

O God, my God! Glory be to Thee for having guided me unto the horizon of Thy Revelation, illumined me with the splendours of the light of Thy grace and mercy, caused me to speak forth Thy praise, and given me to behold that which hath been revealed by Thy Pen.

I beseech Thee, O Thou the Lord of the kingdom of names and Fashioner of earth and heaven, by the rustling of the Divine Lote-Tree and by Thy most sweet utterance which hath enraptured the realities of all created things, to raise me up in Thy Name amidst Thy servants. I am he who hath sought in the daytime and in the night season to stand before the door of Thy bounty and to present himself before the throne of Thy justice. O Lord! Cast not away him who hath clung to the cord of Thy nearness, and deprive not him who hath directed his steps towards Thy most sublime station, the summit of glory, and the supreme objective—that station wherein every atom crieth out in the most eloquent tongue, saying: “Earth and heaven, glory and dominion are God’s, the Almighty, the All-Glorious, the Most Bountiful!”

—Bahá'u'lláh