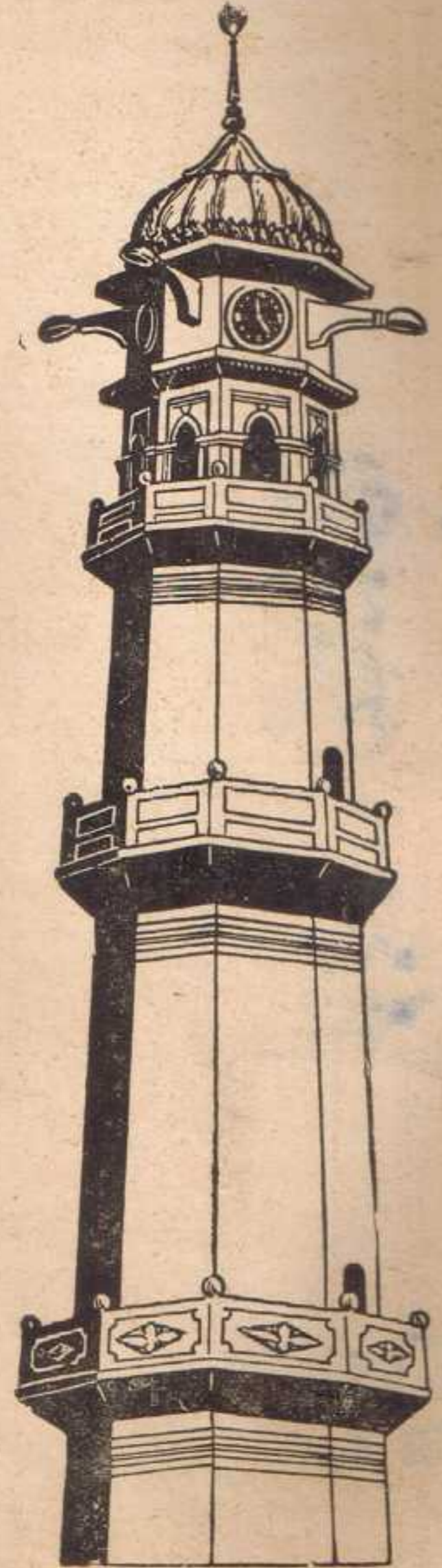


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تعلیم الاسلام کالج ربوہ



AL-MANAR

Oct., Nov., Dec.,

1967



TALIM-UL-ISLAM COLLEGE
MAGAZINE

AL-MANAR

Talim-ul-Islam College, Rabwah.

MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER

1967



Professor-in-Charge

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نَهْدَةُ نَصَائِحِ رَسُولِ الْكَرِيمِ

Al-Manar

TALIM-UL-ISLAM COLLEGE, RABWAH
MAGAZINE

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Editorial

This time, once again, the same old request to our students. In the past we have repeatedly requested for their co-operation with the Editorial staff, but with little response. Not much can be said about the benefits of writing for the magazine, as we seem to have virtually exhausted all our material in the previous Editorials. One of our previous editorials came under a heavy pressure of protest and criticism from the students. We were blamed for having adopted a hostile attitude against the students and particularly the Post-graduates. We were also blamed for having wrongly accused them for non-co-operation. And there was a lot of other hoax to it. But, by now, we expect all our critics to have

convinced themselves on the truthfulness of our Editorial. The students, particularly the Post-graduates, had been specifically appealed to, to start the campaign by contributing their wisdom generously to the magazine and thus set an example for the juniors. But how much of a response we got from them can be judged from our issues after that Editorial. We tried to touch the tender cores but it failed as badly as all our other attempts had.

To avoid further protests, we appeal to our students once again, and this time again through our Editorial, to contribute generously to the magazine. We appeal to the Post-graduate students too and remind them that we expect the same from them as we expected previously. Excuses could be many; no interest in writing, no capability to write, though very few would say that, and no time to write. But none of these excuses could prove acceptable. If M. A. students can't write, no junior can, because the trend of the world is to follow the elders and the Post-graduates can take the lead successfully. If M.A. students have no capability, then the juniors can't be expected to have any. And if the M.A. students have no time to write, no students can have, as time is precious for all. We expect them not to fail us this time, the way their previous classes did.

Youth Versus Age

Youth is the golden period of man's life. It is this very period in which a man is at his prime. A child is least conscious of his responsibilities while an old man is too much of a victim of forgetfulness and undue consideration. According to William Shakespeare, life of a man is divided into seven different stages. His approach towards man is half realistic, completely ironic and certainly critical. The period of youth and middle age in his opinion, is largely based on an earnest desire to gain reputation and fame. Trials and tribulations so overwhelm his life and risk so encompasses his whole being that there remains the least possibility of a systematic development of one's personality. Lord Bacon, a famous prose writer offers convincing arguments while comparing youth and old age. Bacon gives some advantages or privileges, so to speak, of youth and old age respectively. The deficiencies of one cancelling the deficiencies of other period, result in a happy and pleasant emulsion of the two. A young man, says Bacon, is more adventurous, more risky and a quick executor of projects while an old man is more temperate, more considerate and least given to risks. The one least worried about the future, while the other too much.

The period of youth as conceived by a man who has successfully or not, passed through its trying and crucial moments, certainly expresses the exaggerated opinion. An old man regards it as a period of anxious moments, a stage of repeated errings and an age for constant advice. The youths

who are passing through this inevitable and glorious period take it lightly and so absorb themselves in its ecstatic moods and joyful presentations that they fail to recognise its limitations. Sometimes they speak in a royal fashion voicing out that it is a period: *When every lass a Queen, Oh boy!* But more often in the magnanimous words of Wordsworth, *A boy's will is a wind's will and the thoughts of youth a long, long thoughts.*



A QUIZ

So! You Think you are Clever.

- i. There were twelve sheep in a field. Seven jumped over a wall. How many were left?
- ii. Study this sentence very carefully and say what you have found about it.
The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.
- iii. Why did *Arthur Samuel Smith* never sign his initials?
- iv. Here is a well known proverb. What is it?
L3V2 N4T T4 21T, B5T 21T T4 L3V2.
What code has been used—?
- v. If A is Z and B is Y and so on, what do these words stand for—? XZG and WLT.

Answers on page 11

Appreciation

I am a regular reader of *Al-Manar*. I appreciate the devotion of duty of the *Al-Manar Editorial Board*. They work very hard to fulfil their responsibilities. The Editorial staff takes the trouble of getting the articles from contributors and even bringing them the magazine after publication—a rare trait found with any other magazine. The staff must highly be commended for these acts of selfless service and devotion to duty. God bless them!

I have had the greatest regard for *Ch. Hamid Ahnrad M.A.* and *Naeem Osmaan* as *litterateurs* of profound calibre in this regard, for selflessly widening the scope of literature by setting a personal example of emotional sacrifice, endurance, and mutual co-operation. *Mr. Naeem Osmaan* by burning the mid-night oil, in doing so, has also made his own career. Let him wisely reap the harvest of his labour of Love Divine in his future life, Amen!

A Melancholy Song

Sweet is the cuckoo's melancholy song,
It touches the heart for time so long,
Sitting on the slender branch alone,
It sings in a very pensive tone.

Away from home like me it seems,
Feels lively when daylight beams,
Happiness in this world has little room,
Flowers wither for ever after every bloom.

Sitting gloomy under the blue sky,
I think of my past and heave a sigh,
When I sat calmly in my mother's lap,
Lovingly on my head she would tap.

Oh God, ! repent I those days again,
When my friend and I sat beside a lane,
We chatted as long as it was dark,
We'd fright on my servants hark.
In foreign lands without a friend,
I am always thinking of the past days grand.

An Attracting Ad.

A Board of Directors was considering advertisements for attracting students to a newly built commercial-purpose students hostel. Many proposals were forwarded but got rejected. The Chairman was never satisfied. The problem with him was that he was a very broad-minded man and to a large extent very realistic. He wanted something new ; something that no hostel had ever thought of ; something that was better than the old and stale, *high class furniture to suit educational environments* or *first class food prepared with special hygienic care* or *first class opportunities for studies, sports and games*. This was all old stuff, the chairman said, and didn't appeal any more. The Board didn't seem happy. For once they had failed to please the Boss. But no situation was hopeless unless men got hopeless to it. And one bright, genius, young director came out with something. It was quite out of way for a students hostel to advertise. But the Chairman snapped it and it got through. It was short but very appealing to the students ; *Open Till Midnight*.

Eaves-Drops

We are introducing this column *Eaves-drops* for the first time—and we hope not for the last. Yes! definitely not the last. Not at least as long as speakers, debaters and writers—students as well as staff—do not get wise to this—and their English.

Our purpose for the introduction of this column may be misunderstood, but we can assure our readers that we are not out to make *fun* of anybody. But this is, we believe, one way we can help our readers realise the *snags* commonly made by them and nearly all of us.

We are in college now, and we have passed that stage where grammatical mistakes, as bad as some in this column, can be easily forgiven. English language is a compulsory subject and we still have to go a long way to get rid of it for good. Till then, we think it is high time all our readers understood the importance of improving the standard of their English—spoken as well as written—and also realised the importance of checking themselves from such unexcusable mistakes.

We have not really been *eaves-dropping* as the title suggests, because most of the material has been stolen, if you can really call it *stolen*, from speeches and notices, meant for general purpose.

This column might help the readers in some other ways too, particularly those students who have not been giving much importance to the college notice-boards and other functions. It would be difficult to resist the notice-boards and college meetings, after they know how much they have been missing at them.

— *A lecturer to his students through the notice board:*

- 'Mr. S———will take his S- ———class today. Student to come.'
- *A lecturer to some noisy students, during a lecture :*
'Not to make noise there please. Keep silent'.
- *A President closing the agenda of a meeting :*
'I am thanks, to you all for coming. Now the meeting is closed.'
- *A senior student writing for the magazine :*
"Abruptly, 'Oh' she shouted. My dog, I discovered carrying in his mouth a bun which I persumed, he had snatched from the tailor's box."
- *From the hostel notice board—by a Higher Secondary student :*
'Just now (12 O'clock) I have forgotten my rough note book in the middle table in the Dining room. I have written many necessary notes on that note Book—.
The boy who has carried that I request him to return my note book. On his saying Tuck-shop will be given'.
- *A final-year degree student in an Election speech' :*
'When I go to Tuck-shop first time I saw
- *A college student writing for the magazine :*
'...unaware to him opponent no one could imagine that any bod really got in to hot water and I myself though he had a large party supporting him.'
- *The same student again :*
'.....They were convessing about the new candidate and assuring him that he must not worry because they were by him'.

Beauties of Nature

The shining sun, the glowing moon, the warmth of sunlight, the fragrance of flowersall these things with a gripping charm have been inviting mankind to enjoy them since the first dawn on this small planet. These are the symbols of curiosity of the Creator.

This universe is the finest architectural structure, even from an atom, upto far beyond galaxies of the boundless sky. *A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.....* and the beauties of nature have been providing joy since ever. Man of this nuclear age is exploring the origin of this universe and is surprised to see the intricate system of nature so beautifully created. Flower is a beauty; atom is a beauty; sun is a beauty; moon is a beauty; every particle of this cosmic population is beautiful and marvellous.

Human life is the most beautiful phenomena of nature. Smile of a young baby; long black hair of a young girl; the bubbling vigour of a young boy; all offer to see and enjoy these beauties. Life was created more beautifully than universe itself.

It just seems to me that God gave a flower bouquet to mankind in the form of this universe.

This fragrant gift of God have great responsibilities upon mankind. These are the meditation on the work of the Creator and *“One hour’s meditation is better than 70 years of prayers”*; which leads mankind to the open arms of their Creator.

The twinkling stars, open seas, blue sky, singing birds and green fields all invite human eyes to enjoy, giving them

peace and pleasure and providing an opportunity for meditation.

I'm sleeping in my bed. It is near dawn. The sun is rising gently. Fresh air is coming from the window and is passing over my face giving me a feeling of smoothness. I feel I'm dreaming. The sun is on and I feel the warmth and brightness of it. I open my eyes with smiling lips and think about the first dawn on this earth when there was a man to enjoy the warmth and brightness of the sun. The sun which is shining since millions of years but man is never fed up from it's light; the light which gives him crops to eat; provides warmth in chilling cold; gives rise to new buds and beautifies his life.

I'm thinking.....there is a vast world of beauty hidden in my mind having the images of this marvellous universe and the beauty of which I can see deep in my soul. I'm overjoyed and am offering the morning prayer.....a salute to the Creator.

Answers

- i. Probably none, as their habit is to follow one another.
- ii. It contains every letter in the alphabet.
- iii. His initials would spell ASS.
- iv. Live not to eat, but eat to live.
The numbers 1,2,3,4 and 5 have been used for vowels——
i.e. A—1, E—2, I—3, O—4, U—5
- v. *Cat and Dog.*

A Strange Dream

Here I will tell you a strange sight,
Which I observed in dream last night.

I saw in the jungle a beautiful deer,
That was leaping here and there.

Soon I heard a strange sound,
I thought it would be a hound.

Reaching home I called for my daughter,
Being very thirsty I asked for water.

Though the water was brought in a cup of gold,
But I was thirsty and water not cold.

With anger I threw it on the floor,
And there was a knock at the door.

The Power of Prayer

While scorning the pages of an old issue of 'Reader's Digest', a well known magazine, I came across an article with the above title. It was written by Eddy Cantore, a Hollywood actor.

However, the purpose is not to describe or relate what Eddy Cantore wrote in the article. It does not matter. But what matters are the four words that form the heading of this article.

Memory outlines the years, and I recall an incident as if it had occurred yesterday.

It was the year 1954, when my grandmother, my two brothers and myself boarded a Quetta bound train from Jhelum. The prospects of so long a journey to a young boy of seven years as I was then, can well be imagined. There was a flutter of excitement in my heart.

As the train sped through the outskirts of Jhelum, *I stared out of the window.* I inclined towards the window, tracing the forms of men, some were dragging water out of the well and pouring it over their heads, while other were rubbing the bodies of one another. But the scene passed before I had taken it completely.

We reached Rohri station at about mid-night. One of our fellow passengers had informed us that we would have to change the train at Rohri. The one bound for Quetta would leave the station at about two. He advised us not to stay in the waiting room, as it would be very dirty and

over crowded. A platform bench would be better, he had pointed out.

We had a lot of luggage with us, and we brothers being kiddies, were not capable of carrying huge trunks.

Just as we disembarked, a porter came towards us, 'May I help you, Maiji', he asked my grandmother.

'Oh! Yes. I will give you 4 annas if you do. For the time being put it over one of those benches on the platform,' my grandmother replied.

The four annas seemed to please him. He dragged the trunks out of the compartments, put them on his head and started walking apparently towards an unoccupied bench.

As my grandmother put down her purse, the porter asked her, 'Maiji! which train are you waiting for?'

'The one that leaves at two for Quetta', she replied.

There was a look of anxiety, as he said, 'There is always a very great rush on that train. It is difficult for an old lady like you with such small children to get a good place. Besides, we are very far from the train. This bench is the last bench of the platform'.

Hearing this we all became perplexed. After an awkward silence, my grandmother said, 'Well then, what do you propose we should do.'

The porter rubbed his hard chin, looked around thrice, and said, 'Maiji, I can get you good seats if only you do as I say.' 'What,' she asked, feeling as if a big load had been lifted off her back. The porter looked around again, lowered his voice and said, 'Maiji, the train is standing in the yard. If you follow me, I will take you to the empty compartments. After some time the train will move out from the yard and shall go to the platform. So you all will have nothing to worry about.'

His proposal seemed quite logical and reasonable. We

agreed to it. He lifted the baggage and beckoned us to follow him. After a silent march of about ten minutes we reached the yard—a pitch, dark place. There were long rows of carriages which stood almost indistinguishable from the darkness except where black pits of emptiness yawned squarely from their sides.

He walked towards one of the rows of the ghostly compartments, passed a couple of them and then stopped suddenly. As we came to him, he said, 'Maiji, these compartments will be going to Quetta. If you like, I will put the luggage inside'. Saying that, he put the weight into the nearest compartment.

It was then, we realized, that we could not remain in this *dark hole* for a single minute. My grandmother told the porter, 'Baba, there is no light in the compartment, and we cannot sit inside without a light'.

The coolie looked at us full in the face and spoke in a gruffed voice 'Maiji, there is nothing to worry about. In just a few minutes the train will be going to the platform and you'll have plenty of light. After all sitting in a dark compartment is not troublesome as compared to the hardship which you will have to endure for the whole journey. Be wise and get in'. We refused but he persisted.

Suddenly his eyes became blood shot, and his skin tant. He looked hard at us and almost bawled, 'Get in! Come on, get in!' And then there was a deadly silence. I clutched at my grandmother's hand not knowing what would happen. But in the silence I heard my grandmother's voice, soft, yes, very soft as she said, 'Pray and keep on praying'.

The words had a tremendous effect on me. They gave me comfort to think that we were not alone and as we prayed, we felt assured that the Lord would safe-guard us. A sort of calmness settled in my heart.

The porter seemed surprised and irritated at what we were doing. Little did he know that we were praying to the One who never leaves His children in distress. Then a look of violence came in his eyes. He was about to say something when suddenly, blood seemed to have drained from his face. He had noticed something.

There, in the distance, was a moving light which seemed to be in the hands of an invisible man. It was rapidly coming towards us. Almost too soon, a man, about fifty and yet possessing the body of a young man, reached us. He took one look at the porter, caught him by his neck and said, 'Badmash! Have you no father or mother, that you brought this poor lady here. Have you no shame?'

Then having caught him firmly by one hand, he threw light in the dark compartment. To our horror, we saw two men with awful expression sitting in the corner. Their blood-shot eyes I can never forget. He lowered his lantern, ordered the porter and those two other men to lift up the load and said to us, 'Come on! I will take you out of here'.

When we reached the platform, he said to the porter, 'Since you did not use violence, I wont hand you over to the police. But remember, if I ever see any of you at this station again, you all will be in real trouble'.

The porter and his friends, without saying a word, walked away. There was silence, as we looked at the receding figure. It was the watchman who broke the ice, as he said, 'Maiji, the train has arrived at the platform. Come, I will help you to get some seats'.

After we had settled in the compartment, we thanked him for his service. He shook his head and said, 'Don't thank me. Thank the Lord'. He then saluted us and went away. The watchman's words had a deep significance on me, for it was then that I realized the power of prayer.

Leeches

Cattle leech or *Hirudinaria granulosa* is the commonest leech of the Indo-Pakistan Sub-Continent. It lives in ponds, tanks and sluggish water, sucks the blood of cattle and other domestic animals and can also feed on the blood of man. It is often used for medical purposes. As is *Hirudu medicinalis*, the European leech.

Most of the leeches live in ponds, tanks, lakes and sluggish water or temporarily in damp earth. A few are true land forms and have lost their power of swimming. A few live in the sea. Many of them are parasites on the skin or gills of water animals but most are parasites of outer skin of animals. They suck their blood and store up a large quantity of blood for a long time. Some are internal parasites in the nose of man, as for example *Haemopsis sanguisuga* and *Haemopsis vorax* lives in the throat of horses and cattle. Some leeches are permanent parasites as for example *Branchellion* and live on the outer surface of the skate Electric Rays and other fishes. Some leeches eat meat as for example *Herpobdella (Nephalis)* which feeds on snails and other small insects of ponds. *Aulostoma* feeds on Sepia Mussels, certain shell-fish and worms, *Trochetia* leaves the water to feed on earth-worms. *Hæmdipsa* lives in forests or damp districts in or near the tropics and attacks man or cattle.

Cattle leech has an elongated body, usually six to eight inches in length and cylindrical in shape when fully extended. Its upper surface is usually olive green, ventral sur-

face is orange yellow ; a yellow or orange coloured strip runs along each lateral border. The skin is slimy. There are two suckers : anterior and posterior. By means of anterior it sucks the blood. Anterior sucker is oval and ventral, in the middle of which is a cup-shaped cavity which contains a small triradiate mouth, with a highly sensory upper lip. The jaws are provided with chitinous teeth which are in rows. The posterior sucker is muscular and disc-like facing downwards which serves as an organ of attachment and locomotion. At the junction of the posterior sucker lies a pore to excrete waste material. The body of the leech is divided into 33 segments. Each segment is made up of rings and may contain one, two, three or usually five rings. The male genital aperture is in the middle of the body and the female genital aperture is slightly below. The skin of the leech also contains sensory cells which can easily judge the surroundings.

The size in most of the leeches does not exceed a few centimeters except in the American species *Carda valdiviania* that attains a length of two and a half-feet. The general form of the body is uniform, but the colour varies. Some species like *Rhynchobdellida* have trunk like structure at their anterior end of the body which can be withdrawn into a sheath by the action of special muscles. A leech usually contains 5 pairs of eyes in the form of black spots on dorsal surface of the anterior region of the body. Generally the first and the second pair are large and the fifth pair is the smallest. The eyes are incapable of forming images of the objects. They probably can distinguish light from darkness. Eyes may develop on posterior sucker or may be absent altogether.

The leech swims through water by undulating movements achieved by the contraction and expansion of its

muscles or it creeps by looping movements of its body on land or substratum under water.

A leech on approaching its victim fixes itself by its anterior sucker to the body of the host; it moves its jaws, producing a triradiate slit in the skin; the muscular neck is alternately dilated and squeezed, and the blood is sucked in the wound. Its coagulation is prevented by the secretion of fluids from pores which open on the sides of the jaws. The ingested blood is stored in a dilated portion in the stomach and passes drop by drop into the stomach where it is digested. The absorption of the blood takes place very slowly and thus takes a very long time, varying from 10 to 16 months.

Leech does not possess any respiratory organs. In most of the cases, skin functions as respiratory organ. Its skin is richly supplied with capillaries (network of blood vessels) and is kept moist by a fluid secreted by its skin, but water or damp soil may do it. In this way it carries on the respiratory functions. Both sexes are in the same individual.

It is believed that leeches have evolved from earth worms because they show certain structural resemblances which show their close relationship. Michaelsen (a scientist) emphasized that in both cases the sexes are in the same individual and their development is also similar. Many other kinds of land leeches are widely distributed in Indo-Pakistan Sub-Continent, Ceylon, East Indies, Japan and South-America which shows that the leeches are one of the great antiquity.

The Smart One!

Scientific advancement has done wonders to this world. I am not sure wheather it is anything innate from my pen or not—but I could care less—I am still inclined to believe that the present day world has been reduced to a *nut-shell* by the day's advanced scientific knowledge. Every happening in one corner of the world seems to bear a certain effect some how or the other on another corner of the vast universe. At times such petty things appear in some esteemed column of high class journalism, which may easily be thought to be of not much importance, But the journalistic talents of the reporters finally forward the incidence as *news* in such a way that it makes the news seem to be something no up-to-date man would afford to be unaware of. Such a practice is in abundance among the international news circles. Sometimes, one truly starts getting a feeling that nearly everybody has stopped minding his own business and started minding other peoples business much too much. *Pakistan Times* doesn't ever fail to spare at least a little space for some scandal that takes place in a far away American University or a far away club or resturant ; *Readers Digest* it seems has sworn never to come out with an issue that doesn't carry at least one anti-Communist theme article or if not that, at least one article all in praise of an anti-communist nation and the *Times of London* too, seems to be all in favour of giving full coverage to petty scandals taking place in the previously dominated British countries of Africa. This is just in a way to give some examples. There may hardly be

any newspapers or periodicals in the present age that could fail winning appreciation for such a practice. This, they excuse, is meant to keep their readers in touch with the world situation. And a real nice way of keeping them in touch.

When such petty things could mean a lot to ensure keeping readers informed of the world situation, then there is no reason, why things much more grave, such as political developments in certain countries should not *blacken* the columns of newspaper and periodicals. News people have looked to that too, and a lot of coverage is given to this line of news. I don't know if it should really be surprising to note how much of an undue concern and anxiety is caused owing to some reports appearing in some journals. To look at it one way, it should be surprising because the true situation may not be as bad to cause such a high sense of anxiety. But to look at it the other way, it should not be surprising at all—definitely not, after reading the adulterated news ascertained as facts.

This, I note, is what has happened in the case of Kenya. We may not blame the newspapers alone for making the situation in Kenya seem so bad, so deplorable, so distressing and so disgusting. Some prejudice propaganda too could be responsible for the exaggeration. But leaving aside the cause, it should be accepted that something has really done the magic. The present state of affairs in Kenya, as far as the interests of the immigrant communities, particularly the Asians, are concerned, are made to look a *hell of a bad*. People all around the world show a concern. They could be justified too. Why should they not be concerned when they have friends, relatives and in certain cases their very blood there.

But personally, to be very true, I don't see much in

Kenya that could be, not in the proper way. The state of affairs to me doesn't seem to be at all bad. There is no imposition of will upon anyone, no manhandling of anybody, no unjust treatment and no forced labour. There are no social restrictions and no discrimination or segregation in public places. Parks and public houses are open to Asians as they are open to Africans; hotels and restaurants cater European business as they cater for African business and cathedrals of worship are similarly open to all, coloured or white. But when it is explained to another, who may be mis-informed or ill-informed, that the situation is in no way hopeless but that the immigrants could have grown hopeless to it, one is always flooded with the same old question, 'If that is what you think, then why all this distress on the part of you Asians there? Why all this sudden immigration? Why this feeling of dis-contentment, indecision and non-satisfaction? Why *this* and Why *that*?

Frankly, I may not know why. Either because none of these *whys* fit me—I am not distressed, I have no plans of migrating, I don't feel discontent.....I am not *this* and I am not *that*. Or could be I may have never given a split of thought to all *this* and all *that*. But I think its high time everyone did and so I did. And if possible come out with a true picture and a nearest if not the most accurate reply to all this *hoax*.

I may not know all the problems that confront the Asians in African countries and give them a cause of anxiety But I will try to tackle, to the best of my ability, two major factors, service and business, as these two, I am sure, are the main factors for which Asians went to Kenya. And these factors are the one's that have caused that highest anxiety among Asians there.

Asians in Kenya have been badly frustrated by the system of work permits recently introduced. Ask any Economist, *Mr. Bajwa* could be of help, unemployment is a major political, social, economical and even to some extent a moral problem any nation can face. Different systems have been devised by different nations to meet this challenge. United Kingdom, not long ago, was an open country to Commonwealth manpower, but then the voucher system was introduced ; Canada maintains certain conditions for immigration and so does the United States ; Australia thought of it earlier and restricted immigration and Russia getting wise to it, all-together stopped it on the whole. These are few of the example of countries, taking, if not the same, yet similar step to check the menace of unemployment by discouraging and even restricting un-necessary foreign man-power. Kenya's motive was the same and it tackled it in its own constitutional manner, through work permits. Foreigners', under work-permit regulations are expected to have prior permission of the Labour Ministry before accepting any vacancy. The State strictly discourages extraneous labour in those spheres of job for which they have ample local man power and even surplus. When a foreign national can drive an omnibus or count figures no better than a local can, then there is no reason why a foreign national should be given that job which a local can do with the same ease and similar efficiency and for which there are enough or even more locals. Common-sense does not grasp the logic why foreigners should be paid for one job at the price of having one local on the *waiting list* of the *employment bureau*.

Economic stability on national bases cannot be achieved unless the interests of the common lot are properly looked after. No Government could be thought wise, to import labour and man-power from foreign countries and give a

damn to locals. It is an unwritten convention of every nation to give prominence and priority to the welfare of the locals. And there is definitely nothing unconstitutional about it. Once, a man I remember, complained that his application for a civil key-post was rejected just because he was an Asian. It seemed very unconstitutional—really very unconstitutional. But that was his side of the story. He was more experienced than the one who got the job—agreed. He deserved the job—agreed. He was everything he said—agreed. But where does that lead us to. So could Churchill be thought deserving the American Presidency; so was he capable of it; so was he more experienced in leading a nation than any other living American national. Then why did the Americans spend millions of dollars, looking for the best man to pilot their country when they could have found everything they needed in Churchill. Were they not aware of Churchill? Why then didn't they get the *Britisher* and make him an *American President* instead of putting the brunt of burden on the tax-payers? On the other hand Churchill knew what he was. Why didn't he file the nomination papers to contest the election of the American Presidency. And suppose for a minute that Churchill tried. Would the Americans allow such a contest? Would the world have shouted about Churchill not getting a *fair-chance*, had the Americans not allowed it? Why then, does it start *blowing it horns* when this man wasn't given, as they say, a fair chance? He wasn't forced to apply—matter of fact he wasn't told to at all. Kenya citizens only, was what the job was. Then where does the fair chance *humbug* stand. Who is to be blamed for this? Ask this man how much a fair chance did he give to Kenya. If he had any faith in the government and people of Kenya, he could have acquired Kenya citizenship. It wasn't difficult at all. He was

a Kenya born resident. But being a Kenya born only, does not entitle him to all the privilege of the citizens. Definitely not, when he is a foreign national. Let us then, not confuse one for the other. It is this type of people that are distressed and it is such people who feel discontent. Emigration should not be surprising in cases of such people—and why should it be too? What's so surprising about a British subject going to Britain? It's as simple as that. Give a thought to that and decide for yourself. How much of what is grieved and vexed is justified. Suppose I apply to join the *Pakistan Military Academy* and wish to serve the *Pakistan Army* with *Kenya nationality* and my application is *rejected*, how much of a right do I have to *blow my horn* about not being given a fair chance?

The business community is another section which has showed concern and a feeling of anxiety. But business in Kenya is still a free enterprise, except a certain sector which was already under control even before independence. The British Government held a certain control over the prices of necessary commodities, but still, a certain percentage of profit margin was left to the traders to cover their expenses, enjoy a handsome living and still maintain a handsome bank account. But no one seemed to object about this control till the present government decided to maintain the control in the national interest, so that a few may not exploit the masses. Besides the British time controls, hardly any new or extra controls have been introduced. A business-man of Indian origin would advocate the *control* on *maize flour* in India but he certainly seems to be in no favour of *control* over *wheat flour* in Kenya. This is just in a way of example, but this is the sort of mentality a majority of our Asian businessmen have in Kenya.

To give one simple example, there was recently, a

hoax after the government decided to give a Kenya-wide monopoly for feature film distribution. The case was made to look worse than nationalisation. But was it that bad? Kenya depends largely on imported films. Importation was on free list till recently. Every movie was open to bids and the distribution rights were sold to the highest bidder. As a result, a movie that could be obtained for £250 costed Kenya a foreign exchange of as much as £2500. The purchasers didn't lose anything. Who suffered but the nations foreign exchange and the masses. How wrong can the step be calculated then? Doesn't a country have a right to control it's much needed foreign exchange? Or does it earn all to drain it to other countries and fill the belly of a few in its own country. The problem with us is that we don't want to understand anything. We are used to look towards the dark side only. We don't want to realise that this step will boost local production which was never thought of when importation was easy.

Similar may be a few other cases, but besides these, business is still free and an open enterprise. Then how far of what is said about the deplorable position of business in Kenya, relevant.

Kenya is neither a communist leaning country nor does it wish to be the torch-bearer of the purely western capitalistic system of Economics. Though on one hand our state policy is to raise the general standard of every ordinary layman, we also do not wish to introduce, on the other hand, such curbs on free enterprise that could hinder in the outright progress of national development. The policies, may not be purely original and new ones. They may be a complex of both, the socialist and the capitalist systems, but they definitely are *our own*, to suit *our own* conditions.

Certain restrictions are always an inevitable necessity. Or

Atom and Hydrogen bomb production could be a booming business. Why doesn't America then issue private production licences for these items ? It definitely could earn a lot of foreign exchange too.

I do not wish to conclude anything for you. My sole purpose is to expose the true picture of the state of affairs for you. And you can make your own wise decision. But I would say one more thing, rather a long one, and you will then easily know who is to be blamed for all the anxiety in Kenya.

Asians, or to be more correct, we Indian of the pre-partition time who migrated to foreign lands, particularly East Africa, are in one sense of the word, it should be appreciated, a bunch of highly diplomatic non-diplomats. In a sense we are *smart*—rather very smart—and who wouldn't think thus of us. We *live* at *one* place ; earn a lot for ourselves, our families, our kith and kin and still more to hoard in foreign banks ; enjoy all the luxuries of good life there, exuberant houses, expensive food, extravagent cars, lavish cloathes, handsome bank account in local as well as foreign banks—precisely good of everything ; enjoy and derive the benefits of our residence while in *another* country—especially educational benifits ; We hold patriotism and loyalty to *another* country.....there is much evidence to prove this. A Muslim favours Pakistan and a Hindu favours India on the matter of Kashmir but none considers what humanity demands and what humanity loves, what it dreads and what it fears — their thoughts are ruled and guided by prejudice. In sports too, Jamil wants Pakistan to win and Jagdish cries his eyes out if India loses but none of the two feels sorry if Kenya or Britain don't make the finals : And this is not the end of it. Finally we hold citizenships of a *third* nation..... This is to let us enjoy better opportunities to travel widely.....that is one big merit of holding a British passport.

Well who wouldn't call such people smart. Residents of *one* country, patriots of *another* and citizens of *still another* — doesn't it seem to be a creative idea of a master-mind ? Sail in three different boats at the same time. This is what most of us in Kenya have done. We try to get the best out of everything. If we fail at one, we try the other, and if its the same failure there, we can still have a third chance. But then an example will tell you how smart we are and how smart we have we been.

A student, my sympathies are due to him, but a fact is the truth and a truth has to be accepted, complained that he couldn't get admission to a professional college. I was surprised. He had good marks, rather fantastic. I told him to try again. No use, he said, it wouldnt get through. I was surprised still more. But then the picture got clear. He had to get his local government's recommendation. But which was his local government ? A Pakistan patriot — the hell no—he was a non-resident and a non-citizen. A Kenyan resident — certainly not as he wasn't a citizen. A British subject — that was no good too as there were no provisions for British subjects. Which government's recommendation was he to get then. And which government would recommend his application.

Well then. Where do we stand after this ? Calculate everything yourself and you'll know who's to be blamed. Ask me, I already have a definite reply and its us. It's definitely us who are at fault. The problem with us is that we try to sail in three different boats at one time. And when we sink we sink damn bad. The worst is that we don't try to see our own faults. We pitter and grumble but refuse to see our own faults. We still think we are very smart. But how smart we are can be calculated

from the fate of this student and many such others.

Well ! How smart are we then ? Not really that smart we think we are. Are we ? Consider it yourself and decide it yourself — are we really that smart ?



Do a little wrong to do a lot good

A Producer was looking for new talents to introduce in his forthcoming venture. He got scores of applications but every applicant was no better than the other. Every applicants knew as little of the business as the other. But all could prove equally good if given the opportunity and a refreshers course. This got the Producer in a jam. He was a straight forward man. And he didnt know what to do. On the advice and recommendation of the Director, who was fortunatelly present on the primary interviews, he recalled a few of the applicants for another interview. Somehow not intentionally, he asked each of them, *who is the most important man on the sets.* Most of them said, *The director* The Producer must have felt envious. As then one smart one knew the reply, the Producer, she said and she was sighned.

To The Editor————

Sir,

English novel in retrospect, was deliciously good. The writer must have worked really hard on it. Never has so much about English Literature been said in so few a words. The work done by the writer is commendable and should be appreciated. But there are certain things in the article I don't agree with, though the writer has said them with surety and authority. Could I challenge him on them?

If you mean through the magazine, we will encourage any such controversy through which the Editorial Board thinks our readers can benefit. Ed.————

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Sir,

Why this selection of Editors through applications and aptitude tests this time. It is not traditional of Al-Manar. Don't we still have some vetrans in the College or is the Editor-ship like a game of politics too. ——— One who knows.

Have you never heard of the saying, 'Older order changeth yielding place to new.' ——— Ed.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Sir,

Beirg a regular reader of Al-Manar I should say that your magazine has a good variety of articles and poems. But again I should say that I find poems by your Editors nearly always have a tone of melancholy.

It really makes me feel sorry for them. Are all your Editors heart broken? ——— Zafar.

Heart breakers. They make you feel sorry for them, dont they? ——— Ed.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Eternity Lost

Adam an' Eve in blessings, God first did make ;
His angels order'd, 'To Adam thou all bow thine heads';
All did bow, but one Iblis, Lord's order didnt obey ;
An' thus, displeasure of God, Iblis did win.
Thou Iblis, *He saith*, from this day be thou curs'd ;
Be out of sight, show not thyself to me again ;
Thou I made to obey Mine orders, but thou I see ;
Oh ! ungrateful one, Mine sacred orders forsake ;
Lead away from sight, thou no more be an angel ;
Be away of sight, thou from this day be known as Satan.
Iblis though forsaken, yet full of pride ;
Bowed his head an' left Mighty's side ;
But before he left, he told his Lord ;
'Thine creation Me Lord I'll lead astray ;
From thine path, men an' women I'll lead away'.
Adam and Eve, in garden of Eden decend'd ;
Gift'd with all, but one single fruit forboden ;
'Have all thou love but this fruit not be eat'n ;
Thou both I maketh superior in bre'd, eat this not ;
Or my blessings for thou wilt for generations greed.'
The curs'd one Satan now took his turn ;
From blessings of God himself forsaken ;
God's creation he swore in hell will burn ;
With naughty a contrive, he did lurk an' finally smak'd.
The fateful day in history of man finally did come ;
More grain'd than this in history of his will be none ;
With loathly a scheme, Satan, to Eve did go ;
'Fear me not, come, to thee, God's bosoms I'll show.

Innocent she was, for a spell Eve was tempt'd ;
Secret she saw an' Satan's narration accept'd ;
Amaz'd with find, Eve lur'd Adam ;
Purblind'd they were by curs'd the Satan ;
Forboden thus was, by both, Adam an' Eve eaten.

Adam an' Eve by God were bid ;
'Tempt'd I know thou ate the forbidd'n ;
Punition thou shalt have, but not very much ;
Let it be a lesson, beware thine angels from actions such.
'Go Thou Adam, from this day for comfort shalt toil ;
Thine off-springs blood in fire of hell shalt boil ;

An' thou Eve, from this day, thou shalt bear pain ;
Thine whines I'll hear, yet ! all in vain.
'Depriv'd of gard'n, in wilderness I send thou twain ;
On Eden this day from Mine angels keep guard ;
Toil thou Adam, for pleasure mine, pray thou hard ;
Bear pains thou Eve, in sufference thine, thine slips yearn ;
In punition such, thine Lords Supermacy thou accept ;
Abide thine done, make me pleas'd with thou both again.'

The gard'n they left heavy, their heads low in shame ;
But Merciful did give in mercy of His, tidings of One ;
Child the comforter, of Adam childr'n was to come ;
Tidings of his left Adam an' Eve both much pleas'd ;
Agony of shame for them from this day itself did cease.

Abraham, Moses an' Jesus took birth ;
An' on a glorious day, Mohammad came to earth ;
The comforter hath come, with tidings of Good ;
'Thou men' he saith, 'over thine past betimes brood ;
Thine Merciful Lord, to this world me has senth ;
Conceit thine done, on thine done thou shalt repent.'

Full of vice, thou have become the damn'd prey ;
From destin'd path thine, Satan has lead thou all sway ;
Rise in rebellion an' for success to Allah do pray ;
Lest the Lord mercy thou all lose an' loiter further away.

I bring this message an' Holy Schedule doth leave ;
Cleans thine faiths in Him only do belie'e ;
The bundle of evil from thine shoulders swear to shun ,
Glow thine hearts-thou have but very little time ;
In His love, let thine hearts an' souls both enshrine.

But weak of creation, his message, man did forget ;
In lust an' spleen-all in this Age want to get'
Whatsoe'er forbod'n, surely in hell to burn our lives are set ;
Daft an' dunce, unhail'd we the blessings best ;
Night an' day, for women, wine an' grimy vice we greed ;
Superior most in creation, woe the while ;
In life degard'd have we, our very fine breed.



THE MASTERS

CHARACTERS :

Mr. Saleem and his wife Salma Taj.

Mr. and Mrs. Hashmi : Parents Saleem.

Mrs. and Taj : Parents of Salma Taj.

Scene : 1. The drawing-room in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Taj. The furniture is simple and gives an aura of quiet respectability as is common with the homes of lower-middle-class civil servants. Mr. and Mrs. Hashmi are sitting together on a settee. Facing them in an over-stuffed arm-chair is Mr. Taj. He is ill at ease

Mr. Taj: At the most I can offer only 25,000/-. I don't have more than that. You know my state and

Mr. Hashmi: Mr. Taj, I have made it quite clear that we shall not take a penny less than Rs. 40,000/-. My wife agrees to the sacrifice and so do I. But if you do not like to carry on, than I think we can stop wasting our time and breath. You know we can always go else-where.

Mr. Taj: *Wiping his sweating face.* Alright Mr. Hashmi. Take Rs. 30,000. God be my witness but that is all I have. I had saved it to retire on, but it is alright.

Mr. Hashmi: *Looking at his wife.* I don't know if this is enough. What do you think, Begum?

Mrs. Hashmi: Although it is only pea-nuts when compared with—but we shall agree. And Mr. Taj, God help you if you are lying to us.

Mr. Hashmi: Now then it is agreed. We expect you are a gentleman, like myself, and do not try playing any tricks. This is settled between us and before I forget—congratulations. Come Begum *getting up* we shall not detain Mr. Taj any further—*Khuda Hafiz.* *Exit Mr. & Mrs. Hashmi.*

Enter Mrs. Taj. She is worried and hurries to her husband.

Mrs. Taj: Placing comforting hands on his slumping shoulders. Please don't be so heart-broken. Tell me, what was settled?

Mr. Taj: Removing his hands from his beaten feature Rs. 30,000 That is all we had and now it is gone. I wish

Mrs. Taj: Please dear don't talk like that. God is Supreme, He will not desert us. Here, you go and rest. You must have had a very hard time.

Mr. Taj: Alright. But I don't think that I will sleep, ever. *Exit.*

Mrs. Taj goes to the mental piece and removes a photograph from behind another. Then she calls her daughter.

Salma: Yes, mama. *She comes into the room.*

Mrs. Taj: Here, look at this photograph. *She shows it to Salma.* You two are to be married.

Salma: Oh! mama.

Mrs. Taj: Oh you silly, silly darling! *Mrs. Taj laughs and cries while Salma runs away, her flaming face covered with her hands.*

SCENE: II. *Six months after the marriage of Saleem Ahsan and Salma Taj. They came back from abroad. Mrs. Hashmi and Saleem are sitting in their drawing room.*

Mrs. Hashmi: Saleem, I called you here because I have a very important matter to talk over with you. But before we do that, I would like to know why you left your job in England. Wasn't it paying enough?

Saleem : I did not like the work, mother. Though money wasn't such a problem. Before you sent over Salma, by performing the marriage ceremony here, there was no hitch.

Mrs. Hashmi : You mean she is rather expensive to keep. I should have known that. Now I have realised what type of a family she comes from. If I had known that first

Saleem : It's not that. After Salma came to me, I could not continue with that job. I don't know how to explain, but somehow my conscience rebelled. The work was humiliating. Before marriage, I did not mind it. But after.....well, there is also something I would like to know from you. From certain hints given by Salma, I understand that you told Mr. and Mrs Taj that I was a doctor. Why did you do that ?

Mrs. Hashmi : Oh ! Oh ! *She begins to cry.* Now you are also against me. You have almost called me a liar to my face.

Saleem : I didn't mean mother—but there should be some explanation.

Mrs. Hashmi : So what if I said you were a doctor? *definitely* I am your mother, to me you are very dear. And when I said that I was degrading you myself. To me you are a king, an emperor, the ruler of the world. Why shouldnt I say that when you and your happiness mean so much to me? And she, that wife of yours must go. She is getting to be an upstart and that.....that mother of hers, she has spread slandering tales about us to every home here.

Saleem : But mother, you can't expect this of me. The quarrel is yours. Moreover, I have come to love Salma. She is a nice girl.

Mrs. Hashmi : Then it means you don't have any consideration for us. We, your father and I, have done so much for you.

We built this house, bought a car with the money received from your and your younger brother's in-laws. All this we have done for you and all this is yours. Your father and I don't want anything.

Saleem : But mother.....

Mrs. Hashmi : My darling child, my own eyes' jewel, here let me touch your face. Ah! its the same, as I remember when you were a tiny, rosy-cheeked, mother's darling. used to carry you always and you trustfully used to fall asleep in my lap after a hearty meal. My darling look at me now, am I bad, am I so unworthy of you that I may be made a fool of and be laughed at. Don't you have my blood in you that makes you want to run to my aid? Think of this my dearest. Let her go my moon. I shall find you a much prettier and better wife. We are the master being parents of a son. We can do what we like and my son, do this for the love of your mother. Do it for my honour, my place with community and your love for me. Divorce her.

Saleem : *His shoulders slump, there is a sob in his throat and he chokes and mutters.* Alright mother since you wish it, I will...I will...

A Trip - Memorable

Thousands of people travel abroad. Some go for their bread and some just to enjoy. Some for treatment and some for educational build up. But a party of six started from Rabwah on the 6th of July, 1967 to extol the name of the Al-mighty. It was a trip not for enjoyment but for the spread of Islam. It was a trip to warn the People of Europe, full of material luxuries, of the coming disaster which can be averted if people want to avert it.

The party was headed by the Head of the Ahmadiyya Movement, Hazrat Mirza Nasir Ahmad, Khalifatul Masih III along with Sahibzada Mirza Mubarak Ahmad, Wakil-ut-tabshir; Ch. Muhammad Ali, his Private Secretary and Mr. Abdul Mannan his personal servant. Hazrat started from Rabwah on 6th of July, 1967 for Karachi. The train was about an hour late. Thousands of people had thronged the station to see their Imam off on a memorable trip. Hundreds of people from outside had also come to Rabwah to bid him farewell. Before his departure we prayed and prayed fervently from the depths of our hearts and with moistened eyes for a safe journey.

Hazrat stayed at Karachi for one day and left for Frankfurt at 8.30 a.m. on the 8th of July. The plane flew via Tehran and Moscow. At Tehran the Ahmadis had come to meet their beloved leader.

Hazrat talked with the Ahmadis for about half an hour before the plane took them away to Frankfurt and

landed there at 3.45 p.m. The Jamaat at Frankfurt was at the airport to receive their Iman, Maulvi Fazal Ilahi Anwari, Imam of the Frankfurt Mosque ; Ch. Abdul Latif, Imam Hamburg Mosque and Imam Bajwa of Zurich Mosque were all there to greet the Hazrat.

Here he had a very busy time. Visitors poured in continuously. But Hazrat disappointed none. He was all smiles whenever some one came to see him. A reception was also given on the 9th of July in his honour.

In this reception Hazrat threw a gauntlet to the Christian Padres that Islam is a living religion and has a Living God. 'I am its humble servant. If any one wants to see the glories of a living God let him come and pray and he will see that God of Islam is a living God. He speaks with us, and He answers our prayers.' During this reception three Christian persons joined the Movement.

The news of his arrival was flashed in the press and millions of people came to know that a great representative of Islam had come there to challenge the Christian champions.

On the 10th of July, Hazrat left Frankfurt for Zurich where we have a beautiful Mosque. Ch. Mustaq Ahmad Bajwa is rendering his services as its Imam. Hazrat was recieved at the airport by many Muslims and the Chief of the Swiss Press and also Imam Bajwa. He spent some time at the airport and gave a short interview to the Press before leaving for the Zurich Mosque. The Mahmud Mosque at Zurich is a beautiful building with fibre glass domo, which glows at night with green lights and the people of Zurich know that this is a haven of peace and tranquillity in this strife-torn world.

At about 8-30 p.m., a reception was given in his honour at the Mosque. The hall was packed to the capacity and

the audience flowed outside the hall. A welcome address was presented to him. Replying to this address, he emphasised that Islam was a religion of peace. It joins man's relation with Almighty God. It does not permit aggression in any condition. Force can only be used in self defence. Then he related that the Promised Messiah has prophesied about the triumphs of Islam in the near future.

Radio authorities conducted an interview which was broadcast to the Swiss people. Television did not lag behind. They also had an interview. The smiling face of Hazrat was seen by hundreds of thousands of Swiss people. A large number of newspapers gave detailed reports about Hazrat's visit and his interview and thus the voice of Islam reached the corners of this hilly country within hours of the Imam's arrival. During his trip to Switzerland, Hazrat visited Interlaken and Berne also.

A large number of newspapers flashed the news of his arrival and thus the message of Islam reached the corners of Switzerland.

Hazrat flew to The Hague, the capital of Netherlands, on July 14. Hafiz Qudratullah is In charge of the Dutch Mission these days. It was Friday when Hazrat reached The Hague. Hazrat led the Friday prayers. In his sermon he explained the ways and means to achieve the Divine pleasure. The same day a Press Conference was held in which more than half a dozen papers and news agencies were represented. This covered nearly the whole press of Netherland. Radio and television representatives also attended the Conference. On the 15th of July, a reception was given by the mission in Hazrat's honour. Many dignitaries attended the reception. Another reception was also arranged on the

16th of July. In this reception some members from Dutch New Guinea requested him to visit their country also, which he promised he would if circumstances permitted.

On 16th of July, Hazrat came to Hamburg by air. Imam Latif, along with many other Ahmadies was at the airport. At 5 p.m. a reception was arranged in his honour. In his address he warned the German people of the coming catastrophe. He told them that it can be averted provided they establish closer relations with God by embracing the religion of Islam. The television team got the occasion, televised and flashed the film to the viewers the same evening.

The Press Conference had a marked effect on the Germans. A large number of papers flashed the news and gave detailed notes of his mission and the activities of the Movement. Thus the message of Islam reached every nook and corner of the country.

From Hamburg, Hazrat travelled to Copenhagen by train. Here he was to lay the foundation stone of the Nusrat Jahan Mosque. Imam Kamal Yusaf is at present working as Missionary Incharge there. Two local friends are assisting him as honorary missionaries. Mr. Abdus Salam Madsen, the son of a Christian missionary who is the missionary of Islam is one of them. Mr. Saiful Islam Mahmood is another young man doing this pious work.

On 21st of July the memorable opening ceremony was performed. This is the first ever Mosque in these cold regions of Europe. Missionaries from all over Europe, Ahmadies from Denmark and the continent, various envoys of different nations and many other dignitaries of Denmark were

present on this historic occasion. On this occasion, a Press Conference was also held. Radio and television teams also recorded interviews. The Mosque was named after the name of Hazrat Ummal-Momineen, Nusrat Jahan Begum. It was a great honour to the women of the west. A great impact was felt all over Scandinavia because of this function. So much so that the Denmark Missionary Society requested for an interview with Hazrat Khalifatul Messiah. They had a long talk with his Holiness.

At the end of this meeting the Hazrat placed before the members of the Society, an English translation of the challenge put by the Promised Messiah and said that this challenge is open even to this day and he is prepared to face any one who will accept it. This interview lasted about ninety minutes. And ninety minutes in Europe is a long time. During this trip to Copenhagen, Hazrat visited a historic place Alsinaare too. All the Ahmadi brothers accompanied him on this trip.

On 28th of July, the Lord Mayor gave a reception in his honour at the Town Hall and expressed his sentiments of gratitude on building the Mosque at Copenhagen.

During his stay in Copenhagen, European Missionaries Conference was held. In this Conference all the Missionaries put before the Hazrat their reports of the year, their achievements and their difficulties. The Hazrat gave them valuable instructions which are expected to become a torch light for their workings in future.

Hazrat flew to London on 26th of July for his memorable stay in the country where he had spent some time during his academic career.

A large number of Ahmadis from all over England had gathered to receive him at the airport. On his arrival he gave an interview to one of the news agency. He advised the British nation to recognise their Creator. Otherwise bad days were coming ahead. May be the total annihilation of the nations who refuse to make peace with their Creator.

On 27th of July Hazrat visited Oxford, his Alama-Mater where he had studied for a considerable time and from where he graduated.

July 29th was also reserved for meeting the friends individually. A large number of Ahmadis had come and had the privilege to meet him. Hazrat led the Juma Prayers also. In his sermon, he again warned the people of England to rally under the banner of Islam which is the abode of peace for humanity today.

In the evening he attended a reception at Wandsworth Hall. He once again presented the living religion of Islam for the safety of mankind.

On 29th of July the Hazrat went to Sonthall to attend a gathering. As the gathering was exclusively for Ahmadis, he advised them to cement their brotherly relations among themselves. He stressed that they, as Ahmadis, become a model to the Christian world. The hard days are fast approaching. 'Who is there in these lands of sin to represent Islam? Try to be the missionary of Islam and call the humanity towards this religion of God so that you may be counted as the saviours of the world in this age.'

On 30th of July there was the Annual Gathering of the Jammats of England in London. In this gathering Hazrat delivering his speech told the audience that Khilafat

was an institution which must be regarded as the most sacred and we should try to safeguard it with our utmost efforts. This will foster love and unity amongst us. Behind the Imam, a Jamat can flourish and there is no other way outside.

The Hazrat visited the Jamaats at Glasgow and Huddersfield. He gave instructions to these Jammats regarding the purchase of land for building of Mosques. Press Conferences were also held and thus the message of Islam reached this part of Britain too. He returned to London on 9th of July.

Then he stayed in London for a couple of days and finally returned to Karachi on 21st of August. He arrived in Rabwah on the 24th of August—a memorable day for the people of Rabwah.

