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Home of Baha Ollah  
Acca, Syria Dec 12th. 1914

Dear friends!

All the French, English and Russian subjects living in Syria are being arrested by the local authorities according to an order received from Vali and sent by train to Damascus and no one can guess where will they be sent from that point, some say to Aleppo, others to Adana. Their plight is rather insecure and problematical. It depends largely upon the fortune of war. I heard the other day that the Russian government has notified Turkey that in case of prisoners of war both contending armies will be free to do with them whatever they will, and that they are free to sink each other's Red Cross ships carrying wounded soldiers or hospital instruments. I could not believe that <sup>such</sup> gross violation of international law will be allowed by the "civilized" Powers but there are many people who are ready to believe any form of severe reprisals and barbarism when Russia is concerned. We are also told, no one knows by whom, that Germany is sorely pressed by the millions of Russian hosts, that the Fortress of Posen is stormed and taken by them at a tremendous loss of more than a 100,000 men and that they are advancing toward Berlin, thus forcing Germany to withdraw much of her forces from the French theatre of war and throw them before the <sup>on</sup>coming Russian avalanche. If the tide of fortune turn against Germany, it is believed she will not be able to stand the colossal strain of war more than the month of March. Because it is impossible to get any kind of news, one cannot form an <sup>opinion</sup> as to the final result. Its knowledge is with God alone.

Locally everything is at a standstill and the prices of the most common objects are soaring high and above human imagination. A box of matches that one bought, say, for one cent, he cannot get for 15 cents. A pound of coffee that was sold for 50 or 40 cents is bought for 2 dollars. England does not let any <sup>steamer</sup> or American loaded with goods touch the Syrian ports. They are taken into Alexandria's port and unloaded there. Turkey is a country that all the <sup>modern</sup> necessities of life are imported from foreign countries and when those trade routes are stopped, thousands of people



Really, spiritually speaking I have most wonderful days. Every morning I look into the benign and holy Face of My Lord and drink the ruby tea and partake of my delightful breakfast in his holy Presence and listen to his words of light; every noon I eat my lunch in his adorable company and every evening I sit at his heavenly table. Often he helps me with his own blessed hand and brightens the hour with his charming smile, lofty ~~discourses~~ and elevating stories. Between these three stated times I also see him, listen to his wisdom and soar in the atmosphere of his knowledge. How wonderful, how wonderful all these things are! Are they not, my dear brothers, my dear sisters? Sometimes I think my Beloved must be tired to look into my face so many times in a day, in a month, in a year, that he might have had enough of me - the little, ignorant nothing - in comparison with the luminous galaxy of his friends, the shining constellation of his devoted followers. Like unto a snowflake I am melted in the sunshine of his Love; like unto a tiny drop I am lost in the ocean of his Affection; like unto a piece of straw I am driven before the gale of his Mercy; like unto the firefly I am extinguished before the brilliancy of the Sun of his Clemency. Oh! I knock at his door and lo! it is thrown wide open! I attempt to serve him and his Angels come to my assistance! I walk one step toward him and wonder of wonder, he walks a thousand steps toward me. Like a broken-winged bird I strive to soar to the throne of his grandeur and the royal eagles of his Kingdom descend to my support. Ah! I see a glimpse of it; at his Court one must lose all the traces of human will, all the signs of personality, all the tokens of individuality. This is the Key to unlock the gate to all spiritual advancement and progress. One must become like unto a flute so that shepherd-like he may play on it his mystic songs and heart-thrilling stories. Oh my brother! Oh my sister, art thou a flute, so that the Beloved may sing through thee the mighty lessons of God? This is our mission in life and we must exert to attain thereto. The Great Artist of the ages is waiting to find a ready musical flute. Will thou become one? Oh! do not let the cheap musicians who <sup>notes</sup> appeal to the physical senses, play on thee. Let the divine Master of Music



sing through the the rapturous melodies and harmonic symphonies of the Kingdom. If we do this we are assuredly the winners in this world musical contest.

When I ascended the stairs this morning I saw my Beloved's door close. Gently I knocked and lo he opened it. "Marhaba! Marhaba" he said smiling "Come in. Khosro is not here. The tea is ready. Sit down, serve thyself and drink ~~thyself~~. Thou hast become my companion and intimate associate. Day and night thou art with me. wherever I go thou accompaniest me. Thus the Blessed Perfection has decreed. Art thou not happy?" "yes my Lord" I answered "I cannot find true happiness any where else. Only in Thy Presence I obtain real relationship with God. I pray that thou wilt give me the power to appreciate the height and depth of this celestial privilege. I am weak but Thou art Potent, ignorant am I but Thou art All-Wise; helpless I am, but Thou art Powerful. If I thank God a hundred thousand years I will be still unable to truly appreciate the beauty and heavenliness of one second of Thy Grace." "Praise be to God" he replied "that thou hast the power of appreciation and I shall pray to Baba Allah to increase it daily. When man thanks God for His Gifts He will encircle that faithful servant with the Glances of His Bestowals."

Till noon Mafti, the judge and other Muhamadans called on him and with each he spoke with leniency and Kindness. At lunch hour Jamshed the gardener of Ferdous ate in the Presence of the Lord. He spoke about the Zoroastrian Bahais in Yazd and Teheran and how on many occasions they have rendered signal services to the Cause. The wife of the gardener of Rejman arrived with a basket of mandarinies. To each <sup>one</sup> of us the Master gave two and joked with her, that Abul Gasem, her husband, is the "handsomest" man in the world and he would never exchange her <sup>even</sup> for the "ravishing" Hooris of Paradise."

In the afternoon when Khosro was bringing the tea service the Beloved asked him: "How many years hast thou been with me?" "I do not know." He answered. "It is now 20 years and thou art still the same faithful Khosro. I am pleased with thee. I am pleased with thee."



I am pleased with thee."

When we drank our tea the Beloved came down and sat at ~~the gate of~~ the door of the house, speaking with an Arab friend, Ahmad Effendi, Jerah. He was invited to dinner by Saleh Mohamad and it was late at night when he returned. Khosro was carrying a lantern before him on account of darkness in the streets. When he entered the house the believers were still here. He asked them to wait for him a few minutes, that he is <sup>coming</sup> to see them. He went up to his room and descended the stairs in a short while. Many of us sat on the floor, because there were not enough chairs. "When the people invite <sup>alone</sup> ~~me~~ to their houses" he said "I ask them to prepare only one dish. Simplicity in food is better. But when they invite others besides ~~me~~ <sup>me</sup> I do not interfere with their arrangements. Then he asked whether any one has come from Senaw? "During the days of the Blessed Perfection when I got up in the morning the first thing I did was to inquire about the health of all the believers, one by one, and then I called on ~~those~~ who were sick to know how they are. If their indisposition was slight, I treated them myself, otherwise I sent for the Doctor. Then this duty performed I went to the school and examined the pupils. Those who were doing well I gave them money or gifts, others I encouraged to push forward. Thus all the students graduated from that school received much praise and scholarships in Damascus and Constantinople. In every affair constant vigilance and attention are necessary; otherwise, no matter how perfect the organization, once negligence is crept in, it will lose its efficiency little by little. If a piece of productive farm is left to take care of itself and supervision over the farmers is slackened, it will be <sup>either</sup> abandoned or turn into a thorny-patch. I have carried in my memory <sup>an</sup> educational system but so far there has been no means for its realization. Once that system is beaten into a workable shape in two years the children will study four languages; at the age of ten they ~~had~~ studied sciences and at the age of twelve they are graduated. I wanted to establish a trial school of 81 pupils (9 x 9) all <sup>at</sup> the <sup>age</sup> ~~stage~~ of 6 years, the children to be brought from Persia and Ashkabad, the teachers to be engaged from America but a number of unforeseen difficulties prevented me."