

Home of Baha Ollah
Acca Syria
December 23^d 1914

Dear friends!

We are being tossed back and forth between Acca and Haifa, Rafic and Abou Senan and thus a rolling stone gathers no moss. In and around the Master there must be always activities of some kind, material or spiritual. His reason slumbereth not nor his soul suffereth any pause. His imperial mind rises above all circumventing conditions and before his Kingly nature all the terrifying forces of the adversary are dismayed. He rules by the right of divine authority and banishes the darkness of doubt and hesitation with the light of explanation. He cleanses the chambers of understanding with the water of knowledge and brightens the mysterious recesses of consciousness with the polish of wisdom. As the Ark of testimony he walks amongst men and as the tabernacle of Reality he consorts with all the people. As the torch of guidance he illumines the path of the weary travellers after the search of Truth and as the cool fountain he allays the thirst of the wanderers in the wilderness of agnosticism. As a wide over-shadowing tree he gives shade and fruit to all the sore-footed wayfarers and like unto an inexhaustible mine he bestows riches upon the poor and the indigent ones. His discerning intelligence pierces through the thick strata of man-made dogmas, laying bare the innermost secret and his mellifluous voice softens the nerves of the most hateful antagonist. He disenthalls mankind from the decayed influence of dead 'conventions' and liberates his fellow men from the petrifying sway of the night mare of 'respectabilities'. In his estimation all men are born equal and therefore have the same inherent rights. There are no bogus lines of distinction, no fictitious trademarks of nobility, no heraldic ensigns of gentility, no coat of arms separating the people from their rulers, no higher and middle classes or yeomanry. His is a religion of spiritual democracy and not a theological theocracy. He regards the so-called distinctions of race and nations deleterious to the ideal nature of man, tending to the creation of greater misunderstandings and insurmountable difficulties.

I arose one hour before sunrise, walking in the beautiful garden, inhaling the aromatic air and chanting the communers. In the south eastern part of the sky the morning star shone forth with an unusual brilliancy. Its light was so resplendent that like unto the light of the moon it illumined the whole garden. I could see clearly my shadow cast on the ground. I had never seen the morning star so radiant and bright. Only in the last few mornings it has become so transparent and lucid. What an undisturbed, peaceful hour I had all to myself, praying for you and for myself!

Mirza Anayetullah came in when we had our tea and together we went out to buy a pair of shoes. A year before I left America I had 3 pairs of shoes^{and} they have been my constant companions ever since. Every body thought I needed better and newer footwear but I could not yield to their insistent demand till now; even several times my feet rebelled against the shabby and distorted appearance of their associates but in order to appease their caprices I had to appeal to the mending ability of a cobbler.

When we returned the Master was walking in front of the gate and inspected my new pair of shoes. Taking them out of the box he smote gently my cheeks with their soles and humorously thought I have been too extravagant. Then he asked Isfandiyar to have the carriage ready and entered the house^{to} to prepare himself for departing for Acca. I too went down stair and brought out my little bag. When everything was put in the carriage, the Master, followed by Mirza Anayetullah and myself walked to his store but on the way we were caught in a heavy shower. After going to the Hotel Nassar he came to the store and waited till the carriage came. It was still raining^{ing} when we rode away and picked up Mirza Mahsen from the other end of the town. It was a high sea and the clear, sandy beach of the bay was^{was} constantly washed by huge waves. The sight was sublime! Many Arabes both men and women, while carrying on their backs heavy loads were walking bare feet. There was specially an Amazonian looking woman^{who} was trudging along with a bed on her head, a roll of big mat on her back and a child in her arms. It was very funny. The Master was amused over it, because the woman did not mind it at all and was laughing and perfectly happy over it. Then he said:— "There are certain works

above human endurance and other works beneath it and these differ greatly according to the early environment and education of each individual. For example this Mirza Mohsen cannot walk barefooted on such a rainy day like these Persians. He will catch cold and be in bed for a month but they go through it day after day and grow healthier and stronger over ~~the~~ it. These struggling, surviving, successful man is the one who accustoms himself to these works ^{the accomplishment of} which are considered above human endurance. Only such a supreme soul can stand the test of life and come out of the crucible pure and unspotted. If he cannot rise to this height he may at least school himself to these tasks which are beneath his endurance. If he cannot come under the range of these two classes he has disqualified himself for any useful service and will be classed as a social cumbrer and freak." Our surroundings and the rain and the foaming horses brought to his mind ~~the~~ ^{one of the} stories of his childhood and at the time of the happening of these events he was between 7 and 10 years old. X When I was a very little child in Teheran it became necessary and urgent that I should carry a message of great importance to the General of the army garrisoned about 30 miles away from the Capital. I was so small that it precluded of course my riding alone. Therefore Abdul Vahhab Bey, our servant placed me before himself on the saddle of the horse and started out. It was the beginning of winter and the long stretches of hilly country was covered with great speed and without waiting for refreshment anywhere. No sooner we arrived at the garrison than I was taken to Mostaufi-al-Mamalek. He showed me much kindness and consideration and then I was introduced to Ameeir-Nezami, the generalissimo of the army. He inquired about the nature of my mission and in a satisfactory manner I explained to him my message. He listened to my words carefully and after weighing them he ordered them to be carried out according to my presentation and invited me to stay ~~over~~ in the camp for the night and leave for the city refreshed next morning. Abdul Vahhab Bey hearing the successful ^{good} issue of my conference with the general and wishing the news to be carried back to my family immediately resorted to a stratagem to leave the garrison on the instant. Knowing my love of nature and pastoral scenes he came to me and said: 'Little master! I know of a lovely village not very far from here, why should you stay in this smoky camp. Let us go to that hamlet. It has

many lovely gardens, fruit trees and flowers and its weather is so exhilarating and pure. He praised so much the beauty of the place that I yielded ^{again} to his persistence and we rode on the tired horse. He kept me safe in front of himself on the saddle and kept the horse mercifully to add to its speed. On and on we sped along and every now and then I asked about the little hamlet but there was no answer. After hours and hours of racing I saw from afar the familiar walls of the Capital and the outlines of the buildings but I was so tired and exhausted that I could not raise a voice of protest. When we reached home and I was taken into the parlor in the arms of the servants I was already sleep but ^{benumbed} with cold. A fire was made in the chimney and while I was kept in a remote corner my limbs were little by little warmed up. That night and the following day I could not eat anything and for more than 2 weeks I was like a child whose brittle organs and bones were crushed to pieces. X He related other stories the translation of which will be left to future.

When we entered Acco the Master and Mirza Mahsan came down from the carriage and went to the "City Hall". Soon they arrived and the house was illumined with the light of the face of the Beloved. We had brought our lunch from Haifa and this was partaken in the presence of the King of Kings. In the afternoon we were for two hours in the room of the Master and he talked about various things, filling our small worlds with the rays of joy and pleasure. In the evening he came down in the reception room and asked all the believers to go to him. He told them about his meeting with the German officers in Haifa and apropos of the German character he gave the highest praise to the steadfastness and sterling worth of the Schwarz family and the holy fragrances of love and unity wafting in their hearts. "The days we spent in Stuttgart" he said "are like so many golden pages in the book of creation. I inhale yet the sweet odor of those flowery days. I hope all the friends will be protected and guarded". Then several strangers entered the room and he asked the believers to retire to make place for them. When they left the house he ordered Khawar to prepare the lantern, for he was going to call on Motassarref and Madire - Tahreerat. The rest of the evening I spent with the beloved ones and was made happy through their association.