

Letter of June 4, 1915 is uncompleted.

From June 5th to June 21st the letters are missing.

Then there are two letters from June 22nd to June 24th. June 25th starts with one line and stops. From this date, on account of the war and because the diary letters could not be mailed, I stopped writing them in English but kept my diary in Persian, which is found in the other bound volumes with blue covers.

M. A. S.

Home of Abdul Baha
Mount Carmel Haifa, Syria
June 1st 1915

Dear friends!

One of the warships was ~~the~~ seen this morning in the Harbor of Acca and soon we heard the reverberating, crashing sound of cannons, belled as we heard later at the iron bridge and the empty petroleum warehouse. Twenty ~~and~~ twenty five bullets were thrown at these two places and after an hour she steamed off toward Jaffa. It is said that because the German Consul in Haifa has unearthed and opened the tombs of the Napoleonic French soldiers buried on the summit of Mount Carmel, and has desecrated the silent sanctity of the dead, all the German Consulates built in the towns along the Coast of Mediterranean ^{are and} will be bombarded. This act has been vigorously denounced as a "barbaric and vandalistic revenge." What could the Consul gain by disturbing the resting-place of soldiers who have fought long time ago under the Flag of Napoleon? Is it nothing else but the satisfaction of a perverted heart? In short, this is the all-sufficient reason embodied in the circular notes sent out by the captains of the warships to the local governors of coastal towns before cannonading the Consulates. They have been also most exact in specifying the hour of bombardment, expressing their solicitude for the safety and welfare of the people and insisting upon the fact that they do not mean to harm the peaceful citizens nor destroy their homes and interfere with the regular pursuit of their daily affairs. These mild and conciliatory expressions, although suppressed to a great extent yet they are being diffused, assuring ^{many} hearts for the time being. The thing that has raised the wonder of the public and increased their admiration for the French is the remarkable marksmanship in so exactly cannonading the German Consulate without damaging any houses built all around it. The Consulate was a low two-story building and almost unseen from the sea where the warship was anchored yesterday afternoon and yet the aim has been so superhumanly exact that every

one feels obliged to say more than a good word for the cannonier who levelled his ~~bullet~~^{gun} so unerringly as not to destroy a single house near to it. The Consul is the virtual governor of Haifa and his slightest wish is the law of the land. In the course of repairing the road on Mount Carmel they came upon a summer house ^{half of} which happened to be on the way. Without the least compunction the Consul ordered its demolition, although the poor weeping owner appealed to his sense of justice and fairness. The Master was begged ^{too} to intercede in his behalf and although most solemn promise was given at the time, it was not kept. Next day laborers ^{were} sent up and the house after a few hours was a mass of ruin. Now ^{every} body remembers this fact and points out to yesterday's cannonading of the Consulate and its complete destruction as God's retribution. The name of the French warship was "Ernest Renan". All day long the people flocked around the melancholy spectacle and could not ^{difficidly} admire ~~enough~~ the precise marksman's marksmanship of the French artillery men. They felt instinctively that should there be any cannonading in the future only the object aimed at will be destroyed and unnecessary destruction of lives and properties ^{will} be incurred.

In the afternoon the Beloved and the members of the holy Family arrived safely and his presence in our midst breathed in us new life and new interest. When the fish is thrown out of water its little palpitating heart longs for the cool spring, otherwise it will die and be no more. Consequently, the daily association with Abdul Baha has caused us to swim every hour in the sea of his divine presence and when we are thrown out of that pearly liquid we feel the throes of death. What we stand most in need of is, however, ~~the~~ eternal fellowship of his spirit. When we reach to this conscious state we realize more than any other time that we are united with him and ^{that} there will be ^{no} ~~more~~ separation, even should we ^{for} away from him.

We met him in the evening only for a few minutes and he spoke to us about the bombardment of the bridge of Acca and how the officers were ~~frightened~~ and the people acted like a flock of sheep with no leader.