

23
Home of Baha Ollah, Acca
Syria February 19th 1915

Dear friends!

In the Companionship of Abdul Baha everything is sweet and precious. The minutest details of his life assume significance and importance. As a centre of spirituality and joy he attracts unto himself the loftiest and simplest minds. Like unto a light he shines through the darkness of the world and illumines the hearts of men with the rays of the sun of Love. The Bahais love him because they cannot find a better lover of mankind; the religionists respect him because he believes in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, the nation admire him because ^{he is} the wisest Sage and the holiest living man, the poor ones of the earth turn their faces to him because he is their inexhaustible treasury, those who are hungry in spirit sit around his table everyday and the thirsty ones drink from this fountain of his divine Teachings. Fortunate are those who live in accord with his good pleasure. They have truly attained to the supreme station of felicity and obtained the greatest desire of their hearts. He alone is able and powerful to diffuse the fragrances of happiness in all the circles and raise them from the depth of despondency to the pinnacle of glory. To be with him is to dwell in paradise, to be away from him is to be deprived of the fruit of existence. His nearness is heaven and his association is a constant stimulus to high thinking and plain living. Firm and dauntless he is standing amongst men as a high mountain of strength and a tower of innate power. The river of his utterances is flowing through the parched desert of humanity, causing the sudden growth of the white lilies of the Mysteries of Love and the delicate, pink tulips of spontaneous self-sacrifice. He is a crown of truth on the brow of mankind, scintillating with the jewels of wisdom and the gems of Knowledge. All those who come to him receive his blessings - saints and sinners alike. His kindness knows no bound, his sympathy breaks all man-made rule and his love for his spiritual children is all-comprehensive.

The Beloved was sitting this morning in the sunlight in front of the door. He told me also to bring a chair and take a seat. In a few minutes a number of believers gathered around him. To our Esfandiyar, the carriage driver, he gave a lecture on economy, because he has been giving too much barley to the horses: "These are most difficult days. In all the ^{possible} ways you must practice strict economy. Were there another person in ~~my~~ my place, he could not run for ^{one} week this establishment. I do not say anything but if the path of communication is not soon opened I do not know what will do in a month from now. I do never speak about these matters, because I know it will cause sadness to the hearts of the friends and moreover it is so useless. Often I have been sick for 15 or 20 days but never said a word about it, knowing full well how the believers will become unhappy. Complaints and lamentations are joy-killers but man must be always a joy-bringer. Sorrow and grief ~~are~~ depressing in their effects. We must be the means of joyousness." At this time Abul Qasem arrived from the Rizwan with a nosegay of flowers for the Master. "Thou art indeed at peace" he told him "Thou hast nothing else to think about but thy garden. Thou must thank God day and night for His Bounty to thee. For example a person does not appreciate a sound sleep unless his mind becomes the target of conflicting ^{thoughts} night after night. Then he will long for an hour of rest."

At 3 P.M., the carriage was ready and we were driven to Bahajir to visit the Holy Tomb. The Commissioner of Police was with us. On the way we saw a squadron of Druises volunteer horsemen in the plain of Acca going through their rapid manœuvres. The Beloved asked Esfandiyar to stop the carriage and for 15 minutes we watched them in their ^{evolution} and exercises. After visiting the Holy Tomb tea was served us by Aga Sayad Ali and it was sunset when we returned home.

In the evening we had a meeting. The Zoroastrian farmers were here. The Master inquired about the old mother of Soroush. "When I am to Herdauss and ask about her health she smiles and says 'I am very well. I am the rose of thy own garden'."

Then Motosarraff and three other officials called and we retired to our own meeting downstairs reading Tablets and speaking about the Cam.