

Bahai Pilgrims Home
Mount Carmel, Haifa, Syria
January 4th 1914

Dear friends!

"He can who thinks he can" is an old saying but in the light of the Bahai Revelation and its concentrative energy we may look at it from a new standpoint. Real spirituality bespeaks generative force and creative power. This force and power must of a necessity be directed toward those problems which would be conducive to the wellbeing and prosperity of the world of humanity and not expended over those objects which are either limited in their scope or neutral in their effect. As the spirit is the guiding force of life it impresses upon the indelible register of character the marks of those principles and emotions for which we stand before the eyes of the world, and through these outward manifestations our inner life is constantly expanded and propelled. The blind, uncontrolled impulse must be transformed into conscious self-controlled will. Through

prayer and illumined thinking we must ~~we must~~
 create an environment of self-reliance and construc-
 tive alidity and demonstrate to the world the celestial
 laws of this movement as exemplified in the Bahai
 life. The moral and spiritual standard of a Bahai,
^{both} private and public - must be irreproachable in its purity,
 universal in its outlook, divine in its aspect and holy
 in its relation. They are reinforced by the Cohort of
 the Supreme Concourse and inspired with the
 invisible angels of the kingdom. Like unto the stars
 they scintillate in the horizon of guidance and similar
 unto the white waves of the ocean they battle for
 victory. They hunger for the bread of Life and are
 athirst for the Water of Reality. They see the face
 of their Father in every face and they are kind
 and charitable to all mankind. Doing good
 does not weary them and disseminating the seeds
 of happiness is their object. The breeze of love
 and kindness wafts from their gardens and the
 fragrance of the rose of the Holy Spirit perfumes the nostrils.

This morning the Beloved came out of the house with
 a happy face. Mirza Jalal accompanied him to ^a carriage
 and rode with him. He was out for many hours calling
 on several important personages and when he returned
 it was afternoon. Through Mirza Jalal I was told
 that up on the Mountain a single room which
 stands all alone by itself will be prepared for me - thus
 I will have, in a literal sense, a small, lovely "nest" on
 the Holy Mountain - there to work and write without
 any outside disturbance. The room is built between
 the Pilgrims' Home and the Tomb of the Bab. Oh!
 How I long to be alone for a time! How restful will it be
 to have one's own nest on the Mountain of God! I am
 already filled with an intoxicating joy! I am thinking
 to give a name to my nest. I have been so much
 amongst the people and have associated day and night
 with these wonderful Bahais of all nationalities,
^{now} that I long to retire into myself for a time and
 commune with the sweet spirit of silence.

In the afternoon Mr and Mrs Holback came up the mountain and walked around the place and enjoyed the spiritual panorama stretching before their eyes. They viewed the various sites for future photographic activities. They are ~~most~~ sincere ^{and} devoted to the cause.

Abul Qasem, the gardener of Rejiwan came from Acca bringing with him ~~self~~ dates and oranges. "I have come to look at the never-fading Rose of my heart. I could wait the separation no longer" he said.

In the course of conversation the following story was told by him. "During the life of Baha-Allah there lived in Acca an honorable gentleman from Europe. He had heard much about the praise of Rejiwan and expressed the wish of seeing the place. Permission being granted he ^{came} ~~goes~~ there one day with his family. I prepared for them tea and showed to them the utmost hospitality. When they were going to leave in the evening, the gentleman left on the table a purse containing 12 pounds. Realizing what he

had done. ^{He moved} I ran back to him and forced ^{it} into his hand. He
urged me to accept ^{it} and I persisted in my refusal. Seeing
how useless ^{was} his insistence he took it back, alighted from
his carriage, took off his hat and shook my hands. However
he went straight to ^{Baba Allah} ~~the Beloved Perfection~~ and said 'I wished
to give a small present to your gardener but he ^{would} not
accept it. It seemed it was too little for him'. When next
time I went to see him, ^{Baba Allah} he addressed me: 'Abeel Gassim,
I have heard ^{that thou} you did not ~~accept~~ the present ^{offered} given
to ^{thee} you by the European gentleman. Why didst thou
not accept it?' 'I! Never will I accept anything
from anyone whilst I am serving the Lord of man-
kind.' 'Wilt thou then accept ^{if I give thee something from me?} if I give thee some
~~thing~~?' 'Yes! With the greatest honor'. Then he
showed me a small piece of ^{Cashmere} Khashmere shawl
and raising it up, ^{he} said: - 'This contains only one
Pound but it is from me. Thou canst not realize
how happy thou hast made me because thou
didst manifest the wealth of the spirit. Those
who are in my service must be independent from

all else save me."

With the story of a miser I will conclude this letter.

There was a wealthy merchant who was very avaricious and stingy. He had filled a bottle with cheese and every day at noon he came home with his son and instead of eating the bread with the cheese, he would rub ^{the bread} ~~it~~ against the bottle and eat it. One day he left the stove and did not return for the lunch hour. His son waited for half an hour and yet he did not come. Feeling very hungry he closed the store and went toward the house. On the way he remembered that the key ^{was} ~~is~~ with his father. He bought a loaf of bread and ^{reaching their home he} rubbed it against the lock while looking through the key-hole at the bottle of cheese. "Where were you?" his father asked him on his return. "I went home for lunch." "How did you eat?" "Finding that the door was shut I rubbed my bread against the lock and ate it." "Thou art indeed spoilt and accustomed to luxury" cried out the infuriated father. "Couldst thou not eat one day thy bread ~~only~~ with nothing on it?" The son was humbled.