

Moonbeam Bahai Cabin
 above Senan, Acca, Syria
 April 13th 1915

Dear friends!

From Mount Carmel to above Senan and no one can approximate how many miles beyond and above them, there was one vast black cloud of moving, surging, rolling locusts. No human imagination is capable to conceive it in its proper dimension and magnitude. Like unto an inky smoke which arose out of the dark crater of an active, rambling volcano they sprang up from unknown abyssal pit and bottomless gehenna and spread themselves throughout the expanse of heaven. I wonder whether the history of mankind has ever recorded such an unparalleled sight. It was a most dismal, melancholy, depressing scene! When we looked toward Mount Carmel we could not believe that this dark cloud, these dread columns of smoke were locusts but when they approached in their irresistible march we were appalled, shocked and terrified. We stood there petrified with fear and struck with dismay. What this all meant no one had the power of speech, no one could utter a word. We looked in the faces of each other with dumb horror and dread alarm! From morning till evening this unheard of, undreamed of, unthought of Army of locusts advanced through the air, ^{now} creating ethereal convolutions, anon thinning themselves in measured deployments, serried phalanxes, closely arrayed fought their way through the sky and because it was a very warm day they arose to an unusual height. With a looking-glass I looked toward the upper region. It was exactly like a sea in the bottom of which swam billions of fishes, skimming through the aerial tracks and gliding hither and thither in search of food. Nonagenarians of the village were awe-struck and speech failed them but when regained the power of utterance they were loud in affirming the fact that throughout their eventful lives they had not witnessed a day similar unto this. It was a day as black as hell, as ominous as the incantations of a witch. A boiling caldron of future woes and distresses. The people were mourning and may as well wear sackcloths and sit on ashes. What will be the outcome of this dreadful ire and fury no one is willing to foretell!

This evening all the believers gathered in the holy presence and received the blessings of the Lord. They were exhilarated with his words and cheered by his utterances. He spoke about greed and covetousness and how these qualities are prevalent in all parts of the world. "Greed" he said "is kneaded in the nature of every man and is part of every constitution, just as the innate function of the candle is to burn it is the most natural thing for man to covet. But the power of divine education frees him from this evil propensity and suffers him to be characterized with heavenly qualities. Only spiritual education and moral teachings will illumine the hearts of men and adorn the immensity of his conscience with the brilliant stars of ideal attributes. The holy and divine Manifestations have not been sent down from the part of the Almighty, so that the inhabitants of the world might worship them and deify them. They live above the adulation and praise of men. Their commendation and apathesis will not benefit them. What do they want to do with the glorification and exaltation of poor mortals offered to them? But they have come to guide mankind to the fountain-head of truth, to lead them into the true religion of God, to cleanse them from the impurities of nature and to introduce them into the bright realms of wondrous Light."

Today our brother Doctor Halibellah made an interesting operation on the neck of a young man by the name Saleem Effendi from Acca. He had tubercular Cervical Adonitis. The patient was given the ether and he was sleeping soundly under the painful operation for about half an hour while our Doctor calmly and dextrously was cutting the neck to get out the extra fleshy growth. As he told me the glands were in the immediate neighborhood of Vagus Nerve, jugular Vein and Carotid artery. I watched him throughout the operation with the greatest interest and admired him more than ever. Our dear sister Mrs Getsinger gave the ether to the patient. When it was through and he became conscious we had to carry him ^{on} ~~up~~ through the narrow streets of Abou Senan to his room where his mother will nurse him till he is getting well.