

Home of Baha Ollah. Acca
 Syria February 25th 1915

Dear friends!

May I open this letter with the translation of the following Tablet?—

"O thou who art attracted with the reality! Thy letter was received. Thy hope is the highest desire of the people of Truth. In the world of existence the spirit of life is Love, the elective affinity between the components parts of organisms is an effulgence of the Sun of Love, the motion of phenomena is by the gravitating power of Love and the illumination of the world of humanity is through the electric energy of Love. Although in past dispensations and Cycles the power of Love had a penetration and the light of Love an appearance yet in this blessed Century the Sun of Reality has bestowed such an outpouring of Love that the human world has received another impetus and movement. The Fire of the Love of God was set aglow, the sea of the Love of God began to move and its waves arose heavenward, the Cloud of the Love of God poured down, the breeze of the Love of God wafted and the rosegardens of the hearts of men were adorned with the flowers and hyacinths of the Love of God. I hope that thou mayest gain a great portion and an inexhaustible share from this Divine Grace. Upon thee be Baha. (Sig) Abdul Baha Abbas.

Those who in this day turn their faces to Abdul Baha and beg his help and assistance become the springs of Love and from their tongues will flow rivers of explanations and elucidations. They will become the establishers of the law of Spiritual Love in the hearts of men and hold aloft the standard of Love amongst the embattled hosts of mankind, they will raise the melody of Love and chant the anthems of Love. Love of humanity will be their guide and teacher and in turn they will become the guides and Teachers of their fellowmen. Abdul Baha hopes that every Bahai may attain to this station.

In these days only the Love of Abdul Baha and his utterances and Teachings keep the Bahai world alive and active. Without his spirit this body is will be lifeless and without his concentrating personality we will be scattered to the four ^{corners} of the earth. His is the power to gather us in unity and agreement and teach us the all needful lessons of tolerance and broad-mindedness. Like the highest mountain-peak of Himalayas he towers above the range of the thoughts of men. The people of the world must scale step by step till they reach to the summit of this mountain of vision - wherein Abdul Baha is standing serene and supreme. Then in that pure and rarified atmosphere which is not soiled by the breaths of any human being nor defiled by the grime and dirt of dogmatic limitations - they may ^{sit} at his holy feet and learn ^{from him} the mysteries of Celestial brotherhood and inter-social solidarity. Having drank deeply from his fountain they may descend from the highest pinnacle and teach the rest of mankind the purity of his ideals and the nobility of his life, not only through their words but mainly through their deeds. The Bahais of future ages no doubt will look back to the lives of the friends in this age for example and inspiration and you and I must ^{to it} see it earnestly, sincerely that they are not disappointed. If the tree of my life is not going to yield any fruit, I would rather know about it and tear it up root and branch. If in the bottom of the sea of my existence there may be found no pearls of fine luster, it is better to be ^{without} ^{any} ⁱⁿ it. If in the garden of my coming years there will grow no sweet roses of selfless actions and the delicate-scented lilies of white ideals I may as well shut ^{up} its door now. In this world we are not living for and by ourselves. Through our written or spoken words, through our association and deeds we are constantly influencing others directly or indirectly and in turn are being influenced by them. We must watch ourselves - so that this influence going out from us and coming back to us - is always for good. It must act upon them and upon us as a tonic, spurring every one to greater activity, self-sacrifice, devotion, long-suffering, conviction and straight forwardness. This is our road of progress, were we of those ^{who} discern!

Last night the governor had sent his secretary to the Master to get his carriage to be sent three hours ahead of us to bring to town five German officers who in all probability have returned from Acre. They arrived in the afternoon and left after 3 hours for Haifa. It is now asserted on all sides that a second army is being gathered with as much haste as possible, guns of long ranges will be brought by land from Constantinople and much hopefulness and reviving signs of enthusiasm are daily manifested. Thousands of black camels of extraordinary size and endurance are collected from the interior to act as load carriers. Last night I heard that this Egyptian campaign will last for several months - if not for one year. If this approximation will turn out to be true and the present blockade of the Syrian ports continue with the same severity I do not know what will we do? At present no passenger is allowed to land in Syria except in Messina and no person will be permitted to leave Syria save through Beirut. The Turks and the subjects of the warring nations are of course deprived of this privilege. The Italian steamer comes to Haifa ^{and touchy other ports} once every 15 days but for the last two times she could establish no communication with the harbor. Even in Beirut no passenger of any nationality is permitted to leave ^{on the Italian steamer} without a thorough investigation and the special permission of the Governor-General or the Vali. Mirza Sayad Hassan Afnan had to go to Beirut and stay there for nearly 2 weeks before permission was granted him to leave Egypt, - so also our two brothers Haji Sayad Javad and Mirza Fazlollah Khan must go to Beirut by land and wait there for embarkation. The Beloved has given them permission to leave in a few days. Unfortunately, this time they will not be able to carry one line with them as the conditions have become ^{changed} since two months ago. Nevertheless I have requested our brother Mirza Fazlollah Khan to write a long letter in English to Mr Joseph Hannen - so that he may distribute it amongst the friends in the West.

Both this morning and noon we were in the presence of the Beloved. We drank tea and had our lunch with him. He was well and in good health and spoke to us about the

the present Crisis in Persia's political life and the secret aim of England as to regard the occupation of the Persian Gulf and the Southern provinces. In the afternoon while I was absorbed in my work, Shah-Kavouss notified me that the Beloved will go to Bahajie on his little, black donkey and we are asked to walk before he starts. Hence, with a number of other Bahais we hailed forth into the open green country. In the middle of the road we ^{saw} the Master coming behind us, but knowing he desired to lie alone we did not stop. When we reached in Bahajie and rested a few minutes, the Master arrived. He entered the house, asked Aga Mehdi to prepare for us tea and thought we were tired, with the head of his cane he stroke thrice my cheek and ordered me to drink today two cups of tea instead of one. Then he entered the sweet garden of the Blessed Tomb. After awhile we were all called in and found him sitting ⁱⁿ in deep prayer. He motioned to us to be seated. Half hour passed and peaceful silence ruled over the hearts while the branches of the Orange trees waved with the breezes and the sparrows hopped from twig to twig and chirped prettily. Then he asked Agal Abdol-rassoul to chant communions. After this he went around and filled the palm of each hand with the fragrant rose water. Then standing in a reverent attitude as though he was in the living presence of Baba Allah he chanted aloud, in his clear, rich, distinct voice the Visiting Tablet. When we came out of the Sacred Shekinah we felt stranger because we ^{had} ^{been} ⁱⁿ ^{cluded} somewhat, the spiritual vibrations generated here by day and by night. Many believers had come to attend the service and they all followed him at a distance over the verdant carpet spread by the artistic hand of nature! One can hardly count the number of sweet, wild flowers now in full bloom. For quite a long way he walked, then riding on his donkey he asked us not to follow him. Of all the things in the world he does not like ostentation and show. Simplicity of speech, of life, ^{and} ^{of} ^{manner} appeals to him very powerfully. In the evening we did not see him because many strangers called on him.