

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE LATE MOULANA BARAKATULLAH.

SIR,—Early last month the late Maulana Barakat Ullah, the well-known patriot and scholar, came to this country. He was in very poor health. Indeed it is a wonder that he was able to travel all the way from Germany alive. There was no body to take care of him, or look after him, so he asked me to do so, to which I naturally agreed.

So during the last month I did not even get a moment for myself, so that I could pen you a line. I had to be with him every moment of the day and a good part of the night. He was very sick, the poor Maulvi. And he succumbed to the illness. His death is a great loss indeed to the Muslim world, particularly India. Such persons are not born every day. It was my good fortune to be with him during his last days and serve him, and to have his good will. He was a victim of Diabetes, and had been suffering from it for years; he was in its last stage when he came here. He had the very best of medical attentions, but he had gone too far.

Towards the end, he seemed to improve, but for the last two or three days he was getting worse too rapidly, until on the last day he went into coma from which he never recovered. He was not a very old man, being only 63 years of age. But continual travel, hurry, and, most of all, worry and mental strain had resulted in this. For the last forty years and more, he had been out of India, and was eternally on the go. Not for a moment taking care of physical comfort, he made the greatest sacrifice for the case of India and Islam, that any compatriot of ours has yet made, as far as my knowledge goes.

May his soul rest in peace. He was buried in Sacraments (which is the capital of California), where we have a part of the cemetery. People of India from all parts of the country—Sikhs, Hindus, and Muslims,—came to join his funeral. It took place last week. The news of his demise was sent to the Indian, and also the American, press by cable by Mr. Syed Hussain who fortunately was also here.

San Francisco, (U.S. A.) Yours faithfully,

MIRZA DAUD BAIG.