

Home of Bahá'í, Acca
Lybia February 18th 1915

Dear friends!

Today Doctor Habibullah came from Abou Senan to go to Saifa, for we have received the word that Hage Mirza Haydar Ali is sick and in bed. We were all very sad to hear the news and prayed for the recovery of his health. He is a dear friend and companion of Abdul Baha and an old veteran who has fought in many spiritual campaigns in Asia. Several years ago our Beloved asked him to write the narrative of his adventures and hardships, trials and imprisonment for the sake of the Cause. At first, owing to his extreme modesty and humility, he did not think that this will be worth while but the Master was of the opinion that his autobiography will be a priceless heritage to posterity. As a result of this, we have a glowing, vivid, animating picture of his earliest struggle after truth, his acceptance of this Revelation and then the long chain of incidents in his wandering, preaching, apostolic career throughout the countries of the East. When this rare book was finished, it was taken ^{in manuscript form} to India by one of the Zoroastrian believers and now it is published and in circulation. If the channels of communications had not been stopped we would have received by this time many copies of the same. No doubt when the opportune time is available it will be translated into ^{the} English language and our friends across the seas will be so much the richer by reading its contents. I love to think of the pioneer lives of these saints of God, full of sterling qualities, rugged sincerity, manifold resourcefulness, spiritual zeal and courage, divine self-sacrifice and utter unselfishness. They offer to us such striking resemblance to the sanctified, holy lives of the apostles of Christ. They remind us of the Pentacostal experience and the ^{transforming} power of the Holy Spirit. For these men, in order to spread the message of the Kingdom of God, have accepted cheerfully all kinds of oppressions and difficulties and never wavered for one moment. These are indeed the characteristics to be cultivated, the attributes to be gained, the firmness and steadfastness to be ^{obtained} ~~acquired~~ and the holiness and sanctification to be acquired.

Today from morning till noon I was alone in my room, reading and writing to my heart's content. There was no one to disturb my peace and I was very happy to be left to myself. How blessed are those, who, while away from this blessed spot, are serving the Cause and teaching and spreading the Glad tidings of the Religion of Truth! Verily they are the faithful servants unto whom the Lord is well pleased. Here, in these days, there is so little to be done. Here the Master does all the work, meets all the people, speaks with everyone who calls on him, serves the Cause from sunrise to sunset and far into ^{the} night and it seems to me those who are around him, although not many, they are such superfluous encumbrances. Instead of alleviating his work, they make the load so much ^{heavier} for him to carry. They are in his way, they take his time and attention. They bind themselves to him and as naturally he must look after their care and protection. I feel myself I am becoming one of these people. Every morning I resolve to serve him and every evening I realize my failure. The ground over which he walks is a hundred thousand times ~~is~~ better than me! Oh Lord! I am so useless, so ignorant, so unworthy! I am so shamestruck with my own incapacity! My shame and the realization of my inability so overpower me that I cannot raise even my head in thy sacred Presence. Thou knowest that this cry is from the depth of my heart. I yearn after Thy glory. My highest desire is to serve thee and thy beloved ones but how can this atom aspire to soar to the heaven of thy Destiny, how can this non-existence step into the Court of thy eternal existence, how can this mountain of sin advance towards the ocean of thy forgiveness and this broken-winged bird immolate himself on the heavenly altar of thy sacrifice! Thy devoted soldiers are serving thee in various parts of the world and are heroically fighting the fight of Universal Peace and thou art leading them all; but what am I doing here, what have I done? What have I accomplished? Oh! Nothing, less than nothing! Death! Ah me! yes. Death! How sweet and comforting it is when it comes! I have had enough of life. If it comes now it will find me, ready and expectant. I will welcome it.

This Afternoon the Beloved went out and called on a few friends and afterwards found him in front of the door talking with the officials. In the evening we all gathered in his room and when he inquired about the health of the friends he said: - "For a number of days we have received no news. Today the government was in possession of a cable from Sidon but its contents was not given out. Jamal Pasha, the commander of the army against Egypt back in Jerusalem and every question relating to the supposed invasion of the land of Pharaohs is taboed while a few days ago everyone seemed to be elated over the subject. From a number of indications and hints it becomes evident that the actual events have turned ^{out} to be contrary to their expectations and their overbearing confidence about crossing the canal Suez has become a hopeless failure. England has fortified the Canal to a point of impregnability, many warships are stationed along the canal, guns of long ranges are placed in tactical positions and steel trains on which are mounted cannons discharging deadly shots ~~from~~ from Port Said to Suez. They have also steel automobiles with firearms to be dispatched to any field with the greatest rapidity. How can the untried, undisciplined Turkish recruits and soldiers pass through this iron and steel wall? It is impossible for the Turkish army to cross the Canal. Can a lame donkey or a hundred thousand fleet horses overtake an express train? An army fitted with the goods and wares out of the small shops of Acca and Haifa can never achieve anything. This was all like a child's play and nothing more."

We were still in his presence when three officers were ^{announced} and they entered the room and welcomed by the Beloved. He gave us permission to retire and his military guests ^{stayed} with him till 10.30 P.M. "Mirza Ahmad, come up" he called me, when they left. "These people consume so much of my time but I must consort with them. I cannot send them away. Come, let us eat. I am very glad that thou art with me. Thou hast been with me now so very long. Thou hast become a witness of all my private and public deeds. Art thou pleased with