

# The Hidden Words

From the Persian

~~~~~  
Revealed by

the Blessed Perfection

~~~~~  
Published by the Board of Counsel, New York.

## TRANSLATION OF THE "HIDDEN WORDS"

FROM THE PERSIAN.

In the Name of The Most Mighty Speaker.

O, possessors of intelligence and hearing! This is the first utterance of the Beloved: O, nightingale of reality, seek not refuge except in the flower-garden of the Inner Significance! O, Hoopoe (messenger) of the Solomon of Love, dwell not but in the Sheba of the Beloved! O, Griffin of Eternity, choose not a habitation but in the Mount of Faithfulness! This is thy resting place if thou fliest to the Placeless with the wings of Life, and betakest thyself to thine own Station.

O, Son of Spirit!

Every bird seeks a nest, and each nightingale desires the beauty of the flower, except the birds of the minds of men, who are contented with mortal dust and are far from the eternal Nest, depending upon the clay of remoteness and casting away the flowers of Nearness. Most wonderful, regretful and mournful is it that for a single water-pitcher they have deprived themselves from the waves of the Supreme Companion and kept afar from the Horizon of Abha!

O, Friends!

Plant not but flowers of Love in the garden of the mind, and withdraw not thine hand from holding to the nightingale of affection and yearning. Esteem the companionship of the just, but withdraw both thy mind and thy hand from the friendship of the wicked.

O, Son of Justice!

What lover can dwell but in the native land of the Beloved, and what seeker can repose far from the Desired One? A sincere lover lives but when near the Beloved, and dies in separation. His breast is void of patience and his mind destitute of endurance. He casts away a hundred thousand lives and flees hastily to the abode of the Beloved.

O, Son of the Dust!

Verily I say, the most unmindful of men is whosoever disputes and seeks to exalt himself above his own brother. Say: O, brethren! Array yourselves in action and not in speech. O, children of the earth! Know verily that a heart in which the least trace of envy remains, shall assuredly never enter My Eternal Might, and shall never feel the fragrance of sanctity from My Holy Kingdom.

O, Son of Love!

There is only one step between thee and the Tree of the Exaltation of Love. Plant the first foot, then with the other, step into the Everlasting Kingdom, and so enter under the Canopy of Eternity. Then hearken unto that which hath descended from the Pen of Honour!

O, Son of Honour!

Be swift in the Way of Holiness, and step into the Heavens of intimacy. Clear the mind with the Burnish of the Spirit, and direct thyself to the Field of The Most High.

O, Perishing Shadow!

Abandon the low degrees of fancies and ascend the exalted heights of certainty. Open the eye of Truth, and you will behold the Manifest Beauty, and will say: "Wherefore blessed be God, the Most Excellent of Creators!"

O, Son of Passion!

Listen truly: Mortal eye shall never know the everlasting Beauty, and the dead mind cannot but be occupied with inanimate clay, because every species seeks his own class, and hath affinity with his own kind.

O, Son of the Soul!

Be blind, and thou shalt behold My Beauty; be deaf, and thou shalt hear My sweet Melody and Song; be ignorant, and thou shalt take a portion from My Knowledge; be needy, and thou shalt take a never-ending share from the everlasting Sea of My Wealth. Blind, that is, from beholding aught besides My Beauty; deaf—that is, from listening to aught besides My Utterance; ignorant—that is, of all besides My Knowledge. So shalt thou enter the Pasture of My Sanctity, with pure eyes, unsullied mind and sensitive ears.

O, Possessor of Two Eyes!

Close one eye and open the other. That is, close the one to the world, and what is therein, and open the other to the Holy Beauty of the Beloved.

O, My Children!

I fear that before having enjoyed the Melody of the Nightingale, ye may return to the region of mortality; and, not having yet seen the Beauty of the Flower, ye may return to the water and clay.

O, Friends!

Cast not away the everlasting Beauty for the beauty that is mortal, and be not bound by the earthly world.

O, Son of Spirit!

The time cometh when the Nightingale of True Holiness will be prevented

from explaining the Mysteries of the Inner Significances, and ye all will be deprived of the glorified Melody of the Merciful One.

O, Essence of Negligence!

Alas, that a hundred thousand real languages are spoken by One Tongue, and that a hundred thousand invisible senses are unveiled in One Melody, but there is no ear to hearken, nor a mind to comprehend a single Letter!

O, Companions!

The Gates of the Placeless Kingdom are opened, and the City of the Beloved is adorned with the blood of the Lovers, but all are bereft of this Spiritual City, except a few; and also out of this few, have appeared but very few with pure minds and holy souls.

O, People of the Delectable Paradise!

Apprise the followers of Assurance that a new Orchard hath appeared near the Rizwan, in the Plain of Holiness, and that all the people of the high Heavens, and the dwellers of the eternal Paradise, are surrounding it. Endeavour to reach that Station and discover the truths of the Mystery of Love from its red Anemonies, and unveil abundant knowledge of the Oneness from its eternal Fruits. Enlightened are the eyes of whosoever entereth it safely.

O, My Friends!

Have ye forgotten that clear, bright morn when ye were all in My Presence in that blessed plain under the shade of the Tree of \*Anyssa, planted in the Greatest Paradise; when I spake unto ye, three Blessed Words, the hearing of which confounded ye all? These are those Words: "O, friends, choose not your pleasure instead of Mine; never wish that which I have not ordained for ye, and approach Me not with dead minds stained with desire and hope. If ye purify your hearts, ye will ponder over the state of the Plain of that Court, and then My explanation will be known to ye all.

In the eighth of the Lines of Holiness, in the fifth Tablet of Paradise, He commands, (saying):

O, Dead Men on the Bed of Negligence!

Centuries have passed, and ye have ended your precious lives; yet not a single pure soul hath ever come to Our Field of Holiness. Ye are talking in Oneness, whilst ye are drowned in the sea of Polytheism. Ye have loved the one (world), which is hated by Me, and ye have taken My enemy as your own friend; ye are walking with the greatest pleasure and mirth upon My earth, heedless that My earth detests you, and that the things of the earth are fleeing from you. If ye open your eyes but a little, ye will know that a hundred thousand griefs are better than thy pleasure, and will count death as more to be preferred than this life.

\* The "Tree of Anyssa" is the same as the Tree of Life mentioned in Genesis and Revelations.

O, Moving Dust!

I am attached to thee, whilst thou art without hope in Me. The sword of rebellion hath cut off the tree of thy hope! I am in all wise near unto thee, whilst in every condition thou art far from Me; I have chosen unceasing honour for thee whilst thou hast wished an endless humility for thyself. Enough! While there is yet time, repent and lose not the opportunity.

O, Son of Passion!

The possessors of wisdom and insight struggled for years, and did not attain union with The Most Exalted, The All-Splendid; made haste all their lives, and did not meet the Most Beautiful; but thou hast attained the Destination without hastening and hast gained thy desire without seeking. Yet, after gaining all these degrees and ranks, thou wert so covered with the veil of thyself that thine eyes did not behold the Beauty of the Beloved, and thine hand did not touch the Hem of the Loved One. Therefore marvel at this, O, possessors of insight!

O, Dwellers in the Country of Love!

Mortal winds have surrounded the Eternal Candle, and the beauty of the Spiritual Youth is shrouded in dull and dark dust. The King of Kings of Love is oppressed by the hand of the subjects of tyranny, and the Nightingale of Holiness is clutched in the talons of owls. All the abiders under the Canopy of Abha and of the Supreme Kingdom of the Most High, are moaning and wailing, while ye are seated at ease upon the earth of negligence, and have counted yourselves of the sincere lovers. Therefore that which ye suppose, is false.

O, Ignorant Ones who have a reputation for Knowledge!

Why do ye claim to be shepherds whilst inwardly ye have become wolves of My sheep? Your likeness resembles the star preceding the dawn, which is apparently bright and luminous, but in reality leads the caravans of My country and city astray, and causes their destruction.

O, Perfect in Appearance, and Inwardly Defective!

Your example is like unto a clear but bitter water, which shows outwardly the utmost purity and clearness, but when it falls into the Hands of the Divine Assayer, not a single drop of it is accepted. Yea, the radiance of the sun shines upon the dust and upon the mirror, but there is a great difference between the earth and the guarding stars—nay, the distance between them is illimitable.

O, My Friend by Word!

Consider a little! Hast thou ever heard that a heart could contain both the beloved and the stranger? Then send away the stranger, so the Beloved will enter his own dwelling.

O, Son of the Dust!

I have ordained for thee all things in the heavens and in the earth, except the hearts which I have appointed as a place for the descent of the radiance of My own Beauty and Splendour; and thou hast relinquished My dwelling and My place to one besides Me, so that whenever the Appearance of My Holiness came

into His own place, finding there someone besides Himself, and beholding a stranger, He hastened back homeless, to the sacred Precincts of the Beloved. Notwithstanding, I covered this and disclosed not the secret, desiring not thy shame.

O, Essence of Passion!

How many mornings I came from the Orient of the Placeless, unto thy place and found thee upon the bed of ease occupied with other than Myself, and returned like the Spiritual Lightning to the clouds of Kingly Honour and, in the retreat of My Nearness, declared it not before the hosts of Holiness.

O, Son of Generosity!

Thou wert in the deserts of non-existence, but I made thee, by the means of the earth of Command, to appear in the world of Possession, and I charged all the atoms of contingency and the realities of creation, with thine education; so that, before issuing from thy mother's womb, I ordained to thee two springs of bright milk. I appointed eyes to guard thee, set thy love in all minds, and with pure generosity I reared thee under the shadow of My mercy and surrounded thee with the essence of My Favour and Grace. By all this I intended to enable thee to enter our Eternal Might, and deserve our invisible Presents, but thou, oh, heedless one, when thou didst reach maturity, neglected all My Favours, and occupied thyself with thy false imaginations, so that thou didst entirely forget Me, and leaving the door of the Beloved, went and dwelt in the porch of the enemy.

O, Servant of the World!

Many mornings the Breeze of My Grace passed through thee, and found thee upon the couch of heedlessness, and wept over thy condition, and turned back.

O, Son of the Earth!

If thou lovest Me, love none other besides Me. If thou desireth My Beauty withdraw thine eye from the people of the world, because My love, and the love of that which is beside Me, is like fire and water, which cannot be enclosed in the same mind and heart.

O, Stranger to the Friend!

The candle of thy mind is kindled by the Hand of My Power; then quench it not with the contrary winds of strong desires and passions. The healer of all thy diseases is My remembrance; forget it not. Make My love thy capital, and cherish it as the spirit of thine eye.

O, My Brother!

Hear My beautiful Words from My pleasant Tongue, and drink the true Salsabil of Holiness (Water of Life) from My sweet Lips. That is, sow the seeds of My Divine Wisdom in the holy ground of the mind, and water it with conviction, then the hyacinth of My Wisdom and Knowledge shall spring up verily in the holy city (the heart).

O, People of the garden of My Paradise!

I set the plant of your affection and friendship in the holy flower-bed of Paradise with the hand of Compassion, and watered it with the showers of Mercy.

Now is it near to bearing fruit; make an effort that it may be preserved, and be not burned with the fire of desire and lust.

O, Son of the Soil!

The wise among the people are those who speak not unless they find a listener; as the cup-bearer never offers a cup unless he finds one desiring it, and as the lover, who, unless he has attained to the beauty of the Beloved, never cries out from the depths of his soul. Therefore, ye also should sow the grains of Knowledge and Wisdom in the holy ground of the mind, and conceal them there until the Hyacinth of Divine Wisdom springs up in the heart, and not in the clay.

It is recorded and written in the first line of the Tablet, and is concealed under the covering of Divine preservation.

O, My Servant!

Give not up the Eternal Dominion for a carnal desire, and cast not away the Kingdom of Paradise, for a lust. This is the Kawther (Water of Life), which flows from the source of the Merciful Pen. Blessed be whosoever drinketh it.

O, Son of Spirit!

Shatter the cage, and soar loftily in the air of holiness; like the Nomai of love; leave the Ego, and repose with souls of mercy, in the lordly Court of Holiness.

("Homai" is the name of a bird somewhat larger than a dove. It is rarely seen, but there is a Persian tradition that whoever is once under the shadow of its wings, shall surely become a king.)

O, Son of Ashes!

Be not contented with the repose of a single day, and cast not away the everlasting rest; exchange not the immortal garden of Perpetual Delight for the earthly furnace of mortality. Ascend from the dungeon to the beautiful Country of Life, and repair to the alluring Garden of the Placeless from the cage of existence.

O, My Servant!

Shake off the fetters of worldly possessions, and free thyself from the prison of the Self. Seize the opportunity, because thou shalt never see this time again, nor shalt thou find a similar opportunity.

O, Son of My Maid-Servant!

If thou couldst see the immortal dominion, surely thou wouldst cast aside the mortal possession, with all determination, but there is a wisdom in the former being covered, and some mysteries in the latter being manifest, which only holy minds can comprehend.

O, My Servant!

Purge thy mind from malice, and set out for the holy Presence of the Unity, free from envy.

O, My Friends!

Walk in the path of the Will of the Friend; His will hath been and will be in His creatures. For no one must enter the home of his friend against his will,

neither dispose of his property, nor prefer his own will to His will, nor claim precedence in any wise. Then think upon this, O, possessors of reflection.

O, Friend of My Throne!

Hear not evil, and behold not evil; degrade not thyself, neither lament. That is, utter no evil words, and thou shalt not hear them; think not the faults of others to be great, and thine own faults will not seem great. Be not pleased with the abasement of any soul, and then thine own abasement will not be seen. So with pure heart, holy mind, sanctified breast, and upright thoughts (during all the days of thy life, which are counted less than an instant), thou mayest be detached and return with ease from this mortal body, to the Paradise of Inner Significance, and abide in the immortal Kingdom.

Woe to ye; Woe to ye! O Lovers of lustful Passions!

Ye have left the spiritual Beloved with the swiftness of lightning and have attached your hearts firmly to devilish thoughts. Ye worship fancy and call it fact; ye are gazing at a thorn, and call it a flower. Not a free breath have ye drawn, neither hath a breeze of self-renouncement blown from the garden of your minds. Ye have cast to the winds, the compassionate advices of the Beloved; effaced them from the Tablet of your minds, and have become as low animals, feasting in the pastures of lust and desire.

O Brothers of the Path!

Why are ye heedless of the remembrance of the Beloved, and why are ye far from the Presence of the Friend? The Absolute Beauty is established upon the Throne of Glory, under the peerless Canopy, while ye are engaged in argument according to your own passion. The fragrances of holiness are wafting and the breezes of Generosity are blowing, but ye have lost the power to smell, and are unable to sense any of them. Woe unto you, and unto whosoever followeth in your steps, and walketh in your footprints.

O Children of Desire!

Divest yourselves from the garment of vanities, and strip yourselves from the robe of pride.

In the third of the lines of Holiness, of the Ruby Tablet, it is inscribed in fine type: O Brethren!

Deal with one another in kindness and cut your minds from the world.

Neither boast when in honor, nor be ashamed when in abasement. I swear by My Own Beauty, that I have created ye all from the dust, and will assuredly turn ye all again unto dust.

O Children of Dust!

Make known to the rich, the wailing of the poor, lest the latter be brought to ruin through their heedlessness, and have no share in the tree of Good-Fortune. Mercy and Generosity are both of My Qualities. Happiness unto him who adorneth himself with My Characteristics.

O Essence of Passion!

Cast aside greed and be satisfied with contentment; because the covetous hath

always been deprived (of all good), whilst the contented hath been beloved and accepted.

O Son of My Maid-servant!

Be neither troubled in poverty, nor at ease in wealth. All poverty is succeeded by wealth, and all wealth is followed by poverty. Destitution of everything that is beside GOD, is the greatest gift; despise it not; because in the end thereof, the Wealth of God will appear. This condition is hidden in the verse of the Koran "Thou art the poor," and the blessed word "GOD only is wealthy," shall appear, shine, blaze forth and glitter as the true morn, from the horizon of the lover's mind, and shall be established and stationed upon the Throne of Wealth.

O Children of Heedlessness and Passion!

Ye have brought My enemy to My home and have sent away My Friend from ye; so that ye have placed the love of another than Myself in the mind. Listen to the Saying of the Friend, and approach His Garden. Outward Friends have loved and love each other, only with regard to their own interests; but the real Friend loveth and hath loved ye for the sake of yourselves—nay rather He hath accepted countless afflictions for your special guidance. Oppress not such a Friend, but hasten to His Abode. This is the Sun of the Word of Truth and Faithfulness which hath arisen from the Horizon of the Finger of the Possessor of Names. Open your ears to hear the word of GOD, the Protector, the Self-Subsisting.

O ye who are puffed up by Mortal Possessions!

Know that wealth is a strong barrier betwixt the seeker and the Desired One! between the lover and the Beloved. A few only of the wealthy shall enter the Abode of Nearness and Come into the City of Contentment and Resignation. Then good is the condition of that wealthy one whom wealth preventeth not from the Everlasting Kingdom, and depriveth not of the eternal Riches. I swear by The Greatest Name, that the light of that wealthy one shall impart brightness to the celestial inhabitants, as the sun to the dwellers of the earth.

O Wealthy Ones of the Earth!

The needy are a trust of Mine among ye. Then protect them carefully and be not wholly occupied with your own ease.

O Child of Passion!

Be pure from the stain of wealth, and step into the Heavens of Poverty with all tranquillity; then shalt thou drink the Wine of Eternity, from out the Source of Death.

O My Son!

The companionship of the wicked increaseth sorrow, and the fellowship of the just removeth rust from off the mind. Whosoever desireth to be associated with GOD, let him associate with His lovers; and whosoever desireth to hear the speech of GOD, let him hearken unto the speeches of His chosen ones.

O Son of Dust, Beware!

Befriend not the wicked and seek not his companionship, because the society of the wicked, changeth the light of the Spirit into the fire of hell.

O Son of My Maid-servant!

If thou seekest the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, be a companion of the noble, for the just have drunk of the Cup of Immortality from the hand of the Cup-bearer of Eternity, and they quicken, illuminate, and brighten the minds of the dead, as doth the true Dawn.

O Heedless Ones!

Suppose not that the mysteries of minds are veiled; nay rather, know surely that they are inscribed in clear type, and are visible in the Threshold of the Presence!

O Friends!

Truly I say: all that ye have concealed in your minds, is, before Us, clear, manifest and evident as the day; but the cause of veiling them is from Our Generosity and Favour, not from your merit.

O Son of Man!

I poured out a dew from the vast Ocean of My Mercy, upon the dwellers of the world, and have not found one approaching; because all have drawn near to the impure water of wine, and have left the immortal, delicate Wine of Unity, and, turning from the Cup of the immortal Beauty, have contented themselves with the mortal cup. "How evil is that with which they are contented!" Close not thine eye to the peerless Wine of the eternal Beloved One, and open not thine eye to the turbid and mortal wine. Take immortal Cups from the hand of the Cupbearer of Oneness, and thou shalt become all consciousness and listen to the invisible Utterance of Reality. Say: O worthless ones! why have ye turned from My Eternal Holy Wine, to mortal water?

Say: O Dwellers of the Earth!

Know verily that sudden calamity is following ye, and a great eagle is pursuing ye. Believe not that all that ye have committed is effaced from before My Sight. I swear by My Beauty, that all your deeds are engraved with a clear Pen upon Chrysolite Tablets.

O Tyrants of the Earth!

Withdraw your hands from oppression, for I have sworn not to pass over any one's oppression. This is a Covenant which I have decreed in the Preserved Tablet [a Tablet kept in heaven and preserved from the least change or corruption] and sealed it with the Seal of Might.

O Rebellious Ones!

My Forbearance hath emboldened ye, and My Patience hath led ye to negligence, so that ye ride fearlessly upon the mount of the fire of passion, in the fatal, dangerous path. Perchance ye have counted me heedless, and supposed Me to be unconscious.

O Emigrants!

The tongue is specially for My Commemoration, pollute it not with slander. If ye be conquered by fiery passion, occupy yourselves with mentioning your own faults, and not with slandering My creatures; because everyone is more conscious of and better informed of his own soul, than of the souls of My servants.

O Children of Imagination!

Know that when the Bright Morn shall arise from the eternal Horizon of Holiness, then assuredly, all the devilish secrets and deeds which have been committed in the dark night, shall appear and become manifest to the people of the world.

O Plant of the Earth!

How is it that thou wilt not touch thine own dress with hands soiled with sugar, whilst with thy mind soiled with the filth of passion and lust, thou seekest intercourse with Me, and desirest to be directed to the dominions of My Holiness? Alas! Alas! for that which ye have desired!

O Sons of Adam!

Good words, and pure and holy deeds ascend to the glorious Heaven of the Unity. Strive, and thy deeds will be purged from the dust of hypocrisy, and from the turbidness of passion and desire; then enter the glorious Court of Acceptance. For in a short while, the Assayers of the Existence, in the Portico of the Presence of the Worshipped One, shall accept naught but pure virtue, and shall admit naught besides pure deeds. This is the sun of Wisdom and Significances which hath arisen from the Horizon of the Mouth of the Lordly Will. Blessed are those who approach!

O Son of Delight!

The Plain of Being is a pleasant plain, if thou dost enter it; the Court of Immortality is a goodly court, if thou wilt step beyond the dominion of mortality; and the joy of intoxication is sweet, if thou drinkest the Chalice of the Inner Significances from the Hands of the Divine Youth. Shouldst thou attain these degrees, thou wilt become free from mortality, annihilation, affliction and error.

O My Friends!

Remember the Covenant ye entered into with Me upon the Mount of Paran, situated under the blessed Shrine of Teman,\* I took as witness to that Covenant, the Supreme Concourse and the Companions of the City of Life. Now I find not one who is steadfast in that Covenant; surely pride and disobedience have effaced it from the minds in such wise that not a trace of it has remained, and although knowing this, I have endured it patiently, and have not divulged it.

[\*“Teman” is the Hebrew word for “time”—in this sense it refers to the eternity of God.]

O My Servant!

Thy likeness is like unto a jeweled sword concealed in a dark sheath, by reason of which its value is not known to the jewelers. Then cast aside the sheath of lust and desire, and thy essence shall become open and clear to all creatures.

O My Friend!

Thou art the sun of the Sky of My Holiness; defile not thyself with the eclipse of this world. Tear off the veil of heedlessness and thou shalt emerge unveiled and uncovered from behind the cloud, and shalt array all beings with the Robe of Honour of Life.

O Children of Pride!

For a few days' mortal reign, ye have rejected My immortal, empyrean Might and Dominion, and are arraying yourselves in red and yellow, flaunting yourselves because of this. I swear by My Beauty, that I will bring all under the unicoloured tent of dust, and annul the colours of all save those who choose My Beauty, which is pure from all colour.

O Children of Heedlessness!

Be not gladdened by mortal sovereignty, and attach not your mind thereunto. Your likeness is like unto a heedless bird, warbling with all tranquillity upon a branch in a garden, when suddenly the hunter of death shoots it down. There will not remain in it any trace of melody, form or colour. Then take advice, O servant of passion.

O Child of My Maid-servant!

Guidance hath been always by words, but in this time, it is by deeds. That is, all holy deeds must appear from the temple of man; because all agree in words, but pure and holy deeds are appointed to our friends. Then strive with your life to be distinguished among all people, by deeds; whereunto we exhort ye in the shining Tablet of Holiness.

O Son of Justice!

In the Eve of Beauty, the Temple of Immortality returned to the Sadrat-el-Montaha,\* from the emerald Hill of Faithfulness, and wept with such a weeping that all the Sublime Concourse and the Cherubim wept because of His grief. When besought the reason of lamentation and wailing, He declared, “I was waiting, according to the Command, upon the Hill of Faithfulness, and found not the scent of fidelity from the dwellers of the earth; therefore I returned, and declare unto them that many nightingales of holiness are suffering in the claws of the dogs of the earth.”

[\*“Sadrat-el-Montaha” is the name of a tree planted by the Arabs in ancient times, at the end of the road, to serve as a guide. Here it is used as a symbol of every manifestation of God in His age.]

Whereupon the Divine Houris ran, uncovered and unveiled from the spiritual Palace and questioned the latter's names (the sufferers). All were mentioned, except one, a name of the names. As they insisted, the first letter of the name flowed forth from the tongue; at which the people of the upper chambers ran forth from their retreats of honour. When it came to the second letter, all dropped down in the dust. At that time, this proclamation came forth from the Retreat of Nearness, saying "More than this is not permissible." "Verily, We were Witness to that which they have done and are doing at this time."

O Child of My Maid-servant!

Drink the Salsabil of Significances (the "River of Life") from the Tongue of the Merciful One, and behold the radiance of the lights of the Sun of Explanation unveiled and uncovered, from the Day-spring of the Word of the Praised One. Scatter the seeds of My Immediate Wisdom, in the pure ground of the mind, and water it with the water of Certainty, and the Hyacinths of My Science and Wisdom shall spring up verdantly from the Pure City [the mind].

O Son of Passion!

For how long fliest thou in the sensual air? I granted thee wings that thou mightest soar in the holy airs of significance, and not in the plain of devilish imaginations. I favoured thee with a comb that thou mightest comb My musk-scented Locks, and not to wound My Throat.

O My Servants!

Ye are the trees of My Garden; ye must appear with wonderful and imperishable fruits, that both yourselves and others may be profited. Therefore it is incumbent upon all to be employed in arts and trades. This is the means of wealth, oh possessors of intellects! Verily, affairs are depending upon instruments by which the Favour of GOD will enrich ye. Fruitless trees have been, and will be, only fit for fire.

O My Servant!

The basest of men are the souls who appear fruitless upon the Earth; they are indeed counted as dead. Nay, rather, before God, the dead are mentioned preferably to those unemployed and negligent souls.

O My Servant!

The best of men are those who gain by trade and spend for themselves and their kinsmen, in the love of GOD, the Lord of the creatures.

O My Friends!

Quench the lamp of error and illuminate the eternal Torch of Guidance, in the mind and heart. For in a short while, the Assayers of the Existence shall accept naught but pure virtue, in the Portico of the Presence of the Adored One, and will receive none but holy deeds.

The Bride of Wonderful Significances Who was hidden and concealed behind the veils of Explanation, hath appeared and manifested through Divine Providence and lordly Favours, like the brilliant Radiance of the Beauty of the Beloved. I testify, O Friends, that the Favours have become entire, the Proof is accomplished, the Argument manifested, and the Reason affirmed. Now what will your aims show forth from the Grades of devotion? In this wise, favours are perfected unto ye, and unto whatsoever is in the heavens and earths. Praise be unto God, the Lord of all creatures.

