

A Tablet of ‘Abdu’l-Bahá

He is God.

O thou musk-scented pilgrim! It is incumbent upon thee to pass through those lands like unto a fragrant breeze, delivering to them a message from the Sacred Threshold and perfuming the nostrils of the yearning souls. Say:

“O ye lovers! The breezes of dawn and the sweet savours of rose blossoms wafting from the Holy Shrine are reviving the senses, stirring up the enamoured souls, bestowing new life, nourishing the spirit, conferring delight, and granting vision to the eyes and hearing to the ears. Praise be unto God that ye have attained a portion from this ocean, and a share of these vernal showers. O friends! Only the ear of the spirit can hearken unto this call, not that of the impotent body. And only receptive and aspiring souls can be revived by this perfume, not those who, sick with rheum, are incapable of smell. The latter remain deprived, for inhaling the sweetness of these fragrances is the portion of those whose senses are clear and who soar in flight. My hope is that all may delight in this bounty and become the recipients of divine grace and favour. Upon you be the glory of the All-Glorious.”

—*‘Abdu’l-Bahá*