

MONOGRAPH OF ATIYA BEGUM ON IQBAL

IQBAL

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AINA-I-ADAB

CHOWK MINAR

ANARKALI, LAHORE (Pakistan)

IQBAL

I Q B A L

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A I N A - I - A D A B

CHOWK MINAR, ANARKALI

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Raison D'etre

It will be considered odd that I should have thought of publishing in book form Iqbal's letters and my impression of his scholastic career in Europe at this stage, when all these years material for such a publication has been lying with me unknown to anybody. Even now I am *not* bringing this information before the public at my own desire, for such an idea would never have entered my mind. It is not that I did not think it important enough to be known widely, but I not believing in any kind of publicity was diffident in taking such action; hence all this material remained hidden from the public gaze. Many knew that I was in possession of some of Iqbal's original poems, and requests had reached me for their publication, but I did not attach any value to such requests (as many were made out of curiosity, and others saw personal gain in it) till I came across Ameer-e-Paigah Nawab Hasan Yar Jung Bahadur during my recent visit to Hyderabad State.

I was invited to attend a meeting of the Iqbal Society founded by Nawab Hasan Yar Jung

where the teaching and expounding of Iqbal's philosophy is carried out with such sincerity and genuine interest that in spite of myself I felt the force of the purpose in founding such an institution; and when I saw with what difficulty, sacrifice and labour the work was carried on I was unconsciously affected by its honesty and intention. I found Nawab Hasan Yar Jung an embodiment of the Quranic dictate that "Knowledge is the foremost thing to acquire, and to get that, one must go even to the other end of the world." Not only was he concerned in getting knowledge, but through this institution he is helping everyone to reach that ideal, and this is the best action any true Muslim can do. It was Nawab Hasan Yar Jung who suggested the idea, and I could not do better than fall in with his suggestion; hence the appearance of these poems before the public.

My thanks to Miss Hilla Vakeel and Ziauddin Burney for reading the manuscript.

—ATIYA BEGUM

I Q B A L

On the 22nd day of August, 1907, the practical realistic outlook of Heidelberg was surcharged with a mystical atmosphere, and University Professors were wondering how to get Iqbal out of the trance he had gone into since the night before. Frau Professor Seneshal and Fraulein Wegenast were scared out of their wits to see Iqbal stiff and inanimate, staring vacantly at an open book in front of him, completely insensible to his surroundings. The whole company which had foregathered to proceed on an excursion, were dazed to see him thus. What had happened to the Herr. Prof. Iqbal? Had he frozen in the cold of night? Would he ever return to consciousness and normality?—were the questions which passed through the assembled group which Iqbal was to join.

Iqbal was in Heidelberg to complete the philosophical research work he had undertaken. Heidelberg provided every kind of facility to such scholars. Here the essence of every branch of knowledge known to the world was filterated and made accessible to the lover of learning, so that men of understanding and ambition made this spot their place of pilgrimage, and their work in

this town changed the course of thought and action of the knowledge-seeker. Iqbal had hardly taken three months to master the German language which in itself made him appear an intellectual freak in the eyes of the Professors. This combined with his mystic ideas had caused him to be considered above the general rank of the scholars.

To explain his mystic temperament, I will mention what Iqbal told me about a certain incident he experienced in his childhood which had influenced his mode of thought. The psychic phases of his life he attributed to the teachings of his father. Seeking knowledge was inherent in the family, and for this purpose his father had spent several months in seclusion under the guidance of a saint and all that was known to him was imparted to his young son, Iqbal, not quite equipped for the responsibility of receiving higher knowledge. But the seed was there, and the watering was done by Iqbal himself—wisely or unwisely the result has shown. One can understand him better in the light of these facts and can follow many ideas that may appear obscure. He also related an incident which occurred when he was eleven. In the dead of night while asleep, he, Iqbal, was disturbed by some noise and saw his mother going down the steps; he got up and automatically followed her to the front door which was half open with a shaft of light streaming through it. His mother from the half open door was looking outside. Iqbal approached her

and saw his father sitting in the open space with a halolike light surrounding him, and as he tried to reach him his mother stopped him, and with a little persuasion sent him back to bed. Early in the morning when Iqbal awoke his first impulse was to run to his father and inquire what he was doing in the dead of night. When Iqbal reached the place he saw his mother was already there, and his father was concerned in relating what he beheld in his trance during the night. Iqbal heard his father say, "A caravan from Kabul that was approaching the city is in great trouble, and has had to halt twenty-five miles away from our town. This caravan has been travelling with an ailing person whose condition has become serious which prevents their journey further, so I must go immediately to render necessary assistance." Thereafter his father gathered some substance, and set out in their direction. Iqbal travelled with him and found his father's one concern was to reach the caravan soon. Luckily tonga reached earlier than expected and found the people troubled and concerned over the condition of the ailing person. From the caravan it was evident that it belonged to a rich and influential family, who were coming to a bigger city to get relief for the sick man.

As they approached the caravan the father got in touch with the leader of the group and asked to be taken to the sick person. This so surprised the man that out of awe they escorted him without inquiring as to how he knew about

the illness. When they came into the presence of the ailing man, Iqbal's father found his condition very serious as the horrible disease he was suffering from had eaten up portions of his limbs, and the body seemed to be slowly destroyed by the disease. He got some stuff in the shape of ashes, and smeared the affected parts with it. Having finished all that he had to do, he assured the party that the patient would live and be healed of his ailment, but that only GOD had the power to replace the lost limbs. It did not seem as if they believed their benefactor and Iqbal was himself sceptical about it, but the next twenty four hours saw improvement in the stricken man's condition, and the patient himself felt confident that he would be cured. A substantial fee was offered and refused, and so they came away. Some days later the caravan reached the town and the ailing man was found cured of his trouble. This incident Iqbal related to me a few days after I met him in Europe—where I had gone to acquire the higher aspects of some branches of knowledge.

At Miss Beck's place in London, where Indian students and **visitors** used to gather in those prosaic and uninspiring surroundings, I met Iqbal. An exchange of remarks on philosophical subjects made him correspond with me and he often asked my help in the choice of book and holiday locations. My course of reading in modern and ancient philosophy had just been completed and discussion on Plato and Nietzsche

had shown a divergence in our views and interpretation of these philosophers. Iqbal not satisfied, continued the discussions in correspondence and most of these letters took their course of going out of existence after being replied to, as they did not appear to have any significance then. In April 1907 I received a letter from him along with a poem he had written, on which he requested some critical comments. This poem is published here along with the English script.

Trinity College
Cambridge

20th April 07.

My dear Miss Fagan,

I enclose herewith one of the
books I promised to send you,
and shall feel obliged if
you could read it carefully
and let me know of
your opinion.

I was thinking of sending
you a copy of my Political
Economy in London, but
I am sorry I have not got
one here. Though it would
not be difficult to get it
from London, I shall write
for it this week.

Hoping you are getting on
all
Yours very sincerely
J. M. Fagan

In giving a correct and complete idea of my experiences and knowledge of Iqbal I do not wish to depend upon my memory alone, and as I have easy access to original letters I had written from Europe to my sisters as a personal record of my observations in the form of a private diary I am able to give day to day information, which will explain the distinctive characteristics, mental peculiarities, and certain eccentricities which helped to build the personality of Iqbal in his student days in Europe.

For the first of April, 1907, Miss Beck sent me a "special invitation"—to use her own expression—to meet a very clever man by the name of Mohammed Iqbal, who was specially coming from Cambridge to meet me. This caused me a little amusement as I had never heard of Iqbal before, and as I was used to getting such invitations from various Indians in London, it did not rouse more than passing curiosity. Miss Beck who looked after the welfare of Indian students in London and bestowed upon them a great deal of motherly care, had to be obeyed. At the dinner table I found Iqbal a scholar of Persian, Arabic and Sanscrit, a ready wit and ever alert in taking advantage of one's weak point, and hurling cynical remarks at his audience. Miss Beck had impressed on me the fact before he arrived that he had particularly wanted to see me and being straightforward and outspoken, I asked him the reason why. His deep-set eyes did not reveal if he

meant to be sarcastic or complimentary when he said, "You have become very famous in India and London through your travel diary, and for this reason I was anxious to meet you". I told him "I am not prepared to believe that you took the trouble to come all the way from Cambridge just to pay me this compliment, but apart from this jest, what is the real idea behind this object?" He was a bit taken by surprise at my sudden bluntness, and said, "I have come to invite you to Cambridge on behalf of Mr. & Mrs. Syed Ali Bilgrami as their guest, and my mission is to bring your acceptance without fail. If you refuse you will bring the stigma of failure on me, which I have never accepted, and if you accept the invitation, you will be honouring the hosts."

Iqbal had a way of making himself pleasant and agreeable when he liked. In company he was vivacious and was never at a loss for wit or compliment, but in most cases it was cynicism that predominated. The conversation turned on Hafiz, and being interested in this great poet, I was able to quote many of his appropriate verses. I discovered that Iqbal was also a great admirer of Hafiz. "When I am in the mood for Hafiz", he said, "his spirit enters into my soul, and my personality merges into the poet and I myself become Hafiz." He mentioned another Persian poet—unknown in India, and told me to read at all costs Baba Fughani's works. "Very few of his books are to be found in India, but

they must be read as they reveal a different vision." This ended the impression of my first meeting with Iqbal during which we fixed the 22nd April for my visit to Cambridge.

A few days later Iqbal invited me to supper at Frascatis, a fashionable restaurant in London, to meet some German scholars with whom he was working. Everything was thoughtfully and delicately arranged at this dinner, and my remark of appreciation made him say, "I am two personalities in one, the outer is practical and business-like and the inner self is the dreamer, philosopher, and mystic." Apart from the dinner which was delicious in itself, I had an intellectual treat talking and discussing on deeper matters with the German philosophers and Iqbal. I returned the courtesy by arranging a little tea for him on the 15th. of April to which I invited a few of my scholarly friends. They included Miss Sylvestre, Miss Levy, well-known in London as language and philosophy students, M. Mandel and Herr Metzroth who were famous musicians. The company was vivacious, and when Iqbal composed a humorous poem these ladies capped the verses in a similar manner, and the air crackled with intellectual fireworks from start to finish. At one moment I made an attempt to write down Iqbal's lines, but he said, "These expressions are meant only for this particular occasion, and its mission ended the moment they were uttered." Our musician friends gave a beautiful rendering of classical music, and the three hours

spent thus were remembered by all for a long time.

On April 22nd, 1907, as previously arranged, I started for Cambridge in company with Iqbal and Sheikh (now Sir) Abdul Qadir. All along the journey these two scholars conversed in a learned manner, knowledge intermingled with wit and humour, and kept me interested till we reached Syed Ali Bilgrami's place at twelve noon. Iqbal performed the ceremony of introduction to the Syed Ali Bilgramis with the air of handing over a sacred package saying, "If ever I faced the prospect of courting a failure in life, it was with Miss Fyzee, who out of sheer consideration for you saved me by not declining your invitation," and ended by quoting a Persian verse of his own composition. The day was one of brilliant conversation and learned arguments between all those gathered at Bilgrami's. At times when Iqbal looked tired and dull, it was only that he was watching and waiting for any remark from one of the party that needed a reply and he came out with one with lightning rapidity. I noticed this characteristic of Iqbal for the first time, and realised that when he looked disinterested and dull he was only watching for an opportunity to retort, and it was so quick and unexpected that the opponent was floored for the time being by this unexpected suddenness. It reminded me of William Gladstone and his ways in the House of Parliament. I returned the same evening to London.

On the 1st of June, 1907, at Professor Arnold's invitation, I went to Cambridge for a picnic. It was arranged under a tree by the banks of a river, where many noted scholars had collected. The talk rambled and was general, so to give it a deeper tone Prof. Arnold launched into discussing the problem of Life and Death. Everyone put forward his own views, and when the discussion became one of hazy arguments, Prof. Arnold turned to Iqbal and asked what he had to say on the subject. Iqbal who had maintained complete silence up to now replied with a cynical smile, "Life is the beginning of Death, and Death the beginning of Life." This brought the discussion to a conclusion.

On the 9th of June, 1907, I was dining with Prof. Arnold, and Iqbal was also there. Prof. Arnold mentioned an important discovery of a rare Arabic MS. in Germany that needed deciphering, and said, "Iqbal, I am going to send you there, as you are the right man for this responsible work." Iqbal pleaded he was only a novice as compared to his teacher. Prof. Arnold replied that he felt sure that in Iqbal's case the student would surpass his teacher. "If this is your conclusion, Sir," said Iqbal in a slightly cynical tone, "I accept my teacher's idea, and obey his commands." Prof. Arnold knew what Iqbal meant, and confirmed in his mind that Iqbal had distinct advantage over him in this matter. All this was expressed with so much finesse and in such courteous language that it constituted a

perfect specimen of the art of verbal duelling between intellectual and cultivated people.

The next day Iqbal came to my place with a few German and Arabic books on philosophy in the company of a German Professor, and read out portions from them starting a discussion in which we all joined, referring to Hafiz in between as a comparison. I felt that Iqbal believed more in Hafiz than in any other Persian poet, as there was not an occasion he let go, but referred to the ideas and ideals of Hafiz and compared him with other philosophers. For full three hours the reading and discussion went on, and he averred that "by reading and discussing in this manner my ideas expand and convictions become firm."

On the 23rd of June, 1907, a function was organised at my place, when the guests included both the Indian and English notabilities. Dr. Ansari entertained us with songs, Lord Sinha's daughters Komola and Romola with music, and Iqbal with extempore compositions of clever and witty verses referring to almost every important guest present by making exaggerated remarks about their peculiarities, sending us all into roars of laughter !

A German woman named Miss Sholey invited me to an Indian dinner on the 27th June. I was glad, as an Indian meal in London was not to be dreamt of, so I readily accepted, and discovered that Iqbal was staying at this place, and it was at his suggestion that Miss Sholey had

invited me. The meal which had a real Indian touch and flavour, was prepared under Iqbal's instructions, and he told me that he could manage almost anything in Indian cookery but his real object in inviting me was to read the thesis he had just completed for his degree. Iqbal read the whole of it, which showed the amount of research work he had done. On concluding the reading he invited remarks, and all what I said was made note of for inclusion. Hardly had we finished this work when in came several friends, and we proceeded together to attend the annual function at Imperial Institute. Royalty was present and had its flavour of interest for all except Iqbal who looked bored and remarked throughout the evening, "It was a delightful waste of time." I told him I considered this observation contained nothing of his usual originality.

The 29th of June, 1907, Lady Elliotts, a society hostess, gave a party at which I was a little surprised to see Iqbal. While I was conversing with him, in rushed Miss Sarojini Das, dressed in the richest garments, outrageously bejewelled, & incongruously decked. This specimen of humanity had travelled with me to England, and regarded herself as paragon of all that is desirable. Ignoring me and everyone that came in her way, bubbling with copious sentiments, she took Iqbal's hand saying, "I only came to meet you." Iqbal returned the compliment by saying, "This shock is so sudden that I shall be surprised if I am able

to leave this room alive.”

By the 4th of July, 1907, Iqbal had finished writing the History of the World he had undertaken for his German examination. He read out the whole MS. to me and when I made a few observations on certain facts, his remark was, “Each person has his own particular angle with which he approaches facts, and I see the History of the World in this particular light.” He was a store-house of knowledge with a remarkable memory, and this could be seen from the facts he had collected for this work. Miss Sholey again offered us a delicious Indian meal, prepared under Iqbal’s directions. She herself being an expert house-keeper, could take advantage of any new dish shown to her.

Interest in deeper studies was heightened, and Iqbal seeing my interest and knowledge, fixed 13th, 14th & 15th of July, 1907, for reading philosophy for two hours each day. Prof. Herr Schaccent who had taken his Ph. D. Degree in Germany, myself, and Iqbal read and discussed poetry and higher philosophy with absorbing interest. Iqbal was all for German knowledge, and said, “If you wish to increase your understanding in any branch of learning, Germany should be your goal.” He further declared, “By discussing with others, a new world opens, and it is with this method that I acquired all that I know.” The following day Iqbal presented his original MS. of Political Economy to me, and

also the Thesis which secured him his degree. This work was later translated in German and published. It was a learned work that brought him considerable prestige.

On the 23rd of July, 1907, a *Conversazione* was held at which most of the Indians in London assembled, when amidst enthusiasm, a student by name Parmeshwar Lal spoke of letters he had received from home, and a journal called "Makhzan". He then read out songs from this magazine to the assembly; they were patriotic songs by Iqbal which, he said, were sung in the whole of Northern India; houses, streets, alleys, resounded with Iqbal's National songs, which created a feeling of Nationalism unknown in India before. The whole assembly was so excited with the news that all present began singing these songs from "Makhzan", and the hall resounded with Iqbal. When the enthusiasm had subsided, I brought out a letter I had received from Iqbal who was already in Germany. It was written in the German language and when it was read out both the fluency of the writer and the literary merit of the work were admired. Prof. Arnold requested me to give this letter to him, saying, "Though Iqbal is my pupil, I get instruction from his writings!" He further said that I was fortunate in receiving such an important communication from him, and assured me that "this will remain as a cherished piece of German literature in my possession." It was a delicate situation, and I could not but grant the request.

of this great man, so handed over to him Iqbal's letter. Prof. Arnold also possesses the two MSS. Iqbal gave me on 16th July. As Prof. Arnold desired to possess these also, one could not help but accede to his request.

On the 16th of August, 1907, Prof. Arnold invited me to his home in Wimbledon. His is known to be an ideal household, and his nine-year-old daughter, created a lively and cheerful atmosphere by her presence, while maintaining due regard for her father's philosophical moods. Miss Stratton, a German scholar, was also there. The conversation centred mainly round my work in London. I was contemplating returning to India after completing my work but Prof. Arnold pleaded that I should spend some little time in Germany, and particularly in Heidelberg, so that my ideas on the subject of philosophy would be enlarged. Miss Stratton explained all the great possibilities Germany offered, and how one's vision and power of understanding widened, and so impressing upon me the advantages of going there that I felt I should not miss this opportunity, and decided to visit Germany with my brother Dr. Fyzee, who knew the German language and was also anxious to go there having visited that country once before. Amongst many things, Prof. Arnold discussed Iqbal's achievements, and showed me many of his original writings, including the two MSS. and the letter he had taken from me.

Iqbal had evidently been informed of my

resolve to visit Germany, which I knew from the letter I received in London on the 6th August 1907, giving a list of books he had collected for my perusal, mentioning the different towns and museums I should visit while in Germany. I replied that I had fixed 19th August to start from London, by which time my arrangements for relinquishing the responsibilities I had undertaken in London, would be completed.

HEIDELBURG, GERMANY

As arranged, I left London for Heidelberg, Germany, on the 19th August, 1907, with a group of Indian students, including my brother Dr. Fyzee, reaching Heidelberg at 5 p.m. the next day. Herr Prof. Iqbal, as he was called, was prominent amongst the people who had gathered to welcome us. The contrast with the London atmosphere was so great that for a moment I felt as if I was amongst my own people in India.

The spontaneous friendliness, the homeliness in greeting us though we were strangers, and the genuine pleasure shown at our visit was such, that all conventionalism disappeared, and the need for formal introduction had no value. There were several women but the two most prominent were Frau Prof. Wegenast, and Frau Prof. Seneschal—both exceedingly young and handsome. These two women were leading me to my place of residence, when Prof. Iqbal who was accompanying us, remarked, "Now Miss Fyzee's work undertaken in Europe will be completed."

When we arrived in the well laid out University garden, delicious coffee and cakes were waiting for us, the rest went about preparing their

own refreshment, and Iqbal was one of them going about with the perfect ease through all the informalities of this place. Here Iqbal appeared full of humility, which contrasted so greatly with egoistic cynicism in London. The two beautiful women Professors were Iqbal's teachers, from whom he was receiving instructions in weighty subjects. Apart from the University work every student had to learn boating, classical music, singing, gardening, hiking, and climbing, etc., and this, intermingled with University studies, made a delightful course. Iqbal had to join all branches, and was intelligently interested. There were two things he proved deficient in; he had no voice for singing, and was always unpunctual in attending. These faults were accepted by his Professors with understanding. One fact which impressed me greatly in this place, was that the University hostel of over a hundred students and Professors was run by a venerable old lady of seventy, Frau Prof. Herren, who at this age, was considered the cleverest of all in Heidelberg, and well-known as a great musician.

In this delightful University the standards of living for the teachers and the students were exactly the same, and it was impossible to distinguish who was who until the time for taking lessons arrived and you heard the expounding of intricate questions in philosophy and such other deep subjects by those who were teachers in this University. The only advantage given to the Profs. was that they had nothing to pay for

their board and lodging, while the students had to pay for the advantages they received. After the day's formal teaching was over we drifted to a coffee house on the banks of a river near by, and a group of students with the two girl Professors Frau Wegenast and Fraulein Seneschal started a discussion on German, Greek and French Philosophy. These girls knew all the three languages, and I saw what a storehouse of knowledge they were. Iqbal heard and absorbed all that was said with deep attention and humility, and so intent was he in listening that when the whole thing was over he still seemed to take in things from the silence surrounding him, and when the time for departure came he looked as if he was just waking up from a dream. So unlike to what I had seen him in London. Germany seemed to pervade his being, and he was picking knowledge from the trees that he passed by and the grass he trod upon. Fraulein Seneschal's expounding of philosophy attracted him greatly and he seemed inspired by her teachings. At times when Iqbal's answers were incorrect Fraulein Seneschal so gently corrected him that Iqbal like a schoolboy bit his fingers, meaning, "why didn't I say this as I should have done." This phase of Iqbal was unknown to me, as the spirit of a cynic that so predominated in him in London was totally absent, and I began to wonder if what came under my observation there was correct.

After this kind of instruction the whole

company walked up a hill near by mounting one thousand steps, to reach the Schloss on the top of this hill, and each was asked to relate its history. Iqbal was absolutely correct in what he said, and ended by remarking that the finest view of Necker Valley was to be obtained from here. The summit of the hill was reached by singing operatic songs, in which Iqbal joined—all out of tune and with no voice into the bargain!

22nd August, 1907, was the day with which the beginning of this little booklet was made, and reference to the incidents of this day is already embodied in the first chapter. It was on this day that a picnic excursion which combined study and recreation was arranged, and all came ready for the purpose. Our party swelled as we picked up the picnickers one by one from their place of residence. Iqbal's residence was one of the last on the way and when we reached there, instead of finding Iqbal waiting to join us, we saw him in a trance as mentioned in the beginning. This situation had caused concern amongst those assembled, and none had the courage to approach him, not knowing what the consequences of such a disturbance would be. Frau Prof. approached me to inquire what should be done. Though impressed to some extent I was a bit amused at the situation and walked up to the table where Iqbal was sitting in a meditative attitude completely lost to his surroundings. As there was no response to my call I shook him with the help of Frau Professor when he showed

signs of coming to himself, murmuring why he had been disturbed. I spoke a few scolding words in Urdu reminding him that he was in a matter-of-fact German City and not India, where these idiosyncracies can be gulped down. After this Iqbal came to himself and joined the excursion and all went well. During the excursion I got a quiet moment when I gave Iqbal a bit of my mind on his psychic exhibition. We were snapped by one of the party as I was talking to Iqbal.

We marched along our route, when suddenly Fraulein Wegenast burst into an Indian song I had taught her the night before "Gajra bechanwali nadan yeh tera nakhra." All joined in the song which sounded like a Choral Symphony, collecting wild flowers to weave into wreaths as we went along. Suddenly the assembly stopped and amidst fun and amusement placed the wreaths round Iqbal's head saying, "We crown you the King of the unknown."

On the top of the Hill, which was our destination was a Hotel, the country home of the grand Duke of Hesse. The 23rd of August had been set aside for an unusually long excursion which was arranged for instructional purposes. Iqbal was asked to lead, which meant that he had to give historical data about the different places of interest we passed, and whenever he erred, the other students provided the information. In this manner we reached a place

called Konigstall (King's stool) on which Iqbal planted himself, composing humorous poems in Urdu. When the German students asked what he meant by these foreign verses, Iqbal said, "I am asked from the Unknown to command you in Heavenly language that you form a magic circle and let us have music of the angels." This command was immediately obeyed, and part of a German Opera was sung by all, a most perfect rendering being given. After this we went to Kohloff, three miles away. This once an Emperor's pleasure garden was like a valuable gem, set within beautiful emerald surroundings. After hearing all the historical facts and points of beauty, we returned to University Hostel deciding that the following day would be reserved for questions and answers. This provided an amazing exhibition of intricate questions some of them having no answers and remained unanswered.

25th of August was set aside for our visit to the Heavenly Garden (Bagh-e-Firdous) in which a King had built Temples of all countries including a mosque. The garden was laid out in waterfalls, lakes, ornamental pavilions, and a treasure house of birds amidst fruits and flowers. The Mosque-like edifice was imposing in appearance, with ALLAH'S names carved in Arabic characters all over. I also noticed carving of several verses of different Surahs. Everyone was interested to know what the writing meant, so in a solemn manner Iqbal read the inscription in

Arabic, and told us what, he said, was the history of this place. Iqbal related that the king who built this place came across a heavenly beauty and wished to marry her. The Hoor or the beauty said, "I shall consent to be your Queen on condition that first you become a Muslim and build a Mosque where our Nikah will be performed." The king obeyed her commands, and ordered his men to build a Mosque and here their marriage was performed. Iqbal related all this with such solemnity, that we did not know what to make of it. Of course we Indians laughed, and felt it was bluff but Iqbal maintained so serious an attitude throughout, that the rest believed that what he stated was a historical fact.

Spent the 28th of August, 1907, in Munich. Of all places in Germany Iqbal liked Munich best, partly because he had his first lessons there under the direction of the beautiful and charming daughter of Herr. Prof. Rann. Iqbal called Munich the "Isle of Bliss, bathed in the sea of imagination." After visiting most of the important places in Munich, we went to the home of Prof. Rann, and after a few formal words, the young beauty Fraulein Rann started examining Iqbal to find out what deeper studies he was engaged in, and how much he had acquired since he had left Munich. I was amazed to see how great her knowledge was and saw that very often she corrected Iqbal for the errors that had crept in his way of thinking, and gently took him to

task for so going astray. Hardly had I got over my astonishment when this lovely child went to the piano and played with masterly technique one of the classical pieces of music and asked Iqbal whose composition it was. Iqbal was completely lost in front of her, and she was all the time giving us illuminating surprises. She seemed perfect in every branch of learning—apart from being a perfect piece of creation. This went on for full three hours, and I discovered that under her guidance Iqbal had written his famous Thesis that gave him his Ph. D. This finishing touch of Munich was most impressive, and we returned to Heidelberg again.

Heidelberg, 30th August, 1907. On this day boat racing was organised and it was an amusing show. Every one had to take part in this race, and Iqbal exhibited his skill by coming last! Even I superseded him. The evening was spent in questions and answers, and in these three hours the whole world was ransacked.

31st August was set aside for visiting the famous Schloss Neckerbeinstein situated on a great height in the distance; one had to pass through the beautiful Necker Valley to reach the place. For its surroundings a famous fruit forest had been planned which contained every conceivable fruit in Europe you could think of. Through this fruit garden flowed a small river with waterfalls in between that gave it the touch of Paradise. There was no restriction of any kind for the

visitors who entered this garden, so we enjoyed the fruits and flowers Nature had offered us, and the Company was so filled with joy that they improvised a flower dance to crown the moment. It was led by Frau Prof. Wegenast who danced with Iqbal a folk—dance in which other students joined. Iqbal being awkward in this accomplishment, caused great merriment, and all were like a happy family. In between this enjoyment learning new things and answering intricate questions kept the standard as high as one could expect in spite of this seeming frivolity.

In this manner every day was crowded with new visits, new games, new lessons, and little incidents like the one I am mentioning happened all along. Once Frauleins Wegenast, Seneschal, and Kadernat were doing what is known as Physical Culture exercises, and I had Fraulein Wegenast's arm round me as the exercise demanded. We were busy with this work, when suddenly Iqbal appeared and stood in front of us staring and transfixed like a statue. When Fraulein Prof. Wegenast asked Iqbal what he was looking at so intently, he immediately replied, "I have suddenly been transformed into an astronomer, so I am studying the constellation of Stars". At dinner the same evening we had a guest who possessed beautiful golden hair, and being very young the down on her face was a little too apparent, so he turned to me and said in Urdu, "Iske Aariz par sunehri bal hain—Ho Tilai ustra Iske liye". I could not help but laugh

in an uncontrolled fashion at his versatile humour.

My visit had come to an end, and I was to leave Heidelberg the next day which had many interesting episodes. In the well-known Sperehoff fruit garden we were gathered, each preparing one dish, and Iqbal had prepared an Indian one. Each dish was praised or criticised according to its merit, and when the time for my departure came, they all lined up placing me in front of them. I did not know what it meant, but someone had written a song of farewell for me, and Iqbal led the song, and all joined in the Chorus. Thus ended my memorable visit to Germany.

I returned to India and had no occasion to meet Iqbal, but received many letters to which I replied, though I have no record of the same. In 1908, I again had to go to Europe accompanying my sister and brother-in-law Their Highnesses Nawab Sidi Ahmed Khan and Rafiya Sultan Nazli Begum of Janjira when Iqbal called on their Highnesses & wrote this poem in my sister's autograph album :—

از بزرگداشت پر جلیس سرفراز - انصراآت بوسی گل بر سر فر
 رنجر کے رتڑ موج غنا بدراہ کے - دینا سے بیدار شب کو نورل چادر فر
 کارور قوم کو توجہ سے زینت سطح - جسطرح رددو پیم صد حفصہ انفر فر
 شمع بزم اہد ملت را چراغ طور کمر
 یغی ظلم جائزہ مارا سرا با نور کمر

"The Hotel"
 21, Sloane Street
 London

آیت
 ۹ جون ۱۹۰۸

We returned the same year to India to find my mother ill, and her ailment proved fatal. Intimation of this bereavement was evidently sent to Iqbal, giving that as one of the reasons for not replying to many of his letters. Here is one of the many poems sent by Iqbal :—

جس جو جس گل کی تر پانی تھی آجیل مجھے - خولے تھکے آفریل لا وہ گل مجھے
 خود تر پاتا تھا جس والوں کو تر پاتا تھا کس - بھو جب رطس لڑا پاتا تھا شرماتا تھا کس
 بر بھو مردی مظلوم تھا سہا بھو تھا - لہر کھاب خرم الفت کھالے بیابان تھا
 نامرادوں فصل گل میں مرے مشہور تھی - صبح میری آئندہ دار شہر بھو تھی
 از نفس درینہ خورشید نشتر دہشتم
 زیر خاشکی ہاں فرخاں نشتر دہشتم

اربا شہر کے جہاں میری پریشانی نہیں - اہل عشق بزرگ لعلی میری منزل خوانی نہیں
 عشق کے گمانے سے لگا بچھ چھارے - کھیلے ہیں بچھنوں کے ساتھ اربا فانی نہیں
 خازنہ الفت کے رخا کر یہ آئینے سے - اور آئینے میں حکس بھوم درینہ سے
 قبو میں آیا تو حاصل کھو آزادی ہوئی - دل کے طرف جانے سے کہ گمراہ آبادی ہوئی
 خود سے اس خورشید کی اختر بر آئینہ سے - چاندنی جیسے خبار راہ سے شرمندہ سے
 یک نظر کردی و آداب فنا آموختی
 شہد روز سے خفا خاں مراد آموختی

دور افتادہ اجبال

میونک (جرمنی)

I had also invited him to Janjira on behalf of Their Highnesses the Nawab Saheb and Begum Saheba of Janjira and the letter dated the 13th

of January 1909 given here is his reply:—

Laluru

13th Jan. 09.

My dear Miss Meyya,

Thanks you so much for
the very kind letter which I
have just received & my
great relief. I had in
mind to come to Bombay for
a personal expression of
sympathy, but unfortunately
on the 29th of Dec. when
I was participating in one
of conference ^{discussions} ~~discussions~~ I
received a telegram from
home telling me that my
brother was seriously ill.
I had to run to Madras
the same afternoon. The evening
before I looked after him.
Thank God he is alright

now. God has spared him
for me. I have spent a
an still spending so much
of his money. His loss would
have been dreadful from
every point of view.

It is extremely kind of their
highnesses & yourself to ask me
to come to Paris. Nothing
could be more pleasant as
well as profitable intellectually
& physically. But you are
aware that I have just started
my business which requires
my constant presence
at the station. For the
sake of others I must forego
the pleasure of your society -
in spite of a strong - almost
irrespressible desire - to come

and keep you a your sister -
 in getting over your recent
 sorrow. I feel I can be of
 some ~~use~~ use to you in
 this respect, but I am
 constrained to be cruel to
 any sentiments in suppressing
 them for considerations whose
 force makes itself felt -
 -situated as I am - all
 the more vehemently.

Please do not dislike for
 me for this bit of worldly
 wisdom which, of course, is
 folly when we are in the
 dreamland of Poetry. It is
 therefore not possible for me
 to come to Jangira in the
 near future. I may however
 manage to see you
 during the September holiday
 when the Chief court is
 closed. So spend some

time in the company of their
 Highnesses & yourself & honor
 intellectual treat and
 pleasure all combined.
 please convey my most
 respectful salams to them
 and assure them of the
 good wishes of a fond
 friend whose circumstances
 cannot rob of his imagination
 though they have cruelly
 robbed him of immediate
 opportunities to visit you
 & their Highnesses.

Yours ever

S. M. Iqbal

r.s. Bar-at-Law.

My book on Persian Mysticism
 is published; I shall soon send
 you a copy. The Poems (lyrical)
 I hope to publish soon. They will
 be printed in India, bound in Germany
 & despatched to Indian Lag.

I had heard that Iqbal had refused the Chair of Philoso-
 phy offered to him by the Aligarh University and so I inquir-
 ed of him the reason of his refusal. I was interested in the
 Aligarh University, having helped the Institution in many

ways, and knowing Iqbal's deas I felt he would have helped the educational cause of the Muslims in India as such a personality was needed by our community. His refusal had caused me concern, and I had written to him on this question. His letter of 9th April 1909 is his reply :

Dear

9th April 09.

My dear Mr. Fuzze,

Thank you so much for your very kind letter which I received this morning.

I cannot tell you who is Mr. Mir Muhammad Asbalq or do not know him; but you know his wife & I hope you will be able to identify him by this clue.

Yes I refused the High School Chair of Philosophy a few days ago I refused to accept the Union first class chair of history. I do not wish to enter any service. My object is to run away from this country as soon as possible. You know the reason, I owe a sort of general debt to my brother which detains me

My life is extremely miserable.
 They force my wife upon me
 I have written to my father that
 he had no right to arrange
 my marriage especially when
 I had refused to enter into any
 alliance of that sort. I am
 quite-willing to support her,
 but I am not prepared to
 make my life miserable by
 keeping her with me. As a
 human being I have a right
 to happiness - of society - or
 nature deny that to me.
 I defy both. The only cure is
 that I should leave this wretched
 country for ever, or take refuge
 in liquor which makes suicide
 easier. These dead barren
 leaves of books cannot yield
 happiness; I have got sufficient fire
 in my soul to burn them up
 and to scold conventions as well.
 A good God created all this, you
 say. May be. The facts of his life,
 however, tend to a different conclusion.
 It is intellectually ^{easy} to believe in an eternal
 omnipotent Devil rather than a
 good God. Please excuse me for
 these utterances. I do not want

Sympathy. I wanted only to
 disburden my soul. You know all
 about me, & for this reason
 I have ventured to give expression
 to my feelings. This is
 confidential; please do not
 tell anybody. I hope you understand
 now why I refused service.

I am extremely sorry that I
 have not been able to get an
 interview for you. The Secretary of
 the Amjuma told me the
 other day that it was not possible
 to get one. The other day I
 delivered a public lecture
 on the meaning of religion
 as a factor in the evolution
 of society. I took down only a
 few notes. I do not know whether
 anybody took down what I said.
 The Amjuman lecture will be
 in English — "Islam as a
 moral & Political Ideal." If
 it is printed I shall send you
 a copy. I shall ask the Editor
 of the Review to send a copy
 of the Review to you.

Abdul Qader has come to
 desire to practice
 the Chief Court

I am sorry to hear that you do
 not believe me when I say
 I wish to come to Bombay
 to see you & Miss Highness
 who come so very kind to me
 I certainly do wish to come
 over - whether it would
 be possible I cannot say
 at present. No greater relief
 to me than this.

Two three weeks ago I received
 a letter from you bearing Mr.
 Weyenast's like to girl, she
 is so good & thankful. I have
 written her a letter to the good old
 Fran Professor.

Please remember me to Miss
 Highnesses & assure them of my
 friendship - which though I wish
 of much use to them - is ~~not~~^{none}
 of course & unflinching.

Yours sincerely
 J. P. B.

Iqbal's letter of 9th April 1909 was such that it needed sympathetic treatment and careful handling, and I wrote to him expressing concern at his misfortune. Further, I had accused him of being weak in giving way to such pessimism as he had betrayed in his letter. I had also mentioned that if I could see him personally I would point out his folly in not overcoming **minor misfortunes, which is the common legacy** of mankind and it was only the less self-sufficient who would resort to such methods as he had expressed. I had suggested his meeting Abdul Qadir (now Sir Abdul Qadir) who was in London at the same time and used to meet us and discuss on different matters concerning our studies in the University. I thought this might distract Iqbal's mind from his pessimistic attitude, and prevent him from dwelling on his 'misfortune' as he called it. I also tried to take his mind away from his present environment by referring to Frau Professor and Miss Wegenast, of whom he was very fond, they being learned in philosophy and also his teachers. I had also asked Iqbal to find for me an 'Ustani' (Teacher) for the Girls' School I was interested in conducting in Janjira. All this helped to distract his attention from dwelling on the matter that troubled him. I was successful to a great extent in my attempt, as will be seen from his letter dated the 17th April 1909:

Lena

17th Apr. 09.

My dear Miss Atter, ,

Thank you for the comforting words — your letter has brought me great relief. I too wish to see you & pour out my entire self before you. You say you want to ask me many questions — why don't your dear letters to me are always kept in a safe chest; why you can see them. And you know I withhold nothing from you & I believe it is a sin to do so. I admit, my letters are not at all satisfying as you say — but they are necessarily so for the reasons you mentioned in your last letter. Don't accuse me of forgetfulness; I forget nothing; but I should like to hear the explanation simply because I wish to see how you explain. Last night I went to heaven & happened to pass through the gates of Hell. I found the place dreadfully

cold. They told me, when they
 found me unmazed, that
 the place was cold in its
 own nature; but that it
 would become intensely hot
 since everybody had to
 bring his own fire from
 the world. I am preparing to
 collect as much burning
 coal as possible in this
 country where there are
 numerous coal mines.

I glimpse about Qader,
 almost every day in the
 bar room of the Chief Court,
 but we have not talked
 about you for a long time.
 I do not talk much with
 others now; my own wretched
 self is a mine of miserable
 thoughts which emerge snake-
 like from the deep, dark
 holes of my soul. I think I
 shall become a snake charmer
 and walk about in the thick
 with a host of curious boys
 behind me.

Don't think that I am an
 pessimist. I tell you misery
 is most delicious; and
 I enjoy my misfortune and
 lament that there who believe
 they are happy. You see how
 I steal my happiness.

I received a letter from
 Miss Wrennath some time ago.
 When I write to her I shall
 remind her of the days when
 you were in Germany — the
 days which will never come
 again. She is at present at
 her own place — Hellbrunn;
 but, I believe, she must
 have come by this time to
 Heidelberg to assist — I mean
 Prof. in her teaching work. You
 may rest assured that she
 is quite well. Please excuse
 my bad writing. I don't
 remember what I have
 written before — each moment
 being its own thought-
 child, so that of you, my letter
 incoherent — forgive the
 vagrant.

As regards the ustani I have
 received an application today
 forwarded to me by the
 Superintendent of Tenana
 Schools of the Anjuman-i
 Hainayat Islam Lahore.
 I am going to correspond with
 her and shall soon let
 you know of the result.

But I should like to know
 whether she will have to
 treat as a Public or
 School, and as a Junjwani
 Bombay. My elder brother
 is transferred to a place about
 16 miles from Bombay. He
 will proceed shortly.

Two copies of the above
 are sent herewith. I hope
 you will find them interesting.
 Please remember me to their
 Highness and Saligi.

Yours very sincerely
 Syed

Owing to my various activities, particularly Muslim girls' education, I was not a regular correspondent, so I do not find any letters between April and July 1909, but it is evident that I must have written to Iqbal during this period with a view to getting his mind away from that particular mood that had overtaken him. Iqbal not only got over the depression that controlled him, but shows a humorous tendency, and starts his reply in this state of mind. I have written that if he ever came to Janjira he would have to take a steamer, boats, tonga, cross creeks, etc., to reach the place. He also refers to my letter telling him that he was wrong in paying attention to petty grievances, and goes on writing in his usual way talking in higher terms of meeting his Creator so as to question him about himself. He also writes several verses in this letter, which make it all an interesting reading. I had for some reasons—I do not remember which—rebuked him and asked him to be more careful, of which he makes a mention; at the end of the letter he refers to a poem he had sent me from Munich, and asked me to send him a copy of the same. The original poem is published below:

Lahore

17th July 09

My dear Miss Midge,

Thank you very much for your letter which I have just received. I find myself extraordinarily cheerful this morning. So please excuse me if you discern a vein of humor in my letter. I have not changed my plans; you are not justified in making the inference from ^{any} silence. But, of course, I ~~do~~ sometimes scare by two boats, one steamer, two tongas and two creeks - a veritable Uzine which would bring me the fame of Rustom if I could get through it.

The need of Rustom was great and I am not certain what my mind would be. I generally make up my mind to do a certain thing & then give myself up to circumstances leaving them to carry me whither they will.

You are not conscious of what
 good you have done — this
 is true & better so. You could
 not have been conscious of it.
 I am conscious of it, but cannot
 give you expression to it. Let
 us drop the subject. It would
 be futile on my part to describe
 the indescribable, & then you
 say you are not open to conviction.
 There are pretty grievances (you are
 wrong in describing them pretty) ^{any}
 I know them? You will not
 stick information on this point
 specially of these grievances
 are against me — of course
 everybody is waiting patiently
 for the place of rest. I am
 anxious to go to that place
 because I should like to meet
 the Curator and call upon
 him to give me a rational
 explanation of my mind which
 I think is not an easy
 task for him to do. I am
 incomprehensible to myself —
 you see and explain. Yours

جو I wrote - -

اقبال علی اقبال سے آگاہ نہیں ہے!

کراچی میں تم کو نہیں والی نہیں ہے

Many people have made similar statements about me & I have often laughed at myself and declined. I now propose to give a formal answer to such statements; you will see it published in the *Uz*. I have never put - what people think about me; the answer is yet to be verified.

I am sorry to hear that you are distressed to find people in North India not respecting and admiring me. I tell you that I do not care for other people's respect - I do not mean to live by other people's breath -

جیادہ کیا جو نفس غیر بردار
شہرت کی زخماں با برود کی خورد

I live a straightforward honest
 life; my heart is in perfect
 unison with my tongue. People
 respect and admire hypocrisy.
 If hypocrisy buys me fame
 respect and admiration I would
 rather die unknown
 unlamented. Let the ^{many-headed}
 monster of public give their
 doors of respect to those who
 act and live in accordance
 with their false ideals of religion
 & morality. I cannot stoop to
 respect their conventions wh.
 suppress the unmade freedom
 of man's mind. Byron, Goethe
 and Shelly were not respected
 by their contemporaries — and
 though I am far inferior to
 them in poetic power I am
 proud that I am ⁱⁿ their company
 in this respect.

Have I instructed you? You
 never stood in need of instruction.
 I remember I introduced you
 to Plato & but there it ended.
 we read so little of it that

I cannot justly claim the
honour of having instructed
you. You say I have no
regard for your wishes!!

This is indeed strange,
for I always make it
a point to study your
wishes and to please
you in any way I can.
But sometimes, of course,
such a thing is beyond my
power. The force of my
own nature impels me in
a different direction.

'Otherwise' you would be
more careful. I confess
I do not understand what
you mean. Please explain
to me how it is that I should
be more careful. I am
ready to do all that will
please you. The world
cannot worship me. I and
such be worshipped; since

my nature is such that
 I cannot become an object
 of worship — so ~~intensely~~
 deeply is ingrained in
 me the instinct of
 a worshipper. But if
 the inward thoughts of my
 soul are ^{ever} revealed to
 the public, if what lies
 concealed in my heart is
 ever expressed — then, I
 am sure, the world will
 worship me some day after
 my death. They will
 forget my sins, and
 give me the tribute of a
 tear.

The Lt. Governor was
 willing to recommend me
 to the Secy. of State for India
 for the vacant Professorship

in the Saline Fort College,
 but I have given up the
 idea of standing a candidate
 for the appt. much against
 my personal inclination.

Force of circumstances compels
 me to consider things from a
 financial point of view
 — a point of view which
 was revolting to me a
 few years ago. I have
 decided to continue in the
 legal profession trusting in
 God's help.

Could you send me
 a copy of the poem I
 wrote to you from Munich?
 I have got no copy of it
 and I wish to keep one
 with me.

Please convey my salams
 to Mrs. Thompson
 Yours sincerely
 Muhammad Ali Jinnah

Nothing of importance had happened during the interval, except that Iqbal wrote to me of his desire to visit Hyderabad, and asked for a letter of introduction. I gave him one introducing him to my cousins, Mr. & Mrs. Hydary (Sir Akbar Hydary was the Finance Minister then). To me it seemed that Iqbal was enamoured of Hyderabad and was likely to be influenced by the glamour Indian States offered to outsiders. I was afraid that by going there Iqbal would dissipate his genius in trivialities instead of devoting it to a higher purpose. I knew he was faced with financial troubles, and a man so handicapped might clutch at any straw that comes in his way, so I had sharply reproached him. The idea was that he should not fall a prey to any State temptations.

Lahore
30th Mar. 10

My dear Missi Begum,

Thank you so much for
your visit which I enjoyed
very much. Nothing is more
enjoyable than to be from
a friend. I received Mr. Hyman's
invitation at Hyderabad a
soon after I wrote to you
as to why it was not possible
for me to come to Mansarovar.

Yesterday on my return I received
the letter - the sweet scolding -
I wrote to His Highness that
I could not come owing to
my other engagements which
has handicapped me so often.
If I could have stayed a little
more at Hyderabad I am sure
Mr. Hyman the Hyman, would have

expressed a desire to see me.
 I saw all the big people there
 & most of them invited me
 to their place. My visit to
 Hyderabad had some meaning
 which I shall explain to you
 when we meet. The Hyderis were
 not the only consideration of
 my visit. Perhaps you know
 that I have not had the
 pleasure of their acquaintance
 before I saw them at Hyderabad.
 I enjoyed my stay with them
 immensely. It is extremely kind
 of Mrs Hydari to speak so kindly
 of me. I felt quite at home
 in her house. I like the
 intensely arab spirit in
 her, and I have a great
 admiration for her good sense
 & wisdom in all the
 affairs which attract her
 attention or sympathy. It was
 chiefly through the influence of
 Mr & Mrs Hydari that I had

The good fortune to see some of
 the best specimens of the Hydras
 society. Mr. Hyson is a man
 of great culture & broad sympathies.
 I expected him to be a man of
 dry fact & figures, but nature
 has gifted him with a very fine
 imagination & a very tender heart.
 I have immense respect for both
 of them. There is the second real
 home that I have seen — The
 first being the Arnolds. Mrs. Hyson
 is a person of intuition whereby
 she can see things more clearly
 than we men, by their cold
 analysing reason.

Now would you ^{be} so good as convey
 my apologies to their Highnesses &
 ask pardon on my behalf. I really
 do not know what became of
 my letter which I wrote to you after
 the receipt of their Highnesses' wire.
 I am unfortunately a man who
 does not reveal his affections
 but they are none the less deep
 for want of expression. People
 are apt to think that I am cold.
 Please assure their Highnesses that

I am always at their disposal
 whenever it is possible for me to
 come to Jaunpura I shall do so with the
 greatest pleasure. I had only ten
 days casual leave which expired
 on 28th. I left Hyderabad on the
 28th & it takes about 4 days to
 reach Lahore from Hyderabad. Moreover
 I had to visit Aurangzeb's tomb
 on my way back on which I am
 going to write the most stirring
 poem that the readers of *Urdu* have
 ever read. I reached Lahore on
 the morning of the 29th & had
 to go straight to the college & thence to
 the court. Under these circumstances,
 you can see for yourself - ~~it~~ it
 was not possible for me to make a
 trip to Jaunpura. I had, therefore, to
 forego the pleasure of seeing their Highnesses.
 I hope this explanation will convince
 you & you will act the advocate
 for me. I have got my faults,
 but certainly not hypocrisy &
 indifference. Perhaps I am a
 mystery mystery (even to myself!) as
 you would like to put it; but this
 "mystery" is known to everybody.

"میرا یہ سب کچھ ہے، یہ ہے میرا سب کچھ"

My ways may be strange, but there
 are people in this wicked world
 whose ways are stranger than mine.
 Opportunity is ^{the} only test of a man's
 real nature. If any opportunity comes
 I shall certainly show you how
 intensely I love my friends &
 how deeply my heart beats for
 them all. People hold life dear &
 rightly so; I have got the strength
 to give it freely away when it
 is required by others. No! don't
 call me indifferent or hypocrite;
 not even by implication, for it
 hurts my soul & makes me
 shudder at your ignorance of
 my nature. I wish I could turn
 inside outward in order to give
 you a better view of my soul
 which you think is darkened by
 hypocrisy & indifference.

Please ask forgiveness on my
 behalf for this unavoidable
 remissness & let me know
 immediately that my explanation
 has convinced him.

Yours ever
Wm. L. G. Talbot

After this I must have written another sharp letter, scolding him for I was convinced that his employment in any service in an Indian State would work against his genius. His letter dated the 7th April 1910 explains itself.

Lahore

7th April 10

My dear Mrs. Maya,

Thanks you very much for your kind letter which I received this morning. You so apt seem to realize that I would like to see letters from Hyderabad, one before I heard anything from you, or the other after I had read your telegram. In my second letter I acknowledged your telegram & explained to you how it was not possible for me to come to Janyera, as the British would have it. This second letter which could have saved you a good deal of scolding went wrong.

I am at a loss to know
 why it did not reach you
 I am afraid you are suffering
 from a very bad misunderstanding
 about my conduct & motives
 and it is not easy to cure you
 of it without seeing you
 It has become, with the interests
 of friendship which I still
 claim absolutely necessary
 that we should see each
 other. And I shall find time
 to do so, though you think
 there could ^{be} no opportunity -
 your verbal explanation I
 hope I shall be able to convince
 you of my truth & sincerity.
 I believe in your good nature
 but for the present I must
 ask you to convey my
 explanation to their Highnesses,

I am sure they are more
 forgiving than you are. The
 misunderstanding Mr. has
 unfortunately come between us
 has many causes, & these
 causes, I am afraid, are
 unconsciously working in
 your mind. It is my mis-
 fortune that they have
 so far prejudiced you against
 me that you charge me
 with insincerity & untruth.
 Please do not make any
 inferences about my visit
 to Hyderabad - such as reception
 by the Hydrabad Club - until you
 have heard me. I could
 not have undertaken such
 a long journey were I for
 seeing friends at a time
 when I could ill afford to
 do so. I may tell you that
 I do agree with you in what
 you say about the Hyderabad Society.

I thought, until this morning
 when I received your last
 letter, that there was an
 undercurrent of goodwill in
 your letter I received on my return
 to Lakon. But this letter has
 upset me; I find that you
 are really angry with me.
 Your letter has upset me
 & I shall have to leave all
 this until I have closed
 myself in your eyes. I
 assure you that my mind
 has not undergone any
 change; I am still the
 same person & you will see
 it for yourself one day.
I predict it.

Where did I speak of the
 bygone's recognition as an honour?
 You know I don't care for
 all these things I do not
 wish to become known as
 a poet; though unfortunately
 people know me in this

capacity - . Only the other day
 I received a letter from an
 Italian Baroness who had
 written me to send a few
 of my poems with - Eng. translation.
 But I feel no enthusiasm
 about poetry; you are res-
ponsible for it. What
 do I care for a native ruler's
 recognition when I receive
 recognition from persons of
 culture in foreign lands?
 No! My dear ^{Miss Stuy} do not
 misunderstand me; do
 not be so cruel as you
 have shown yourself, beyond
 my expectations, in your last
 letter. You have not heard
all. You do not know
 my troubles which will, to
 a great extent, explain my
 conduct. A thorough explanation
 of my attitude towards you
 will require an intolerably
 long letter - perhaps more letters

than one: however the actual
 sound of words is more convincing
 than the mere reproduction of
 these sounds on paper. Paper
 lacks humanity - and there
 are things which ought not
 to be written on paper. Do not
 be so hasty in judging
 my motives: You accuse me
 of being very much mercenary
 & practical. Perhaps there is
 an element of truth in it; but
 when you know all the circumstances
 you too will find some justification
 for it. In the reports - I was
 still a dreamer and "a
dreamer of enigmistic fancies"
 as one of your friends has
 recently called me in an
 essay of his on modern literature.
 His Highness was not mistaken:
 in looking upon you the only authority
 on my whereabouts. May I
 suggest that you did not

choose to continue to be so;
 though I have confessed & shall
 always confess the power of
 this authority? Some people
 look upon me ~~with~~ - as an
 singular authority about
 you; but ^{imagine} ~~perceive~~ my disappointment
 when I heard from other people
 that you ^{have had} designed to visit
 London ~~with~~ & ~~crossed~~ was
 already in it! Had you did
 it couldst be so ~~of~~ alive
 to me! It was sheer chance
 that I had the pleasure to
 see you only to make myself
 more excusable. I am afraid
 I am writing things which ought
 to be removed for talk. I shall
 not write more about it, since
 I feel tempted to out of our myself
 by many Mr. things - not
 necessary of the same kind.

such I need not long on
 paper. For the sake of those days
 when you had so much confidence
 & regard for me, grant me
 one thing - request ^{in my} on my
 behalf to realize my situation
 & forgive me for my remissness
 if I could have come nothing could
 have been more pleasant to
 me. I do not by now, lest
 the tone of ^{my} letters be looked upon
 as insincere. It is my misfortune
 that you read my letters
 with the background of a
 wrong impression of my attitude
 towards you, & do not make
 an effort to get rid of a
 channel of thought - or feeling
 in which your mind has
 begun to run. If you cannot
 do so, then for the sake of
 truth and honesty which, as you
 think, are no longer mere
 words, which, as I believe, are

assuredly yours, wait - till
 the whole thing comes before you.
 It is only just, to do so; and
 you are just, even though
 you may be, at times, cruel
 & unrelenting. In memory
 of those days, then, - day, dead
 & nature, are living in my heart -
 do convey my message to them
 & tell them not to attribute
 my remembrance to indifference,
 or to the fact that - any other
 person holds a warmer place
 in my heart one higher in
 my estimation. On my return
 to Lahore I received your letter
 and wired to Mr. Bhikhu Dhillon
 to him that I could not
 visit. Jangra owing to College
 engagement. But I do not know
 whether my telegram reached
 him or went wrong like
 my letter from Hyderabad which

has caused this unfortunate
circumstantiating.

Thank you so much for the
copy of the poem which you
have so kindly sent - some.
It was very needed. I tried
to recollect the verses, but could
not do so in spite of
repeated efforts. I have been
receiving letters from various
parts of the country to bring
out my poems in book form.
A gentleman whom you have perhaps
met, has offered to do the
whole thing for me - to write
an introduction, to get them printed
in the best printing press in India
& to get the book bound in
Germany. But I feel no enthusiasm
for poetry; I feel as if somebody
has slain my pretty maid
& I am left widowed of
all my imagination. Perhaps

the poem on Aurangzeb - where
 tomb I have recently visited -
 will be my last. I feel as
 if it is my duty to write - this
 poem & hope that, once completed,
 it will live for some time
 to come. I think I must finish
 now; I have used up enough
 ink; now half past twelve; I
 feel extremely tired after the
 days work I've used with
 a heavy heart.

Thanking you for all
 your scolding

Yours ever sincerely
 Mahmood Iqbal

Allah

7th April '0.

During April 1910 and July 1911 many things happened that made Iqbal's life miserable, and nothing could have averted the misfortune that made him look on life from a bitter standpoint. Whether this was to change the line of his thought, destiny alone knows, but certainly, things were so contrived that Iqbal's entire attention was directed towards writing of deeper and more enigmatical problems than he had hitherto concentrated upon. His father asking him to write a Masnavi in Persian after Bu Ali Qalandar, enlarged his scope of vision, and made him direct his attention to philosophical literature in great strength, his lyrical mood seemed to drop from him, leaving him strong and bitter, hurling questions even at the Creator to get his doubts answered. What answer he received is known from his life's work, as the questioning continued without bringing him the necessary satisfaction. In many cases he took refuge in Western philosophers like Neitzsche and Schopenhauer, while poets like Shelley and Byron were receding in the background, and Iqbal stood defiant, hurling things boldly but not indiscriminately.

Lahore

7th July 1911

My dear Miss Fyvie,

I am so sorry that I have not been able to attend to your very kind letter which I received sometime ago. The reason is that I have been very much upset during these days - my misfortune has been following me like a faithful dog; and I have learnt to like the same for her continuing loyalty to her miserable King. Details I shall let you know later on.

As regards the poems I shall be glad to send you a copy of. Mr. Francis of mine has lent me his collection of my poems and I have engaged a man to transcribe it for me. When he is over I shall return

the whole, rewrite. The poems fit
 for publication & send a copy
 of these to you. You need not be
 grateful to me; since making
 you happy, as you say in your
 kind letter, is my sufficient
 reward. On the other hand I am
 grateful to you for the admiration
 which I doubt I deserve at all.
 But, ^{what} will you do with these
 poems — these writings of
 a bleeding heart? There
 is nothing of cheerfulness
 in them. To say in any
 dedication —

”خنده بر ظلم غمگینم
 تو جسم سے مزی طیبوں کو باختم
 درد کے پالنے پر سرسری گنت سخن
 فطرت نام کے اپنے میں جو رسم لکھ

My great difficulty is selection for
 publication. During the last
 5, 6 years my poems have
 become more of a private

nature & I believe the public have
 no right to read them. Some
 of them I have destroyed altogether
 for fear of ~~somebody~~ ~~somebody~~
 stirring them away & publishing them.
 However I shall see what I
 can do. Fatha has asked me
 to write a Masnawi in
 Persian after Bu Ah. Qalandar's,
 in spite of the difficulty of
 the task I have undertaken
 to do so. Here are the
 opening verses -

“قاله را انداز نو ایجا کوش - بزم را از پای و سو آباد کن
 آتش استی بزم عالم به فرزند - دیگران را هم از س آتش سوز
 سینه را سوزندل قدر نامه ساز - اشک خویش را جگر کالم ساز
 پشت پاپوشش دنیا بزن - موج بیرون این دریا بزن”

The rest I have forgotten; but hope
 to be able to recollect ~~them~~ when
 I return from Court. It is now
 at least beyond my power to
 venture on a jig which
 is recently published - in

the best. I have written to
 my friend Sardar Anwar Singh
 (whom I suppose you know)
 to send me a copy of his Eng.
 translation of a few verses
 which I wrote to Miss
 Fotherman (a friend of
 Princess Dalip Singh) on
 her presenting to me a
 beautiful flower plucked
 from the Shalimar gardens.
 The original, I am afraid,
 is not with me. I shall
 try to find it out for
 you.

Please remember me
 to their Highnesses with
 your sincere
 Md. Iqbal

By now Iqbal had completely given himself to writing
 on deeper matters. I received many poem and prose writings
 from him, in fact I do not know of any occasion that he let
 pass without sending me his literary efforts, and in some
 cases important poems that were not even published were

sent to me. The Post of December 14th 1911 brought a most interesting collection from Iqbal, particularly those lines he calls musical, saying he wished he were with me to sing them to me in that particular musical tone which he had visualised in his mind.

Lahore

14th Dec. 1911

Dear Mrs. Fyfe,

Thank you so much for your kind letter which I received a moment ago. Do not show the poem to Mrs. Siddons if you think she cannot appreciate Urdu poetry.

This is one of the new poems which are yet unpublished. There are a few ^{more} ~~more~~ which I wrote this day before yesterday early in the morning at 4 AM. I have never tried this metre before. It is extremely musical; I wish I had been there to sing the poem to you as the Begum Sahiba

Yours sincerely
Iqbal

P.S.O.

ہرگز نہ کہہ سکتا ہوں کہ
 یہ کون سا عجب ہے کہ
 ہرگز نہ کہہ سکتا ہوں کہ
 یہ کون سا عجب ہے کہ
 ہرگز نہ کہہ سکتا ہوں کہ
 یہ کون سا عجب ہے کہ
 ہرگز نہ کہہ سکتا ہوں کہ
 یہ کون سا عجب ہے کہ
 ہرگز نہ کہہ سکتا ہوں کہ
 یہ کون سا عجب ہے کہ

زندگانی ہے مری مثل رباطِ خموش - جسکی ہر رگ کے نغموں سے ہر بے زبان گوش
 بریل کون دمکان جسکی خموشی پستار - جسکے ہر تار میں ہیں سیکڑوں نغموں کے مزار
 مہرستانِ نوا کا ہے این جگھا سکوت - اورنت کش ہنسا نہیں جگھا سکوت

آہ! امید محبت کی برائی نہ کہی
 چوٹ اس ساز نے مضراب کی کہاں نہ کہی!

گزرتی ہے نسیمِ عینِ طورِ کبھی - سمتِ گردوں سے ہوا نفسِ حور کبھی
 چہرہ آہستہ سے دیتی ہی مڑتا حیات - جس سے برتی ہے رابعِ گرفتار حیات
 نغمہِ یاس کی دہمکی سی مورا اٹھتی ہے - اسٹک کے قافلے کو بانگِ درا اٹھتی ہے

جسطحِ زلفتِ شبنم سے مذاقِ رم سے

میری فطرت کی بلندی ہے نوا کے خم سے!

Then

14th Dec.

The Partition of Bengal - the severance
of the Muslim Bengal from the
Hindu Bengal was - so the
Bengalee Hindu thought - a
mortal wound inflicted by the
Govt. on the heart of Bengal
nationality. The Govt. however,
have cleverly warded off their own
doing by the imperianisation
of Delhi. The Bengalee thinks
he has scored a great point;
little thinking that his importance
has thereby been reduced to
zero-point. Here are two

verses on this point. -

مندرمل زخم دل شمالِ آخر پرک - وہ جو تھی سلا تیر کا فر و موشن لسی
تاجِ پائی لے گلے سے دہلی آگ - ملکی باجو جو ملی اور بلکری چھین گئی

میرا نام

یارب دل مسلم کو وہ زندہ تھادے - جوتب کو گرما دے جو روح کو تڑپا دے
 پھروادی نغاراں کے ہر ذرہ کو چھا دے - پھر شوقِ تماشادے پھر ذوقِ تماشادے
 محروم تماشاکو پھر دیدہ بنادے - دیکھا ہے جو کچھ مینے اوروں کر بھی دکھلا دے
 پیدا دل ویراں میں پھر شورشِ محشر کر - اس محلِ خالی کو پھر شاہِ بیللا دے
 بھٹکے ہوئے آہو کچھ سوئے حمم لے چل - اس شہر کے غوگر کو پھر بستِ محراب دے
 آتشِ منشی جسکی کانٹوں کو جلا ڈالے - اس بادِ پیماکو وہ آبلہ پادے
 رفعت میں تعاصد کو ہم ندشِ شریا کر - خود داری ساحلِ آزادی دریا دے
 اس دور کی ظلمت میں بربق پشیاں کو - وہ دماغِ محبت دے جو چاند کو شراب دے
 میں بیل نالداں ہوں اکے اکے اجرے گلستاں کا
 تاثیر کا سائل ہوں محتاج کو داتا دے

مردم

آئی ہے شوق سے جب چادرِ دامنِ سحر - منزلِ ہستی سے کربالی ہے خاوشی سفر
 فصلِ قدرت کا آفرٹٹ جانا ہے سکوت - دینی ہے ہر چیز اپنی زلفِ مالہ کا نبوت!
 چھیاتے ہیں ہنر سے پاک پیغامِ حیات! - بانہ ہے ہیں بھول ہی گفتش میں احرامِ حیات!
 مسلم خوابیدہ! اٹھ جاؤ آرازی ہو
 نہ لکل آگے سحر! مجھ سے خاوشی ہو!

دورِ عالم میں رہ پیا چرخِ آفتاب - دامنِ گردوں کا ناپید اپنی یہ دماغِ سحاب
 کچھو کچھو خیر کن کا پھر پھر گرم ستیز - پھر سکتا تا کبھی باطل کو آداب مگر بیز
 تو سرا پا تو ہے زیبا ہے عربانی ہے بے - اور عرباں چونکہ لازم ہے خود آشنائی ہے
 ہاں خایاں ہو کے برقِ دیدہ خفاش ہو

اے دل کون دکھانے رازِ مغر تماشاکو!

محمد انبیا
 بہارِ عالم اور سحرِ عالم کو بھانپنے

After a gap of several years Iqbal paid a visit to us at Aiwan-e-Rif'at, Bombay, in September 1930. We were talking on different aspects and conditions of existence, when Iqbal asked for a piece of paper, and inscribed these lines:—

بہ طواف کعبہ رستم - بہ حرم رسم نہ دادند
 کہ برون در چہ سربسی ہے درون خانہ آئی

بر آجریدہ

سرسم کہ تو می رالی زور قلسرا اب اندر
رادا بہ حجاب اند میرا بہ حجاب اندر

برکت و خیاں بیچ بر کوہ بیاں بیچ
برق کہ بخور بیچد مرد بسحاب اندر

ایں صوتِ دل آویزے از لہو زخمیہ مطرب نیست

ما بکجورِ جاں حورے نالہ بر باب اندر

شہزادانہ در درت لکے عطیہ

بہی ۱۰۱۳۳۴

In January 31 while on the terrace of Aiwan-e-Rif'at, we had a lady visiting us when Iqbal called. The young lady who had a lovely voice sang to us in the beautiful calm of the evening. The following lines were received from Iqbal later:

جہاں را مہندی دلچسپ توئی پندارم چہائی ہر چہ کنتی توئی
 حرم درانتظار و درین پردہ راہ نیست پایدت ویردہ ارشاد غمی ہم

a soliloquy

رخصت بھیجے ان دین سے جو بھی دین نہ میرا دین
 میرا ان میں کیونکر دے جو دین میں سردین
 فوجیں جو بڑھی اتنی میں پس پا او بھیجی کر دین
 دیگر ان میں بھیجے تبت و غلام شون کے بہر دین
 آفت میں کوئی جو جھنڈا لہائی نہ ہو
 اسی کا شش سے بھیجے نہیں پا ارہی نہ ہو
 ایک پہ پہنچت فلک پہنچے ڈالی
 جا بیگی کھالی جب نہ رہی سپہ عالی
 نہ دست نہ مچھوار نہ سولہ نہ توالی
 یہ آج کا جیہ کھنڈی دو حال اگر کھالی
 پارفت میں یا کورہ ری دہاں زمین رہی گئی
 یا بیڑیاں یا بھٹے ہوئی زندان میں رہی گئی

بھرنے کے لئے گر عمر ملی لا کر برس کی
 بیلے کے لئے اور تھکنے نہیں تھکے نفس کی
 وہ دن دن کو آتی ہے یہ ادا از جس کی
 دینا ہے مسافر کو تھوڑے تھوڑے نفس کا
 اس دن کو اور توشہ عجبے، علیہ
 فائدہ دہو فریگی تو پر مشعلی ایسا، علیہ

ایسا کہ صنایع علی ۱۱۰ دیکھ دی
 دروازہ رحمت چھ مہلک دیکھ دی
 جس درگاہ میں شہنائی دن درگاہ دیکھ دی
 اور بار شہنائی نیک جاہ دیکھ دی
 وہاں ہوں چون جان و شہر بھی پاپہ نہیں رکھتا
 ہا یہ نہیں اولگاہوں جو یہ نہیں رکھتا

Changam life

ان بلیغ کہ درخیشتان روزگار

جو دن میں شگن طرح بہار

وقت مراد از دانی گوشت در این
 نیم مراحط او تفرودس در گذار
 همراه محوکتی و بهو برود و سوز
 پیوسته شود تا به دس و من و ملاء
 اکثرها منع از آب برادیم نمی رسد
 تا رفع بخون آید و شویع هزار بار
 پیچیدگی در صورت گشت گذارجوی
 خارج بدل شود و مع اینگی هزار
 داخلی بدل از وقت دهی نماید و افغ
 گشت عوط داده افغ بکنیم هزار بار
 چشم کشودن بگرادر کای من
 زانیدن نامیدیم و زانیدن شکر

دو برتن قند نهفتند در کف خاک پهلوی جبریلی زنج اختیار گیتی
 یادش بجز تاجچه تدر بهر برده پاکوف جو بار حین جا گیتی
 از هیچ نقش غیر سگونی ندیدد پاکاد میره خو چیره ز بیای گیتی
 از زبان اول از دست تر ناگاه از بند نقد سوسکی که بود ای سبزی نهی
 چون زبانه لال و جان پیر خو غا زده پایت از خوش بر پیرانی با کرده
 گزشتن غرض و نگاه حسن خویش به جان خدایت دیره ابهر فرشته
 ز کلفوشی خالص کز اهل پادار به تپاک گرمی ستار با بوی غم
 خاک خون با و کرد در عرض امان وجود زلف و رخسار سفید گل
 رخسار کوه دند و لب هرزه سیرای التبتند: دل ابودنود و چشم نگرانم در
 خوشی بر وفا نایز بهر فردایان ز لبت
 صفی کی فرودن داوود صمان ز لبت

I have no hesitation in saying that Iqbal's genius was suppressed instead of being developed, and India and the Indian conditions under which he had to live were responsible for this disaster. By nature Iqbal was a man of great mental ability and a genius of extraordinary merit. His memory was remarkable; what he read once was engraved

on his mind. In ordinary conversation he was witty and his humour contained a note of cynicism which however had no hint of scorn or contempt. When he read a description of a town or a place it almost stood before him, for, when he visited the place in reality it was to him a familiar spot, and he spoke of it as having studied its conditions thoroughly. This was my experience when he was in our company during our visit to Munich. The Professors who were accompanying us on our instructive and educational tour were amazed at Iqbal's knowledge of the different institutions, museums, galleries and places of learning, which he was visiting for the first time; and in company of these German Professors, and particularly the beautiful Frau Senachal and Frau Wegenast, he seemed to develop a brilliancy he himself was surprised at, for not only were these women professors were beautiful, but so talented that even the learned appeared insipid before them, though Iqbal sparkled in their midst.

From facts given here, one is able to infer correctly if Iqbal's early activities and efforts to widen his range of knowledge has been completely fruitful, or if he has missed being what he might have been. It can also be assumed that certain incidents in his life may have caused him to become that which we find him in his writings. Whatever it may be, the distinction he has gained is all that matters now. Many have thought fit to compare him with other writers, but I dislike the idea of comparing great minds, for each has

his own way of making himself distinct from the rest, and Iqbal's achievement is unique in the realm of intellectual thinking. Obviously it is wrong to presume when one finds a particular idea expressed by Iqbal similar to that of some other writer, that he has copied it or been influenced by it, although it is inevitable that the things one reads in order to expand one's vision, sink into one's consciousness and are reproduced in a fleeting mood. Shakespeare based so many of his dramas on Bocaccio's stories, but Bocaccio had never reached that depth of thought or height of intellectual imagination as expressed by Shakespeare in his works. It is also unwise to consider Eastern thinking as different from the West. It is true that there is an essential difference in the mode of living and thinking of these two people, on account of the conditions prevailing both sides of the Suez, but as I have said, it is only the surface crust that is affected, and no sooner does the human mind break through the crust and delve deeper into the core of things, he finds the same substance within, may he be of East or West.

Iqbal's method of thinking was different from the rest of the known writers of the world, and I can only say that the root cause of this distinction lay in the knowledge he had absorbed from the Quranic teachings. I will not say that he fully realised the internal meaning that lies underneath the words of the Quran, but he certainly based many of his ideas on this holy and inspired

structure and was the richer for such knowledge. For instance, his "Asrar-e-Khudi" shows he fully realised the greatness of the complete freedom given to man on Earth, by virtue of which he tries to snatch the power the Creator wields over His Creation, which he considers his own and falls short in his achievement. He then demands an explanation, wants to know for himself all that is hidden, and even challenges the Creator blaming Him for those mysteries of Creation which remain hidden from him. "Live so beautifully" he exclaimed towards the end, "that if death is the end of all, God himself may be put to shame for having ended thy career."

The social customs of India though they have nothing to do with religion are held paramount in Indian life, and one is forced to abide by the will, wishes and the dictates of the family. This method has caused the ruin of a number of men and women of genius, and Iqbal's instance is a most cruel tragedy, caused by such family obstinacy. Iqbal as I knew him in Europe was never the same personality in India, and those who did not have the advantage of coming across him in his early days, can never measure the standard of intelligence he was capable of displaying. In India his brilliance was blotted out, and as time went on this blot permeated his entire consciousness. He moved and lived dazed and degraded in his own mind, for he knew what he "might have been." Even as I write I am conscious of one or two instances of Indian girls of

delicate and refined temperament with intellectual capacity of reaching the desired height, are marked out for such sacrifice, only because the family wishes her to be married to someone, to get rid of her, their one concern is that she would be held respectable before such society. Her own life has no value; all that matters to the elders is to satisfy the curiosity of the unthinking herd: Having seen Iqbal's tragedy I am appealing to my community to take this as a warning, and think seriously before interfering with young lives.

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