– CXXXI – Praise be unto Thee, O my God! Thou seest...

Bahá'u'lláh

Translated by Shoghi Effendi

– CXXXI –

Praise be unto Thee, O my God! Thou seest how He Who is Thy Light hath been shut up in the fortress-town of 'Akká, and been sore oppressed by reason of what the hands of the wicked doers have wrought, whose corrupt desires have kept them back from turning towards Thee, O Thou Who art the King of all names!

I swear by Thy glory! Tribulations, however woeful, can never hinder me from remembering Thee or from celebrating Thy praise. Every vexation borne for love of Thee is a token of Thy mercy unto Thy creatures, and every ordeal suffered in Thy path is but a gift from Thee bestowed on Thy chosen ones. I testify that my countenance, which shineth above the Dayspring of eternity, hath been irradiated by adversity, and my body hath been adorned by it before all who are in heaven and all who are on earth.

I pray Thee, by Thy Most Great Name, to aid all them that have believed on Thee and on Thy signs to be steadfast in Thy love and to set themselves towards the Dawning-Place of the Daystar of Thy loving-kindness. Inspire them, then, O my God, with what will unloose their tongue to praise Thee, and will draw them nigh unto Thee in the life that now is and the life that is to come.

Thou truly art the Almighty, the All-Glorious, the Beneficent.