

Sháh-Muḥammad-Amín

Sháh-Muḥammad, who had the title of Amín, the Trusted One, was among the earliest of believers, and most deeply enamored. He had listened to the Divine summons in the flower of his youth, and set his face toward the Kingdom. He had ripped from his gaze the veils of idle suppositions and had won his heart's desire; neither the fancies current among the people nor the reproaches of which he was the target turned him back. Unshaken, he stood and faced a sea of troubles; staunch with the strength of the Advent day, he confronted those who tried to thwart him and block his path. The more they sought to instill doubts in his mind, the stronger he became; the more they tormented him, the more progress he made. He was a captive of the face of God, enslaved by the beauty of the All-Glorious; a flame of God's love, a jetting fountain of the knowledge of Him.

Love smoldered in his heart, so that he had no peace; and when he could bear the absence of the Beloved One no more, he left his native home, the province of Yazd. He found the desert sands like silk under his feet; light as the wind's breath, he passed over the mountains and across the endless plains, until he stood at the door of his Love. He had freed himself from the snare of separation, and in 'Iráq, he entered the presence of Bahá'u'lláh.

Once he made his way into the home of the Darling of mankind, he was emptied of every thought, released from every concern, and became the recipient of boundless favor and grace. He passed some days in 'Iráq and was directed to return to Persia. There he remained for a time, frequenting the believers; and his pure breathings stirred each one of

them anew, so that each one yearned over the Faith, and became more restless, more impatient than before.

Later he arrived at the Most Great Prison with Mírzá Abu'l-Ḥasan, the second Amín. On this journey he met with severe hardships, for it was extremely difficult to find a way into the prison. Finally he was received by Bahá'u'lláh in the public baths. Mírzá Abu'l-Ḥasan was so overwhelmed at the majestic presence of his Lord that he shook, stumbled, and fell to the floor; his head was injured and the blood flowed out.

Amín, that is Sháh-Muḥammad, was honored with the title of the Trusted One, and bounties were showered upon him. Full of eagerness and love, taking with him Tablets from Bahá'u'lláh, he hastened back to Persia, where, at all times worthy of trust, he labored for the Cause. His services were outstanding, and he was a consolation to the believers' hearts. There was none to compare with him for energy, enthusiasm and zeal, and no man's services could equal his. He was a haven amidst the people, known everywhere for devotion to the Holy Threshold, widely acclaimed by the friends.

He never rested for a moment. Not one night did he spend on a bed of ease, never did he lay down his head on comfort's pillow. He was continuously in flight, soaring as the birds do, running like a deer, guesting in the desert of oneness, alone and swift. He brought joy to all the believers; to all, his coming was good news; to every seeker, he was a sign and token. He was enamored of God, a vagrant in the desert of God's love. Like the wind, he traveled over the face of the plains, and he was restive on the heights of the hills. He was in a different country every day, and in yet another land by nightfall. Never did he rest, never was he still. He was forever rising up to serve.

But then they took him prisoner in Ádhirbayján, in the town of Míyándu'áb. He fell a prey to some ruthless Kurds, a hostile band who asked no questions of the innocent, defenseless man. Believing that this stranger, like other foreigners, wished ill to the Kurdish people, and taking him for worthless, they killed him.

When news of his martyrdom reached the Prison, all the captives grieved, and they shed tears for him, resigned to God and undefended as he was in his last hour. Even on the countenance of Bahá'u'lláh, there were visible tokens of grief. A Tablet, infinitely tender, was revealed by the Supreme Pen, commemorating the man who died on that calamitous plain, and many other Tablets were sent down concerning him.

Today, under the shadowing mercy of God, he dwells in the bright Heavens. He communes with the birds of holiness, and in the assemblage of splendors he is immersed in light. The memory and praise of him shall remain, till the end of time, in the pages of books and on the tongues and lips of men.

Unto him be salutations and praise; upon him be the glory of the All-Glorious; upon him be the most great mercy of God.