

Bahai Nest - Mount Carmel

Haifa. Syria

July 26th 1914

Dear friends!

While I was descending the Mountain I was more than happy to behold the wonderful picture of the Master emerging from the house as the glorious sun rises every morning from behind the Eastern horizon, flooding the ^{dark} world with its golden rays. The Reality of Abdul Baha is the Sun; his Teachings are the penetrating rays and his Instructions the burning heat. Through this Divine Luminary the hearts are enlightened, the minds fructified, the dead resurrected, the ^{withered} trees vivified, the latent spiritual powers bloomed, the unsutterable yearnings of man made manifest, the temple of humanity adorned with infinite virtues, the Highway of the Kingdom of Truth paved, the clouds of superstitions and simulacrum vanished, the beloved of justice and righteousness gracing the assemblage of mankind, the shouts of universal brotherhood reached to the dome of heaven and the terrestrial globe transformed into the celestial.

sphere. This is the way and the life and the truth. Whosoever turns his face to him his heart will be inspired with the newest and holiest Ideals of the Kingdom and his former thoughts will be replaced by the thoughts of sweet love and sweetest mercy. If you have never tried this, I wish you would, and witness the marvellous results for yourself. This trial will never fail. It will work like magic, I assure you. There are thousands of people all over the world who will bear me out in this matter, probably your friend or neighbor. This experience is not limited to any time or place. You may be living in the Arctic or Antarctic circles, the trial will bring forth its benefits. The spirit of Abdul Baha is everywhere and is all-efficacious. He hears your call, whether you are living in the East or in the West, he knows the secrets of your heart, he is tender and merciful and his appeal is to your divine nature, your noblest self and your God-given unchanging substance. Just empty your heart from all self-thoughts and turn to him as an innocent, trustful child turns to his Clement father. Ask him and he will give you ^{knock} at his door and he will open before your face.

In fact the Door to the Palace of His Divine Bestowals is left wide open by day and by night; the treasures of his spiritual Graces are inexhaustible; the sun of his Compassion is never set; the river of his generosity is ever flowing; the stars of his loving qualities are always shining; the sea of his forgiveness is never calmed; the breezes of his gentleness are not hushed in the least; the beauty of his Countenance is ever fresh and his Kindness envelops the highest and the lowest in the world of creation. Such is Abdul Baha, the Father of every fatherless, the companion of every wayfarer in the Path of Truth and the Friend of every creature. His Spirit is always near ^{unto} you, he thinks of you and prays for your spiritual illumination and eternal progress. In time of distress turn to him and he will come to your deliverance. When the black clouds of despair have surrounded you, call unto him and lo! quicker than a flash of light he will be beside you, ready to lead you on and on into the broader and fairer fields of transcendent brightness! What ails thee, friend! Thou hast him as thy life-Companion! as the One Friend who will be always true to thee.

Throw away the garment of short-sightedness! Look
 around and thou wilt see him everywhere. Lo! lo!
 Rejoice! be not grieved! Take good courage! The signs of his
 infinite mercies are visible in the fresh dew of the
 early morn glistening in the sunshine; in the ^{dear} smiling
 smiles of the angelic babe curled in the bosom of her
 mother; in the soft glances of the ideal lovers walking
 beside the crystalline streams and odorous woods;
 in the core of every atom and molecule filling this great
 Planetary system; in the rays of the sun giving life
 and motion to all the animate and inanimate
 organisms; and more than all these and above
 and beyond ^{all} these, in the secret chambers of your
 hearts. Turn your eyes to the heavens of your being
 and you will see them studded with the constellations
 of his love, the stars of his Kindness and
 the planets of his Universal Tolerance. The
 rays of all these celestial bodies of His Favors
 have illumined the vast blue domes
 of your spirits; the darkness is vanished
 and you are sub. merged in the ocean of
 his lights, oh lights upon light, dazzling

beautiful, white lights! He has uprooted the trees
 of sorrow and pain and planted in their stead the
 trees of joy and happiness. It has filled the
 world with the resounding voice of Joy! Joy!
 pure, unalloyed joy! he has broken for us the cage
 of limitation, of narrowness and is causing us
 to soar toward the majestic heights of undrea-
 med of possibilities. No more the crooked, crumpled,
 bent, shallow life for me. Oh! I long, I yearn to
 come into the universal atmosphere of his Ideals,
 I wish to break these rusty chains of ancient
 customs and respectabilities, ^{Oh} let me rise higher
 and higher into the sacred precinct of his
 divine Throne, let me wing my way through
 the starry hosts of the Kingdom of Abha, let
 me drink from the Salsabeel of his Knowledge,
 let me breathe the invigorating air of his
 Paradise. Let us all banish sorrow from our
 hearts, slothfulness from our midst, evil
 thoughts from our minds, for the King of Joy,
 of Activity and of Optimism has come and
 is transforming the world of insipid intellects

and petty hearts into universal intelligences and all-including hearts. What a beautiful world is this! Our world is Abdul Baha! Through his eyes, his love, his compassion, his happiness, his radiant spirituality, his glowing faith, his overflowing enthusiasm we look upon all creatures and sympathize with them.

About 11 o'clock the Beloved took a walk and called for Badi' Bushru'i to follow him. On the way he met several children and asked a little girl amongst them to come near him. She was German and her child's heart was so touched by the tender of love of the Master that she shyly she approached and knelt before him and kissed his hand. It was a sweet, pastoral, natural picture! Then he divided coins amongst them and passed by.

In the evening he had just returned from a long walk. I had a newspaper in my hand containing Mrs Besant's talk in London on the Coming of the World teacher. "What art thou reading?" "A lecture on the coming world teacher by Mrs Besant." "The Great world Teacher has already come." he said just as he entered the house.