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Bakai West

Mount Carmel, Haifa Syria

February 5th 1914

Dear friends:

Spiritual democracy coupled with the nobility of character, the simplicity of life and the inborn courtesy are the unwritten laws of the Pilgrims Home. Irrespective of their stations in their ~~respective~~ countries, here ^{Pilgrims} they live as brothers and equals, always trying to outdo one another in ^{mutual} service, humility and meekness. Most remarkable of all is their utter selflessness and the entire subordination of their personal wishes to the Will of the Beloved. I have often admired the perfect order and harmony which reign amongst the ever-changing inmates of the Pilgrims Home, without any visible authority except that of the Spirit. The educated and the simple, the rich and poor, the Moslems and the Jews, the high and the low manifest a rare geniality of nature and calmness of temper. One never hears a faint whisper of discord.

and never looks into a frowning or scowling face. Divine love is the rule of their association, celestial forgiveness is the principle of their fellowship, the Cause of God and its promotion is the subject of their discussion, the meeting of the Beloved is the sole object of their long journey, the preservation of his words and advice is the cherished ambition of their faith, the beautification of their individual lives is their highest aspiration, the diffusion of the fragrances of the ideal anemones and super-mundane realities is their supreme desire, and the upraising of the Flag of Universal Peace is their one great aim. They have found the Purpose of their lives. To them 'Creation' is not a ^{static} ~~purposeless~~ ^{evolving phenomenon} huge, aimless, ~~lurching~~ ^{evolving} Thing; ^{rather} it is the visible garment of the Invisible, through ^{which} the Spirit of life and love is shaping along the ultimate destiny of the human race. These pilgrims have placed themselves ~~on~~ the path of this Creative Force. They have learned beyond any shadow of doubt that their goal is the far, far realm of Light.

The Beloved was out very early this morning. When we descended the mountain we saw him coming from the opposite direction with his Aba drawn over his head. He entered the garden and for about half an hour walked in the sunshine. As all the Pilgrims ^{had been} given permission to go to Acca and visit the Holy Threshold of Baha-Allah there was no one to disturb his ^{solitude} quietness and peace. ^{After his walk} Then he entered the house and we did not see him ^{the rest of the} that day.

The pilgrims arrived ~~in the evening~~ ^{from Acca}, every one richer in spiritual experience and the illumination of the soul. They have indeed caught many rays of this ever deepening and ever-widening life of the spirit and with their hearts untroubled, their minds purified they entered the ^{garden} house of the Master. Oh! how beautiful each one ^{of them} looked ^{as he walked with the others} walking together in the rose-garden, discoursing on the glorious realities of life while the white beams of the moon illumined the space. How fascinating are these

divine moonlight nights! The charm and the rapture
 of these evenings are always new, mystic and enchan-
 ting! One night is more captivating than the other. Often
 I climb the mountain all alone - the spirit of calmness
 and undying beauty surrounding me. This is the moun-
 tain of God, I address ^{say to} myself. How I had longed and
 craved for the day to visit this Holy Spot and here
 I am now walking in these wonderful moon-
 light nights, ^{in this invigorating air, with} the radiant stars glistening, the ambient
 air vitalizing and the sea, blue and silvery,
 shimmering under the soft, bewitching rays of
 the moon. Oh! I so wished I ^{more} was endowed with
 a rich power of ^{expression} imagination to portray to you ^{in words} not
 only the ^{of appreciation} inner feelings, but the pictorial beauty
 and the ravishing grace of these unparalleled
 nights. These are the happiest and the most beauti-
 ful nights of my life, for my cherished dreams are
 realized. Alone I walk for hours in the moon-
 light, - thinking, ever thinking, As in a swift breeze
 my thoughts are caught up and borne away on

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to return

a wing of light, but after a few moments, frightened,
^{huddled,} they return, - like a flock of ^{strayed} innocent birds. The gentle
soughing of the wind in the tops of the cedars and ^{the} pines,
the sweet murmur of the sea, as the blue Mediterranean
laps the shore of the Mountain of God, the silence,
the mystery, and the beauty of the night and the suggestions
of grandeur and power ^{poured forth} felt by the moonlight, ^{as it bathes} bathing the
Mountain in a flood of glory, stir to unusual depth the
mind and reveal the wonders of the Ideal Love in
the Chambers of the heart. I have been watching night
after night the thin golden crescent of the new
moon waxing larger and larger and rising higher
and higher - now floating through a pale amber sky,
again travelling through the blue, starry heavens and
ever inspiring the hearts with gentle and sweet ideals.
Oh! I wish I had the pen of a poet to describe to you
in these pages the ~~indefinable~~ influence of these
nights over my whole being. I walk as though in a
trance, in a dream, in a fairy land. Are all these scenes
of glory and beauty real or vanishing? How can

cold words express the living fire which is burning in
 the heart! How can any attempt succeed in describing the
 ecstasy and wonder of the spirit! Here is joy, unalloyed,
 pure, unadulterated. How heavenly fair it is to sit
 on a great ^{boulder} ~~piece of rock~~ ^{on the} in a fragrant moonlight ~~bright~~
 on ^{the slope of Mount} ~~the~~ Carmel Mountain, and then watch the calm,
 quiet, peaceful scene of the Mediterranean Bay, ^{and} ~~listening~~
 to the evening breeze singing in the pines and a little
^{whispering} ~~further~~ ^{more distant} ~~through the~~ ^{almost} ~~glooming~~ ^{well} ~~apple trees~~, You sit down
 quietly for half an hour, now shutting your eyes
 and again opening them to feast on this ^{unreal} ~~unreal~~
^{and} yet alluring amphitheatre of nature, built by the
 hand of God! Then suddenly the spell of silence
^{which had cast} ~~casting~~ its power over your nerves and limbs, is
 broken, and to your ears come the harmonious notes
 and songs of the Pilgrims; sweet, white notes, gentle,
 lovely melodies, hurrying, drifting, lingering, calling
 and bringing healing and comfort. They are light
 and airy, bright and clear as the sparkling dew
 on the rosy petals of the flowers;—joy-giving and

pure. Their anthems of praise and thanksgiving at 37
this time seem to be no other than heaven-sent melodies,
etherialized in the faint light of the moon. Then you
feel very strongly that everything is right, peaceful, and
sweet - outside and inside. Then you tread ^{fast} your steps
happily, toward your nest - the new birds singing,
the new ideas germinating, the new joy bursting
and the new stars glittering. The love-light of
humanity can no longer be held back and veiled, its
rays must go forth, its potency must be felt. Before
you there is no shadow or darkness, it is the ^{divine} sidereal
path of love, - the love for all mankind, and
its shafts of light reach to heaven and penetrate
through the seven strata of the earth. How many
believers would give up gladly everything to spend a
few days and nights on Mount Carmel close to the
heart of the world, the center of the unity of the
human race! But how good and gracious is our Lord
to me, in letting me stay near him, for I have had
nothing to give up and yet I am here.

How weak and ^{meek} indigent I am! How poor and unprepared
 I am! How can the musician ^{ever} play on a broken flute!
 How can a broken-winged bird ^{ever} soar toward the blue
 heights! Oh! the agony of the hours of regret! brooding
 over the past failures and weeping over one's own
^{inabilities} disabilities! How I long and yearn ^{to serve} the believers of God
 but I do not see any doors open. In the Presence
 of the Beloved our so-called services are nothing ^{else}
 but half-articulated pretexts, but am I never going to
 be assisted to serve ^{at least} the friends of God? Will you
 not pray for me? Will you not beg of the True One
 to confirm me? I know, Oh! I know I am not
worthy, but will you ^{now} help me with your silent,
 earnest prayers to attain to this greatest desire of
 my heart? God will answer your supplications
 because your heart is pure, your aim ^{unselfish} is selfless,
 your face is shining and your lips are praising
 the Creator. The time is so short and the oppor-
 tunities of unselfish services are so scarce. ~~Then~~
 do pray for me. Will you?