

DAYS PRING



A Bahá'í Magazine for Children

Issue 93

Dayspring
**Produced under the auspices of the National Spiritual Assembly
of the Bahá'ís of the United Kingdom**

Dayspring is produced three times a year on an educational non-profit basis and seeks to nurture a love for God and mankind in the hearts of children. Material by children and adults of stories, plays, poems, artwork and news are warmly welcomed. Please note that under the terms of the Child Protection Act regarding publishing images of children, permission to do so is required from a parent or guardian.

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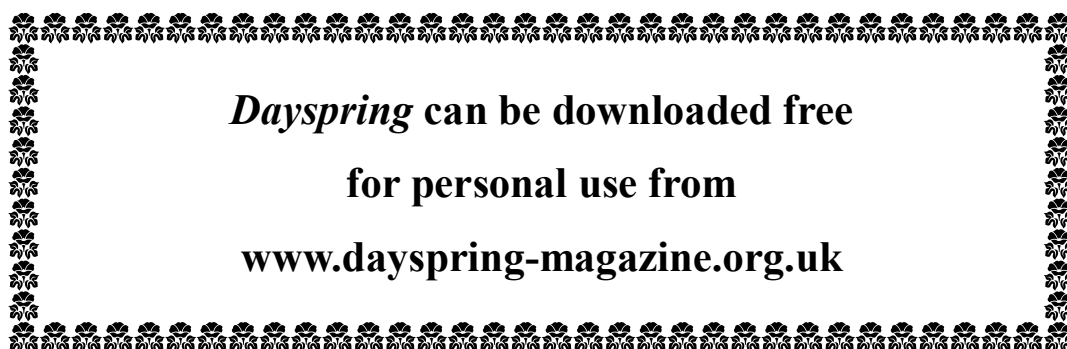
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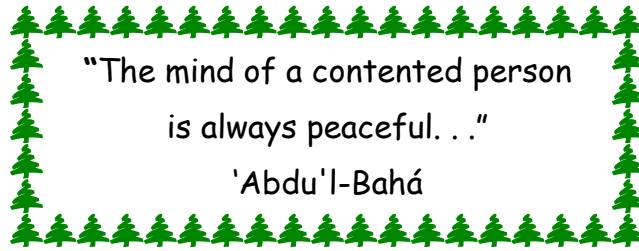
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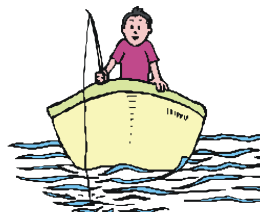
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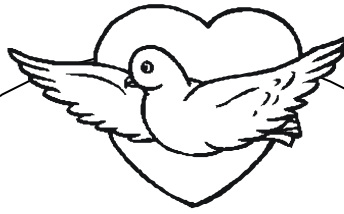
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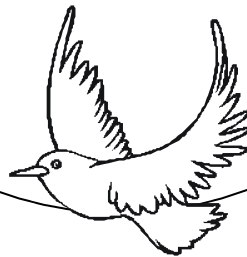
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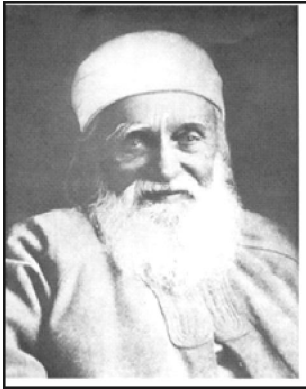




‘Abdu’l-Bahá wrote:
“Anybody can be happy
in the state of comfort,
ease, health, success,
pleasure and joy;
but if one will be happy
and contented
in the time of trouble . . .
it is the proof of
nobility.”



Nobility of character means the highest level of goodness, the very best humans can be.



Meeting 'Abdu'l-Bahá

A Handful of Flour

When 'Abdu'l-Bahá was eight years old, His family was very poor. His Father had been telling people about a wonderful new message from God about love and unity, but some of the religious leaders of the time did not want to listen so they put Him in prison. Then thieves broke into the house where the family lived and stole the fine pictures and books, ornaments and furniture. 'Abdu'l-Bahá, with His Mother and little sister and brother, had to run away, and many a day there was no money to buy food.

But 'Abdu'l-Bahá never complained and was always cheerful.

Many years later, when He was remembering the hardship of those days, He said:

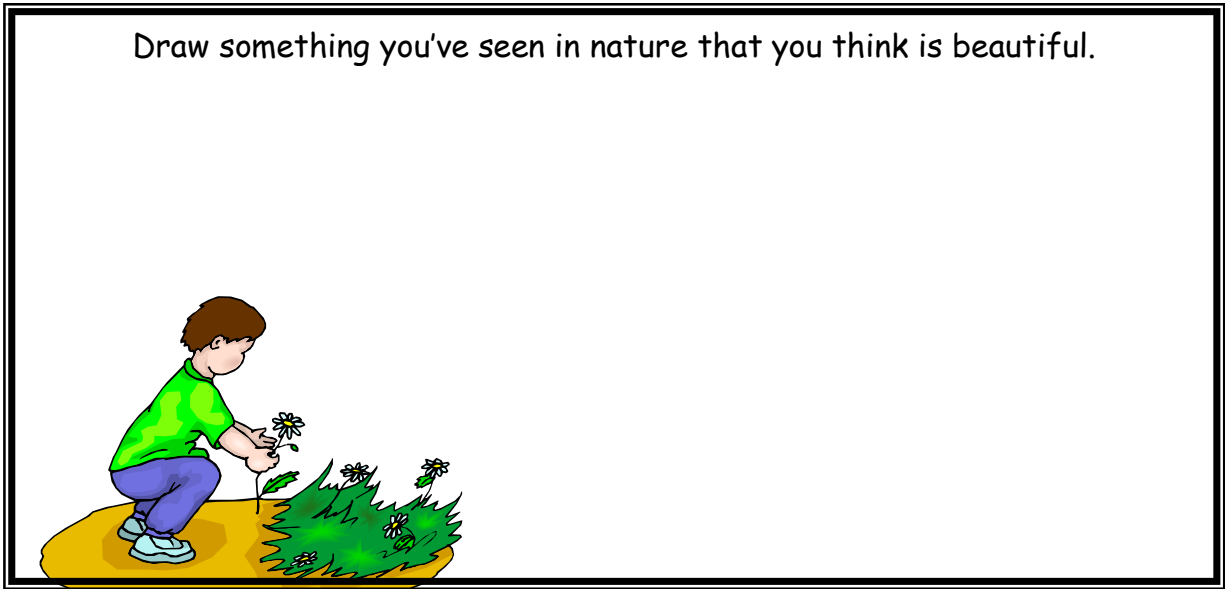
"I was hungry, but there was no bread to be had. My Mother poured some flour into the palm of my hand, and I ate that instead of bread. Yet, we were content."



Five things that help us to feel contented.
Draw a picture in each box.

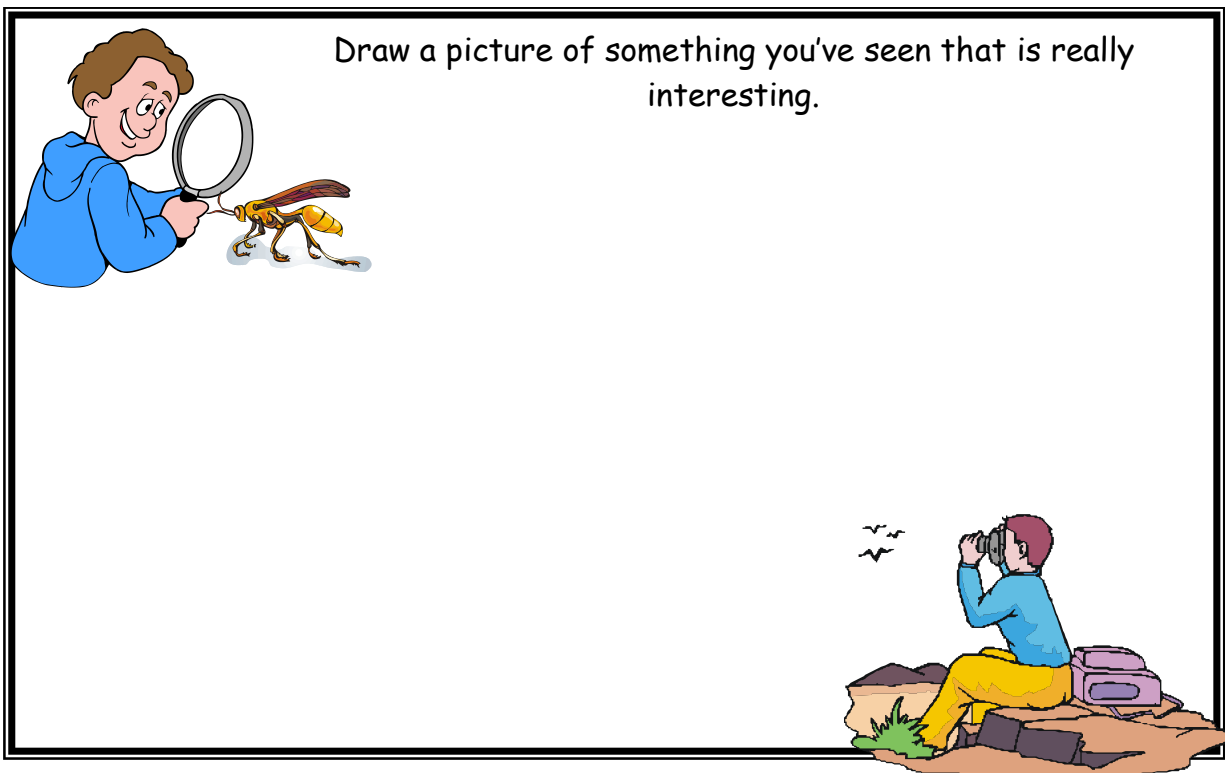
1. Looking at ordinary things around us and noticing their beauty.

Draw something you've seen in nature that you think is beautiful.






2. Taking time to look properly at the things going on around us.

Draw a picture of something you've seen that is really interesting.



3. Listening carefully to music, or making music.

Draw a picture of someone singing, or a musical instrument.

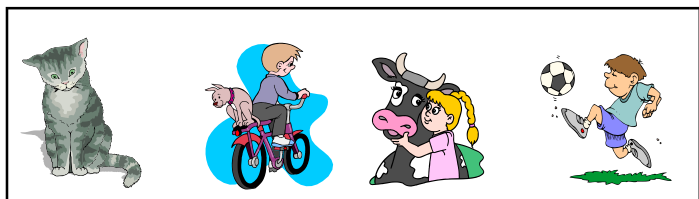


4. Enjoying a simple meal.

Draw some simple food you enjoy.

5. Being with a friend.

Draw a picture of someone you like to spend time with.



The Discontented Giraffe

by Maggie Manvell



Once upon a time there was a very discontented giraffe called *Giselda*. Instead of getting on with doing what giraffes do best, like nibbling the sweet leaves from the highest branches, she was always looking around at the other animals and wishing she could be like them. One thing that really annoyed her was her long legs. Indeed, her legs were so long that they always got in the way when she tried to drink from the river. She looked around at the other animals drinking, and saw that none of them had such long legs as she.

"How good it would be to have short legs like the lions," she thought, "and if I did, I would still be able to run fast—just like them. They can run very fast." She imagined herself with short legs. "That would be a great improvement," she thought, "I'd be able to drink much more easily."

Now, while she was thinking about making changes, she thought, "I've never liked that silly little tail of mine. I think I'd do much better without it. And I wish my neck wasn't so long! The rhinos and the elephants are much more handsome with their short necks. A short neck, to match my short legs, would suit me much better."

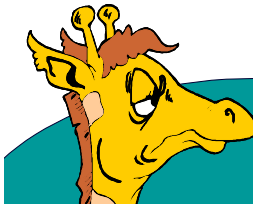


Giselda the giraffe was just imagining how much better she was going to look when a beautiful zebra came to drink at the river. "Oh my!" *Giselda* said to herself. "I'm covered all over with ugly brown patches. How much nicer I would look with stripes!"

That night *Giselda* fell asleep with all these exciting new thoughts buzzing

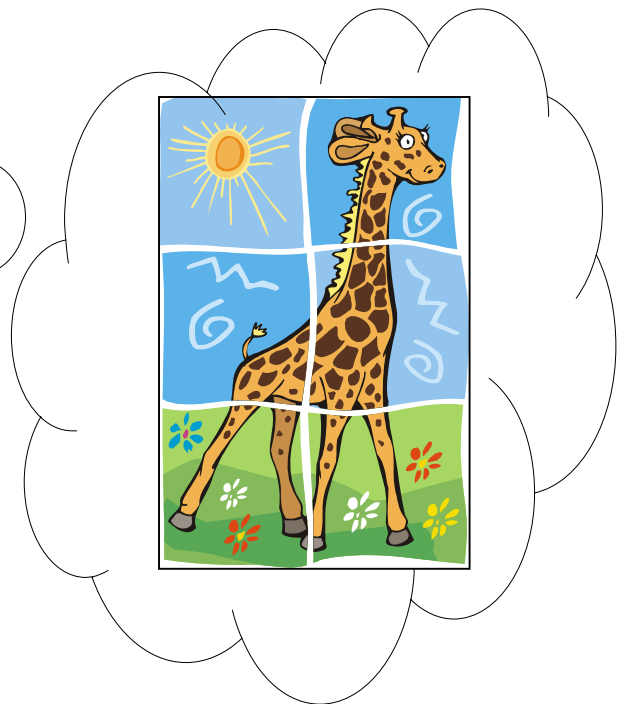


around in her head. Before very long she started to dream. In her dream she was strolling through the trees with her very long legs and her very long neck, her annoying little tail and her big brown patches, when she came upon a witch doctor. He was wearing a scary mask and was doing a strange wild dance and waving a funny stick in the air. Giselda was quite frightened and didn't know what to say. But the witch doctor stopped his dance, and noticed that Giselda was looking unhappy, as well as scared.



"Something is making you very unhappy, little giraffe," said the witch doctor in a kindly voice. "I can do great magic. Tell me what is wrong and I will use my magic to make you happy."

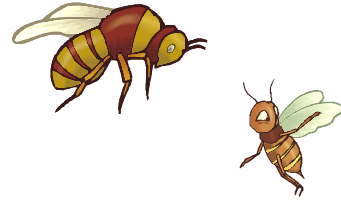
Although she was scared of the witch doctor, and even more scared of the magic, Giselda was also very discontented, and began to tell the witch doctor about all the changes she would like. He laughed and began to dance round and round and round in circles, making funny noises that got louder and louder, and all the time waving his stick. He was making Giselda quite giddy, and she began to feel all the parts of herself that she wanted to change beginning to tingle.



Her little tail began whirling round, and then dropped right off. Her legs shot downwards, and she sank so low that her tummy was touching the grass

on the ground. Her neck was feeling really funny, and then collapsed down into itself like a telescope. The whole of her skin was prickling, and she looked down to find her patches gone, and lots of black and white stripes instead. What a wonderful dream!

But then.... The dream became a nightmare! The witch doctor disappeared and Giselda was all alone. But not quite alone, because suddenly there came a loud buzzing and a swarm of noisy flies appeared, aiming straight at her. Giselda waved her tail to swat them away, but—oh no! Her tail wasn't there. The flies didn't mind—they just bit her bottom, all over.



Poor Giselda began to run away. But where were her long, strong legs that helped her move so quickly? She waddled along as well as she could on her new little legs until she got to the river, and by now she needed a really big drink. But when she tried to get the water her legs were so short that her whole tummy ended up in the mud, and her lovely black and white stripes became all dirty.

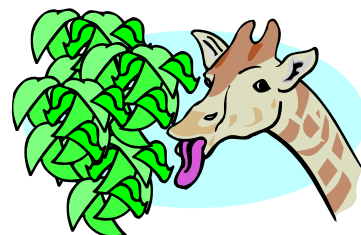
Tired and hungry, and covered with muddy patches which were much uglier than her own furry ones, Giselda waddled into the trees to find some juicy leaves. But they were all in the very tops of the trees! She couldn't reach them because her little legs and neck were too short.

Thank goodness it was only a dream!



When Giselda woke the sun was shining on her lovely clean coat. She stood tall, and stretched her long, graceful neck to reach the sweetest leaves on the tops of the trees, and she waved her wonderfully useful tail to scare away all the flies.

Giselda felt that from now on, she would always be contented to be the beautiful giraffe she was meant to be.



FACTS ABOUT GIRAFFES



1. Giraffes are the tallest animals in the world (5 metres high — twice as high as the ceilings in most houses!)
2. Giraffes only sleep for around 2 hours a day.
3. Giraffes are peaceful animals and hardly ever fight, and when they do it is usually only for a few minutes.
4. Just like snowflakes and human fingerprints, no two giraffes have the same spot pattern. These brown patches are sometimes called big freckles and help to disguise giraffes when they are hiding from their enemies among the trees.
5. A giraffe's tongue is very long, about 50cm. Ours are only about 7cm long.
6. Giraffes live for 25 years in the wild.
7. When giraffes walk, they move both legs on one side of their body together, and then both legs on the other side. But when they run, they use their two front legs together and then their two back legs. (Pretend to be a giraffe and try to walk and run in the same way, using your arms like legs. It is not easy but will make you laugh!)

WORDSEARCH

C	B	G	I	R	A	F	F	E	X
O	V	T	O	N	G	U	E	Y	P
N	M	Z	Q	U	N	J	S	K	E
T	A	P	F	G	E	T	P	E	A
E	G	R	U	N	C	A	O	W	C
N	I	R	C	G	K	L	T	I	E
T	C	I	S	U	N	L	S	L	B
P	A	T	T	E	R	N	H	D	O

TALL SUN PEACE PATTERN TONGUE
 GIRAFFE MAGIC RUN
 CONTENT WILD SPOTS NECK

THE CONTENTED MILLER OF THE DEE

Retold by Arthur Baldwin

Once upon a time there lived on the banks of the River Dee a miller who was the happiest man in England. He was always busy from morning till night, and he was always singing as merrily as any lark. He was so cheerful that he made everybody else cheerful. People all over the land liked to talk about his pleasant ways. At last the king heard about him.

"I will go down and talk with this wonderful miller," he said. "Perhaps he can tell me how to be happy."

As soon as he stepped inside of the mill, he heard the miller singing:

"I envy nobody — no, not I!
For I am as happy as I can be;
And nobody envies me."

"You're wrong, my friend," said the king. "You're wrong as wrong can be. I envy you; and I would gladly change places with you if I could only be as light-hearted as you are."

The miller smiled and bowed to the king.

"I am sure I could not think of changing places with you, sir," he said.

"Now tell me," said the king, "what makes you so cheerful and glad here in your dusty mill, while I, who am king, am sad and have so many things to worry me every day?"

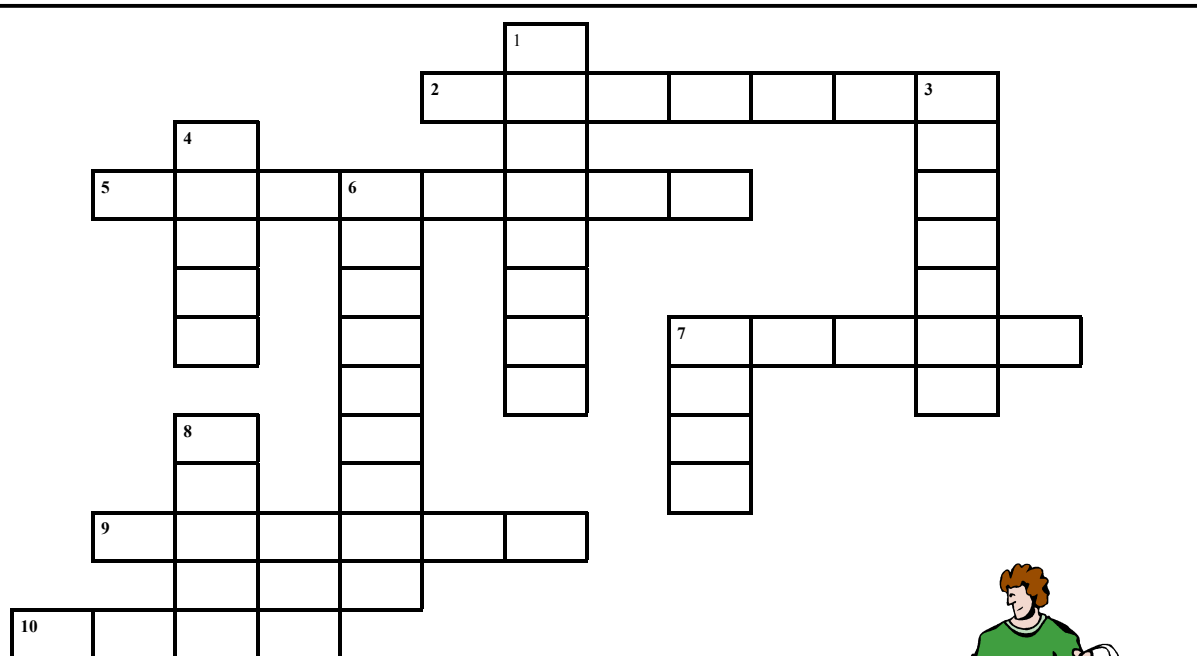
The miller smiled again, and said, "I do not know why you are sad, but I can easily tell why I am glad. I earn my own bread; I love my wife and my children; I love my friends, and they love me; and I owe not a penny to any man. Why should I not be happy? For here is the River Dee, and every day it turns my mill; and the mill grinds the corn to make into bread that feeds my wife, my babes, and me."



Question: The miller was not rich like the king, so why was he the happiest man in the land?

Because he was contented!

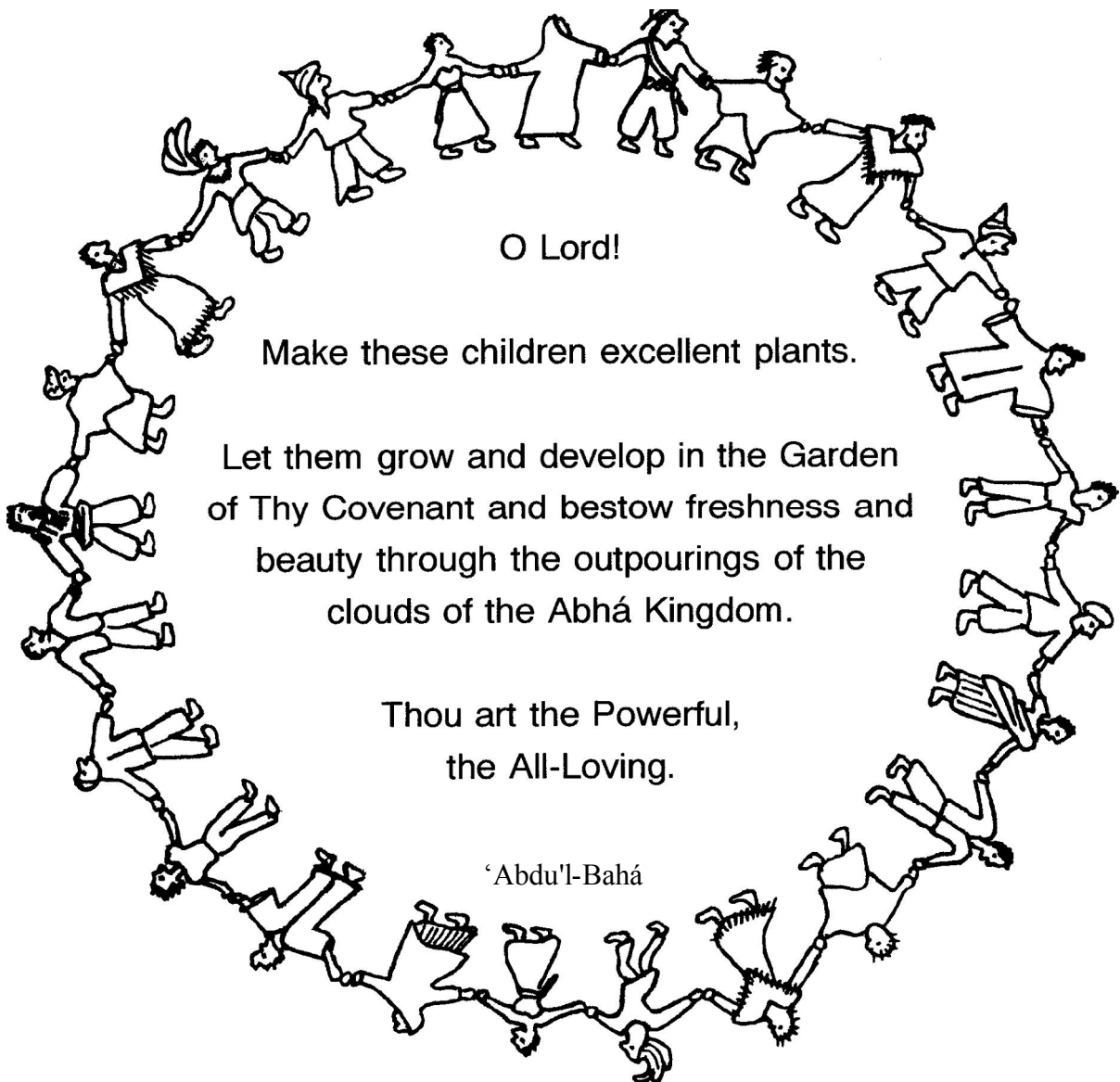
"The mind of a contented person is always peaceful and his heart at rest. He is like a monarch ruling over the whole world. How happily such a man helps himself to his frugal [simple] meals! How joyfully he takes his walks, how peacefully he sleeps!"



Can you put the missing words into the puzzle?

(note: "frugal" means simple and small)

The **m** _ _ _ (7 down) of a **c** _ _ _ _ _ _ _ (6 down) person is always **p** _ _ _ _ _ _ (5 across) and his **h** _ _ _ _ (4 down) at **r** _ _ _ (10 across). He is like a **m** _ _ _ _ _ (2 across) ruling over the whole world. How **h** _ _ _ _ _ (3 down) such a man helps himself to his frugal **m** _ _ _ _ ! (7 across) How **j** _ _ _ _ _ _ (1 down) he takes his **w** _ _ _ _ (8 down), how peacefully he **s** _ _ _ _ _ (9 across).



O Lord!

Make these children excellent plants.

Let them grow and develop in the Garden
of Thy Covenant and bestow freshness and
beauty through the outpourings of the
clouds of the Abhá Kingdom.

Thou art the Powerful,
the All-Loving.

‘Abdu'l-Bahá



A Place to be Contented

Written and Illustrated by Carolyn Moss-Williams 2016

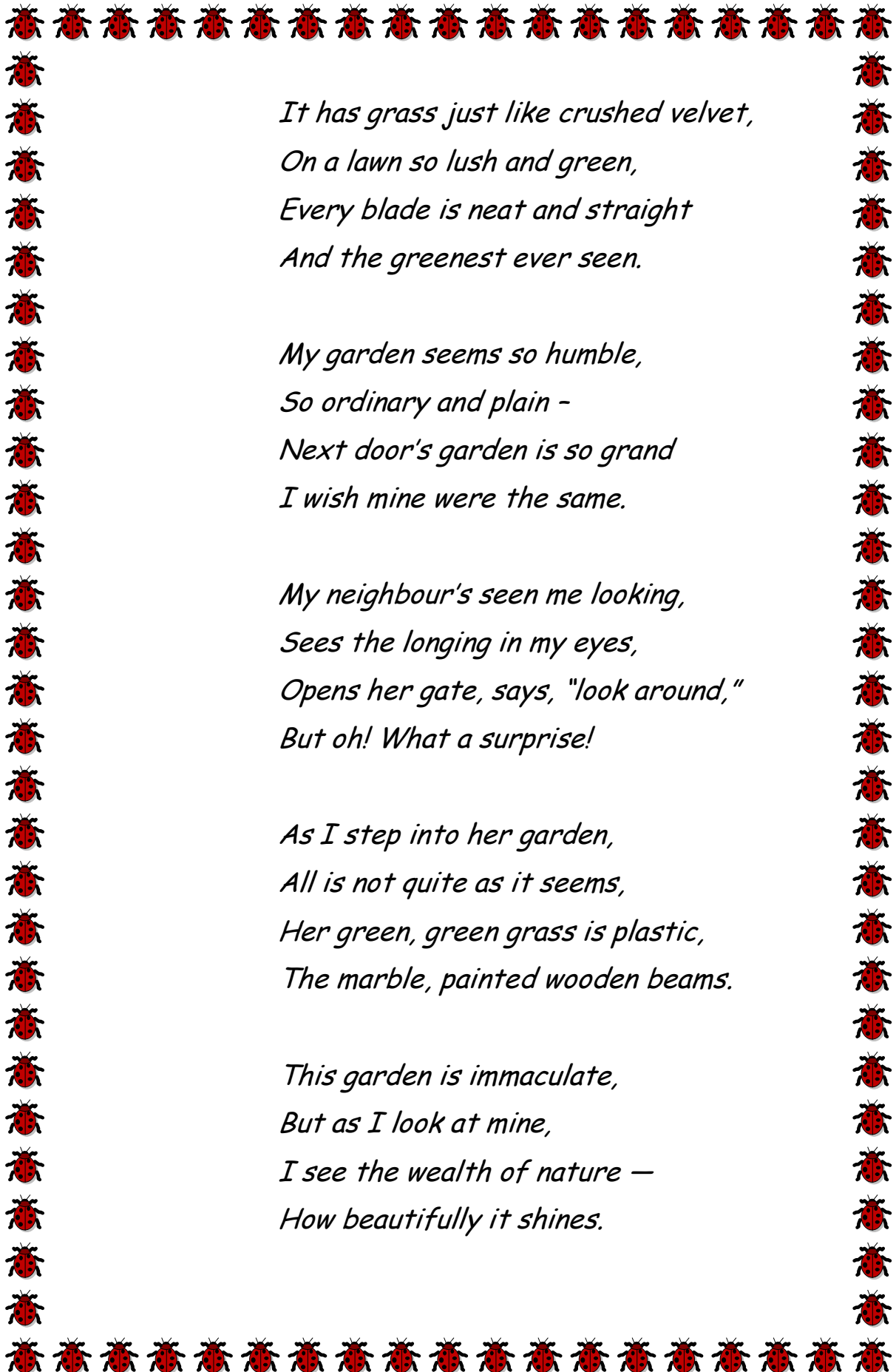
*I have a little garden,
Of which I'm very fond,
It has herbs and a flower bed,
And a little garden pond.*

*I have a little patch of lawn,
With dewy grass and clover,
With wriggly worms to feed the birds,
And buttercups all over.*

*It really is a pretty place,
A place to be contented,
And yet I can't help wishing
My garden could be reinvented.*

*For I have seen the one next door,
A garden oh so smart,
It has great big marble statues
And amazing works of art.*





*It has grass just like crushed velvet,
On a lawn so lush and green,
Every blade is neat and straight
And the greenest ever seen.*

*My garden seems so humble,
So ordinary and plain -
Next door's garden is so grand
I wish mine were the same.*

*My neighbour's seen me looking,
Sees the longing in my eyes,
Opens her gate, says, "look around,"
But oh! What a surprise!*

*As I step into her garden,
All is not quite as it seems,
Her green, green grass is plastic,
The marble, painted wooden beams.*

*This garden is immaculate,
But as I look at mine,
I see the wealth of nature —
How beautifully it shines.*

*And now I hurry back there,
To my ladybirds and flowers,
To the place I love in all the world,
And spend such precious hours!*

*Green plastic grass or buttercups?
There is no argument —
My own sweet humble garden
Is where I am content!*



The Discontented Village

Adapted from a story by Irene Taafaki and illustrated by Susan Reed (see Acknowledgements)

There was once a village that had every reason to be the happiest in the world. It was situated in a pleasant valley with protecting mountains all around. It had fertile fields, industrious workers, and a prosperous market-place. But instead of being the happiest village in the world, it was the saddest.

It was not happy because no one who lived there was contented. Each person believed himself weighed down by troubles. And what is more, each believed his troubles were worse than any of his neighbours.

One of them owned a large factory and he was very wealthy and could do almost anything he liked, but he was not happy. Why not? Because he was lonely and didn't have a wife. "The baker, now," sighed the owner of the factory, "the baker is a happy man. When he comes home at the end of the day his wife is waiting to greet him, whereas I have nobody. What does he know of troubles?"

And the baker — was he happy? No. And why not? Because although he had a wife, he didn't have any children. "Life is not fair," complained the baker. "The carpenter may be poor, but he has six children whereas I have none!"

And the carpenter? He had a wife and six little children, but he wasn't happy either! "I have too many children and have to work hard to feed them," he grumbled. "I wish they were all grown up."

Now, it was not wrong for the owner of the factory to wish he had a wife; it would be lovely for him, of course. And it was not wrong for the baker to wish for children, for they bring great happiness. As for the carpenter, well, all children grow up one day — it was just that he was missing something important. . .

What was wrong was that everyone had forgotten to be grateful for the things they already had. The rich factory-owner had forgotten to be grateful that he never had to worry about money. The baker had forgotten to be grateful for his wife, who kept him company and loved him dearly. And the carpenter had forgotten to treasure his little children when they ran to greet him at the end of the day and covered him with kisses and made him laugh.

But so it went on. Young people wished they were older, and old people wished they were younger. Everyone in the village was discontented because they wanted something else.

Day by day this discontent grew, and the moans and groans and mumbles and grumbles rose like a great thick fog. And one day the fog hid the sun. At first, the people were so busy thinking about their troubles they paid no attention; but when they couldn't

see the sun any more, it occurred to them that something was wrong.

“Truly we are unhappy people,” they cried all together. “Even the sun won’t shine on us!”

One day, out of the fog came a traveller. It had been dark for so long that no one expected any visitors, and the first the villagers knew of his approach was the sound of his merry voice singing:

“Heigh ho,
Life is jolly.
Content is wisdom.
Complaint is folly.”

The children and everyone else came out of their houses and gathered in the main street to see who it was who sounded so happy!!



And soon there emerged out of the gloom a tall figure. It was a man, not old, not young, not well dressed, not shabby. A small bag was slung over his shoulder. He stopped in front of the people and put the bag down.

“Greetings,” he said. “But I don’t know if it is morning or evening because of the fog!”

“The sun has deserted the world,” said one of the children.

The stranger smiled. “The sun is shining warm and bright somewhere,” he said. “When this fog lifts, you will see.”

The people asked him who he was and he replied, “I am no one and every one. I am a homeless wanderer who owns the earth.”

“Poor man,” said a villager. “He must be mad! Troubles have muddled his brain.”

“Troubles?” said the stranger. “I have no troubles.” And he smiled and sat down under a tree.

Everyone gathered around him. They had never met anyone who didn’t complain about having troubles.

“Are you ill?” they asked. “How can you say you don’t have troubles when you don’t have a house, or a fire to keep you warm, or a child of your own, and you spend your time walking over the earth without rest? You are surrounded with troubles!”



The factory-owner said, “Well, as you are so well-travelled, perhaps you have heard of a cure for fog?”

“Perhaps,” said the stranger.

He began sniffing at the fog and sticking out his tongue to taste it. It smelled and tasted so horrible he pulled a face. “This is no ordinary fog,” he said. “It must be a special kind, caused by something most disagreeable. If I know the cause, I might know the cure.”

“We do not know the cause,” said the baker. “The sun suddenly left us. I was thinking of how unhappy I was when . . .”

“Yes,” interrupted the carpenter. “I was thinking of how I have so many reasons to be unhappy, more than anyone else, when . . .”

And soon everyone was shouting, saying they had more troubles than each other. And as they shouted, the fog grew thicker and thicker.

“Stop!” cried the stranger. “I know what is wrong! And I know the cure! Listen carefully and follow my instructions.”

Everyone silently nodded their heads.

“It is simple,” said the stranger. “Tie a long rope from one end of the market-place to the other. Then each of you must go home and put your troubles in a sack.”

“No sack in the world is large enough to contain mine,” cried the carpenter.

“Nor mine,” sighed a widow.

“Nor mine,” cried everyone.

When everyone had stopped complaining, the stranger said, “When you have put all your troubles into a sack, bring them to the market-place and hang them up on the rope. Then you must step back and wait until I give you a signal. At the signal, each of you must run forward and take any sack he or she wishes.”

Everyone's eyes gleamed. As they looked at the row of sacks on the line, each saw a chance to get rid of their own troubles and swap them for other people's.

But then they began to think. Suddenly, compared to other people's troubles, their own troubles did not seem so bad after all. And when the stranger gave the signal for them to choose whichever sack they wished, at first, nobody moved!

Into the carpenter's ears came the happy sound of his little children playing.

Into the baker's eyes came a picture of his wife's kind face.

And the factory-owner thought of his grand house, and how he had more money than he really needed. He decided to pay his workers more to reward them for their hard work, and he made plans to hold feasts in his house and invite all the villagers. He felt a warm glow in his heart and was never lonely again.






























































Then everyone ran to the line, and instead of taking someone else's sack of troubles, they each took back their own and felt contented.

The fog began to lift and the sun shone through and they turned to thank the stranger, but he had disappeared. They could hear him singing though:








“Heigh ho,
Life is jolly.
Content is wisdom,
Complaint is folly.”



Can you decode this prayer of 'Abdu'l-Bahá?

.. 	T h  	k .. n ..  	L .. r ..!  
.. n .. t ..   	.. l l . 	L .. t 	t h .. 
r .. l .. g n s    	.. g r   	.. n ..  	
m .. k ..  	t h .. 	n .. t n s   	
.. n ..,  	s .. 	t h .. t 	t h  
m  	s   c h  	.. t h .. r  
.. s 	.. n ..  	f .. m .. l ..   	.. n ..  
t h .. 	w h .. l ..   r t h  	.. s 
.. n ..  	h .. m ...  	M  	t h  
.. l l 	l .. v ..  	t .. g .. t h .. r   	
.. n 	p .. r f .. c t  	h .. r m .. n ...   	

Match the pictures to find the letters.

a	d	e	i	o	u	y
						

Jokes



Q Why did the burglar take a shower?
A He wanted to make a clean getaway!



Q What runs but never walks?
A Water.

Q What do you get if you cross a Scottish legend and a bad egg?
A The Loch Ness Pongster!



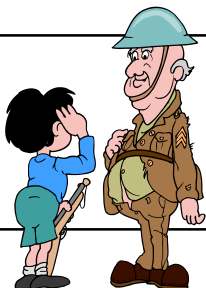
Q What did you get for your birthday?
A A drum. It's the best present I've ever had.
Q Why?
A My mum gives me extra pocket money every week not to play it!



Q Would you like a duck egg for tea?
A Only if you quack it for me!



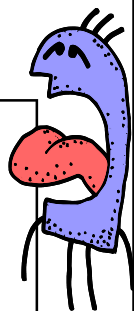
Q Why do you keep doing the backstroke?
A I've just had dinner and I don't want to swim on a full stomach.



Q Where does a general keep his armies?
A Up his sleeve!

Q What has a bottom at the top?
A Your legs!

Joe This morning my dad gave me soap flakes instead of cornflakes for breakfast.
Jane I bet you were mad.
Joe Mad? I was foaming at the mouth!



Amazing Stories from the Dawn-Breakers

*(Stories from The Dawn-Breakers adapted by J. Mehrabi and illustrated by Malcolm Lee.
(Published by Bahá'í Publishing Trust of India)*

(The story so far: A wise and good man called Vahíd, who was famous throughout Persia, has to leave his home because enemies of the Faith of God are making trouble and he is worried that innocent people will get hurt. With two of his sons, he arrives in the town of Nayriz, where he tells people about the teachings of the Báb and over 1000 became believers. In other parts of the land, other believers are also being attacked, and this story is about Hujjat and other brave believers.

Part 37

The Battle of Zanján

(May-December 1850)

Hujjat was a famous religious teacher who lived in the town of Zanján in Persia. He was a very clever man and had many disciples who wished to learn from him. He was also honest and tried to teach the people to obey the laws of God and lead a good life. His heart was very pure and he became a Bábí as soon as he read a page from one of the Báb's books.



One day a letter arrived from the Báb telling Hujjat it was now time to let people know about the new message from God. Hujjat immediately told his disciples to put their books aside and to go out and invite everyone to become Bábís. The people in Zanján admired Hujjat very much and many of them became believers.

But some of the religious leaders became jealous of Hujjat because he was so successful, and they persuaded the governor of the town to arrest him. Two of the strongest men in the town were sent to capture him. The two men, who were dressed in armour with helmets on their heads, were joined by a

band of armed thugs. As the fierce group of men made their way towards Hujjat's house, some of the Bábís stopped them and would not let them pass.

The Bábís shouted, "Lord of the Age!"

The attackers panicked and ran away as fast as their legs could carry them!

"What does that cry mean?" asked the governor when he heard what had happened.

He was told that it was the call the Bábís used when they were in danger and needed the help of the Báb.

However, the officials and religious leaders were determined to kill Hujjat and the Bábís in the town, and three thousand believers had to take refuge in a nearby fort.

* * *

There was a peasant girl called Zaynab who lived in a village near Zanján and she longed to help the believers who were being attacked in the fort. She wanted to help by doing the cooking and nursing those who were injured. She cut her hair short and dressed as a boy and hoped nobody would know she was a girl.



One day Hujjat was standing on one of the turrets of the fort when he recognised Zaynab. As the soldiers aimed their guns to fire, she ran towards them, shouting, "Lord of the Age!" And they all turned and ran away.

"She is braver than any man," said Hujjat. Later he asked her why she had wanted to come to the fort and join the believers.

Zaynab burst into tears. "My heart ached with pity when I saw the sufferings of my fellow disciples," she said.

Hujjat praised her for being so brave, but told her that while she could defend herself and the other believers, she must not attack anyone. He said, "God does not judge people by their looks, but by their good character and what they believe. It does not matter whether they are men or women."

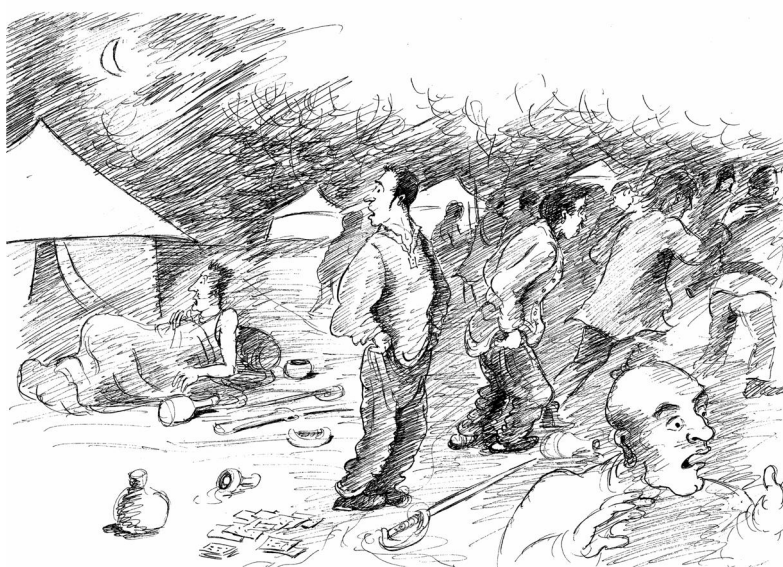
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As the battle of Zanján continued, Hujjat said the believers should call on God for even more help. He said that the Báb had told them to repeat certain verses nineteen times each. So every night those who were keeping watch outside the fort chanted at the top of their voices:

"God the Great!
God the Most Great!
God the Most Beautiful!
God the Most Glorious!
God the Most Pure!"

The soldiers asleep in the nearby army camp woke up in a fright when they heard the loud chorus coming from the fort. They jumped out of their beds and ran half-dressed and with bare feet to the house of the governor to hide.

The governor and army officers had not yet gone to bed but were gambling and drinking wine when they heard the loud sound of the Bábís chanting.



Because they were drunk, they didn't know what the noise was and panicked. They leapt to their feet, knocking over tables and dropping their glasses, and fled from the camp.

Later, when they realised that the noise had just been the sound of the believers chanting praises of God, they felt very foolish. But it didn't stop them from continuing to attack the believers.

(To be continued...)



The Kitáb-i-Aqdas ~ The Most Holy Book

Lesson Twenty-Nine

Bahá'u'lláh says in the Kitáb-i-Aqdas (v. 4 & 148):

“Obey My commandments,
for the love of My Beauty.”
“. . .obey them with joy and gladness,
for this is best for you,
did ye but know.”

Meaning of some of the words in the quotation:

“Commandments” means the laws and teachings of God.

“My Beauty” means the Beauty of God.

Questions and Answers. Fill in the gaps below from the words in the quotation:

Q. Why does Bahá'u'lláh tell us to obey His commandments?

A. “Obey My commandments, for the l_____ of My Beauty.”

Q. What should we feel when we obey the commandments of God?

A. “obey them with j_____ and g_____.”

Q. Why is it best for us to obey God’s commandments with joy and gladness?

A.

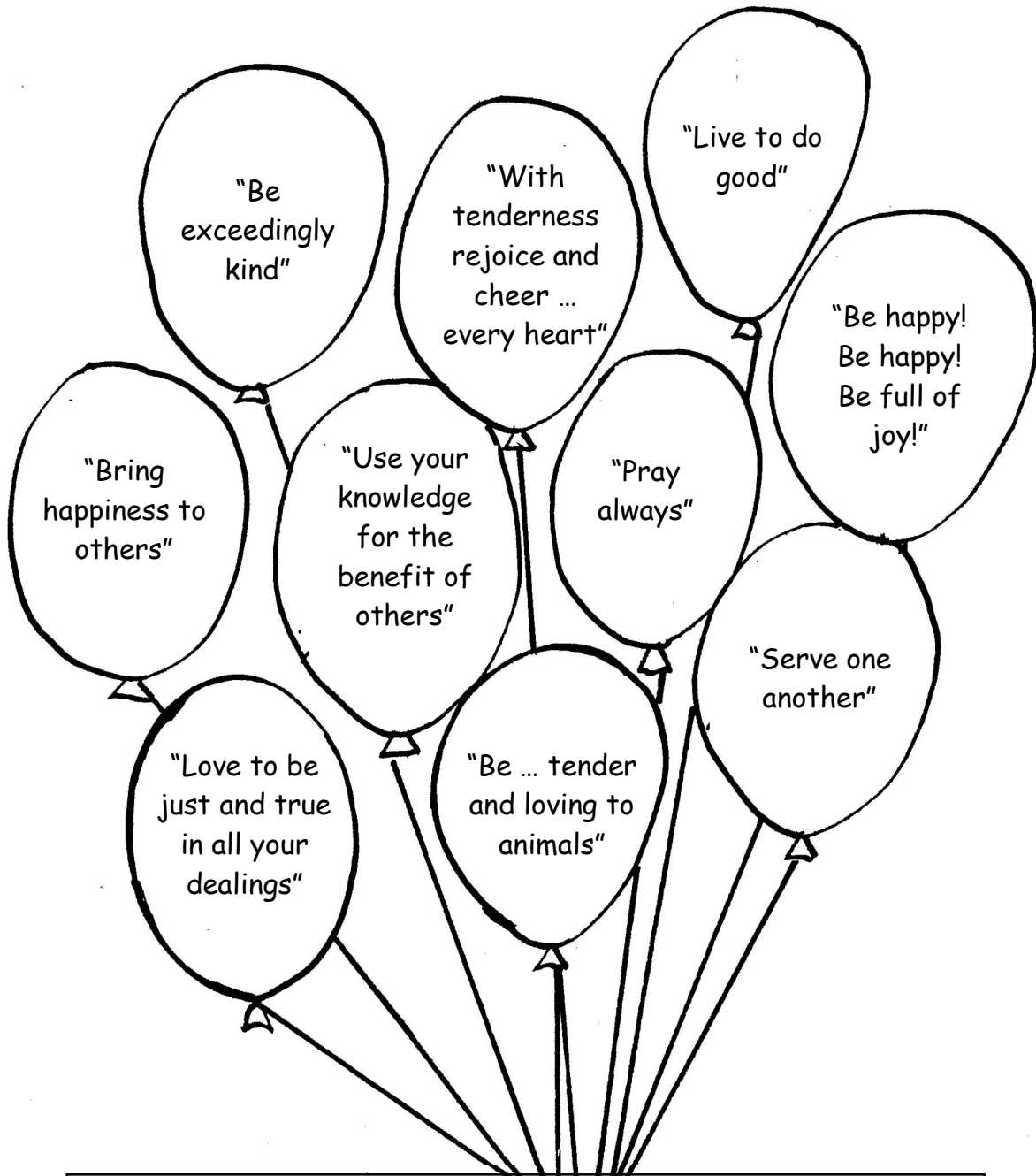


How do we know what is best for us?

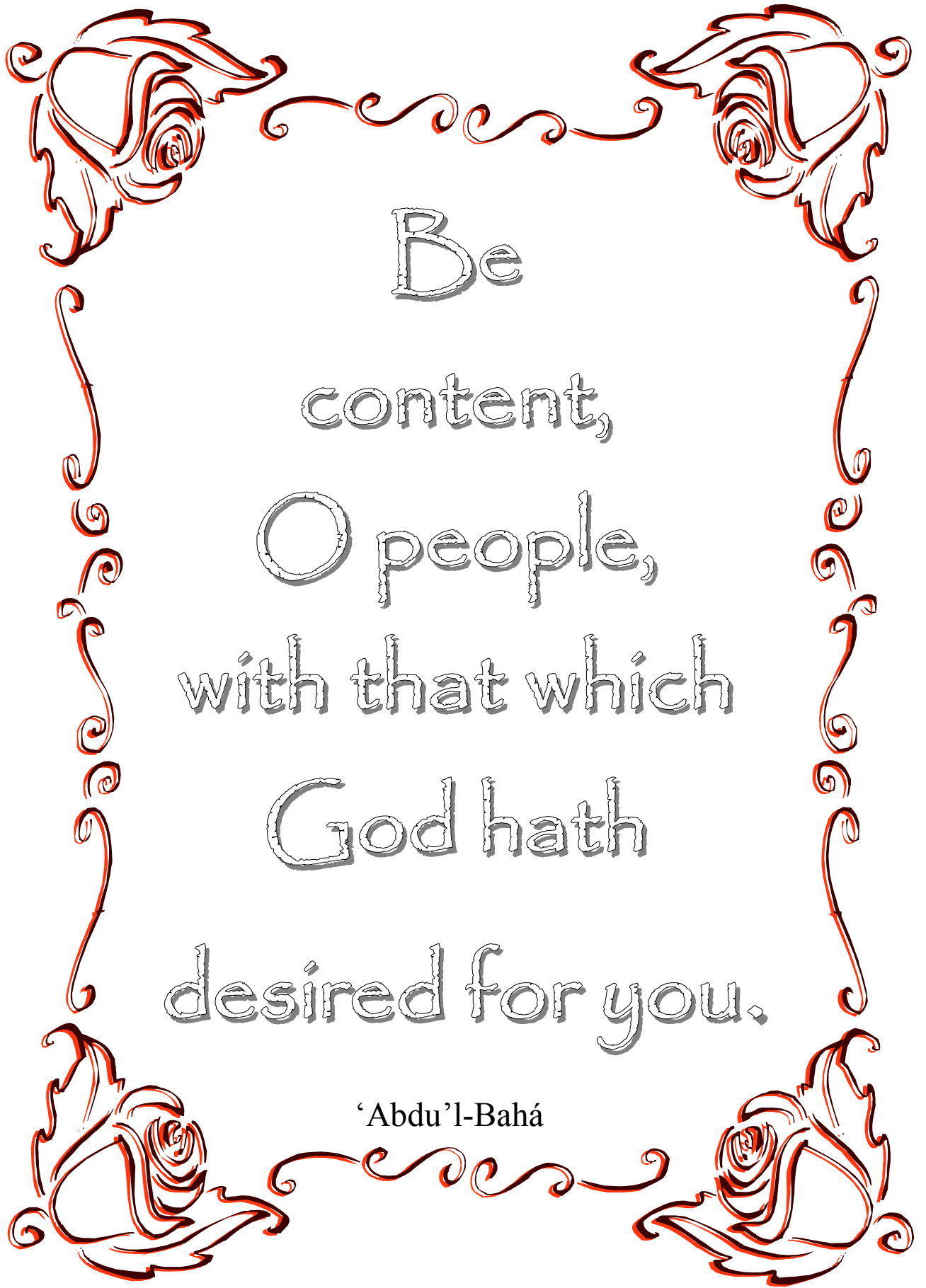
Some answers are in 'Abdu'l-Bahá's words below.

Choose a balloon that you would like to try to do. Colour it in very lightly, using pencil-crayon so you can still easily read the words. Think about the words, then try to do what they say. Repeat this with as many of the balloons as you wish.

Remember to obey the words with love and gladness!



True Happiness



Be
content,
O people,
with that which
God hath
desired for you.

‘Abdu’l-Bahá

'Abdu'l-Bahá's New Coat

'Abdu'l-Bahá said:

"My riches are of the Kingdom and not of this world . . . Although I have nothing, yet I am richer than all the world."

'Abdu'l-Bahá was always content with little. He wore simple clothes, saying that it was important for clothes to be clean and tidy, not that they cost a lot of money. He also did not think it right for Him to spend money buying things like expensive clothing for Himself when many people living in 'Akká were so poor they had no warm clothes to wear at all.

One day 'Abdu'l-Bahá arranged to entertain the Governor of



'Abdu'l-Bahá's wife,
Munirih Khánúm

'Akká, but His wife felt that His old coat was not good enough to wear for such an important meeting. His old coat was made of thin material and had become a little worn in places. So, thinking it would be a nice surprise for 'Abdu'l-Bahá, she went to a tailor and asked him to make a fine, new coat of expensive material for her husband. She was sure He would not notice that His old coat was missing! After all, she said to herself, He

desired only to be scrupulously clean.

The day of the meeting arrived and the new coat was laid out ready for 'Abdu'l-Bahá to put on. But, instead, He went searching

for His old coat. He asked His wife where it was, insisting that the one laid out did not belong to Him! His wife explained that she had ordered the new coat for Him as she did not think His old one was good enough.

"But think of this!" said 'Abdu'l-Bahá. "For the price of this new coat you can buy five like the one I usually wear. . . . If you think I need a new one, very well, but send this back and instead have the tailor make me five coats from cheaper material for the same price as this one cost. Then you see, I shall not only have a new coat, but I shall have four to give away to others!"

So, in the end, everyone was happy and contented!



'Abdu'l-Bahá enjoying a rest in a park in America with Bahá'í friends (c.1912).

