

Home of Abdul Baha,
Mount Carmel, Haifa, Palestine.
May 18, 1915.

The following is a copy of a few extracts from the unpublished Diary of Mirza Ahmad Sohrab, during the world war and containing a deep Message to the Bahais.

This Message is significant in the light of the recent Ascension of the Center of the Covenant, to the Kingdom of Abha, and is given out herein, for the benefit of the believers of God.

Dear Friends:-

Before translating another long talk given by our Beloved for my benefit, and that of the Bahai world, I would like to share with you a short Commune which He dictated, early this morning in His own room:-

"O God! O God! Thou seest me cast on the ground of humility and lowliness, supplicating toward the Kingdom of Thy Singleness, wandering in the wilderness of evanescence and agitation, beseeching toward the Supernal Realm of Thy Oneness, and flowing from my eyes the torrent of tears.

O Lord, I am roving in the desert of deprivation, and seeking the meeting of Thy Countenance.

How long, O God, how long, hast Thou consigned me to the desert of oblivion, and dost Thou not call me to the neighborhood of Thy Mercifulness.

I declare by Thy Glory, that through the pain of bereavement and wandering, in the pain of remoteness and oblivion, my bones are broken up, my flesh is dissolved, my powers are disintegrated, my limbs are trembling and my organs are shaken.

O Lord, Destine for me the Cup of the Most Great Martyrdom and ascension to the neighborhood of Thy Mercy.

O Thou Creator of the earth and heavens! Verily, Thou art the Giver, the Self-Sufficient, the Self-Subsistent, the Generous and the Beneficent."

When He finished dictation He closed His eyes, immersed in a sea of contemplation. For more than five minutes He was silent, then as suddenly, He got up from His seat in the corner of the divan and began to walk. His present vibrant animation was just the opposite of His calmness of a few moments ago. Now He was possessed by a stirring, overwhelming spirit. He looked at me and I saw His eyes were glowing like living fire, the veins of His temples were filled and throbbing and the lines of His forehead became more prominent. Just as unconsciously, He took off His turban and His white locks fell on His shoulders, adding a mystic beauty to His appearance, while His snow-white patriarchial beard, gave a Divine Majesty to His whole being.

His former and tranquil and composed Face was now completely changed, and the signs of the gathering of a storm of Divine emotions and sentiments became visible.

I stood in my place silent, transfixed with awe and wonder. I thought something was forth coming, but I did not know what.

Erect and sovereign-like He stood near the window, then He turned around quickly, and with a flashing countenance and earnest expression He said:-

"I have sent for thee this morning, to speak on a confidential matter. The enemies of the Cause have again resorted to another device, whereby they may terminate my life. Through one of the prominent inhabitants of Jerusalem, they have forwarded to Jamal Pasha, a long list of new accusations against me, charging me with the corruption of the morals of the youth, and undermining the religion of their ancestors.

Jamal Pasha, in turn, has expressed his ideas in a public meeting that 'If in reality Abbas Effendi is disseminating such pernicious doctrines, God willing, when I return from my conquest of Egypt, I shall hang him on a pillory.'

He does not realize that I am day and night longing and praying for the station of martyrdom. What greater happiness than this, what Mercy more glorious than this? I am ready and expectant to drink from this Celestial Chalice of God's Bestowal. In brief, I am telling thee this matter in confidence. I have not spoken about it to others for they will become sad and confused. I am telling this so that thou mayest know that I am encircled with an impending danger, thus if anything should happen, thou mayest convey my Message to all the believers of God, and it is this:-

"The friends of God, must not be shaken by any test.

As the lofty mountains, you must stand firm in the Cause of God.

As the tempestuous sea, you must never become calm and still.

As the brilliant stars, you must ever shine and gleam.

As the sweet flowers, you must always diffuse the fragrances of Divine civilization.

As the warbling nightingales, sing ye, throughout all the seasons.

As the cool fountain, gush ye forth, with the waters of spiritual explanations.

As the verdant meadows, be ye not scorched, by the blowing of the hot winds of opposition.

As the sun, wander ye through your course, and be not wearied of well doing.

As the real guides of humanity, illumine the ignorant with the Light of Wisdom, raise the lowly, inspire with noble ideals the despondent, and lead the erring ones into the Path of Truth.

Live ye, in accord with the good-pleasure of God.

Arise ye, with an irresistible force in the promotion of the Teachings.

Like unto the sanctified Apostles of Christ, summon ye, the people to the Kingdom of God, and invite them to walk in the Road of Heavenly Prosperity and Success.

Let not any hindrance or obstacle dampen your enthusiasm.

Set aglow the hearts with the fire of joy and exhilaration.

Adorn the temple of the world with the Garment of the New Creation.

I have trained you and educated you for this. Your reserve powers are needed for such a Day.

Beware! Beware! Lest luke-warmness overtake you, indifference master you, negligence take hold of you, listlessness overwhelm you.

You must nurse and water and take care of the Blessed Tree of the Cause of God, - so that it may grow and develop, its branches giving shade to the people of the East and the West, and its lucious fruits satisfying the hunger of mankind.

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Seek ye no other pleasure! Long ye for no other delight!
Be ye filled to over-flowing with the love of Baha'Ullah!
Promulgate ye the Traces of His Grandeur and Dominion!
Be ye attached to His Cause! Advance ye toward His Beauty,
and receive Divine Bounty from His inexhaustable Storehouse!
The Tree of the Cause must be watered by you, so that it may
bring forth leaves, blossoms and fruit.

If you do not arise, in the accomplishment of this service,
who then will arise?

To whom should I look forward? Whom can I trust with this
Pearl of Great price?

Who! Will uphold the Name of Baha'Ullah?

Who! Will make me happy in the Kingdom of my Father?

Who! Will carry away this ball, from the field of self-sac-
rifice?

Who! Will give up his rest and comfort for the promotion
of the Cause?

Who! Will raise the voice of 'Ya Baha El Abha' in the vast
congregations of humanity?

Ah me! Who! Who! Will turn his face toward heaven
and pray, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done, and not mine".

Home of Abdu'l BahaTM
Mount Carmel, Haifa, Syria
May 18th 1915

Dear friends!

Before translating another long, soul-uplifting talk given by our Beloved for my benefit and that of the Bahai world I would like to share with you a short supplication which he dictated early this morning in his own room:-

"O God! O God! Thou seest me cast on the ground of humility and lowliness supplicating ~~toward~~ the Kingdom of Thy Singleness, wandering in the wilderness of abasement and agitation, beseeching ~~toward~~ the supermal Realm of Thy oneness and flowing from my eyes ^(the torrent of tears). O Lord! I am ^{roaming} ~~roaming~~ in the desert of deprivation ^{and} seeking the meeting of Thy Countenance. How long, O God! ^{How long} hast thou consigned me to the desert of oblivion and dost thou not call me to the neighborhood of Thy Mercifulness! I declare by Thy Glory that through the pain of bereavement and wandering in the plain of remoteness and oblivion my bones are broken up, my flesh is dissolved, my powers are disintegrated, my limbs are trembling and my organs are shaken. O Lord! destine for me the Cup of the most great Martyrdom and ascension to the neighborhood of Thy Mercy, O Thou Creator of ^{the} earth and heavens! Verily Thou art the Giver, the Self-Sufficient, the Self-subsistent, the Generous and the Beneficent!

When he finished dictating he closed his eyes, immersed in a sea of contemplation. For more than five minutes he was silent. Then as suddenly he got up from his seat in the corner of the sofa and began to walk. His present vibrating animation was just the opposite of his still calmness a few moments ago. Now he was possessed by a stirring, overwhelming spirit. He looked at me and I saw his eyes were blazing like living fire, the veins of his temple filled and throbbing, ^{and} the lines of his forehead becoming more prominent, just as unconsciously he took off his turban and his white locks fell on his shoulders, adding a mystic beauty to his appearance, while his snow-white patriarchal beard gave an unearthly majesty to his whole being. His former tranquil and composed face was now completely changed and the signs of the gathering of a storm of divine emotions and sentiments became visible. I stood in my place stock still,

transfixed with awe and wonder. I thought something was forthcoming but I did not know what. Erect and sovereign-like he stood near the window, then he wheeled around as quickly and with a flushing countenance and earnest expression he said: "I have sent for thee this morning to speak to thee on a confidential matter. The covenant-breakers have again concocted another device, whereby they may terminate my life and the enemies of the Cause of God may suspend me on a cross. Through one of the prominent inhabitants of Jerusalem whose name I do not need to mention, Mirza Mohamad Ali has forwarded to Jamal Pasha a long list of new accusations and calumnies against me, charging me with the corruption of the morals of the youths of Islam and undermining the religion of Mohamad and that furthermore there are many Christians who believe I am the return of Christ and that I teach secretly I have actually descended from heaven and many other such baseless allegations. Jamal Pasha in turn has expressed his ideas concerning this subject in a public meeting before many civilians and officials that if in reality ^{Abbas} Effendi is disseminating such pernicious doctrines and is holding such poisonous views, God willing, I shall hang him on a pillory. My aim however is to render him a kind service, because if he believes that he has come down from heaven, he will be glad to return to heaven. Now he may put into execution his threat, for he has already hanged several very prominent Christians and Mohamadians in Jaffa, Lebanon and Damascus. According to the reports he is a merciless and pitiless man. When Mirza Mohamad Ali hears about the above words of Jamal Pasha he sends to him the Tent of the Blessed Perfection - thus he may carry out his menace and fulfill his promise. He is spending all his time and energy in devising means for my destruction. He imagines vainly that if I am out of this world, people will gather around him and pay him homage and respect. He does not realize that I am day and night longing and praying for the station of martyrdom! What greater happiness than this! What mercy more glorious than this! I am ready and expectant to drink from this celestial chalice of God's Bestowals,

"In brief, I am telling thee this matter in confidence. I have not spoken about it with others for they will become confused and sad and its

present divulgence may bring in ^{a long train} other complications, I am telling ^{ing} the ^{ing} this so that
 thou mayest know that I am encircled with ^{an} impending danger - ~~this~~ ^{should} ~~happen~~
 anything ^{should} happen thou mayest convey my message to all the believers and it is this:
 The friends of God, including thyself, must not be shaken by any test. As the
 lofty mountains you must stand firm in the Cause of God, As the tempestuous
 sea you must never become calm and still. As the brilliant stars you
 must ever shine and gleam. As the sweet flowers you must always diffuse
 the fragrances of divine civilization. As the warbling nightingales sing
 throughout all the seasons. As the cool fountains gush ye forth with
 the waters of spiritual explanations. As the verdant meadows be
 ye not scorched by the blowing of the hot winds of opposition.
 As the sun wander through your course and be not wearied of
 well-doing. As the real guides of humanity, illumine the ignorant with
 the light of wisdom, ~~and~~ raise the lowly, inspire with noble ideals the
 despondent and lead the erring ones into the path of truth. Live ye in
 accord with the good-pleasure of God. Arise ye with an irresistible force
 in the promotion of the teachings. Like unto the sanctified apostles of
 Christ summon ye the people to the Kingdom of God and invite them
 to walk in the Road of heavenly prosperity and success. Let not
 any hindrance or obstacle dampen your enthusiasm. Set aglow
 the hearts with the fire of joy and exhilaration. Adorn the
 temple of the world with the garment of new creation. I have trained
 and educated you for this. Your reserved powers are needed for
 such a day. Beware, beware, lest lukewarmness overtake you,
 indifference master you, ~~as~~ negligence take hold of you and listless-
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 of the Blessed tree of the Cause of God, - so that it may grow
 and develop; its branches giving shade to the people
 of the East and of the West. Seek ye no other pleasure,
 long ye for no other delight; be ye filled to overflowing ^{with}
 the love of Baha Ollah; promulgate ye the praises of
 his grandeur and dominion, be ye attached to his Cause
 advance ye toward His Beauty and receive Bounty.

from His inexhaustible storehouse. The tree of the Cause must be watered by you; - so that it may bring forth leaves, blossoms and fruits. If you do not arise in the accomplishment of this service who will then arise? to whom should I look forward? whom can I trust with this pearl of great price? who will uphold the name of Bahá-olláh? who will make me happy in the Kingdom of my Father? who will carry away this ball from the field of self-sacrifice? who will give up his rest and comfort for the promotion of the Cause? who will raise his voice in the vast congregations of humanity? Ah me! who, who will turn his face toward heaven and pray: "Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done and not mine?"

Oh the pity and the feeling of suffering with which his face was painted at this juncture! My heart was melted at his loneliness and his deep concern for the future of the glorious Cause for the establishment of which the Bab, the Blessed Perfection and himself have undergone all manners of persecutions! In the face of this heart-rending appeal who is so pusillanimous and mean-spirited as to prefer his own interests to the interests of the Cause? who will be the coward as to shrink from the most annihilating danger who will be so chicken-hearted as to shun the common misfortunes of an active, consecrated life of service?

After the above talk he went out to call on Zakki Bay and they returned together. They sat in the garden and the Beloved read to him the account of the International Bahá'í Congress held in San Francisco and ^{as} well his talks at the headquarter of Salvation Army in London and the one ^{given} after attending the presentation of Eager Heart. At noon about ten men including Daemmagam, Mr. Michael, President of the Bank, Zakki Bay and ^{other} officers were his guests and they sat around his table and partook of the material food prepared for them.

Both in the afternoon and evening he gave long talks that I refrain from translating them for the present, because this letter has become already too long.