

Home of Baha-O Allah, Acca, Syria ⁴⁵
March 11th 1915

Dear friends

"Many years ago" the Beloved said "there lived in Acca an old retired officer by the name of Abdollah Pasha. He received from the government a pension of ten pounds a month and enjoyed a life of quiet comfort and contentment. He used to call on me and I called on him and thus a reciprocal friendship grew between us. Several years passed by and my friend became indisposed. His malady increased from day to day and at last the Doctors gave us no hope of his recovery. One night at 2 A.M. I was awakened out of my sleep by the loud knocking of the door. I asked the maid to go down and see who is there at this late hour. The maid returned and said, it is the servant of Abdollah Pasha and insists on seeing me and that he has brought a personal message from ^{his} master which he must deliver face to face. Feeling an ill-defined sensation I told her to conduct him to my room. Once he was in he shut the door and said:- 'My master is quite sick and alone. He requests you to come quickly and spend an hour or two with him. He says your words and presence will soothe his pains.' Although it was passed midnight I dressed myself and hurried to his home. Seeing his servant entering the room, he sent him ^{away} after some errand and welcomed me as he tried with difficulty to rise from his bed. I forbade him to move and sat near his couch. Then he took my hand into his and said: 'I know I am going to die very soon, probably I shall not last till morning. I have tasted much of the bitterness of this mortal life and my greatest consolation is that you are beside my bed on this last night of my earthly existence. I have one dying request to make of you and it is this: For the last several years I have saved 1800 Madjidis and if the authorities come to know about this, they will divide ^{it} amongst themselves before I am dead. I have one nephew who has always acted against my wish, thwarted my plans and apposed me at every instance. I do not like him to inherit this sum for he is an extravagant spendthrift and will squander it in a short time. Beside this nephew, I have my only girl who lives in the wilderness of Gamran in Yarnan. My

request of you is that you take away this money with you and send it to my daughter by the way you know best. I said: 'My friend! This is an impossible request that you are making. The wilderness of Yaman is so far away from here, I know no one there nor have I ever seen your daughter. I am ready to serve you in any other way save this.' When he heard me speak in this manner he began to weep and moan, exclaiming that this was his last wish. 'Will you ever be happy to think afterwards the last desire of your friend unfulfilled? I am going to die this night and I want to die in peace. I beg and implore of you to accept this. I know if you accept it, God will also open the way to send it to my daughter.' And he pushed the box containing the money into my hand. 'Please hide it, please hide it,' he pleaded 'if my servant comes in at this moment and sees the box he will immediately report to the authorities and they will take it from you.' Realizing his hopelessness and being moved by the passionate earnestness of his tone I took the money and when his servant returned I bade him farewell and left his house. Just as he approached, he passed away at early dawn and soon all the people in Acca knew about it. Because he was practically a recluse and none of his relatives lived with him, I sold all his furniture at auction and added the amount to the first sum. One of the greedy officials who expects to get these things on some slight pretext became very wroth with me and in order to quiet him down I gave him five Madjidis from my own pocket. When I finished this work I went to the town treasurer and said: - 'For the last few months Abdallah Pasha had not received his pension and as you know he is now dead. Will you not be kind enough to give part of his arrear pension to defray the expenses of his interment?' He told me, it ^{will be} against the law and quite impossible. Then I asked him to send a telegram to the treasurer-general in Beirut and inquired from him whether such a step could be taken by him. The next day an answer was received giving him permission to reimburse from the treasury all the required expenses of the burial. Thus I did not spend one Matalcek from the sum given to me by the deceased Pasha for his daughter and the amount collected from the sale of his fur-

Then I ordered a man in the bazaar to make for me a hard leathern belt, exchanged the silver Madjidis into gold pieces, placed them inside the girdle and tied it around the waist of Mahamad Ali Darveesh. Then giving him his travelling expenses I asked the servant of the Pasha to accompany him to Yaman. I gave full details to the messenger and asked him to deliver by all means the money into the very hand of the Pasha's daughter. I wrote also a letter to the governor of Yaman to facilitate their journey and assist them in case of necessity. Having received full directions they started on their long voyage. Arriving at Yaman they went to Gamran and here after much inquiry they were informed ^{that} the girl was living with a Bedouin tribe in the interior of the desert. Not being discouraged at this information they started for the camping ground of the tribe and at last came upon it. When they were convinced ^{that} she was the daughter of Abdollah Pasha they asked her to come with them to Sana, the nearest government station. There, in the presence of the judge, Inofti, Matosaref and other officials the money was delivered into her hand after the exchange of a receipt signed by her and all those who were present. When the nephew heard about this he complained to the judge that at least part of this inheritance must come to him. Mahamad Ali Darveesh answered that he does not know anything about Abdollah Pasha and ^{his} inheritance, ^{that} Abbas Effendi had entrusted him with this sum to be delivered into the hands of the daughter of ^{the} Pasha and now he is ^{as} glad to see his mission fulfilled. The nephew was silenced and could object no more. Then in order to let me know that he has finished his work, he sent me a long telegram, the contents of which was soon communicated by the telegraph manager to all the officials in Acca. Oh! how they became angry! One after another came to me and bewailed and complained: 'Oh Effendi! Why did you do such a thing? we build our homes with such post-mortem revenues. This was a choice morsel that you took out of our hands. The Pasha was dead and he had so much money and he had not a single friend in Acca and we were deprived of every ^{one} of it.' I told them they are forgetting that he had at least one friend and accounted for them the circumstances of his last night and how he begged me to do this service for him, and I considered it my ^{kind} bounden duty to fulfill my promise given in the agonies of his last hours. I did not care now whether they were pleased or displeased with it. It was an act.

In the morning we were in the presence of the Beloved and he spoke with us for a few minutes. For the rest of the day and night we did not see him. He was busy receiving a number of Turkish officers who have returned from the front.