

The Diary Letters
from January 17th (1915) to
January 27, 1915 are missing

Home of Abdul Baha
Mount Carmel, Haifa, Syria
January 28th 1915

Dear friends!

The balmy and sweet-smelling days of the Mountain of God succeed each other like the so many golden pages of a fairy book. We breathe the refreshing and vitalizing air of the delightful "spring" of Palestine. The aromatic breeze wafts from all directions, the flowers riot in their gorgeous colors, the earth is clothed with verdant spicy herbs, the almond trees are robed in their white, spotless, odoriferous blooms and the blue sea is stretched far and beyond our earthly vision and by night the hosts of heaven, arrayed in their brilliant panoplies, march out in the arena of heaven. How beautiful are these still moonlit nights in the garden of the Beloved! While one walks through its quiet avenues the ~~meandering~~ Zephyr brings to one's nostrils the ambrosial fragrance of the delicate roses and violets. I can never forget these lovely nights, for the Master is sleeping in a room above mine and I am always thinking and dreaming of him and of his love for the whole world. As I walk in the garden I see the light streaming out of the lattices of his windows, I see the shadowy outline of his figure - noble and majestic - ~~waft~~ to and fro, I see his majestic head with the white locks fallen behind his shoulder, I hear his sweet, melodious sacred voice chanting communions and prayers and then I am transported into the heaven of pure ecstasy. ~~Would~~ you not like to be here and take refuge in this asylum of Peace and goodwill towards all men, while the world is distracted with war and carnage? ~~Assuredly~~ you, the companionship of the Beloved is the delectable paradise, his presence is heaven, his words are conducive to the greatest consolation and his daily life and association with all classes of men the most practical and tangible lesson for all those who are inclined to learn and walk in the path of Holiness. I believe and experience has taught me repeatedly that he is the Knower of hearts, the searcher of the hidden things, ^{and} the revealers of mysteries. No one can conceal anything from him. I may commit a thousand mistakes and he may be to me as kind and loving as though I am an angel, but let not his treatment blind me to the basic fact for one second, that: he knows my one thousand mistakes, not nine hundred ^{and} ninety nine but all of them.

Let me impress upon your mind another cardinal belief of mine: In the court of Abdul Baha no favoritism is shown to any soul. I have no more influence here than the Eskimo of Greenland. In fact the Eskimo may be a better servant and may possess a better heart and may reflect more of his light than me. I am here to do what I am ordered and not to order what is to be done. The tablets are revealed according to his absolute Will and not in accord with the suggestions of this or another person. It is a fundamental mistake for any soul to suppose or presume otherwise. No partiality is shown to any individual but each and all are encouraged to serve the Cause of God and diffuse the Fragrances of the Inerciful. Because some one has received one or more Tablets and another has received none, it does not argue that the Master ~~has~~ shown favoritism to one or the interpreter has used partiality in presenting the petitions. God forbid! He doeth whatsoever he wills. Personally I will be the most fortunate man if every Bahai received a Tablet and so far as that is concerned, every dweller on the face of the earth! Of the spiritual graces I have nothing to give and of the worldly goods of the friends I expect nothing to receive. If I have any good qualities they are from the Master and the evil qualities are my own; they spring up from my weak nature. I cling to Abdul Baha and he is all-sufficient to me. I crave day and night for his Celestial benediction and I beg of him in the silence of the night larger capabilities and true humility. I count neither fame nor name but I am most happy to lose my identity under the shadow of his divine protection. I am not seeking the applause or approval of men. I am longing for the good pleasure of the Lord. The bickerings of the envious and the insinuations of the shallow minded I set aside. God is the witness of my deeds as well as theirs and He is the best Judge! He perceives the secrets of my heart and sees the devices of theirs and He is the best Perceiver.

Another thing I desire to touch upon is this: The field of the Bahai Cause is very vast. There are unlimited opportunities for every soldier to display his courage and skill and win the approval of the heavenly Commander. Why should I begrudge the services rendered by another servant? If I am a man and worth my salt, let me prove my ability and throw myself into the thick of the fight. Otherwise I will gain nothing by muttering incoherently against my brother and let the worm of jealousy and envy eat its way through

my heart. What will I gain by this constant brooding? Instead of this, I must at all times think of the noble lines of Longfellow:-

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sand of time
Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any Fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing
Learn to labor and to wait."

If I am unable to render any services, if I am called to the call of duty, if I am so grouchy as not to let my life be influenced by the examples of others, if I am cantankerous and cross-grained, ^{then} let me at least glory over the services ^{achieve} by my brothers and sisters, let me rejoice over their good luck. If I cannot walk with the worthies of the Cause over the highroad of the Kingdom, let me be at least ^{one} of the poor laborers. For their glory will be my glory, their honor my honor and their fame my fame. The work will be carried along, the personality will be forgotten. The truth will remain eternal but the point of view concerning its presentation will change from age to age. If our motive is not tinged with the dross of selfishness the croakings of the critics and the animadversions of the evil-tongued will not harm us; nay rather they will destroy their own homes with their own axes. Only the sincere ones will come out of the fire of tests unscathed and unharmed, knowing full well that their Redeemer liveth. What boots it if their fidelity is questioned, their aim is doubted, their sincerity distrusted and their rectitude debated? Do they not believe in themselves? Are they conscious of any weakness on their own part? Can they not marshal their facts with the certainty of conviction? Are they not able to inspire the hearts with the contagious fire of their universal ideals? Are they lukewarm and indifferent? No a thousand times no. Then why are they standing still? Why do they not rush toward the arena of self-sacrifice? Why do they not forget the past and ~~for~~ the glorious future? Why do they mind so much the opinions of the narrow-minded and dogma-ridden few? Why do they not soar in the

immensity of celestial freedom?

In these days the Beloved is in love with the garden and the garden is in love with him. Everyday I find him walking in its paths, picking up roses, stocks, carnations, violets, daffodils, lilies and tulips and distributing them amongst the friends with that innate grace and beauty of spirit that characterize all his deeds and actions. I wish I could describe to you how these quiet days are enjoyed by those who are intimately associating with the Master. We are all happy and brimming over with exhilaration. His presence is a source of great confidence and his words spread cheer and sunshine. As he comes out of the house our eyes follow all his movements and strain our ears to catch every word falling from his blessed lips. Now and then he makes comments on the current events as he reads the daily events in the local Agency - always illuminating and penetrating. Three or four times during the day, both in the morning and afternoon I was delighted to look in the face of the King of Kings and my heart was elated to see his countenance suffused with heavenly smiles. Mirza Jalal came down this morning and told me that the Master has said last night that tomorrow evening we must have Pilou, because Mirza Ahmad will be his "guest." Well, I was delighted with this news and in the course of the day he told me himself that I am going to be his "guest." "Art thou very happy?" he asked me as he entered the house after a long walk and then he sent me to call on Doctor Getsinger at Hotel Carmel and bring him to the house. When we came back he inquired about the different individual believers and the general aspect of the Cause in America. He wanted to know whether there has been any actual progress and the friends are united and agreed? I translated to him the contents of the two articles quoted in the previous letters. Then he invited Doctor Getsinger to dine with us and gave him preserved apricots from Damascus. In the evening the Beloved related three anecdotes in the meeting and spoke about the people of Acco and their lack of spiritual understanding. Concerning certain matters he said: - "I have Baha-Ollah. Nothing else matters. I have come to call the people to sanctity, independence, and abstraction and not mendacity and begging. He is my treasure, my capital and my wealth. He is the Light of my heart, the source of my inspiration, the rock of my salvation and the dawning-place of my spirit."