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Moonbeam Bahai Cabin
Ahar Senan Area Syria
April 9th 1915

Dear friends!

It was before noon that we found the Beloved sitting on a rock in front of the house surrounded by a number of believers and watching the steady and constant migration of the locusts above his head. For the last seven days there has been no diminution. Hosts of them descend on the green farms and mountains while the rest continue their march to visit other parts of the country. Indeed it is a ghastly and terrifying sight to be greeted every morning with a heaven-filled locusts and go to bed every evening with a vivid picture of lands groaning under the weight of these famine-spreading insects!

Before sunset ^{accompanied by} ~~with~~ Badi Effendi and Mirza Habibullah I descended the mountain and welcomed our brother Mirza Azzizollah Khan. He will be our guest for a few days. He told us about his experiences in Tiberias and the benefit he has gained from the hot baths. On account of war in ^{the} Turkey and Europe the Sacred Sea of Galilee is ^{entirely} forgotten entirely this year and one does not see the happy faces of the pilgrims from all parts of Western ^{land}. In the tumult of war Christ and his teachings are laid aside, his divine principles are abandoned and his spiritual words forsaken. The fragrances of the flowers of his commandments do not perfume the nostrils and the limpid purity of the water of his utterances is mixed with the mud of human conceptions and selfishness. Who cares for Christ and the sites trodden by his holy feet? Who will listen to the exhortations of Jesus of Nazareth? Where can you find the people who may truly assert with justice that they are following the Man of sorrow? Where are the souls who are carrying into the practice of their ^{daily} lives the spiritual advice of the Son of God? For the last 1995 years very few Christians have practiced the teachings of their Master; they have followed him in letter but not in spirit, in dogmatic assertions and not in godly tolerance, in blind imitation and not in spiritual fellowship. He was a Teacher of Love but ^{many of} his followers are teaching hatred and ill-feeling.

^{when}
~~When~~ This evening all the friends gathered in the holy Presence of our Lord and ~~and~~
^{the} ~~war - news~~ ^{was} ~~were~~ presented to him by different individuals he said: - "Thousands of these
 poor soldiers are killed but do not know for what reason. They are sacrificing their
 lives for the sake of the worthless soil, which is the lowest thing in the scale of
 creation. How lofty and at the same time base is man! In the world of creation
 there are in the Temples of men human beings like unto the holy Divine
 Manifestations who become the object of the worship of all mankind and
 the Adored Ones of the people. Likewise there are similar human beings in
 the form and likeness of man who so degrade their exalted nature as to wor-
 ship the earth, giving up their lives for its sake and sacrificing all they
 have for its deification. On a smaller scale there are many sanctified
 souls in the world of humanity who would forego rest, comfort, glory and
 even life in the path of the Blessed Perfection while others concentrate all
 their attention on the gratification of their selfish pleasures. What a vast
 difference exists between these two classes of men! The latter are lower than
 the animals, while the former have crowned their heads with the diadems of
 Everlasting Glory; those receive no share and a portion of the spiritual life
 save manifest error; these, although they sacrifice their lives yet they
 quicken the world with their examples of renunciation and self-im-
 molation for the general awakening. With ^{the latter} ~~these men~~ is classed his
 honor Sheikh Ali Akbar Gouchani who during these days ^{has} ~~has~~ drank
 the overflowing Cup of martyrdom while he was summoning the
 people to the Kingdom of Allah in Mashad. He was inviting the inha-
 bitants to the religion of God, bestowing life to the lifeless, sight to the
 blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the mute and spirit to the dead.
 Under such circumstances with infinite severance he quaffed the
 goblet of sacrifice and his spirit soared toward the Realm of
 Night. Nowadays thousands upon thousands of men are ~~put~~ ^{cut} to pieces on
 the battlefield but the outcome is unknown and the result is ⁱⁿ
 On the other hand when one blessed soul is martyred in the path
 of God, thousands will become quickened with the Divine Spirit
 watering the heavenly Tree with ^{his} ~~their~~ own blood. Although he is detached ^{and}
 from this elemental world he will be revived with the Breaths of

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of the Holy Spirit. In all the divine worlds he will shine and gleam like ^{unto} the morning star; even in this terrestrial sphere his honner is upraised, his ^{own} is radiating, his spiritual palace towering to the roof of heaven and his sweet fragrances perfuming the nostrils of generations yet unborn. For this reason it is written in the Koran: "Do not consider those who are killed in the path of God as dead; nay, they are alive and are fed in the Presence of their Lord." It is a long time since his honor Sheikh Ali ^{aff} has ^{been} a confirmed and assured believer. He was instrumental in the guidance of many souls and in order to spread the Cause of God he travelled throughout Persia, Russia, India etc. In many cities he has left behind brilliant traces of his undying work, - for day and night he was calling mankind to the Celestial Path and thus the end of his life became interpenetrated with the fragrant musk of the spirit. In the utmost sanctification and holiness, enkindled with the Fire of the Love of God, attracted ^{by} the Knowledge of God and rejoiced with the Glad-tiding of God he drank the Cup of the most Great martyrdom in the Path of the Blessed Beauty. What a holy soul he was! Blessed is he and again blessed is he, for he attained to this lofty station! His Holiness the Bab says: "As to those who are sacrificed in the Path of God: this is no other than a Favor on the part of God. He giveth to whomsoever He willeth. Verily God is the Possessor of the most Great Bestowal: We beseech from the Favor and the Grace of God to suffer us to drink from this overflowing Cup of martyrdom that with infinite joy and fragrance, spiritualty and magnificence we may hasten toward the Sacrificial Altar of Love and give up this worthless life for the sake of His Highness the Almighty. Thus we may become intoxicated with the wine of service and enter in the assemblage of the Great worthies of the Kingdom of Abha. Then our faces will shine with the brilliancy of this new found happiness, our tongues praising the Lord of Host, our eyes beholding the countenance of Truth and our ears ~~are~~ listening to the enravelling music of the Supreme Concurrence."