

Home of Baha-ollah

Acca Syria

April 10th 1914

Dear friends.

The party of the Persian students and about 20 other pilgrims including Mr and Mrs Halliack arrived this morning on the train. The Pilgrims started immediately for Bahajee while the rest of them walked toward the Home of Baha-ollah where his Great Son is living and spreading the Gospel of Peace. While ~~waiting~~ waiting for the arrival of the train a regiment of soldiers headed by a band playing ^{music} ~~music~~ marched out of the gate of Acca toward its vast plain; there to manoeuvre.

From early morning the Beloved has been receiving people and giving interviews because he will leave tomorrow afternoon for Haifa. Thus when the students arrived he had already seen many people. He met them only for a minutes and told them to join their friends in Bahajee. He excused

himself for not being able to go, because he had so ⁸⁹many other things to attend. The dinner which he had prepared for them was sent without letting any one else touch it. The sheep was taken to them who ^{that} - thus they ^{might} may serve it themselves. He told them to return at 2pm so that there ^{would} be time for a meeting; especially for ~~the~~ students who were going to leave tonight for Beirut to give a chance to the 3 other parties who are waiting to come one after another. The Persian girls' students - nearly 10 of them - have also come and thus there is ^{the spirit of} a general holiday in the air, stirring the hearts with joy and contentment.

In a personal talk with Mr and Mrs Holback the Beloved said: "My happiness comes from the Kingdom of Abba! My joy is from the Delectable Paradise. My health is gained through the rays of the Sun of Reality. My spirituality descends from the world of lights. My enkindlement is obtained from the Fire of the Love of God. My attraction is vouchsafed from the mainspring of all truths. My life is maintained

90 Through the fraternization of all mankind, the progress of the Cause of God and the unity of the friends..... I have nothing to do with other people's thoughts and activities. I am the divine gardener. I am the heavenly farmer. God commands me to plant trees in the garden of humanity; to sow the seeds of knowledge and wisdom in the field of the hearts. He tells me: 'Do not be worried about their growth and development. I will pour over them the rains of my mercy, ^{make to} will shine upon them the sun of my wisdom, and will waft over them the breeze of my providence. You are the two trees which I have planted with my own hands in the garden of Abha.. I hope that ~~your~~ growth and ~~fructification~~ will be extraordinary, and your services in the Cause of God manifold."

Just about 3 o'clock p.m. the students and the Pilgrims having arrived from Bahajee, the Master send down the word that he will receive them but as the reception room is not large they ^{might} stay

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be divided in 3 parts. I went in with the first party
and stayed through to the end. The Master received
us in one of the rooms of the first home facing the
calm and lovely sea. He was sitting at the end of the
long divan and now and then looking out of the
window toward the ocean. The reflection of the rays of
the sun on the surface of the sea made a most
illusive picture. The Master was dressed in his soft
brown Persian coat, his silky white locks falling
~~behind~~ his shoulders, ~~his pure white beard most~~
~~impressive~~, his deep searching eyes ~~were~~ illumined
with the light of tender benevolence and his smiles
and inimitable gestures of hands most attractive.
Altogether he looked ^{more} like a noble, divine Patriarch
of old than any other person. He was feeling well
and the effect of his well being worked like magic on
our mental and spiritual condition. How truly
wonderful it was to be in his presence on this Good-
Friday held so dear and sacred by the Christians.
It was doubly significant to be in Acca, in the

9² the Holy Land, enjoying the Bestowals of the Father and receiving the blessings of the Son and be^{enriched} with the Breaths of the Holy Spirit.

Our ^{ever} faithful Khosro was behind the Samovar and dispensed tea and served the believers with ~~such~~ joy seldom seen in any other soul.

To Mr. H. R. Vakil the Master said: "Thou art a tree which is planted with the hand of grace in the ground of Love. Thou art now watered with the showers of the Clouds of divine Bounty. I hope that thou may'st be ever protected and guarded from the contrary winds and become a mighty, fruitful tree. I shall pray in thy behalf that thou may'st ever live in accord with the good-pleasure of the Lord."

The third party consisted of the students. In the morning he had given to each one one the petitions just received from America so that they ^{would} may translate ^{them} in order that he ^{could} may find out which one has made most progress in the

art of translation. Having finished the translations ⁹³
Shaugi Effendi proffered them to the Master. He read one
or two and then said each translator must write his
own name at the bottom of the page. Then he gave them
a short, powerful, stimulating ^{task} which will appear in
^{somewhere else,}
~~full at the end of this letter.~~

In the morning I was told by the Master to accompany
Mr and Mrs Hallock to the garden of Rizwan, so we
started immediately after the meeting. The Rizwan
was in the height of its glory, all manners of
flowers growing therein. Abdul Gasem was the
embodiment of hospitality and prepared for us tea.
We took a round of the garden and the gardener offered
to us little, lovely bouquets of violets, roses and
carnations. During the spring months the Rizwan
is frequented by the inhabitants of Acrea and its
door is open to all. Hence we found a large number
of Effendi loitering under the shade of the ^{Mulberry}
trees, beside the cool stream of water, while
we were drinking our tea. Matasariq came ⁱⁿ

9th and about. Jaseem was all attention toward him.
The gardener was sorely distressed because the Master
has not been in the garden this time. "all the flowers
and trees are weeping because they have been deprived
of the Face of the Beloved. They ^{are} desolate and
will not be calmed ~~down~~ till they look in the
Countenance of their Ideal Rose! What can I do to
bring him here for a few minutes?" He begged Mr
and Mrs Holbark to intercede for his behalf before
the Master and beg him to visit the Rizewan
this time of the year. It was just a few minutes
before sunset when we came out of the garden
and walked toward Napoleon's Hill. Its surface
is level and very large. Every where corn ^{are}
planted, and thousand of pretty red poppies add
to the charm of the rye fields. White and
yellow daisies, asphodels, minivettes and other
wild flowers abounded. When we reached the
top of the hill, the surrounding valley, the distant
chain of ^{of} mountains, acca with its single Minaret, the calm

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Bay between this historic town and Haifa and the glorious
sun setting in the west added to the indefinable beauty
of the scene. We sat down for a few minutes holding
silent communion. Here the Crusaders fought with the
Saracens: Here Christian Emperors and Mahomedan
Kings entered into the largest religious war for the
possession of the Holy Land! Here Richard Coeur de Lion,
Napoleon Bonaparte and their hosts pitched their tents
in the different periods of the world history! Here
Baha-Allah upraised the flag of international Peace
^{although I heard}
The voice of the muffled drums of the weary soldiers air-
rushing all night before their lag-fires and then
the clarion voice of Baha-Allah ^{the Prince of Peace} ring ~~in~~ ^{through} my
ears, clear and strong, calling ^{to} all nations to lay
down arms, arbitrate all their disputes and wage
war no more. These and other kindred thoughts
passed through my mind and when I opened
my eyes I saw Mrs Halback writing a short
note of the description of the place in the
dim light of the after glow of sunset.

9^b I will quote herein what she wrote:- "Acre, from the
Turon of the Crusaders. A vast green plain stretches like
a sea all around the Mount. The wind sweeping
through the field of waving rye makes a soft rustling in
my ears. The whole sweep of the bay of Haifa, its nearest
shore girt by palm groves is before me, with Mount
Carmel bounding the further shore, a long ridge of moun-
tain half veiled in mist. The sun is setting over Acre and
the old fortified tower with its slender minaret proclai-
ming the faith of Islam is silhouetted against the light.
Acre is built on a promontory running out into the
sea, the Mediterranean stretches on both sides of it,
the dwindling coast line on the right leads to Tyre
and Sidon, the historic towns of old Phoenicia. Around
me is a carpet of wild flowers and the magic beauty
of the sunset hour illumines all the scene." On
our way back home we passed by the moat and
the fortifications and as we looked behind the full
moon was slowly ascending, flooding this "magic scene"
with its silver lights.

In the evening the Master gave a most interesting
talk about his childhood days in Teheran after the
imprisonment of Baba Allah in the governments
prison.