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Home of Baha Ollah
Acca Syria Feb. 12th 1915

Dear friends!

Well, how do you like to live another indefinite period of time with the Beloved in the city of Acca? Haifa was alright but we needed a change. Didn't we? We must not grow too familiar with any scene or any set form of life, otherwise its charm will wear off. By all means we must never become one-sided and narrow nor let the charge of foggyism be laid at our door. Is it not better to let open day and night the windows of our minds, so that the breezes of new ideals may waft through their cells and convolutions, the process of mental creation be continuous and the chambers and halls be kept airy and lighted? There are some people who are monomaniacs or in ~~an~~ other word, concentrate all their interests upon one particular subject and hammer at it until it becomes threadbare, trite and hackneyed. Of such people, O Lord! preserve us! Just as our bodies have different organs and each organ is called upon to perform an individual function, likewise our ~~reasons~~ ^{in its proper} and hearts demand various intellectual and spiritual food at each season. The sea of divine Knowledge is shoreless, let us sail on its surface and dive in its depth. Then we shall surely behold the wonder of His Majesty and gain the pearls and corals of His Truth. For how long should we keep sailing along the shore and fear to lose the sight of land? Are we yet as children playing on the beach with the sands? Have we not grown out of the period of infancy? Has not God weaned us from the breast of mother-nature? Are we still so weak as to need the support of the staff of others? Baha Ollah through His Bounty freed us from the fetters of prejudices and dogmatism and bestowed upon us the strong wings of new aspirations to rise above the standardized thoughts of humanity, to break the barriers of caste and bigotry and breathe the rarefied atmosphere of the Love of God. Then we will understand that there is no religion higher than Truth, the all-embracing, all-inclusive Truth. We will consecrate our lives to the service of Truth and not fritter them away in vain disputes, obnoxious criticisms and unyielding, fruitless topics. Our time is too precious to be such dilly-dallying!

Our days in Haifa were perfectly heavenly. My working and sleeping room was ^{below} the sleeping room of the Beloved and this in itself was the source of daily thanksgiving at the Threshold of ^{the} Almighty in thus allowing this unworthy servant to sit at the table of His Generosity. Invariably I arose before sunrise and took a nice walk in the garden. By the time I washed and dressed myself Ismail Aga had prepared the tea and with three or four other friends we partook of our light breakfast. About 3 months ago I was going to give ^{up} entirely tea-drinking and I had abstained for a week when the Master had heard about it and he told me not to abandon it for the present. Since that time I started again to drink one or ^{two} small Persian cups per day. Often after our breakfast the Master either went out to call on officials and friends or came down in the garden. The afternoons were spent generally in relieving the wants of the poor and the ^{evening} in meeting the believers. Three or four times he ascended the mountain to visit the holy Tomb of the Báb. In this quiet manner our sweet days passed into history, never to return again. I knew we were going to leave for Acca soon but I did not know it would be ^{this morning} today. For one hour we sat silently in the Presence of the Beloved in the garden and when he arose to enter the ~~house~~ ^{garden} he told me to be ready. Therefore I went to the bazaar to buy a few things which cannot be found in Acca, returned and had my lunch and in a minute or two packed up my things. About 2 P.M. the Beloved took his seat in the carriage and Mirza Fazlallah Khan, Haji Sayad Javad, Mirza Anayettullah, Khasro and Ahmed Sahib accompanied him. It was a day of sunshine but a strong sirrocco was blowing and the sea was rough. Along the horseshoe beach the sights of barefooted ^{Arab} women with large caldrons of milk on their heads, guards and soldiers coming and going, camels and donkeys carrying loads etc attracted his attention and elicited his comments. Then he spoke about a number of powerful tribes in Persia and wished our friend Mirza Fazlallah Khan to travel through those provinces wherein they make their winter and summer headquarters thus their nostrils may become perfumed with the fragrances of Holiness. "A Baha'i must never be satisfied with small things. He must undertake the accomplishment of great tasks, believing that the Lord will assist

him. The only conditions exacted are sincerity and firmness. " He became silent and then suddenly as though impelled by a higher force he pointed the plain with his blessed right hand and cried out; - " As I look ^{now} upon this plain of Acca and Haifa I see it filled with blessed souls gathered here from all parts of the world - a waving sea of humanity - pilgrims intent on visiting the Holy Tomb of Baha-Ollah. " For the second I forgot that he was talking of the future, so convincing was his voice, and pushed ~~out~~ my head out of the carriage to see whether I can also descry the "waving sea of humanity"; "Oh no" he said laughing "thou canst not see them but I see them. When I look upon the surface of the ocean I see great ships carrying thousands of pilgrims from the uttermost parts of the earth. They come, they come. with the songs of Love on their lips, the anthems of Universal Peace on their tongues, singing the halleluiah of celestial brotherhood, praising the Prince of Peace who united them with the bond of eternal solidarity. They have banished all the traces of hate, all the signs of hostility. They are the members of one family, the pearls of one sea, the leaves of one tree, the stars of one heaven and the gazelles of one meadow. "

When we reached the town of Acca and passed through its streets we found they are so quiet and unfrequented. Only the old men and women and boys are left behind. It was such a gloomy, pathetic sight! Both in the afternoon and evening the friends met the Beloved. Again the question of his banishment to Damascus was brought forward. He said: "Praise be to God that I am ^{now} in your midst. For a long time I wished to visit the city of Damascus and if they send me there, they have done nothing but to fulfill my desire. My banishment is not like unto others. They banish me ^{because} I am a Bahai and not because I have meddled with their politics. When we arrived at Constantinople, a man of considerable distinction who was connected with the Persian Embassy came to see Baha-Ollah. He told him to carry this message to the Persian Ambassador: - "These trials and persecutions that thou and others have heaped upon us will not stop the progress of the Cause. The utmost that thou canst do is to kill me but thou art unable to kill the Cause. My Cause is truth over all things. You killed the Babi, thinking his lamp will become extinguished but after his martyrdom the light of his truth encircled the globe. The same thing shall happen in this instance! "

After the meeting with the believers, the Motosarraf, the Commander and other officers and citizens came to call on him and find out whether there is any truth in the report of his exile. They were astonished to see him so ready and happy to grasp the "opportunity" when it is offered to him.