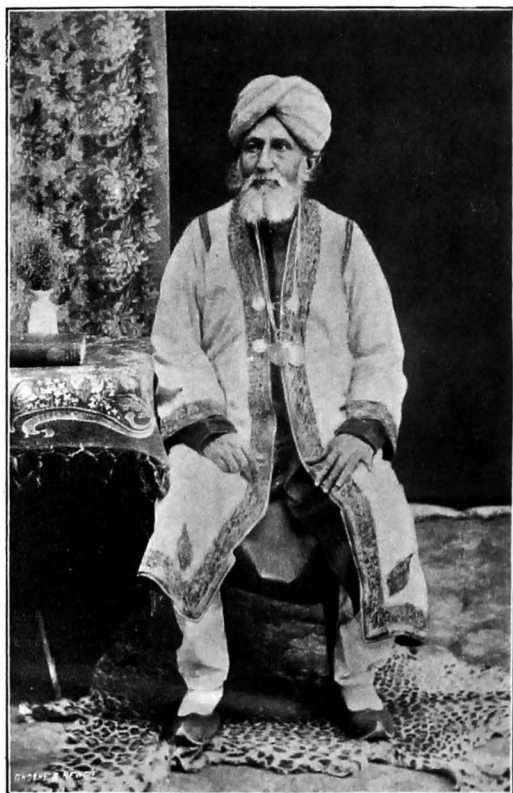


ZAKA ULLAH OF DELHI



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WITH

AN INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR

BY THE LATE

MAULVI NAZIR AHMAD

MCMXXIX

W. HEFFER & SONS LTD., CAMBRIDGE

*To the
Teachers and Students
of
Santiniketan,
India*

PRINTED IN ENGLAND

AN
INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR
BY THE LATE
MAULVI NAZIR AHMAD, Litt.D.,
OF DELHI

Introductory Memoir

BY THE LATE MAULVI NAZIR AHMAD, Litt.D.,
of Delhi

"In the Name of God, the merciful and the
compassionate."

EXCEPT in the sacred formula of Islam, "There is no God but One: and Muhammad is the Prophet of God," I have never, during the whole of my long life in this world, seen Musalmans in India so united as on this present very urgent question of their higher education at Aligarh.¹

If Munshi Zaka Ullah, my friend, had been alive at this critical moment, this unity among all Musalmans with respect to higher education would have been regarded by him as the crown of all his hopes and aims. It is true that during public discussion a few isolated persons have asked whether there was any need of this new rope of learning being pulled by another wheel to draw water for Islam, and whether a Muslim University at Aligarh was needed; but if Zaka Ullah himself had been living to-day I should have been able to point to him as the best answer of all to such superfluous questions, and to say that when the Muslim University reaches its zenith of fame (as it is certain to do in time,

¹ This Memoir by the late Maulvi Nazir Ahmad,—who was one of the chief leaders of the "Aligarh School," i.e. those who followed Sir Syed Ahmad,—was written at a time of great intellectual ferment in North India. The dream of a Muslim University at Aligarh seemed to be at last coming true. This fact accounts for the pointed allusion to Aligarh in Dr. Nazir Ahmad's opening words.

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if God wills) then it will produce such learned men as Zaka Ullah himself.

For my friend, Zaka Ullah, was ever, throughout the whole of his long life, high-minded, pure-hearted, and humble in soul. His intellectual powers were great, and he was gifted with varied knowledge and learning. In his public life he was generous to a remarkable degree, full of public spirit, a good citizen, constitutionally adapted to the present rule. In social character he was both trustworthy and firm of purpose, fulfilling all his obligations. His religious faith remained steadfast and serene. He was peace-loving and peace-making, never angry with others, and never making others angry by his own conduct. Such a man is himself a model of the true Islamic culture which such a Muslim University at Aligarh might be expected to produce.

My own intimate friendship with Munshi Zaka Ullah was life-long. He had been one of my dearest companions on life's difficult journey from the days when we were children together right onward to extreme old age. He was in the Persian class of the Old Delhi College when we were boys together; I was in the Arabic class. It was a home of pleasant memories in the far distant past. Besides this link of language study which bound us together we were class-mates also in mathematics. Here Zaka Ullah was outstanding. He was a favourite pupil of Professor Ramchandra, the greatest mathematician in India in his own generation. Zaka Ullah had the true mathematical genius. He always stood first in his class, and was in consequence especially dear to the heart of his teacher, Professor

Ramchandra. As far as Persian studies were concerned, the education which Zaka Ullah received at the Old Delhi College did not go very far. He had not the same interest in his Persian studies that I had in my own Arabic studies; the bent of his mind was not that way, and he did not take any very great interest in his book-learning on that side. On the other hand, his constant society with Professor Ramchandra continually sowed in his mind and heart a seed of another kind, namely a love for mathematics. It was his genius in this direction, rather than any special aptitude for Persian literature, which made Zaka Ullah famous throughout the length and breadth of North India.

It is well known among Musalmans that Professor Ramchandra, after much hesitation and deep searching of heart, left Hinduism and accepted the Christian faith. Since Zaka Ullah was recognised by all to be his favourite pupil and was constantly seen with him, after he became a Christian, people in Delhi began to have some doubt about Zaka Ullah's own religious position, and wondered whether he too had become influenced by his teacher.

Now I am the oldest and most intimate friend that Zaka Ullah ever had, and I am still surviving. As far as I am aware, all Zaka Ullah's contemporaries and early companions are now dead. I alone (for some reason known to God alone) am still enduring the hardships and sufferings of extreme old age, a condition of things that will not last long; therefore, I have a clear right to speak out before I die. I stand witness at this moment, in the presence of God the Merciful, that as far as one man can know the heart of

another I believe Munshi Zaka Ullah to have been a strict Unitarian Musalman, trusting in one God with His full attributes as understood in Islam.

It was, indeed, almost impossible for a man of such extensive learning and culture as Zaka Ullah, a genius who was able to solve the most difficult problems of mathematical science, to take any other than a strict Unitarian position with regard to the nature and attributes of God. This, however, is a matter which, now that he is dead, concerns him and God alone. I have only drawn attention to it in order to assert the truth of what I know about him owing to my closest friendship with him all through his long life.

The characteristic which I always praised most about Zaka Ullah was his entire unselfishness. He was so humble and childlike in heart that he never thought of himself at all. He always considered the needs of others. In this modern age, owing to the introduction of competitive examinations, athletic championships and prize competitions into our schools and colleges, a kind of self-seeking is often engendered and encouraged which tends to become a life-long habit. It even at times takes the evil form of envy and jealousy at the success of others who have won prizes and high positions.

But this kind of self-seeking, which grudges the advancement of others, was entirely foreign to his own nature and temperament. Indeed, he used to rejoice at the success of others, even more than his own, and would do all that was possible to further it. He was entirely free from petty jealousy and selfish rivalry of others.

As far as worldly greatness was concerned, Zaka Ullah could never be called great in the

world's estimation. He never attained to any high administrative post, and, furthermore, he did not set out to accumulate much worldly wealth. The reason for this was not indeed that he would have been unable to do so even if he had tried, but rather that in pursuit of intellectual knowledge he had neither the time nor inclination to aim at worldly greatness. If he ever had pleasure concerning wealth, this pleasure came to him only when it formed the means of helping his friends, or when he heard that his friends had attained to it. All his mind was set on the attainment of knowledge. He regarded knowledge to be the greatest wealth of all, and the accumulation of knowledge to be the proper form of riches.

Therefore he spent all his years, which were beyond the ordinary span of human existence, in seeking after and acquiring wider learning. Up to the very end of his life his thirst for knowledge remained unquenchable, and his mind was clear up to the day of his death. He departed from this life at last, in extreme old age, saying, "Let me have more knowledge."

He aimed at acquiring knowledge purely for its own sake. His real object was to obtain the ripe wisdom of age. He thought nothing of any worldly advantage which might accrue from it. No idea of profit ever entered into his calculation. In this matter he was singularly pure minded.

After leaving the Old Delhi College and passing through many vicissitudes, Munshi Zaka Ullah entered the Education Department of the Government of India. It was in this connexion that he began seriously to study English, employing the help of a teacher. By sheer hard work, though

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beginning his study of English after middle age had passed by, he acquired in time ability to read difficult English books. But he was never able to speak the language fluently, and very rarely attempted to do so, even for a short time. His mastery of English literature, however, was extensive; and he was at all time an omnivorous reader of English books and periodicals.

Munshi Zaka Ullah did not merely store up a fund of knowledge which profited no one else. We can see this not unfrequently being done by the Yunani physicians,¹ who have acquired medical skill and wisdom. For when they have discovered some special remedy for a disease they hold it back from others in order to make more profit from exclusive possession. But Zaka Ullah acted in exactly the opposite manner. Whatever knowledge he possessed he longed to impart to his fellow countrymen through his writings. Indeed, he produced in his own lifetime such a number of books that it is wonderful to imagine how he could have found the time and energy to bring out so many important publications. He was a prolific author and translator, and lived in his writings.

One very striking quality, which was at all times noticeable in Zaka Ullah, was his extremely conservative character both in his habits of daily life and in his manner of dress, and also in the food which he enjoyed. Even during the years when he was in the Education Department of the Government of India he made no change in his daily routine. Though he had obtained, as the

¹ Yunani literally means "Greek." Dr. Nazir Ahmad is referring to the "Greek" system of medicine, derived from Galen and Hippocrates, and practised in Muhammadan countries. The Arabs took it over from the Greeks.

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years passed by, a mastery of English literature and culture and a very extensive knowledge of English books, so that he might be reckoned among his English-educated fellow countrymen as a man of western learning, he never by one hair's breadth ever changed in consequence any of his old-fashioned Hindustani customs and habits, either in dress, or manner of life, or daily food.

Later on, when he became a disciple of Sir Syed Ahmad Khan and a strong supporter of the Aligarh movement, even though all the rest wore the Turkish fez, he never put it on; just as he never wore English shoes, or coat, or trousers.

In winter, in Delhi, when the cold was very severe, I used to see Munshi Zaka Ullah, in Hindustani fashion, wearing his padded quilt pyjamas; and as I passed by I would have a good laugh at him for his extreme conservatism. Indeed, by his outward appearance, which remained altogether unchanged, it would have been impossible even to conjecture that his English learning and culture had produced any effect upon his life and character. He would be mistaken for a man of an earlier generation who had never studied English at all.

I, who write these words, am a Musalman; and I have faithfully related how, as far as religious belief is concerned, Munshi Zaka Ullah was also a Musalman. But I wish to add this, that his faith in Islam was entirely untainted by the spirit of religious bigotry, prejudice, or superstition. He was a simple man. In his daily social and religious life he never at any time used to allow distinctions to be made between one man and another in his own estimation on the ground

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of religion. Socially, he mixed with everyone, Hindus, Musalmans, Christians, out of the depth of a full and generous heart. He kept up no religious social distinctions. In this matter he made no difference in his speech or behaviour, whether a man were present or absent.

To-day in India it is a commonplace which is very often repeated, that there exists below the surface an inseparable link between Hindus and Musalmans which is so strong that the one cannot exist without the other; and the British Government keeps peace between them.

But ignorant and short-sighted people, who belong to either of these two religions, have often caused endless disputes to arise in the past, especially through the North of India, by exaggerating the differences between them and by laying undue and mistaken emphasis upon various kinds of daily ceremonial observances in each religion. This is done mainly out of ignorance and prejudice. Nevertheless, I do not consider this state of things to be lasting. Rather, as the poet says:—

If it lives,
It will live for the night,
And will have no further existence.

Far-sighted, tolerant, and wise men, like Munshi Zaka Ullah, have already in their own lives found out the art of avoiding these things. They have learnt how to prevent beforehand these painful religious disputes. Their lives are living examples of harmony and concord. Munshi Zaka Ullah was one who observed toleration in every detail, in spirit as well as in letter, in these religious matters. He was entirely free from any narrow sectarianism. In the city of

Delhi he was known everywhere as a peace-maker. Everyone sought him out, and loved and admired him.

After a time, it is to be hoped that those newspapers which are notorious for exciting bitter contention and hatred between the two communities,—the Hindu and the Musalman,—will vanish and come to nothing. Every good man must wish for this to happen.

We, Musalmans, have been accustomed from our childhood to read in our sacred books the different accounts of the friendly relations between the early followers of Islam and their Christian neighbours, especially in the neighbouring kingdom of Abyssinia. Now, lately, we have seen with our own eyes, in the city of Delhi, a living example of the same kind of cordiality existing between Musalman and Christian. For the friendship between Munshi Zaka Ullah and the writer of his biography, Mr. Andrews, is of this character.

Neither of them had any worldly object to pursue in cementing their devoted friendship. Their love for each other was pure and disinterested. Both of them had penetrated deep down into the inner fundamental truth of religion itself, apart from creeds and dogmas. Their mutual affection, which was so profound and sincere, was really love for the sake of God. It did not depend on man.

There is a Persian proverb which runs as follows in the original text:—

“The friendship of sincere friends is the same,
Whether they are present or absent.”

This simple act of undertaking to write a biography of his old friend after his death, and

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thus to preserve his name from oblivion, is a clear proof of the same wonderful power of friendship. It is a token of love between them which will be cherished by those who read what Mr. Andrew has written.

When Zaka Ullah was suffering in his last moments the pangs of death, his dear friend, who has written this book, was suffering all the while with him. He could not leave his side, but remained constantly with him, helping to support him in his last moments. Such was his devoted love.

If I were to put my own personal opinion into a brief compass I would wish to express it in this manner. If Musalmans and Christians in India could learn to love one another as these two friends have already done, then the time would soon arrive when the followers of both religions would begin to chant the following lines of the poet:

I should become one with you,
And you would become one with me:
I should be the body,
And you would be the soul.
Then no one would be able to say
That I am different from you,
Or that you are different from me.

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*"Hence it is, that it is almost a definition
of a gentleman, to say he is one who never
inflicts pain."*

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Preface

NEARLY seventeen years ago I began to write these pages in memory of my old friend, Munshi Zaka Ullah, who had been like a father to me during the earlier period of my life in India, when I was working as a member of the Cambridge University Brotherhood in Delhi.

This closely intimate friendship with Zaka Ullah developed slowly at first, but in the end it became very deeply rooted and grounded in mutual confidence and affection. There was, at the outset, a certain shyness and self-diffidence which I found difficult to overcome. There were language perplexities also which often put me to shame; for our conversation was always carried on in Urdu, and I am a bad linguist. But Munshi Zaka Ullah's wealth of affection was unbounded, and his love for me was so spontaneous that it soon overcame every obstacle. After this it was my greatest happiness to get away from College work and sit with him through the afternoon talking with him and asking him questions.

Everything at this time was new to me in the East, and he could see my genuine delight while our conversation went on from one subject to another. This pleasure of mine kindled his own enthusiasm in turn and made him gladly

reminiscent. In this mood he would talk for hours with me about the days when the Moghul Court was yet in evidence at Delhi and the people of the city loved their old Emperor, Bahadur Shah, and took pride in their historic past.

He would tell me also about his own family history, his ancestors, and his traditions. He would speak to me most of all about his faith in God, and would try to explain to me, in his own simple way, the central teaching of Islam concerning the unity of the divine nature and the compassion for suffering humanity, "which," said he, "is the supreme attribute of God in the Quran and in all the best Islamic thought." I would say to him in answer: "Munshi Sahib, your own life is the best commentary on the Quran that I have ever read and studied."

Some of these conversations will re-appear later on in this volume of reminiscences. What I would chiefly wish to represent is a true picture of Zaka Ullah himself, who personified to me in his old age, as he spoke with such kindness and affection, the ancient courtesy of his own ancestral house and also of the Moghul Court of Delhi, wherein his forefathers had played a distinguished part for many generations as teachers of the royal family.

His face would light up with affection as he narrated his story to me. While he spoke, there was always a tender look in his eyes, which were dim with old age. Every word he uttered carried with it a gentle dignity which was the heritage of a long line of culture and refinement. To be in his presence, while he was speaking, and to watch his singularly expressive face, made the

vision that he himself saw of Old Delhi vividly appear before my own kindled imagination, bringing with it those

“huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,”

which had haunted me when I was a boy. The dream that I used to dream of the East had almost come true in those illuminating days.

Circumstances that were quite unforeseen prevented my finishing the manuscript of these reminiscences which I had already begun in 1912. Though I have taken it up many times since, and also published fragments of it in India in magazines and papers, I have never been able to complete it in the way I wished to give it for final publication.

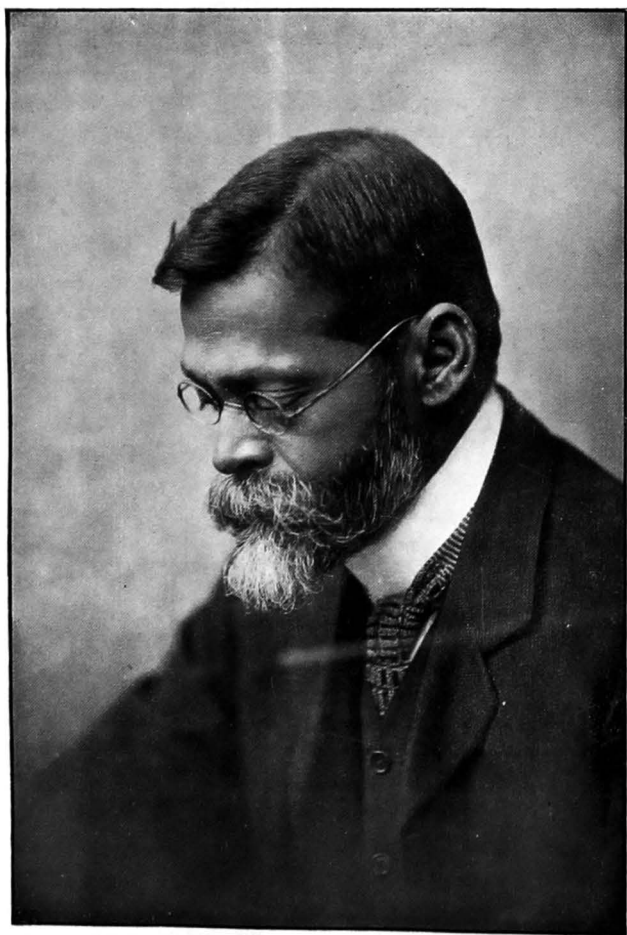
But quite recently, owing to increasing racial and religious friction in India, the need for united effort to be made, which may lead to mutual understanding between East and West, has become very acute. The best people on either side are feeling this most of all. It therefore appeared to me that other things could be made to wait their turn if only I might be able to relieve in one direction at least the growing tension by telling the story of such a noble spirit as that of Zaka Ullah. With this thought in my mind I have used the long interval of a solitary voyage on a French steamer from Colombo to Marseilles in order to get ready the material which had been lying so long unused and thus to begin my task. Here, in my old home at Cambridge, it will not be difficult to bring it to a conclusion.

In the work of collecting details, concerning

Munshi Zaka Ullah, which relate to his family and antecedents, I have been helped most of all by his son, M. Inayat Ullah, who has been untiring in his kindness, patience and devotion. Without his continual aid this book could never have been written at all. His reverence for his father and mother has been most touching to me to witness. Often he has undertaken long journeys to see me, and it was a disappointment to him that what I had already written had remained unpublished so long.

The late Principal S. K. Rudra of St. Stephen's College, Delhi, also gave me the warmest encouragement and assistance while he was still living. He had been the personal friend of Munshi Zaka Ullah, and was himself deeply revered for his goodness by everyone in Delhi,—Musalmans, Hindus and Christians alike. It was from his house that I used to go day by day to visit Zaka Ullah during the months of his last illness. On my return I would tell him some of the conversations we had together, and would discuss still further in detail the difficult points that had been raised. Every day, while I have been completing my task and revising these pages, I have missed his knowledge and assistance. Those tiny inaccuracies, which are almost certain to occur, in spite of half a long lifetime spent in India, would have been at once detected by his keen insight; and I have no one at hand who can equally render me this service.

One other of my intimate friends has died, who helped me in the preparation of this book while I was in Delhi, and remained very dear to me to the end. Hakim Ajmal Khan and his family will often be referred to in these pages. The



PRINCIPAL SUSIL KUMAR RUDRA OF DELHI.

Hakim Sahib himself passed away only a few months ago, after spending a life of sacrifice in the service of the poor. His house and hospital were filled day by day with the sick and dying, and he would minister to them, taking no fees except from the rich who were able to afford them. Many times over I had discussed with him the story that I was going to relate about Zaka Ullah and Old Delhi. In his own courteous and considerate way he used gently to chide me for not getting on with my work and for constantly putting other less important things before it. He died of heart failure at the moment of his highest influence in Indian religious affairs, —just at a time also when his presence as a peacemaker was required by the whole of educated India with an urgency difficult to describe.

The Memoir of Zaka Ullah attached to this book, which was written by Dr. Nazir Ahmad shortly before his death, will itself explain without any further words the debt of gratitude I owe to the author, who was the greatest of all the learned men of Old Delhi, and also from childhood onwards his most intimate personal friend. In translating the Urdu MSS. which he wrote for me, I have ventured to be free in my rendering, having English readers in view. I hope that in this way the spirit of the original has been preserved.

Dr. Nazir Ahmad was dear to me no less than Munshi Zaka Ullah himself; and I can never hope to repay the kindness that I received at his hands. He was the acknowledged master of Urdu prose in his own generation, and my book has been greatly honoured by an inscription from his pen.

Many others,—among them, my own pupils,—have helped me from time to time. I know they will forgive me, if I do not mention them by name. Their service to me in this matter was a service of pure love, which needed no outward recognition; they all know how deeply I reciprocate their affection.

The book, such as it is, has been dedicated to the teachers and students of Santiniketan, where the poet, Rabindranath Tagore, has founded his School of International Fellowship.

It was in London, during 1912, while my thoughts were full of Munshi Zaka Ullah, that I first met Rabindranath Tagore. It has been ever since the highest privilege of my life to have been permitted to work and study under his guidance and inspiration at Santiniketan. The deep love of India which I had learnt and experienced at Delhi has been reinforced and enlarged in Bengal. The heart of India is one. Every day of my life, through nearly a quarter of a century in the East, I have found this to be true.

During all these intervening years,—since the War and after the War,—Rabindranath Tagore's mind has turned more and more in the direction of racial and religious unity as the greatest need of mankind, if peace is to be established on a firm foundation, and if any further danger of internecine war is to be averted.

With this object directly in view, the poet has patiently and diligently sought at Santiniketan to found a House of Goodwill and Friendship, where East and West may meet in mutual regard, and men and women of different races and religions may learn to understand and appreciate

one another's varied points of view in an atmosphere of sincere friendship and goodwill to all mankind.

In a certain very real sense, all that Munshi Zaka Ullah stood for in Old Delhi, both in education and religion, has had its counterpart in Rabindranath Tagore's work at Santiniketan, amid all the outward differences that are immediately apparent. Without any direct link of connexion, Munshi Zaka Ullah's own spirit may be felt there in the poet's ideals as they are being put into practice.

This fact itself came slowly home to me through my own personal experience. Santiniketan has been a revelation to me of that inner unity of the East about which I have already written. It is not without significance that the poet's father, Maharshi Debendranath Tagore, found the Persian poems of Hafiz to be one of the greatest means of help in his own religious meditation.

Munshi Zaka Ullah's life and work in one sense belonged to an earlier generation. He was the last relic in Delhi of an age that has now passed away. But in another sense, he was a true prophet of the future. His deepest convictions are bearing fruit in the hearts and minds of men and women of the Indian modern world. Since, therefore, I have good reason to believe that the teachers and students of Santiniketan will best appreciate his ideas and understand his personality, I have ventured, after careful consideration, to dedicate this volume to them. Any profits which may be derived from the sale of this book will be given to Santiniketan.

It may be well, at this point, to explain still

more explicitly some of the main motives which made me wish to write.

There was a personal factor which weighed with me most of all when I began my task. It was my great wish, if it were possible, to do so, to preserve the memory of my old friend. He admitted me, during the last years of his life, to his inner thoughts, and used to prepare beforehand different subjects of peculiar importance, according to his own way of thinking, whereon he wished to speak to me, feeling that he had something to give to the world. It was made abundantly clear to me that he wished his views to be more widely known. He had been disappointed in his own literary career because his many volumes in Urdu had remained very little read; therefore he clung to me, in those last days, with a hope that I might make some compensation for his own disappointment. On many occasions, after an earnest talk together, he would say to me words like these: "I wish that you could write down, in your own way, the things that I have been speaking to you. People will listen to you."

In spite of the lapse of years I still feel his words to be true. His thoughts, uttered before the great dividing line of the World War, have by no means gone out of date. Zaka Ullah, in many respects, is coming to his own to-day.

The second motive that impelled me was the fact that Zaka Ullah was an original educational thinker. He was a pioneer in a difficult age. On the one hand he remained entirely true to his own Eastern culture. He insisted on all education, worth the name, being rooted in the soil of the country wherein it was given; at the

same time, he was one of the leading spirits among the Musalmans,—broad-minded, tolerant, and large-hearted,—who definitely aimed at the assimilation of all that was best in the culture of the West. His convictions, therefore, on the subject of Indian education, while he attempted to harmonise these two different points of view, are of more than passing interest.

In the third place, Zaka Ullah, while he lived, wielded a great influence in the North of India on account of his sympathy and tolerance towards those of another faith. The Hindus of the city of Delhi loved him no less than the Musalmans. Since there is no more serious question before the people of India at the present time than the improvement of religious relations between Musalmans and Hindus and the restoration of that kindly feeling which once undoubtedly existed, anything which can help in any degree to restore that relationship is surely of value. While resolutions passed at conferences may do something to relieve the strain, it is generally felt that the lives of those individuals whose daily conduct makes for peace and charity in human intercourse can do much more. Zaka Ullah was regarded on all sides as pre-eminently such a person.

I would emphasise the fact which will be apparent in the book itself, that it was from the standpoint of deeply religious Musalmans that I learnt to love these loveable characters in Old Delhi, and it was through them most of all that I learnt to appreciate Islam during my first years in India. I hope, therefore, to make abundantly evident the nobility and simplicity of Islam as Zaka Ullah practised it in his life.

For he followed to its utmost limit the fundamental precept which underlies the Ninety-third Surah of the Quran.

By the Splendour of the Morning Light,
And by the Stillness of the Night.

The Lord hath not forsaken thee,
Nor followed thee with hate.
Thy future shall far better be
Than is thy present state.
The Lord shall give thee verily
Blessings and comforts great.

Did He not find thee fatherless,
And give thee shelter meet,
And see thee from His way transgress,
And guide thine erring feet,
And grant thee,—poor and in distress,—
Thy daily bread to eat?

Then take the orphan for thy ward,
God's goodness to repay.
To him that asks, thine alms accord,
And chide him not away.
As for the bounty of thy Lord,
Tell of it day by day.

This fine version by Mr. T. C. Lewis, which can only dimly represent the majestic beauty of the original Arabic, may serve to make clear to readers in the West something of the practical character of Islam.

I have watched, as an intimate friend of the household and a welcome guest, Zaka Ullah's gentle courtesy to all his friends, and his devotion and goodness to every member of his family. This embraced within its bounty his personal servant, who was touchingly devoted to him; the humble widow woman who used to pull his

punkah during the hot weather; the poor and afflicted who used to come daily to his door for alms, and all sorts and conditions of men, who would seek his comfort, help and support. All belonged to his own family as he belonged to God. These acts of kindness and piety were done in the true spirit of Islam, without any distinction of race, caste or creed. To each and all, in humble thankfulness to God for His great mercies, he was ready at all times to stretch out a helping hand as far as lay in his power.

Side by side with this love for all mankind he was a devoted lover of his own country. India was the land of his birth, and he was Indian through and through in every fibre of his being. It is true that his family had come originally from beyond the Hindu Kush; but India was the birthplace of his parents, the home of his spiritual adoption, and the home of his love. He was inspired with ever fresh enthusiasm as he read each page of its history; and the study of India's ancient past was one of the delights of his life, both as a scholar and a patriot.

Not seldom, despondent voices are heard to-day declaring that India can never become one nation. Munshi Zaka Ullah, living in Delhi, knew better than most people what an amount of bigotry, superstition, and ignorance had to be overcome before unity could be established. Therefore, his confidence in the future of his country was no easy-going optimism. But he had a profound, mystical faith, that Almighty God had fore-ordained and predetermined that Hindus and Musalmans should settle down side by side at last in mutual tolerance and affection.

This was his own ideal, and it coloured all his

actions. In that faith he lived, and in that faith he died.

It is a very great pleasure to me to thank my two old friends, Mr. Ramananda Chatterjee and Mr. E. W. Heffer, for helping and encouraging me in different ways to publish these Memoirs. Mr. Ramananda Chatterjee first published them in India in the *Modern Review*, from whence they have been translated into different Indian vernaculars. Mr. Heffer, whom I first met at Cambridge nearly forty years ago, has now completed their publication in book form in England. To both of them I owe my sincere thanks. I would also thank the publisher, Mr. John Murray, for allowing me to use the photograph of Delhi City near the Jama Masjid from one of his publications. The literary editor of the *Student Christian Movement* has kindly allowed three portraits from an earlier book of mine to be reproduced, and Sir Thomas Arnold has generously given me the use of a very important photograph of the leaders of the Aligarh Movement and Urdu literary revival in North India.

C. F. ANDREWS.

Appendix

THE following appreciation of Islam has recently been given in his Croall Lectures on "Semitic Religions," by the Rev. Dr. David Kay, D.D., of St. Andrew's University, when preaching in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh:

"Nine years residence in close contact with Musalmans has supplied the writer with the means of judging the Moslem religion by its fruits; and his experience during these years is the chief determinant of his conclusions.

"No description of Ramazan can do justice to its effect on half a million souls who have completed that month of bodily discipline. From sunrise to sunset every Moslem has forbidden himself the use of food, water, tobacco. On the Night of Power, towards the end of Ramazan, the men gather in the mosques for common worship. The fasting by day has provided a spiritual exaltation in every individual; the prayers express adoration, penitence, consecration to God. The collective suggestion becomes all powerful, and the spiritual result incalculable. Every gesture, every utterance of these worshippers confesses that "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Judged by its fruits, Islam can claim a power over its adherents and a pervasive influence on their lives which contemporary systems attain only among their most zealous groups.

"Religious revival is often followed by fresh intellectual energy, and this has been the case

with Islam. For four centuries, secular knowledge at its best found more hospitality among Moslems than among contemporary Christians. Philosophy, which had been dumb since Greek was forgotten, now found her voice again in the Arabic language.

“British Christians owe to themselves and to Islam the duty of understanding the rise and progress of this religion. Our circle of knowledge welcomes information about ancient Crete and Egypt. There is a richer intellectual stimulus in appreciating the spiritual forces that emerged from Arabia.”

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