

He is the All-Glorious, the Most Effulgent.

O Divine Providence, O forgiving Lord! How can I ever befittingly sing Thy praise or sufficiently worship and glorify Thee? Thy description by any tongue is naught but error, and Thy depiction by any pen is an evidence of folly in attempting this formidable task. The tongue is but an instrument composed of elements; voice and speech are naught but accidental attributes. How, then, can I celebrate, with the instrument of an earthly voice, the praise of Him Who hath neither peer nor likeness? All that I can say or seek is limited by the grasp of the human mind and encompassed by the bounds of the human world. How can human thought ever scale the lofty summits of divine holiness, and how can the spider of idle fancy ever weave the frail web of vain imaginings upon the retreats of sanctity? Naught can I do but testify to my powerlessness and confess my failure. Thou art, verily, He Who is the All-Possessing, the Inaccessible, He Who is immeasurably exalted above the comprehension of them that are endued with understanding.

—*‘Abdu’l-Bahá*

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