

Bahai Moonbeam Cabin
 Abou Senan, Acca Syria
 February 20th 1915

Dear friends:

Let us have another short glimpse at Abou Senan, the dear old village that has harbored safely the Holy Family and the believers of God for the last few months. Life here is most primitive and from the spiritual standpoint most idyllic. Here one is constantly reminded of the beauty and sweetness of nature, the visible garment of God, ever weaving and unweaving in the loom of time: here one watches every night, 'in the infinite meadow of heaven, the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels'; here one walks in the balmy weather of the beautiful "Spring" of Palestine over green and verdant country, carpeted with red, blue, white, yellow and crimson wild flowers; here one inhales the fresh, pure air, rising from Mount Hermon and bringing in its light wings the music of Paradise; here one reconstructs in his mind the simple, pastoral lives of the ancient Patriarchs as they tended their flocks and walked with God in the holiness of spirit; here one's inmost soul is permeated with the joy and delight of the heavenly scenes unfolded before the mortal vision; here one is intoxicated with the wine of the Love of God and enraptured with the varied songs of the twittering birds. I am sure in the future some of you will come and see the place with your own eyes and gather the ^{sacred} stories, then afloat on the lips of men, about the divine life of Abdul Baha and his innumerable kindnesses of words and deeds to the inhabitants. Many delightful events, escape even my notice, although I am with him all the time and still different people look upon the same event with different eyes. The feeling of the man who receives a gift, or who has met the Beloved for the first time is totally different from the feeling of the chronicler. We must always guard ourselves against the deadening influence of habit. We are usually prone to become senseless and indifferent when we observe an action no matter how great or a phrase no matter how significant is frequently repeated. Little by little we forget to see any significance

in it at all. We come to look upon it as a common thing, stripped of all its early charm and attractiveness. And wonder of wonder, by and by, we forget even its existence. Is not this very pitiful. The rising sun is no less wonderful because we see it rising every morning; the million torches lighted by the hand of the Almighty and wandering unweariedly through the libe^{al} are no less gay with life and eloquent with bliss because we behold them every night; the wafting of the gentle breeze and its vivifying effect is no less mysterious because we feel it all through the spring; the youthfulness and innocence of love is no less so, because we perceive its quickening impulses in the hearts of our fellowmen. Life is always young, love is ever responsive, affection is never old, light is eternally illuminating, truth is everlastingly unchangeable, the ideal beauty is perennially attractive, hope is perpetually soaring, charity is through all ages expanding and faith is continually asserting itself in louder and louder tone. Let us make the hearts the casket of dynamic feeling, the minds the fountains of life-giving thoughts, the bodies the custodians of health and brightness, the homes the abodes of Arts and domesticity and the souls the chambers of love and contentment. Alidul Baha desires us to be the spreaders of light, the bringers of joy, the promulgators of the law of love, the heralds of the Kingdom of salvation, the promoters of amity and good will and the standard bearers of Purity and Chastity. We may call ourselves "Bahais" all through our lives but if we do not fulfill the wishes of our Master, we have forfeited our right to this sacred name. We must conform to the basic laws, otherwise we shall not gain anything by the change of a "name". The "serpent" will sting us even if we give to it the name of "lamb"; the "frog" will continue its croaking ^{even} if we call it "nightingale"; ^{the} "satan" will not give up his mischiefs even if he appears ^{to us} in the light of an angel. We must take away the heart of flesh and place instead the heart of spirit. We must abandon worldly desires and characterize ourselves with celestial attributes, we must give up entirely our own will and let the will of God encircle us.

This morning the Beloved went out and it was about noon when he returned home. A chair was brought out and he sat in front of the door. Many poor men and women passed by and received money. Then he told me to bring paper and ink and he dictated two Tablets, one in Arabic and another in Turkish, to be mailed to Damascus and Lazetkeh. Up to that moment I had heard nothing about our going to Abou Zenan but after dinner I heard from Khosro that the Master had told him to be ready. I followed the suite and as a measure of precaution I gathered my things and kept myself in readiness. At half past three the carriage was ready and the Master came down from his room. His daughter, Rouha Khanom and ^{her} two children; Sakineh, the maid; the Master's sister and her boy, Khosro and myself were fellow-travellers. We stopped at Bahajee for a few minutes and then continued our journey. The weather was dry and the sunshine was warm and lovely. When we reached at the foot of the mountain we found the believers and the ^{two} sons-in-law of the Master waiting to welcome him. Everybody was happy and they followed and surrounded him till they reached the top. The members of the Blessed Family were also exceedingly happy, because it was about 36 days that the Beloved had left Abou Zenan and they were looking forward to see him.

In the evening he came into the reception room and stayed not more than half an hour. The talk turned on current events and for the benefit of the friends he gave a resumé of the news as they were received in Haifa and Acca. He thought the joints of the world are completely dislocated and the people are stunned with amazement. It was his opinion that we are passing through a transitional period and soon we shall emerge out of this dark, damp jungle of war and confusion. Then ^{the} huntmen of reality will arise and with the axes of determination fell the trees of the forest of oppression, clearing the land from the poisonous rattlesnakes and ferocious beasts of tyranny, and building the enduring edifice of Peace and conciliation. Then there will be no burning of farms, no stealing of cattle and no shedding of blood. The world will become one vast field, smooth and arable, and millions of harvests will be gathered.