

A Visit to Historical Place

Outlines:

- Introduction
- Tomb of Jahangir
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Cowper Said:

“What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! How sweet their memory still”

In this modern age, we remain busy day and night like a machine. Our minds are all the time pre occupied with the worries and responsibilities of everyday life. We are unable to understand the need of pleasure in human life. In this hurly burly world of tumult and turmoil, people become dull in soul and drab in spirit. Round the clock they are engrossed in materialistic pursuits. They feed their big bellies but do nothing for their vexed souls. They have confined themselves to the small stinging nooks of the houses or the offices. They toil from dawn to dusk to make loads of money. Life has become flat, boring and monotonous for them. They spare no time to enjoy a fresh nutritious breath. They have no time to spend in the company of balmy nature.

W. H. Davis says:

“What is this life if full of care, we have no time to stand and stare.”

I, like men of today, live a busy hectic life but I do spare some time for the enlightenment of my soul. In this age of hurries and worries, a picnic provides an escape from monotonous routine of life. Visits are a great source of information. When we go from one place to another, we are sure to learn a lot. Particularly, visits to historical places teach us so many things. Sometimes such places tell us stories better than the books on history. It is well said,

“Architecture is a frozen music”

A visit to historical place is always valuable for a student. It enriches his Knowledge and increases his

vision. As it is said,

“All the history is the biography of great men”

Last Sunday, we decided to go for outing. I had not seen the tomb of Jahangir. So we agreed that this historical place should be visited. Tomb of Jahangir is situated at Shahdara, four miles away from Lahore. After two hours we reached there by bus. We were much excited. The magnificent Tomb of Jahangir was before our eyes. The four tall minarets of the tomb can be seen from a distance. On entering the gate we saw big grassy lawns on either side of the roads. The mausoleum is in a park enclosed by high walls. There were green grassy plots with fountains on either side of the passage. The parks were full of blooming flowers. They were spreading their fragrance all around. It was very charming sight.

Luther Burbank says:

“Flowers always make people better, happier and more helpful.”

There were also some cool shady trees. Many birds were sitting in the twigs of these trees. They were chirping. The flowers were presenting a colourful sight. In such an attractive atmosphere, I began to sing the beautiful verses of Keats:

**“Ah, happy happy bough that cannot shed your leaves,
nor ever bid the spring adieu.”**

In front of the tomb there was a beautiful fountain. It was sprinkling its light shower. The drizzling of drops produced a charming music. We were no less happy than Words-worth when he entered the enchanted valley. I started singing his beautiful verses:

“Oh there is blessing in this gentle breeze That blows from the green fields and from the clouds, And from the sky: it beats against my cheek And seems half conscious of the joy it gives.”

Soon afterwards, we entered the edifice that contains the grave of the emperor. The room was decorated with colourful designs. It is wonderful piece of Muslim architecture. We offered “Fateha” there. A wise man said:

“The places are indeed great, enclosing the great people.”

We went up to the terrace and had a view of the city of Lahore. It was a beautiful sight. The cool breeze and deep blue sky had a magical effect on us. We came down and sat under a tree to take rest. We had some light refreshment. Soon it was evening and the light began to fade. The silence and peace of the place affected us strangely. The death of the great king, the brave warrior and skillful administrator showed to us that everybody had to leave this world. The emperor lay forgotten in his grave. There was none of his courtiers to salute him. Our minds were full of solemn thoughts when we left the place. We were pondering over the mystery of death and the eternity of nature.

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We all agreed with Shakespeare.

“ In Nature’s infinite book of secrecy a little I can read .”



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