

Bahai Nest Mount Carmel
Haifa, Syria

August 5th 1914

Dear friends!

"Through Divine Grace I have obtained the utmost health and energy." While the Beloved was walking through the beautiful rose-garden, inhaling the fresh breeze wafting from the top of Mount Carmel he dictated the above cablegram to Mrs Cropper of London and I have no doubt through her to the Bahai world. Those who are devoted to the Cause of Baha-Allah and ^{have} no ulterior motives, wish for no greater gift than the gift of this Cablegram. For they know that the good health and energy of Abdul Baha at this eleventh hour when the dark and thick clouds of war are gathering over the horizon of Europe - is very necessary. With his divine sight he can watch the operations of the various forces to better advantage and send forth his message of Peace and Love like so many darts of light, not to injure but to heal the wounded souls. The day's rumors and news gives the student the impression that the Great Powers of Europe are face to face with the most tragic act of human

history since Abel and Cain had their quarrel. The prince
 of darkness is at work, unearthing the hidden, animalistic
 passions and sanguinary desires of man, changing him
 into a wild, ferocious beast and suffering him to become
 a murderer in the estimation of God. We hear that
 England, Russia, France and Belgium have coalesced
 temporarily against Germany. This seems quite impos-
 sible but every fresh report is circulated through the
 town with an amazing rapidity. The almost uni-
 versal topic of discussion is ^{the} war in Europe. The
 possibility of this greater war has entirely eclipsed
 the war between Austria and Servia. The
 professions of all the pacifists of Europe sound like
 hollow mockery. They see now how shallow were
 their ideas of Peace, how they had satisfied themselves
 with mere pretensions and insincerity, and how all
 their beautiful theories, ^{like unto the apples of Sodom} have turned all ashes to the
 taste. In this universal pandemonium where can
 one find the results of those Conferences and Con-
 gresses of Peace? Although they have tasted the
 bitter fruit of war yet they rush headlong into
 it without premeditation, without due measuring

of the facts concerned. War is the most malignant, the most detestable, the most accursed and the most loathsome enemy of mankind and yet these nations are embracing it with the most abandon delight. Why? Because they are Christian nations by name. Does a Christian kill his brother? Are these people the followers of the Prince of Peace? Through their actions they have brought disgrace and shame upon the name of Christ. War by whatever name you may call it is cold-blooded deliberate murder. In the words of the inspired teacher of Russia, the late Count Tolstoy:—"War is not amiability, but it is the most hateful thing in the world, and it is necessary to understand it so and not to play at war. This is the pith of the matter. What is war, and what is necessary for its success, and what are the laws of military society? The end and aim of war is murder; the weapons of war are espionage and treachery and the encouragement of treachery, the ruin of the inhabitants, and pillage and robbery of their possessions for the maintenance of the troops, deception and lies which pass under the name of finesse; the privileges of the military class, the lack

of freedom, that is discipline, enforced inactivity, ignorance, rudeness, debauchery, drunkenness. And yet that is the highest caste in society, respected by all. All rulers,.... wear military uniforms, and the one who has killed the greatest number of men gets the greatest reward. Tens of thousands of men meet, just as they will meet tomorrow, to murder one another, they will massacre and maim; and afterwards, Thanksgiving Te Deums will be celebrated, because many have been killed - the number is always exaggerated - and victory will be proclaimed on the supposition that the more men killed, the greater the credit. Think of God looking down and listening to them."

~~The~~ The duty of the Bahais in this trying hour of human history is to pray and work for Peace, not to be discouraged from these cataclysmal events, not to give up hope in despair. We have been taught by the Peace-maker of this 20th Century that God is not the God of war but the God of Love and Love is Peace - not an armed Peace but the Eternal Peace between God and man - the Everlasting Covenant of Friendship and amity between all the religions

races and nations. They are mobilizing the armies of ^{both} war
 we must then mobilize our hosts of life. They are ^{chanc}
 gning the fair, green, cultivated fields into the wild, deso-
 late wilderness, we must prepare the soil of the hearts
 and sow therein the seeds of Peace. They are the lords of
 destruction we are the servants of construction. In the
 darkness of the world, monster-like they are stalking
 abroad with Cyclopean strides to kill and be killed; we
 must illumine the world with the rays of the Sun of
 Reality. In this confused state of affairs the mighty
 voices of the Bahais must be raised in the congregations
 of humanity. No matter where they live they must
 drop into the ears of men the words of Peace and
 teach mankind through their deeds and actions the
 lessons of Peace. When the horizon of Europe is
 cleared from these inky clouds of war, the position of
 the advocates of Peace will be stronger and more
 advantageous than now and we will be nearer
 to the golden Millennium of Universal Peace.
 Through the great advancement of Military Science and
 the inventions of many new weapons of defense and
 offense the European governments had ^{entirely}

overhauled their systems of warfare, building Dreadnoughts, increasing the navy, making army discipline more thorough, adding to the efficiency of men and bringing to an up to date standard their whole machinery of human slaughter. Having made all these preparations they wanted to test their skill and valor and here we see them all arrayed against each other.

While the Beloved was walking in the garden he passed by our room. Shaugi Effendi, Badi Bushru'i and myself were sitting around the table busy writing. He looked in and smiled. The photograph of the first Persian-American Conference held in Washington was on the sofa. He took it in his own hands and looked at it for a minute. Then he continued walking.

In the evening all the students were the guests of Shaugi Effendi. While they were sitting in the garden, the Master came out of the house and walked toward the door. Khasro followed him. Then the students started to sing their songs till late, every body feeling very happy. Afterwards we took a lovely walk in the moonlight, through the broad avenue of the German Colony. Joyously we ascended the Mountain to sleep and dream of the spiritual blessings of the Lord.