

Moonbeam Bahai Cabin
 Alou Senan. Acca. Syria
 April 15th 1915

Dear friends!

I was beginning to think that the Beloved has forgotten me when Khassro entered the Bahai Cabin and gave me the happy news that he wishes to see me but he added significantly that I was going to get a good scolding. I knew that even the scolding of the Master is for our education and I tried to search for its reason. I found many excellent ones and therefore gave up further investigations for fear of "too close self-inspection. With a self-chastity attitude of mind I entered his small room. He was lying on an improvised bed made of wooden boxes and planks. "Come my son" he addressed me with a smileful face. I wondered whether this was the opening-wedge of the coming rebuke. "Be seated. In these days I have found no opportunity to speak with thee. Art thou well? Art thou happy? While surrounded with all these innumerable sufferings and calamities my mind and spirit has been working day and night gathering brilliant pearls of New Ideals strewn on the azure shore of the boundless Sea of God's Reality. I have journeyed through the unseen worlds and invisible realms of the Almighty collecting New Thoughts, New Conceptions, New Proofs and New Evidences. If it is in accord with the Will of God we shall take another journey into the outside world and open other royal wings, the results of which will be infinite. I have sent for thee to tell thee that thou must also be ready; ^{so that} when the right time will come we may go forth together. Before there are only three ways. First. The authorities may seize and martyr us in the Path of Truth. Second. Before drinking the Cup of Martyrdom we may bid farewell to this world. Third. Provided that the two above conditions do not come to pass we shall make another voyage for the sake of the Blessed Beauty. But this voyage will not be like the former ones. The Keynote of this forthcoming trip will be entire self-sacrifice, its watchword will be social service and its fundamental object the ultimate union of the East and the West. We must renounce everything in the path of the Beloved and with a new melody

summon mankind to usher under the Canopy of Universal brotherhood and fellowship and advance toward the Kingdom of Peace and reconciliation. What dost thou think of this plan?"

By the time I heard all these glowing promises of new activities I was transported with joy and could hardly contain myself. "My Lord" I said aloud "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. I pray to God that Thy may come to pass. The whole world will be ready then to listen to Thy Teachings and abide by Thy unerring wisdom, especially after the consummation of this war, the ears will be most receptive to hear the Message of the Kingdom of Abha." "Yes, yes" he said "What thou sayest is true. Pray that Baha Ollah may confirm us therein."

While I was in his presence two French warships were anchored in Haifa and Acca, threatening these towns with their guns. It was about half an hour after the above conversation with the Beloved and I was writing in my cabin when I heard the deafening sound of the first cannon fired within the range of our ears. Involuntarily every one jumped from his seat and was out in the field to see the long-expected bombardment. The warship in the Harbor of Haifa was silent but the one which had anchored in the bay of Acca was bombarding the iron bridge over which the Acca-Haifa railroad is constructed. Every one ^{was} in the greatest excitement and those who had never heard the sound of a cannon were watching the puff and the smoke with interest. The interval between each nerve-shaking sound of the balls was more than two minutes and thus it took them more than one hour to fire 26 heavy balls, not only at the bridge but at distant villages, nestled on the slope of the circling hills. Acca was not bombarded but the effect of the bombardment of the bridge, only a few thousand feet away from the gate, was quite exasperating. The population were beside themselves with fear and the military and civil officers at their wits' end. Thinking that the town will be bombarded the women with their babies in their arms, and dragging along their grown up children poured out into plain, crying, screaming, shrieking and lamenting loudly. Some were calling on God to come to their succor, while others were

heaping imprecations and curses upon the heads of the infidel foreigners. It was a strange sight indeed! The men were not permitted to leave the town and the stores were closed. There was a babel of confusion within and without. This new catastrophe made every one forget the army of locusts flying in the air. They were gathered here and there, looking toward Acca and predicting new and novel events. When the warship finished its work it raised its anchor, entered the harbor of Haifa and stood beside the other one.

This morning the carriage was sent to Acca to bring the coffin, - so that the body of our deceased brother may be conveyed to the Bahai cemetery. Mirza Jalal, Mirza Muneer and another friend were in the garden of Rizwan waiting for the body when the bombardment began. Several shells whizzed ^{away} above their heads and one passed over the garden of Terdeh. The firing of guns had just ended when the carriage returned with the Coffin. The body was placed in it and its outside was draped with a Cashmir shawl. The Beloved came down from his room and acted as one of the pallbearers for the distance of a few steps. Then he was released by others. The coffin was borne on the shoulders of the Druises, Christians, Mahomadians and Bahais. The funeral procession was very long and impressive, solemn and reverential. As it wound its way through the rocky road from the top of the mountain to where the Carriage stood it appeared very significant, for it was composed of the adherents of several religions with their leaders in the front, all gathered together to pay homage to the life and character of one of the followers of the Prince of Peace. When the coffin was laid in the carriage we all collected around it and paid to the memory of our faithful brother our last tribute of respect and honor. Thus today was signalized by three unique events. The dynamic talk of Abdul Baha announcing his future course, the opening of a new spiritual campaign, - the bombardment of the bridge of Acca and the consequent chaos and disorder and the interment of the physical body of a Bahai, while his spirit soared toward the Supreme Concourse to hold communion with the elect of God.