

Home of Baha-Ollah

December 30th 1914

Acca. Haifa

Dear friends,

Mr W. Herrigel of Stuttgart had inquired about the whereabouts of the Beloved. When Muzja Halichollah Khadakhah who had just arrived from Beirut told him about this he drew himself ^{up} and in an energetic, impressive manner waved his hand toward the plain field and said: "Write to them that I am before the gun, behind the gun." Then he asked about the Persian students and how they are getting along with their studies. A favorable report was presented to him. One of the German Baha's Mr Zimmer had been killed in the war and this was told the Master. A wave of sadness swept over his face and for a moment he was silent. Then he said: "Yes, the results of this universal war have included us also. Many German believers are in the army but in their hearts abedeth the thoughts of peace." At this juncture a poor man entered the room and pleaded the Master to help him. He gave him ^{some} money to buy bread for his three small daughters and then he said: "I am also poor like you. You must think over the problem of feeding 4 or 5 months. I must devise the means for the feeding of 150 mouths. Think how difficult this is! I am not either a merchant or a banker, a farmer or a real estate man. I am a stranger in this strange land. Every year I used to give two or three hundred coats to the poor of Acca and Haifa but this year I could not give one because I had not the means at my disposal. All the ways are barred and communications are at a standstill. Notwithstanding this I will do all I can for you and others."

Then he went out and on his return a young man, a graduate Doctor Davoud from the Syrian ^{American} College called on him, asking an introduction for a permanent official so that he might be appointed as the physician of a certain regiment. This the Beloved did without hesitation, ^{recommending} the young man's abilities in the most glowing terms and naming him in the letter as "his dear friend". When he left the room he told the history of the said Doctor, that in former years on several occasions he had reported to the authorities false stories about him and accused

him that he (Abdul Baha) had written a book against Mahomed and was secretly circulating it amongst the inhabitants to turn them away from the religion of Islam. Whenever he appeared he spoke about this false accusation and finally the judges called him into court and interrogated him about the nature of this "famous document". He was so unscrupulous as to testify that he had seen the book with his own eyes. After a thorough examination it was found out that this was fabrication of a pure and uncontaminated lie. When I heard about this from the lips of the Beloved and had just observed how kindly he received the young man and what excellent recommendation he wrote about him to the official I marvelled at ~~the~~ patience and long-suffering. During his conversation he did not betray in the least, either in his manner or in his word that he had a complaint against him or that he has done anything wrong to injure his divine, spiritual character. Now that I go over the interview I can remember that the Doctor was out of sorts and not a little embarrassed but the Master treated him with such gentleness and affability that he was put at ease and forgot his clumsy attitude. Such is the heavenly power of the King of Love who covers the faults of others and is ever indulgent to those who have harbored malice against him. The Fragrances of his pity and Compassion are blowing from all directions, but many nostrils are affected with catarrh and are unable to smell the sweet smell.

The morning hours he spent in his own room and a few Christians and Mahomedans were received privately.

At 8 P.M. we all found our way into his sacred presence. For a long time he was silent, nevertheless the room thrabling ^{with} his spiritual power. Then he asked one of the believers to chant communions. For half an hour the Tablets were chanted one after another and he sat on the divan immovable, silent, sublime, with his eyes closed. He was a wonderful, calm, undisturbed picture, never moving a muscle nor looking either to the right or to the left. When chanting was over, he looked to me as though he had come from another world of light and then smiled and his captivating smile I shall never forget.