

DAYS PRING



A Bahá'í Magazine for Children

Issue 89

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. Contributions by children and adults of stories, plays, poems, art-work and news are warmly welcomed. Note: Under the terms of the Child Protection Act regarding publishing images of children, permission is required from a parent or guardian.

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November 2014 — February 2015

Issue 89

"What bounty greater than this that science
should be considered as an act of worship
and art as service to the Kingdom of God."

'Abdu'l-Bahá

The theme of this issue is Work as Worship

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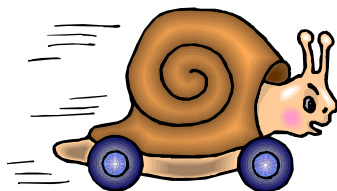
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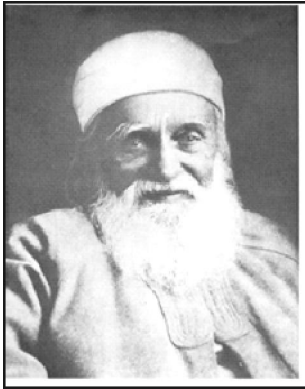




“Strive that your actions
day by day
may be beautiful prayers.
Turn towards God,
and seek always to do
that which is right and noble.”

‘Abdu'l-Bahá





Meeting 'Abdu'l-Bahá

"The Workman and his Tools"

'Abdu'l-Bahá loved people and could see right into their hearts.

One day a workman left his bag of tools in the hall of a large house in London, where he was working. When the man returned for his tools, he came face-to-face with 'Abdu'l-Bahá, Who was staying as a guest in the house and happened to be passing through the hall.

'Abdu'l-Bahá welcomed him with smiling kindness and stopped to talk to him.

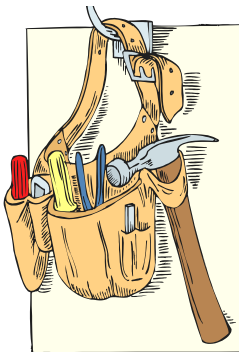
The man was poor and had to work from early morning till late in the evening to make enough money to feed his wife and children so they would not starve.

With a look of sadness he said:

"I don't know much about religious things, as I have no time for anything but my work."

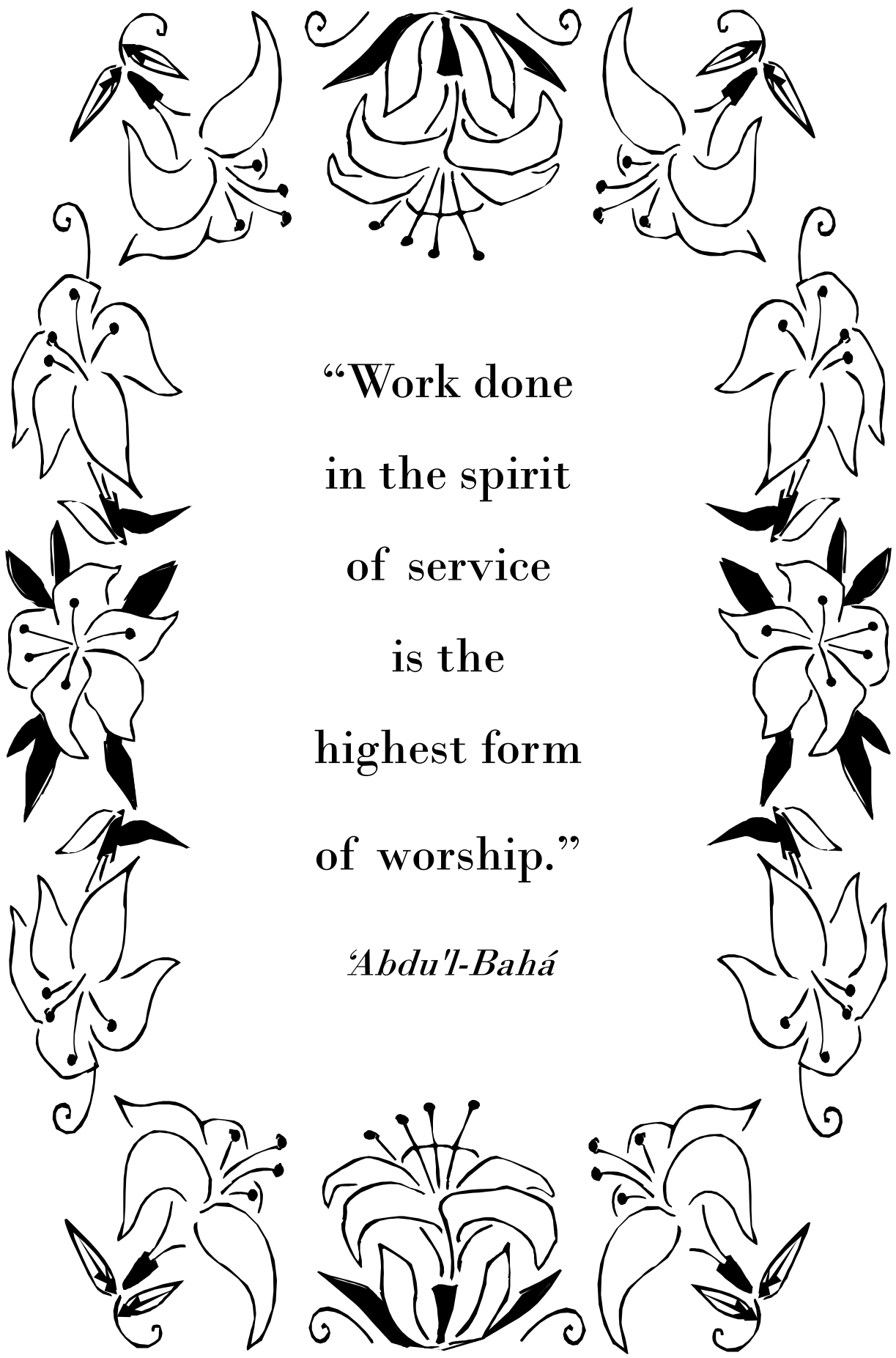
"That is well. Very well," said 'Abdu'l-Bahá. "A day's work done in the spirit of service is in itself an act of worship. Such work is a prayer unto God."

The man's face cleared from its shadow of doubt and hesitation, and



he went out from 'Abdu'l-Bahá's presence with a smile and a happy heart, as though a weighty burden had been taken away.



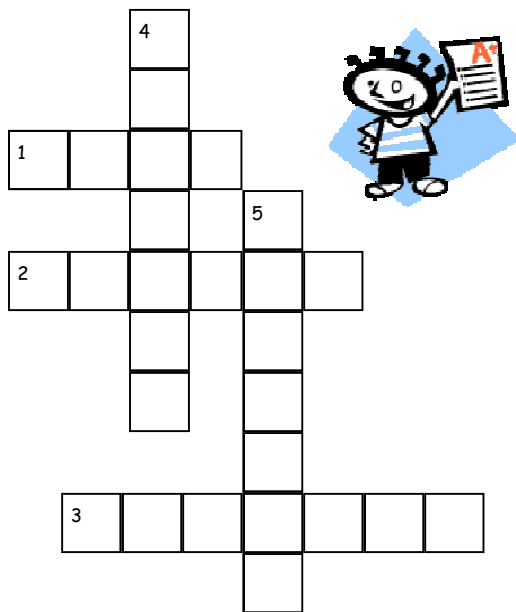


“Work done
in the spirit
of service
is the
highest form
of worship.”

'Abdu'l-Bahá

The answers to the crossword below can be found in the quotation on the opposite page.

When you have filled in the crossword, see if you can say it by heart.



- Across:**
1. What should be done in the spirit of service? ___
 2. Work should be done in the ___ of service.
 3. If work is done in the spirit of service, it is the highest form of ___
- Down:**
4. Work should be done in the spirit of ___
 5. Work done in the spirit of service is the ___ form of worship.

"The spirit of service"
 Practise one or more of the suggestions below next time you do a job or some work, and see what a wonderful difference it can make.
 Ask 'Abdu'l-Bahá to help you.

Wanting to be helpful



Doing it the best you can

Doing it even if you would rather be playing

Cheerfully

Not minding if nobody praises you every time

Without having to be asked lots of times!

Willingly

The Wise King

by Maggie Manvell



Once upon a time there was a great king. In most ways he seemed like any other king who lived long ago. He lived in a beautiful palace and sat on a throne of gold just like the other kings. He had lots of courtiers who dressed very grandly and helped him with all his important work. He had many, many servants working in the kitchens preparing quantities of delicious food for feasts and banquets, and others who cleaned the palace, polished the gold and silver, and kept the gardens full of beautiful flowers and trees.

If you'd taken a look at his kingdom you would have thought it was just like all the other kingdoms at that time. But if you'd lived there, you would have found it was very different. And this is why.

This king was special because he did a lot of thinking. He knew that the people in his kingdom were like a treasure. After all, if there were not any people, there would not be any kings, because there would be nobody to be the king of! Even when he was a little prince, learning how to rule the kingdom, he used to think a lot and knew the people in his kingdom were precious. And now he wondered, "How can I make them really happy?"

Now, one of the jobs of a king was to make sure everyone in the kingdom was working well, and he knew that some of his landowners took this so seriously that if their people were lazy, these landowners would put them into prison. But when he thought about this, the king felt that putting people into prison would not make them happy. And, he asked himself, would it make them do better work?

He looked round his palace and his court and his gardens, and he noticed that everyone was working hard, even though he never sent them to prison, and everyone was cheerful. "Could there be a connection between working well and being happy?" he wondered. "It cannot be that people only work hard because they're frightened of being punished."

The king was sure there was an answer to these questions, and he was determined to find it. So he travelled around his kingdom to see what his

subjects were up to.

He saw that people spent most of their time working in the fields growing food. Some were in the woods tending trees so they had enough logs to burn in

winter. Some were making things like furniture and boats and houses.



But in one village the people looked miserable, and the work they did was not being done properly. The place looked untidy and uncared for. And this was even though the local landowner was cruel and beat them and threw them into prison if they didn't work hard. Although the people worked hard, they were unhappy and took no pride in their work.

In another village it was quite the opposite. The people seemed much happier. Everything was neat and tidy, there were delicious cooking smells coming from the small houses, children were playing happily

on the village green, and everyone working in the fields seemed cheerful. Although he looked up and down the village the king could not see a prison cell anywhere. So, he thought, they weren't working hard because they were afraid. There had to be another reason.

The thoughtful king returned to his palace and decided to summon one person from each of these two villages so he could find out what made one happy and the other sad.

A young man arrived from the first village and was clearly worried. He thought he must have done something to displease the king.

"Your Majesty! Please don't put me in prison. But . . . but . . . er . . . I'd rather go to prison than have my head cut off! Please don't chop off my head—my mother wouldn't like you to do that! I'll go to prison instead."

Oh dear, thought the king, this isn't at all what I had in mind!

"No, no, young man," he said, "I just want you to answer three important questions. I'm not going to send you to prison, and I definitely don't want to chop off your head! I just want you to answer honestly.



Tell me, do you work hard?"

The young man trembled with fear. "Er . . . Of course, Your Majesty!"

"And do you enjoy your work?"

"Er . . . I don't know, Your Majesty. I just do it — I always do what I'm told to do. I never thought about enjoying it!"



"Well, tell me this: why do you work hard?"

"Oh Your Majesty! I suppose it's because I'll be in trouble if I don't. And I don't want to go to prison!"

The second young man arrived and the king asked him the same questions. The young man answered the first two easily, without needing to think.

"Yes, Your Majesty, I do work hard. And yes, I enjoy my work. I really like doing a good job and seeing a good result."

He paused before answering the third question.

"Why do I work hard? Well, Your Majesty, if I work well, lots of people are pleased. My family gets good food to eat — which makes them really happy. My father's getting old now and can't do all the work alone, so he's pleased to get the help. And . . .," he thought carefully, "if I do everything well, the fields look neat and well-tended and the village feels good. Everybody likes it. The landlord is good to us and treats us fairly, and he is happy too. I suppose I'm doing the work for all those people because it helps them. I'd never really thought about that before. But it makes me happy to feel I have helped people and that I am doing a job well. It makes me feel good about myself too."



The king was very pleased with these answers. Then he noticed that the young man was holding a musical instrument.

"Tell me, young man," asked the king, looking puzzled. "Why have you come into my presence carrying a lyre?"

"Well, Your Majesty, when you summoned me, I wondered what gift I could bring, and I could think of nothing I have that might be of service to you, as I am poor

and you are rich. But I composed a song for you, which you will not have heard before. I've been practising it so I can sing and play it the best I can in the hope it might bring you pleasure."

The king was most surprised with this generous and thoughtful gift.

The young man played his lyre and sang his song, putting all his heart into making it the best he'd ever played. The king was delighted, and felt he'd never been given such a heart-felt gift of love before. It made him feel very warm and happy.

When the young men had been sent down to the kitchens to be given a hearty meal, the king sat on his throne eating a snack and thinking about everything very carefully.

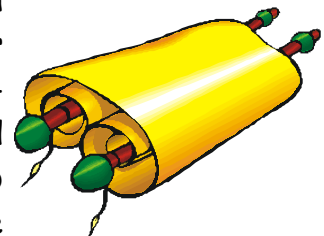


And this is what he thought:

Both these young men had been working hard. But they had been doing it for completely different reasons. One was frightened and miserable, and only working because he was afraid of being punished. The other wanted to do his work as well as he could out of love, and this is what made him happy.

What is the point of ruling a kingdom full of miserable people, even if they do work hard? thought the king. One of the things that makes people happy seems to be when they do their work for their family and friends and neighbours — to make them happy too. And that second village seemed to be happy because everyone was working willingly and thoughtfully, like the young man with the lyre. He'd worked really hard on that piece of music to make it as beautiful as he could, and for one reason only: just to give me pleasure. He wasn't afraid of being punished, and he wasn't even hoping to be given a reward. I don't think I've ever been given such a pleasing gift.

All night long he thought about these things, and the next day he wrote a new law and sent it to all the landowners of the villages in the kingdom. It said that whenever someone in their villages worked well, and in order to help not just themselves but others too, they were to be thanked and rewarded. And that if anyone was lazy they were not to be put in prison. Instead, they were to be sent to the palace and the king himself would explain how they can be happy when they work.



He declared that in every village there was to be a day's holiday, to mark the beginning of a new way of working. The prisons that had been used for punishing lazy workers were to be turned into workshops to teach music and crafts. And if anyone, like the boy with the lyre, worked especially well, in a spirit of willing service to others, they were to be a guest of the king himself, enjoying a delicious dinner at the king's own table.

Clues for Crossword Opposite

(The answers are in "The Wise King" story, pages 8-11,
and at the bottom of this page)

ACROSS

1. This king did a lot of . . .
5. In some villages, if people didn't work well, they were put in . . .
6. The first young man was . . . of being punished.
7. The second young man brought a . . . with him.
8. The gift the second young man gave to the king was a . . .
12. The king gave all the villagers a day's . . .
13. The holiday was to start a . . . way of working.
15. He was a very . . . king.

DOWN

2. He wanted his people to be . . .
3. He noticed a connection between . . . hard and being happy.
4. He visited many . . . to find out the secret.
9. The young man's gift to the king showed he was . . .
10. The young man's gift also showed he was . . .
11. The king found his villagers were happy if they were working to help other . . .
14. If people worked really well to help others the king invited them to a special . . . at the palace.

villages

thoughtful

working

people

new

wise

frightened

dinner

lyre

generous

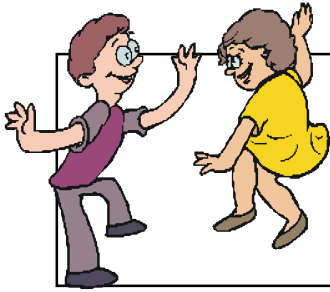
happy

song

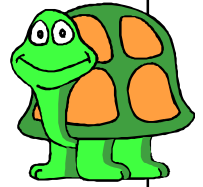
holiday











thinking

prison



Crossword

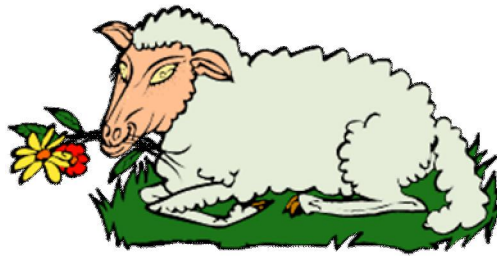


				10				
				12				14
9								
8								
6				11				
				3		4		
				5				
				1	2			
								
								

The Sheep

by Ann and Jane Taylor

(Ann and Jane were sisters, born over two hundred years ago.
They started writing poems for children when they were 7 or 8.)



"Lazy sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant fields you lie,
Eating grass, and daisies white,
From the morning till the night?
Everything can something do,
But what kind of use are you?"

"Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray;
Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back, to make you clothes?
Cold, and very cold, you'd be
If you had not wool from me.

True, it seems a pleasant thing,
To nip the daisies in the spring;
But many chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass,
Or pick a scanty dinner, where
All the common's brown and bare.

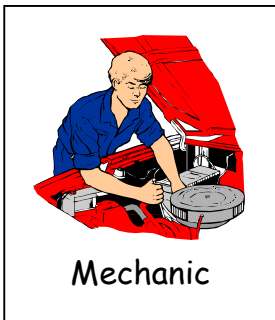
Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,
And cuts my woolly coat away,
To warm you in the winter's day:
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie."



These workers are all providing a service for other people. If they do it happily, with love in their hearts and in the best way they can, what they do is like a prayer.



Vet



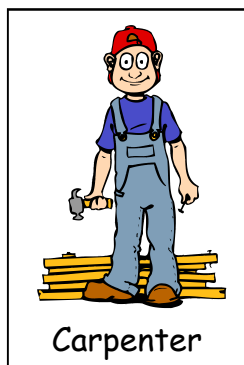
Mechanic



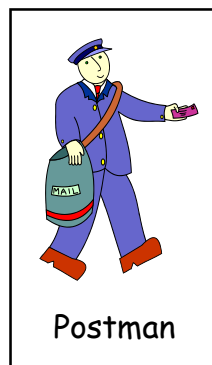
Cleaner



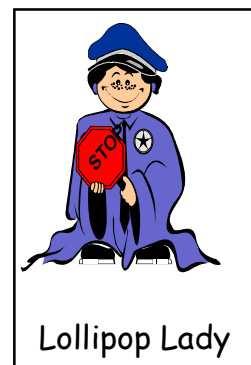
Hairdresser



Carpenter



Postman



Lollipop Lady

Who would help if . . .

I wanted to send a letter? a

My cat was ill? a

The car broke down? a

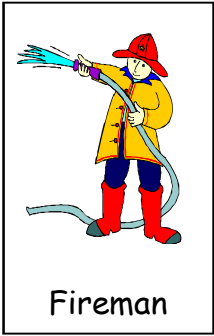
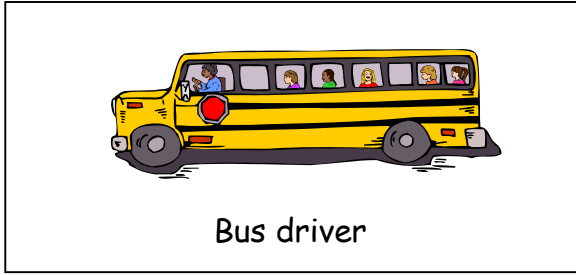
I needed to cross the road on the way to school?

a

I wanted my hair cut? a

The school hall was dirty? a

I needed a garden shed? a



I needed a meal? a

The house caught fire? a

I had toothache? a

I needed to buy something? a

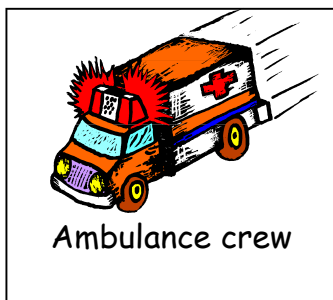
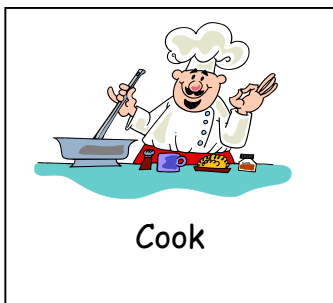
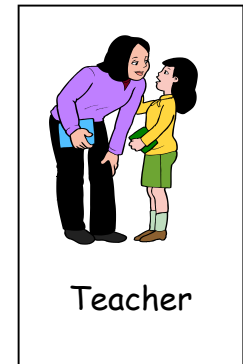
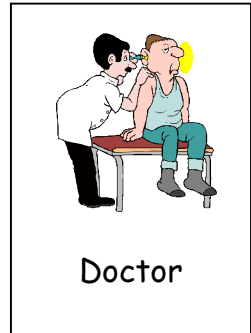
I was very ill? a

I didn't understand my school work?

a

There was a car crash? an

I needed a bus? a



The Treasure in the Garden

[Adapted from a traditional story]

Old Tom had been a gardener all of his life. He had always been active and believed in honest, hard work, which meant doing it with his heart full of love and in the best way he could. But now he was old and could not work any more. And, sad to say, his sons were lazy and never did any work, even though they were nearly grown up.



One day he called them to him and asked, “My dear children, have you seen my garden and the orchard beyond?”

“Yes, Father,” said the sons, surprised to be asked such an obvious question. “Why do you ask?”

“In the past I have worked hard in this garden to grow flowers, vegetables and fruit,” said Tom, remembering when he was young and still able to climb ladders and fill baskets with fruit. “But now I am too old and unable to do any more. Alas, everything is overgrown with weeds, the fruit has withered on the trees and the vegetables have been eaten by caterpillars. Do you remember eating the sweet fruit that used to grow on the trees?”



“Yes, Father!” said the boys. “It was a very beautiful garden. We remember eating the fruit. Oh! It was delicious.”

Old Tom looked at his hands, which had done so much work when he was young and strong and healthy but now were too stiff to hold the spade that stood in the corner of the room. Then he looked at his sons’ hands, which were soft from never having done any work. He sighed and said:

“My children, you have never worked hard in your lives, and I worry about you and what you will do in the future. But there is a treasure buried between two trees in the orchard at the bottom of the garden. That treasure belongs to you. But you have to make a big effort to find it.”

The thought of having to make a big effort to do something did not sound a good idea to the boys and they soon forgot what their father had said.

A few years later their father died. The boys were sad because they did love him. Their mother had died when they were young, and they worried who would feed them now. Then they remembered what their father had said about a treasure being buried between the trees, and they began to dig.



They worked all day, clearing the weeds and stones, digging deeper and deeper. But they did not find any treasure and gave up and went back to their lazy ways. However, as the weeks went by they ran out of food and money and did not know what to do next.

“Maybe our father made a mistake,” said one of the boys. “He was getting very forgetful in his old age. Maybe the treasure is in a different part of the land.”

So they began digging in the rest of the garden. But they still did not find any treasure.

They had a miserable, cold winter with little to eat except a few old potatoes their father had stored in the cellar. But these were soon finished. The neighbours took pity on the boys and gave them a loaf of bread and some cheese now and then and wood to make a fire, but they were often cold and hungry.

Then, the following year, the brothers looked out of the window and saw that where they had dug the earth and cleared away the stones and rubbish, a carpet of wild flowers



grew. And beyond, in the orchard, the roots of the trees had been able to spread and grow now the ground was free of brambles and weeds, and the branches of the trees were bowed down with sweet apples and pears and plums.



The boys ate some of the fruit and gave some to their neighbours, while the rest they took to sell in the market. With the money, they bought bulbs and plants and seeds to grow vegetables and flowers in the garden. They also bought a book about gardening which explained how to look after fruit trees properly.



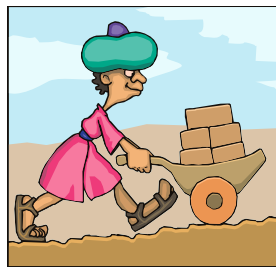
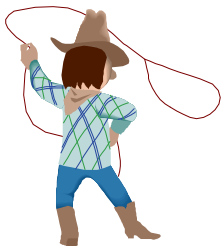
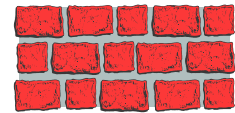
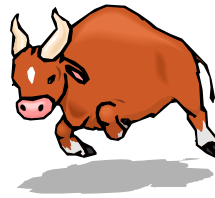
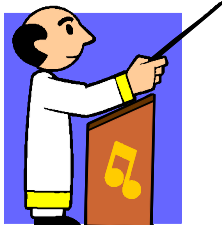
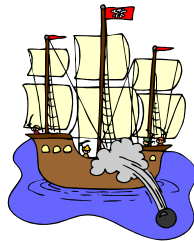
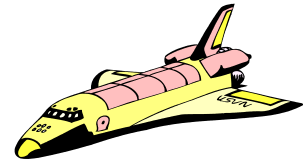
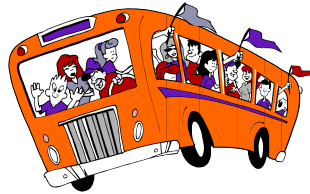
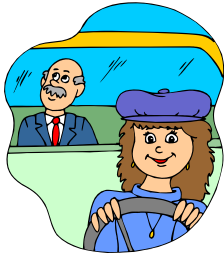
The brothers continued to work hard until they had enough money to buy a field where they grew even more flowers, vegetables and fruit to sell. They had never felt so contented and happy and healthy before. Everything they grew was delicious and people came from miles around to buy it.

Every day they said a prayer for their father and thanked him for the treasure he had left them — the value of honest, hard work. And they smiled at the clever way he had done it!

Every good effort we make can become like a prayer.
‘Abdu’l-Bahá says:

*“The man who makes a piece
of note-paper
to the best of his ability . . .
concentrating all his forces
on perfecting it,
is giving praise to God.”*

Draw a line in pencil from each worker to the type of work they do.



Thomas Edison

(1847-1931)

In 1853, when Thomas Edison was seven years old, his teacher at school said he



was too curious and asked too many questions! But being curious and asking questions is a good thing, of course.

As well as asking questions, Thomas often did his own experiments to find out how something worked.

One day he chased a goose off her nest and sat on the eggs to see how they were hatched!

When he was eleven, he got permission to sell magazines and sweets on trains. He kept a small printing press in an empty luggage carriage on the train and produced a tiny newspaper and sold copies of that too.



When he was fifteen he saved the life of a little boy of three who ran in front

of a bus. The father of the child owned a telegraph company and he was so grateful he offered Thomas a job in his office.

Thomas enjoyed working for the telegraph company, which sent messages over long distances through telegraph wires, using different clicks for each letter of the alphabet, a method called the Morse Code. And it is here that he first became interested in electricity. At home he erected telegraph lines stretching from his house to the homes of his friends who lived nearby so they could send messages to each other.

Once, when he was trying to improve the telegraph transmitter, he discovered how to record and play back sound on a machine. He spoke into it and to his amazement it recorded what he said and he could hear it when he played it back. He felt so excited, his heart felt as if it was jumping out of his chest! This new invention was



called a phonograph. The first thing Thomas recorded was of himself reciting the nursery rhyme beginning "Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep".

The phonograph was an early version of the gramophone. Later, other scientists developed it into CD players and tape decks and the new ways we use today to record and hear our favourite music.

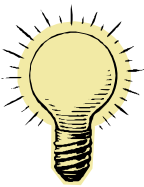


Of course, not everything Thomas invented was a success. One of his ideas in 1890 that failed was his Talking Doll. She was made of tin and had a tiny phonograph in her back, with a horn pointing to holes in her chest. By turning a small handle you could hear her reciting a nursery rhyme. But the recording was not very good and



parents complained, saying the doll's voice frightened their children!

However, many of his inventions were successful, and during his life he invented or developed over 1,000 things. Although he was not the first person

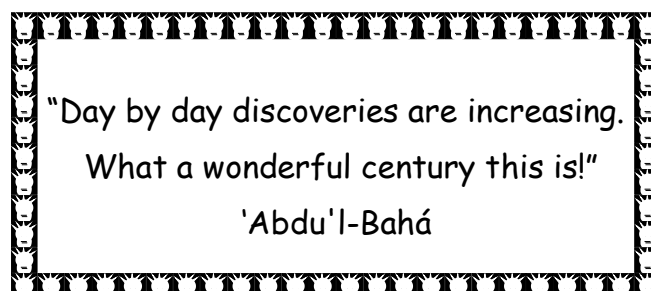


to make an electric light bulb, his most important discovery was how to make one that was bright and safe and would last a long time before burning out. No longer did people have to use candles or dangerous gas lamps to light their houses.



Although Thomas became partially deaf when he was twelve years old (caused, he believed, by being grabbed by the ears and lifted onto a train), nothing stopped him working hard to find ways to improve the world. He was very kind and never spoke of the faults of anyone. He invented the first electricity system to power his lights and opened factories where his inventions were mass-produced so everyone could buy them.

He liked a joke and was always friendly to his workers. He paid them well because he said they deserved it as he expected good work from them.



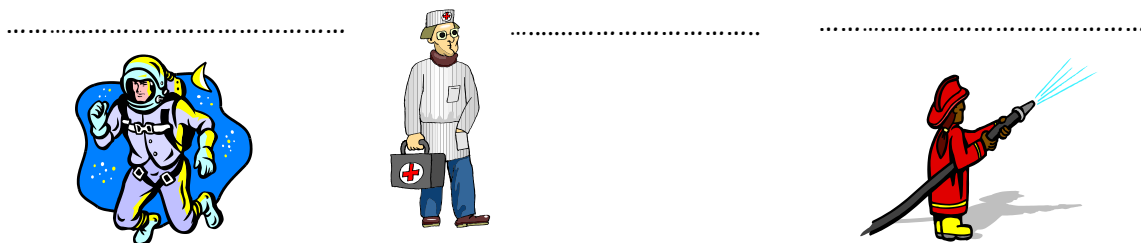
What would you like to be when you grow up? Follow the lines to find out what these children would like to do, and untangle the words with the help of the clues.

Emily Paul Sam Jodie James Lisa

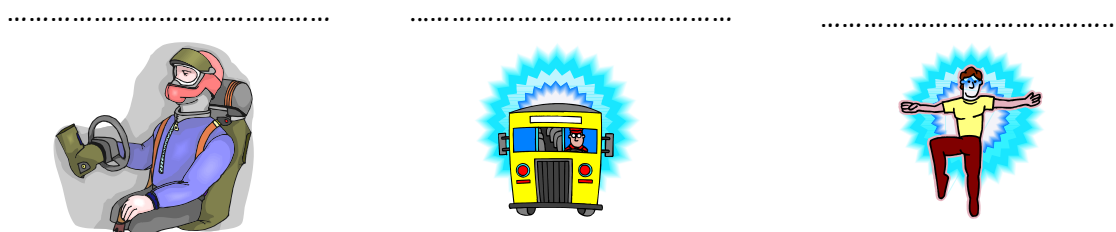
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Emily would like to be an Paul would like to be a Sam would like to be a



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You don't have to wait until you've grown up. There are many kinds of jobs you can do right now in your own home, in a spirit of service. Can you guess what the jobs below are?

1 Feeding the



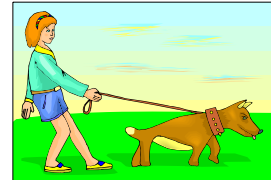
2 Practising the



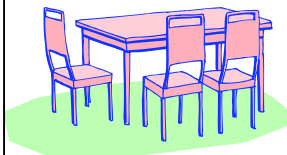
3 Polishing the



4 Walking the



5 Laying the



6 Doing



7 Watering the



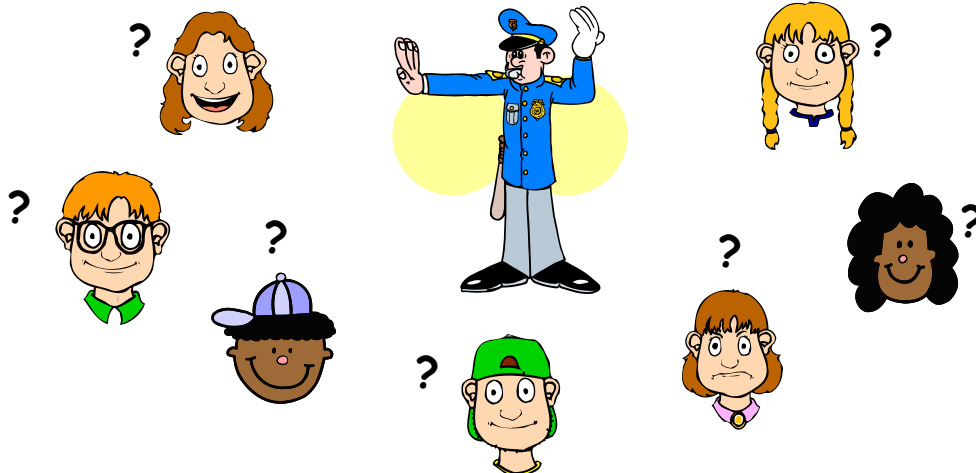
8 Making your



A game to play: "What's My Job?"

One person stands in the middle and chooses a job. He or she silently mimes the actions that would go with the job. The others take turns to guess (without shouting out).

Anyone who guesses right has a turn at acting. Near the end, if there is someone who has not guessed a job, make sure they have a free turn!

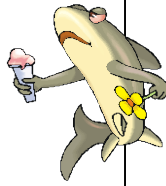


Foody Jokes



Q. What kind of fish goes with ice-cream?

A. A jellyfish!



Q. What's the best thing to put in a burger?

A. Your teeth!

Q. How do you make an apple puff?

A. Chase it round the garden!



Q. What's bad tempered and goes with custard?

A. Apple grumble!

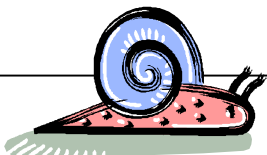


Q. What cake gives you an electric shock?

A. A currant bun!

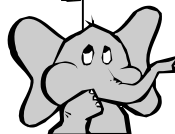
Q. Why do some people eat snails?

A. They don't like fast food!



Q. What food do plumbers like best?

A. Leeks!



Q. Why did the boy swallow a pound?

A. It was his dinner money!

Amazing Stories from the Dawn-Breakers

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

(The story so far: 313 followers of the Báb are being attacked by 12,000 soldiers. Mullá Husayn asks the prince in charge of the army to arrange for the head religious leader in the region to visit Fort Tabarsí, where the Bábís are sheltering, so he can explain what the Cause of God is about and to assure him that the believers do not wish to fight anyone. The prince says he will arrange for this to happen, but he does not keep his promise; instead, he orders the soldiers to fire on the fort. Led by Mullá Husayn, the Bábís ride out of the fort towards the soldiers, who all run away.)

Part 33

Heroes of Fort Tabarsí (1)

When the prime minister heard that the army had neither managed to kill the Bábís in Fort Tabarsí nor forced them to surrender, he sent more troops and told the soldiers to build seven barricades around the fort so nobody could escape.

At midnight, Mullá Husayn, wearing the Báb's green turban and followed by the believers, rode out of the fort, knocking down all seven barricades. The cry, "O Lord of the Age!" once more echoed through the forest as the soldiers



fled before them. One of the soldiers climbed a tree. It was dark and nobody saw him hiding among the branches.

Mullá Husayn happened to ride under the tree, and as he did so, his horse's hoof became entangled in a rope that was tied to one of the soldier's tents. The soldier hiding in the tree aimed his gun at Mullá Husayn and shot him in the

chest. Two of the friends carried Mullá Husayn back to the fort and he was placed, unconscious, at the feet of Quddús.

"Leave me alone with him," said Quddús, "there are some private matters I wish to tell him."

The friends did not see how Quddús would be able to tell Mullá Husayn anything because he was unconscious, but they obediently left the room. As they waited outside, they were surprised to hear Quddús calling Mullá Husayn's name, and Mullá Husayn answering him.

One of the friends peeped through a crack in the door to see what was happening.

He saw Mullá Husayn get up at the sound of his name and kneel in front of Quddús. They spoke together for two hours. It was not possible to hear everything through the door, but the friends did hear Quddús saying how wonderful the next world is, and how he hoped to join Mullá Husayn in heaven soon.

Then they heard Mullá Husayn asking, "Are you well pleased with me?" and Quddús saying that he was.

At last Quddús opened the door.

"I have said my last goodbye to him," he said as the friends crowded into the room.

They saw that Mullá Husayn had died. He had a smile on his face and looked very peaceful. Quddús dressed him in his own shirt, kissed his forehead and his eyes, then buried him in a safe place where the enemy would not find him . . .



(To be continued)



The Kitáb-i-Aqdas ~ The Most Holy Book

Lesson Twenty-Six

Bahá'u'lláh says in the Kitáb-i-Aqdas (verse 33):

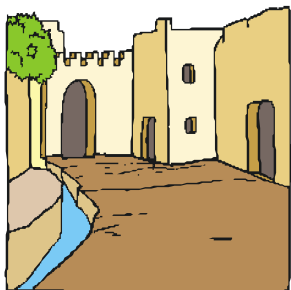
"O people of Bahá!
It is incumbent upon each one of you
to engage in some occupation —
such as a craft, a trade or the like.
We have exalted . . . such work to the rank of
worship of the one true God."

1. "Work" can be something we are paid to do, and it can also be work we don't get paid to do, for example, someone looking after the home and family, or someone who is working free for a charity. A piece of art can also be a prayer. Give an example of someone you know whose work, whether they are paid for it or not, is like a prayer.
.....
2. Doing our best in school is also work as it helps us learn new things and do something interesting and useful with our lives when we grow up. The secret is, to do all work in a spirit of prayer — with love in our hearts and as perfectly as we can. Think of something you can do this week, however small, that would be like a prayer you are offering to God.
.....

The Secret

Bahá'u'lláh and His family had been sent away from their home in Persia.

After many years they ended up in the prison-city of 'Akká. But on the



way they stayed for five years in a town called Adrianople, in a remote corner in the north of Turkey.

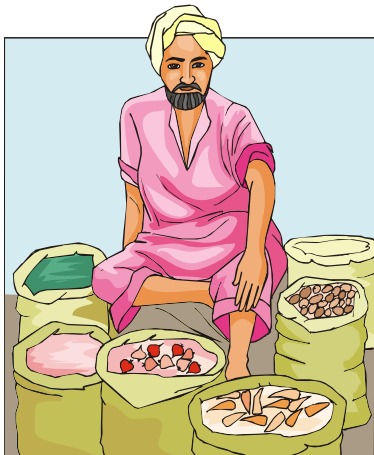


Bahá'ís walked for hundreds of

miles to be with Bahá'u'lláh. Many had given up everything they owned to make the long journey from Persia, and while some had been comfortably off before, now most of them were poor, having spent all their money.

During the first winter the weather was very bad. The water froze, there was not enough food and the houses were cold and draughty. But most of them wanted to stay.

Bahá'u'lláh encouraged them to find work, as it is not good to sit around and do nothing.



They decided to rent a house where they could all live together. One of them worked as a tailor, another as a baker, another as a confectioner who made sweets, while yet another was a doctor



who sold bottles of medicine and made healing ointments from herbs. They opened small shops and also sold their goods in the market, and they shared what they earned with each other.

As there were so many people to look after and there were no modern washing-machines or vacuum cleaners or electric cookers 150 years ago, the person who had to work hardest of all was the one whose job it was to do the housework, so the friends decided to take it in turns.



Every day the one whose turn it was to stay at home fetched water from the well, lit the fires, did the washing, scrubbed the floors, did the shopping, cooked the meals and dug the garden.



And after the last meal had been eaten at night, he would wash the pots and pans and dishes and hand over to the one whose turn it was, the next day, to take over the duties.

Although some of these friends had never done housework before, they never minded. The secret of their contentment was that each one acted as if he was the host for the day and the others were his guests whom he wanted to look after.



And Bahá'u'lláh loved to visit them.

"Briefly, all effort and exertion put forth by man
from the fullness of his heart is worship,
if it is prompted by the highest motives
and the will to do service to humanity."

'Abdu'l-Bahá

