

Tomb of Baha. o. Allah
at Bahajee
Acce. Syria

April 2d. 1914

Dear friends!

Far away from the world and its roaring, stifling noise, away from the waving billows of the sea of time one's heart finds true rest and pure spirituality at the Holy Threshold of Baha-Allah. One's inner experiences are ineffable and ethereal, the sweetest thoughts float in the bright heaven of one's mind, the sublimest vision presents itself before one's view, the ideals of the worshipper are raised to the height of divine glory, his whole being is electrified with the unseen, infinite vibrations of the Spirit. He becomes infatuated with the contemplation of the celestial Outpouring and quaffs the water of Life from the chalice of Immortality. He sees the heaven of human possibilities with its countless stars spread before his eyes and receives fair glimpses of the state of blessedness destined for man.

This morning we opened our eyes and found ourselves³¹ in the house of our friend and host. He served us tea and breakfast, entertained us with Bahai stories and then we left for the Home of the Beloved of the world. When we arrived the Master sent for Mirza Ali Akbar and gave him permission to return to his bride. He talked about the Cause and ~~cognate~~^{analogous} subjects. His words were deep-felt, springing up from the well of his heart and expressing his inmost feelings. "Friends!" he said "The time is coming when I ~~am no more~~^{shall be no longer with you}. I have done all that could be done. I have labored night and day all the years of my life. I have served the Cause of Baha-ollah to the utmost of my ability. Oh! How long to see the believers shouldering the responsibilities of the Cause! This is the time of the proclamation of the Kingdom of Abha! This is the hour of Union and accord! This is the day of the spiritual harmony of the friends of God. All the resources of my physical strength are exhausted and the spirit of my life is the news of the Unity of the people of Baha.

I am straining my ears toward the East and toward the West, toward the North and toward the South, perchance I might hear the songs of love and good-fellowships ~~as~~ ^{re}praised from the meetings of the believers. My days are numbered, and save this there is no joy left for me. Oh! How I yearn to see the friends ~~so~~ united like ^{into} a strand of shining pearls, like the brilliant plectides, like the rays of the sun and the gazelles of one meadow! The nightingale of significance is singing for them; will they not listen? The bird of paradise is warbling: will they not heed? The angel of the Kingdom of Abba is calling to them: will they not hearken? The messenger of the Covenant is pleading: will they not obey? Ah me! I am waiting, ~~ardently~~ ^{anxiously} waiting to hear the glad news that the believers are the embodiments of sincerity and loyalty, that they are the incarnations of love and amity and the visible symbols of unity and concord! Will they not rejoice my hearts? Will they not satisfy

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my cravings? Will they not comply with my request?
Will they not fulfill my anticipations? Will they not
answer my call? Oh! I am waiting, I am patiently
waiting "These noble, divine words spoken
in the very room of Baha-allah clothed them with a
new significance. The eyes were wet with tears, the
hearts torn to pieces by listening to his ^{words} talk. All that
I hope is that they will find a deep place in the hearts
of all the friends. I assure you, every word of this
talk is translated with many tears flowing from
the eyes. While I read them I shake and tremble and
weep. Even a heart of stone is melted. It is most
difficult for me to report these sad, unconscious,
harrowing ^{unconsciously given} messages of the Beloved to the Bahai
world, but thinking how important it is to preserve
a clear record of His daily words and deeds I pull
together my mental forces, overcome my ^{infirmities} painful
feelings and share with you these spiritual
counsels and exhortations, thus we may all arise
to perform our bounden duty.

After this talk the Beloved descended the stairs and immediately started to speak with three learned Sheiks on Faith and religion. They ^{are} ~~were~~ invited to lunch with him tomorrow ~~noon~~. Other men entered the room and after one hour he went out to pay ~~back~~ visits to a number of officials.

As Mirza Ali Akbar was going to leave for Haifa in the afternoon we thought we ^{would} ~~would~~ consume one hour ~~around~~ ⁱⁿ the Bazaar. At first we called at the stores of a number of believers who are the sons of the old men exiled with Baha-Allah. The sturdy fathers are no more, but the sons have taken their places. With each we chatted a few minutes and then entered the Mosque built by Jazzar Pasha about 110 yrs ago. It is very large, ~~building~~ ^{of an enclosure}. In the center is the House of prayer and all around the building there are rooms wherein the theological students and a number of Sheiks live. Years ago the Master had also a room ^{here} and often he would patiently

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speaking for hours with these fanatical Mullehs. Here and there are large trees and little beds of flowers. There is a large sundial designating the hours of day. The Tomb of Jazzer Pasha was also shown to us. This ^{man} was the governor of Acre at the time the town of Acre was besieged by Napoleon and his army. Through his stubborn resistance the governor shattered to pieces the dream of the 'little Corporal' ~~about~~ ^{of} the formation of a world empire with himself as the Universal dictator or emperor. Jazzer Pasha besides building this Mosque, built the present fine bath, Inn, and other edifices as well as added greatly to the fortifications and bastillions of the town - so that it was made almost impregnable. There were innumerable cisterns filled with fresh water and an inexhaustible store of provisions for the inhabitants to stand the long, indefinite siege. On the plain of Acre facing the city Napoleon constructed an artificial hill ^{of sand on} over which he ^{placed} his batteries and cannons. Although the contour and the oval shape of the hill are materially changed

36 yet, it is most prominent from the distance. Adjoining the hill there is ~~one of the largest~~ palm groves. It is correctly reported that when Napoleon came here with his army they had ~~carried~~ with them many, many sacks of dates. As they ate them they threw the seeds in the said - the result being the present large ^{grove}. ^{Once} When Baha - allah ^{leaving} left the town of Acre a tent was pitched for him on Napoleon's hill, the very place of which is shown to us by the old Bahais. He lived in the tent several days. This is another link of that magnetic chain of significant coincidences which has brought ^{again} together the ancient spirit of war and the modern Prince of Peace!

From the Mosque we walked through the desert, old Bazar and again entered into the new one into its many ^{changing} colorful colors and shades. Then we went to the Inn where many Bahai families are ^{living}. Here was the old Pilgrim's Home consisting of one moderately large and a very small room, the ^{small} last one belonging to Mirza Heydar Ali. The building

contains 32 of the finest granite columns forming ³⁷
~~may enter~~ noble arches all around the structure. Here we also
met a number of the believers and talked with them on their
Bahai experiences. Another interesting room was the former
Bahai school ^{room, now simply with benches} on the side of which I saw the chairs and benches
^{at the side} piled up. This was a most instructive institution but was
discontinued at the time of the Investigating Committee.
Coming out of the Inn we entered an Arabian restaurant
and was in the course of eating our roasted meat when
Khasro entered the place and said the Master wanted
us. Without finishing our lunch we ^{at once} rose upon our
^{feet}. Mr and Mrs Halback having just arrived the
Beloved wanted me to take lunch with them at his
table, I was of course delighted. Various subjects were
discussed briefly and then the Beloved retired to rest.
Mr Halback asked him whether he would send me
to America and he said: - "Surely I will send him
to America."

About 2 o'clock the Master asked me to accompany
Mr and Mrs Halback to Bahajee because they were

38 going to take a number of photographs. He told me to say to Agha Sayad Ali, the guardian of the Holy Tomb, to entertain them ^{and} including myself for the evening. We started on our way and after 45 minutes we reached our destination. Our host welcomed our brother and sister from England with ~~genuine~~ happiness and hospitality. Their room was designated and then we had tea in the lovely garden begemmed with such a profusion of begonia, bougainvillea, trumpet and wall flowers, Iris, yellow and white jessamines, stocks and carnations, roses and lilies and tulips etc.

In the evening each one of us worshipped at the Holy Tomb separately. The candelabras and lamps were lighted, the sweet scent of orange blossoms perfumed the atmosphere, there was such a spirit of quiet charm and spirituality. I was there all alone. I chanted the visiting Tablet, prayed in behalf of all the believers and begged the Blessed Perfection to confirm and assist them. I did not forget you, dear readers, my beloved, silent companions by day and by night. You were in my mind. The door of the "Holy of Holies" - wherein the remains of the Blessed Perfection are laid was open and I took the courage to enter and throwing myself on the floor I supplicated in behalf of all of you. I walked around the Holy room 3 times and when I came out of the place I was intoxicated with the wine of the Love of believers. The night was spent in holy communion in the room near the Tomb, a rare, precious experience never to be forgotten.