

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The following is a copy of a few extracts from the unpublished Diary of Mirza Ahmad Sohrab, during the world war, containing a deep message to the Bahais.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 plain of remoteness and oblivion, my bones are broken up, my flesh is dissolved, my powers are dis-integrated, 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-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 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 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 patriarchial beard, gave a Divine 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 silent, 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 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 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 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 lukewarmness overtake you, indifference master you, negligence take hold of you, and 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 people of the East and the West, and its luscious fruits satisfying the hunger of mankind.

Seek ye no other pleasure! Long ye for no other delight!
Be ye filled to overflowing with the love of Baha'Ullah; promul-
gateye the traces of His Grandeur and Dominion.

Advance ye towards His Beauty, be ye attached to His Cause,
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 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 Baha'Ullah? Who will make me happy
in the Kingdom of my Father? Who will give up his rest and comfort
for the promotion of the Cause? Who will carry this ball from
the field of self-sacrifice?

Who will raise the voice of Ya Baha El Abha! in the vast congre-
gations of humanity?

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