

Home of Abdul Baha
Mount Carmel, Haifa, Syria
December 20th 1914

Dear friends!

Although the world is a scene of war, the Home of Abdul Baha is a picture of Peace. Here one drinks from the fountain of Peace, roams in the garden of Peace, inhales the flowers of Peace, eats the food of Peace, talks the words of Peace and thinks the thoughts of Peace. On the rose-bush of existence the nightingale of Peace is perched, singing the most charming melodies but ears are ~~deaf~~ and cannot hear. In the firmament of creation the sun of Peace is shining, filling all the regions with beaming rays but eyes are blind and cannot see. In the assemblage of humanity the Divine General is summoning them to enter under the flag of Peace but the tongues are mute and cannot respond. A time will soon come when neither you nor I nor any of the present generation will be living; then those of our descendants will wonder at our blank indifference and imbecility, and would not be able to account for our pig-headed prejudices against each other and our insular opinion of "superiority" of one over another. They will express amazement, why did we not listen to the Prince of Peace, why did we not enrol our names on the register of Peace and why did we not serve the Cause of Peace? Abdul Baha is in our midst, pleading men to arbitrate their disputes and apply the law of mercy and good-fellowship to all their dealings but his voice is lost in the pandemonium raised by the party of war and hatred; nevertheless the echo of the melodies of this Bird of Paradise shall linger in the hearts and minds of many people who shall hand ^{them} down to their posterity intact and pure. In the field of existence he is now sowing the seeds of Peace and as the time roll on, ^{in God's own good time} they will germinate in the ground and burst forth into life. No power on earth can stop the march of this Truth. How great will be the station of those who are laboring with contagious conviction for its spread. God will bestow upon them a most marvellous reward. Their names will be recorded on the Tablets of the hearts which shall never be wiped away, for have they not given up everything for the sake of the advancement of the plan of the Almighty? Let us then, devote all our energies to the propagation of the Cause of Baha which is the Cause of Peace, Love and Joy.

From morning till noon the Beloved was out calling on Gaemmagam, officers of the state, Inafte and Zakki Bay. I was walking in the garden when the landew stopped at the gate and he came out with majestic air. Laughingly he said to me: "If thou wert up here I would have given thee a sound beating. Years ago there were two holy mendicants in Acca. The first always sat in one place and never moved. The people gave him offerings and payed ^{him} homage as a holy man. The second never stayed in one place but moved hither and thither through the Bazaars and streets. One day I happened to walk around the corner with the Inafte when all of a sudden 'our moving beggar' blocked our way. 'I wish to send you a message for my friend. Will you be kind to carry it for me?' he cried. 'Most certainly' I said. 'Tell him, then: Is it right and just that thou shouldst sit all the time in one place and I be moving from morning till evening?'

"Now I tell thee, O Morza Ahmad: Is it just and right that I be out in this bad weather all morning calling on this or that person, but thou be staying cozily in the corner of that sheltered room?" With this delightful remark he ascended the stairs and disappeared in the house.

In the afternoon he came out and called me to follow him. We walked through the muddy streets of the German colony till we reached to his little private room. He entered in the garden and looked around for awhile. With us there were two men, an Arab and a Persian with whom he spoke in a light and joyous manner. Turning back he stopped at hotel Carmel and ordered coffee to be served us. Here we met the German officer. Van Krenth who is attached with many others to the Turkish army invading Egypt. He shook hand with the Master and inquired about his health. He had met this morning when called on Zakki Bay. When we came home he sent with me two peculiar Indian fruits for the German officer. As he was in I wrote him a note in French and left the fruits with his aid-de-camp who speaks English quite well.

On our way home he met a man about whom he related the following story: "Do you see that man who is walking on the other side of the street? Years ago he lived in Acca and called ^{on} me very often. One day I was walking on foot toward Bahaze when I came across his path. He saluted me and began sweeping and complaining of the hard time he is meeting. He told me he has lost everything

and does not know where to turn his face. He wept so much that I took pity of him. At last he explained his plight that he had a piece of land but no capital to buy seeds and cultivate it. He wished me to loan him 3 Pounds for this work on the condition that he would pay me back the money and half the crop. I told him, I do not want any share in the crop but if he pays back ^{one} the ^{loan} ~~sum~~ I will help him. I gave him the money and he went away with new hope. Several months passed and whenever I saw him I asked about the crop. His answer was that never in the bygone years had he seen such an abundant blessing. The time of the harvest also came and went but he did not bring back the loan. "Then the Master laughed: "Many years have ^{now} passed and still he has not paid his debt nor do I expect to receive it. I had almost forgotten the incident but his meeting recalled it to my mind." ~~he said~~.

In the evening when the believers sat in his benign Presence he said: - "All the people are sacrificing their lives for the sake of valueless earth. They are not the adorers of God but the worshippers of ground. Were they giving up their lives in the Path of God, its results would have been perpetual but now what benefits them? If one soul is martyred for the sake of Truth, eternally shall he shine from the horizon of Glory; but for the last six months probably more than one million living, breathing youths have been left on the battlefields as dead corpses and soon their very names will be forgotten. In a few years who will care to know about them as individuals. His torments of each country, no doubt, will marshal the salient events of this tremendous struggle for the benefit of the reading public, but the public as a mass of men are indifferent, heedless, whimsical and forgetful. There is not the royal minds of the few to grasp the general bearings of these world-shaking earthquakes. Our hope is that their differences will be settled soon and amicable relations based on a sound permanent basis be established."

Then he gave permission to the friends to retire and asked me to stay. For more than two hours I was alone with him. "Now, everybody has left the room and we are alone together. Let us talk about intimate things," he said. I listened to his words in rapt attention and with spiritual reverence and when I came out I felt myself very small and insignificant but upheld on the wings of the Graces of the Merciful.