

Moonlight Bahai Cabin
 Abou Senan Acca, Syria
 November 5th 1914

Dear friends!

We spent the day in the expectation that the Beloved will return this afternoon but we were disappointed. Abou Senan to Acca is only a two hours distance - about 6 or 7 miles, but to me at least it looked as though it was a thousand miles away. Every minute I was thinking of my Beloved and I longed to be with him. These are the days to be as near the Master as possible and learn from his words and deeds the lessons of moral and spiritual heroism. Abou Senan is good and interesting, as a village from the time of Noah might be - but without Abdul Baha one would not like to stay for five minutes. The Beloved clothed everything with his beauty, divest them of their apparent unshapeliness and give them a note of excellence and majesty. Then with his help I try to look upon all the surrounding country with his poetic, matchless eye and reflect the picture which falls upon the retina of his sight. Were it for his constant assistance and help I could not write one line. When I am alone I pray for greater capacity, because I realize my utter unworthiness at his Divine Threshold. He raises us from the lowest station of nothingness and gives us power and might - so that we may be able to stand the shocks and calamities of these dreadful days. So much is asked of us Bahais and so little we have accomplished so far. If each one of us put this question ^{to himself}, "What have I done for the Cause?" ~~to~~ ^{ourselves}, we will find out that we have done usefully little; that considering our gifts we have not arisen to the height of ^{our} responsibility; that in comparison to the magnitude and grandeur of this Cause we have not striven to represent it in all its universality; that in ratio to the Beauties of the Kingdom of Abha we have not displayed a supreme effort to bring its beauty and simplicity within the reach of every individual soul. Realizing these things and knowing how true they are we feel not a little ashamed and then try to work harder to win the golden Crown of acceptance from

the Holy Hand of Abdul Baha.

This morning Sheikh Saleh and Sheikh Yousoff payed us a visit in our Cabin and regretted very much that the Master is not here. One can hardly find more loyal and devoted friends than these. It is true that they love and serve the Beloved from a different standpoint than the Bahais but nevertheless it is love and service of the most unselfish type. After words Mirza Jalel and a number of others payed us calls. Our Cabin is situated ~~at~~ the corner of the road and every one of the friends who passes by during the day either salutes us or drops in for a few minutes. Thus through its environment and adaptability it has become a sort of Club room for social gatherings and a clearing-house for the distribution of the latest news and gossips. In the evenings the believers ^{gather} here, read Tablets, speak, look over the newspapers and have ^{altogether} a pleasant hour or two. The small Russian school being closed since the declaration of war with Russia our children are free and thus they come over to the Cabin, playing, singing, raising Cain ^{and} having a good time. There is now a talk to have a small Bahai school with Badi Effendi and Mirza Moner as English and Persian teachers. In this way the little boys and girls will not have to waste their precious hours all day.

Before sunrise and sunset we take long walks over the mountains and explore the outlying districts. In the hollow of a valley close by there is a small little building which is called the shrine of Zachariah. I do not know how much truth it contains. The villagers attribute to it many miracles.

Our morning and afternoon teas and our supper and dinner are brought from the house of the Blessed Family. I am so sorry that we are giving them so much trouble and we can't serve them in any way.

Miss Edith Sanderson lives with the Holy Household but since our arrival in Acha Senan we have not seen her. Although she wears her European costumes, I think she likes seclusion.

All those friends who have gathered tonight in my Cabin, commissioned me to send you their devoted Bahai greetings.

The translation of another judge story may not be out of place :-
 There was an important man in Acca who had many cases pending in the Court; but the judge postponed the settlement of his affairs from day to day. Oh yes! he was courteous and polite, always received this gentleman with smiles and lots of "last word" compliments and ordered rich coffee to be brought for him but none of his cases were brought up to be settled. This man was not a native of Acca and thus the days grew wearisome on him. He wanted to return to his home but the judge kept him there apparently for no good reason whatever. One day, by chance a friend of his told him that the judge has heard that he possesses a wonderful Arabian charger and has expressed a desire to see it. This offhand remark put a clever idea into his head and after thinking over it for a time he came to the conclusion that he would put it into practice. Early next morning he called on the judge and in the course of conversation told him that he has a very mettlesome Arabian steed and desires to offer it as a present to his honor, not exactly as an inducement to further his affairs speedily; God forbid but as a token of warm friendship and gratitude. The judge taking up the cue was all obliging sweetness and could not show enough of his expansive smile and ready willingness to put aside all the other important matters of state and attend to the immediate consideration of the cases of his "best friend." "I have already written to my son" the man readily declared "to send the steed so that I may ^{see} it myself while I am here."

On that very day one of his cases were decided by the judge in his favor. A few days passed and the judge asked his friend whether he has heard anything about the steed. "Oh yes" today I had a telegram from my son. Considering the priceless value of the steed, he has made up his mind to bring ^{it} up himself and he has already arrived in Damascus." This intelligence gave the judge the ground and one more case passed the labyrinthine mazes of the Court. A few days more rolled by and the man showed his face in the Court. The judge hailed him: "Have you had any news from your son and the horse?" "your honor! I know you are more anxious about the horse than my son but I can assure you that a telegram reached me last night giving the news of their safe arrival in Tiberias and for this reason I called this morning to give you the good news." The judge began

so excited over this happy news that the third case passed the court without any hitch or difficulty. About a week more passed and the man brought the further news that the horse has arrived at Nazareth. This news gave him naturally a good pretext to press the judge to consider his fourth case which was done to his entire satisfaction. Another recourse to this ruse left one more unimportant case to be decided upon in his favor and the man made up his mind to call on the judge and see whether he can, before leaving the town, settle his last case. No sooner he was ushered into the room than the judge arose from his seat and said in an affable voice: "Now my friend! take it, this paper contains the decision of your very last case. I hope you have good news from your son?" The man put on his face an expression of great sorrow and pain and looked as though he was on the verge of breakdown. "Your honor!" he at last tried to find suitable words to give vent to his apparently genuine grief. "I do not know how to thank you for all your manifest kindness but yesterday I received a ^{sad} letter from my son who has arrived in Aboon Senen to the effect that he has brought the horse safely to that town but the noble steed (and he began to shed tears and sob) was attacked suddenly with the dangerous malady "Maloun" - accursed - in the middle of night and was dead after half an hour. Oh your honor! Oh your honor! you cannot realize what a wonderful horse it was. By day and by night it was my faithful companion. O my noble dumb friend! thou who saved me from many dangers and bore me out a victor in many a hard-fought contest, where art thou? Why didst thou leave me? and what can I say to thy new master?" Working on his own ^{emotion} he really imagined that the horse is dead and he cried and wept as one stricken with real sorrow. The judge looking at this passionate outburst was stupefied and instead of piercing through this sham lamentation and rebuking him for his perfidy, found himself consoling him. When to all appearances the man was calmed he left the house of the judge and then and there departed from Acoon, while thanking the Almighty for thus coming to his rescue and settling all his affairs in such a satisfactory manner. When the judge found out the fact of the matter he could not divulge it to anyone.