fine harbor and much trading activities. A broad avenue would have been laid all along the shore for carriages and pedestrians. In many respects it would have become a unique city but now it is nearly a pile of ruin, the buildings are old-fashioned, the streets are narrow and the horizon of the people's minds is ^{low} bounded and limited. They are not inspired with any civic spirit nor do they like to get out of their accustomed social grooves." He continued to walk till noon, joking with this Arab, talking with that Turk till 12 o'clock. Then we came home and had our lunch. At 3 o'clock Mirza Farazallah arrived from Abou Senan and

urged the Beloved to go there, even if it for a few days, because all the friends are longing to meet him. "God willing, I shall come tomorrow."

Then he asked Mirza Halibollah, Ostad Mehamad Ali and myself to follow him. We walked out of the town, towards the plain on the side of the sea. The remains of some very ancient buildings came in sight. The Beloved looked at them carefully and finally said:—"How many generations have lived in these houses and then disappeared into the unknown! This is indeed a world of tireless creation and destruction. Out of the old materials he ever builds new expressions of life, constantly modifying them and adapting them to its indomitable purpose. On one hand the people go on blindly building, on the other hand the resistless tide of time creeps under their foundations and consigns them to utter destruction. This old world has had a checkered and varied career. By this time we were in the ^{green} plain. Many children with their mothers were pic-nicking and a small boy was trying to sell them oranges." Children the Master addressed them "take as much oranges as you like." and they made a fine scramble to fill their pockets. Their mothers were watching them with wide-eyed apprehension and the Master was enjoying the lively sight. When the last orange disappeared from the tray which the boy was carrying on his helpless head the Beloved approached him laughing and gave him enough money to buy four times as much oranges. He was made very happy. Probably he had never done such profitable business in all his life. Now that the naughty children had their pockets full of oranges they ran away from their mothers and the mothers were running after them to get some of those juicy fruits that 'Abbas Effendi' had given. They had indeed a delightful, pictorial race over the field and ^{was} finally captured by their Amazonian mothers.

Leaving this interesting scene behind the Master asked Mirza Halibollah: "Speak to me about 'Allmand' who are 'Alli-mān' ["~~a~~ a Persian word for 'our family'. The pronunciation is nearly the same.].

Then our friends started to speak now about Consul Schwarz and his family again about Mr Herrigel, Miss Knoblock and other friends who have gone into war. To every point the Beloved made an appropriate remark.

"We stayed in Germany only two weeks but during that short time the people were much attracted, the Fire of the Love of God was set aglow and the hearts were enkindled. We were all made very happy. From the beginning pure seeds were sown into that virgin soil and the kind gardener protected it from the entangling growth of tares and thorns."

About Monsieur Bernard he said: "You have also heard that Monsieur Bernard has disappeared in the war. If ⁱⁿ this world there was a man who hated war and bloodshed it was he; yet he was forced to go into this bloody contest. Those souls who have dedicated their lives to the True God, it is most difficult for them to sacrifice it for the sake of the earth, which is the lowest of all created things."

Concerning his future plan he said: "I expect, if it is in accord with the will of God, to take a trip to Jerusalem and Medina, as soon as the proper time ~~represents~~ ^{presents} itself."

As regards the Bahai Cause he said: "When I was in Europe I repeatedly asserted that the religion of His Holiness Baha-Ollah is like unto a tree, each branch of which bears a certain kind of fruit. This movement is a 'harmonious ensemble' of the principles of all societies, the aspiration of all humanitarians and the ethics of all the religions. For example from the Gospels one learns the lessons of Pity, Love, Forgiveness, Self-sacrifice in the Bahai Religion he finds these supreme qualities not only taught and embodied in concrete examples in the lives of men and women. Moreover there are numerous Teachings which are not clearly defined or specified in other Faiths." And then he enumerated the Bahai Principles as we walked along the verdant prairies. Finally we reached the Bahai cemetery where all the friends are interred, even the mother and the small son of Abdul Baha. For fifteen minutes he stood erect before these tombs with ^{the palm of} his hands upholding praying. Then we stopped at the residence of the Commander, the soldiers arose from their seats and saluted the spiritual General, the Commander was not in and we passed on till we reached the station. Here the Beloved entered the empty waiting room to rest awhile and without any notice asked Doctor Hahulallah to feel his pulse. Hedid and

afterwards wrote the following report: "The pulse was rather slow (45 per minute) but strong, full and rhythmic. The radial artery was exceedingly soft and free from any sign of arterio-sclerosis of senility" The Master told us ^{himself} that for the last thirty years the rate of his pulse has been slow and considering his energy and the display of his full powers many Doctors have expressed surprise at this manifestation.

From the station we walked towards the town; many children in the distance ^{seeing} the Master called aloud to each other "Here Abbas Effendi is coming". At the gate he met the Commander and because a soldier was carrying his snorting charger, they fell into speaking about the horse of Alexander the Great and Napoleon. A little further a number of beggars hailed him and he asked me to give them money, because he had no change. All along the way, people of all ranks in life saluted him. A little girl of 6 or 7 years old was walking with her mother and sisters. When she saw the Master she ran towards him and most reverently kissed his hand. Still further a young man came to him and asked for one of the houses around the mansion in Bahajee. "You are welcome to it," the Beloved answered "thy grandfather and thy father were my intimate friends, not a day passed that I did not see them." Every few steps we were stopped, either by a judge or a plain man or a woman with ~~the~~^a child in her arms - all of them respecting and reverencing their Friend and Comforter. To me this extraordinary, spontaneous homage on the part of these Arabs and Turks, Mahomedans and Christians is the greatest miracle. They love him and honor him they know not exactly why. At last we reached home but here a muscular Arab presented himself and because he was a very old friend he did beat him gently with his cane on his back. "Where hast thou been? How is the condition of thy beard?" The man was delighted and after a few more exchanges of similar greetings in the native tongue he went away very happy.

In the evening the ^{new} Judge and three other judicial men called and were received by the Great Judge. When they left we were permitted again to hear the Words of Truth from his glorious lips. Thus we spent this day in the company of the Beloved of the world.