

Moonbeam Bahai Cabin
Ahlan Seman, Acre Syria
January 12th 1915

Dear friends!

I was standing in front of the Bahai Cabin and had the pleasure of saying a few words with our departing American pilgrim - Miss Sanderson. I could see that she has been weeping, for her eyes were red. After several months of delightful sojourn in the Holyland, spiritual association with the members of the blessed family and the meeting with Abdul Baha - who would not have ^{kept} on the eve of leave-taking? In the union and separation of the Bahais there is wisdom and a divine plan. As long as they are together they are like the bud on a bush but when the breeze of separation blows over them and the hand of fate cuts them from their stalks, contrary to all natural laws but in full harmony with celestial principles - they blossom ^{out} into delicate roses and spread their fragrances through whatever country they travel. As the warp of the texture of their lives are made of the threads of faithfulness and the shuttle of memory weaves the woof of divine Presence into the fabric of their hearts - they come to realize that their separation has established amongst them a closer and more intimate union. Now thousands of miles of land and sea have come between them, physically they are as far from each other as the two poles, but wonder of wonder! by the mysterious power of service in and for the Cause have brought them together. Their hearts pulsate with one beat, their faces turned toward one centre, their tongues announce the same message, their minds work for the same common object, their lives impelled by the identical force, their hands outstretched toward the same Beloved, their feet walking in the same path and their reasons inspired from the same source. Hence they will see each other spiritually in one meeting - body of the same body, mind of the same mind and spirit of the same spirit, forming the different limbs and organs of one living, dynamic temple, inseparable, indivisible and indissoluble - the great Aorta of the Heart of the Universe carrying heavenly nutrition and food to all the arteries, muscles, cartilages, tissues, fibres, sinews and bones of the body.

With Miss Sanderson went Doctor Habibollah, Monavar Khanom and Khosro. I would have liked to be present when the Master spoke to her because he thinks of her very highly. I was sitting under a fig tree and reading the Bible when I heard the voice of Badi Effendi. The Beloved had sent for me. I found him in front of the house walking and a number of believers and Sheiks standing aside respectfully. As soon as he saw me he asked "Didst thou meet Miss Sanderson before her departure?" I answered: "yes." "She is a spiritual girl. During all these months that she lived in the household no one saw her in a distempered mood. She possesses an even, quiet disposition and her capability for spiritual progress is unlimited. I loved and admired her as one of my own daughters and have prayed that she may attain to the highest desire of her heart. The Western women are not like the eastern women. They are more self-reliant, they have more self-control and are better fitted to carry the burden of life's responsibilities. For this reason they travel alone and can protect themselves wherever they go; but the Eastern women, having not been trained by education or schooled by experience would never dream to travel alone. They are so helpless when it comes to the point of facing the stern problems of life. On the other hand Miss Sanderson is going to journey without any companion and she does not mind it at all. A thing which would be considered a most extraordinary event in the life of any Oriental woman is a most natural course to her. Think for example of Mrs Stannard travelling all alone in different provinces of India and heralding from platform and through the Press the Cause of the Blessed Perfection! Is this not a wonderful miracle? Mrs Stannard's work in Hindustan will endure for ever, the seeds she has sown in the prepared soil will germinate and sprout and grow into strong and lusty trees! I am very pleased with her." Having finished his remarks he walked off to call on one of the believers and I returned to my temporary rest.

For lunch the Master was the guest of honor in the house of Sheik Saleh. Doctor Habibollah, Badi Effendi and myself were also invited. There were many Sheiks around the table and the Master entertained them with a number of stories. One of them was about his childhood and therefore I will share it with you:—

I spent the first years of my childhood in Mazandran. At the time the ~~Palace~~ ~~Perfection~~ was in Teheran. After a while we sent for us to go to him. I started with one of my uncles. On the way, one day, we reached at a village and thought to alight from our animals and refresh ourselves for a few hours. Having entered the hamlet we heard a great deal of noises and cries and confusion. We approached and inquired about all these lamentations. The village chief came forward and said: Your honors! We are all very poor farmers and for the last few years we have been oppressed and heavily taxed. Last night ten taxgatherers entered our village with the hope of exacting from us a heavy fine. We told them we have nothing. They started to abuse and beat us. They forced themselves into our homes and threatened us on the penalty of death that we should prepare for them a royal dinner. We did not murmur. We cooked for every two persons a plate of rice and a roast chicken with its "four legs" shooting upward. When we placed the trays before them and they looked at the plates they arose in their wrath and flogged us mercilessly with their whips. We started to cry: 'Why do you beat us? What have we done?' They answered: 'How did you dare to bring for us ^{these} dishes of rice with ^{only} "four legs"? Every dish must have "eight legs," otherwise we will burn your houses and drive away your cattle.' We pleaded and supplicated for ^{their} mercy but they hardened their hearts against us and would listen to no excuses till we had roasted for them more chickens. Now this morning we have heard that the Shah is dead and knowing well the disturbed condition of the country, we have arrested these men, placed halters around their necks, ^{have} led them into the stable, tied them before the manger filled with fodder and have been beating them with their own whips to eat the straw and barley. ~~when you entered our village.~~ I asked them to take me to the stable to see these miserable fellows. It was a very ludicrous and laughable sight! They started to cry to us to rescue them from their plight. I mediated before the chief but he wanted them to swear on the Koran that they would leave the vicinity of his village immediately which they were most glad to do, considering their escape. Whenever I think of their horror, stricken faces standing before the manger, surrounded by all the villagers who flogged them to eat straw