

Moonbeam Bahai Cabin.
 Abou Senan, Acca Syria
 November 4th 1914

Dear friends:

Now that practically all the Bahais with their families are gathered in Abou Senan and the Master assuring himself that they are safe and comfortable he left this morning for Acca to meet the governor and attend to some important affairs of the Cause. He cannot rest in one place for long. Although he devises the means of safety for every one, he likes to be in the midst of danger. At this time that all the inhabitants of Acca are thrown into a state of evident consternation, the Beloved of the world is walking in their midst, giving them consolation and cheering their hearts. I wish I was with him, but this time he did not take me with himself. This morning we got up very early and took a long walk over the mountain, picking up the first pink wild flowers and decorating ~~ourselves~~ with them. They were very beautiful and charming, full of delicate messages of love and affection. There was a heavy shower last night and therefore the morning looked young and fresh. The air was full of delicate sweetness and the country was the symbol of eternal youth. When we returned from our ramble we went to the house of Sheik Saleh and found the Master in the reception room. He was drinking his milk and tea and talking with a number of Arabs. In an hour he was up, Khassro and Mirza Sayad Hossein Afnan carrying his handbags. Sheik Saleh and his sons wanted to descend the mountain with him but he did not allow them to do this. On the way a poor Arab ran out of his house and begged him to bless his house with his holy Presence. Soon he rode in the carriage and disappeared from our view.

Yesterday morning while the Beloved was speaking, a soldier riding on his horse entered the house. Sheik Salman went out to find what he wanted. After a few minutes he returned with a paper containing three orders from the Military Commander in Acca. He stood up and read it aloud. The first rule dealt with the internal affair, that no soul must foment trouble and insurrection against the established civil or Military Authority; second, the rights of the Foreign subjects must be respected and their persons protected; third, any soul acting as spy or writing to foreign countries the secret plans

and arrangements of the army will be punished and sentenced to death. All the letters will be strictly censored and correspondence with outside world will be extremely difficult.

This morning the Greatest Holy Leaf sent to us a big tray of oranges and mandarins, and lemons and watermelon. She sends us her kind messages and we are proud and honored to have such holy and loving mother in the Bahai world. She thinks we have not at our disposal all the comforts of the city life, but when we are with the Master we do not even think about such things. We are happy because we are basking under the sunshine of his Spiritual Presence. Without him we are poor, with him we are rich. We are lonely but he raises our station to the apex of Glory. Without him we are less than the dim light of the candle, with his assistance we are transformed into the luminous rays of the Sun of Reality. We are all dependent upon him. He is alone independent. Even the people of Abou Senan realize this and express it in no uncertain language. Yesterday the Orthodox priest called on the Beloved and in the course of his conversation he said to the Beloved: - "As long as Thou art amongst us we feel we are safe. Thy prayer will assist us in our hour of misfortune. For forty years we have been all the servants at Thy Threshold." Later on I heard that when the friends came to Abou Senan he called on each person and welcomed them to the village, wishing them happiness and hoping their stay amongst his parishioners and other inhabitants of the village will be conducive to their moral uplift and that their lives will be as examples of righteousness and virtue. In this manner they look upon the Bahais and watch their actions and words and correspond them together, so that they may see whether their profession comes up to the high standard they institute for other men to be followed. When the Beloved leaves ~~the~~ ^a place, it is as though the very life is taken away from it. What a difference one observes between the wonderful hours of yesterday and the unresponsive hours of today. His love and affection alone keeps one warm and happy and to be away from him is like spending one's time unprofitably. The only thing that keeps one contented when away from him is to be occupied in his service and to work for his Cause.

Another story that the Beloved related the other day is as follows:-

"The life of a judge in the Turkish Empire is the subject of constant satire and the ineffectiveness of the Turkish laws and their inadequacy the source of much amusement and diversion. In the Turkish law Courts there comes often foreign lawyers who are very exact in enforcing the letter of the law. On the other hand the ignorance and the indifference of the judges as regard the execution of the law is more than evident and often bribery blinds the eyes of their impartiality and favoritism deafens the ears of their justice and thus they hand down their decision against truth and fairness.

"Once in the court of Acca there appeared a French lawyer who stood high in his profession. He pleaded the case of his client very ably and the judge listened to his arguments with great attention but he was bribed by the defendant and thus all the unanswerable proofs and splendid eloquence of the lawyer did not avail. Nothing could shake the prejudice of the judge and at last he handed down his decision against the plaintiff. The lawyer was irritated against this patent injustice and he threw all discretion to the wind by grossly abusing the honor of the Court, questioned the rectitude of the judge, appealed to the common rights of humanity, brought forth an array of proofs and evidences and quoted the exact wording of the law in the statute book (~~for~~ for instance) No 25. Chapter 75, Clause 8 and proved beyond a shadow of doubt that the judge was wrong and at least in this case must reconsider his judgment. This severe, trenchant attack awakened the judge out of his torpor and indifference and arose from his seat with an uncommon, momentary glow of anger in his tone :- 'Sir! You are going beyond the bound of prudence! Damn all your laws and your troubled conscience! What do I care with all these formal red-tape platitudes, these bothersome quotations, these hard and fast evidences these foolish charges. Hell with them. Look at that odious book of statutes! Statutes indeed! I haven't open it for ages! See how its cover holds the dust of years! May the plague take it away from us! I have decided the case and there will be no appeal and no reverse of judgment. If thou thinkest that I have been unjust or swayed in my consideration of the case by other outside agencies go and do thy damn worse."