

Home of Baha Ollah
Acca Syria May 26th 1915

Dear friends!

The sun had already arisen and the sweet garden was a picture of peaceful calmness. The Master came down from his room - a majestic King descending from his throne of glory and authority. There were a few friends who had come to see him, thinking he will leave this morning for Acca. Looking into their faces and then gazing over the flowers he said :- "I am leaving this afternoon for Acca to spend the night of the ascension in the Blessed Tomb. For the last four or five years I have not been here and have been deprived of this spiritual bounty. In no other place do I find such rest and comfort as in Acca, in no other room do I feel so strongly the vibrations of the spirit as the room in which the Blessed Perfection lived for ever so many years. Although the weather of Acca is generally humid and nowadays quite hot, yet whenever I go there I do not like to leave the place, because it is the most great prison of the Manifestation of God." Then turning his eyes toward Hajji Mirza Haydar Ali and addressing the friends he said :- "You must take very good care of him. He is a blessed soul. He harbors in his mind and heart no other thoughts and ideas save the welfare of the Cause of God. Praise be to God that all the believers are thinking and dreaming of the promotion of the Message. The followers of the Blessed Perfection have undergone innumerable hardships in the Divine Path. Each person according to his ability and station in life forebore much trials and ordeals for the sake of Truth. They were always surrounded with danger. They did not rest for one night nor were they secure for one day. Repetitions did they fall into the hands of the enemies and hailed unbearable calamities. Although in the estimation of the people their moral and spiritual value is unknown yet in the sight of Baha Ollah they are very dear. How many nights did they not sleep and groaned under the weight of chains and fetters! How often did they become the object of contumely, obloquy and reproach. Many a time did they receive the crushing blow of the axe of the oppressor! In many a city their properties were confiscated.

and their belongings pillaged. Thousands were martyred and their ^{children} made captives. Consequently in the sight of the Blessed Beauty they are all very beloved and acceptable. The spiritual station of these early Bahais are not known now but it will become revealed after their departure from this life. It is like the seeds which are sown under the soil. Temporarily nothing is visible but after awhile the large field will become verdant. The station of the apostles of Christ was not manifest in their own days and even for ~~quite~~ many years afterwards.

Then he ordered Ismael Aga to prepare four vases of flowers to be carried with us to the Holy Tomb. "We are poor and we have nothing worthy to carry to that Divine Court. These flowers are also raised by thee. Praise be to God that thou art assisted in this service."

People commenced to come and we retired to our room. Till noon they arrived and the Lord spoke with them and lifted up their loads of sorrows and troubles.

In the afternoon the carriage was ready and the Master took his seat in it. He took with himself Badi Effendi, Khosro and this servant; Mrs. ^{Lucy} Getsinger and a number of the family will follow us in a day or two. While we were driving along the sacred shore he spoke about the quiet scene and the charm of the sea. "The sandy desert along the beach is full of mystic stillness. Here a person is far away from the weaknesses of the flesh and out of the reach of all the human temptations. If a person could disclose and bring into the light of day the real and secret qualities of the hearts, he would observe that although these people are human in outward form and shape yet in truth they are wolves, jackals, leopards, elephants, hyenas, serpents, scorpions and tarantulas. Of the human and divine attributes they are totally deprived. Therefore a ^{spiritual} man keeps ^{himself} always out of their venomous and ferocious company and associates only with the pure in hearts and devout in contemplation."

After a long silence he asked me to speak and I told him how ^{entirely} and completely we are secluded from the world's current events and how little do we hear about the believers of God in America.

He said: "In the united States the Cause of God is progressing. The invisible ^{hand} is working and the unseen tongue is speaking. In Germany and America the tree of the Cause is being watered and is growing day by day"

At last we reached Acca and entered the holy home of the Manifestation. No sooner the Master entered his room than the friends and the strangers began to arrive to welcome him back after more than a month's absence.

The utter desolation and apparently lifeless appearance of the town struck me with a chill of horror. The Beloved felt the same way, for as the carriage entered the gate and he looked in the pale and gaunt and ghost-like faces of a few shadowy human beings he said: "Oh! What a sad, sad scene! This is the city of the dead. It has become like a cemetery, God is indeed chastening its inhabitants. The light of God shone in their midst for many years and they comprehended it not. They were blind, deaf and mute. This is indeed God's retribution. The people are sitting in sackcloth and ashes, they are surrounded with the burning fire of the Lord's wrath, yet they are not awakened nor are they made mindful. 'In the city is left desolation, and the gate is smitten with destruction all joy is darkened, the mirth of the land is gone.' [Isaiah Chap 24, v. 11, 12.] We hope still that the ruined places shall be build up, the songs of joy be raised and the hearts be filled with the glory of the Lord".

In the evening we had a good meeting and the Beloved spoke about Italy and her entrance in the arena of the warring nations. Then he touched on the history of the occupation of Cyprus by England and related an incident to illustrate his theme. Now indeed all the doors are closed before our faces. The only means of communication with the outside world was the weekly or fortnightly arrival of the Italian steamer and that also is brought to an end. Not that the Italian steamer brought us any letter or news or pilgrims but it afforded us ^{only} the pleasing sight and sensation that we are not totally forgotten. Farewell to all such peaceful scenes till God in His own mysterious way calms this raging storm and extinguishes this world-consuming fire.