

Home of Baha Ollah
Acca Syria
January 14th 1915

Dear friends!

"How many days did we stay in Abou Senan this time?" the Beloved asked me this afternoon as he drew the rein of his mettlesome horse. I said: "Six heavenly days." He smiled. "The air of Abou Senan is most delightful and agrees with me. Whenever I am there I sleep soundly and my health visibly improves. I wish I could stay there longer but a letter received last night demanded my presence in Acca and Haifa." Then changing the tone of his voice into an infinite sweetness and delicacy he asked: "Art thou not happy. Thou art returning to the home of the Blessed Perfection. It is thy home. There the spirit finds rest and the heart tranquility."

When this morning I got out of my bed and offered my prayers at the Threshold of Baha Ollah I did not know that our short sojourn in this lovely spot will be brought to an end for the present but Mirza Sayed Hussein Afnan passed by and looking into our Calin, announced the news that the Master is going to leave this afternoon. As soon as I was ready I went to the reception room of Shik Salih and found the Beloved talking with a few newly-arrived guests from the neighboring villages. "Mirza Ahmad, to day we are leaving ~~for~~ Abou Senan for Acca. Be thou ready for the afternoon. Because the carriage is not here we will ride on animals. Take only a few things with thyself." When the people left the room, the Master went out and I called at Mrs Giesinger and had a delightful talk with her. She was very sorry that Miss Sanderson has left for the West but we were glad to think that she will carry away the news from the Holyland to the expectant friends. Now that it is impossible to mail any letter, a living representative will spread the Fragrance of the Cause. We hope she will be confirmed in this glorious service and rejoice the hearts of many believers. She is a good Bahai and a sincere, devoted, striving soul.

About 3.30 P.M. the Beloved came out of the house and rode on his horse. I had the donkey of Mirza Tarazollah who also accompanied us. Mirza Sayed Hussein, Akul Gaseem and Aga Jamah were also in the company.

The Beloved asked the friends not to follow him and we descended the mountain by ourselves. When we reached the Olive Orchard I saw two tall Christian girls coming from the spring with the jars of water prettily balanced on their heads. The master was thirsty and asked one of them to give him water. As there was no glass he drank from the jar itself and then gave to each a present of money. They were bashful and retiring ^{girls} and did not want to accept the money but with signs and gestures we made them understand that it will be a great blessing to ~~them~~ and their families. "Wilt thou give me water to drink from thy jar?" the King of Kings asked kindly and with paternal affection. The girl was happy, her beautiful face became a ^{gloral} wreath of beaming, sweet smiles. "Yes, my Lord! This will give me great joy. Wilt thou deign to drink from my hands?"

As we proceeded the Beloved showed us many ^{old} olive trees which were planted during the days of Christ and some of them considerably older. I asked a number of questions about the Islamic history immediately after the death of Mohamad and when these were satisfactorily answered somehow or other the subject of loyalty and faithfulness was brought in. He said in part: "The constitution of some people is kneaded with the water of loyalty. They are like unto a pure soil in which the seeds of loyalty are planted and which will grow and bring forth much fruit. Others are like unto wolves and bears. However much love and kindness is shown them still they lack the element of loyalty and show the signs of ferocity, but the dog is naturally faithful and even if his Master is harsh to him, he will wag his tail and return with added zeal. X The Arab have a story about a man who found a wounded hyena in the desert. The animal was almost lifeless by the excessive flow of the blood. He took pity to it and carried it on its back to his tent. He ordered his wife to prepare hot water, washed the wound, covered it with balsam and bound it with bandage. For several days the hyena was nursed as carefully as a babe and life and motion appeared in its body. One night while the Arab was sound sleep in his bed, the hyena left its crib and attacked him. By the time he tried to parry the attack, it got hold of his leg, tore away a large piece of flesh and ran away. He started to cry and lament and his neighbors

gathered from all directions to find out the Cause. Seeing him prostrate on the ground and listening to his woeeful tale they shook their heads and exclaimed: 'Such will be the reward of those who are kind to hyena.' X

On the way every one whom we met alighted from his animal and saluted the Beloved. Near Bahaje we saw Sheik Youssef and Sheik Salman riding on their fine horses and returning to Abou Senan. They went to Acca this morning to attend to some business. They greeted the Master and gave him a letter from Mirza Anayetullah, the contents of which will no doubt take him to Haifa real soon. Near Acca he alighted from his horse and gave it to the Druse guard who was walking all the way before him to be returned to Abou Senan. Twice the Master gave him money. Once at the hour of our departure and again when he sent him back. Then he rode on my donkey and entered Acca, while Mirza Faragallah and myself were walking on his right and left sides. The sun was already set and the darkness of the night had spread its wings over all things, while above our heads millions of stars sparkled and shone with divine splendor. I looked up and my heart was made joyous to see myself in the vicinity of the Sun of Reality who bestows light and life upon all the souls who sincerely seek him and walk in his footsteps. His heart is the immeasurable heaven of God which is studded with the countless stars of spiritual ideals and his mind is the clear, blue horizon which is decorated with the shining arles of majestic thoughts.

In the evening he called the friends into his room and welcomed them with genuine happiness. He asked about the news and several gave detailed accounts. Then he said: "All these nations are fighting for imagination and are submerged in the sea of delusion. If Germany becomes victorious, the present of that country will not become the richer or if France comes out of the struggle triumphant, the farmers of the Republic will not grow any more opulent. The basis of this present war is greed and the assertion of racial superiority. The statesmen and leaders of each nation involved are imbued with these two qualities, the traces of which do appear in all their public utterances, decisions and political speeches."