

Home of Baha-Allah ⁸¹

Acca Syria

April 9th 1914

Dear friends!

"I am the servant of the believers of God. I must demonstrate my claim to service with deeds. Words are not sufficient. Were it possible for me I would have served the believers in the Pilgrims' home in the place of Aga Mohamad Hassan. Today I will prepare the dinner for the believers who are coming tomorrow from Haifa to visit the Holy Tomb of the Blessed Perfection." Thus spoke the Beloved while he was preparing a big sheep to be cooked whole in the oven. With Khosro on his right hand he worked over the sheep for more than two hours stuffing it with rice, pine^{nut}s, saffron, nuts and other spices. It will be browned little by little in several pounds of butter with not one drop of water. The lid is tightened with dough leaving no aperture anywhere. It will be sent to the

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over tonight - in order it may be ready for tomorrow noon to be carried to Babajee on the back of a donkey.

In the morning a number of the Pilgrims arrived from Haifa. The Master sent for them one by one and held with each long conversation. The Pilgrim's Home boasts of nearly 40 Pilgrims from the various parts of Persia, Arabia, Turkey, India and Russia, all consorting together with the greatest joy and unity. A large contingent of them will leave for their respective countries in a few days. Another portion of his morning hours was ^{spent} ~~expended~~ with the strangers who came and ^{went} ~~gone~~ and heard him speak on the various topics of the day. To one of them he said: "The world and its objects are transitory. Phenomena undergo change and transformation, but God and his servants remain unalterable and not subject to transmutation. We must attach our hearts to Him if we desire to be eternally happy."

That the English nation has not forgotten the part her gallant soldiers played during the Napoleonic siege of Acre may be well understood by the contents of a marble Tablet built in the wall of a narrow street. The contents is in English and Arabic. I had not seen^{it} before and I was rather surprised as I looked at it today. The siege of Acre according to the date contained therein so peculiarly interesting for it was in the month of April 1799. And now again we are in the month of April 1914. just 115 years. Who would have thought that in the same month, probably during the same days, the Lord of Peace and Truth would live in Acre! What a contrast between the two periods! Then the gate was closed, the people were distressed, the noise of drum and warping soldiers was in their ears, but now the gate is open by day and night; ⁱⁿ three places the wall is broken, the cannons are thrown hither and thither rusty, the inhabitants are peacefully

following their trades and professions and the Teacher of good will and fellowship is living the life of Christ. I may quote herein the Contents of the Tablet as a memorial of these heavenly days: -

This Tablet

Was erected in the year 1907

By

His Britannic Majesty's government

In Memory of

Major Oldfield of the British Marines aged forty three, who fell in leading a sortie from the garrison, when besieged by Napoleon Buonaparte and the French Army in the Month of April 1799. He was buried by the French with Military honours. A soldier "sans peur et sans reproche," he carried with him to the grave the esteem of friends and foes.

And of

Colonel Walker of the Royal Marines who died 1840 aged 68, during the operations which

forced Ibrahim Pasha to evacuate Syria. " 85

The orientals have many stories to illustrate the
wiles and seductions of womankind. The following is
an example: X One day the lion of the jungle came across
the domestic cat. "Thou art my brother. In every detail
thou dost bear a likeness to me. How is it that thou hast
become so small?" The lion roared out, "Oh!" The cat
complained "I have fallen into the shrewd hand of woman."
"Woman? Woman?" he ^{asked} ~~said~~ "What kind of creature
is she? It seems to me that I have never seen her.
Wilt thou show her to me and I will heap upon
her head most dreadful punishments. My poor,
weak, oppressed brother! What cruelty she has done
to you!" "Come along" the cat answered. "I will
show her to you." Having emerged out of the
jungle they saw a plain, peasant woman working
in the field. The cat pointed her out to his stronger
brother. "What hast thou done to my brother? Why
dost thou persecute him so much? Why is he so
lean? O thou heartless, cruel woman! Wilt thou

what power they had imprisoned and domesticated him?
 I would like to see the instrument with which they
 had ^{captured} ~~captured~~ my brother? " Oh! How kind of
 you, Mr Lion!" the woman was all smiles and
 gentleness. " Really! you are doing me a great honor. I
 would love to show you my instrument, but I am
 awfully sorry it is not with me. I was going to
 bring it with me this morning but I forgot all
 about it " " Well done! Go and bring it. " the
 lion commanded. " I am very much afraid you
 will run away before I return, in fact I am sure
 you will. " the woman courtesied ~~all over~~ ^{all over}.
I ~~running~~ away, impossible! There is no one
 here that I should be afraid of him. Do you not
 know that I am a lion and the lion is always
 fearless. " " Of course, of course! I know! Grace
 me! you are indeed very valorous, very dauntless,
 but I am sorry to say that I have my own
 misgivings. I would rather not go, for surely
 it will be a waste of energy, because, I beg your

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pardon if I am too emphatic, when I return I will
not see even your shadow." "Oh! you impudent
woman! Are you not ashamed to attribute cowardice
to me? In order to prove to you that I am not coward
I will submit to any condition you suggest." "Now
that's much better. I am sure you are not afraid.
Who dares to say such a thing about you. But in order
to test your patience I will bind you with this
rope to the tree and return to you in half an hour."
"Very well! Come and do your worst." Without
much ado she binds the lion to the tree and starts
to beat him with lashes. He cries out: "What art thou
doing?" "Oh! I have brought already my
^{instrument} power from home. Dost thou not see it?" The
lion realizing his plight ~~wreathed~~ ^{cried} in agony ^{but}
the woman does not show him any mercy.
Finally he looks toward the cat and ^{said} ~~says~~ pitifully:
"Once she reduces me to thy size, will she not
release me?" "I am afraid not" the cat answered
and took its way homeward.