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ALIGARH MEMORIES.

One day in life is not much unlike another, and yet mankind has always delighted in celebrating special days as marking special events. Thousands of years ago Abraham took his beloved child Ismail to the wilderness to offer him as a sacrifice to the will of Allah and thus earned his Creator's admiration. Centuries have rolled by since, civilizations have appeared and disappeared, empires have risen and fallen, religions have come and gone, and yet, even to-day, we celebrate this heroic act of the Great Friend of God with fitting pomp and splendour once every year on the occasion of the festival of Idul-zoha. In a similar way do we celebrate the day of the revelation of the Koran to our Prophet by observing the month in which the auspicious event happened as a month of fasts, prayers, and pious deeds. The day of the birth of our Prophet also we celebrate with appropriate rejoicings and thanksgivings.

Aligarh Jubilee

Other races and other peoples act in the same way and commemorate the great events of their history on the days of their incidence with pomp and festivity, and look upon these days as possessing peculiar virtues and distinctive sanctity.

And the universal instinct of man is right here as everywhere else. By honouring these days we honour our noblest strivings, and by sanctifying them we sanctify the virtues which are rarest and noblest amongst us and which dignify our lives above those of the savages.

The distinguished gentlemen in charge of our great National Institution at Aligarh have therefore acted wisely in resolving to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary in a manner worthy of the occasion.

Sir Syed Ahmed.

To every lover of Islam and Islamic culture, to every worker for progress and reform and to every devotee of truth and reason, this great occasion recalls to mind the Patriarchal figure of the great founder of the Aligarh University, Syed Ahmed Khan, a great man, if ever there was one. His massive head, his towering forehead, his flowing beard, and the far-flung gaze of his eyes remind one of the great figures of prophetic succession, and, as a matter of fact, he was descended from the last and the greatest of them.

I will not attempt to-day to record the history of the achievements of this great man, nor will I attempt to take you through the story of the trials the friends of this Institution had to undergo in days gone by, the difficulties they had to overcome, and the triumphs they achieved. The story of Aligarh forms one of the most enthralling episodes in the history of Muslim India. The task of narrating it I shall, however, leave to the historian and shall confine myself to the humbler task of narrating my own personal experiences as a student of the institution.

Personal Reminiscences

It was in the year 1906 that I first went to Aligarh as a resident scholar in the College department. I must confess what I saw there was an eye-opener to me. I had expected to find a monster building without plan or design, somewhat in the style of the Calcutta Colleges, where professors lectured from unapproachable heights and where the connection between the scholar and his "alma mater" began at half past ten in the morning and ended at 4-30 or 5 p.m. in the afternoon. But instead of that I found myself in a new world altogether, a world of colour and beauty and form, a world in which architecture was vocal, a world in which even the lawns and the courts spoke to me with a thousand voices, and in which instead of the dirt and squalor of an Indian city I saw on every hand the bright faces of students, the grave and dignified figures of the professors, and the brisk activity of the college functionaries.

From the Railway Station to the College

As I drove in a roaring bund-gharry from the Railway station to the College, I was struck by the vastness of its grounds, the spaciousness of its shady drives, the gracefulness of its halls, and the size of its cloistered courts. I was also struck by the Saracenic or Islamic character of the spectacle that unfolded itself before my startled vision. Here there were no featureless and characterless monsters of brick and mortar that I had seen so often in Calcutta, but in their place I saw on every hand graceful buildings which told their own tale more eloquently than words. It was, verily, a noble and touching poem, composed not in words but in brick, and mortar and stone, and withal possessing the unity, the harmony, the cadence and the finish of a beautiful poem.

The College Mosque

The College Mosque, with its aspiring domes, and its tall slender minarets gazing eternally towards heaven is a fitting symbol of Islam

with its proud and defiant independence, its challenging reliance on God and God alone, its contempt for subtlety and fineness, and its unceasing insistence on purity of spirit and simplicity of heart.

The Strachey Hall

The Strachey Hall with its English name, its Gothic roof, its Saracenic pillars and arches testified eloquently to the essential catholicity of Islam, and impressed on the visitor the great truth that to the true inheritor of Islamic culture everything that was good, everything that was noble, everything that tended to purify the mind and elevate the soul was welcome irrespective of race, religion and nationality.

The other buildings of the College are equally catholic in their conception, equally delicate in their execution, and equally expressive of the ideal of the Institution and of the great dream of its founder. From an oil painting on the wall of Strachey Hall, executed with admirable workmanship, Syed Ahmed looks down upon each generation of students as they come and calls upon them to follow his glorious and shining example.

Students in Smart College Clothes

The next thing that struck my fancy was the brisk activity of the large number of bright-faced Mahommedan youths in their smart clothes. This may sound strange to anyone not acquainted with the conditions prevailing in Bengal. But I had gone from this depressed portion of the Islamic world to the very centre of Muslim life in India and was naturally particularly impressed by what I saw. In the schools and colleges of Bengal and Assam the Mahommedan boys form a very small fraction of the student population and the majority of them go to school in dhoti and chaddar in order the more successfully to hide their identity, as they are not particularly proud of their culture or their community. That was the atmosphere I had been breathing. I was therefore agreeably surprised to see so many of my co-religionists strolling about the college compound in their national dress. On seeing their proud and happy faces I felt in my youthful mind that Providence had at last sent me to an Institution where I would really feel at home and where my mind would get its proper food and nurture.

The Value of Aligarh

Many educationists and other public men speak disparagingly of denominational educational institutions. Talking from an abstract point of view such institutions are perhaps undesirable in a perfect

universe, in which people of different religions and nationalities live in mutual love and admiration. But in this imperfect Indian world of to-day, they are, I would not say a necessary evil, but a blessing in many ways, and particularly so for minority communities like ours. It is in these institutions that the boy gets his proper cultural atmosphere. It is in these institutions that his mind develops along its natural lines. And it is also in these institutions that he develops that love for his people and his race which must be the foundation on which a worthy and a useful life can be built. Aligarh fulfils these needs in a pre-eminent degree and therefore it will always be an asset of incalculable value to our community.

Its Achievements

Detractors of denominational institutions have urged that such tend to develop a narrow and sectarian spirit, and shut out that spirit of broad and humane toleration which is the goal of modern culture. This argument may hold good against denominational institutions founded on a narrow and liberal basis, but that is not the case with Aligarh, as is sufficiently evidenced by its actual achievements. During the last 30 or 40 years Aligarh has supplied Indian politics with its most non-sectarian Muslim politicians, it has supplied the public life of the country with its most broad-minded public men, and it has also supplied the State with its most devoted and public-spirited Muslim servants. Aligarh may very well challenge its critics to judge it by its products.

Sectarianism Based on Culture

The fact of the matter is that the detractors of denominational institutions in India have been too much influenced by the arguments of the British liberals of the last century against such organisations in England. They forget that sectarianism in England was based on difference of dogmas, and not, as in India, on difference of culture.

It is, no doubt, a bad policy to have different schools for people differing from each other on minor points of dogma like the High Churchmen and the Nonconformists in England or like the Sunnis and Shias in India. But the question assumes a different aspect when the boys do not belong to different sects but to fundamentally different cultures altogether. In such cases it is better that the boys should be brought up according to the requirements of their own race-ideals rather than that they should be thrown into each other's company in characterless institutions, in which they learn to dislike other people's cultures more than they learn to admire and appreciate their own.

According to College rules all the boys at Aligarh have to wear fez, black Turkish coats and white trousers. They look very smart in their college clothes, and presented to my youthful mind a striking contrast to the Calcutta students in their bizarre and multi-coloured costumes and their permanent dishabille. The world judges young men more by their outward appearance and bearing than by their academic distinctions. The excellent impression that the Aligarh boys create on everyone with whom they come in contact is a well-known and a significant fact. It is also a great tribute to the Institution and the ideal it pursues.

A Comical Incident

Talking of the smartness of the Aligarh boys reminds me of an incident which has also its comical side. A young Aligarian wanted to get a minor job in one of the departments of the U. P. Government. He went to the College Secretary and obtained a letter of introduction to a Hindoo gentleman who was a person of authority and influence in the department concerned. He then went to Allahabad and called on this old gentleman, who happened to be rather shabby and of a nervous disposition. On seeing this young blood enter his office-room in the smartest of clothes and with a confident gait he took him to be an I.C.S. officer and treated him with the utmost humility and deference. Our College brother also rose equal to the occasion, and gave the trembling dignitary some sage advice about his work and his duty, and left the office without disclosing his mission. When on his return to the College his friends asked him about his application and his journey to Allahabad, he narrated his experiences to them amidst peals of laughter and told his much amused comrades that he did not have the heart to play the suppliant to such a shabby and cringing old man.

A Cultural "Kimia"

It is wonderful how boys from different parts of India and also from far-away corners of the Islamic world get the stamp and the impress of the Institution in an incredibly short space of time. Look at an uncouth barbarian of a boy from a remote village of the North-West Frontier at the time of his first admission, and look at him again after six months have elapsed; you would hardly believe that the smart, well-groomed, well-behaved, and well-spoken under-graduate is the same shy and unkempt lad you had seen a few months ago. And yet such transformations are daily going on at the college. Aligarh is the veritable cultural "Kimia" (Philosopher's Stone) which transforms all kinds of metal into gold.

A Passion for Laughter and Sport

Aligarh boys are passionately fond of laughter and sport and have an irresistible partiality for practical jokes. In this, as in many other things, they resemble the under-graduates of Oxford and Cambridge far more than the students of other institutions in India.

Summer months are oppressively hot at Aligarh, but the evenings are delightfully cool. During these months we used to have classes in the morning from 7 A.M. to 11 A.M.; midday was spent in sleep, and the afternoon was given over to games and exercises. We were supposed to study in the evening, but as a matter of fact the major portion of it was spent in gossip and laughter. During these summer months every one slept outside in the court-yard. Our beds used to be arranged in long rows all around the quadrangle. Sleep till late hours, however, was impossible as brisk bands were scouring round the Boarding-house on the look out for sleepy friends to play their pranks on. An under-graduate who had gone off to sleep was liable to find himself suddenly dumped on the ground and would, on waking up with a shock, find his "charpoi" standing behind him on its two legs, and a scampering mass of hilarious laughter would tell him how it all happened.

Dark Tragedies Planned Overnight

Sometimes dark tragedies would be planned overnight and in the small hours of the morning one would be roused from his sleep by the noise of thud, thud, thud from every quarter, followed almost simultaneously by the frightened shrieks of sleepers unceremoniously landed on the ground in the midst of their repose, and the loud, ringing laughter of mischievous ruffians proceeding to the bed of their next victim.

A Popular Practical Joke

A very popular practical joke was known under the name of "Fakhta urana" or the game of firing fluffs. This was rather perilous fun, but that however did not act as a deterrent. A little bit of fluff was placed on the hand or the leg of the sleeping victim and this was set fire to with the help of a lighted match-stick. Of course the fire flickered for a second or two, then died out. This was, however, enough to bring the sleeping under-graduate to speedy and complete consciousness, to the infinite amusement of the perpetrators of the joke. The language used by the victim on these occasions was not exactly courtly, but that, it is hardly necessary to add, no one minded.

A Grotesquely Original Joke

Sometimes the jokes were grotesquely original. I will give you a few instances, in the first of which I myself was the victim. It was late in the night, and the mirthful laughter and noise of the boys had died down. I fell asleep in my "charpoi" alongside my friends. I was suddenly roused from my sleep by the noisy movement of my "charpoi", and on opening my eyes was startled to find myself being carried away along with my "charpoi" by a huge buffalo tied by its halter to one of the legs. As I hurriedly jumped out of the bed a peal of derisive laughter broke out showing that the joke had been fully enjoyed and appreciated.

A Cruel Joke

Another and a rather cruel joke was played on no less a personage than the late Shamsul Ulama Maulana Khalil Ahmed, the distinguished professor of Arabic at the College. This learned gentleman was, like the majority of scholars, somewhat short-sighted. He, like less learned mortals, was also fond of the coolness of the night and used to sleep in his "charpoi" in the open space of ground outside Strachey Hall. At a short distance from him there was a small "chabutara" or water-tank, from which water used to be conducted to the flower-beds in the College compound. It was the Maulana's wont to come out of the bed always from the same side, and his slippers used to lie on the ground on that side. Our mischief-mongers had observed this trait in him and made use of it for their nefarious purpose. One dark night when everybody was fast asleep they placed the Maulana's "charpoi", while the learned gentleman was fast asleep in it, near the water-tank, the side from which the Maulana was to come out resting on the edge of the tank, and slipped away unnoticed. As the cock crew the pious Maulana woke up to perform his morning devotions. He sat on his bed, rubbed his eyes, and then tried to stand up to stretch himself. A loud splash was heard and the bewildered Maulana found himself floundering in a mass of ice-cold water.

Another Joke

An equally cruel joke was perpetrated on an equally learned and saintly man, I mean, Maulana Abdulla Ansari, the Dean of the College Mosque. This learned gentleman was a pious and orthodox Muslim, and was a great believer in "Jinns" and devils. One night while sleeping peacefully in the court-yard of the Mosque he was suddenly roused from his slumber by uncanny nasal voices, and on opening his

eyes discovered himself to be surrounded by white ghostly figures jerking out in nasal chorus: "Ham tumko kha lenge" (We shall eat you up). The learned doctor of Divinity had very little doubt that the dreaded "Jinns" had at last come and were bent on making an unhappy and tragic termination of his distinguished sublunary career. A Muslim in difficulty always turns to his Creator, and the Maulana, true Muslim that he was, lifted his suppliant hands to Heaven and commenced reading aloud the famous "Sura" (chapter) beginning with "Qul-hu-Allahu-ahad, etc., etc." (Say, Verily He is our God, etc., etc.), hoping thereby to turn away the spirits of darkness. As the Maulana's chants became louder and louder, the benighted spirits, not able to stand it any longer, suddenly dashed mugs of cold water, which they had kept hidden under their white garments, at the Maulana, and scampered away in a peal of blasphemous laughter.

A Stratagem to Pass in "Diniyat"

Talking of Maulana Abdulla reminds me of how we used to take advantage of his saintly simplicity and his tender solicitude for our welfare. He had to lecture on "diniyat", divinity, a subject which was not prescribed by the University and consequently very much neglected by us. Few of us attended the lectures and fewer still read the books recommended. When the examination time came we invariably found ourselves reduced to the necessity of using stratagems to get passed in the subject. We all knew of the goodness of the Maulana and also of his simplicity. A few weeks before the dreaded examination we made it a point to visit the Maulana frequently in his room in the Mosque and ply him with searching questions on intricate points of Islamic Theology. The Maulana's face brightened with enthusiasm as he explained to us the mysteries of his subject with his usual directness and lucidity. We on our part tried to look as if theology interested us more than any other subject under the sun. The trick served its purpose, and when the examination result was announced the humble seekers of divine knowledge always found themselves in the list of successful candidates.

Sport and Character-Building

The great founder of the College knew the utility of sport in up-building character and in promoting that "esprit de corps" and enthusiasm for the glory of their institution among the boys, which is, to say the least, as important a national asset as book-learning. Boys were encouraged in every possible way to take part in games, and everything necessary for the purpose was provided on a liberal scale.

The boys, on their part, responded enthusiastically to the call of the founder. The Aligarh cricket-team acquired an All India reputation, and in other games also the Aligarh teams were easily the first in the University. Everyone at Aligarh was proud of the College teams, and they on their part did yeoman service in establishing the reputation of the College as an institution of rare merit and in carrying its banner triumphantly across the length and breadth of the country.

Like its great English prototypes, Aligarh does not aim so much at producing scholars as healthy, enlightened and efficient citizens; and it has, in a great measure, succeeded in doing so. All over India the Aligarh boy has become a byword for smartness, efficiency and robustness.

Study and Cramming

As everywhere else, there were at Aligarh in my time boys who had a natural fondness for study and made it the chief occupation of their lives. Some of them have since achieved fame in the world of scholarship. There were others again who were inspired by no zeal for learning for its own sake, but who were possessed by a consuming passion to secure a high place in the University examination, and to attain this rather mean ambition shut themselves up in their rooms, and, eschewing every other interest in life, devoted themselves solely to the task of cramming up for the examination. They were appropriately called "rattus" or crammers by their fellow-students. Sometimes they attained their object and sometimes not, but very few of them made any mark in life after they left the University.

R. L. Stevenson's Story

Nature, however, sometimes revolted against the prostitution of human talent for one circumscribed object and took its own revenge. R. L. Stevenson tells the story of a boy of the type I have just described, who studied with such reckless zeal that on the eve of the examination he had an attack of brain-fever which dashed all his fond hopes to the ground. I will give the story in Stevenson's own words. "A student, ambitious of success by that hot, intemperate manner of study, that now grows so common, read night and day for an examination. As he went on, the task became more easy to him, sleep was more easily banished, his brain grew hot and clear and more capacious, the necessary knowledge daily fuller and more orderly. It came to the eve of the trial and he watched all night in his high chamber reviewing what he knew, and already secure of success. His window looked eastward, and being (as I said) high up, and the house itself

standing on a hill, commanded a view over dwindling suburbs to a country horizon. At last our student drew up his blind, and still in quite a jocund humour, looked abroad. Day was breaking, the east was tinging with strange fires, the clouds breaking up for the coming of the sun; and at the sight, nameless terror seized upon his mind. He was sane, his senses were undisturbed; he saw clearly, and knew what it was seeing, and knew that it was normal: but he could neither bear to see it, nor find the strength to look away, and fled in panic from the chamber into the enclosure of the street. In the cool air and silence, and among the sleeping houses, his strength was renewed. Nothing troubled him but the memory of what happened, and an abject fear of its return.

Forgot His Name!

But to him the good hour of cock-crow and the changes of the dawn had brought panic, and lasting doubt, and such terror as he still shook to think of. He dared not return to his lodging; he could not eat; he sat down, he rose up, he wandered; the city woke about him with its cheerful bustle, the sun climbed overhead; and still he grew but the more absorbed in the distress of his recollection, and the fear of his past fear. At the appointed hour, he came to the door of the place of examination; but when he was asked, he had forgotten his name. Seeing him so disordered, they had not the heart to send him away, but gave him a paper and admitted him, still nameless, to the hall. Vain kindness, vain efforts. He could only sit in a still growing horror, writing, ignorant of all, his mind filled with a single memory of the breaking day, and his own intolerable fear. And that same night he was tossing in a brain fever". Poor lad!

I personally know of a class-friend of mine who suffered a similar fate for similar reasons. He was also a neighbour of mine. About four or five months before the examination he took to his studies with a will. He had the bad habit of reading aloud and we all knew what he was doing. From morning till night, and from night till morning, with the exception of a few short hours given grudgingly to sleep, he was reading, reading, reading. We marvelled at his tenacity and felt sure that he would take a high place at the University. We looked on him with admiration mingled with a tinge of possibly envious depreciation.

Suddenly one night, a few short weeks before the examination, we heard unearthly cries and groans proceeding from his room and rushed there full of apprehensions. We found our friend writhing and moaning under an attack of brain-fever. The College doctor and a

Hakim were immediately sent for. They failed to check the malady or to stop the cries and groans of our friend. The Principal was informed. He rushed to the Civil Surgeon of the city and brought him to our friend and placed him under his charge.

Rallies Ultimately

Study was, of course, out of the question. For sometime his life was hanging in the balance but ultimately he rallied. He was, however, stopped from sitting for the examination that year. We who did not worry very much about our studies came out of the examination with flying colours, and our friend who risked his very life for it did not even get the opportunity to try his luck. I did not return to Aligarh after I passed the examination so am not in a position to tell you how my friend fared in the following year. Let us, however, hope that he learnt wisdom from his experience of the preceding year.

One of the most popular institutions of the College is the Siddon's Union Club, which is the rendezvous of the boys of the various Boarding Houses and is also the centre of the intellectual life of the entire Institution. It has a library, a reading room, and a debating hall in which debates are weekly held. Annual speaking competitions in which prizes are awarded to the best speakers is also a feature of the Club. The Principal is its ex-Officio President, but its affairs are actually managed by an elective body, with a Vice-President who presides at the debates and is the virtual chief executive-officer of the Club.

Coveted Distinction

The post of the Vice-President is the most coveted distinction in the student life of Aligarh and its fortunate incumbent is looked upon, by the boys as well as by the authorities, as the head and representative of the entire student-community.

A new Vice-President and new members of the executive body are elected annually, and the election of these office bearers is one of the most exciting events in the life of the Institution.

There were two parties in my time which set up their own candidates and went about the Boarding-houses vigorously canvassing for the nominees. These parties were known under the rather high-sounding names of Royalists and Plebeians. Almost every student of the College was a member of either one party or the other. Feelings ran high at election times, interchange of mocking civilities became frequent, and the debates of the Club were often interrupted by the noisy conduct of the members of the party in opposition.

Election Memories.

I will give you an instance which I remember vividly even to-day. The date of the great election was fast approaching, and brisk canvassing was going on for the rival candidates by their respective supporters. I was occupying the post of the Vice-President at the time and was naturally taking a keen interest in the prospects of my party-candidate, who happened to be a personal friend of mine. Feelings were running high, and the rival party did not at all like the idea of the control of the Club being in the hands of the members of our party at the time of the election. They therefore made it a point to give vent to their feelings at the weekly debates and organized disturbances to make the meetings infructuous and thus bring discredit on our party.

On the occasion of the last debate of the session the wreckers mustered in great force. As soon as the proposer of the evening's motion went to his place to open the debate he was greeted with a chorus of cat-calls and booings. He stood still for a few minutes and then attempted to speak. More cat-calls and more booings! He however tried to proceed with his speech, cat-calls and booings notwithstanding. The wreckers then redoubled their energy and the din they made was something deafening. The poor speaker's voice was completely drowned. I got up and appealed to the members to be reasonable and to observe the necessary decorum. This only roused them to greater and more vigorous efforts. Stones and fragments of brickbats began to rain on the roof of the Club, and suddenly, from somewhere, a huge frog leapt on the table and hopped off on to the floor. The situation had already got out of control, and, with a short reproachful speech, I adjourned the last meeting of the session.

Admirable Training Ground

Such scenes and incidents were, however, rare; not more than what is to be expected in any self-governing institution at times of excitement and party-strife. Ordinarily toleration and good humour prevailed, and the autonomous nature of the Club served as an admirable training ground for making the boys fit for the business of the wider world in which they were soon to take their part.

As you live on at Aligarh the undefinable charm of the place grows on you. Every day it binds you closer and closer to the Institution, until a day comes when the thought of parting assumes a sad and a sombre colouring. There are some who do not have the heart to tear themselves away from their "alma mater" and continue there even after passing all their examinations, earning a modest living by

following some occupation or other which the place affords, and sacrifice for the love of their College the hopes and prospects which the wider world held out for them. Amongst the most distinguished of these devoted sons of Aligarh are Mr. Aftab Ahmed Khan, the present Secretary of the Institution, and Dr. Zia Uddin Ahmed, its present Pro Vice-Chancellor. But there are others occupying humbler positions in life, who none the less do not yield to anyone in their love for the Institution and in their single-minded devotion to its cause.

Go to Aligarh and you will find these men entering into the many-sided life of the Institution to-day with the same zest with which they participated in it 20 or 30 years ago. Aligarh has become a part and parcel of their own selves and they cannot bear to think of living their lives apart from it.

Annual Pilgrimage

When the old boys scattered all over India go to Aligarh on their annual pilgrimage they gather round these men, who are so many landmarks for so many generations of students, and hear from their lips the news of their beloved College, and talk wistfully with them and with each other of the happy days of student-life. For a few days they seem to get back, as if by some beneficent magic, the golden days of youth, those never-to-be-forgotten days of rainbow dreams and sunset visions. The few brief sweet days pass, and they go back to the world again, restored to health by the healing touch of their "alma mater" and filled by her breath with a kindlier and a more generous feeling towards the world and its men.

To the new boys or rather the existing students those elder brothers are the repositories of the great and glorious traditions of Aligarh. They hear from them of the great matches the Aligarh teams played and won, they hear from them of the great men who have visited the College and taken an interest in its welfare, they hear from them of the student-life of the old boys with whose names the country resounds to-day; they also hear from them stories of the great founder of the College, stories of his great son Mahmood, and stories of his great colleagues Mohsin-ul-Mulk, Wakar-ul-Mulk and others of mighty fame. The great past of their "alma mater" then becomes to them as vivid and real as the present, and in their ardent youthful fancy they see the great spirits of the past walking gravely over the lawns and courts of the scene of their earthly activity and anxiously watching over its welfare; saddening or brightening as the prospects of the Institution look gloomy or cheerful. The gulf of time is bridged.

The present becomes indissolubly linked with the past, and the youthful enthusiast resolves in his heart that the future shall also be a continuation of these and their final and supreme fulfilment.

The vision of Syed Ahmed has to a great extent been realised. The modest secondary school which he started 50 years ago has now developed into a full-fledged University, scattering the light of knowledge on the land, and holding aloft the torch of Reason and Free Inquiry, of which he himself was such a mighty champion and in whose cause he was such a doughty warrior.

Every year his beloved Institution sends out boys to the distant corners of the world of Islam, boys who carry with them the traditions of their "alma mater" and the ideals of its noble founder to their distant homes, and in those far-off places sow seeds which will in the fulness of time develop into mighty organisms of which the University of Aligarh is only an earnest and an example. Syed's grand vision of a renascent Islam would then be completely realised and Aligarh would then have fulfilled her noble and glorious mission.



