

Home of Baha Ollah
 Acca Syria. Oct. 24th 1914

Dear friends!

You know ^{well} by this time what was my first and foremost thought when I opened my eyes this morning in my bed. The above address gives you a faint idea of my mental preoccupation. ^(as soon as I) No sooner I awoke than my thoughts flew across the blue shimmering Bay towards Acca where the King of the world is now residing. Now that I have washed my face and put on my clothes I cannot wait any longer. I must hasten to the station and I was in such a hurry that I had to enter one hour before the train started. When I took my seat in a compartment where there were two officers, I was careless enough to take out of my satchel an illustrated English newspaper and began to read it. I could see that ^{as} ~~no~~ ^{as} soon as their eyes fell on the paper than I became an object of suspicion and curiosity. With my green turban and long light-green overcoat they took me at first ^{for} ~~as~~ a very saintly Sheikh who ~~will~~ only reads the Koran and traditions and keeps aloof from all other books and foreign innovations. But horror of horrors! A Sheikh and an English newspaper! How can one reconcile these two seemingly irreconcilable elements! In these days to read an English newspaper is an abomination unto these people, because England is fighting against Germany and Germany is the friend of the Turkish newspapers. None of the Egyptian Arabic newspapers ^{which} ~~also~~ naturally publish the English version of the war are allowed into the country. I heard the other day, ~~that~~ when last week a sac of these newspapers was brought into the Post Office they made a big bonfire out of them and not one copy was delivered into the hand of the subscribers. But the most marvellous thing is that notwithstanding this strict censorship I have received several packages of the English newspapers direct from London and they have not been tampered with. In brief these two officers looked at me so long that I thought it was better to put back the paper and look over

the scenery till I reached the station of Acca. Had I continued to read the paper probably they would have hailed me to the nearest police station and pestered me with ^{an} hundred and one questions.

^{Half an hour after} After half an hour of my arrival the Master sent for me and welcomed me into his room. Soon he got out several packages of letters and going over ~~one~~ after another and picking those that were addressed to Ahmad Sahrab would hand them to me. Looking over those letters addressed to himself he would read half aloud 'Abdul Baha', 'Abdul Baha', 'Abdul Baha' and put them aside to be opened afterwards. Amongst all those letters he took ^{up} two, written by Mr Howard Mac Nutt. He looked at their envelopes for a few minutes and said: - "These letters are from Mr Mac Nutt. I know them by his writing. His hand-writing is excellent. I can recognize it from far off. Well-balanced hand-writing is an art. I have not seen any hand-writing in English like Mr Mac Nutt's. His has an air of artistic proportion. Beside this, his style of composition and his power of speech are unapproachable." Then speaking about his firmness and steadfastness in the Covenant he said: - "Come, read these letters to me." Their contents made him very happy, and ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~taken~~ ^{took} them back and ~~put~~ ^{put} them into his overcoat pocket to be answered later on.

In the afternoon he came unexpectedly to our room ^{while} Khosro was walking behind and bringing two large rugs, ^{with} himself. "I have come to see whether you are comfortable. I have also brought two rugs to cover the floor so that you may not have to walk on mats." He stood there till the rugs were spread on the floor, then he went down again. In the evening all the believers who were in the city came and had short interviews with the Master. When the supper time arrived, the Beloved called us ^{as in} the olden days, to sit around his table and in his presence partake of the material food.

While we were on Mount Carmel, Khosro was in

Abou Senan, but he happened to come this morning to Acca to buy things for the Holy Family. I was in the Presence of the Master when Khosro appeared at the door. "Welcome! Welcome! This is my Khosro, you did well to come," Abdul Baha said and immediately orders him to do something.

I was reading today an interesting compilation of Tablets which contains some copies of general significance. The one I would like to translate herein is written by the Master to his sister, the Greatest Holy Leaf, from Tonon, Switzerland, I suppose after his arrival in that town. It is as follows:—

"To Her Grace, the Greatest Holy Leaf. Haifa, Syria,
Upon her be Baha - ollah El Abha!
He is Baha El Abha!"

O thou my beloved sister! Through the encircling Graces of the Blessed Perfection - may my life be a ransom to the dust of His Holy Threshold - we have crossed the blue seas, we passed by many shores, ports and gulfs and by the protection and guardianship of the Most Great Name we landed at last safely. For the present we are living in Grand Hotel in Tonon, on the Lake of Geneva, Switzerland and are engaged in your remembrance and your name is mentioned. The charm of the scene, the beauty of the place, the sweetness of the water, the transparency of the horizon, the bracing effect of the breeze, the verdancy of the mountain and the picturequeness of the whole panorama ~~have~~ combined together, bringing before one's eye the most magnificent and wonderful scenery, peerless in its details as well as its whole. But Abdul Baha on account of the multiplicity of work and correspondence ^{may} not time even to look at these things; however the air is agreeable and I hope through the Favor and Grace of the Ancient Beauty strength and health might be realized, so that ^{this} broken-winged mosquito may open its wings in the servitude of the Threshold of His Highness the Desired

One and prompted with this longing I might inhale one breath of service. All this, however, depends on His Grace. In brief I declare by the Holy Ground that one span of the sandy earth outside of Aca is impregnated with more spirituality and illumination and preferred to thousands of these gardens, parks, meadows and prairies. For its ground is radiant, its sea is fraught with the waves of the spheres, its breeze is wafting from the direction of Mercy, its Zephyr has the fragrance of the perfuming musk, its plain is the valley of safety and its area is the blessed spot. Strided it is a garden of matchless beauty. Therefore in the estimation of the people of Faith, when they are away from that Desert, no matter where they are, it looks like a prison and ~~like~~ a narrow, dark underground. Therefore I beg of you that whenever you go to visit the Holy Threshold of Baha Ollah, place your face on that fragrant ground and kiss its sacred earth and supplicate assistance and confirmation for Abdul Baha, perchance he might inspire one breath in the servitude of the Threshold. Convey the utmost love and longing to the blessed Sea, my dear sister, Foroughiah Khanum. Convey likewise on my behalf the most wonderful Ahha greeting to the respected mother.

I hope that the pump of the rose-garden around the Holy Tomb of the Blessed Perfection is finally constructed...."

In this manner the Beloved writes to his dear sister from Switzerland and prays that he may become confirmed in the service of the Cause of his Father. And from his subsequent miraculous works in Europe and America are clear evidences that these prayers were answered. Singly and alone he has accomplished a wonderful spiritual victory the effect of which will transform the world and clear the way from the stumbling-blocks for the ^{establishment of} universal Peace and love between the children of men.