

A Tablet of 'Abdu'l-Bahá

O thou divine Mishkín! A thousand praises be to the one true God, that for years thou didst suffer in the path of the Heavenly Beauty, enduring separation, affliction, and captivity, and no sooner was there some respite in restrictions, than thou didst hasten to the Most Great Prison, turned thy face away from all else but Him, melted away in the fire of His love, sought His good-pleasure, and recognized the Candle of the Covenant. Through the bountiful grace of the Blessed Beauty, mayest thou revive the gatherings of the friends and cause the hearts of His loved ones to be united. This, however, is on condition that at such meetings thou makest mention of naught but the soul-stirring remembrance of the Ancient Beauty...

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