

# PRECIOUS PEARLS

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English translation of

## *Durr-e Sameen (Urdu)*

By

Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad



Translated by  
Waheed Ahmad

# **Precious Pearls**

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## TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

*Durr-e Sameen*, literally meaning Precious Pearl, is a compilation of all the Urdu poems and verses of Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad<sup>as</sup> of Qadian, India (1835-1908). The actual poetry was composed over a period of approximately twenty-eight years, from 1880 to 1908, and was included in the more than eighty books of prose that he wrote on various religious subjects.

The first edition of *Durr-e Sameen* was published in India in 1896 by Khalifa Nooruddin Jamooni and included all the Urdu poems of Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad written up to that time. In the same year, a second edition was published, this time by Hakeem Fazluddin Bhervi. Some five years later, in October 1901, Khalifa Nooruddin Jamooni published the third edition under the title *Durar-e Sameen Kaamil* (meaning Perfect Precious Pearls). Since the publication of these very early editions, the Urdu<sup>1</sup> *Durr-e Sameen* has gone through numerous printings over the past hundred years.

Other than occasional translations of individual poems that have been published in the various magazines and newspapers of the Ahmadiyya Community, there have not been many serious attempts at translating the entire work. Sufi A.Q. Niaz carried out the first systematic English translation of the Urdu *Durr-e Sameen* in the mid nineteen-sixties. The translation is now out of print and covered less than twenty percent of the Urdu poetry of Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad. Although beautifully and very elegantly rendered into English, Sufi Niaz's work falls into the category of *explanatory* or *exegetic* translations that aim to describe in great detail the complete meaning of a verse. While such an approach succeeds admirably in elucidating the full meaning of the Urdu verses, it makes the reading somewhat cumbersome and verbose. *Explanatory* translations of poetic works frequently fail to convey the brevity, melody and beauty that are so striking in the original language.

An attempt, therefore, has been made to present a new rendering of *Durr-e Sameen* into the English language. The translation covers the entire Urdu poetry of Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad and is carried out in prose, without any constraints imposed by rhyme or rhythm. Although the original Urdu verses of *Durr-e Sameen* follow both rhyme and metre, it was felt that a translation in prose would allow a more accurate rendering of the original text. The objective of the present work is to convey to the reader not only the exact meaning of what Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad has said in his Urdu poetry but also to provide a taste of how beautifully he achieved it.

However, the translating of one language into another is a difficult task, particularly when it relates to the field of poetry. Such attempts invariably involve some sacrifice of meaning as well as of diction. It is practically impossible to render all aspects of a poetic work into another language without affecting its overall literary quality. In this respect, the present translation is not expected to be above such natural limitations.

Nevertheless it is hoped that this new translation of *Durr-e Sameen* will contribute to the reader's enlightenment and enjoyment and thus fulfil the purpose for which Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad originally wrote the verses more than a century ago.

The arrangement of poems in the present translation is exactly the same as in the recently published versions of the Urdu *Durr-e Sameen*, following essentially a chronological order in which the poems were actually written.

The poems of Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad never bore any titles when they first appeared as part of his original books. However, the editors included appropriate titles when these poems were published as separate collections as *Durr-e Sameen*. For the sake of ease in reference, the Urdu titles of the poems have been retained in the present translation. Also included for each poem is the date of publication and the name of the book in which it first appeared.

The reader should note that all capitalised pronouns, nouns and adjectives—such as His, Him, Dear, Darling, Belovèd, Love, the One, the Pure and the Friend—are used strictly with reference to God. When used for the prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him) or for anyone else, such pronouns are never capitalised.

Finally, I would like to acknowledge the gracious help of all those persons who reviewed this translation and offered valuable advice and suggestions. The comments received from these persons helped immensely in improving the final translation. Any shortcomings or errors that still remain are the sole responsibility of the translator.

(Pir) Waheed Ahmad  
Toronto, Canada  
December 19, 2008

## INTRODUCTION

Born in India during the last century of the British rule, Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad practically spent his entire life in the north Indian hamlet of Qadian, devoting his time to the seeking of knowledge and wisdom, and kindling the light of spirituality and righteousness among the people. One could conceivably examine the life of Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad from several perspectives since he was a writer, a poet, a scholar, a preacher, a saint and a prophet. However, if there is one single phrase that combines all these individual facets and befittingly describes his entire life and works, it is clearly conveyed by the expression *The Reformer of the Age*. Thus, his primary function was to bring a change in the social, moral and spiritual values of the people whom he found grossly lacking in these traits.

Much of his reformatory effort was undertaken through the use of pen. Known as *Sultan al-Qalam*, or Master of the Pen, Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad wrote more than eighty books in Urdu, Arabic and Persian languages. His proficiency and command extended equally to all three languages and he was as comfortable composing a poem in Arabic as he was writing a treatise in Persian, or producing a philosophical discourse in Urdu.

Much like his prose, the poetry of Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad is basically moralistic and religious in nature, given essentially to expounding the excellence and beauty of the religion of Islam. However, he seldom wrote a poem as a stand-alone composition. Practically all his poetry is an integral part of his various treatise in the Urdu, Arabic and Persian languages. Thus, his poems were basically intended to compliment the general theme of the book that he was writing. Although it is an uncommon writing style to mix prose and poetry in a single treatise, nevertheless it is very effective. Like jewels sewn in an elegant garment, his poems lace the pages of his otherwise extremely serious and profound discourses on religion and philosophy.

But, despite the fact that his poetry would easily measure up to the highest of literary standards, Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad was not a poet—not at least in the ordinary sense of the word in which the image of a poet is conceived in many minds. His poetry is completely free of the typical poetic construction adopted by many Urdu poets of his time. To him, poetry was simply another medium in which to preach his message to the people. As he very aptly states himself:

No concern do we have with verse or versifying—  
Some may learn this way—*this* is our only aim.

The writings of Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad cover practically every aspect of the religion of Islam. In these insightful and sagacious discourses, he takes on such varied subjects as the need for religion, the pre-eminence of Islam among the world's faiths, the nature of divine revelation, man's relationship with God, the purpose of sending prophets, the power of prayer, the reality of the Hereafter, the source of knowledge, and the purpose of man's life and his progress through the physical, moral and spiritual states.

Despite their varied subjects, the gist of the entire writings of Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad is the development of a personal relationship with God—a relationship that is based on due respect for God's powers and a proper understanding of His attributes. In this context, he repeatedly emphasises the importance of faith and the need to cement an everlasting bond of love and friendship with God.

Although the entire poetry of Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad is extremely moving and elegant, it reaches its greatest height when he begins to speak of his true love—his Lord and



Master. His love of God comes out so intense and forceful in his writings that it amounts to an almost insane passion that leaves a lasting impression upon the reader. Without exaggeration, his love for God has no like in its depth and intensity in the annals of poetic literature of Islam or of any other faith. Much of his emotions in this respect are shown in the traditional symbolic language of mysticism where God is frequently addressed and spoken of as one's Dear and Belovèd. A few of his verses below illustrate his constant **restlessness for his Love**:

I cannot rest a single breath without Thee;  
It chokes my life—like gasping of an indisposed. (6/14)

What's the clamour in Thy lane, pray find quickly,  
Lest some lovelorn lover may lose his life! (6/15)

Come quick, Supporter mine, grief's burden is heavy;  
Pray hide not Thy Visage—*this* is my very cure. (29/109)

Pray rid me of my grief by showing Thy Face—  
How long shall last such days of teasing us? (35/14)

Without Thee, my Soul, this life is but naught;  
Better than such living is to die and turn to dust. (39/238)

Thus, the conventional mystical yearning for the Belovèd's company and for His Face runs as a steady theme throughout his poetry. Although Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad has clearly *found* God, he continues to reach higher and deeper into this limitless ocean of '*Irfaan*, or the Knowledge of God.

Having personally experienced revelations, visions and converse with God, Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad constantly encourages the reader to develop the same **relationship of friendship and love** with the Creator that he has forged himself:

'Tis the only way, my dear, that you ask *Him* for nearness;  
Just seek *His* Hand and burn all other means! (22/3)

That life is impure that is spent away from God—  
The wall of dry piety finally collapsed! (38/110)

No path is shorter than the path of love; through this path  
The *saliks*<sup>2</sup> cross a thousand thorny wilds. (39/280)

Friends! This is the only secret to find Him;  
This is the alchemy to obtain countless treasures. (39/281)

If love of God could be considered the noblest of all emotions, then self-negation would amount to the greatest of all self-controls. The tendency towards pride is so deeply ingrained in the human psyche and so destructive with respect to spiritual advancement, that Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad has frequently singled it out as one of the greatest stumbling blocks in our moral progress. In this context, he writes:

Only they are close to Him who lose their own selves;

The selfish ones have no access to His high court. (22/2)

They are far from God who are far from virtue—  
Constantly enslaved to egoism, pride and haughtiness. (37/112)

Friends! Piety is this that you give up arrogance—  
Give up the habit of pride, haughtiness and stinginess. (37/113)

The first step to being a *dervish*<sup>3</sup> is the denial of self—  
Thus, topple over this self for the sake of the Belovèd. (39/233)

High position only suits God—if man is high  
It is not a source of pride—it is a borrowed asset. (41/43)

Aside from his love of God—that runs as a constant current through all his writings—his poetry enumerates the excellence of Islam and its founder, the wisdom and beauty of the *Quran*, genuine gratitude at God's many favours upon his own person, good news to the righteous, warnings to the wicked, and painful outcries at the attitude and response of the populace at large towards his message.

After his love for God, Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad was truly given to the love of the prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him) whom he admired with the depth of his soul and to whom he felt deeply indebted for all his own spiritual achievements. To him, the Prophet of Islam was an ideal man whose character and traits were not only a credit to the entire humanity, but also a perfect role model for every person to adopt. With God as the overall Master of Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad, the prophet Muhammad was truly his master and mentor among men. Thus, referring to the Prophet of Islam, he writes:

My soul has always had affinity with Muhammad's soul;  
We fed that wine-cup to the heart—filled to the brim.  
We saw no one better than him in this world;  
Indeed we alienated our heart from all strangers.  
We stand accused in the eyes of the strangers, ever since  
We placed his love in the bottom of our heart. (12/13-15)

My every cell is brimful of thy love;  
We've cultivated this notion in our heart. (12/20)

When saw thy tavern—people's gathering place—  
We took to lips with greed cup after cup!  
God's Splendour can be seen in thy traits;  
Through finding thee we found *that* Person. (12/24-25)

Touching thy garment saves from every snare;  
No doubt we bowed our head at thy door.  
O dearest! I swear of thy uniqueness;  
In thy love we forgot our own self.  
By God, all signs of strangers are from heart erased,  
Ever since we set thine image in the heart.

Beholding thee we saw a strange display of light,  
With light of thine the Satans did we scorch.  
We are elect of men through thee, O elect of Messengers;  
We moved our own step forward with thy stride. (12/26-30)

Because of his deep-seated love for his master, it pained him immeasurably when, due to religious rivalry, non-Muslims frequently hurled all kind of insult and abuse at the person of the noble Prophet. He compared this pain and anguish to something worse than seeing his own family members cut to pieces in front of his eyes.

Although most intense and passionate by any standard, his love for the Prophet of Islam went only as far as his sense of prudence would allow, and it always took second place to his real love that was for God Almighty. Thus, he puts his two loves in proper perspective, in one of his Persian verses:

Next to God, I am intoxicated with the love for Muhammad;  
If this is disbelief, then by God I am a firm disbeliever.

If anything appears to exceed the intensity of his love of God, it is perhaps the depth of his sincere and genuine gratitude towards Him for the many favours and blessings that God Almighty bestowed upon Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad. Practically unknown in his youth, he grew up in a little-known hamlet in northern India—far from any centre of social, business or intellectual activity. Modest, retiring and given to solitude by nature, he would have been happy and contented in his self-imposed state of seclusion if God had not expressly commanded him otherwise. And then, in no time at all, he obtained such fame that his name was known not only across the land of India, but also in parts of Europe and North America. But, most importantly, at each stage of this remarkable transformation from a retiring mystic to an active reformer, he witnessed the ever-present support of his Lord and his Belovèd. In the context of innumerable favours that God bestowed upon him and the numerous Signs that He showed to the world in his support, Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad writes:

How can I praise Thee and render thanks,  
O Gracious One?  
Wherefrom I find that tongue that can accomplish it? (39/2)

I am amazed at Thy actions,  
O my Benefactor—for what deed  
Hast Thou given me this bounty in the surroundings? (39/5)

It is entirely Thy grace and blessing that I was chosen,  
Otherwise there was no dearth of servants at Thy court. (39/7)

Without Thy grace, I would have died and turned to dust  
Then, God knows, where this dust  
might have been thrown. (39/10)

With Thy grace, life is like a garden—  
With Thy light the heart is like noonday sun. (19/116)

The bounties and benevolence are countless—

I have no strength for gratitude a-now. (19/128)

In the annals of Islamic literature—and perhaps in the histories of other religions as well—few if any have written in praise of their Holy Scriptures with such love and warmth in their hearts as Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad has done extolling the glory and superiority of the Holy Quran. Two of his poems are entirely dedicated to this subject: *Beneficence of the Glorious Quran*, and *Virtues of the Noble Quran*.

Quran's glory and splendour is the light of every Muslim's soul;  
The moon may be favourite of others—our dear is Quran!  
Its likeness can't be seen in sight—we pondered much—  
Why shouldn't it be unique? It is the pure Word of the Gracious.  
An eternal spring manifests in every word of it;  
No garden has such trait or an orchard like it there.  
Surely, there is no like unto the pure Word of God;  
It is a pearl from Oman or else a ruby from Badakhshan.  
How can the word of man be equal to the Word of God?  
One is ineffectual, one is mighty—the difference is plain! (3/1-5)

The light that we find in this Book  
Will not ever exist in a thousand suns.  
With it our heart and breast was purified—  
Thus, He became a mirror unto His own Visage.  
It gave the fruit of gnosis to the tree of heart—  
It cleansed every breast of doubts; it changed every heart.  
With it the Visage of God became apparent—  
The fear and craftiness of Satan became futile. (38/2-5)

Being the *Reformer of the Age*, the primary effort of Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad was directed at improving the social, moral and spiritual standards of the people—both Muslim as well as non-Muslim. In one form or another, his entire life was dedicated to this reformatory undertaking in pursuit of which he sermonised the people, wrote personal letters, made poster announcements, and penned more than eighty books to reach a wider audience. He constantly exhorted the people to turn to righteousness and good deeds, and to give up the love and desire for worldly things in favour of the Hereafter.

Strive hard to gain, if you are true and pure—  
For this is the condition for seeing Him. (19/43)

The root of all virtues is fearing God—  
All is well if this root is preserved. (19/45)

It is a wonderful gem, this thing called God-fearing—  
He is blessed whose deed is fearing God. (19/49)

No hue is better than the hue of God-fearing—  
It is the ornament of faith; it is the adornment of religion. (39/249)

O dear friends! Do not forget your afterlife—  
Take some provisions for the way; put in some work as well; (15/81)

Attach not your heart with it—estrangle your heart from it;  
Remove your affection for it; in fact move far away from it; (15/83)

One day the same station is going to be your station;  
One day this morn of life will be eve for you. (38/49)

O people! Worldly life is never faithful—  
Don't you have the fear of death and thought of demise? (38/51)

Find the way to cleanse the heart and breast  
And to kill the baser self in the obedience of God. (38/54)

Pray give up the love of this makeshift abode—  
For the Belovèd's sake, pray give up the life of ease. (38/114)

This path is accursed—so you give up this curse—  
Or else give up the thought of that Esteemed One. (38/115)

One particular claim of Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad was that he represented the second coming of Jesus Christ. The Prophet Jesus, according to Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad, had survived the event of crucifixion and lived to a ripe old age before passing away from this world. Prophesied in the Gospels as well as in the Traditions of the Prophet Muhammad, the second advent of the Messiah was eagerly awaited not only by the Christians but also by the Muslims. However, this representation of the Messiah's second coming is strictly in a metaphorical sense—for no dead person really comes back to this world. Referring to the need of the times and the many Signs that were shown by God in his support, he writes:

What doubt do you have in accepting this Messiah,  
Whose resemblance has been stated by God? (45/1)

Why do you wonder if I've come as the Messiah?  
The spring-breeze itself is laced  
    with the messianic spirit!  
There is fervour in the heavens for the invitation to truth;  
The angels are descending upon those with pious natures.  
The free people of Europe are leaning this way—  
The pulse of the dead has suddenly revived like the living. (39/90-92)

Hark the Heaven's voice: "The Messiah comes ...  
    the Messiah comes"  
And hear from the earth: "Here comes  
    the triumphant Leader".  
The sky rains its Sign—the earth says: "It is time"—  
These two witnesses are cheering for me earnestly. (39/98-99)

I'm the Son of Mary but I've descended not from the sky;  
I am *Mahdi*<sup>4</sup>, too, but without sword and fighting.  
I am not concerned with the country or the battles;  
My task is to conquer the hearts, not the land. (39/268-269)

I am that water that came from the heavens on time;  
I am that light of God by which the day became evident. (39/358)

It was time for the Messiah—not someone else's time—  
If I had not come, someone else would have come! (44/15)

Much like the teachings of Jesus Christ himself, the exhortations of Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad are—to use a modern-day epithet—pacifist in nature. He strongly abhors the use of violence, particularly for achieving religious objectives. In fact, much like the person with whose traits and characteristics he was supposed to be imbued with, he recommends turning the other cheek. Following are a few examples:

O my dear ones<sup>5</sup>, adopt the habit of patience and tolerance;  
If they spread foul smell, you become the musk of Tatar. (39/333)

On hearing abuse, you should pray for them; for pain,  
You give comfort. If they show pride, you show humility.  
Do not worry if they hurl invectives every moment,  
Leave them alone if they publish such announcements.  
You remain calm after seeing excesses in their journals  
Don't say a word if they strike and beat you up badly.  
Don't grieve after seeing the wrath and violence of people;  
The spring-rain is in need of excessive heat. (39/336-339)

Although Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad claimed to be a prophet<sup>6</sup> of God and the manifestation of the second coming of Jesus Christ, he did not bring a new faith or religious law. In fact he claimed, and prided in the fact, that he was subordinate to the Prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him). He followed the religion of Islam to the letter and was totally averse to changing even the smallest edict or command in this faith. If anything, he spent his entire life proving the excellence of this faith and its obvious pre-eminence over all other religions prevalent in the world:

We wearied our mind by searching all around;  
No Faith did we find like as the Faith of Muhammad.  
There is no religion that can show such signs,  
This fruit we ate only from Muhammad's orchard.  
We have experimented with Islam by our own self;  
It is light—pure light. Awake and see as we announce.  
We looked at other Faiths, there was no light in them;  
If we concealed the truth, would someone point it out! (12/1-4)

I swear by God Who created me, that now  
*This* is the only Faith acceptable to God under the skies. (29/2)

We observed and checked all the shops in the world,  
Finally it was proved, *this* is the House of Healing. (29/5)

How do I tell the freshness and charm of this Faith?  
All others have dried up—*this* is the only one green.  
We found the eyes of every Faith devoid of sight—  
With the eye-salve<sup>7</sup> of gnosis, *this* is the one adorned.  
Saw the rubies of Yemen; saw the pearls of Aden, too;  
We saw all the gems—but found just *this* one pleasing. (29/131-133)

Despite his obvious piety and strong adherence to all Islamic injunctions, one persistent allegation made by his opponents throughout his life was that he was not a true Muslim. In this respect, he expresses his position very clearly and unambiguously in some of his verses, as follows:

We follow the religion of the Muslim people  
We are truly the servant of the Seal of Messengers<sup>8</sup>.  
We are weary of partnership and innovation;  
We are the dust on the path of Ahmad<sup>9</sup> the mighty;  
We believe in all the commandments;  
We offer our heart and soul on this path.  
We lost our heart—just the mortal body is now left;  
The only wish is that it, too, may be sacrificed. (9/23-26)

One specific message that Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad constantly preached throughout his life was that God still conversed with His chosen people just as He spoke to them in the days of old. He strongly believed that revelations, visions and converse with God were not only the spiritual Signs of a living faith, but in fact great blessings bestowed unto mankind that should—and would—continue forever. Thus, describing the various benefits of revelation, he writes:

That God still makes one speak—whomsoever He wills;  
He still talks to him, whomsoever He loves.  
Pray heed! Why would God break the gem of revelation?  
This is the only thing of respect and pride for the Faith!  
'Tis is that flower which has no equal in the garden;  
'Tis that fragrance which humbles the musk of Tatar.  
This is that key that opens the doors of heavens;  
This is that mirror to see the Face of the Belovèd.  
Thus this is the only weapon to gain our victory—  
This is the only palace that is the stronghold of peace.  
This is the only tool for knowing God in Islam,  
No man ever gets across the tempest through mere tales.  
This revelation of God is the Sign of God's knowledge;  
Whoever gets it properly, he obtains that Friend.  
Oh what garden of Love where death lies on way!  
Its fruit is the Belovèd's union but around it are thorns. (39/198-205)

Despite his constant and persistent efforts at raising the moral and spiritual standard of his people, the masses by and large rejected his message. But then, such has been the treatment rendered to practically every other reformer in history. The poetry as well as the prose of Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad is full of pain and disappointment at the continued heedlessness of the people and he constantly prays to God for the *re-greening* of the orchard of Islam:

Who accepted me in fear? Who gave up spite and malice?  
Our life is now only to hear their invectives.  
They call us “disbeliever”, “*Antichrist*” and “evil”—  
Who is there to believe with honesty and sincerity?  
Whoever you see, he exceeds in distrust beyond limits;  
If someone asks, he will point out a hundred faults.  
They leave the Faith and love the world instead;  
Much as we exhort and advise, who shows regret?  
My heart is sinking after seeing the Faith’s misfortune  
But God’s Hand is about to give support to the heart. (27/5-9)

O my Dear Mighty One! Show the spring of Faith again;  
How long shall we endure the days of people’s deception?  
The day has risen upon Islam’s foes; upon us is night;  
O my Sun! Pray show the days of this Faith’s shining.  
The heart is sinking—the life, too, is in turmoil—  
Pray grant that the days of Thy Advent be near.  
Pray rid me of my grief by showing Thy Face—  
How long shall last such days of teasing us?  
Pray check whose clamour is there in Thy lane!  
Would Thou, my Dear, then come the day we’re dead?  
This vessel is about to sink—pray come my Captain;  
The time of wilting, O Dear, is upon this orchard now.  
If it does at all, it may be through Thy Hands, my Love,  
Or else, the Faith is dead and these are the days to bury it. (35/11-17)

In the tradition of other reformers and prophets before him, Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad repeatedly warned the people as to the consequence of his rejection and their continued wickedness and disbelief. In this respect, his prose as well as his poetry makes numerous mentions of pestilences, earthquakes, bloodshed and other afflictions that could visit mankind. However, close to the end of his life—in the years 1905 to 1908—he made very specific warnings about a great disaster that was about to befall as a direct result of his rejection and the continued immorality of the peoples. His poems: *Prophecy of a Great Earthquake*, *Warnings*, *Warnings and Good News*, *Hymns and Preaching of Truth*, and *Prophecy of a Great War* make particular mention of such impending events:

A Sign is about to appear a few days from today, that will  
Cause havoc in the hamlets, towns and meadows;  
An upheaval shall visit the people through God’s wrath—  
An unclothed one will not be able to put on the clothes—  
All at once, through quakes, they will shake vigorously—  
The people, the trees, the stones, and the seas.



In a single instant, this earth shall toss and turn—  
 The streams of blood will flow like water in a gulf.  
 Those who possessed white garments in the evening,  
 The morn will turn them like as the trees of sycamore—  
 The people and the birds will lose all their senses—  
 All doves and nightingales will forget their songs.  
 That time and hour shall be very hard on every traveller—  
 They shall lose their way—befuddled and out of control.  
 With the blood of the dead, the waterways in the mountains  
 Will turn to red as if they were scarlet wine.  
 All men and Jinn will be distressed with this fear—if Tsar  
 Were around, even he would be in a sorry state that moment.  
 That Sign of God will be like a catastrophe—  
 The heavens will assail, drawing their daggers. (39/445-454)

Such calamity shall visit the towns and the hamlets  
 Which never had a like in the world at all.  
 The places of joy will at once turn into places of mourning;  
 Those who celebrated in joy will beat their breasts in grief.  
 Those tall palaces and those high mansions—  
 They will be knocked down as low as a hollow.  
 With a single roll, the houses will become heaps of earth—  
 The lives that will be lost will have no count.  
 But there is mercy of God and there is no fear from it  
 For those who bow at His Court in self-abasement. (41/10-14)

Although he himself passed away from this world in 1908, later events unfolded the true nature of this monumental tragedy that befell mankind in the form of the two World Wars. These conflicts of unprecedented proportions spread like wild fire across the face of the earth and claimed human life in the tens of millions. During the process, innumerable hamlets, towns and cities were laid to utter waste, and the seeds of mistrust and suspicion sown in these hostilities have lasted among the various nations until today. What price do we human beings pay for rejecting the noble emissaries of God!

The poetry of Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad can be best described as reformatory and mystical in nature. In the Eastern culture, particularly in Islamic lands, mystical language is laced with certain allegory and symbolism with which a Western reader may or may not be completely familiar. For the benefit of the reader, therefore, some of these imageries are described below:

To see the **Face** or **Visage** of the Belovèd is the ultimate objective of the mystic or the God-seeker. This Face, that lies *hidden* and *veiled*, can only be *seen* through a persistent and often life-long striving by the seeker.

The **wine**—and by association the **wine-cup**—stand for the knowledge of God's cognisance, or gnosis, through which the seeker understands the true attributes of God.

The **belovèd's lane** is the street where the belovèd resides and where the love-stricken seeker often raises a clamour to catch the belovèd's attention.

The **look of grace** is the much sought-after attention, care and thoughtfulness that one desires from one's belovèd.

The **heart** is considered to be the seat of the soul just as the brain is the seat of the mind and the intellect. Things that affect the soul are thus commonly described as affecting the heart.

The **world** and its attractions stand for greed and avarice. The world itself is considered only a temporary place, while the Hereafter is the true abode that is to last for ever.

The faith is likened to an **ark** or **vessel** that helps the believer to cross the floods and storms of evil in this world.

The condition of the faith in the world is frequently likened to a **garden**, an **orchard** or a **tree**, that wilts with a decline in the peoples' religiosity and whose greening is earnestly awaited.

Likewise, hearts and populations that are devoid of spirituality are commonly referred to as **desert** or **barren lands**.

**Fruits** received by the seeker as reward are invariably spiritual in nature, taking the form of visions, true dreams, insights and converse with God.

**Autumn** and **spring** stand for the dark and bright periods for the glory of faith, while **breeze** and **spring-breeze** stand for hope, God's mercy and His blessings.

Similarly, **day** and **night** stand for periods of spiritual enlightenment and spiritual darkness.

**Light** invariably implies the light of spirituality that illuminates not only the possessor, but also the people around.

The **Signs of God** are the miracles and marvels that He displays to prove the truthfulness of His favoured ones.

The **path** and the **way** stand for the Way of Life of a true Muslim, and also for the arduous undertakings through which the persistent seeker eventually finds God.

The **pain of separation** from one's belovèd is like the real pain and suffering that one feels in this world.

**Stooping to dust**, mingling with dust or being dust,—all stand for humbleness, meekness and humility that the pious use in describing themselves.

To **perish** on the way of God is to destroy and kill one's ego and the baser self.

Frequently, the author of *Durr-e Sameen* uses the first person plural—and not the singular—to refer to his own self. This is another aspect of the Eastern culture and language wherein the so called '*royal we*' may be used instead of the usual '*I*'.

Poetry—as a medium of communication—is often described as the most refined, potent and elegant manner to express our feelings. While prose is said to inform the mind, poetry is said to converse directly with the soul. For this reason, many a prophet, saints and men of God have opted for the medium of poetry to convey their message.

One particular aspect of all poetry is its extreme brevity and ability to paint a vast picture with only a few brush strokes. In this respect, the poetry of Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad is no exception. Quite frequently, a single word or a single phrase carries an immensity of meaning that defies adequate translation without resorting to a lengthy exegesis. Thus, no translation can do proper justice to the original verses in Urdu and there is no perfect alternative to enjoying them except in their original language.

While all poetry requires close reading and concentration, the poetry of Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad is so deep and full of meaning that a cursory and superficial reading would not do proper justice to it. The reader is therefore encouraged to reflect upon each word and each verse—savouring the profound philosophy, sagacity and beauty buried in these precious gems.

## *Precious Pearls*

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*For His nearness, O friends, from Him beseech—  
Just seek His Hand and burn all other means!*

*Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad  
On Relationship with God*



**1.**  
**HELP OF GOD**  
*Nusrate Ilahi*

*Braheene Ahmadiyya, part 2, page 114, 1880*

To pious men of God, help comes from God;  
When it comes, it opens up a new vista upon the world.  
It turns into gust and blows away each wayside straw;  
It becomes fire and scorches every adversary.  
At times, becoming dust, it falls on the heads of foes;  
At times, turning to water, it breaks a tempest upon them.  
God's plans, in short, are hindered not by men—  
Can people hold any sway before their Maker!

**2.**  
**INVITATION TO PONDER**  
*Da'wate Fikr*

*Braheene Ahmadiyya, part 2, 1880*

O friends! Will you ever set aside your egos?  
Will you ever cleanse and purify your traits?  
Would you not correct your hearts' propensity to falsehood?  
Would you not incline yourselves towards the truth?  
How long will you drown in stubbornness and prejudice?  
Will you ever take your steps unto righteousness?  
How will you deny something that has been proved?  
Would you not then offer your excuses with some sense?  
Pray tell in all honesty, if you could not find an answer,  
Would you still show this face of yours to the world? (5)

**3.**  
**BENEFICENCE OF THE GLORIOUS QURAN**  
*Fazail Quran Majeed*

*Braheene Ahmadiyya, part 3, page 182, 1882*

Quran's glory and splendour is the light of every Muslim's soul;  
The moon may be favourite of others—our dear is Quran!  
Its likeness can't be seen in sight—we pondered much—  
Why shouldn't it be unique? It is the pure Word of the Gracious.  
An eternal spring manifests in every word of it;  
No garden has such trait or an orchard like it there.  
Surely, there is no like unto the pure Word of God;  
It is a pearl from Oman or else a ruby from Badakhshan.  
How can the word of man be equal to the Word of God?  
One is ineffectual, one is mighty—the difference is plain! (5)

In Whose presence the Angels admit to their ignorance,  
It is not destined for man to equal *Him* in speech?  
Man can never make even the foot of an insect,

Then how can he create this light of truth?  
 O people! Pray defer unto the eminence of God  
 And hold your tongues if you have a whit of faith.  
 It is great disbelief to make someone equal to God;  
 Pray fear your Lord, friends, what lie and slur is this?  
 If you do confess to the Unity of God's Person,  
 Then why is such polytheism hidden in your heart? (10)

What drapes of ignorance have fallen upon your heart!  
 You are in error—pray desist if you have fear of God.  
 We hold no malice, brothers; it's only humble advice—  
 If there be a pure of heart, we'll offer him our life and soul!

4.

**ADDRESSING THE CHRISTIANS**

*'Isaiyon se Khitaab*

*Braheene Ahmadiyya, part 3, page 268, 1882*

Come hither O Christians, come hither!  
 Observe the light of truth—find the true path.  
 All the virtues that are in the Quran,  
 Pray show the likes of it in the Gospels.  
 Above us is the Creator—remember Him—  
 Do not simply mislead the populace.  
 How long will you keep favouring the lie?  
 Pray put the truth to some use as well.  
 O people! Be fearful of the Lord a bit  
 Pray show some shame before the Lord, O men. (5)

Worldly comfort is not for ever, my dear—  
 This world is not everlasting, my dear—  
 This place is not for staying, my dear—  
 No one has stayed behind in it, my dear.  
 Why attach the hearts to this wilderness?  
 Why scorch the hearts with own hands?  
 Why don't you care for the true Faith?  
 Ah me! How my heart gets so agitated.  
 Why don't you see the path to righteousness?  
 What awful veils have fallen upon the heart? (10)

Why is there such malice and haughtiness?  
 Why has God been forgotten suddenly?  
 Alas! You have forgotten the truth—  
 You have turned the heart to stone, alas!  
 Hark, O friends! Without the Quran,  
 Man can never reach the Truth!  
 Those who don't even know of this spiritual-light,  
 That Dear Friend does not even watch over them!

There is this strange trait in the Quran  
That it makes one fond of the Belovèd— (15)

The One Who is named the Great Almighty,  
It gives positive tidings of His existence.  
It drags one to the Belovèd's lane  
And then what a host of Signs it shows!  
All the time it fills the heart with spiritual light  
And cleanses the breast so thoroughly.  
How can I recount all its traits?  
It gives the soul a new life altogether!  
It shines like a resplendent star—  
How can one ever deny it! (20)

It brought us unto our Belovèd—  
Finding it, we found that Friend.  
That entire Writing is an ocean of wisdom;  
It offers a cup of God's love to drink!  
When ever we recollect His Speech,  
All creatures are driven away from mind.  
It imprints an image of God in the heart;  
All else from the heart it removes.  
For the kind-hearted, it is the only cure;  
Except for God, it is the only guide unto Him. (25)

We found it to be the only guiding light;  
'Tis the only thing we've seen that charms the heart.  
The ones who deny Him—whatever they say,  
They simply make nonsensical talk.  
The thing is that they should come to me  
And say that thing right unto my face  
And listen from me the account of that Belovèd  
And hear from me about that Visage and Splendour;  
If the eye can't see, at least the ear will do;  
If it avails not, at least it would be a trial.

## 5.

### EXCELLENCES OF THE GLORIOUS QURAN

*Ausaafe Quran Majeed*

*Braheene Ahmadiyya, part 3, page 274, 1882*

'Tis the light of Quran that outshines all lights;  
Pure is He from Whom this sea of lights emerged.  
The tree of God's Unity was just about wilted—  
When all a-sudden, unseen, this pure spring flowed.  
O Lord! What a world unto it is this Quran of Thine!  
All that was essential was found to be provided therein.  
We searched all the worlds—all the shops we looked into,



It turned out to be the only wine-cup of God's knowledge.  
With what can we compare this spiritual light in the world?  
It was found to be unique in every trait and aspect! (5)

At first we took the Quran to be the Rod of Moses<sup>10</sup>—  
Then on pondering, each word turned out to be a Messiah<sup>11</sup>.  
'Tis their own fault who are blind, or else that spiritual-light  
Has shone like a hundred brilliant stars.  
What worth is their life in this world, really,  
Whose hearts are blind despite the presence of this light!  
Before they'll burn, these people burn with envy  
Whose every talk turned out just pack of lies.

6.

**PRAISE TO THE LORD OF THE WORLDS**

*Hamd Rabul-Aalameen*

*Surma Chashm Arya, page 4, 1886*

What light is spread from that Spring-Head of Lights!  
All the worlds are turning into mirrors for the eyes.  
Beholding the moon yesterday, I became so restive  
I saw therein a glimpse of my Dear One's Splendour.  
My heart is awash with the blooming of that Beauty  
Pray mention not to me the Turk or the Tatar<sup>12</sup>!  
What show of Thy splendour is all around, My Dear,  
Wherever we look, that way leads to Thy View!  
Thy grandeur is witnessed in the light of the sun  
Thy dazzle is displayed in every star. (5)

With own Hands, Thou sprinkled the salt on the souls  
That caused this clamour of love among the love-struck.  
What strange traits hast Thou placed in every atom!  
Who can unravel such immensity of secrets?  
No one can ascertain the limits of Thy might;  
Who can find the solution to this perplexing enigma?  
All beauties carry a charm of Thine own Splendour;  
Each flower and orchard is tinged with Thine hue.  
The drunken eye of every belle reveals Thee each instant;  
To Thee points the hand of every curling lock. (10)

Many a veil obstruct the blind of eye—otherwise  
The godly and the ungodly were all turned to Thee.  
Thy charming looks, O Dear, are a sharpened sword  
That cut off the entire concern for the strangers.  
To meet with Thee, we have debased ourselves  
So that it may help cure this pain of separation.  
I cannot rest a single breath without Thee;  
It chokes my life—like gasping of an indisposed.  
What's the clamour in Thy lane, pray find quickly,

Lest some lovelorn lover may lose his life! (15)

7.

**THE FLEETING WORLD**

*Sarai Khaam*

*Surma Chashm Arya, page 89, 1886*

What don't they do for want and greed of this world!  
They will die if they suffer the loss of a single penny.  
They love the gold and attach their hearts to it;  
In this pursuit of gold they will give their life.  
When they don't find their own loved ones soon enough,  
What tears they shed in their separation!  
But at the True Belovèd they do not glance;  
They have no eyes or ears—no fear in heart.  
However corrupt their way or custom be,  
Or falsehood of their creed be quite evident, (5)

Even then they will accept it anyway,  
How terrible! What prejudice has done to them!  
In their hearts they hold that they shall never die  
Nor part at all from their kin and peoples.  
O heedless ones! This fleeting home is not faithful  
Neither this world nor anyone shall live forever!

8.

**THE VEDAS**

*Vaid*

*Surma Chashm Arya, page 172, 1886*

They are obsessed with the Vedas;  
By the Vedas are their hearts captivated.  
O Aryas<sup>13</sup>! Why are you so excited?  
What have you seen in the Vedas?  
He Who has neither created nor can He create,  
Think it over! This is the God of the Vedas.  
You possess intellect—think it for yourself, too,  
Why do you depend upon the Vedas?  
Without God, how can there be any thing at all?  
This is sheer error on the part of the Vedas. (5)

The Vedas support paganism;  
Is this the purpose of the Vedas?  
Faiths like such never prosper;  
The Angel of Death is standing by the Vedas.

## 9.

**DEATH OF JESUS OF NAZARETH***Wafaat Masih Naasri**Azala-e Auhaam, part 2, page 764, 1891*

O people! Why don't you care for the truth?  
 My heart gets so terribly agitated.  
 Son of Mary has passed away, by God,  
 That noble one has entered the Paradise.  
 The Quran fully asserts to his death;  
 It informs of his passing away.  
 He has not remained outside of mortality;  
 It has been proved by the thirty verses<sup>14</sup>.  
 No one comes back from the dead;  
 Even the Quran does not pronounce it. (5)

It has been promised by God-Without-Equal;  
 Pray ponder over: "Those who depart, never return".  
 O dear ones! Pray consider it for a while:  
 Have you ever seen anyone escaping death?  
 This place is not meant for staying behind,  
 All prophets and righteous ones have passed away.  
 No one ever escapes from it,  
 These are just simply absurd tales.  
 Why do you persist on denying this?  
 Is this faith or traits of disbelievers? (10)

What is all this excitement against the obvious?  
 Think about it if you have any sense.  
 Why did you make the Son of Mary into God?  
 Why did he stay outside of God's Tradition<sup>15</sup>?  
 Why did you accord him such high position:  
 "Knower of Unseen", "Creator", "Living" and "Mighty"?  
 All passed away but he escaped from death;  
 Until now mortality has touched him not;  
 He is the God of many a birds;  
 Bravo! On such knowledge of God! (15)

O Muslim cleric! Is this God's Unity?  
 Pray tell the truth—which genie do you follow?  
 Was this the secret of God's Unity  
 On which you prided for so many years?  
 Does man carry signs of Godhood?  
 Mercy for such supposition! Mercy!  
 We are surprised at this zeal of yours,  
 At your insight and intellect and common sense.  
 Why can't you see the way to righteousness?  
 What sort of veils have fallen on you eyes? (20)

Is this the teaching of the Quran, really?  
 At least there should be some fear of God!  
 To think that righteous ones are disbelievers<sup>16</sup>,  
 Is this the trait of those possessing faith?  
 We follow the religion of the Muslim people  
 We are truly the servant of the Seal of Messengers<sup>17</sup>.  
 We are weary of partnership and innovation;  
 We are the dust on the path of Ahmad<sup>18</sup> the mighty;  
 We believe in all the commandments;  
 We offer our heart and soul on this path. (25)

We lost our heart—just the mortal body is now left;  
 The only wish is that it, too, may be sacrificed.  
 You bestow upon us the title of *kafir*<sup>19</sup>,  
 Why don't you, O people, fear the Hereafter?  
 A great clamour is raging on the earth;  
 O Giver of Life! Pray take mercy on the people.  
 Pray show a Sign of Thy might;  
 Thou art Almighty, O Lord of the worlds!

10.

**THE SIGNS OF NEAR ONES**

*'Alaamat-al-Muqarrabeen*  
*Nishaane Aasmaani, page 46, 1892*

Only those people are in love with God  
 Who sacrifice every thing for His sake.  
 Each night and day they are concerned with this:  
 When would their Belovèd be truly pleased with them!  
 They give Him their life and wealth, time and again,  
 Yet in their hearts they still fear being so useless.  
 They attach their heart with that Pure One;  
 'Tis they who leave this earth thus purified!

11.

**A PLEA TO GOD ALMIGHTY**

*Qdir Mutlaq ke Hazoor*  
*Aasmaani Faisla, page 8, 1892*

Pray show a Sign of Thy potency—  
 Thou hast all might, O Lord-of-the-R Realm-Beyond.  
 Worship of God is now but all erased;  
 Pray show a Sign completing a convincing proof.

## 12.

## LOVE WITH ISLAM AND ITS FOUNDER

*Islam aur Banie Islam se Ishq*  
*Aina Kamalate Islam, page 224, 1893*

We wearied our mind by searching all around;  
 No Faith did we find like as the Faith of Muhammad.  
 There is no religion that can show such signs,  
 This fruit we ate only from Muhammad's orchard.  
 We have experimented with Islam by our own self;  
 It is light—pure light. Awake and see as we announce.  
 We looked at other Faiths, there was no light in them;  
 If we concealed the truth, would someone point it out!  
 We are tired of saying these things time and again;  
 We sent our invitations darting in all directions. (5)

No one came to test it—not a soul,  
 We challenged every adversary to come against us.  
 They keep slumbering under blankets of neglect  
 And do not wake—though we tried a hundred times.  
 They are all burning in enmity and malice;  
 They do not give up, however hard we tried.  
 Come, O people! 'Tis *here* you'll find the light of God,  
 Lo! We told you a way to satisfy yourself.  
 Today, these lights are blazing in this humble one;  
 We've tinged our heart with lights of every hue. (10)

Ever since we got this light from the Messenger's<sup>20</sup> light,  
 We joined our self with that of the Person of God!  
 May Thy peace and blessing be on Mustafa, sans end;  
 From him we obtained this light, O God Almighty.  
 My soul has always had affinity with Muhammad's soul;  
 We fed that wine-cup to the heart—filled to the brim.  
 We saw no one better than him in this world;  
 Indeed we alienated our heart from all strangers.  
 We stand accused in the eyes of the strangers, ever since  
 We placed his love in the bottom of our heart. (15)

In their mind, our claim to be the Messiah  
 Is a calumny that we have made up ourselves.  
 They call us “disbeliever”, “pagan” and “Antichrist”,  
 What names are we called for the sake of our people!  
 On hearing invectives, I pray for these people.  
 Our mercy's on the rise; we've subdued our wrath!  
 I swear by thy visage, my dear Ahmad<sup>21</sup>,  
 We took on this burden all for thy sake.  
 My every cell is brimful of thy love;  
 We've cultivated this notion in our heart. (20)

We routed the ranks of foes with convincing proofs;  
 The work of sword we accomplished with just the pen.  
 Showing thy light we accused and debased them all  
 And all their hearts we scorched in consuming fire.  
 With love for thee we erased all signs of our existence;  
 Every bit of our self we offered on thy way.  
 When saw thy tavern—people’s gathering place—  
 We took to lips with greed cup after cup!  
 God’s Splendour can be seen in thy traits;  
 Through finding thee we found *that* Person. (25)

Touching thy garment saves from every snare;  
 No doubt we bowed our head at thy door.  
 O dearest! I swear of thy uniqueness;  
 In thy love we forgot our own self.  
 By God, all signs of strangers are from heart erased,  
 Ever since we set thine image in the heart.  
 Beholding thee we saw a strange display of light,  
 With light of thine the Satans did we scorch.  
 We are elect of men through thee, O elect of Messengers;  
 We moved our own step forward with thy stride. (30)

Let alone the humans—even Angels all  
 Extol thy praise only what we have sung.  
 Today, my dear, fed up with people’s cruelty,  
 We’ve raised this doomsday-clamour in thy lane!

**13.**  
**THE CLOAK<sup>22</sup> OF BABA NANAK<sup>23</sup>**  
*Chola Baba Nanak*  
*Sat Bachan, page 41, 1895*

This is the pure Cloak that is a crown for the Sikhs;  
 This is the one in the house of Kabli Mal<sup>24</sup> today.  
 This is the one that is full of spiritual-lights;  
 He who’s distanced from it, God’s distanced from him.  
 This is what is mentioned in the *Janam Sakhi*<sup>25</sup>;  
 That is well known today through Angad<sup>26</sup>.  
 Upon this are those clear verses,  
 From which one obtains eternal life.  
 Nanak received this honourable garment  
 From God Who was the Remover of suffering. (5)

Through it he found all the secrets of the Truth;  
 Through it he came to the side of the Truth.  
 It is the one that saved him from calamity  
 And rid him of every evil-minded person.  
 Pray ponder, O Sikhs! What is this thing?  
 It is an amulet for the body of that person.

It remains as a sign of that pious one:  
A word of advice, the basis of reality.  
The Granths<sup>27</sup> are subject to some incertitude;  
They are in bad shape by the hand of man<sup>28</sup>. (10)

Those who kept on writing afterwards,  
God knows what they kept on making up.  
It is suspected that the copies may have errors  
Since man is never above making a mistake.  
But this (the Cloak) is safe—with surety—  
It is the same what it used to be—no doubt is there.  
The pious ones used to place it on their head  
With humbleness, when faced with adversity.  
The ones who used to praise and admire Nanak,  
They used to say this to every one: (15)

“If some one has not seen that righteous one,  
“He should see the Cloak that is a guide,  
“The one who does not know about his Faith,  
“He should cast a glance upon this robe.”  
They’d kiss it and pray while weeping and crying,  
Then God Almighty used to bestow His grace.  
It was the miraculous effect of this thing  
That saved Nanak at the time of danger.  
He escaped from fire and was saved from water  
Through it—and not through other means. (20)

Pray take a look at the writings of Angad  
Where he records the entire narrative.  
This Cloak points to the display of God’s Might;  
The Words of God are on it everywhere.  
The one who is desirous of meeting Nanak today,  
He should give up his job and work and look at it.  
About four hundred years have passed away;  
It is as new as ever—a strange marvel.  
Why was such a Sign left by Nanak?  
What kind of wisdom was hidden therein? (25)

It was this that it might be a witness for Islam  
And tell the posterity about Nanak’s way.  
It was the blessing of God on that man;  
It became a remedy for his pains.  
It is a hidden trust of the Creator;  
It was one key to His secrets.  
It is they who are true in their love  
Who weep upon seeing this Cloak.  
O people! Pray hear from me the story of Nanak,  
Hear the tale of the might of the Lord of Majesty: (30)

He was of the Aryan<sup>29</sup> people—of noble descent—  
Wise, good mannered, with blessed traits.  
Only a few years had passed away from his age  
That he thought about religion in his heart.  
He occupied himself in this endeavour constantly  
As to which path could lead him to the whole truth.  
He did not like the way of the Vedas  
For he saw a lot of filth in their discourses.  
When he saw that they were rancid and rotten,  
His heart began to quiver and quaver. (35)

He said, “How can this be the Word of God?—  
Teachings of depravity and improper deeds.”  
Seeing this, he became exceedingly sad;  
He suffered pain and torment in his heart.  
He remained constantly sad in this grief;  
The tongue was silent—the heart was full of dread.  
This anxiety was consuming him morn and eve;  
There was none to share the secret or to talk to.  
If his father ever happened to look,  
He would say, “O my dear son, (40)

“I am amazed at this condition of yours;  
“What is the grief that makes you dejected?  
“Neither your appearance nor your hue is the same;  
“Pray tell why is your heart so constrained?  
“Pray explain to me the entire state truthfully  
“As to why are you in a state of grief, my love.”  
He would cry while saying that all is well  
But in the heart he had the desire to travel.  
Then finally he went out, like one in frenzy,  
Not caring for the wilderness or the mountains, (45)

Taking the burden of worldly affairs off his shoulders,  
He took to travelling to satisfy his urge.  
For the sake of God he became kind-hearted;  
The paths of comfort did not appeal to him;  
In search he went, without self-control, without sense;  
Relying merely on the grace of God.  
If someone asked him, “Whither do you go?  
“What is the purpose for which you take this journey?”  
He would say, crying, “I am searching for the truth;  
“I offer myself at the path of the Pure Creator.” (50)

On the journey he'd pray while weeping and crying:  
“O my Creator—the Remover-of-Adversities—  
“I am helpless, I am nothing, no better than the dust,  
“But a slave at the court of the Pure-One.  
“I offer myself wholeheartedly at Thy path,



“Pray show unto me one who is informed.  
“After receiving Thy Sign I shall go to that person  
“And whosoever is Thine, I shall make him as mine.  
“Pray take mercy and show me that path  
“In which, my Dear, lies Thy own pleasure.” (55)

It was told to him through revelation that:  
“Thou shalt find Me in Islam  
“But the enlightened man is such a such person  
“Who is without equal on the path of Islam.”  
Then, through God, he met a sage  
Who was well versed in the Chishti Way<sup>30</sup>.  
He<sup>31</sup> was blessed with his oath of allegiance  
And learned from the Sheikh<sup>32</sup> of the way of virtue.  
Then after that he returned to his home;  
Through the sage he obtained a blessed destiny. (60)

For several days he secluded himself from view;  
The tongue was silent; the breast was filled with light.  
Hidden in the heart were pain, suffering and longing;  
He said his Prayer hiding from mischief mongers.  
At long last the truth dawned with a blaze;  
Due to his love he lost all senses;  
Then he became averse to hiding the truth;  
And the love displayed one hue after another.  
He said, “This was a sin committed by me  
“That I hid the path that led to the truth; (65)

“This was far from virtue and righteousness  
“That the heart be full of the fear of strangers.”  
Being overwhelmed by the thought of this,  
He wept and said, “O my Lord,  
“I do acknowledge Thy name—  
“Thy name is Forgiver and One-Who-Covers<sup>33</sup>.  
“No doubt Thou art Living and Holy;  
“Without Thee, all paths are deceptive;  
“Pray forgive me, O Creator of the worlds,  
“Thou art Exalted and I’m given to excesses. (70)

“I belong to Thee, my Pure Creator;  
“There is no fear of perishing on Thy path;  
“I offer my life at Thy doorstep.  
“Love for Thee is the very life of mine.  
“That strength that is given to the righteous ones,  
“Pray grant that unto me by revealing the secrets.  
“I am guilty of error—pray show me that path  
“From which Thy pleasure can be acquired.”  
He was humbling himself with abasement  
When God’s grace got hold of his hand. (75)

A cloak appeared from out of sight  
With God's Words upon it—without a doubt.  
In every place was the testimony for Islam,  
That only this Faith is true and the guide.  
It was written therein in bold letters  
That God is One and Muhammad, a prophet.  
It was commanded, "Wear it, O righteous one,  
"All that dirt will be cleansed away by it.  
"The error that related to keeping it hidden"<sup>34</sup>,  
"This shall be its redemption, O faithful one." (80)

'Tis possible the incident was a spiritual vision  
That was shown through the command of God.  
Then it was rendered in that particular manner  
And then written down through God's order.  
But it is possible, too, O shrewd one,  
That this entire affair is from the Unseen.  
That the Almighty holds secrets behind the veil  
Where intellect is useless and ineffective.  
You hold only a drop of wisdom and intellect, while  
His might is an ocean without limit or bounds. (85)

If you hear the tale of the truthful ones, don't shake  
Your head like ones who scoff irreverently.  
You consider yourself a wise person,  
What do you know of the stations of men!  
In short, he donned that blessed garment;  
He was not intimidated by the populace.  
He would walk in the streets with that Cloak  
And showed the people the hand of God's Might.  
Whenever somebody saw it from a distance,  
He became informed from that spiritual light. (90)

Whoever could see it from a distance,  
The Cloak itself would explain the secret to him.  
He displayed the Cloak all the time;  
He found all his happiness in doing this.  
The purpose was to make the Dearest happy;  
To expiate the error and make the bond sturdy.  
The ones who become lovers of that Person,  
They lose their life in this kind of fear.  
They show sincerity unto that Dear  
And become love-stricken with this affliction. (95)

They sacrifice their life on this path  
And die a hundred deaths each instant.  
They lose every thing for piety and righteousness,  
Only to gain the pleasure of His.

This lunacy is a sign of love;  
No one understands it save the lovers.  
In short, crazed with the fervour of love,  
Nanak made this Cloak his habitual attire;  
So that the Dearest may be pleased with it  
Without Him the heart has no verve or vitality. (100)

This is what the men of God really do, since when  
Are they afraid of condemnation by the people!  
They give themselves up totally to that Dear;  
And other than their Dear, they have no one else.  
They don't hesitate even to give up their life,  
For they find Him after losing everything.  
They become the Voice of the Dear One;  
They become a confidant of that Spirit.  
That ignorant one who says: "The door is closed,  
"There is neither revelation nor attachment." (105)

He has neither intellect nor does he ponder,  
Whether he is a physician<sup>35</sup> or some one else.  
It is true that those who are purified,  
They bring information about God from God Himself.  
If no information were to come from that way,  
This path would fall in disarray.  
His seekers would be laid to waste;  
They would die if they saw the path was closed.  
But there is no such beloved who harbours  
Such grudge and malice against the lover. (110)

Then such suspicion against God is a sin  
For He is Most Merciful and Knower of the Unseen.  
If He wouldn't speak, then how could someone  
Know with certainty that the Veiled<sup>36</sup> One exists?  
He *Himself* remembers His pious ones;  
No one remains unfortunate on *His* path.  
But the Vedas deny this thing;  
For this reason they are unbeneficial and useless.  
What should one do with a tome like this  
That is unable to bring and show the Beloved? (115)

Is He the God of Vedas, or a stone  
That does not speak—like one deaf and mute?  
Of what benefit are such Vedas then?  
Pray ponder, O friends, for the sake of God.  
They deny the existence of revelation—  
That it is possible for the commoner or the elect.  
This was the very objective of the *Saliks*<sup>37</sup>,  
This was the thing that would open up the eyes.  
If this is not the case, then they simply died

And offered their life without any gain. (120)

We've just heard this claim of the Vedas  
That no one shall receive revelation after them.  
They say that this lane is now closed—  
Its seeking by the Gnostic is fruitless.  
They<sup>38</sup> are ignorant of this trait of the Gracious  
That He keeps His relation with His beloveds.  
If they had any knowledge of this path,  
If they were at all affected by truth,  
Then they would consider denial a shameful stance.  
Oh, what's this that Vedas said; what a shame! (125)

They don't know that revelation is alchemy—  
By this is obtained the treasure of union<sup>39</sup>.  
This is what made the Gnostics drunk with wine;  
This is the thing that opened up their eyes and ears.  
This is the one that helps with the glimpse<sup>40</sup>;  
This is the only spring of secrets.  
Through this did they obtain the subtle knowledge;  
Through this did they gain their renown in the world.  
Certitude in God is gained through God!  
Through speech does He apprise of His own Self. (130)

When someone attaches the heart with the beloved,  
The heart takes pleasure in conversation.  
The speech of the beloved is kind of nourishment;  
But you<sup>41</sup> deny it—it is irrelevant to you.  
You do not know anything about this path—  
O inapt one, you are not acquainted with it.  
He is Gracious, Noble and Mighty—  
I swear by Him, there is none like unto Him.  
Who offer themselves honestly to the Exalted Lord,  
They neither suffer loss nor are they disgraced. (135)

It was through this that Nanak obtained his success,  
He sincerely offered himself unto the Eminent Lord.  
He was informed through revelation that  
“You shall find Me in Islam.”  
It is for sure that Nanak received revelations—  
O haughty one, don't side with the Vedas.  
The Creator bestowed upon him such wisdom  
That cannot be seen at all in the Vedas.  
Leaving Hindus, he hastened alone  
Heading to Mecca, turning away from India. (140)

He went to the Ka'ba to do the circuits; he became  
A Muslim, with pure heart, without wavering.

The grace of God lifted him up;  
He received a place of honour in both the worlds.  
If you, too, will leave this world of avarice,  
He would grant that station unto you as well.  
You do not deem it fit even for an instant  
To be away from your wife and the children.  
But he used to wander like one crazed;  
No rest in the heart or peace in the spirit. (145)

Everyone would take a look and say  
That there is something that manifests in his eyes.  
There was a pang of love in his breast  
And the warmth of heart drove him every place.  
At times to the east and at times to the west—  
He remained wandering on, restless and agitated.  
Even the birds take to resting  
And the love-stricken follow this action, too,  
But he would not rest even for an instant,  
He discharged all that was due of love. (150)

Someone asked a lover this: “Pray tell  
“What thing would keep you awake all night?”  
He said, “The cure for sleep is ache and pain,  
“What sleep is there when grief makes the face ashen!”  
They are not eyes that do not weep;  
That heart is not a heart if it is not scorched!  
You simply waste your time by denying;  
What do you know what love really is?  
Pray ask my heart and me about this secret; but  
Who will ask, save one who indulges in love? (155)

The one who is ready to perish for the sake of God,  
He is the one who is fortunate.  
The ones who lose for Him—in fact they gain;  
The ones who die—they are revived again.  
‘Tis He Who is One—without equal—the Mighty—  
There is nothing there that is like unto Him.  
If I offer my life on His path,  
Even then I could not be grateful enough.  
I shall say something more about the Cloak  
That it is dear to me like my life. (160)

Pray read the *Janam Sakhi*, O young one  
That Angad has clearly written in it  
That it was in fact recorded by God’s power—  
It was God Who wrote—with grace and mercy.  
What is that? This: that God is One—  
Muhammad is His prophet—pious and pure.

Without this, the heart cannot be purified;  
Except for this, there is no escape from grief.  
This is the standard for testing a Faith; the difference  
Is clear between the *Antichrist* and the true one. (165)

Pray ponder a bit, friends, if you are just,  
This entire affair is clear at this moment,  
When they tried to separate it<sup>42</sup> from Nanak,  
They tried and tried, but remained unsuccessful.  
It was said: “Move aside, you have lost—  
“This is a bounty from the Hands of the Creator.  
“It is not possible for man to take it off—  
“The Words of God are displayed upon it.”  
He had prayed that, “O Creator, pray show me  
“Thy path through Thy Own love.” (170)

This Cloak came about as result of his prayer;  
It was entirely by the Hand of God’s power.  
On dying, that saint left this very thing;  
The purpose was to give advice—he fulfilled it.  
To call him dead is an error and mistake;  
That live-hearted one went and joined the living.  
That body was lost—this sign remains—  
Pray shed some tears after looking at it.  
Where is love and where is loyalty? Why has  
The Cloak of loved one become worthless? (175)

It is the sign of a faithful lover,  
That suddenly seeing a letter from the beloved,  
He touches it to his eyes, cherishing it;  
This has been the creed of the lovers forever.  
But the one who has no love in the heart,  
He has no desire for such things.  
Get up, and bring at once a camera  
And take a clear photograph of this Cloak;  
For the world is not meant to last—  
Perishing is the end for all, save God. (180)

So make an image quickly—there is deep concern,  
But that its photograph may be saved with us.  
This Cloak that has an inscription by God’s might,  
This is the guide and this is the saint.  
Angad himself wrote it quite plainly  
That it is the Word of God—without absurdity.  
It was written by the Pure Creator Himself,  
The Living, the Mighty and the Forgiver.  
What God has written, how can it be in error?  
That is indeed the pure Word of God. (185)

This is the very path that you have forgotten;  
Pray get up, friends, and do not lose the way now.  
This is the light of God that came from God,  
Pray touch it quickly to your eyes.  
Hark, O people! You have no knowledge,  
Pray keep an eye on what I am saying.  
The times are always hued with prejudice,  
Everyone denies the truth without hesitation,  
Only he listens to the talk of the way of religion,  
Who is a God-fearing man and pious. (190)

But all others are filled with enmity—  
To them pride and violence are precious.  
They make up things that are totally false,  
There is absolutely no illumination in their speech.  
O haughty one! After this Cloak  
What else is needed that keeps you away?  
You are afraid of the people, O inapt one,  
Why are you not afraid of God?  
This writing on the Cloak has a tongue;  
Listen as to what it says with the tongue: (195)

That the Faith of God is the Faith of Islam;  
The one who denies it, he has an evil end.  
Muhammad—he is the leader of the prophets,  
Whose enemy is like a dead thing.  
You should be a little ashamed of this Cloak,  
Pray take a look, O transgressor, as to what you do.  
You may say whatever you please, but listen to this:  
You should say the thing without taking sides;  
That the Creator loves the seeker of truth,  
He is not human who does not give what is due. (200)

Say, when the Lord asks for the accounts,  
Pray tell, my brothers, what will the answer be?  
I'll say one thing, O thou named well,  
Pray listen carefully to it all:  
Without doubt this Cloak is full of spiritual light;  
Rebellion is far removed from loyalty.  
We will show you the Cloak by placing it open  
Then pray give an answer with your reply.  
This pure Cloak is the only sign that has remained  
Of the Guru who was gracious to the people. (205)

This is the one that was wrapped in wool and gold;  
This is the ultimate pride for the Sikhs;  
This was the pillar of wealth and sovereignty;  
When they did bad things, they became humbled.

For the sake of God, pray give up spite and malice;  
Pray think about these things being honest.  
That sincerity and love—that friendship and loyalty  
That you maintained openly with Nanak—  
Pray show a little bit of its effect today  
If you are sincere, pray hasten unto here. (210)

The Guru showed you by showing it himself;  
Pray follow that path which he advised you.  
Where are they who are the dust of Nanak's feet,  
Who lay down their lives for his sake?  
Where are they who die for his sake,  
Who do whatever is his advice?  
Where are they who dote upon him,  
Who bow down their heads in love? Where are they  
Who maintain sincerity and steadfastness, as if  
They receive milk and greens from the Guru? (215)

Where are they who, if they obtain anything from him,  
They take to cherishing him out of their love?  
Where are they who are filled with affection,  
Who are ready at heart even to die?  
Where are they who are removed from niggardliness,  
Who are filled with the love for Nanak?  
Where are they who are zealous on this path,  
Who are intoxicated by the love for the Guru?  
Where are the lovers of Nanak—where are they—  
Now that the trial is near at hand? (220)

Where are they who claim to be in love,  
Who bow down their heads in obedience?  
He whose Guru would relish a certain path,  
He is not a student who does not bow his head.  
If the time is passed from one's control, then one  
Weeps the following day, wringing the hands.  
Manliness is neither through arrows nor the sword,  
You be a man following the character of men!  
Listen! The voice comes from all directions:  
That besides the Truth, all else is false. (225)

We, all of us, are guests for a few days;  
Who knows that a call may come right now!  
The Guru took this Cloak as his attire,  
He showed that he cherished this path,  
How could he be happy with these ungodly ones,  
Who do not believe in him a bit?  
If you do take this advice of the Guru,  
Then you will please him being purified.  
Where are they who claim to be in love,



Who bow down their heads in obedience? (230)

They should come here and see—here is the image,  
This is the purified Cloak that conquers the world.  
See, how truthfully he showed off his religion;  
He was brave—he had no fear of the enemy.  
They are foolish who lose the path of truth;  
Who cry, uselessly, for respect and honour.  
They should think as to what their leader wrote;  
What did he say openly in his will?  
That we maintain Islam as our Faith; we have  
Conviction on the path of Muhammad. (235)

Awake, O slumbering! The time has come,  
Your Guru has already explained to you;  
If you do not understand, you will ultimately regret;  
You will reap the fruit of Guru's curses.

14.

**THE FRUIT OF TRUTH**

*Taseere Sadaqat*

*Sat Bachan, page 52, 1895*

Bravo! What fruit the force of truth has borne!  
Nanak has taken Ahmad's Faith completely to heart.  
When we cast an eye on every word on this Cloak,  
That blessed gem appears in front of the eyes.  
See, how truthfully he showed off his religion;  
He was brave—he had no fear of an enemy.

15.

**MAHMOOD'S<sup>43</sup> AMEEN<sup>44</sup>**

*Mahmood ki Ameen*

*Written 7 June 1897*

Praise and glory to the One Who's Eternal  
There is no one equal unto Him, nor one like Him.  
Only He lasts forever, all others are mortal;  
It is baseless to attach hearts with strangers.  
All are strangers—only He is the real Soul Mate—  
This is in my heart; Holy is He Who watches over me.

Pure is His holy might—supreme is His grandeur;  
His near ones are tremulous—His Angels are in dread;  
His grace is universal—how to thank for this blessing;  
We are all His creation—Him should you love. (5)  
His honour does not brook that we love the strangers;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

All our comforts are through His grace and offering;  
The heart is loyal to Him—His grandeur's in the heart;  
'Tis better to submit to Him—there is piety in submission;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

He is the Support of all; He is mercy manifest;  
He's the One we cherish; He is the One our Belovèd;  
We cannot live without Him—without Him all else is false;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me. (10)

O Lord, it is Thy grace—I offer myself at Thy door;  
Thou granted me the Faith; Thou'rt the Protector at all times;  
Thy grace is every moment; Thou art Merciful and Gracious;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

How can one thank Thee—all that is mine is Thine;  
Thou hast filled my house with every possible bounty.  
When Thy light came, all darkness was dispelled;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

Thou showed us this day: Mahmood finished reading,  
Seeing this grace, the heart sang Thy praise; (15)  
A hundred thanks, O Lord—a hundred thanks;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

How can one thank Thee—O my Kind Master;  
Thou hast granted me these three servants of Thine;  
I am entirely Thine—Thou art my Great Lord;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

Today the Quran's finished; heart's desires are fulfilled;  
Thou showed us this day—I offer myself at Thy Visage;  
O my Gracious Lord, how can I thank Thy benevolence?  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me. (20)

All this grace is Thine—Thou art the epitome of mercy;  
How to render Thy praise—no pen holds such might.  
I am forever Thine—as long as my breath is firm;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

O Mighty and Potent One, pray save us from calamities;  
We have come to Thy door and have believed in Thee;  
The heart is rid of strangers, since we came to know Thee;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

My Dear, do not keep away this humble one for an instant;  
'Tis better to die in Thy presence than living our life. (25)

By God! To live in grief for Thee is better than happiness;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

Thou fixest all affairs; we gained the boys from Thee, too;  
It is all Thy bounty, we did not bring anything from home;  
'Tis Thee, O my Belovèd, Who hast shown these joyous days;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

These three boys that are, they are a bounty from Thee;  
They are family unto me—but door-servants unto Thee;  
Thou art One with true promise—where are the deniers?  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me. (30)

Pray grant them good fortune; give them Faith and wealth;  
Pray protect them Thyself; may Thy mercy be upon them;  
Give them virtue and guidance—longevity and respect;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

O my kind Master, pray make their destiny noble;  
They be superior in ranks; grant them crown and authority.  
Thou art our Guide—there is none like unto Thee;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

Keep them away from Satan—keep them in Thy presence;  
Pray keep their life enlightened—their heart full of joy. (35)  
I be sacrificed for Thee; pray take mercy upon them;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

All my prayers that are—pray accept them all, O Lord;  
I dote upon Thee—pray give Thy help to us;  
We have come to Thy door—with great expectation;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

Mahmood, Thy servant—he's a piece of my heart;  
Grant him longevity and wealth; drive away all darkness;  
His days be full of purpose; his morns be full of light;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me. (40)

He has two brothers—pray keep them happy, too;  
Thy Basheer Ahmad—Thy Shareef, the younger;  
Pray bless them all alike—anoint them with mercy;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

These three servants of Thine, pray keep them not in filth;  
Remove from them, O Lord, all the snares of the world;  
May they ever be healthy; pray don't make them listless;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

O the Dear of my heart—O our Benefactor—  
Pray illuminate their names—like as the stars are. (45)  
Pray bless them all to become righteous gems;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

O Belovèd of my soul—O King of the two worlds—  
Pray be so gracious that there's none like unto them—  
Pray grant them a lasting destiny and Heavenly grace—  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

My dear God, pray listen to all my prayers—  
Pray keep them ever blessed—I do cherish Thy Visage;  
Keep them in Thy shelter after listening to my weeping.  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me. (50)

O Thou One and Unique—O Creator of time—  
Pray listen to my prayers—to my servant-like beseeching;  
The three are in Thy charge, make them the moons of Faith;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

The heart is sad with worries; the life is close to pain;  
The strength of patience I had, it is not there anymore;  
Keep them away from grief; Thou art Lord of the worlds;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

Pray increase their rank; send blessings upon them now;  
Save them from all grief; rid them of pain and hurt; (55)  
Pray do my tasks Thyself; Lord, put me not through trials;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

These three servants Thine—may they be world's guides;  
May they be world's leaders—and be they full of light.  
They be the kings' shelter; they be a blazing sun;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

May they possess deportment—be the pride of the land;  
May they cherish truth; be they belovèd of the Lord;  
May they be productive—a thousand growing from one;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me. (60)

Thou art the Nourisher and takest care every moment;  
Thou riddest one of grief—removest the pains;  
Thou purifiest the heart and placest the truth in it;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

Thou taught the Quran—which is the core of the Faith;  
By which we obtain gnosis and the Satan is driven away;  
It is all Thy grace—my life be sacrificed for Thee;

Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

Thy Prophet that came—he showed us God;  
He brought sound Faith and wiped out the innovations; (65)  
He called unto the truth; finding God, he showed Him to us;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

They all cherish Thee, all those that are dear to me;  
Thy graces are immense—we are tired counting them;  
The heart's dejected through grief, pray put our vessel ashore;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

Thy home is in this heart—our eyes are set upon Thee;  
I obtain my light through Thee—Thou art my only moon;  
My trust is placed in Thee—this head's now at Thy door;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me. (70)

When we loved Thee, we went through infinite grief;  
We abased our self to dust; we endured torment on our soul;  
But thanks, O God; we found Thee after losing our life;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

When we saw Thy Visage—a bright star shone upon us;  
We found all our purpose—the cup is now brimful;  
With grace of Thine, O Lord, my purpose is achieved;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

All the friends came; Thou showed us these days;  
Thy grace, O Dear, brought all these gracious people; (75)  
A blessed day has dawned in which we found our goal;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

Out of affection, the guests came bearing great love;  
The heart is delighted—the soul is at ease;  
But the heart was grieved to think of the time of parting;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

The world is like an inn—those who meet, will part;  
Even if one lives a hundred years, at the end there is parting;  
It's not meant to be a complaint—this home is not forever;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me. (80)

O dear friends! Do not forget your afterlife—  
Take some provisions for the way; put in some work as well;  
The world is a place to perish—remove it from the heart;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

Attach not your heart with it—estrangle your heart from it;

Remove your affection for it; in fact move far away from it;  
O friends! It is a serpent—pray save your life from it;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

Quran, the Book of the Gracious, it shows the way to gnosis;  
Those who read it, upon them is the grace of God; (85)  
May God's blessing be on those who put their faith in it;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

This is a spring of guidance—whoever is blessed with it;  
These talks are about God that lead to sainthood;  
It illumines the heart and permeates it fully;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me.

Pray heed the Quran and maintain pure beliefs;  
Pray think of the afterlife—keep provisions with you;  
This is the remedy, dear—stay true and righteous;  
Pray bless this day; Holy is He Who watches over me. (90)

## 16.

### GRATITUDE IN THE WORDS OF *AMMAN JAAN*<sup>45</sup>

*Shukr wa Dua ba Zubaan Hadhrat Amma Jaan*

*Al-Hakam, 17 November 1900*

Thy blessing on me, my Lord, is most unusual,  
How can I render thanks to Thee, O my King.  
Thou hast not done even a tad of injustice to me,  
Every cell of my body may be sacrificed for Thee.  
From head to toe I am seeped in Thy benevolence;  
Thy rain of mercy has always showered upon me.  
Thou hast bestowed four sons on this humble one;  
This is Thy grace and Thy manifest bounty.  
The first son is Mahmood—Mubarak is the fourth;  
In between the two are Basheer, and Shareef of Thine. (5)

Thou gave glad tidings of these four ahead of time;  
Thou art that Ruler Whose decree is never set aside.  
How can Thy graces be acknowledged, O Dear?  
Thy mercy on me is exceedingly great, my Belovèd.  
Thou hast placed me atop the royal throne;  
Thou hast blessed me in my worldly and religious affairs.  
With what tongue shall I thank Thee; where is that tongue?  
For I am nothing and Thy mercy is considerable.  
Thou gave such bounties to me that are beyond thoughts;  
Thy Person is Exalted—Thy Palace is purified. (10)

Thou selected me for Thy own Messiah—  
This is Thy foremost grace, O my Belovèd.

Who had such intentions?—Who knew about it?  
 Who could say that this destiny could be so brilliant?  
 But, my Love, this is the way that Thy actions take place;  
 This is the bounty that lives up to Thy own grandeur.  
 With Thy grace, pray save me from every calamity;  
 We've taken hold of Thy cloak in our hand with sincerity.  
 He who is desirous of Thee is never lost—  
 He is never disgraced who searches for Thee. (15)

Even the Angels render help from the heavens  
 If some one becomes Thy obedient servant.  
 Whoso gave his heart to Thee, he found everything;  
 Everyone praises whomsoever is an admirer Thine.  
 He is undoubtedly in Heaven in this very world  
 Who is a guest of Thine with utmost trust.  
 My Love, pray turn my progeny such that they  
 Can see with their own eyes Thy radiant Visage.  
 Grant them longevity, sustenance, peace and health;  
 Above all, that they obtain knowledge about Thee. (20)

Pray show me not their distress in my life;  
 Pray forgive me my sins and excesses against Thee.  
 Pray grant that they not become gnats of this world;  
 Each one of them may be known as a *submitter* unto Thee.  
 'Tis impossible that I gain such a goal by design;  
 Things are realised only when all Thy means are there.  
 Thy kingdom covers both: the earth and the Heaven;  
 Thy command is obeyed by every atom—each instant.  
 My Love, pray save me from every grief and affliction;  
 Thou art Most Forgiving—this is what Thy Quran says. (25)

Love! I don't have the strength of patience I used to have;  
 Pray save me now from grief—Thy name is Gracious.  
 O my Master! Save me from every calamity, each instant;  
 It's Thy command and Thy earth and Thine are the times.

## 17.

### THE MOTHER OF ALL BOOKS

#### *Ummul Kitaab*

*'Ijaaz al-Masih, title page, page 2, 20 February 1901*

O friends, who read this “mother of all books”<sup>46</sup>—  
 Now see this sun from the perspective of my eyes.  
 Pray ponder over the Opening<sup>47</sup> Prayer, reading it  
 Over and over; It unveils the entire reality that is there.  
 See, God has taught you this very prayer  
 And His beloved<sup>48</sup> has taught the same prayer, too.  
 This is the one you recite five times in the Prayers;

Through its path, you reach the door of the Independent One.  
I swear by Him Who has revealed this Chapter  
On that purified heart whose visage is so handsome<sup>49</sup>, (5)

It is a witness from my Lord for my own self,  
It is God's attestation for the truth of my claim,  
It is an argument for me being the Messiah,  
For me it is a witness from the Mighty Lord,  
Then what is this wait for others besides me?  
Pray repent—for what surety is there on life!

18.

**KNOWLEDGE OF GOD**

*Ma'arfate Haq*

*Al-Hakam, 24 November 1901*

This voice is coming from the phonograph:  
Seek the God from heart—not through pomposity.  
If deeds are not there with a pure and cleansed heart,  
This pastime is no better than circuits around an idol.  
If the dead heart is not out of the coverings,  
What can be gained from hostility and war mongering?  
What Faith is that wherein there is no Sign from God—  
No support by God—no succour from the Heaven?  
Religion is a pastime if there is no certitude—  
What is void of light, such Faith is not from God. (5)

God's Faith is only that which is an ocean of lights;  
Whoever is far from it, he is distanced from God, too.  
God's Faith is only that that shows the way to God—  
What good is that Faith that cannot open the knots?  
Those who do not follow this Faith, they've no strength;  
They cannot move a single step past worldly things.  
Those persons who are feeble in the knowledge of God,  
They remain enslaved to idols even after giving them up<sup>50</sup>.

19.

**AMEEN OF BASHEER AHMAD ....**

*Basheer Ahmad, Sharif Ahmad aur Mubarka ki Ameen*

*Written 1901*

O God! O my dear God—  
What bestowals of Thine are these upon me!  
That Thou hast shown such day again to me  
That the second son has finished reading<sup>51</sup>, too.  
Basheer Ahmad—whom Thou hast taught—  
Thou cured his sight—gave him insights—  
Thou hast given this fruit to Shareef Ahmad, too—



Thou taught him the Discriminant<sup>52</sup> Thyself—  
When he was tested at such young age—  
He fluently recited the Words of God. (5)  
When he stepped into the seventh year,  
His head was decked with the crown of Quran.  
These are Thy bounties, O Lord of the worlds;  
Then Thou made Mubarak shine as well.  
When Thou called one son unto Thee,  
Thou gave four others to make us happy.  
One day of grief—four of joy—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

And with them has been given one daughter—  
She is a little less than five, with good fortune. (10)  
She recites fluently the Words of God—  
This is all God's grace and mercy.  
This was shown unto me in a dream  
That she, too, will find an excellent fortune.  
She will undoubtedly receive a title of great respect;  
This has been destined from the very beginning.  
God has bestowed four sons and this daughter,  
Thus, this is a bounty through and through.  
What a grace this is from Thee, my Kind Master;  
With what tongue can I thank Thee, O my Lord? (15)  
If every hair gains the ability to speak,  
Even then it is impossible to render thanks.  
O Gracious! Pray remove Thou all evils from them;  
O Merciful! Make them pious and with long lives.  
The one who taught them—bless him Thou as well;  
Reward him handsomely in religious and worldly lives.  
Thou hast shown the way of teaching—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

Thou hast given me four sons—  
Though I've an attachment only with Thee— (20)  
Pray make them righteous and sagacious—  
With Thy grace pray close upon them the path of vice.  
Pray give them guidance, O my God,  
Since without being worthy the advice is of little use.  
Pray nourish them Thyself, O my Teacher—  
They are Thine—how long can be our life?  
'Tis all Thy blessing, O my Guide —  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

My Lord, I have this one prayer—  
With humility and lamentation, at Thy door— (25)  
Pray give unto me what is filled in this heart—  
The tongue is silent due to modesty and shyness.

My children—that is a bestowal from Thee—  
I may see each one of them as a pious one—  
What limits are there concerning Thy might!  
Pray give them everything that Thou hast given me!  
A wonderful Benefactor art Thou, the Ocean of help;  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

Pray rid them Thou of filthiness—  
Pray grant them salvation through piety. (30)  
May they prosper and live in happiness—  
Pray save them, O God, from an evil life.  
May they be like me—callers unto Faith—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

Pray show their high rank upon their foreheads;  
The dread of *Antichrist* may never make it to their homes.  
Pray save them from every grief, at all times—  
May they never get rundown by gloom and dejection.  
This is the hope that the heart has stated—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes. (35)

I pray, O my Belovèd, that they  
May never see the times of grief.  
May they never leave this door of Thine—  
My Master—pray protect them at all times.  
This is the hope, O my Guide—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

May they never see times of helplessness—  
The times of calamity, grief and inability.  
Let it be so that I may see their righteousness—  
When it is time for me to depart. (40)  
Thou hast announced the glad tidings ahead of time—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

We have the gift of God-fearing from that Belovèd —  
Not by our self—but simply through the grace of God.  
Strive hard to gain, if you are true and pure—  
For this is the condition for seeing Him.  
This<sup>53</sup> is the mirror that displays the Creator—  
This is the reality behind the sword of prayer—  
The root of all virtues is fearing God—  
All is well if this root is preserved. (45)  
This is the pride and eminence of the saints—  
Except for fearing God, what else do they have?  
Do fear, O friends, for He is a Watchful God—  
If you ponder, *this*<sup>54</sup> is the place for recompense.

He has given this reward to me through God-fearing—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

It is a wonderful gem, this thing called God-fearing—  
He is blessed whose deed is fearing God.  
Hark! The fruit of Islam is God-fearing —  
God's love is wine, God-fearing is the wine-cup. (50)  
O Muslims! Make your God-fearing perfect—  
What faith is there if fearing God is weak.  
Thou hast bestowed this wealth upon me, O God—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

O God, I remember Thy benevolences—  
Thou gave glad tidings—and then these children—  
It was said that they would never go to waste—  
They will grow like tall pine trees in the orchards—  
Thou gave this news to me many a time—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes. (55)

All my progeny is Thy bestowal—  
Each one came through glad tidings from Thee—  
These five that have an honoured descent<sup>55</sup>—  
These are the five bodies that make the foundation<sup>56</sup>—  
This is Thy benevolence, O my Guide—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

Thou gave unto me these suns and moons—  
These are all, my Dear, Thy instruments<sup>57</sup>.  
Thou showed us that, O Lord of all lords,  
Which is not likely to be seen even in a dream. (60)  
This is Thy benevolence, O my Guide—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

How can I count these bounties of Thine?  
How is it possible to write up Thy graces?  
Thou hast filled the cup with every bounty—  
Every foe Thou hast disgraced and made futile.  
This is Thy benevolence, O my Guide—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

Thou gave glad tidings that, "There is a son of yours  
"Who shall one day become a beloved of Mine. (65)  
"I shall remove all darkness from that moon  
"And I shall show that he transformed the world<sup>58</sup>."  
What tiding! Thou gave nourishment for the heart—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

Thou gave brilliance to each thing I said—  
Thou removed each obstacle in my path—  
Thou fulfilled each prophecy of mine by Thyself,  
Including this that, “Thou shalt see thy distant progeny.”  
Who else gained such bounty that Thou gave me?  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes. (70)

A spring has come at this time of autumn—  
The flowers have come to bloom in my garden—  
This Belovèd possesses an unusual charm—  
Because of this we’ve earned a bad name in the world!  
When the rivals exceeded in their furore and uproar,  
We hid our self in that Veiled<sup>59</sup> Belovèd!  
He manifested Himself upon me—my Guide—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

How can I ever render thanks to God—  
May all my life be sacrificed on His path. (75)  
His graces lie heavy upon my head—  
Through His Hand is our own vessel afloat—  
He mended all my affairs that were amiss—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

Praise and homage is befitting to Thee, my Love,  
That Thou hast fixed appropriately all my affairs.  
Thy graces lie heavy upon my head—  
They all shine like as the stars.  
Thou lowered all my foes into an abyss—  
And my own flag hast Thou raised up high. (80)  
In my opposition, these people suffered defeat—  
They were not ready to be ruined, but Thou did it.  
The sparks of mischief fell back upon the mongers,  
Our objective could not be obstructed by them.  
They are in mourning—there is joy in our home—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

Thy blessing is the girder of our home—  
My life has found a shelter in Thy graces.  
The opponents are being darted from all sides—  
They came ensnared like as the prey— (85)  
At last it happened based on Thy decree—  
Do plans amount to anything in front of Thee!  
God blew away all their prominence—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

He gave all kinds of honours unto me—  
For the rivals He erased all vanities—

To me, He bestowed bounties of every kind:  
He gave piety, certitude and loyalty.  
He healed me of all my sufferings—  
The illness diminished as medicine was dispensed. (90)  
He erased all love for strangers in the heart—  
God knows what He said to my heart!  
He gave it remedy, nourishment and a mantle.  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

Could I have hoped for it even in a dream  
That a lasting grace shall be conferred upon me?  
I gained status of Joseph—but without detention,  
No one should despair of Thy benevolence.  
The desire is fulfilled—all despair has vanished;  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes. (95)

Thy mercy's wonderful, O my Belovèd!  
My home is like a garden through Thy graces.  
Thou takest the drowning ones ashore in an instant—  
He who is despaired of Thee—he is dead.  
He shall wander every wilderness and hollow—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

We have given our self to Thee, O God Almighty;  
We adopted Thy door and recognised Thee.  
All we want is to come to Thy Court—  
Pray save us from the calamity each instant. (100)  
For, Thy name is the Forgiver and the Guide—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

Who is there who called Thee in this world  
And then went empty-handed?—So ill-fated.  
So how much help it is for him  
For whom Thou art the Most Belovèd One!  
I am the proclaimer of Thy bounties—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

How can I count all Thy blessings?  
My days and nights are filled with Thy graces. (105)  
For my sake Thou displayed the Signs—  
My every notion Thou listened with affection.  
With Thy grace all the foes were routed—  
Thou bestowed upon me all my ambitions.  
When a herd of ruffians chased after me,  
All kinds of calamities fell upon themselves.  
At the end, all of them came to no avail—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

Thou mended every affair of mine, my Dear—  
Thou showed Thy graces day and night. (110)  
Thou gave me victories in every field—  
Thou vanquished all the ill seekers.  
Thou fixed all my affairs that were amiss—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

The enemy is now destroyed with Thy help—  
Thou art the Refuge for us in every place.  
Why is every ill wisher now disgraced?  
For he is now eclipsed like the sun and moon—  
His face showing the darkness of the moon.  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes. (115)

With Thy grace, life is like a garden—  
With Thy light the heart is like noontime sun.  
If the blind continue to deny and dissent,  
They do not know as to what is there in this breast.  
They could say whatever, but God is over their heads  
And then, one day, it is time for recompense.  
The fruit of evil is evil and regret—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

Thou hast all the power and might, O God—  
By finding Thee we gained all our purpose. (120)  
Every lover takes on an idol—  
In our heart, this Belovèd has made home.  
He is the peace of mind and heart's desire—  
The same Whom we call "Lord of all the Worlds".  
He manifested unto me with support and bounties—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

My soul is attached with that Belovèd—  
He is the Paradise and the Abode of Peace.  
Where is the strength in me to talk of Him?  
There is this mighty stream of love a flow! (125)  
What blessings Thine are these, O Guide of mine!  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

There is no paucity of favours Thine—  
No moment there is ever free of them.  
The bounties and benevolence are countless—  
I have no strength for gratitude a-now.  
What blessings Thine are these, O Guide of mine—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

Through which paths should I come to Thy lane?  
What is the service through which I find Thee? (130)

It is the love through which I may be drawn—  
It is with godliness that I abase my ego.  
To whom shall I tell of this thing that is love?  
Unto whom do I state the secret of fidelity?  
How can I now conceal this windstorm?  
All I can do is blow my own dust to the winds!  
What have we got to do with the worldly life?  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

If someone attaches his heart with that Pure One,  
He must cleanse himself before he finds Him. (135)  
Only he, who dies<sup>60</sup>, joins the living ones—  
'Tis only he who is scorched who revives the dead.  
This fruit is far away for a stranger to eat—  
You must reach high—for it does not descend.  
It's hidden below layers upon layers; who shall find it?  
Only him who is lost in love who finds this Pearl—  
Who effaces his self and shows mercy—  
To whom ego and pride do not suit at all.  
O God, Thou hast bestowed this wealth upon me—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes. (140)

What more of greed and love for mortal things?  
Awake ye! Go and seek the heavenly goods!  
How long this passion of your comforts and desires?  
A hundred weaknesses are hidden in you.  
Then how can that Dear Belovèd be found?  
How can the water stay in a sieve!  
Pray think a little of the Everlasting Land—  
This land and wealth are all but false effects.  
You spend your youth in heedlessness—  
But you have decided this in your heart— (145)  
That you'll not listen to a single thing from God—  
Pray think—is this the way to live?  
God has shown His path unto me—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

Pray repent so that the mercy comes—  
Pray show at once your truth and humbleness.  
Such hour is well nigh hanging over your head  
That it would call to mind the day of doom.  
God has related this thing unto me—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes. (150)

The Muslims were overtaken by decline  
When they forgot the teaching of the Quran.  
They put the Messenger<sup>61</sup> of God in the ground  
And placed the Messiah up in the heavens<sup>62</sup>.

After this insult, they reaped the fruit in like manner;  
What things befell them for this disrespect!  
God has now once again sent you a summon  
To think of some respect for the “best of creation”<sup>63</sup>.  
God Himself has shown this path to us—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes. (155)

How can anyone find guidance from the dead?  
If he dies, he undoubtedly joins the dead.  
Why would God bring Jesus back from the dead?  
Why would He Himself destroy the Seal of Excellence<sup>64</sup>?  
Has anyone else ever returned that he<sup>65</sup> should?  
Would anyone mention a single name to us!  
Who has given you such erroneous teaching?  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

He has come, for whom the days and nights awaited—  
The riddle is solved, the thing has come to light. (160)  
The heavens brought to view all kinds of Signs—  
And the earth bore testimony as to the time.  
Alas! Who shall now come after this?  
Pray fear the Lord and desist from hostilities.  
God has announced this to the whole world—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

Messiah of the time has now come to the world—  
God has shown the day of the covenant.  
He is blessed who believes it now—  
He meets the Companions<sup>66</sup> when he finds me. (165)  
The wine-tender has served them the same wine—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.

God has bestowed His grace and mercy upon us—  
What other blessing is there that is lacking?  
The land of Qadian<sup>67</sup> is now respected—  
It is sacred ground with throngs of people.  
Display of help and succour is there all the time —  
The backs of foes are bent over due to envy.  
Hark! It is the time now of complete unity—  
Falsehood now is sent to the land of extinction. (170)  
God has removed the obstacle of darkness—  
Holy is He Who has confounded my foes.



20.  
**THE STATUS OF AHMAD<sup>68</sup> OF ARABIA**  
*Shaane Ahmad 'Arabi<sup>68w</sup>*  
*Daafe al-Balaa, page 20, 1902*

The cup of Ahmad is a life-giver—  
What beautiful name this “Ahmad” is.  
There may be myriad prophets, but by God  
The highest of all is the station of Ahmad.  
We ate the fruit from the orchard of Ahmad—  
The “Sayings of Ahmad” is my garden.  
Pray let alone the mention of Mary’s son,  
Better than him is the servant of Ahmad.

21.  
**SPREADING OF FAITH BY SWORD<sup>69</sup> IS FORBIDDEN**  
*Isha'ate Deen Bazore Shamsheer Haraam hai*  
*Appendix to Tohfae Golrvia, page 26, 1902*

Perish the thought, O friends, of striving with sword,  
War and killing is now forbidden in religion.  
The Messiah has come now who is the leader in Faith,  
It is now the end of all the fighting for religion.  
Now the light of God descends from the heavens,  
The religious decree for fighting is now absurd.  
He is an enemy of God who now fights with the sword;  
He denies the Prophet if he holds such a belief.  
Why do you leave the Tradition of the Prophet?  
Whoso leaves it—you leave that wretched one. (5)

Why do you forget the news: “He will end fighting”<sup>70</sup>?  
Is it not in *Bukhari*<sup>71</sup>? Pray open it and see.  
The Leader of the two worlds, the Chosen, he has said:  
“Jesus the Messiah will defer all wars—  
“When he comes, he will bring peace along with him;  
“He will totally eradicate all war mongering—  
“The lion and the lamb shall drink at the same bank—  
“The children shall play with serpents sans fear or harm.”  
Meaning that the time shall be of peace—not war—  
The people will forget the use of arrows and guns. (10)

If someone goes to war even after this command,  
He shall be severely routed by the disbelievers.  
This prophecy has the aspect of a miracle—  
There is enough to ponder if there is one who is worthy.  
In short, it is the Sign for the advent of the Messiah—  
On coming, he shall put an end to all religious fighting.  
The signs are there that these are not similar times—

The same strength and courage is not in our people now.  
Now you don't possess the same might and power,  
Nor is there the empire, the awe or the splendour. (15)

That name or fame or wealth is not there—  
That resolve, when face-to-face, that courage is not there.  
That knowledge or goodness or piety is not there—  
Nor is there the spiritual light or moon-like visage.  
That sympathy or compassion or tenderness is not there,  
No mercy is there in you for God's creatures, or affection.  
The love for the Belovèd is not there in your heart—  
Your condition is not prone to receiving help.  
There is dullness in the mind, that wisdom is not there;  
There is idleness in the heart; the agility is not there; (20)

That knowledge, that gnosis, that insight, is not there;  
That thinking or speculation or sagacity, is not there;  
No more is there the talent in worldly or religious affairs;  
You have no superiority over other nations anymore;  
No love or desire or trance or submission remains now;  
There are no limits or bounds to the ignorance anymore.  
With lying all the time, the habit of truth is not there;  
There is no sign anymore of the light of God.  
Such filth is in the heart—the cleanliness is not there;  
There is no love to do acts of righteousness. (25)

The table lies empty—that treat is not there;  
Even the Faith is hollow—nothing real is in there;  
There is no love left with our Lord—  
The hearts are dead; there is no strength to do good.  
Above all is this evil: there is no unity—  
The discord is rampant—no friendship is there.  
You are dead—your greatness is not there;  
Your countenance is sullied—that face is not the same.  
Why is there no strength for the sword in you?  
Its secret is this: that there's no need for it! (30)

There is no pressure now by other nations  
Who stop you from your Prayer and Fasting.  
Yes, you left the path of religion all by yourself;  
You took on the habit of wrongdoing and sin.  
Now your life is entirely full of impiety;  
You are not a faithful one; your steps are unto disbelief.  
O people! The Dear does not look at you the same way;  
Keep crying! Even the prayers don't have the same effect.  
How could He be seen? Your hearts are not yours—  
They belong to Satan; they are not loved by God. (35)

All the raiment of righteousness, they are now torn—  
All thoughts in the heart are now corrupted.  
The few righteous men that were, they turned to dust—  
The rest became savage and reprobate.  
You have now invited the wrath of God by yourself;  
By the curse of the sins, you separated from that Dear.  
What is the purpose now of fighting with the strangers?  
You yourself became strangers to deserve this sentence.  
Tell the truth: where is the trustworthiness in you now?  
Where is that truth, that faith and that honesty now? (40)

Then, when you yourself do not possess that faith—  
Or that light of the faithful or that knowledge of God—  
Then, O people, take account of your own evildoing—  
Remember the verse: “Be heedful of your own selves”<sup>72</sup>.  
Such a supposition that a bloody *Mahdi*<sup>73</sup> shall come  
And will advance the Faith by killing the disbelievers,  
O heedless ones! Such statements are absolute lies—  
They are baseless, slanderous, and of no use.  
Friends! The man who was to come, has come already—  
The sun and moon<sup>74</sup> informed you of this secret, too. (45)

Now seventeen more years have passed from the century<sup>75</sup>;  
Ah! Where have the thinkers gone from amongst you?  
The signs shown to you were not just a few—  
What pure secrets were they that were conveyed to you!  
But you did not benefit from them even a bit—  
You turned away your face from this **table-of-food**<sup>76</sup>.  
Will you ever restrain yourself from stinginess, friends?  
Will you ever cleanse and purify your traits?  
Will you remove your heart’s inclination to falsehood?  
Will you ever incline yourself unto the Truth? (50)

What is the excuse now—would you say something?  
Would you state what is hidden in your heart?  
Will you not eventually return unto God?  
Will you not show Him your face at that time?  
Whosoever amongst you loves the Faith and honesty,  
It is his duty now that, bracing his heart,  
He should tell the people: “It is the time for the Messiah—  
“Now war and fighting are forbidden and despised.”  
**We’ve now done our duty, friends—but if you don’t  
Get it even now, then God shall make you understand.** (55)

22.

**ATTACHMENT WITH GOD**

*Ta'allaq Billah*

*Appendix to Tiryaq al-Qulub, page 1, 1902*

The evil ones never obtain help from God's door;  
He never lets his pious ones go to waste.  
Only they are close to Him who lose their own selves;  
The selfish ones have no access to His high court.  
'Tis the only way, my dear, that you ask *Him* for nearness;  
Just seek *His* Hand and burn all other means!

23.

**THE FERVOUR FOR TRUTH**

*Joshe Sadaqat*

*I'jaaze Ahmadi, page 32, 1902*

O people! Why don't you care for the truth?  
My heart gets so terribly agitated.  
The eye is wet—there is aching in my heart—  
Why is there so much dust upon the hearts?  
The heart is getting restless each instant—  
In which wilderness should I let out this steam?  
We became extremely disconcerted with the pain—  
We died but you were not aware.  
There is a commotion in the heavens, O heedless ones—  
Pray take a look if you are on the alert. (5)

The Faith is overwhelmed by attacks of disbelief—  
How long would the Honour-Conscious God stay silent?  
This is the twentieth year now of this century<sup>77</sup>—  
The world is ravaged by partnership<sup>78</sup> and innovation<sup>79</sup>.  
Why do you mistrust?—Do you remember God?  
How long would the foundation of fabrication last?  
That God of mine Who knows the true worth—  
He is bringing a multitude unto me.  
He is accursed the one who is a pretender;  
When does an accursed one obtain eminence? (10)

24.

**THE BREEZE OF INVITATION**

*Naseeme Da'wat*

*Naseeme Da'wat, title page, 1903*

Its name is the Breeze of Invitation—  
It is a mercy for the Aryas<sup>80</sup>—  
It is a cure for the ailing heart—  
For the seekers, it is a friend in solitude.

It is a remedy for the poison of disbelief—  
Each page of it is a cup of **well-being**.  
Pray read it with careful thought, dear ones—  
It is an advice, for the sake of God.  
We have penned it with humbleness—  
There is no duress or compulsion— (5)

Don't be fearful of the people—fear God—  
At the end, the returning is unto Him.  
How the people have become so stonehearted—  
The plague<sup>81</sup> is upon them, yet there is heedlessness.  
A multitude has passed away to date—  
Even then there is no repentance—such is the state!

**25.**  
**INVITATION TO TRUTH FOR THE ARYAS<sup>82</sup>**  
*Ariyon ko Da'wate Haq*  
*Sanatan Dharm, title page, page 2, 1903*

O Arya sect! Do not get enmeshed in calamity  
Why are you occupied with such evil thoughts?  
O Arya people! What has happened to your heart?  
Are you awake, or are you talking in your dream?  
Is the God that exists not the God of your life?  
There is no tinge of faith in such answer of yours.  
If the souls of the lovers are not by His Hand,  
Then why are they so restless for a stranger?  
If He is distant, such that He has not even touched us,  
Then who has written it in the book of heart? (5)

The way the lovers' hearts burn for Him,  
We have not seen such burning in cooked meat.  
He gives a cup of union to him who has died—  
No difference is here between the young and old.  
He is found by only him who abases himself in dust—  
What value would the superficial things have!  
He only becomes his who gives himself unto Him—  
He is in His Lap who falls down in His presence.  
Go see the flowers—their nectar is through Him—  
'Tis His light that shines in the sun and the moon<sup>83</sup>. (10)

His light is there even in the beauty of the beauteous—  
What is beauty? It is He Who shines behind a veil!  
Each hair in the curl but points unto Him—  
In His separation it remains curled up in restiveness!  
Look, every drunken eye shows but Him—  
It is in *His* love that every heart is ablaze.  
Those ignorant ones who do not believe in His actions,

They uselessly search for water in a mirage.  
They deny the might of that Almighty One—  
They utter nonsense like one drunk with wine. (15)

It's not in their heart that they should see that Pure One;  
They fear their people that they might reproach them.  
To us, O Mighty One, pray show that charm of Thine  
How long will that Face remain in veils and coverings?

26.

**PROPHECY OF A GREAT EARTHQUAKE**

*Paishgoi Zalzalai 'Azeema*

*Ishtihar in Al-Badr, May 1905*

O ye who slumber! Awake at once—  
    it is no time to dream—  
The heart is restless with  
    what God's revelation has informed—  
I see the earth  
    with quakes in heavens and throws—  
The time is nigh—  
    the Flood is about to come—  
That Noble Lord is standing  
    on the path of the pious—  
The righteous need not fear—  
    though the maelstrom is huge—  
No ark can save now  
    from this surging swell—  
All excuses are gone—  
    just the Great Forgiver is there!

27.

**WARNINGS**

*Anzaar*

*Chashmae Masihi, title page, page 2, 1906*

Awake, O friends! The quake is about to come again;  
God is soon going to display His might.  
That quake that you saw in the month of February,  
Be sure it was a mere reproof to make you understand.  
Pray cure this state, friends, with water from the eyes;  
O heedless ones, the sky is about to rain down fire.  
Why not the quakes? The path of righteousness is lost—  
Even a Muslim is only a Muslim merely in name!  
Who accepted me in fear? Who gave up spite and malice?  
Our life is now only to hear their invectives. (5)

They call us “disbeliever”, “*Antichrist*” and “evil”—

Who is there to believe with honesty and sincerity?  
 Whoever you see, he exceeds in distrust beyond limits;  
 If someone asks, he will point out a hundred faults.  
 They leave the Faith and love the world instead;  
 Much as we exhort and advise, who shows regret?  
 My heart is sinking after seeing the Faith's misfortune  
 But God's Hand is about to give support to the heart.  
 His sense of honour will show you something now—  
 This blight is about to spread in all directions. (10)

Only through death can the Faith be helped now—  
 Or else, O friends, the Faith is going to die one day.  
 Once an entire world cherished it<sup>84</sup>, and now such days  
 That even the son of a slave is ready to snub the Faith.

**28.**  
**THE ARYAS<sup>85</sup> OF QADIAN**  
*Qadian ke Arya*  
*Qadian ke Arya aur hum, title page, page 2, 1907*

A thousand woes upon the Aryas—  
 The heart is grieved time and again—  
 They became severely opposed to the truth—  
 They sacrificed the Faith for the sake of their people.  
 Those Signs through whose light the world  
 Became awake and then trembled—  
 They are in denial of all these Signs—  
 But how long shall their chicanery last?  
 There is darkness in their insides—  
 Spite and haughtiness have surrounded them. (5)

They are fighting the Incomparable God—  
 They refrain not from their babblings.  
 They are frightened to death by fear of their people—  
 They fear not even if they see a hundred Signs!  
 The death of Lekhoo<sup>86</sup> was a great miracle—  
 But, regrettably, they do not understand.  
 My Master! Pray Thou instruct them Thyself—  
 Pray show another Sign from the heavens.

**29.**  
**THE GLORY OF ISLAM**  
*Shaane Islam*  
*Qadian ke Arya aur hum, page 48, 1907*

Don't run away from Islam; *this* is the path of guidance;  
 Awake ye who are slumbering! *This* is the noonday sun.  
 I swear by God Who created me, that now

*This* is the only Faith acceptable to God under the skies.  
That Belovèd is hidden; by which way we find Him?  
For all these difficulties, friends, *this* is the only solution.  
Those whose insides are dark, they deny this Faith—  
But O ye in the darkness! *This* is the light for the heart.  
We observed and checked all the shops in the world,  
Finally it was proved, *this* is the House of Healing. (5)

All orchards<sup>87</sup> of the yore—they have all gone dry;  
I've looked all over, *this* is the only garden that's green.  
There is no drink in the world that rivals it—  
Partake of it, my friends—*this* is the elixir of life.  
The truth of Islam is proved like the sun—  
But the enemies do not see — *this* is the tragedy.  
To accept the truth, when it has manifested itself,  
Is the trait of the righteous — *this* is the prudent way.  
To adopt the useful and to shun what is evil—  
*This* is wisdom and sagacity; it's insight and wits. (10)

This religion can bestow heavenly sovereignty—  
O seekers of wealth, *it* has the touch of Midas.  
All Faiths are fiction—nests of paganism—  
For the one near Him, *this* is the one that shows the Face.  
He calls Himself after showing myriads of Signs—  
The fact that He sent me—*this* was indeed the purpose.  
That Belovèd revives the Faith through marvels—  
*He* is the Spring-Breeze in the orchard of Islam.  
These are the Signs by which the Faith is still fresh—  
O ye who are stumbling, *this* is the staff of Faith. (15)

What good is that Faith that has no Sign?  
The Sign, my dear, is the precious cloak of Faith.  
Woe unto the Aryas who see not with the eyes—  
They deny even after seeing, *this* is the rage and fury.  
After knowing everything, they have become deprived,  
Is this the limit of the imagination of these *Niyogis*<sup>88</sup>?  
On one side are the pious—on the other, foul of heart;  
Finally the true shall prevail—*this* is the test for truth.  
The occupation of these Aryas is constant vituperation;  
Perhaps this is what Aryas have read in the Vedas. (20)

The good-natured ones do not malign the virtuous;  
But this is the constant trait of these dark-hearted ones.  
Alas! Cursing and vilification is everyone's vocation;  
I cannot say that only such among them is foul-tongued?  
They were actually human; why did they become animals?  
Has their character changed or is this the Fate itself?  
Whichever Arya we look at, he is void of civility—



Who shall we name? It is an epidemic all around.  
Lekhoo's<sup>89</sup> foul language became a dagger upon him;  
They still don't understand; this is the folly and error. (25)

How well did Lekhoo reap the fruit of his deeds! After all  
This is the punishment for evil in the House of God.  
To show insolence to prophets, to call them foul names,  
To open mouth like a dog, *this* is the seed of destruction.  
Even when they are sweet, they continue to throw darts;  
*This* is the deceit in the hearts of these unenlightened souls.  
Even if we offer them our life out of graciousness,  
Their habit is to be ungrateful; *this* is the grief and pain.  
Hindus are so mistaken; hearts full of spite and malice;  
With scorn for every thing; *this* is their way of conduct. (30)

Our life be sacrificed for them if they are pure of heart;  
*This* is the complaint I have against such evildoers.  
How do I describe the state of my heart with this grief?  
It seems as if *this* is the home of all the gloom.  
Soon after we were born, this sect<sup>90</sup> became our enemy;  
With such a beginning, what can we expect of the end!  
Our heart is broken up after listening to such hatred;  
With many grieves in the heart, *this* is the fatal one.  
Although there may be myriad evils in the world,  
To insult the virtuous—*this* is the worst thing. (35)

The Messengers had always wept  
on the heedlessness of the heedless—  
But in this age, O people, *this*<sup>91</sup> is the newest lament!  
We do not berate their own venerable ones—  
In our teaching, *this* is the command of God.  
That Pure One does not teach us foul language—  
*This* is the root of God-fearing; *this* is honesty and purity.  
But in Aryas' Faith<sup>92</sup>, even vilification is part of worship;  
They call everyone a liar—is this righteousness?  
“All the prophets that came—be it Moses or Jesus—  
“They are all crafty,” *this* is exactly what they say. (40)

“Only the Vedas are true—all the other Books  
“Are false and fictitious—only *this* is the guide”.  
This is how they think, making a mount out of a straw,  
But what do we say when such is their wisdom and insight?  
The insect that is pressed down under a layer of dung,  
In his view that is his entire world and universe.  
We found *Niyog*<sup>93</sup> as the essence of all the Vedas<sup>94</sup>;  
In these Scriptures, *this* is an admirable custom.  
For the woman, who can't have a son by her husband,  
*Niyog* is compulsory upon her according to the Vedas. (45)

What can one do if *this* is the directive?  
Until there are eleven boys, such a custom is acceptable.  
The Vedas give strange traits of God, O dear ones,  
“He has no graciousness”, this is what we have heard.  
“After forgiveness and salvation, He takes it all away”;  
How gracious can He be if such is His benevolence?  
He is God only in name; He has not created anything:  
“All souls are from the beginning”, then why is *He* God?  
Were the souls not there, God could not do anything;  
*This* is the basis of all His sovereignty. (50)

He would have looked at their faces, all the time—  
As if they are the king and He is their beggar.  
In short, *this* is the God of the Vedas of the Aryas,  
The one that they rely upon is *this* helpless one.  
O Aryas! Pray speak now—are such the traits of God?  
Is *this*, pray tell, in whom you pride so much?  
Out of shame, you very much concealed the Vedas—  
At last, the hidden secret is now revealed to be *this*.  
That God is worthless who has no might!  
Is this the champion against the Faith of Truth? (55)

This God of the Hindus is no less than their idols—  
If you ask me the truth, by God he is the second idol.  
We have not made up these things by our self—  
This is what we have found from the Vedas, O dear ones.  
The nature of every being would loathe such a thing—  
Then why have the Aryas taken *this* thing to their heart?  
Their behaviour reflects the commandments of the Vedas;  
*This* is exactly what the Aryas have gained from them.  
All dishonourable people act happily upon it—  
This is the entire basis<sup>95</sup> for all the *Niyogis*. (60)

Then how can they accept the pure teaching of the Quran,  
While *this*<sup>96</sup> remains the guide and leader for their hearts?  
Being accused now, they have resorted to vituperation—  
This is the only means of malice in the ignorants’ hands.  
These brutes don’t refrain from abuses for an instant—  
Day and night, *this* is their entire sport and vocation.  
Though they ascribe to the Vedas, their hearts are all dark;  
Pray remove the veil and see—*this* is all they have<sup>97</sup>.  
They are animals by nature—neither dead, nor alive—  
Always foul of language; *this* is the curse of God<sup>98</sup>. (65)

They could not do anything against the Faith of God,  
They all resorted to vituperation; *this* their hearts urged.  
They do not have any shame or modesty in their eyes;

They have exceeded all bounds—*this* is now the limit.  
The One we believed in—that Potent One is Mighty;  
He shall show something—*this* is the hope from Him.  
To confront them is to lose one's own respect—  
To fraternise with them—*this* is the path of deception.  
Thus, my friends, don't ruin your afterlife—  
Accept this Faith; *this* is the moon for dark nights. (70)

I have been victimised by those who are wild—  
Tears are witness—'tis they that know so well.  
How do I tell my feelings; to whom I confide this grief?  
They're matters of grief and malaise; *this* is the tragedy.  
The grief for Faith is crushing; my heart's in pieces now;  
The Belovèd is giving support—or else it is the end.  
What do you ask from us—We have died with grief—  
In the Eyes of that Belovèd *this* is the test of loyalty!  
We'll be ruined if we do not find Him; we'll find Him  
Through weeping—*this* is the hope in the heart. (75)

Gone are the days when we spent the nights in Converse;  
Now death is there in waiting—*this* is the tale of grief.  
Come quickly, Dear Wine-Tender, nothing is left now—  
Pray pour the wine of union; *this* is the craving and desire.  
Thank is to the Gracious God Who gave us the Quran,  
All<sup>99</sup> were buds before, now *this* is the one in bloom.  
How can we praise it? Its every word is a jewel;  
We saw many a dear ones; *this* one has captured our heart.  
We've seen all the Books<sup>100</sup>; they are **fleeting** like dreams;  
Their plates are empty; *this* is the tray of guidance. (80)

It showed us God—that Belovèd we found through it;  
All the nights have now passed; *this* is the break of day.  
It showed the Signs—called unto all the seekers—  
It awoke the slumbering ones; *this* is the guide to Truth.  
When men corrupted all the earlier Scriptures,  
They left this world—*this* is the new potion now!  
They say that Joseph's good looks were very pleasing  
But in traits and attractiveness, *this* is the most distinct.  
You have heard that Joseph fell into a well; this takes  
One out of well; *this* is its pronouncement. (85)

How can I relate the virtues of Islam? All the gardens  
We saw were dry—*this* is the one with fruit.  
Everywhere, earthly creatures are opposing the Faith;  
*This* is the trial for Islam from God today.  
The eyes stop weeping when they see that everywhere  
*This* is the sigh and scream by the truthful with grief.  
This Faith hangs like a dagger over the heads of pagans;

“It rids of paganism”—*this* is what hurts them!  
Why all these misguided ones are now its foes? Because  
It is the guide—*this* is the secret of their dilly-dallying. (90)

The Faith is hid in a cave; disbelief is raising a clamour;  
You may now pray—this is the Cave of *Hira*<sup>101</sup>.  
That guide of ours, with whom everything is illumined,  
His name is Muhammad—he is my beloved.  
All prophets are pure—one better than the other—  
But, from God Almighty—*he* is the best of creation.  
He is better than those before—like a moon in his traits;  
All eyes are upon him—he’s the moon of dark nights<sup>102</sup>.  
The earlier ones gave up on the way; he took us across;  
I dote upon him, *he* is the one who is the guide. (95)

He removed the veils—and showed the way in—  
He joined the heart with the Dear—*this* is that friend.  
That Timeless Dear—that Belovèd Who is Hidden —  
We saw Him through him—*he* is the only guide. Today,  
He is the King of Faith; he is the Crown of Messengers;  
He is pure and trustworthy—*this* is his very praise.  
All edicts that came from God, he acted upon them all;  
He told us all the secrets—he is the gift of the Giver.  
His eye is very keen; his heart close to the Belovèd;  
With Faith’s lamp in hand, *he*’s the source of light. (100)

The knotty secrets of Faith—he told them all—  
The giver of wealth—*He* is the commander.  
I cherish that light—I am enamoured with him—  
He exists, and I am but naught; *this* is the final verdict.  
That unique belovèd is a treasure trove of knowledge—  
All else is fiction—he truly is the infallible one.  
We gained it all from him, Thou art Witness, O Lord—  
The one who showed us the truth, he is the handsome one.  
We were blind of heart; a hundred snares therein; then he  
Who opened the locks<sup>103</sup>—*he* is the Chosen one. (105)

O my Gracious Lord! These are but graces Thine—  
May Thou ease the hardship—*this* is the constant wish.  
O my Soul Mate! Pray be so gracious Thou—  
Or else these woes of the world are like a huge serpent.  
It is constantly in my heart to kiss Thy Scriptures—  
To go around the Quran—*this* surely is my Ka’ba<sup>104</sup>.  
Come quick, Supporter mine, grief’s burden is heavy;  
Pray hide not Thy Visage—*this* is my very cure.  
It is said that love’s fervour does not remain constant;  
*This*, my Dear, is the constant cloud over my heart. (110)

We abased our self to dust, hoping to find that Belovèd;  
I live with this yearning—*this* is my very sustenance.  
'Tis only Thy love in the world—all else is darkness;  
Thou art my Belovèd—*this* is the true love.  
For Thy sake, we blew away our dust—remains<sup>105</sup>; since  
We heard that *this* was the condition of love and loyalty.  
We ache for the Belovèd—we erased our sense of ego;  
When I died, it<sup>106</sup> revived me—*this* is the elixir of life.  
There are a hundred woes at each step in this love—  
But what can I do, *this* is what He has given me! (115)

“Not to leave the loyalty—not to break the covenant”,  
*This* is what my Ageless Belovèd has told me.  
Since finding that Belovèd, every house houses a foe—  
The hearts are turned to stone; *this* is the fate and fortune.  
They try to scare me—keep coming back to my door—  
They show the axe and sword—*such* is the case around.  
On Belovèd’s path, this heart is afraid of no one—  
The whole world is smart—*this* is the crazy one.  
What do I tell you of my tales on this path? These are  
Squabbles of grief and pain; *this* is the whole story. (120)

With heart turned to pieces, I still desire one vista—  
Don’t you call me mad—*this* is true sagacity!  
O my Soul Mate! Pray render this grace Thyself—  
Say not: “You can’t see Me”, *this* is my wish from Thee.  
What’s this separation done? Life is in constant chaos;  
That where the lovers die, *this* is that field of martyrs<sup>107</sup>.  
Thou art fully Loyal—the fault of staying away is ours;  
Even obedience is done partially—*this* is the curse on us.  
Thou art Faithful, my Love—Thy covenants are all true  
But we stood far away; *this* is the place of wailing. (125)

We honoured not the covenant; we fouled the friendship;  
But Thou art Clement—*this* is what was revealed to us.  
O Remedy of my heart! Parting from Thee is painful—  
That thing they call Hell, *this* is that deadly thing.  
The grief for Faith has totally consumed me—  
*This* is the stone that rests on the breasts of foes:  
“How can he be ruined—how can he perish?”—  
*This* is what the brute enemy of truth thinks.  
Such times have come that have caused such ruin—  
The thing that grinds the Faith—*this* is that mill. (130)

How do I tell the freshness and charm of this Faith?  
All others have dried up—*this* is the only one green.

We found the eyes of every Faith devoid of sight—  
 With the eye-salve<sup>108</sup> of gnosis, *this* is the one adorned.  
 Saw the rubies of Yemen; saw the pearls of Aden, too;  
 We saw all the gems—but found just *this* one pleasing.  
 After denying this, you will regret it deeply—  
*This* is the alchemy that turns things into gold.  
 But the eyes of the Aryas are blinded in such a way  
 They resorted to abuse; *this* is what their heart urged. (135)

He is worse than evil, he who is foul of tongue—  
 The heart that has such filth is like a lavatory.  
 Many a beast is there in the guise of humans, but the one  
 That sucks the blood of the virtuous—*this* is that wolf.  
 What Faith do they pride in, these devotees of Vedas<sup>109</sup>?  
 The Faith that is void of fruit—*this* is that hollow one!  
 What is this, O Aryas? Why is your heart upset?  
 Pray leave this mischief—*this* is the way of prudence.  
 Why do you tease me and make a hundred accusations?  
 It was better to desist; 'tis farther from calamity. (140)

Through whose prayer Lekhoo was killed by stabbing,  
 And every house was mourning, *this* is that very Mirza.  
 It is not good to tease and wound the heart of the virtuous,  
 To continue to be discourteous—*this* is its reward.  
 Pray show me, Lord, the glory and grandeur of this Faith,  
 Pray erase all false creeds—*this* is my beseeching.  
 No concern do we have with verse or versifying—  
 Some may learn this way—*this* is our only aim.

### 30.

#### ADDRESSING THE ARYAS

##### *Ariyon se Khitaab*

*Al-Hakam, 28 May 1942; Al-Fazl, 18 January 1963*

O dear ones, friends, brothers! Pray listen;  
 May God grant you noble thoughts.  
 We have no malice against you, dear ones,  
 Nor what we say is malicious—you ponder yourself.  
 If someone draws the sword of malice,  
 Is the lost beloved ever found this way?  
 Thus, it is advice and counsel—nothing more—  
 For God's sake, you contemplate over it yourself,  
 That if God does not possess such power,  
 That He can create a single soul with His might, (5)

Then how can one presume His Godhead?  
 But if He has the might, then how can He be powerless?  
 How can intellect tolerate such a thing

That these worlds came to be without this might?  
If you accept Him to be the Creator,  
Then why do you consider Him powerless?  
Pray say it plainly yourself with fairness  
That are these the traits worthy of God  
That He cannot create a single soul  
Nor a single atom has manifested through Him (10)

Nor can His Godhead last without them  
Nor can He exercise His strength without them  
That they be all veiled and hidden from His Eyes  
That He may not even know their total count?  
God forbid, it is all false supposition,  
He cannot be God Who is without power.  
If a soul gets forgotten by Him,  
Then his world would all go to waste.  
O dear ones! This is not accepted at all—God is He  
Who is the Nourisher of all the worlds. (15)

Pray utter not such a thing from the mouth;  
You make an error—pray take hold of your senses.  
If each atom can manifest itself without Him,  
Then how can He be the Master of every atom?  
If that person is not the Creator of the souls,  
Then, alas, what power does He really possess!  
How is inability and weakness appropriate for God?  
If this is part of Faith, then what is disbelief?  
If things can come to be without Him, then  
What is the need for having such a Person? (20)

If He has not created everything,  
Then that is pretty well the end of His Godhood.  
If He does not possess the power to create,  
Then why is there such a clamour of His Godhood?  
How can such impotent be God at all  
Who is incapable of making bodies and souls?  
Pray ponder, as to what kind of God He is  
From Whom the world of souls is quite separate.  
He remains perpetually dependent upon the souls  
Since He rules entirely through them. (25)

He who is dependent on others, day and night,  
Then what sense is there to call him God at all?  
When He is not even aware of their numbers, then  
How can He know the inner secrets of each person?  
If creation is all closed from henceforth,  
Then pray ponder over it with some sagacity  
That the moment all the souls achieve salvation,  
Then what would be left there for God to do?

Wherefrom will He bring additional souls, so that  
The door of His might is opened once again? (30)

Thus, when everyone has achieved that salvation,  
Then God is totally finished with His power.  
'Tis the end of reincarnation; the Doomsday has come;  
Pray ponder now a bit, O worthy people.  
O dear ones, there is no vitality in what you say;  
If there is, then pray show it openly in the field.  
We, too, have pondered a great deal in this matter;  
We have searched the entire realm of the mind;  
But there is no proof that can be found;  
How can truth become an accusation? (35)

There will not be any wise one on this earth  
Who will attribute such things to the Life-giver?  
Pray keep on praying constantly, O dear ones;  
Pray call upon God for the purpose of guidance.  
O dear one, prayer is a wonderful blessing;  
With prayer, the vessel comes ashore.  
If the seeker plants this orchard, then one day  
It shall surely fruit, **he shall not go empty.**  
Our task was to sermonise and proclaim—  
So we did it all; to guide is unto God. (40)

### 31.

#### APPEAL TO THE HONOUR OF THE MUSLIMS

*Ghairate Islami ko Apeel*

*Haqeeqatul-Wahiy, page 342, 1907*

Why don't you care about the truth, O people?  
My heart becomes extremely agitated.  
Prejudice and malice have become so rampant  
That the little faith that was there, was corrupted.  
Is this what righteousness and Islam used to be  
And through which your name was so eminent?

### 32.

#### REPENTANCE

*Tauba se 'Azaab Tal Jata hai*

*Haqeeqatul-Wahiy, page 119, 1907*

Is not the punishment set aside  
through weeping and repentance?  
Whose teaching is this?  
Pray show that to me at once.  
O dear ones!  
Why have you become so shameless?  
You Declare the Faith<sup>110</sup>—



you are required to have some fear of God!

33.

**GOD LOVES HUMILITY**

*Allah Ta'ala ko Khaksaari Pasand hai*  
*Appendix to Haqeeqatul-Wahiy, page 115, 1907*

Forgive us, O Lord! What arrows were those  
That finally caused their casualty.  
He fell victim to his own curse—  
Would some one explain such secrets to us?  
That Beloved cannot be found through haughtiness—  
He is found by one who abases his self to dust.  
If one is to attach one's heart with that Pure One,  
One must cleanse one's self before He is found.  
It is humility that pleases Him—  
Meekness is the path to the Court of God. (5)

What an ignorant is that proud and misguided one  
Who has let his own self go astray;  
Who keeps a constant eye on the faults of others  
But is unaware of his own evils!

34.

**COMPLETION OF CONVINCING PROOF**

*Atmaame Hujjat*  
*Appendix to Haqeeqatul-Wahiy, page 157, 1907*

After seeing the Sign, how long is your denial prudent?  
Behold! One more mishap is about to befall the liars.  
What habit is this—why do you hide true testimony?  
One day, O boor, you are bound to get your due.  
Your guile, O fool, will bring no harm upon me—  
For this one will come out unhurt if put in fire.  
If you have any faith, then change it what I say—  
For I shall be honoured and you shall obtain rebuke.  
You have bragged and boasted much, and hid the truth,  
But remember that one day you will be shamed. (5)

God shall disgrace you—I shall receive honours—  
Hark, O deniers! Such a Sign is about to be displayed.  
God shall display a Sign that is awesome and dreadful;  
Through this Sign the hearts shall be fortified.  
The pious ones of God prevail over the others—  
Such Sign is about to come for my sake from God.

35.  
**WARNINGS AND GLAD TIDINGS**  
*Anzaar wa Tabsheer*  
*Appendix to Haqeeqatul-Wahiy, 1907*

The days of quakes, O friends, are upon us again;  
Not only of quakes, but also of departing from this world.  
You are at ease—but what can we say of our own state?  
We see ahead of us days of great distress.  
Why is God's anger ablaze? Ask me, O heedless ones;  
Its cause is the days when you used to deny me.  
What stranger would know what His sense of Honour  
    would display!  
That Dear will tell them Himself on that Day of Telling.  
Five times shall He display the brilliance of His Sign;  
'Tis the Word of God—  
    you'll perceive it on that Day of Perception. (5)

Great joy to you, O seekers! It is now near  
The day when my Belovèd shall unveil His Face.  
That time is nigh when they'll proclaim me "Jesus"<sup>111</sup>;  
Few are the days now to be called the *Antichrist*.  
O my Love! This is my prayer day and night:  
May we be in Your Lap on that most Distressing Day.  
I am an earthly insect, Love, not of Adam's progeny;  
Pour me some drink of Grace on that Day that rains fire.  
O my only Belovèd! O my soul's Refuge! With Thy grace  
Pray make those days for the spreading of the Faith. (10)

O my Dear Mighty One! Show the spring of Faith again;  
How long shall we endure the days of people's deception?  
The day has risen upon Islam's foes; upon us is night;  
O my Sun! Pray show the days of this Faith's shining.  
The heart is sinking—the life, too, is in turmoil—  
Pray grant that the days of Thy Advent be near.  
Pray rid me of my grief by showing Thy Face—  
How long shall last such days of teasing us?  
Pray check whose clamour is there in Thy lane!  
Would Thou, my Dear, then come the day we're dead? (15)

This vessel is about to sink—pray come my Captain;  
The time of wilting, O Dear, is upon this orchard now.  
If it does at all, it may be through Thy Hands, my Love,  
Or else, the Faith is dead and these are the days to bury it.  
Pray show a Sign; the Faith has become so Sign-less now;  
The heart is out of control; bring the days to comfort it.  
The fire in my heart has finally shown some effect—  
Now the days have come to kindle a blaze on earth.

Since I lost my senses with grief for Faith, the world, too,  
Changed its ways on this day of the crazed. (20)

The sun and moon have shown two signs of occultation;  
The earth became restless, too, on the day of trembling.  
Who is crying that has made the heavens cry as well?  
This earth began to tremble the day that he screamed.  
The fortitude that I had is not there anymore, my Love;  
My Belovèd, now show the days of soothing this heart.  
Friends! That Dear has seen the misfortune of Faith—  
Now the days of this orchard's greening shall come soon.  
For a long time, disbelief had been gnawing at the Faith;  
Now for sure, the days are nigh to devour disbelief. (25)

The times are hard, and fear and peril are facing—  
But these, O friends, are the days to find that Belovèd!  
There is a clamour in the skies for the help of Faith—  
The autumn time is gone; now are the days to bear fruit.  
Give up that tune that is sung not by the heavens; now  
Are the days, O blind of heart, to sing the praise of Faith.  
Because of spite and malice,  
                  you've lost the time to serve the Faith—  
Now, O people don't let these days of regrets pass by.

**36.**

**UNTITLED**

*Al-Fazl, 7 July 1943*

Once in her childhood, Seyedah Nawab Mubarka Begum complained to the Promised Messiah that her brother, Mirza Mubarak Ahmad, had become upset with her and could not be pleased in anyway. The Promised Messiah, who was writing a book at the time, wrote the following verses which, when recited in front of her brother by Seyedah Nawab Mubarka Begum, pleased him greatly.

I have never teased Mubarak;  
Such a thing has never entered my mind.  
How can I tease my brother—  
Isn't he the son of my mother?  
O God, pray forgive my error,  
For there is no Lord-of-the-Worlds other than Thee.

**37.**

**EPITAPH ON THE GRAVE OF MIRZA MUBARAK AHMAD**

*Lauhe Mizar Mirza Mubarak Ahmad*

*Written September 1907*

A piece of my heart—Mubarak Ahmad—  
Whose face was pure and who was pure of traits—  
He has parted from us today  
After making our heart stricken with grief.

He said that he felt sleepy—  
These were his last words—but he  
Slept in such a way that he wouldn't wake again,  
Although we got tired trying to wake him up.

His age was eight, plus a few months,  
When God called him away.  
That Caller is the Dearest of all—  
O heart, thou sacrifice thyself for Him<sup>112</sup>.

38.

VIRTUES OF THE NOBLE QURAN

*Mahasane Quran Kareen*

*Braheene Ahmadiyya, part 5, page 1, 1908*

To thank that Esteemed and Mighty Lord is beyond speech  
Through Whose Words we found His signs.  
The light that we find in this Book  
Will not ever exist in a thousand suns.  
With it our heart and breast was purified—  
Thus, He became a mirror unto His own Visage.  
It gave the fruit of gnosis to the tree of heart—  
It cleansed every breast of doubts; it changed every heart.  
With it the Visage of God became apparent—  
The fear and craftiness of Satan became futile. (5)

That path that shows the Esteemed and Mighty One,  
That Path that makes the heart pure and virtuous,  
That path that brings back the long-lost Belovèd,  
That path that feeds the pure cup of certitude,  
That path that is an authentic argument for His existence,  
That path that is a certain means to find Him,  
It showed that same path to everyone,  
It erased all doubts and misgivings that were there.  
That sadness present in the breasts was gone—  
That darkness present in the hearts all turned to light. (10)

That spell of autumn was replaced by spring—  
The breeze began to blow with the Belovèd's graces.  
The winter's chill turned its course through its advent;  
The fire of God's love filled every heart.  
All trees that were still alive turned into green;  
The fruit was so abundant, they were loaded with them.  
Its waves tore down the veils of misgivings;  
The mounds of disbelief and evil were cut down.  
The Quran is the way to God—it is the Word of God;  
Without it, the garden of gnosis is incomplete. (15)

Those people who shiver with the chills of doubts,  
They obtain such wonderful warmth from this sun.  
All that clamour there in the world through the Faiths,  
They're all folk-tales; no light have they, not a whit of it.  
But this Writing shows the Light of God;  
It brings one to Him through the display of Signs.  
That Faith which depends entirely on legends,  
It is not a religion but a narrative of fiction.  
If you ask the truth, what credibility do the legends have?  
Legends are full of errors and falsification. (20)

A Faith is that that does not only tell the tales,  
It also shows the path of certitude through living Signs.  
A Faith is only that whose God is manifest Himself—  
Through His own Might He shows as to where He is.  
The miracles that you hear about in the form of legends,  
Everyone presents them at the time of war and debate.  
All the sects that are there—this is their occupation;  
There is repeated mention of miracles in the legends.  
But of their own Faith they do show no Sign—as if  
That Lord of earth and heavens is now powerless; (25)

As if He has no strength or might left in Him;  
No sovereignty, or force, or splendour remains there;  
Or this that God does not have the same mercy in Him;  
His intentions are changed; the same love is not there.  
Such surmise is faulty since that Person is Pure;  
The ultimate stage of such supposition is fatal.  
The truth is that all such Faiths have died;  
They have nothing left—they lived through their life.  
The followers of such Faiths worship the world; unaware  
Of the joy of the Friend, they're lost in the world. (30)

Their aim of living is only to earn the world—  
They are not righteous since their way is evil.  
You see how the rust is there upon their hearts—  
World being their only aim, they're ashamed of the Faith.  
What is that Faith that is not a guide?  
That has such a God as if He is not a God.  
Then what value does it have for the right path?  
And what is special about such choice for the people?  
What trace is there of the Light of God in it?  
Dry Unity is left—no blessing is there. (35)

Listen O people! The Living God is not such a God, Who  
Does not always have the habit of displaying His Might.  
They worship the dead those who worship the legends;

For this reason they are subject to disgrace and defeat.  
Without seeing, my friends, the heart is never satisfied;  
How can legends alone purify the imperfect self?  
Such tales are not uncommon among the Jews;  
But see how they became the like of Satan.  
Man is constantly dependent upon a fresh Sign—  
What effect do the tales of miracles have? (40)

How can that Ageless Belovèd be found through fiction?  
If a single Sign is found, it is like a life-giving fruit.  
The effect of legends is to leave the heart corrupted:  
Faith on the tongue—revolt against the truth in the breast.  
For the greed and lust of the world, these hearts have died;  
They spent their entire life in heedlessness.  
Awake ye, who slumber! For it is the time of spring—  
Now come and see that Belovèd Who is at *our* door.  
What pleasure is in life if He is not found!  
Such living is cursed if you are away from Him. (45)

The entire purpose is to see that Visage;  
This is the Paradise—that the familiar Belovèd is found.  
O lovers of pomp! This place is not for staying—  
No one from the earlier peoples has stayed here.  
Pray go and take a look at their tombs—  
Now think as to where your forebears have gone.  
One day the same station is going to be your station;  
One day this morn of life will be eve for you.  
One day the people will carry your coffin;  
Then, after burial, they will come home sadly. (50)

O people! Worldly life is never faithful—  
Don't you have the fear of death and thought of demise?  
Think as to where your ancestors have gone;  
Who called them—why have they all passed away?  
That day, O friends, is fated for you as well;  
Don't keep rejoicing for the time to depart is nigh.  
Find the way to cleanse the heart and breast  
And to kill the baser self in the obedience of God.  
Such path is not found through tales alone, my dear,  
That light comes through Signs, now and then. (55)

That Faith is absurd that has only legends;  
The ones with pious traits stay away from such.  
Alas! The reliance these days is upon the stories;  
The truth of Faith is dependent entirely upon the tales.  
But there is no sign of prompt miracles—  
Thus, this God of legends is not the God of this world.  
Such stories have totally destroyed this world;

They gave disbelief and disgrace through paganism.  
The one who is searching so that he may find God,  
It is forbidden unto him to take the tales to heart. (60)

It is his duty that he searches for God's Light, so that  
Doubt and misgivings are removed from his heart;  
So the light of certitude descends upon his heart  
And he is accepted by the Revered and Mighty One.  
How is it possible to be rid of tales?  
Honestly, such a way is extremely difficult.  
How can tales help in gaining deliverance from sins?  
Meeting with God is not possible through such a path.  
What hope is there from the dead to revitalise one?  
For him it is difficult even to tread the path. (65)

That path that shows the Revered and the Mighty One,  
That path that makes the heart pure and clean,  
That path that brings back the long-lost Belovèd,  
That path that feeds the pure cup of certitude,  
Those fresh Signs that are a proof for God,  
Those living forces that are the means to certitude,  
It is clear that these things are not effective in the tales;  
The storyteller has no knowledge of the path to God.  
The unveiling of that Spotless One is through the Signs;  
Truly, the entire proof of Godhood is in the Signs. (70)

Pray tell us if such a thing exists in other Faiths;  
What sign of sweetness is there in the taste of tales!  
Where is it in such Faiths—pray show;  
Or else, don't pay any heed to these absurd stories.  
Ever since these tales became the goal on the path,  
The people constantly advanced their steps towards sin.  
You see that no piety is left amongst the people—  
That honesty, that purity, that virtue, is not there.  
The signs of a righteous one are not there anymore—  
There is no love for that Spotless Belovèd. (75)

There is a flood of sins that is gushing forth—  
They hear nothing for the noise of the transgressions.  
Why have evil deeds increased so much on earth?  
Why have these people become deaf and dull, O friends?  
Why is that honesty and purity not in your heart?  
Why is the evil so rampant that there's no fear or shame?  
Why is the way of life so full of wickedness?  
Pray take a look—what times are these!  
The cause of this is the heedlessness that's around;  
The heart is smitten with this awful world's love! (80)

All the garments of righteousness became torn;  
All the thoughts in the mind became impure;  
The heart was veiled through continual filth and evil;  
The sun of faith became hidden from their eyes.  
He who believes not in the Revered and Mighty One,  
That unfortunate person has no Faith at all.  
But those fortunate ones who obtain the Signs,  
They attach their hearts with Him after they find Him.  
They have become His; they live through Him;  
Constantly drinking the wine-cup through His Hand. (85)

They are mellow with the wine they have drunk—  
All their foes abased when they come against them.  
They are so charmed by the beautiful Face of the Dear,  
They are not afraid of any assailing by the foes.  
All God's work through them is like a miracle;  
This is so, for they are the lovers of that Unique Belovèd.  
God has granted them exaltation above others;  
For them the Creator displays the Signs.  
When they are fed up at the hands of the foes,  
When men of evil traits taunt at them, (90)

When they devise their plans to kill them,  
When they come out to have war with them,  
Then, that Pure God displays His Sign;  
Through His Sign He strikes His awe upon the others.  
He says: "This servant belongs to the High Ranking One;  
"You fight with *Me* if you have the strength to fight".  
Whoever attaches his heart with that Pure Being,  
At the end he finds His mercy to be such.  
Those who are graced with the Signs from God,  
They come increasingly close to that Pure One. (95)

They were enticed in such a way they forgot the world;  
They saw such light that they became totally His.  
Without seeing, how can man be purified from sin?  
People get out of this well only through His wish.  
The lamb is not afraid of the picture of a lion—  
Nor is one afraid of harm from a dead snake.  
Then, that God that lies about like a dead one,  
What can one hope from Him—or have any fear of?  
How can the heart be purified with such a God's fear?  
How can the heart be warmed with His love? (100)

How is one attracted to a pretty face without seeing?  
How can one join the heart with an imaginary belovèd?  
If not the sight, at least there should be some speech—  
Some signs of the beauty and charm of the belovèd.  
As long as you are unaware of the Living God,



You are free and daring—no fear is in the heart;  
This union with God is the cure for a hundred ills—  
In this confinement, one is rid of all the sins.  
But that God of Whom there is no sign of existence,  
How can a person ever cherish such a thing? (105)

The Splendour of God is manifest in everything—  
Even so that Belovèd is far removed from the heedless.  
That Dear is found by him who stoops to dust—  
O ye who are trying—pray try this recipe, too.  
The lovers find their belovèds through a hundred deaths;  
After their death, they are drawn unto the belovèd.  
This path is narrow—but it is the only path—  
The Belovèd constantly watches those who take the pains.  
That life is impure that is spent away from God—  
The wall of dry piety finally collapsed! (110).

Only they are alive who are close to God—  
Being accepted, they are His dear and loved ones.  
They are far from God who are far from virtue—  
Constantly enslaved to egoism, pride and haughtiness.  
Friends! Piety is this that you give up arrogance—  
Give up the habit of pride, haughtiness and stinginess.  
Pray give up the love of this makeshift abode—  
For the Belovèd's sake, pray give up the life of ease.  
This path is accursed—so you give up this curse—  
Or else give up the thought of that Esteemed One. (115)

Pray accept the life of hardships with a sincere heart  
So that the Angels may descend upon you from Heaven.  
What is Islam? It is perishing for the sake of God!  
To give up one's wish in favour of the will of God.  
The ones who died—only they are destined to live—  
On this path, the life cannot be obtained without dying.  
Boasting and pride are the traits of the accursed Satan—  
The progeny of Adam is that which is humble.  
O earthly insect! Give up pride and haughtiness—  
Pride suits the Person of the Honourable God. (120)

In your mind, consider yourself worse than all else—  
Perhaps you may enter the House of Union in this way.  
Give up pride and haughtiness—for this is virtue—  
Do stoop to dust—for this is the wish of the Lord.  
The root of virtue is humility for the sake of God—  
Piety required in the Faith is all included in virtue.  
Those people who adopt mistrust in their character,  
They move far away from the path of virtue.

Their tongue assails without any control—  
It displeases that Knower in an instant. (125)

They lose all their deeds by saying a single thing  
Then they constantly plant the seeds of mischief.  
Our fellow countrymen are sleeping in such a way  
That they don't wake up—we've tried a hundred times.  
All limbs are idle—such heedlessness is overcast—  
All their strength is focused at the tip of their tongue.  
They show their bad tongues or they become distrustful,  
Other than this, they do not know what Islam is.  
Even seeing a bad person, you avoid the distrusting one;  
Do fear the retribution of the God of the worlds. (130)

Perchance your eye may commit an error—  
Perhaps he is not bad who seems bad to you—  
Perchance it may be the fault of your own intellect—  
Perhaps its a trial from the Most Forgiving Lord—  
Then you may be lost because of your mistrust—  
You take the wrath of that Pure God upon your own head.  
If you became so shameless in such daring things,  
Then, think as to what is the meaning of piety.  
Even Moses felt shame due to his mistrust—  
Pray read in the Quran as to what Khizer<sup>113</sup> did. (135)

God holds a myriad of secrets among His men—  
You have no knowledge, nor is the reality apparent.  
Thus, you became lost by saying a single thing—  
What wisdom was this that you took the dangerous path?  
He became the most unfortunate one in the world  
Who fell into Hell by saying a single thing.  
Thus, you save your own tongue from corruption—  
Pray fear the punishment of the Lord of the people.  
Anyone who safeguards his two body parts out of fear,  
He'll go straight to Heaven by the grace of God. (140)

One of them is the tongue; the second is the hidden part;  
This is the saying of our Leader, the Leader of the worlds.  
But those who call me liar and devious,  
And a slanderer, a disbeliever and an evildoer,  
For them just this Sign of God should suffice,  
Meaning those graces rendered unto me at all times.  
Look! God has subdued an entire world;  
Being unknown, He made me renowned in the world.  
Whatever was my desire, He fulfilled it all;  
I was poor—He gave me without limit. (145)

There is not a single bounty in this world

That He did not grant me though His grace.  
That He should deal in this way with such evil ones,  
Is this not a miracle and something out of the ordinary?  
Why is there such fidelity with a pretender?  
Who can remember the like of such grace?  
Everyone has assailed me in his own way—  
Finally, they were disgraced as a result of the conflict.  
No one had any regrets left in their malice; it was  
The wish of all that I go the way of extinction. (150)

They wished to show me the way to nonentity  
Or destroy me by hanging at the hands of the rulers  
Or, at the least, it be so that I be thrown into prison  
Or that my head be bowed through humiliation  
Or, through their secret reporting, some other calamity  
Overtakes me—or a prayer of theirs is accepted.  
With such intentions, bringing legal cases against me,  
They wished to turn my day into a night upon me.  
They tried so hard, such as never before in the world,  
And such unity that may not have occurred before, (155)

They all got united for the purpose of dispatching me,  
I was considered evil—but they were taken as pious.  
Finally, that God Who is Noble and Mighty, Who  
Knows the hearts and is the Most Knowing and Aware,  
He came down for my help, remembering the covenant,  
Thus, they became shame-faced and unsuccessful.  
There was such a blessing from the Lord of the Worlds,  
That all the enemies lost their wits after seeing it.  
His grace turned a droplet into an ocean; I was  
Mere dirt but He turned me into the Pleiades<sup>114</sup>. (160)

I was poor and helpless; unknown and without skills;  
No one knew as to where Qadian<sup>115</sup> was located.  
No one even cared to look in this direction;  
No one was even aware of my existence.  
Now you see how the world is paying attention;  
This very Qadian has become a special meeting place.  
Even so, those whose eyes are closed with prejudice,  
In whose eyes my condition does not seem befitting,  
I am a pretender in their eyes and in their mind—  
The world's good lies in my death and decline. (165)

In the Book of God, the pretender is accursed—  
There is no honour for him—not even a whit.  
In the Torah, as well as in the Glorious Scriptures,  
It is written in the form of severe exhortation  
That if anyone ascribes anything unto God,

He shall be killed; this is the punishment of this offence.  
Then, its a strange lapse on the part of the Mighty Lord  
That He sees that such and such is so mischievous,  
That he is engaged in deception for twenty-five years,  
He has been doing this thing every day and night, (170)

Every day he makes up something by himself,  
Then says that God told this thing last night,  
Even then He does not punish such a mischievous one  
As if He remembers not as to what He has said before.  
And this is even stranger that when supporters of the Faith  
Are ready to assist with or do the killing of such a person,  
That He does not help them at the time of planning  
So the matter is done with by the killing of the pretender.  
Not only is His own promise put aside, He does not  
Even observe the striving and efforts of others. (175)

Is He not God Who is the God of the Quran?  
Then why does He show such loyalty to a pretender?  
After all, what is this thing that there is a pretender  
Who is let go free by God every time;  
When the enemies try to snare him in—  
Trying so hard that they almost die doing it—  
They get united to make their plans  
And make a hundred accusations of lies and deception,  
Even then they remain unsuccessful in their goals;  
Whatever they say repeatedly, all goes to naught. (180)

They wish for disgrace—but I get shown respect;  
Does a pretender meet with such an end?  
O leaders of the people! O supporters of the Faith!  
Think as to why God does not help you.  
You have no mercy, no justice and no virtue,  
For this reason God is not with you.  
You probably remember the times of Clark<sup>116</sup>  
When he accused me of murder for the sake of mischief  
And when you people met him with this thought  
That his fight may become easy with your help. (185)

But He Who is the God of the helpless and the humble,  
He turned the heart of the ruler in my favour.  
You had intended to have me killed,  
You had considered it in your heart to be an easy thing,  
These people wished that I be hung on the cross,  
So you could take pride in this one thing that:  
“He was a liar and a pretender, so he got his punishment.”  
Finally, God Himself came to my help;  
The entire affair of innocence became clear to Douglas  
And I was released with honour from that place. (190)

I was accused of murder—this was serious thing;  
This was an accusation from a priest.  
All the witnesses that were, they were against me;  
There was a Muslim cleric who also made this boast:  
“Look! This person will finally get his punishment now;  
“Now he cannot escape without severe chastening;  
“There are so many testimonies; his crime is evident;  
“It’s either imprisonment or hanging, one thing is certain.”  
Some diligently praying against me; praying so much  
That their noses wore out in prostrations! (195)

In short, there was no limit to their striving:  
Guile on one hand, prostration and prayer on the other.  
Finally, God rescued me from this fire;  
He did not show any attention unto all the enemies.  
What a grace it was that was displayed by Him!  
Even He became a helper of the pretender!  
It was His duty that remembering His covenant,  
He should have struck off the head of the evil liar.  
If He did not wish to show His own Hand, at least  
It was easy for Him to have given *you* a hand. (200)

What happened then that He stayed away from you?  
He neither helped you nor listened to your prayers.  
The one who was a pretender, He set him free  
And destroyed all the effort of His own people.  
All the struggle and striving amounted to naught;  
All the effort that was done was totally wasted.  
Does God not promise the “Victory of Truth”?  
Pray open and see the Word of the Pure and the Great.  
Then why did this thing get turned around in my case?  
Or is it that your own mantle of virtue is torn? (205)

Is it not strange that while you are His beloved,  
The entire affairs are being carried out to my favour?  
Then not only this that it has happened once,  
I see the bounties of God at each step.  
Look at that man from Bheen whose named Karam Din,  
Who even sacrificed his sleep for the sake of conflict,  
For whose help there was fervour among the people and  
Whose weaknesses were hidden by every enemy of truth,  
Whose friend was every aggressor and strayed person,  
For whose help came the Muslim clerics, (210)

Some among them who came forth very earnestly  
And showed great dexterity when giving their statements,  
The claimant also showed all their craftiness  
And said a hundred things that did not happen,

But he received the punishment for his evil deed;  
In addition, he got labelled as a liar.  
His name, as a “liar”, remains in all the offices;  
The one proud of his craftiness went down the drain.  
O people with sense and wisdom! It is time to heed!  
Guile is base; the deeds are made of virtue. (215)

For a God-fearing person, God Himself is his Helper;  
The end of evildoers is a blazing chastisement.  
God-fearing is the root of all goodness and virtue;  
Whosoever keeps this root, his deeds are preserved.  
At the end, only the righteous ones gain the victory;  
This is what you will find in the Word of God.  
Pray show us now any pretender in the world  
Upon whom are such bounties, blessings and graces?  
The punishment of such evil deed is death, not love,  
So how did God come to like this state of affairs? (220)

Could such treatment be the punishment for pretending?  
Is this the promise made with respect to a pretender?  
Why is He such a Friend of a pretender?  
Or is He unaware of the weaknesses and is deceived?  
After all, there’s a reason that He became a Friend  
Since no one has any love for an evildoer!  
You got apprehended after making us appear bad;  
These, too, are the Signs that have now come to view.  
As well, there are other Signs that are with us; we now  
Write this fearlessly with the grace of God. (225)

For the heart in which His name is seeped with love,  
He himself is a Sign and all his deeds are Signs as well.  
What sort of names have we been called by the world,  
From men and from the faction of ignorant women!  
In their mind we became evil and are ruined;  
In their view we are a disbeliever and the Antichrist;  
In their sight we became a pretender; we became  
Faithless and turned riotous on the path of Faith.  
But our life be sacrificed for such “disbelief” that yields  
The God of the world and of the people. (230)

Such faith be cursed that is even less than such disbelief;  
A hundred thanks that we became a friend of the Subduer.  
Through this path does the Creator come to the help;  
How can he appreciate it he who is caught in legends?  
We gain the revelation of God through this blessed path;  
We show the coquetry of the Belovèd through this way!  
O plaintiff! God Almighty is not on your side—  
This “disbelief” is a thousand times better than your faith!

## HYMNS AND PREACHING OF TRUTH

*Munajaat aur Tableeghe Haq**Braheene Ahmadiyya, part 5, page 97, 1908*

O God, the Mender of affairs,  
     the Coverer of vices, the Creator—  
 O my Dear, my Benefactor, and my Lord—  
 How can I praise Thee and render thanks,  
     O Gracious One?  
 Wherefrom I find that tongue that can accomplish it?  
 Thou saved me from the ill wishers  
     by being a Witness Thyself—  
 Thou subdued and routed the foes with a single strike.  
 Those who strive on Thy way they receive recompense  
 But what was seen in me  
     to render repeated grace and bounty?  
 I am amazed at Thy actions,  
     O my Benefactor—for what deed  
 Hast Thou given me this bounty in the surroundings? (5)

I am a lowly insect, my Love, not of the progeny of Adam;  
 I am loathed by men and an object of scorn by the people.  
 It is entirely Thy grace and blessing that I was chosen,  
 Otherwise there was no dearth of servants at Thy court.  
 Those who used to invoke friendships, all turned to foes  
 But Thou never left my side, O my Fulfiller of needs.  
 O my Dearest Love! O the Refuge of my soul—  
 Thou art sufficient for me—I am useless without Thee.  
 Without Thy grace, I would have died and turned to dust  
 Then, God knows, where this dust  
     might have been thrown. (10)

May my body, life and heart be sacrificed on Thy way;  
 I find no one else who can love as much as Thou.  
 From the beginning, I spent my days under Thy shade;  
 I stayed in Thy lap like as a babe fed on milk.  
 We've not seen loyalty like Thine in the progeny of man;  
 Besides Thee, we have not seen any sympathising friend.  
 Men say that an unfit person does not gain acceptance  
 But I managed to get access to the Court despite my folly!  
 Thou rendered such graces and bounties upon me  
 That it is difficult to count them  
     until the Day of Judgement. (15)

Thou made the heavens a witness for my sake—  
 The sun and the moon became dim and dark<sup>117</sup> for me.  
 Thou sent the plague as well for my aid

So the Signs are fulfilled which are the basis for truth.  
All the excuses came to naught when that calamity came;  
All the plans were blown to bits like as the dust.  
Thou gave such fame to me in the land of India  
As if the lightning makes its display all over at once.  
Thou hast sent an Adam once again to this place  
So the tree of virtue bears fruit in this country. (20)

People may utter nonsense but Thy goals are different;  
Even the Angels are not privy to Thy secrets.  
It is in Thy Hand—all loss or gain, hardship or ease;  
'Tis Thou Who makest anyone into indigent or fortunate.  
Whomsoever Thou wishest, Thou placest on the throne;  
Whomsoever Thou wishest, Thou dethronest in disgrace.  
I am also one of the Signs among Thy Signs in the world  
Whom Thou hast made a pride for the people and the Faith.  
Great calamities visit the glory and splendour of the mortals  
But Thy Kingdom is such that remains intact forever. (25)

Honour and disgrace—they depend upon Thy decree;  
Through Thy command come the autumn  
    and the breeze of spring.  
Thou made a person such as me shine in the world;  
Who can know, my Master, the extent of Thy secrets!  
How wonderful are Thy actions, O my Guardian!  
Even if we avoid them,  
    Thou givest the destined fruits by force.  
From the beginning I liked my alcove of seclusion;  
I had loathing for fame and I shunned every glory.  
But Thou made me come out through Thine own Hand;  
When did I ask for it?  
    This is all Thine own fruit and crop. (30)

What is my fault therein if I received such an order?  
Who am I to defy the command of the Sovereign King?  
Now the goal is to do whatever has been commanded,  
Although I am weak and helpless and grief-stricken.  
To invite the babblers to truth is not an easy task—  
Each step has a snake pit,  
    every path is a thorny wilderness.  
My wailings of day and night have reached the skies  
But this call has not reached the hearts of the ignorant.  
The hearts are in God's control—if He so wishes  
He can turn them to me—  
    then they'll come without hesitation. (35)

If He displays a marvel, it will soften instantly  
That hardened heart that is like a mountain rock.



Alas! What my people have earned by denying me—  
Hundreds of homes have caved in because of the quakes.  
Virtue required that they should've watched this hour;  
As well, that they be patient and calm for some days more.  
Had they completed all the stages to gain knowledge?  
Wasn't a dark and obscure path in front of them?  
All our heart's desires just remained inside our heart—  
The ones we looked for support all the time  
became our foes. (40)

They've astray such that it does not seem they will mend;  
Ah me! What we wished for and what is now apparent!  
Unto whom do we narrate this suffering of our heart?  
They hate to meet with us—let alone say a few words.  
What shall I do? How should I put my life upside down?  
How can they turn to me who have enmity against me?  
So many miracles have appeared by the grace of God  
That even Satan is grief-stricken after seeing them.  
But most of the opponents have no shame or modesty;  
Having seen a myriad Signs they still deal in insults. (45)

A pure heart does not require a profusion of miracles;  
One Sign is enough if there is fear of Creator in the heart.  
The day has dawned for the foes of Faith; 'tis night for us;  
O my Sun, pray reveal Thyself for I am restless.  
O my Dear, may every cell of mine be sacrificed for Thee;  
O Camel Driver, pray turn the nose-ring of the world  
towards me<sup>118</sup>.

Pray find who is raising this clamour in Thy lane—  
This head would be in the dust  
if Thou did not come as a Friend.  
Pray render help unto me through the hands of Grace  
So the vessel of Islam gets through this tempest. (50)

Pray close Thine Eyes unto my weaknesses and faults  
So that the accursed enemy of the Faith is not pleased.  
Pray dress my wounds with balm for I am grieved  
And listen to my beseeching for I am weak and frail.  
I cannot stand the frailty of the Faith of Mustafa<sup>119</sup>;  
Pray make me, my King, successful and fortunate.  
Would Thou put me to sleep in the dust before  
my wish is achieved?  
This is not expected of Thee, O my Refuge.  
O God! Pray bless Islam and save it Thyself;  
Pray hark the calls of the people of this broken Ark. (55)

Vices, evils and sins are rampant among the people;  
The clouds of despair are above—

the night is dark and gloomy.  
For lack of Thy watering, an entire world has dried up;  
Pray turn the course of the river to this side, my Master.  
Our wits are not with us during these calamities;  
Pray take mercy on Thy people so they obtain salvation.  
How do we deal with it? No plan does come to mind;  
These blights have spread to all sides and ways.  
This Ark is about to sink; pray come, my Captain—  
This nation is in autumn—during springtime! (60)

The light of heart is gone; the intellect is blunted;  
Every heart is relying on its own false sight.  
The one we took to be pure and pious one,  
When we saw closely, we found a thousand faults.  
With the keen eye of gnosis, we saw filth everywhere;  
This blight has eaten all the fruits  
from the branches of Faith.  
O God! How can this watering be done without Thee?  
The orchard of righteousness is scorched—  
the Faith is just a grave.  
If something can be done, 'tis only through Thy Hands,  
Or else corruption is advancing every moment  
like a flood. (65)

Pray show a Sign, for the Faith is now without Signs;  
Pray cast a look this way so that we can see the spring!  
What do I say of the worldly people? How they slumber?  
How much they hate the truth and love the falsehood.  
Their intellects are veiled—  
even after seeing hundreds of Signs.  
Distancing from light, they want to be dwellers of Fire.  
Were there no mistrust, even disbelief would be gone,  
Accursed be this mistrust; it led astray even the shrewd.  
With mistrust, mountains are made out of millet seeds;  
A single vein in a feather can lead to an entire  
row of crows. (70)

Why do you exceed the bounds, O people!  
Pray fear the Lord a bit—  
Don't you see the help of God that is coming constantly?  
Has God given up helping and supporting the pious ones?  
Why does He love an evildoer and a disbeliever?  
So many Signs are shown in support of an evildoer,  
Why does He show them? Is He a kin of the evildoers?  
Does He now change that tradition and principle  
That He used to follow from the beginning of time?  
If you're blind of eye, is something wrong  
with the ears as well?

Has God been deceived and you happen to know  
my secrets? (75)

The one who bases his claim entirely on pretending,  
If he is endorsed so, then where's the clarity  
between truth and sham?  
Did God forget but you found out the truth?  
Was He unaware but you saw the critical condition?  
Mistrust has turned you crazy and blind—  
Or else there were countless arguments for my truth.  
The darkness of ignorance and the storm of **suspicion**,  
When these get together, the faith blows away like dust.  
What does poison lead to—save death and extinction?  
Mistrust is poison; shun it, O faithful ones. (80)

Such **mistrusting** ones sow thorns on their path; whose  
Traits do not include modesty, tolerance and patience.  
This misdeed is the root of man's misfortune, but  
Who has the power to change what has been decreed?  
We are hardy—we care not for the malice of others;  
We have a strong heart—we can tolerate the grief.  
It is not sensible to dare him who is a man of God—  
Don't lay your hand on lions, O frail and feeble fox!  
The Noble Master Himself is standing on my path—  
So don't sit on my path,  
O mischief mongers of the land. (85)

It is God's Tradition to show the difference Himself  
So it's clear as to who is pious and who eats dead things.  
I see a Supporter of mine behind the veil—  
He has His sword drawn against anyone who assails.  
If the heedless one was to see that Arm and that weapon,  
He would lose his senses and forget all his enmity.  
Is not there a Judge or Justice-maker of this world?  
Then, where would the mischievous aggressor  
find escape?  
Why do you wonder if I've come as the Messiah?  
The spring-breeze itself is laced  
with the messianic spirit! (90)

There is fervour in the heavens for the invitation to truth;  
The angels are descending upon those with pious natures.  
The free people of Europe are leaning this way—  
The pulse of the dead has suddenly revived like the living.  
The men of wisdom are now saying farewell to Trinity—  
They are cherishing the spring of unity once again.  
Some pretty flower has bloomed in people's orchard—  
The morning breeze blows excitedly from the garden.

I can now smell the fragrance of my Joseph—  
You may call me possessed, but I wait for Him. (95)

Everywhere, in every land, idol worship is in decline—  
There is no respect or dignity left for man's worship.  
The breeze of Creator's Unity blows from the heavens;  
Their hearts are with us though their mouths  
    may utter nonsense.  
Hark the Heaven's voice: "The Messiah comes ...  
    the Messiah comes"  
And hear from the earth: "Here comes  
    the triumphant Leader".  
The sky rains its Signs—the earth says: "It is time"—  
These two witnesses are cheering for me earnestly.  
Ease and comfort now lie in *this* garden, O people—  
Come, it is still time, O wanderers of the thorny wilds. (100)

This cool breeze now blows after a long time—  
God knows when such days and spring shall come again.  
O denier! Is there a limit to this falsification?  
For how long will you adopt the traits of Satan?  
The base that was laid by the Master of  
    Ahmad's Community<sup>120</sup>,  
It is getting completed today, O dear ones in the land.  
Ahmad's garden<sup>121</sup> is now home to the morning breeze  
By whose blowing man hears the Belovèd's speech.  
Otherwise, what is that Community, or path,  
    or custom or Faith  
On which the light of God does not fall like as the sun? (105)

My heart is grieved after looking at the spite of people—  
They plan to destroy that pearl that is fit for kings.  
We are constantly climbing towards a high place  
But they wish us to be hidden beneath a cave.  
The light of heart is gone—just customary Faith is left;  
Even then they say: what is the need for a Faith's reformer.  
They sing that tune that is sung not by the heavens—  
They have plans that are at odds with those of the King.  
Alas! They have become a hidden snake for the Faith;  
They became fattened, but the Faith became  
    weak and frail. (110)

My back is bent over with these sorrows, friends,—  
I would have died if the grace of God were not there.  
He who is restless can understand my own restlessness;  
He whose heart is wounded can know my own grief.  
Who cries that the heavens are crying with him?  
The eyes of the sun and moon darkened with grief<sup>122</sup>.

They are not ashamed to call *me* a pretender—  
What scholars are they who are at odds with this world!  
What stranger knows the love we have for the Dearest?  
He became ours—we sacrifice our life for Him. (115)

At times I am Adam, at times Moses, at times Jacob—  
In addition I am Abraham—I have countless descents.  
I am a tree that bore the fruits with Davidic traits—  
I became David and Goliath became my prey.  
Being Messiah I, too, may have seen the face of the cross  
If my name were not Ahmad—on which is my  
entire dependence.

O rivals! We are dying every instant on His path—  
How long would you wait for our extinction!  
From my head to my feet that Dear is hidden in me—  
O my ill wisher! Be careful when you attack me. (120)

What praise I sing of the Dear's charm? What do I write?  
With His single charm, I crossed the flood of baser self.  
My gnosis increased so much that I became a disbeliever  
In his eyes who is far from the courtyard of the Belovèd.  
My eye, too, became enlightened by that radiant Face—  
The secrets of that Belovèd became apparent upon me.  
O my people! Come hither that a sun has risen—  
Why do you sit in the valley of darkness day and night?  
What is this: that I am a disbeliever and you a believer?  
Even so, that Dear of the favoured aids this disbeliever. (125)

What a strange thing—He helps a disbeliever—  
That God Who was supposed to befriend the believers.  
In your eyes, even Karam Din was one of the pious ones  
Who aggressively attacked me—for no reason.  
I was not without support—God's help was with me—  
God's revelation repeatedly gave glad tiding of victory.  
But he did not see me—his eyes were closed—  
Then, after retribution, he decked himself with eye salve.  
In the offices<sup>123</sup>, his name still remains as a liar—  
Now he can't erase this name until the Day of Counting. (130)

Pray tell now as to who received help from God?  
Why was your "righteous one" seized and disgraced?  
Then look at this, too—with the fear of God in you—  
How my Dearest saved me time and again.  
The rogues planned to kill; they threw the darts of deceit;  
They became the disciples of Satan and able descendents.  
Then they tried their utmost, working like a single group  
But not a single plan turned out suitable for them.  
In their eyes we stood as Antichrist and disbeliever—

The sparks of calling a disbeliever flew constantly. (135)

Now think honestly as to what is this thing:  
Whose Hand is it that rebuffs the enemy's attack?  
Why don't you think—what veils have fallen here?  
My heart gets so terribly agitated time and again.  
If this were human activity, O evil ones,  
That God would have been sufficient for such a liar.  
There would have been no need of you or your cunning;  
That King of the world would have finished me Himself.  
He is Pure and Exalted—He is not a Helper of the liars;  
Or else, it's not fair—the honest being disgraced. (140)

When does a liar receive this much help?  
Are you not afraid—you attack so brazenly?  
Is there a liar in the world—pray show an example—  
Who has been supported repeatedly like me?  
The morning sun is up—these people are still asleep—  
They are weary of the day but they love the night.  
They have malice against light but dote upon darkness—  
Few bats may be like this even if you looked at a thousand.  
A sun is shining overhead but their eyes are closed—  
They die of thirst with a pleasant stream at the door. (145)

It is a strange situation with those who became deniers;  
Their constant pastime is to vituperate day and night.  
But if you ask them to name such liars  
Who are being helped by God for years,  
They become dead and do not come up with an answer;  
Their faces turn yellow as if they are in mourning.  
It is not in their destiny to have any time for the Faith;  
They became charmed by the world seeing its pleasantries.  
To avoid the path of truth—is this the way of Faith?  
Is this piety and God-fearing? Is this the path of virtue? (150)

Have they taken an oath or is there a twist in their fate?  
Putting aside the bright day, they love the dark nights.  
Like the prophets, convincing proof was set against them;  
In their attacks, all the prophets have a share.  
Whatever spite they show unto me, it goes unto all<sup>124</sup>;  
Would they leave all of them by adopting disbelief?  
By calling me a disbeliever, they seal their own disbelief;  
It is their own face; we simply show them the mirror.  
At this moment, my age is little over sixty;  
It is the twenty-third year of my claim by reckoning. (155)

I was forty years old in this inn for the travellers  
When I gained eminence through God's revelation.

Was all this life just spent in pretension?  
 And greater wonder is this that oceans of help flowed out.  
 My Master gave me Signs at every step—  
 The sword of convincing-proof of truth fell upon every foe.  
 My Master gave me such bounties with His grace  
 That the meanings of “*I completed upon you*”<sup>125</sup>  
     are apparent.  
 At the time of darkness, even the shadow parts company;  
 But He remained a Friend and Consoler in every darkness. (160)

So much help is never granted to a liar;  
 If you are not sure, pray bring a few examples.  
 If you are unable to provide any example,  
 Then fear that Determiner<sup>126</sup>—Who is the King of  
     both worlds.  
 Where did you hear this that you are free; that  
 There is no chastisement even for doing a thousand sins?  
 The shout “Verily, we wronged”<sup>127</sup>, is the tradition  
     of the pious;  
 Don’t show your mouths’ venom—you are not  
     descended from snakes.  
 It is not difficult to cleanse the body by rubbing it;  
 Only he who cleanses his heart is pure  
     in the Eyes of the Lord. (165)

Pray take the veil aside and look at your faith—  
 Calling *me* a disbeliever, they might themselves become  
     the inmates of Fire.  
 If they have shame, they may ponder on this secret:  
 They desire my abasement but I obtain honour instead!  
 How have they harmed us by their scheming until now?  
 They came upon us like dragons but then became lizards.  
 O scholars of religion and wise ones, I do not understand  
 Such malice and enmity, after seeing this Sign of truth.  
 When the Companions of God’s Messenger found the truth,  
 They excelled in sacrificing their wealth, bodies and life. (170)

This is strange knowledge—this criticism of  
     Traditions and Sayings<sup>128</sup>—  
 After seeing hundreds of Signs, you are running away.  
 What use is discussing with you if you do not possess  
 The spirit of justice and mercy—the foundations of Faith.  
 Do you leave me for the sake of eminence in the world?  
 What is world’s eminence; the world itself is not lasting!  
 Who mysteriously gives me victories in every field?  
 Who it is Who is humiliating you every instant?  
 You used to say that I would be soon destroyed:  
 “This is a lowly prey within reach of our hands”. (175)

Then what happened? Who came to my assistance?  
You became disappointed and losers; I became fortunate.  
There was a time when even my name was not known;  
Even Qadian<sup>129</sup> was incognito, as if hidden in a cave.  
No one was acquainted with me or was my devotee  
But now you see how much fame is every place.  
God had given the news of fame in those days  
That is now fulfilled after the passing of a long period.  
Open and see the *Braheen*<sup>130</sup>, which is my book—  
This prophecy is written in it, pray read it once. (180)

Now think if this is a human accomplishment!  
How can a human have such sway over unseen things?  
There is a distinction between God's might and  
man's scheming;  
He who does not realise it is an ass from head to toe.  
Pray think, O those who can think, there is still time;  
Give up the path to regrets—be hopeful of the Mercy.  
Pray think as to Whose Hand it was that was with me;  
With Whose command I gained my goal and you  
were humbled?  
Is this some kind of faith—friends, pray explain to us—  
Whose fruit is always regrets and sentence of disgrace? (185)

They raise a din that I am a disbeliever and the Antichrist;  
I myself consider their faith and belief shameful.  
If this is the Faith that is evident through their traits,  
I would not buy it at all even for a single penny.  
We dote on the nation of Islam with our heart and soul  
But the belligerent ones do not tread the path of Faith.  
Hail, O zeal of ignorance! What fruit hast thou borne—  
They assail like crazy in support of falsehood.  
Pray take no pride in your faith for it is not faith—  
Don't take it for diamond; it's a mountain stone. (190)

You will beat your chest with both hands—wailing—  
When the filth of your faith will be made evident.  
This house is about to fall — take heed O haughty one  
So that your kith and kin do not get buried there in.  
It is strange misfortune that despite such inviting  
The intoxication of ignorance simply does not go away.  
They don't come to their senses—everything was tried;  
They slumber in such a way they don't become vigilant.  
Bad times are here; famine and plague came together;  
So far, no repentance—now let us see the end. (195)

What grief! They say God's revelation is now ended—



Now till the Day of Judgment, this community relies  
on tales.

Such belief is against the sayings of the just ones—  
But who will remove such old garland from one's neck?  
That God still makes one speak—whomsoever He wills;  
He still talks to him, whomsoever He loves.  
Pray heed! Why would God break the gem of revelation?  
This is the only thing of respect and pride for the Faith!  
'Tis is that flower which has no equal in the garden;  
'Tis that fragrance which humbles the musk of Tatar<sup>131</sup>. (200)

This is that key that opens the doors of heavens;  
This is that mirror to see the Face of the Belovèd.  
Thus this is the only weapon to gain our victory—  
This is the only palace that is the stronghold of peace.  
This is the only tool for knowing God in Islam,  
No man ever gets across the tempest through mere tales.  
This revelation of God is the Sign of God's knowledge;  
Whoever gets it properly, he obtains that Friend.  
Oh what garden of Love where death lies on way!<sup>132</sup>  
Its fruit is the Belovèd's union but around it are thorns. (205)

Such a heart is stamped with curse for all eternity  
That is not excited and impassioned in its search.  
But those who're worldly worms, how can they seek it?  
Faith is gained by him who is restless for the Faith!  
Our task today is to call in every direction—  
Whosoever is good-natured, he shall eventually come.  
Remember when all these "pillars of the faith" used to say:  
"The Mahdi<sup>133</sup> promised by God shall appear soon".  
Who was there who did not desire it with excitement?  
Who was there who did not love the coming one? (210)

Then, when those days came and  
the fourteenth century<sup>134</sup> emerged,  
These luminaries of religion were the first to deny it.  
Once more the Jewish tradition is shown by the wise—  
These robe-wearers oppose the Messiah of the time  
once again.  
This was in the Scriptures, from the beginning to the end;  
Then how can it be erased—this fixed decree  
writ on the wall?  
I came into this world like as the Son of Mary—  
I am not appointed for the task of holy wars and fighting.  
But if someone had come just as they had hoped for,  
And made war and gave them countless spoils, (215)

The door was open in the Community for such a Mahdi

With a hundred thousand gathering in an instant.  
But it was God's mercy that I appeared;  
Had I not come, there would be fire; all peace thus gone.  
Even the fire came, when after seeing so many Signs  
The people called me a liar and an evildoer.  
It is certain that the fire shall not go away for some time  
Unless they repent with great humility and abasement.  
This is not a chance happening that could be cured; all this  
Doom and destruction is through God's command. (220)

That God Who created man and gave him religion, He is  
Not willing that faithlessness becomes their business.  
Without God, piety, righteousness, honesty and purity,  
This base world is a wilderness where plague preys upon.  
Don't fall victim to the plague; pray become fully virtuous;  
This faith by the tongue does not come to any use.  
If you are unafraid of death, pray take mercy on the children;  
Follow the path of peace and do not take to the wilderness.  
O dwellers of the wilderness! You are surely not human!  
Some are foxes, some swine, and some are snakes. (225)

Pray change these hearts Thyself, O my Mighty God;  
Thou art the Lord of all the worlds and King of all.  
For Thee, destruction or construction are not impossible;  
To break or join are both in Thy sway.  
Thou can mend broken affairs through Thy grace—and  
After fixing, Thou may break them at once into pieces.  
'Tis Thou Who fixes things, and breaks what it is set—  
None can work out Thy secrets—how hard one ponders.  
Whenever a heart is afflicted by the darkness of sins,  
It's not illumined without Thee though a thousand suns  
may rise. (230)

The desire for freedom is useless in this world—  
'Tis only the captivity of Thy love that may set one free.  
What heart is that which is void of the tenderness of love?  
A heart is that which is restless without the Unique Belovèd.  
The first step to being a *dervish*<sup>135</sup> is the denial of self—  
Thus, topple over this self for the sake of the Belovèd.  
The fruit remains bitter until such time that it ripens—  
It is the same with faith until the love becomes perfect.  
The hunger for Thy Face made the heart topsy-turvy;  
O my Exalted Eden, shower the fruits upon me now. (235)

O God, O Healer-of-the-pain, pray save us Thou—  
O Balm-of-my-wounds, pray look at my injured heart.  
We have seen strange fruits of Thy love in the garden—  
Such "apples" and "pomegranates" are gained with effort.

Without Thee, my Soul, this life is but naught;  
Better than such living is to die and turn to dust.  
Without Thy grace all worship is but useless—  
All striving and deeds depend upon Thy benevolence.  
Those who receive Thy grace, they stay far from vices;  
On the path of truth, their faculties are lined in a row. (240)

Those bound in Thy love, they rid themselves of Satan;  
They who shed their leaves for Thee, they found the spring.  
The best of all thirsts is the thirst for Thy Face—  
He whose heart is warmed with it, he gained a waterfall.  
He who cherished Thee, he finally found Thee—  
Whoever has such restlessness, he finally found the peace.  
Weeping and low-lying wilderness<sup>136</sup> are signs of love—  
How blessed is that eye that is tearful for Thy sake.  
No one stays hapless at Thy court—the condition being  
To be patient on the path and give up restiveness. (245)

Although I came as a result of Thy command, but alas,  
Such breeze is blowing that puts a blight on spring.  
The worldly people fell upon the decaying world—  
What life have they—those who eat dead things?  
Parting from Faith, they finally lost the world as well,  
No one is in peace without a lover or adoring a beloved.  
No hue is better than the hue of God-fearing—  
It is the ornament of faith; it is the adornment of religion.  
A hundred suns may rise but there's no light without  
the Belovèd's Face—  
Sans Belovèd's union, this world is a dark, pitchy, night. (250)

O my love! Thou art the only Unique One in the world;  
Those who're crazy about Thee, they're the shrewd ones.  
It is the task of Thy lovers to let go of this world—  
They get paid in cash while others only remain hopeful.  
Who it is whose deeds are purified without  
the light of love?  
Who remains loyal except him whose heart is wounded?  
Being a stranger, who cares to love another stranger?  
Who wants to become crazy on this path day and night?  
Who wants to give up sweet dreams, or food, or drinks?  
Who wants the thorns of acacia instead of  
garlands of flowers? (255)

It is through love that these perilous wilds can be crossed;  
It is love that lays its head under a sharpened sword.  
But great pity! They are inclined towards the world;  
They who used to say that it was an impermanent place.  
Whoever you see today, he is keen on mischief making;

Alas! The virtuous ones have all passed away.  
Their sermons from the pulpits are entirely abuses;  
Their meetings are all given to cursing and backbiting.  
Wherever you look, this world has become the goal—  
They constantly entice people unto it everywhere. (260)

If they get pricked by a single thorn for the sake of Faith,  
They run away screaming as an ass runs from a lion.  
If they fail, they constantly complain about it—  
Unconcerned with the religion, they mourn for the world.  
Whatever the people may say, my aims are different—  
I dote upon the Dear though a million swords are drawn.  
O my Dearest, pray tell how can Thou be pleased—  
It will be a blessed day when we are sacrificed for Thee.  
Just as Thou art afar, I too am far from people—  
There is no one who is privy to my heart's secrets. (265)

Good presumption is the path of the righteous people  
But I'm behind a hundred veils; I appear not upon them.  
Those who call me bad or good, they are both unaware,  
They do not have a whit of knowledge about my inside.  
I'm the Son of Mary but I've descended not from the sky;  
I am *Mahdi*<sup>137</sup>, too, but without sword and fighting.  
I am not concerned with the country or the battles;  
My task is to conquer the hearts, not the land.  
Kaiser<sup>138</sup> may ever have the crown and throne of India;  
In his monarchy I find peace in the daily life. (270)

What need have I for lands? My land is apart from others'.  
What do I do with crowns? My crown is the Dear's joy!  
We dwell in the skies; what do we need this earth for?  
What enmity do the sky dwellers have with the earth?  
There is nothing like the monarchy of the spiritual world  
Though many a rich and crowned have lived on the earth.  
To desire the worldly pomp and honour is accursed—  
Whoso wishes may injure his body with such mark.  
What do we have to do with honour and with fame?  
If abasing pleases Him, a hundred honours are  
sacrificed for it. (275)

We belong to Him Who has become ours;  
We found that Belovèd after leaving this base world.  
I see my heart as the Throne of the Lord of the worlds;  
Our nearness increased so much,  
the Belovèd descended in me.  
'Tis strange friendship that leads to immolation for two:  
Love joining with love, ruling over the two hearts.  
See what great effect love and affection possess—

One heart stoops down to prey upon the other!  
No path is shorter than the path of love; through this path  
The *saliks*<sup>139</sup> cross a thousand thorny wilds. (280)

Friends! This is the only secret to find Him;  
This is the alchemy to obtain countless treasures.  
The dart of love never goes off its mark;  
O ye archers! Never become slothful in this respect.  
This is the only fire that could save you from the Fire<sup>140</sup>;  
This is the water from which a hundred waterfalls emerge.  
With this, that Eternal Dear will meet you Himself;  
Through this, you will wear the garlands of God's gnosis.  
That pure and excellent Book named the *Discriminant*<sup>141</sup>,  
It repeatedly gives the same tiding to the seeker. (285)

They who deny this thing, they are extremely ignorant;  
Why call them men when they have the ass' imprudence?  
Is this the only pride that Islam has over other religions  
That the entire matter of the Faith rests only on tales?  
Is the essence of the pure Quran only this dry piety?  
Is this the mole emerging after digging up this mountain?  
If Islam is only this, then the Community is lost;  
How to find the path if the Faith itself is dark and murky?  
Why do you twist your face like as the hopeless ones?  
Gates of bounties are opening; spread open your cloth. (290)

What kind of people are you that you see a hundred Signs,  
But it's the same obstinacy and prejudice, the same malice  
and enmity?  
Everything got fulfilled but you still remained imperfect;  
Though in the garden, the fruits of Faith are not your luck.  
See, how all the things have come to be fulfilled, that were  
Considered far-fetched based on intellect and perception.  
Pray think as to what my status was in those days  
When I made the announcement regarding the *Braheen*<sup>142</sup>.  
Now think for a while as to how my fame has flourished;  
How my renown has spread so fast in every land. (295)

Who knew me or what respect did I command in public?  
Which community showed any trust or love for me?  
What attracted people were wealth, learning and order;  
*Dervish* descent was also a means of respect and honour.  
But I was devoid of all those four and was unfortunate;  
I was a human excluded from any count or estimate.  
Then I got regarded a disbeliever—cursed by the public;  
The decrees of disbelief made me an untrustworthy one;  
At this my God, remembering His words, made me  
The refuge of the world and a foundation for Faith. (300)

All the plans that were made for my ruin,  
He quashed them as if they were a cloud of dust.  
Pray ponder and see if it is the work of a human;  
Would someone show an example if one wants to attack.  
The planning of a human can be countered by another,  
But how can someone ever nullify the doing of God?  
The false pretender is eventually shamed in this world;  
The matter of false pretension is quickly laid to waste.  
False pretension never gets a respite such as the time given  
To the Pride of the Messengers<sup>143</sup>—  
the Pride of the Righteous. (305)

My heart is full of regret at your denials;  
This dark cloud sweeps over the heart time and again.  
Strange eyes are these that they can't see even the sun;  
The envy has not left anything of intellect, thought  
or reflection.  
Misfortune of the people manifested through this revolt;  
But only that happens that is decreed through destiny.  
Among the people I see some like worms of the world;  
The purpose of their life is lust, drinking and gambling.  
Their affairs are run based on deceit, night and day—  
Ego and Satan holding them up like a water-carrier. (310)

Their steps falter when working for the Faith  
But, for the world, they are hale and hearty.  
They care no more for prohibition or permissible—  
Stuffing their bellies with the dead, they don't even belch.  
The hearts are full of sin and boasts of piety and virtue;  
With decency on tongues, their hearts are full of filth.  
O dear ones! How long can a paper-vessel sail?  
One day it is bound to sink making the eyes tearful.  
An eternal life is hidden inside the death—the path to the  
Dear's garden is through the thorns of the  
valley of poverty. (315)

O God, we are weak! Pray lift us up with Thine own Hands;  
We are feeble—pray take on our entire burden.  
Every moment I see the marvels of Thy greatness;  
After seeing Thy might, we found the world like a dead thing.  
The things that Thou displayed for my help,  
The entire activity stays in front of my eyes all the time.  
The manner in which Thou established my truthfulness,  
I cherish Thee—my soul be sacrificed for Thy actions.  
There is a strange quality in Thy charm and beauty  
That has smitten me with a stroke of lightning. (320)

O my Love! My people are lying in darkness—

It is not beyond Thy might if they become reformed.  
They call me disbeliever, but I could call them faithful  
Was it not the practice of religion to abstain from lying.  
O sermoniser! The Dear cast His Eyes on me and not on thee;  
Pity that Faith from which disbelief is a thousand times better.  
That garden of Adam that was incomplete until now,  
It became perfect with my advent with all the greenery.  
That God Who gave the Prophet pure wealth, He is now  
Making the Faith's adornments like a jeweller. (325)

He shows that there is no compulsion or coercion in religion;  
The Faith itself attracts the heart like an idol with a silver face.  
There is just this point that He prohibited fighting, so that  
He could remove the cloud that once rose on the path of Faith.  
So He could show the deniers the special traits of Faith  
That would put to shame those who attack Islam.  
The ignorant in Europe say that this<sup>144</sup> Prophet is not perfect:  
"It was not hard to spread the Faith among the uncultured."  
But to turn an uncultured one into human is a miracle;  
Through *this* is evident the true secret of prophethood. (330)

He brought light from the heavens—he himself was light;  
If he was born among the uncultured then what insult is that?  
What difference does it make to the light of the brilliant moon  
Whether it rises from the frontier of Rome or from Abyssinia?  
O my dear ones<sup>145</sup>, adopt the habit of patience and tolerance;  
If they spread foul smell, you become the musk of Tatar<sup>146</sup>.  
Pray kill the ego—there is no enemy such as this;  
It slowly prepares the means of destruction.  
Whoever tried and took the base self under control, for him  
The likes of Rustam<sup>147</sup> and Isfand Yaar<sup>148</sup> are nothing. (335)

On hearing abuse, you should pray for them; for pain,  
You give comfort. If they show pride, you show humility.  
Do not worry if they hurl invectives every moment,  
Leave them alone if they publish such announcements.  
You remain calm after seeing excesses in their journals  
Don't say a word if they strike and beat you up badly.  
Don't grieve after seeing the wrath and violence of people;  
The spring-rain is in need of excessive heat.  
In their eyes, our job is to make false pretensions;  
God is Great! How absurd is this thought. (340)

We bled our soul for the betterment of the world;  
Our battle was with the aim of peace—far from malice.  
Mistrust against pious hearts is a sign of cruelty;  
Now their eyes are closed but eventually they'll see the end.  
While they say that liars do not flourish and prosper,  
Then they call *me* a liar, seeing my blessings.

Are your eyes blind even after seeing everything? At least  
Fear that day, O friends, that is the Day of Reckoning.  
You possess insight; then ponder as to what is this secret:  
How can that Holy One be a friend of a liar? (345)

Why is this grace on me; there must be some reason for it;  
All these affairs of the Lord are not without purpose.  
He Himself bestowed upon me the spring of pure Unity  
So that He may plant anew a garden in the orchard of Faith.  
The mantle on my shoulders is the one given by that Dearest;  
If you have the might, O deniers, then remove this mantle.  
Distrust is not much better than lack of modesty—  
In these days when the signs of calamity are evident.  
The tempest of God's wrath is now in full force—  
Only he shall be saved who enters the Ark of Noah. (350)

Goodness lies in coming unto me with sincerity;  
There are beasts all around—I am the fort of peace.  
I am the support for the wall of Faith and the refuge of Islam;  
Because of this wall, the hand of enemy cannot reach.  
Why has mistrust spread so much among the ignorant?  
Is it because of bad times or are they stricken by a curse?  
We had a hope in heart that they might understand the matter;  
Well done, Satan! How thou made them thy prey.  
O ye, that mistrust is constantly your way of dealing;  
Where have your other faculties gone, O shrewd one? (355)

If I am a liar, I shall get the penalty for liars; but if I am true,  
Then what excuse you'll have on the Day of Reckoning?  
Pray look at such prejudice that while I dote on Islam,  
Even then they call me a disbeliever time and again.  
I am that water that came from the heavens on time;  
I am that light of God by which the day became evident.  
Alas, that God-fearing they claimed—where is it gone?  
Whereto has the driver of their base self turned the reins?  
The things that that Creator showed for my sake,  
Can a pretender achieve them—a crony of the Satan? (360)

I made my garment wet through constant weeping with pain;  
But you maintained that constant dryness in a sorry state.  
Alas, what happened! How their intellects have gone to waste!  
The day has become dark and obscure in front of their eyes.  
Or is this a retribution for some concealed sin  
That has made the intellects useless and like a dead thing?  
They carry the sins of the ordinary people on their necks;  
With their sermons the hearts of the world became clouded.  
They fell asleep in such a way that they have not woken yet;  
They forgot it such that oblivion has become their curse. (365)



It is cruelty to sow the seeds of evil among mankind;  
That evil comes to his lot who happens to sow it.  
Leaving the Quran, they accepted conflicting Traditions<sup>149</sup>—  
Uselessly taking the burden of *Muslim* and *Bukhari*<sup>150</sup>  
on their heads.

As the Traditions are prone to misquotes and lies,  
Then it is stupidity to have total reliance on these.  
While we have seen the light of Truth with our own eyes,  
While God's revelation has informed us time and again,  
Then how can we give up certitude and follow assumptions,  
Say yourself: is seeing better or tales shrouded in dust? (370)

Differences came in Islam because of numerous sayings;  
Which shows that the path of narratives cannot be relied.  
The narratives made an error concerning the life of Jesus  
Through which the Faith<sup>151</sup> became a peon unto Christianity.  
A thousand calamities descended upon Islam—  
The disciples of Satan climbed on the neck of the religion.  
God gave clear indications of the death of Jesus—  
Then what reliance can be placed on conflicting Traditions?  
**If considered suspect, they should then be explained;**  
Can you attack the Quran for the sake of Traditions? (375)

That God Who gave me an honour through His Signs,  
He is constantly supporting the Quran even now.  
Beat your heads but no one is coming from the sky now—  
Seven thousand years have passed on the age of the world<sup>152</sup>.  
Waiting for him, the Faith is all but done with—  
Will he then come only when he sees the tomb of Faith?  
Without the grace of God, the ark of Islam is now sunk;  
Do something, O passion! Intellect's assaults are in vain.  
O God, pray grant me an unusual passion and warmth, which  
Makes me like a crazed one in support of the Faith. (380)

Pray light such a fire in my heart for the sake of people  
Whose sparks will constantly reach the heavens in profusion.  
O God! My every cell be sacrificed for Thee—  
Pray show me the spring of Faith for I am full of tears.  
O Knower of Secrets, pray take a look at our humility—  
This task is Thine to do—we have now become restless.  
Pray do a gracious act—turn the people unto the Quran;  
And give them the ability so they can think and ponder.  
It is only the Quran that is free of doubt and uncertainty;  
But they accept, beside it, only a strong opinion<sup>153</sup>. (385)

Then if I present such narratives from my side, too,  
Then the power to fight will be constrained for the rival.

The garden had wilted—all the fruits had fallen down;  
I brought the grace of God — the fruits grew anew.  
The balm of Jesus had cured but Jesus alone—  
Through my balm, every country and land shall be cured.  
They used to peek at the light through a crack in the wall  
But when the doors were opened, they became like bats<sup>154</sup>.  
Those treasures that were buried for thousands of years,  
Now I disburse them if there is one who is desirous. (390)

But these people turned into a hidden serpent for the Faith;  
They pleased the enemies but the Belovèd became grieved.  
They raise a din that I am a disbeliever and an Antichrist; they  
Took the pure for the impure, becoming consumers of dead.  
Though calling us a disbeliever they have moved far away;  
We still remain injured and heart-broken in their grief.  
We accept that their hearts have turned to stone  
But a spark of religiosity can still emerge even from a stone.  
However stonehearted they may be, we are not dismayed—  
The verse “Despair not. . . .<sup>155</sup>” strengthens the heart. (395)

Our task is to weep in front of the Merciful Lord—  
These trees will finally bear some fruit from this stream<sup>156</sup>.  
They denied, amidst whom the Messiah of the time appeared;  
Many a great ones passed away in the land in this desire<sup>157</sup>.  
I do not say that *my* self is the most purified of all—  
I do not say that these are the fruits of *my* deeds—  
I did not have a whit of news about this claim—  
Pray open and see the *Braheen*<sup>158</sup> so that you may believe.  
If someone says that the Quraysh deserved this<sup>159</sup> position,  
He should ask God Himself—it is not my affair. (400)

For me, that God is sufficient—I care not for the status;  
If you can, try being a *Mahdi* yourself with God’s command.  
Pretending is a curse and every pretender is accursed;  
He, too, is accursed who holds enmity against a truthful one.  
What shame that you sit thirsty by the side of a sweet brook;  
A lovely stream is flowing through the land of India!  
Pray ponder over these Signs<sup>160</sup> as to whose work are these;  
What is the use of lashing into fury like a crazed one?  
O deniers! Don’t become accused by God for no reason;  
This is God’s handiwork and not that of a pretender. (405)

These clear victories and these repeated Signs—  
Is a human capable of these? Is this the work of wily ones?  
Such quick and sudden fame after so many years,  
Does it not prove the truthfulness of the word of God?  
Pray ponder with some sense—is this an ordinary thing  
That is being talked about by every person and every town?

All your pretences are erased; no room is left for any objection;  
Pray tell now, O deniers, as to who is the one accursed.  
I am a servant in God's Court—my job is to worship; I have  
No concern with victory or fear of defeat in heart. (410)

Don't babble so much—He keeps an eye on the hearts;  
He looks at the heart's purity, not at the art of speech.  
Alas! How your intellect is totally stoned—  
The Faith is in the wolf's mouth and you help the wolf.  
Axes are falling from everywhere upon the Faith of Ahmad;  
Don't you see the nations and how they assail?  
What eyes are that that weep not after seeing this!  
What hearts are those that are not restless with this grief!  
The Faith is getting slapped by the nations today—  
The high minaret of Islam is overtaken by a quake. (415)

Has this calamity not reached the Throne of God?  
Would this sun of all religions now fall into an abyss?  
Now there's a spiritual war between this servant and the Satan;  
The heart is sinking, Lord,—this battles is very hard.  
Every prophet of his time had informed of this war—  
They had all prayed with their two tearful eyes.  
O God! Pray grant me victory over Satan with Thy grace;  
He is gathering together his countless forces.  
This battle is greater than the battle of Russia and Japan;  
I am weak and the opponent is a noted enemy. (420)

Thinking of this difficulty, the heart gets out of control;  
O the Refuge of my soul! Pray send a force of Angels.  
What bed of comfort is there during these distressing days?  
With grief, each day is getting worse than the darkest night.  
The world has come under siege by the forces of Satan;  
The situation is tough—pray show Thy might, O my Dear.  
It is now useless to ask for help from the progeny of man;  
Now we send up a petition in Thy Court, O Lord.  
Why would *they* help? What interest have *they* in helping?  
We're a disbeliever in their eyes, time and again. (425)

But I am constantly amazed at our people—  
Why don't they see what is becoming evident?  
Thank God, my sighs have not been wasted after all—  
Some took the form of plague and some the shape of quakes.  
On one side, the deadly plague is devastating the land—  
A hundred thousand men are falling victim to it—  
On the other side, such an earthquake came on Tuesday  
That created a scene of Doomsday with screams and wails.  
In an instant, thousands were dispatched from this world—  
How can I count all the houses that were razed? (430)

Once those high mansions, the frill and fancy of the masses,  
Then they were a heap of bricks, full of dirt and dust.  
Something like a pandemonium erupted all a sudden—  
Death was calling everywhere and there was restlessness.  
Many a town and hamlet were buried under mounts—  
Thousands of people died, departing from the world.  
The hearts have not softened even after seeing this Sign;  
Thus, only God knows what havoc do they await now.  
Those who were called pious, exceeded in malice the most;  
Is this the trait in memory of the Sheikh of Ghazna<sup>161</sup>? (435)

We tell the people that we, too, are the elect of the pious—  
The sprinkling of revelation from the Gracious falls on us, too.  
But those ignorant “receivers of revelation” became the first foes;  
They had a cable from high heavens with respect to disbelief!<sup>162</sup>  
All Signs came to naught in the presence of their malice—  
The dart of prejudice went right through their heart.  
They do not see the might of that Coverer of Weaknesses<sup>163</sup>;  
Even if we tell them, they continue to play their own tune.  
O pious ones! Wailing like yours is now totally useless—  
My attestation has come from heavens time and again. (440)

It was God’s decree that even you became my enemy—  
Once there were times of such affection and now such enmity!  
You washed all signs of our old fellowship from heart—  
Being a flower for a long time, you finally became a thorn.  
Whatever was the relationship between us is now lost,  
Alas! What came in their heart—I am so distressed by it.  
There is a clamour in the heavens but you are unaware—  
The day was bright but the dirt and dust has increased.  
A Sign is about to appear a few days from today, that will  
Cause havoc in the hamlets, towns and meadows; (445)

An upheaval shall visit the people through God’s wrath—  
An unclothed one will not be able to put on the clothes—  
All at once, through quakes, they will shake vigorously<sup>164</sup>—  
The people, the trees, the stones, and the seas.  
In a single instant, this earth shall toss and turn—  
The streams of blood will flow like water in a gulf.  
Those who possessed white garments in the evening,  
The morn will turn them like as the trees of sycamore<sup>165</sup>—  
The people and the birds will lose all their senses—  
All doves and nightingales will forget their songs. (450)

That time and hour shall be very hard on every traveller—  
They shall lose their way—befuddled and out of control.  
With the blood of the dead, the waterways in the mountains

Will turn to red as if they were scarlet wine.  
 All men and Jinn will be distressed with this fear—if Tsar  
 Were around, even he would be in a sorry state that moment.  
 That Sign of God will be like a catastrophe—  
 The heavens will assail, drawing their daggers.  
 Pray deny not in haste, O ignorant imbecile—  
 For the basis of my entire truthfulness rests upon it. (455)

It's a revelation from God; it shall come to pass without fail;  
 You be patient for a few days, being righteous and stoic.  
 Do not think that all this distrust will be forgiven—  
 This is a debt that will be paid back to you in full.

40.

**A LESSON IN UNITY**

*Darse Tawheed*

*Tashheezul-azhaan, December 1908*

He sees it—why do you attach your hearts with strangers?  
 What do you find in the idols that He does not have?  
 We pondered over the sun but did not find that light—  
 When we saw the moon, it too, was not like the Belovèd.  
 He is One, Unique and Immortal—  
 All are subject to death but He does not perish.  
 All good lies in attaching your heart with Him—  
 Pray seek only Him, friends, there is no loyalty in the idols.  
 Why do you attach your hearts with this place<sup>166</sup> of torment?  
 This place is like Hell—it is not a home in a garden. (5)

41.

**PROPHECY OF A GREAT WAR**

*Paishgoi Jange 'Azeem*

*From the notebook of the Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad*

This Sign of tremor that came to pass on Tuesday,  
 That was just a morsel fed to you early in the day.  
 A big feast is there in a few days, O heedless ones,  
 Of which the Gracious informs repeatedly in the Quran.  
 That moment is hard for the wicked and the sinners—  
 Being ground to bits they'll see the extent of this grinding.  
 It will dawn on the people as to who believes in his Faith:  
 Sacred place for purification is the *Ka'ba*<sup>167</sup> or the temple.  
 In the apparent wording of God's revelation it is a tremor—  
 But 'tis possible that it's a chastening of a different kind. (5)

Whatever it may be, there is nothing like it in the world—  
 Most unusual—regarded so on the Day of Reckoning.  
 This plague that is in the land—it is nothing compared

To that calamity that is in the likeness of the Doomsday.  
There is still time, repent quickly, so that mercy is shown;  
Why are you sitting in lethargy as if you've eaten opium?  
You are not made of iron; why don't you fear that moment  
Which will at once cause gaping chasms in the mountains?  
Such calamity shall visit the towns and the hamlets  
Which never had a like in the world at all. (10)

The places of joy will at once turn into places of mourning;  
Those who celebrated in joy will beat their breasts in grief.  
Those tall palaces and those high mansions—  
They will be knocked down as low as a hollow.  
With a single roll, the houses will become heaps of earth—  
The lives that will be lost will have no count.  
But there is mercy of God and there is no fear from it  
For those who bow at His Court in self-abasement.  
This is a thing of joy—all affairs rest in His Hand—  
He Who is slow in retribution and Who is Forgiving. (15)

When would it happen? God knows it, but He has  
Informed me that it would be the time of spring.  
“Spring comes again, God's Word is again fulfilled”—  
This is God's revelation—now ponder ye O shrewd ones.  
Recall the Quranic words:

*“When it is shaken a violent shaking”*<sup>168</sup>—

One day it'll happen what has been decreed from the Unseen.  
Those days shall be of great mourning—a terrible hour;  
But, for the righteous, those days will be like sweet fruit.  
It is fire, but all those shall be saved from this fire  
Who possess love for the God of Great Wonders. (20)

O heedless ones! Malice against the prophets is not good;  
Pray move far from it; it is an embankment with lions.  
Why don't you fear God? How the hearts have gone blind?  
Without God there is no support, O unfortunates ones.  
This is the last of the Signs that may work, otherwise  
There is no more hope for your correction.  
There is a commotion in the heavens due to God's wrath—  
Is there no one amongst you who is righteous and able?  
After this Sign, belief will not be considered worthy<sup>169</sup>—  
Like a garment discarded by those newly dressed. (25)

What is so special in getting purified *after* entering the fire?  
Good fortune is that you correct your heart right now.  
The days of kindness are gone—now that wrathful God  
Will display things as an ironsmith does with a hammer<sup>170</sup>.  
That moment, even Satan will be ready to prostrate—  
Hoping in his heart for another command for prostration.

Without God, there is no place in the world for refuge now  
Or, if possible, you start looking for an escape route now.  
'Tis hidden from you but I see it every moment—  
That time and day moves in front of my eyes. (30)

If you repent, it is good even now—there's no grief—  
You yourselves petition the wrath of the Forgiving God.  
That God has no like in tolerance and giving exaltation—  
Why do you avoid His commands like a crazed one?  
I wet my place of prostration through repeated crying—  
But these dry-hearted people have no fear of God.  
O God, pray show again a Sign through Thy grace, which will  
Make the necks bow down and will disgrace the liars.  
Pray show Thy greatness through a marvel, O Mighty One,  
Through which every heedless one can see Thy Face. (35)

Pray show something to those who deny Thy might—  
Pray change again this wilderness for a garden and greenery.  
It is alright if the earth quakes violently with tremors  
As long as people become righteous through the shaking.  
Faith and God-fearing are fading—take mercy, O Lord;  
We lay powerless. What to do—what course have we?  
My tears do not stop due to this heart-burning grief:  
The house of Faith is desolate but of the world stand high.  
Faith is nothing now—now the world is everything  
In eyes of those who own wealth, respect and honour. (40)

Wherever we see, there is fervour for atheism—  
There's mockery for Faith, shame for Prayers and fasting.  
This poisonous air grew out of honour and wealth—  
Like snake's venom, the high status caused haughtiness.  
High position only suits God—if man is high  
It is not a source of pride—it is a borrowed asset.  
The multitude of such proud ones destroyed the Faith—  
This is the grief in my heart that has made it wounded.  
O my Dearest, pray set me free of this flood of grief—  
Or else this life will be lost for Thee through this gloom. (45)

#### 42.

#### AVOID DISTRUST

#### *Bad Zani se Bacho*

*From the manuscripts of Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad*

If you do not have mischief in your heart,  
Then why don't you fear distrust?  
Anyone who has a habit of distrusting,  
He holds affection for evil.  
Distrusting is the vocation of the Satans—

Not the vocation of the righteous or the believers.  
The Satan propagates in your heart—  
It is for this reason that your deeds are feeble.  
Without doubt, only he acts distrustfully  
Who keeps this evil hidden in a veil. (5)

He is a sinner who lost his way—  
Who made lecherous looks his vocation.  
But never call a lover as wicked—  
Here you must refrain from ill presumption—  
If the lovers maintain a pious bearing —  
Be assured that this trait is a remedy for ills.  
But the difficulty in the entire matter is that  
There are few flowers without thorns in the garden.  
I may as well tell you this in this narrative  
As to who is called a lover in this world— (10)

A lover is he who through a measure of Fate  
Received an arrow from the bow of love—  
There is no lust or excitement of the self—  
He became intoxicated through the cups of love.  
His breast is lit with the fire of concern—  
He is not aware of anything else around.

#### 43.

#### RIDDANCE FROM DIFFICULTIES ....

*Hajoomo Mushkalat se Nijaat Hasil Karne ka Tariqa*

*Al-Fazl, 13 January 1928*

The following poem was given by the Promised Messiah to Sheikh Muhammad Bakhsh of Karianwala, District Gujrat, at a time when the latter was suffering from severe financial hardships. As a result of this prayer, God removed his difficulties.

One day for sure you'll face mortality—  
No one holds sway against what's decreed.  
One day you'll have to leave this mortal world—  
Everyone is compelled in face of God's command.  
It is a must that you always remain stoic, O man,  
In the face of grief and sorrow, dejection and torment.  
Pray be not disappointed from the Court of God—  
What are hardships for the Remover-of-Hardships!  
What needs of thine would helpless men fulfil?  
Thou state all thy needs to the Fulfiller-of-Needs. (5)

You should erase from heart the sign of duality<sup>171</sup>—  
Bow your head only before the Master of heavens and earth.  
There should be loathing for evil and love for virtue—  
One day you will also have to appear in front of God.



When does falsehood ever flourish against the truth?  
What worth has a stone compared to a precious gem!

44.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES

*Mutafaraq Ash'ar*

1.

The path of displaying of power is never limited—  
Setting limit on God's might is proclamation of Godhood.  
(*Braheene Ahmadiyya, part 4, page 401, 1884*)

2.

God provides proof of His Self through His might—  
This is the unveiling of that Incorporeal One.  
Anything that He says that He would definitely do,  
That thing is never deferred—this is what Godhood is!  
(*Ishtihaar I'laan, Amratsar, 22 March 1886*)

3.

Only He can tell Who actually created—  
How can anyone else recognise it?  
What would a stranger know about another stranger?  
How effective can the sight be from a distance?  
(*Surma Chashm Arya, page 184, 1886*)

4.

What burdens have we borne for the sake of Thy love!  
What a vista have the heavens shown after displaying Thee!  
(*Ishtihaar Mahak Akhiaar wa Ashraar, Surma Chashm Arya, 1886*)

5.

Whatever was ours, it now belongs to the Belovèd—  
Today, we belong to the Belovèd and the Belovèd is ours.  
Thank God we obtained that matchless Gem—  
What if the heart of the people turned to a hard stone.  
(*Azaala Auhaam, part 2, page 665, 1891*)

6.

When the outcome of the prophecy becomes evident,  
It would be a strange display of God's might.  
Difference between lies and truth will become manifest:  
Some would receive honour—some would be disgraced.  
(*Aina Kamalaate Islam, page 281, 1893*)

7.

What can the malice and spite of people do?  
He who does not have anyone, God is with him.

Besides God, there is no companion during hardship—  
Even the shadow leaves a person during the darkness!  
*(Sidenote to Ishtihar Mi'arul Akhiar wal Ashraar, March 1894)*

**8.**

A thousand curses be upon such a religion  
Whose teaching is such dishonesty.  
*(Arya Dharm, page 45, 1895)*

**9.**

O friends! Some attention is due unto God  
And for Mustafa—the leader of all creation.  
*(Ishtihaar 14 January 1897)*

**10.**

Anyone who enters the realm of the dead,  
He would find that path only if he is dead.  
Say, what match is there between the dead and the living?  
How can it be? Can someone explain it to us?  
*(Ayyamus-Suluh, page 143, 1899)*

**11.**

The unfortunate one died of his own assault—  
The head was cut off through his own sword.  
The entire reality of the sword became evident—  
Pray don't pride yourselves on that dead one.  
*(Nazool-ul-Masih, page 224, 1909)*

**12.**

What disbelievers are they that they don't accept?  
We have tried to explain it in a hundred ways.  
With the objective that they may get revived,  
We accepted in our heart even to die.  
Now the garden is full of the flowers,  
Let us depart<sup>172</sup>, O nightingale, the time has come.  
*(Tashheezul-Azhaan, December 1909)*

**13.**

Since the time, O Dear, we made Thee our Dear,  
We got given a new name<sup>173</sup> each new day.  
How can one threaten us with peoples' cursing?  
We have erased all such signs from our heart.  
*(From the manuscripts of Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad)*

**14.**

If they desire our life then so be it—at least  
The matter of the heart would get settled this way.  
The heart is not afraid facing a thousand demons—

Pray see how fearless the heart is.  
(*Al-Fazl*, 31 December 1913)

**15.**

It was time for the Messiah—not someone else’s time—  
If I had not come, someone else would have come!  
(*From the manuscripts of Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad*)

**16.**

The breeze of mercy is blowing—  
Whatever you pray today will be accepted.  
(*Nazool-ul-Masih*, page 225, 1909)

**17.**

I will remove darkness from that moon—  
I shall show that he transformed the world.  
(*Tadhkira*, page 427)

**45.**

**REVEALED VERSES**

*Ilhami Ash’ar*

**1.**

“What doubt do you have in accepting this Messiah,  
“Whose resemblance has been stated by God?  
“You give the same title to accomplished physicians —  
“Thus you turn exceedingly good ones into Messiah.”  
(*Fatah Islam*, title page, 1890)

**2.**

“The works of the Mighty have become manifest—  
“Those who called us disbeliever got arrested.  
“Those who called us disbeliever, got shamed—  
“Whatever their number—they all got arrested.”  
(*Appendix to Tohfa Golrwia*, Footnote, page 27, 1902)

**3.**

“What an assault it turned out to be by the enemy—  
“Despite this, it penetrated right through.”  
(*Al-Hakam*, 30 October 1902; *Tadhkira*, page 149)

**4.**

“That Lord is Mighty—He mends broken affairs—  
“He breaks what is complete—none knows His secret.”  
(*Al-Badr*, 22 November 1906)

**5.**

“The splendour of Ahmad<sup>174</sup> is beyond surmise and estimate,



**11.**

“They will grow like pine trees in the gardens.”

*(Written in 1901)*

**12.**

“I shall display the flash of this Sign five times.”

*(Tajalliyate Ilahiya, page 1; Haqeeqatul-Wahiy, page 93)*

**13.**

“Were Tsar around, he will be in a sorry state that moment.”

*(Braheene Ahmadiyya, part 5, page 120)*

**14.**

“Go Mubarak—may you be blessed in the Paradise.”

*(Khutba Eidul-Fitr, 6 May 1924 in Khutbatul-Mahmood, volume 1, page 83)*

## ENDNOTES

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<sup>1</sup> Similar to its Urdu counterpart, the Persian *Durr-e Sameen* is a compilation of all the Persian poems of Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad.

<sup>2</sup> Literally meaning a “traveller”. In mysticism, the term refers to a mystic who, walking on the path of love, seeks the nearness of God while at the same time maintaining a normal livelihood in society, as opposed to a hermit.

<sup>3</sup> A *dervish* is dedicated to a life of poverty, chastity and love of God.

<sup>4</sup> In Islamic theology, the *Mahdi* is to appear in the Latter Days of Islam to unite all Muslims and establish peace and justice in the world.

<sup>5</sup> Addressing his own followers and community.

<sup>6</sup> A *dependent prophet*, who strictly followed the religion of Islam and obeyed all the Traditions and directives of the Holy Prophet Muhammad.

<sup>7</sup> Eye-salve or collyrium is a fine powdery substance that is put in the eyes to make them appear shiny (popular custom in the eastern countries).

<sup>8</sup> “Seal of the Prophets” is a title of the Prophet Muhammad.

<sup>9</sup> “Ahmad” is a name of the Prophet Muhammad.

<sup>10</sup> Alluding to the apparent strictness of the Quranic commandments and regulations on the pattern of the Torah or the Books of Moses.

<sup>11</sup> Alluding to the obviously more charitable, forgiving and kinder teachings of the Messiah.

<sup>12</sup> Turks and Tatars, the supposedly handsome people of the Caucasus Mountains and Central Asia.

<sup>13</sup> The Aryas here refers to the followers of the Hindu sect, *Arya Samaaj*.

<sup>14</sup> Thirty verses of the Holy Quran.

<sup>15</sup> Referring to God’s Tradition to cause everyone to die.

<sup>16</sup> Alluding to frequent edicts by the Muslim clergy of the time against Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad that denounced him as a *kafir* or disbeliever.

<sup>17</sup> “Seal of the Prophets” is a title of the Prophet Muhammad.

<sup>18</sup> “Ahmad” is a name of the Prophet Muhammad.

<sup>19</sup> “*Kafir*” means a disbeliever or denier of the truth brought by the Prophet Muhammad.

<sup>20</sup> Meaning the Prophet Muhammad.

<sup>21</sup> Meaning the Prophet Muhammad.

<sup>22</sup> Baba Nanak’s cloak, that is a sacred relic for the Sikhs, has numerous verses of the Holy Quran written on it along with the Muslim declaration of faith: “There is none worthy of worship beside God; Muhammad is a prophet of God”.

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<sup>23</sup> Baba Nanak, or also known as Guru Nanak, lived in the 15<sup>th</sup> century C.E. and was the founder of the Sikh faith. Although the original teachings of Baba Nanak were based entirely on Islam, later innovation and some misunderstandings created a separate faith that is presently followed largely by the residents of eastern Punjab, in India.

<sup>24</sup> One of the descendents of Guru Nanak in whose hands this cloak came to be.

<sup>25</sup> *Janamsakhis*, literally meaning “birth stories”, are poetic biographical writings ascribed to the first Sikh Guru, Baba Nanak.

<sup>26</sup> Guru Angad Dev (1504-1552), the second of the eleven Sikh Gurus.

<sup>27</sup> Commonly known as Guru Granth, it is the Scriptures of the Sikh faith.

<sup>28</sup> Referring to interpolations that took place over time.

<sup>29</sup> A prehistoric people that spoke the Aryan language that belongs to the Indo-European group of languages. These people migrated from Asia Minor several thousand years before Christ and settled down in the land of India. Initially, these were the people who brought much of the Hindu religious traditions to India.

<sup>30</sup> The Chishti Way is the mystical practice followed by the seekers of God in the tradition of its founder, Mueenuddin Chishti.

<sup>31</sup> Meaning Baba Nanak.

<sup>32</sup> Sheikh was the common title of the religious leaders.

<sup>33</sup> Meaning One Who covers and hides the errors and sins of men.

<sup>34</sup> Referring to verses 62 and 64 where it mentions that Baba Nanak initially hid his true beliefs and conducted his prayers in secrecy.

<sup>35</sup> The word “physician” in classical languages was synonymous with a wise person.

<sup>36</sup> In Islamic mysticism, God is perceived to be hidden behind numerous veils and it is the duty of the God-seeker to peel these veils away to finally see the cherished Visage.

<sup>37</sup> “*Salik*” is a term in mysticism. As opposed to the Sufis (mystics) who seek only God, the Saliks also recognise the need for earning the daily bread.

<sup>38</sup> The reference here and in the following verses is to the Vedas.

<sup>39</sup> Meaning union with God.

<sup>40</sup> Meaning glimpse of the Belovèd.

<sup>41</sup> Addressing the Hindus, the followers of the Vedas.

<sup>42</sup> Referring to the Cloak.

<sup>43</sup> Mirza Bashiruddin Mahmood Ahmad, the oldest son of Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad.

<sup>44</sup> “*Ameen*” is a religious ceremony in Islamic culture that is celebrated when a child completes the reading of the Holy Quran.

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- <sup>45</sup> Amman Jan, meaning dear mother, is the respectful title of Seyeda Nusrat Jehan Begum, the wife of Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad. Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad writes this poem on behalf of his wife, reflecting her emotions in his words.
- <sup>46</sup> Referring to the Holy Quran.
- <sup>47</sup> Referring to *Surah al-Fatiha* or the Opening Chapter of the Holy Quran.
- <sup>48</sup> Meaning the Prophet Muhammad.
- <sup>49</sup> Meaning the person of the Prophet Muhammad.
- <sup>50</sup> They give up the idols of stone only to take on the worldly things as their idols.
- <sup>51</sup> Finished reading the Quran.
- <sup>52</sup> “Discriminant”, meaning something that differentiates between truth and falsehood, is a commonly used name for the Holy Quran.
- <sup>53</sup> Referring to the act of God-fearing.
- <sup>54</sup> Meaning this world.
- <sup>55</sup> Their ancestry can be traced back to the Prophet Muhammad.
- <sup>56</sup> Meaning the basis of hope and good changes in the world.
- <sup>57</sup> Instruments of bringing good changes in the world.
- <sup>58</sup> Meaning that God will show that Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad’s Promised Son will turn the world around to a better direction from the one it is headed now.
- <sup>59</sup> According to mystic tradition in Islam, God is hidden from eyes behind numerous veils.
- <sup>60</sup> Dying in the sense of abasing one’s self in the path of God.
- <sup>61</sup> Meaning the Prophet Muhammad.
- <sup>62</sup> Referring to a common misconception among most Muslims that Jesus son of Mary is still alive in Heaven while the Prophet Muhammad remains buried in the ground.
- <sup>63</sup> Meaning the Prophet Muhammad.
- <sup>64</sup> Alluding to one title of the Prophet Muhammad as the Seal of the Prophets, meaning the most excellent prophet (also misinterpreted by mainstream Muslims as the Last Prophet).
- <sup>65</sup> Meaning Jesus son of Mary should return from the dead.
- <sup>66</sup> Referring to the Companions of the Prophet Muhammad.
- <sup>67</sup> The small hamlet where Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad was born and lived most of his life.
- <sup>68</sup> Ahmad is another name of the Prophet Muhammad.
- <sup>69</sup> Referring to the common misconception among the Muslims that *Jihad*—literally meaning striving for faith—has to be carried out by the sword and not by other means.
- <sup>70</sup> Referring to a Tradition of the Prophet Muhammad.



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- <sup>71</sup> Referring to the most authentic collection of the Traditions of the Prophet Muhammad compiled by Sheikh Isma'il Bukhari.
- <sup>72</sup> Referring to verse 5:106 of Surah *al-Ma'idah* in the Holy Quran.
- <sup>73</sup> Mahdi—literally meaning The Guided One—is the long-awaited figure in Islamic tradition that is to appear in the Latter Days of Islam to unify all mankind under one banner and faith.
- <sup>74</sup> Referring to the eclipses of the sun and the moon in 1894 in fulfilment of the prophecy by the Prophet Muhammad relating to the advent of the Mahdi.
- <sup>75</sup> Alluding to the saying of the Prophet Muhammad that a Reformer and Renovator shall appear in Islam at the head of every century.
- <sup>76</sup> Meaning “table laid with food”.
- <sup>77</sup> Referring to the Islamic (*Hijra*) century at the beginning of which a Reformer is expected to come according to the Traditions of the Prophet Muhammad.
- <sup>78</sup> Partnership with God, meaning holding others equal unto Him.
- <sup>79</sup> Innovation is generally frowned upon since it introduces many undesirable changes in traditional religion.
- <sup>80</sup> Referring to the followers of the Hindu sect, the Arya Samaaj.
- <sup>81</sup> Referring to the serious outbreak of plague in India at the end of the nineteenth century.
- <sup>82</sup> The followers of the Hindu sect, the Arya Samaaj.
- <sup>83</sup> Same theme as in the Quranic verse: “God is the Light of the heavens and the earth.”
- <sup>84</sup> Referring to the Faith of Islam.
- <sup>85</sup> The followers of the Hindu sect, the Arya Samaaj.
- <sup>86</sup> Lekh Ram was a leader of the Arya Samaaj, who persistently attacked the honour and character of the Prophet Muhammad. Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad prophesied that if he does not desist, he would meet with a terrible punishment within a specified number of years. As a result of this, Lekh Ram was mysteriously murdered in his own home and the perpetrator was never caught.
- <sup>87</sup> Meaning earlier faiths.
- <sup>88</sup> The people who follow Niyog, a special custom among some Hindus to obtain a child.
- <sup>89</sup> Lekh Ram, a leader of the Arya Samaaj, who persistently attacked the honour and character of the Prophet Muhammad. Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad prophesied that if he does not desist, he would meet with a terrible punishment within a specified number of years. As a result of this, Lekh Ram was mysteriously murdered in his own home and the perpetrator was never caught.
- <sup>90</sup> Referring to the Arya Samaaj, a sect of Hinduism.
- <sup>91</sup> Referring to disrespect for the prophets and other righteous people.
- <sup>92</sup> The following footnote is by the author himself:  
“If there are such people among them who do not vilify the pious prophets of God, and possess ability and nobility, they are not included in our address.”

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<sup>93</sup> *Niyog* is a special custom among certain Hindus wherein a woman may conceive a child by sleeping with a man other than her husband.

<sup>94</sup> The following footnote is by the author himself:

“At this place, what is meant by the word “Vedas” is that teaching that is published by the Arya Samaaj according to their understanding. Otherwise, it should be remembered that we defer the true reality of the Vedas unto God. We do not know as to the additions or deletions these people have made therein. While there are hundreds of sects that claim submission to the Vedas in India and Punjab, how can we place the blame of any specific sect upon the Vedas? Furthermore, this is also proved that the Vedas have been altered, too. Thus, due to alteration, it is futile to hope for any good from them.”

<sup>95</sup> The following footnote is by the author himself:

“It should be remembered that what we mean here by the teachings of the Vedas is those teachings and those principles that the Aryas demonstrate and state that the teaching of *Niyog* is in the Vedas. According to them, the Vedas announce loudly that if a person has no children, or has only girls, then it is compulsory for him to allow his wife to sleep with another and thus obtain a boy for her salvation. This relationship can be maintained until eleven boys have been conceived. If the husband is travelling, then the wife herself—with the intention of *Niyog*—can develop a relationship with another so that she can obtain children in this way and, on the return of her husband, may make a present unto him and show to him that while he went journeying in pursuit of goods, she earned such wealth in his absence.

“Thus, intellect and honour of mankind can never suggest such a shameful act to be permissible. How can it do it while this wife has not been divorced from her husband and is not free of the confinement of marriage with him?

“Alas! Alas! These are the things that the Arya people ascribe to the Vedas. However, we cannot say whether this teaching is in reality that of the Vedas. It is possible that certain monks who remained abstinent, and were overwhelmed by sexual emotions, made up these things by themselves and attributed them to the Vedas. Or these things may have been included in the Vedas through alteration. The Hindu scholars have written that the Vedas have endured a period when considerable alterations were made in them and many of their pure religious edicts were altered. Otherwise, the intellect does not accept that the Vedas would teach such a thing. Nor any sound mind accepts this thing that a person would make his pious wife sleep with another for the sake of merely obtaining children and without giving her divorce or separating from her in a legal manner. For such acts belong to dishonourable men. However, if a woman has obtained a divorce, and she has no relation with her husband, then under the circumstances it is possible for such a woman to marry another. There is no objection to it or blame against her chastity. Otherwise, we announce loudly that the outcome of *Niyog* is not good.

“On one hand, the people of Arya Samaaj are opposed to the veiling of women—that it is a Muslim custom. On the other hand, the “chaste” principle of *Niyog* is reaching the ears of women every day and it is established in the minds of these women that they can sleep with other men. Every wise one can now understand that after listening to such things—particularly when they are mentioned with reference to the Vedas—how the base emotions of women will rage in them. They may even take several steps more. Furthermore, when the bridge of veiling is gone as well, then everyone can understand the extent to which the flood of these impious emotions will ruin a home. For this reason, several examples of this thing are present in Jagan Naath and Benaras. How we wish that a person of understanding were born among these people!

“We don’t understand as well why having children is necessary for obtaining salvation. Are persons such as Pandit Dianand—who did not marry and had no children—are deprived of salvation? Such salvation be cursed if it is obtained by making one’s wife sleep with another and by making her commit such an act that is like adultery in the eyes of the world, and but for such impious action no salvation is available.

“We do not understand as well that all those thousands of abilities and traits that are present in the souls, and in the cells of the body, that they are all by themselves from the beginning and are not obtained from God. Then what use is such a God for? And what is the proof of His existence? And why should He be called God? And why should He be obeyed completely while His own upbringing is not complete? And

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how did He come to possess the knowledge of those abilities that He did not create Himself? While He does not possess the power to create a single soul, then in what sense is He called Almighty—while His power is only limited to putting things together?

“My heart testifies that these impious teachings are not at all in the Vedas. God is only God if He is the source of all graces. Although the Vedantists have also made errors, with a little reformation, their faith does not remain objectionable. But the faith of Dianand appears to be total filth. Dianand has followed those false philosophers and logicians who had nothing to do with the Vedas. They were in fact the hidden enemies of the Vedas. It is for this reason that there is no such respect for God in their faith as should be there. Nor does it have the teachings of pure-hearted monks to strive and find God. This unfortunate person has only taught his disciples prejudice, and malice and vilification against the pious prophets of God. Or you could say that he has administered unto them a bowl of poison.

“The gist of our talk is that our objection is against the suppositious Vedas of Dianand and not against any Book of God.”

<sup>96</sup> Referring to the teachings of the Vedas.

<sup>97</sup> The following footnote is by the author himself:

“If there are such people among them who do not vilify the pious prophets of God, and they possess sense and nobility, then they are excluded from our address.”

<sup>98</sup> The following footnote is by the author himself:

“It should be remembered that this opinion of ours is concerning those followers of Arya Samaaj who have proved the filth of their character through posters, magazines and newspapers. They have called the pious prophets of God a thousand names. Their newspapers and books are present with us. We do not include the persons of gentle disposition at this place. Nor do they like such method.”

<sup>99</sup> Referring to Scriptures of other religions.

<sup>100</sup> Meaning Scriptures of other religions.

<sup>101</sup> The cave where the Prophet Muhammad used to meditate and received the first Quranic revelation.

<sup>102</sup> The Prophet Muhammad is frequently called the Moon of Dark Nights since he appeared during an age of darkness.

<sup>103</sup> The following footnote is from the author himself:

“The meaning of the word ‘*jande*’ here is lock. It is not intended to demonstrate any skills in poetry nor do I like this appellation for myself. For this reason, I have used some words of the Punjabi language at some places. Our objective is not Urdu, per se, but to introduce the truth to the hearts and we have no concern with poetry as such.

<sup>104</sup> One of the rituals during Pilgrimage to the Ka’ba is to go around it seven times.

<sup>105</sup> The dust that remains after the human body is totally consumed.

<sup>106</sup> Meaning the Holy Quran

<sup>107</sup> In the Urdu verse, the reference is actually to *Kerbala*, the field where the grandson of the Prophet Muhammad, Hussain, was martyred at the hands of his enemies.

<sup>108</sup> Eye-salve or collyrium is a fine powdery substance that is put in the eyes to make them appear shiny (popular custom in the eastern countries).

<sup>109</sup> The following footnote is by the author himself:

“It should be remembered that we are not at all attacking the Vedas. We do not know as to what excesses were committed in their commentaries. Hundreds of Arya sects rely upon the Vedas for their beliefs,

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although they are enemies of one another and have severe differences among themselves. Thus, at this place, we mean from the Vedas those teachings and principles that have been published by the Arya Samaaj.”

<sup>110</sup> Referring to the Declaration of Islamic Faith: “There is none worthy of worship except God; Muhammad is a Messenger of God”.

<sup>111</sup> One claim of Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad was that he has come as the second coming of Jesus Christ in a spiritual and metaphoric sense.

<sup>112</sup> The following footnote is by the author himself:  
“I am named Ghulam Ahmad who is the promised Messiah from God. Mubarak Ahmad, who is mentioned above, was my son who died at the time of the Morning Prayer on Monday 7 Sha’ban 1325 A.H. (equivalent to 16 September 1907). He went and met his God according to a revealed prophecy. This is so because God stated through my tongue that he had come into this world through God’s Hand and will return unto Him at a young age.”

<sup>113</sup> Referring to the incident mentioned in the Holy Quran where Khizer teaches some lessons to Moses through several actions of the former but Moses questions the wisdom of each action.

<sup>114</sup> A constellation of several closely placed stars in the sky that is considered a symbol of eminence. Also refers to a Tradition of the Prophet Muhammad in which he stated that in the latter days when Islam will go to the Pleiades (meaning that it will leave the people of the earth), then a man of Persian descent would bring it back.

<sup>115</sup> The small hamlet where Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad was born and spent most of his life.

<sup>116</sup> Martin Clark was a Christian missionary who accused Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad of plotting to kill him. The case was tried in the court of Captain Douglass who investigated the matter thoroughly and determined that a witness had been coerced into making a false testimony against Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad. The case was then dismissed.

<sup>117</sup> Referring to the eclipses of the sun and the moon in 1894.

<sup>118</sup> In a camel caravan, the lead camel driver pulls on the nose-ring of his camel to change his direction and all the camels that are connected to each other by strings running from the tail of one camel to the nose of the one behind, follow the lead camel.

<sup>119</sup> A name of the Prophet Muhammad.

<sup>120</sup> Meaning the Community founded by the Prophet Muhammad (Ahmad was one of his names).

<sup>121</sup> Again, meaning the garden of the Prophet Muhammad (Ahmad was one of his names)

<sup>122</sup> Referring to the eclipsing of the sun and the moon as a Sign for the truth of the Promised Messiah.

<sup>123</sup> Meaning the offices of the Government.

<sup>124</sup> Meaning unto all the prophets.

<sup>125</sup> Referring to the Quranic verse 5:4 that reads: “This day have I perfected your religion for you and completed upon you My favour ....”

<sup>126</sup> The Determiner of right and wrong, Meaning God.

<sup>127</sup> Referring to the Quranic verse 7:24 where Adam and Eve confess to their own wrongdoing.

<sup>128</sup> Meaning Traditions and Sayings of the Prophet Muhammad.

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- <sup>129</sup> The small hamlet in northern India where Mirza Ghulam Ahmad was born and spent practically all his life.
- <sup>130</sup> Referring to *Braheene Ahmadiyya* (The Proofs of Ahmadiyyat) that was published between 1882 and 1884, in four volumes.
- <sup>131</sup> The famous musk from the deer in Tatar (Central Asia).
- <sup>132</sup> Meaning death of one's self and ego.
- <sup>133</sup> The promise in Islam of the advent of *Mahdi* in the Latter Days to unite all faiths and establish peace in the world.
- <sup>134</sup> Meaning the fourteenth century of Islam when many Muslims awaited the advent of the *Mahdi*.
- <sup>135</sup> A *dervish* is dedicated to a life of poverty, chastity and love of God.
- <sup>136</sup> Meaning wandering in the wilderness.
- <sup>137</sup> In Islamic theology, the *Mahdi* is to appear in the Latter Days of Islam to unite all Muslims and establish peace and justice in the world.
- <sup>138</sup> Referring to the King of Britain who also ruled India at the time.
- <sup>139</sup> Literally meaning a "traveller". In mysticism, the term refers to a mystic who, walking on the path of love, seeks the nearness of God while at the same time maintaining a normal livelihood in society, as opposed to a hermit.
- <sup>140</sup> Meaning the Fire of Hell.
- <sup>141</sup> The Discriminant (meaning that which discriminates between good and evil), is another name for the Holy Quran.
- <sup>142</sup> Referring to the early 1880s when the first book of Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad, *Braheene Ahmadiyya*, was published.
- <sup>143</sup> It is a popularly held Islamic belief that any pretender to false prophethood will not survive the same period that was the duration of Prophet Muhammad's ministry, a period of about 22-23 years.
- <sup>144</sup> Referring to the Prophet Muhammad.
- <sup>145</sup> Addressing his own followers and community.
- <sup>146</sup> One of the most sought after musk comes from the secretions of the Central Asian deer.
- <sup>147</sup> A famous Iranian general known for his bravery and fighting skills.
- <sup>148</sup> An ancient Iranian king.
- <sup>149</sup> In Islamic literature, Traditions refer to the sayings and actions of the Prophet Muhammad that are a model and illustration of true Islamic behaviour. However, there are many narratives included among the various collections of such Traditions that are in contradiction to Quranic teachings due to inaccurate reporting or falsification.
- <sup>150</sup> Muslim and Bukhari were the two earliest compilers of the Traditions of the Prophet Muhammad.
- <sup>151</sup> Meaning Faith of Islam.

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<sup>152</sup> The following footnote is by the author himself:

“It is proved from the earlier books and the authentic Traditions that the age of the world is seven thousand years from Adam (peace be upon him). It is to this that the Holy Quran points in the verse, “*A day by thy Lord is a thousand years of your reckoning*” (*Al-Hajj*, 22:48), meaning that one day for God is like a thousand years for you. God has revealed this unto my heart that the time passed in lunar reckoning from Adam until the time of the Holy Prophet (peace be upon him) is the same as indicated by the numeric value of the letters of this Chapter. According to this, it is the seven thousandth year from Adam by lunar reckoning that provides proof for the end of the world. This reckoning that is obtained through the numeric values of the letters in *Surah al-‘Asr*, corresponds very closely to that of the Jews’ and the Christians’ reckonings. It is important to consider the lunar and solar reckonings. It is found in their books that it is necessary for the promised Messiah to appear in the six thousandth year—and it has been many years since the six thousandth year has passed.”

<sup>153</sup> Referring to the Traditions.

<sup>154</sup> Meaning that when light dawned upon them in full brilliancy, they shunned it like the bats.

<sup>155</sup> Referring to the Quranic verse 12:88: “... *and despair not of the mercy of God*” with reference to Jacob’s exhortation to his sons to go out and look for the lost Joseph.

<sup>156</sup> Meaning stream of tears.

<sup>157</sup> In the desire that the Messiah would appear among them.

<sup>158</sup> Referring to the *Braheene Ahmadiyya*, the first book written by Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad in the early 1880s.

<sup>159</sup> Meaning the position of the Promised Messiah and Mahdi.

<sup>160</sup> The following footnote is by the author himself:

“Until now, many thousands of God’s Signs have appeared through my hand. The earth has shown Signs for me as well as the heavens. They appeared among the friends as well as among the enemies—for which hundreds of thousands of persons are witness. And if these Signs are counted individually in detail, they reach about a million. Thus all praise belongs to Him.”

<sup>161</sup> Referring to Hadhrat Ali Hujwari, a mystic from Ghazna, who is popularly known as Data Ganj Bakhsh in the Indo-Pak subcontinent.

<sup>162</sup> This verse is an accusatory one, meaning that there are people who act as if they receive revelations and as if they have received direct word from God as to who is to be regarded a disbeliever.

<sup>163</sup> One of the attributes of God Who covers or hides the sins and weaknesses of people from becoming evident.

<sup>164</sup> The following footnote is by the author himself:

“The word “earthquake” occurs repeatedly in God’s revelation. And He states that it would be a quake that would be a likeness of Doomsday. In fact, it should be called the Doomsday Quake to which the *Surah al-Zilzal* points. But, until now, I cannot apply this word of quake to its apparent meaning with certainty. It is possible that it is not a usual quake but another severe calamity that displays a Doomsday scenario whose likeness has not been seen during these times, and it brings a severe destruction upon the living and the buildings.

“However, if such an unusual Sign does not appear and the people do not clearly mend their ways, then under these conditions I will stand false. However, I have written it time and again that this severe calamity that God has likened to an earthquake has nothing to do with religious differences nor can this calamity visit someone for being a Hindu or a Christian. Nor by the fact that someone has not given his allegiance unto me. All these people are safe from this anxiety. However, one who may otherwise belong

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to any Faith, if he practises the committing of crimes and is seeped in sin and error and is an adulterer, murderer, thief, oppressor, unnecessarily evil-wisher, foul of tongue, and follows evil ways, he should fear it. And if he repents, then even he has no fear. And this calamity can pass away by the people being righteous and following the way of piety. It is not certain.”

<sup>165</sup> Meaning bare, like the sycamore tree during autumn.

<sup>166</sup> Meaning this world.

<sup>167</sup> *Ka'ba* is the house of worship built by Abraham. Located in Mecca, it marks the direction towards which the Muslims face during their ritual prayers.

<sup>168</sup> Referring to verse 99:2, “*When the earth is shaken with her (violent) shaking*”.

<sup>169</sup> Meaning that believing after seeing such a vivid Sign will decrement the value of faith that should have been shown in the Unseen.

<sup>170</sup> The following footnote is by the author himself:  
“It should be remembered that the calamity to which this prophecy points, it has been repeatedly referred to by God in the words of earthquake. Although apparently it is an earthquake—and the apparent words do indicate it to be an earthquake—but because the metaphors are always present in God’s Tradition, therefore it can be said that probably it is an earthquake or else it is some other life-threatening and unusual punishment that carries a hue of earthquake in it. The need for repeatedly publicising it comes from the fact that the earlier news of the earthquake that was not publicised well, led to the loss of many lives. Therefore, I deemed it fit that the second prophecy concerning the earthquake should be conveyed to the people to the best of my ability so that the hearts tend to reform through repeated publicising.

“For this calamity to pass by, it is not necessary for a person to be a Christian or a Hindu or a Muslim or one who gives his allegiance to us. However, it is necessary that people adopt piety and give up criminal activity.”

<sup>171</sup> Meaning that there is also someone else besides God who could conceivably help.

<sup>172</sup> The reference to departing here is with respect to the passing away of the author himself.

<sup>173</sup> Names being called by the people in the form of invectives and vituperation.

<sup>174</sup> Ahmad is another name of the Prophet Muhammad.