

O Thou unseen Friend! O Desire of all in this world and the world to come! O Thou compassionate Beloved! These helpless souls are captivated by Thy love, and these feeble ones seek shelter at Thy Threshold. Every night they sigh and moan in their remoteness from Thee, and every morn they lament and weep by reason of the onslaught of the people of malice. They are afflicted at every moment with a fresh anguish, and are sore tried at each breath by the tyranny of every wicked oppressor. Praise be to Thee that, notwithstanding this, they are ablaze as a temple of fire and shine resplendent as the sun and the moon. They stand tall, like upraised banners, in the Cause of God, and hasten, like valiant horsemen, into the arena. They have bloomed like sweet blossoms and are filled with joy like the laughing rose. Wherefore, O Thou loving Provider, graciously assist these holy souls by Thy heavenly grace which is vouchsafed from Thy Kingdom, and grant that these sanctified beings may manifest the signs of the Most High. Thou art the All-Bountiful, the Pitiful, the All-Merciful, the Compassionate.

—*‘Abdu’l-Bahá*

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