

Bahai Nest.

Mount Carmel, Haifa, Syria.

February 26th 1914

Dear friends!

Life on Mount Carmel is a golden dream of the angels of the Highest - ineffable and beautiful. It is a fairyland - sweet and tender. Have we not heard in our childhood about the blessedness of Paradise, the blissfulness of heaven? The perceiving heart, the seeing eye, while living on Mount Carmel receives a foretaste of that wonderful life, that inner illumination so charmingly described by the poets and seers. Man becomes at once the center and the mainspring of many divine experiences, the sacredness of which he will never forget and the spirituality of which he can never describe. Only he feels in the core of his heart the thrill and stir of a new awakening, the urge of a new inspiration, the deepening of a new consciousness and the impelling forces of a new life - calm, undisturbed and

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serene. These mystic, invisible stimuli struggle hard to be born into the world of expression and visibility but they are lying too deep in the sub-conscious world. The air of Mount Carmel is sacred, its atmosphere is holy, its charms are infinite, its wild, graceful flowers are fragrant, its scenery is unique, its mountains are verdant and its gardens are elegant. Oh! how often a soul in a far off land longs to steep himself in the sea of this spiritual calmness and drink from this fountain of eternal youth.

Daily, hourly I offer thanksgiving unto the Threshold of Baha - allah ~~him~~ thus giving this privilege of being a witness of the marvellous deeds and wondrous workings of the Spirit in the Divine Temple of Our Beloved. All that I ask of the believers of God is that they may pray for me that I may remain firm to the very last, that when I have finished ^{my work} near the Throne of the Majesty of Abdul Baha I may go out into the world as a herald proclaiming his glory and power and that I may be ever confirmed in the service

of his beloved friends. This is my highest aspiration. This is my vision of the future! This is my heart-felt supplication toward God! I am not a worthy instrument, I know, I am full of mistakes and shortcomings but I hope the combined prayers of the friends will help me to climb the mountain of vision and to reach the summit. But is there any summit after all, or ^{is} the progress of the soul a spiral, rising, rising, ever yearning to attain to that which is Unattainable? And the so-called summit is no other than one of the infinite stations wherein the striving soul rests for awhile and then takes its higher flight. Therefore, true to its primal resolution the soul must press forward, tarrying nowhere ^{and} looking neither to the left nor to the right. Its path is strewn with thornless roses, its ultimate destiny is the Kingdom of God, the purpose of its presence here is to ~~be~~ evolve into a higher and purer entity, its home is the good-pleasure of the Lord and its goal is the Paradise of Abba.

All day the Beloved was in and out, people calling on him in the morning and he calling on them in the afternoon. He looked well and occupied. In the evening he delivered a very long talk to the Pilgrims touching the various aspects of the Cause, history, morality, exhortation, stories of some of the martyrs, incidents in the stormy life of Baha-ollah etc etc. ^{visitors to Abdul Baha} Amongst the believers there was an old man by the name Mohamad Ebrahim. He lives in Acca and has just come to meet ^{him} the Beloved. The ^{Abdul Baha} Master looking at him tenderly he said: - "It is now fifty five years that Mohamad Ebrahim is with us. When he accepted the Cause in Bagdad and came to us he was a young man. With a number of other believers he lived in one ^{small} room. Although they did not have any visible source of income save their little trades yet they were most happy. Whatever they made or they had belonged to the "little community" and there was never any friction amongst them.

There was a man by the name of Haji Mirza Ahmad who passed through Bagdad. As he was a great miser he did not go to the hotel but called on these poor Bahais and stayed with them. He could very well afford to pay the rent of a room but he did not want to incur any expenses. In the evenings he would prepare tea for himself and while drinking, praising its flavor and odor but ~~never~~ ^{never} offering one cup to the rest. After staying a few nights he began to complain about fleas and mosquitos. At that time this Mohamad Ekrahim claimed to be a poet and instead of answering him in prose he wrote a verse, the meaning of which is as follow:-

"God has given us a lofty palace!

O thou cracked-sighted Haji! what ^{manner} ~~manner~~ of a rogue thou art! Thus . . . X . .

A believer arrived late and was going to sit near the doorway. The Master motioned to him: "Come, come, sit here. Here is a spiritual Court.

There is no up and down.

Again he spoke. "Those souls who are believers in God and conform ⁱⁿ their manners ^{to} the laws of God are easily distinguished from the rest of the world through their deeds, their thoughts and their behaviour. The must heralds its fragrance from afar off; those who have the sense of smell feel it. His Holiness Christ says, 'through their fruits you shall know them'. If the fruits of the tree are sweet they are eatable, if they are bitter they must be thrown away. By this Christ means we must look at the deeds and

actions of the people. If from ^{their} behaviour and manner there appear sanctity and holiness ^{they are} a follower of the light, but if ^{they} show the signs of contrariness and evil thoughts ^{they are} living against the good pleasure of the Lord. An ignited candle is different from an extinguished one, the light is not taken for darkness; the path of guidance is different from the path of error, divine morality cannot be mixed with satanic attributes."

I may go on and translate for you these words of truth, but these are only a few drops. I cannot bring to you the ocean. The ocean is in your midst. You have seen its waves ascending, at times, to the very height of heaven.