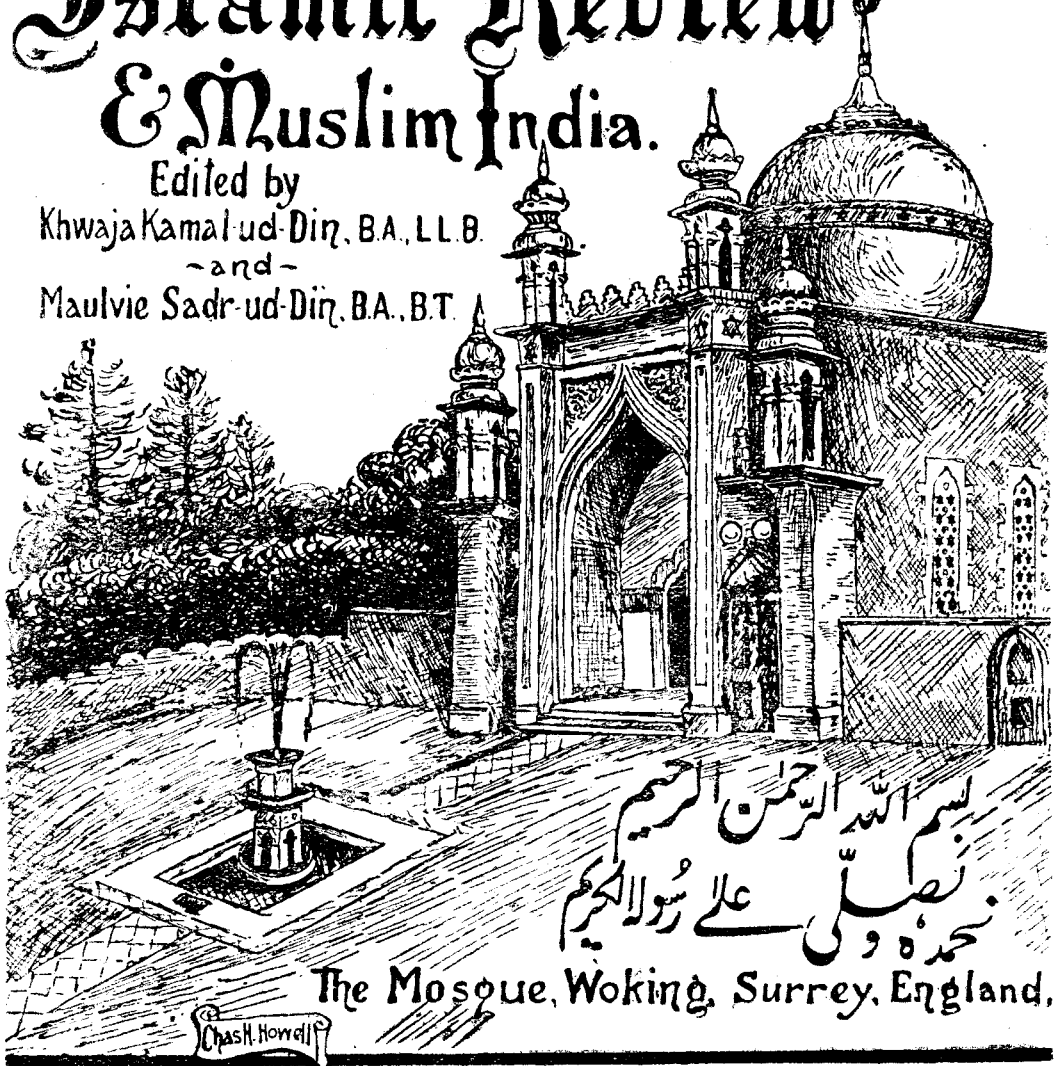


# Islamic Review & Muslim India.

Edited by  
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—and—  
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بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ  
 مُحَمَّدٌ وَآلُهُ عَلَى سُلَالَةِ الْكُرَمِ

# ISLAMIC REVIEW

AND

## MUSLIM INDIA

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### THE HOLY QUR-ÂN

THE Arabic text in beautiful writing, with English translation and commentary, of the Holy Qur-ân by MAULVI MUHAMMAD ALI, M.A., LL.B., will be out very shortly, and the names of purchasers are now booked by the Manager, The Mosque, Woking (Surrey). The Holy Book will run to about 1,300 pages, will be printed on first-class India paper, and will be well bound. Price 20s.

### THE FEAST OF SACRIFICE

I AM happy to announce that the Grand Muslim Festival in memory of the sacrifice of his son by Abraham will take place on Sunday, 8th October. It is a festival in which the followers of the two sister religions of Islam, Judaism and Christianity, are also interested, because all these three religions venerate Abraham—the common ancestor of Moses, Jesus, and Muhammad. Fortunately the festival falls this year on a Sunday, which is a day of general holiday in these islands. In the last festival held on 1st August different parts of the world were represented by large numbers, and the East and the West, the North and the South embraced each other with fraternal affection on the lawn at the Mosque, Woking. This time I hope the number will be larger still. Our brother Khwaja Kamal-ud-Din is expected to be with us on that occasion, and I am sure all of us will be glad to extend to him our hearty welcome. It will be my last Eid in these islands, so I should personally like to bid farewell to all my brothers and sisters, British, Egyptian, African, Persian, Turkish, French, Belgian, Russian, and Indian, etc., on that occasion, and wish them all happiness and prosperity.

By the grace of Almighty Allah people of different races and colour and even creeds are beginning to realize under the ægis of Islam the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, and are meeting one another without the prejudices of caste, or sex, or rank in the worship of the one *Rabb-ul-almin*—the common Creator, Cherisher, and Father of the whole universe. Let one and each of us take a share in building up this Grand Monument of universal goodwill and peace. *Salamun qualun min Rabbil-Rahim*—"Peace is the word of the God of Mercy," says the Holy Qur-ân. Let us demonstrate on Sunday, 8th October, in the sacred precincts of the Mosque at Woking, that war and hatred are but temporary disarrangements of the affairs of human society, which essentially and permanently rest upon mutual love and affection. Let us learn the lesson from the great Patriarch that sacrifice is the key to success. Muslims and non-Muslims all are welcome.

SADR-UD-DIN.

**HAJI KHWAJA KAMAL-UD-DIN**

FAR be it from me to presume that Khwaja Kamal-ud-Din stands in need of any introduction from me on his intended return to this country. He is no stranger to this land. He went away from Woking only a couple of years ago on his tour to Syria and Arabia, and is now coming from his own country—India. I have no doubt that he will receive a hearty welcome from all his friends in this country. Why I have been tempted to write these few lines about him is because the work he has so selflessly taken upon himself to do in this country, the exile which he has voluntarily taken upon himself far, far away from his own people, is dear to my heart; and I claim to know something of it, as about a dozen years ago I tried to do the same work in a humbler way conjointly with my dear friend, Dr. Abdullah Suhrwardy.

I do not know whether it is a matter of any pride or not, but it is a fact all the same, that Islam has not, nor ever had, such an organized missionary system with paid professional preachers and priests as Christianity possesses. The Christian missionary system is a wonderful organization. It possesses colossal wealth at its disposal. It has the might of very powerful states at its back. It has a very large army of highly paid preachers. It has innumerable well-organized societies, schools, colleges, hospitals. The Bible is printed and published in millions and distributed almost everywhere.

Islam, on the other hand, has only its own merits to fall back upon. About fifteen years ago Dr. Suhrwardy came to this country to study for the Civil Service examination. Three years later I came to study for the Bar. But we succeeded in securing a good many ladies and gentlemen of this country as converts to Islam. When, on our return to India, we told our countrymen that there was great scope for Islam in Europe because people had intellectually grown out of Christianity, our brothers ridiculed the idea. We were branded as visionaries. But a few years later our brother Khwaja Kamal-ud-Din took in his mind to try. He had a very good practice as a pleader; he was a very popular man; he had a large family. But the impulse of being a missionary of his beloved faith overpowered him, and he came to this country. It was a great act of personal self-sacrifice. It was also a leap in the dark as to the prospects. He had no supporters. For a long time he lived

in the Mosque house with a solitary companion—Mr. Nur Ahmad. He had to change his life of luxury in India to that of poverty in this country. This was an altogether alien country for him, because although he was well conversant with its language, he did not know anything of the ways and manners of the people. The people of the town were quite unfamiliar with his ways and manners. To them even his turban was novel. The object he had in view was very grand, but it was not easy to achieve, because he had limited resources at his disposal, and the old-established prejudices of the people and misrepresentations of clergymen against Islam to contend with. In the modern history of Islam perhaps his was the solitary example where a man had come to a foreign country with the sole purpose of showing the people of that country the way to Islam. It is true that every Muslim is a preacher of his faith, because every Muslim worth the name lives his faith. Islam is a rational faith ; it is devoid of mysteries. It is a practical faith ; it is in the nature of man to follow it. But in old days there were people who devoted themselves wholly to its study, who went to foreign lands simply to preach it ; while in recent times the credit of initiating a mission to a non-Muslim country rests upon none but Haji Khwaja Kamal-ud-Din. He deserves the thanks of the whole Muslim world. His self-sacrifice, his sincerity, have been rewarded. He and his co-helper, Maulvi Sadr-ud-Din, have succeeded in such a short time, in spite of the present military upheaval in the greater part of the world which has upset, as it were, the equilibrium of the whole human society, to show the right Way to hundreds of people in this land where Islam was painted by the interested clergymen as a dreadful bogey and shibboleth ; where people, forgetting that Jesus Christ himself was an Asiatic, had great prejudices against everything Asiatic. The Muslim Mission at Woking, initiated by Khwaja Kamal-ud-Din, has succeeded to a great extent in showing the people of the country that they were steeped in ignorance as to the most vital phase of human life—religious life ; that a belief in the Trinity, in the born sinfulness of humanity, in the fundamental criminality of the female sex, in the cleansing power of the blood of Christ, in the atonement, etc., etc., could not be cherished in this age of rational progress by any person who claims to be a sensible being ; that there is a simple faith called Islam which satisfies human reason and conscience both, which gives equal rights to

both sexes, which teaches that it is good deeds that secure salvation, and which is the only means of securing such a Universal Brotherhood as discards all limitations of class, sex, colour, race, country, etc. The fact is that not Muslims alone, but the whole people of this country owe Khwaja Kamal-ud-Din a debt of gratitude for initiating a mission to free people from superstitious and irrational beliefs. If his mission achieves its expected success, these islands will not only become free from absurd superstitions, but the rising tide of agnosticism, materialism, and atheism will also be checked, as agnosticism does not flourish under Islam, and a great many social ills and evils of the country will be swept away. So let us all welcome Khwaja Kamal-ud-Din back to this country, back to his work, and let us all sincerely and earnestly pray for his success.

AL-QIDWAI.

## MUHAMMAD: A STUDY

### MUHAMMAD A PERSONALITY, AND MUHAMMAD A FORCE

By ABDUL QAYUM MALIK

IN dealing with the various phases of the character, public and private, of the Prophet Muhammad (peace and blessings be upon his holy soul), no cursory attempt would be successful. So manifold are the aspects of his holy life, that it requires the accurate analysis of a thorough observer to reveal the surpassing beauty of his noble soul. And this analysis becomes all the more a matter of necessity when we see the demand for a very careful examination of all great human personalities before a verdict is given by history. Unlike other great spiritual leaders and teachers of mankind, the Prophet of Islam is more of a man than a mythical hero of a bygone legend. His each and every word and action establishes his identity as a man more than anything else. This circumstance alone in any individual would be sufficient to bring about the real personal communion between him and the rest of his kind. It is not the super-human and the divine in a being which attracts and wins over men; on the other hand, it is the human element alone which is needed to teach, to guide, and to establish the kinship of nature. Muhammad came to the world as a man, and a *perfect* man. It is this perfection of human quality in him which establishes his undisputed right as the leader of mankind.

To any one less intimately acquainted with the inside of an individual it is the personality, the outward manifestation of his inner self which impresses. Consequently the holy Prophet had a personality whose charms and beauty did not fail to fascinate his fellow-men long before he claimed to be the Messenger of God. Unlike most of the great teachers of humanity he was unlettered all his life. Born of respectable parents, the would-be Prophet was already the idol of his friends and relations for the truthfulness of his speech, for the simplicity of his ways, and for the most winning kindness of his demeanour. The one great quality which proclaimed the unassailable superiority of his personality—we call it the personality of Muhammad, as the inner man was not yet revealed—was his Honesty. This procured for him the title "Al-Amin," the Trusty. This title, indicative of the popular appreciation and esteem in which he was held, was to be the harbinger of even greater eminence which was going to be his in his future life. Of a medium height, broad brow, fair complexion, and having a pair of black, piercing eyes, the Prophet of Islam did not fail to impress all those who came into contact with him from his earliest youth. Having been left an orphan in his infancy, the task of his upbringing fell to his kind and affectionate uncle, Abu Talib. He first entered seriously in the occupations of life when he was employed as an agent by Khadija, a rich widow of Mecca. He performed several commercial expeditions to Syria in that capacity, not only winning golden opinions for his professional probity, he captivated as well the heart of his employer for his extreme sincerity in all his dealings. But he was not only to be a model in matters which concerned him most immediately; his noble soul was ever busy in acts of kindness and mercy towards both friend and foe alike. The conditions of society in the midst of which Muhammad was born and brought up are matters of history.

Arabia, the cradle of Islam, before the great message of Muhammad was delivered was the scene of incessant warfare between tribe and tribe. The whole population, from the cultured citizen—for love of poetry and music was inherent in Arab character—to the wild son of the desert, was given over to idolatry. The meagre Christian community in and about Arabia had lost the spiritual force and well-being through long years of decay following the division and disruption that

had crept into the ranks of the Nazarenes, as they were called in Arabia. The very temple of God built by Abraham and dedicated to the worship of the one true Creator sheltered under its roof three hundred odd stone deities of the Arabs. The birth of a female child was the source of malediction and disgrace to an Arab family; she was got rid of by being buried alive. Muhammad witnessed all this, and before he could directly attack these barbarous features of the life in Arabia, he set a noble example of personal grace and helpfulness which did not fail to take effect even in such a country as Arabia was. This social reform of Muhammad has a significance of its own, especially when we know the value of such effort in the light of present-day demand for this kind of service.

Muhammad led the way in devising means of social amelioration which, even in the most progressive state of society as obtains in the communities of the West, would be called up-to-date. He condemned female infanticide, and thereby laid the foundation of that real and abiding equality which woman enjoyed with man under the laws of Islam. At first sight this great and deadly blow delivered by the holy Prophet at one of the most cherished, yet the most inhuman, institutions of Arabian people may not convey the meaning which it was intended to do; but the havoc which it brought to an end is argument enough to show not only the great foresight, the generous attitude of justice, but also the spirit of tenacity and courage which the Prophet of God displayed time and time again against fearful odds. To those who are only slightly familiar with the tremendous social uproar which meets every innovation or transgression from the so-called established usages of society, the meaning and magnitude of this particular reform of Muhammad is apparent. Arabia of his times and even that of pre-Islamic days was proud of her poets. There were bold warriors who brooked the equality of none. Yet through ages of this social tyranny the merciful light of Truth and simple justice was vouchsafed to not a single soul. Genius to think, and the power to do, and the courage to dare were given over to the vilest ends, till the dreamer of Hira came out of his retreat and carried everything before him. But it was not like the wild and uncontrolled zealot of present-day reforms before whose one panacea everything good or bad must give

way. His was the deliberate and impartial verdict which upheld all that was right, and crushed to death the unfair. Long before he brought his message, which was to suffice for ages to come, Muhammad's words and his deeds displayed a remarkable purity of soul and excellence of character. Unaccustomed to protests he raised, and to the advice he gave for the betterment of their bodies and their souls, the vice-sodden humanity of his times looked in awe at his fierce yet persuasive eloquence against their unholy ways. At first they believed him not. They took him for a dreamer. The proud and the leading ones of his family, already familiar with the precocity of his intellect, and unwilling to fall easily before his onslaught, boldly accepted the challenge, and planned to give the world the one great chance of determining the historical fact, that the success of Islam in the unbelieving world of his days had been due as much to the simplicity and purity of its teachings as to the bold resoluteness and all-conquering greatness of the heart of the Teacher.

High as the precepts were, he rose unequivocally to the occasion, and by translating them into actual deeds he bore witness to the resultant triumph of truth over wickedness. In no teacher and guide of mankind, whether before or after him, do we find an equal tenacity of resolve combined with the extreme mildness of temperament, the same heroic, inextinguishable zeal, the same courage of convictions, the same bold and undying regard for truth, and yet a feeling to be always one of men and to do for men. It is in Muhammad the man, undimmed by that strange mist which surrounds other so-called demi-gods, half-men teachers of the world, that we find the most successful, fair, and intelligible claim put forward of his human leadership. As a dutiful and obedient and loving son and nephew, as a responsible business man and member of society, as a husband, as a teacher, and finally as a leader both in war and peace, in his own house and in the midst of his people, as an administrator and ruler, he embodies in his personality all that is right and just ; and his deeds, always good, are a series of protests against wickedness and injustice. There is no relation and transaction of human life which his deeds do not bear any reference upon. Pre-eminently his personality shines best in all relations with other men in which the evil and the personal element of a man's character is apt to assert itself more than the traits



of goodness, forgiveness, and generosity. To be an enemy of Muhammad has been found over and over again to be subsequently converted into his steadfast adherent and friend. For so full of pity, mercy, and compassion had been his heart as to have no room in it for an iota of ill-feeling towards any one. To the friend and to those whose inward blindness prevented them from appreciating all he said and did he was equally friendly and forgiving. To Muslims and non-Muslims the door of his heart was ever open. To the latter especially his solicitude was directed to assure to them that freedom of conscience and convictions which is the essence of all sound polity. When we take into consideration these palpable evidences of the nobility which found expression in everything said or done by him, when we have before us a personality so vivid with goodness and humanity, and yet destitute of any false shadow of divinity—which his discerning and rational mind could never associate with his human existence—we see the holy Prophet strike the right chord in human imagination. He asserts, no doubt, and rightly indeed, that he is the bearer of a message from the Great Creator and the only Deity for all ages and all peoples. He has other reasons to offer for that message being really divine. But he claims no more for himself. He exults in his human existence, and holds out to all a real helping hand, the warmth of whose greeting and cheer may be felt by everybody. It is in this, above all, that Muhammad claims to be the guide of those who need his guidance. His is a personality which prefers coming to the people in their different callings of life, not to exalting himself above the ordinary mortals and to sending down through mist of an unintelligible divinity the message of salvation. He is a man, and teaches through his own experiences the way to eternal grace by living the right sort of human life; by living the best of lives, and not by believing in one and impotently longing to imitate it. He befriends us wherever we are. This fact alone places him above those who stand in need of the guidance of one, whom one can see, hear, and whose human touch one can feel.

#### MUHAMMAD A FORCE.

And yet there is a way to recognize the need of Muhammad in our lives. The universe and its activities are a long chain of

cause and its resultant effect in which man, the principal agent representing certain forces, has the principal part. The result of this human activity may be good or bad, according as the motive is good or vicious respectively. The man himself has complete control of his will, and is independent in whatever he thinks or does. So far he is all by himself, but when we take into view the general effect produced on the society of men as a whole by his actions, the situation at once assumes a serious aspect. It is at this stage that the need of a guidance becomes all the more imperative ; the guidance and the will to put truly into actions the dictates of that guidance. The Prophet of Islam through his own life furnishes the requisite motive power. He is the great centre of Force, the source of all impetus, whence a whole world may draw out its energy to do good. His life is not only the inspiration, but also the impetus, whereby all activities may be directed towards good. His aim in life was to labour for his fellow-men. His holy message, his own sayings, are a series of exhortations, calling upon men to live a life of harmony and goodwill towards each other, not by taking themselves out of the world, not by living as celibates, not by trying to seek the salvation from a source out of this world, but by living as good men, for the good of men, and in this world. In this lies the success of that central simple law round which the four hundred stirring millions of the illiterate and the most advanced, the richest and the poorest, black, brown, and white of the East and of the West are making a rally. It is this fountain of continuously active principle of good as illustrated in the holy, ever active, and ever generous life of the Prophet, which supplies the necessary impetus, the necessary bugle-call to action. Let us glance for a moment at the state of society before the advent of Muhammad, and determine the extent of the monumental work he wrought.

"Judaism," says Washington Irving in his "Mohamet and his Successors," "had made its way into Arabia at an early period, but very vaguely and imperfectly. Still, many of its rites and ceremonies and fanciful traditions became implanted in the country. At a later day, however, when Palestine was ravaged by the Romans and the city of Jerusalem taken and sacked, many of the Jews took refuge among the Arabs, became incorporated with the native tribes, formed them-

selves into communities, acquired possession of fertile tracts, built castles and strongholds, and rose to considerable power and influence.

"The Christian religion has likewise its adherents amongst the Arabs. St. Paul himself declares in his Epistle to the Galatians that soon after he had been called to preach Christianity among the heathens, he 'went into Arabia.' The dissensions also which arose in the Eastern Church in the early part of the third century, breaking it up into sects, each persecuting as it gained the ascendancy, drove many into exile into remote parts of the East; filled the deserts of Arabia with anchorites, and planted the Christian faith among some of the principal tribes.

"The foregoing circumstances, physical and moral, may give an idea of the causes which maintained the Arabs for ages in an unchanged condition; while their isolated position and their vast deserts protected them from conquest, their internal feuds, and their want of common tie, political and religious, kept them from being formidable as conquerors. They were a vast aggregation of distinct parts full of individual vigour, but wanting coherent strength. Although their nomadic life rendered them hardy and active; although the greater part of them were warriors from infancy, yet their arms were only wielded against each other, excepting some of the frontier tribes, which occasionally engaged as mercenaries in external wars. While, therefore, the other nomadic races of Central Asia, possessing no greater aptness for warfare, had, during a course of ages, successively overrun and conquered the civilized world, this warrior race, unconscious of its power, remained disjointed and harmless in the depths of its native deserts.

"The time at length arrived when its discordant tribes were to be united in one creed, and animated by one common cause; when a mighty genius was to rise, who should bring together these scattered limbs, animate them with his own enthusiastic and daring spirit, and lead them forth, a giant of the desert, to shake and overturn the empires of the world."

When we look at the pathetic inefficiency of some of our man-made codes, political or social, with a view to bring about a better, more peaceful and more hopeful condition of life in the midst of society, the need for a guide who would illustrate by

his own example the way to uprightness and truth becomes all the more manifest. The triumph of Islam lies much more in the fact that it has a Teacher whose deeds and whose words guarantee the truth and purity of its teachings. It would be futile to lay down long programmes of righteous practice, so long as the life of the teacher himself did not facilitate the way to action by showing actually that the precept was worth the practice. That Muhammad's breath helped to furnish the requisite momentum may be seen in the fact, that within three-quarters of a century after the dawn of Islam, Arabia the vice-ridden, Arabia the isolated, became the mother of a nation whose influence in arts and science may be traced in every branch of human activity to-day. And if one seeks to find the source of this strange and wonderful change which came over the Arabian people and through them spread throughout the world, one would not find it in anything other than the Book he brought and the life he lived. Born in the midst of a wild desert, in the beginning persecuted by his countrymen, Muhammad proved through the great all-conquering goodness of his deeds that he was the fountain-head of a power of active and constructive good, before which the forces of evil must give way. His dominant personality did not fail long to take effect. The wild tribes, divided between themselves by walls of hate and prejudice, blinded by the ignorance of one supreme God of mercy and of benevolence, were welded into a hopeful, helpful, ever active in doing good, a truly invincible brotherhood of men, whose only mission now was to proclaim God's greatness and justice and holiness through their own simple and kind deeds. Muhammad was their preceptor, he was their model, he inspired them with a longing for a higher and nobler life. He gave them the impetus for it. His was the driving Force.

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Fear not the obloquy of the detractor in showing God's religion.

Say what is true, although it may be bitter and displeasing to people.

God says: "O man only follow My laws, and you shall become like Myself."

Whoever loves to meet Allah, Allah loves to meet him.

HOLY PROPHET MUHAMMAD.

## NATURE PROBLEMS

## V. — THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR

By Professor N. STEPHEN

"The labour we delight in physics pain."—SHAKESPEARE.

"The toils of labour, dignify repose."—HOOLE.

IT seems strange to me to find mankind looking at and speaking of all labour that is work as a curse, a punishment; while Nature teaches us it is a blessing—nay, more, a necessity of life and health; that work, even up to a measure of fatigue, is not only pleasant in itself, but is the best producer of that repose, that sleep, by which alone we are enabled to maintain and renew our health, our strength, and our mental powers, which are all recreated by "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep" (Dr. Young).

Nature has given us a body supplied with muscle and sinew, and a brain with power to think and direct: but unless we use them, labour, work with them, keep them bright by regular exercise, they will first deteriorate and finally decay. It is often said "Nature abhors a vacuum," and with equal truth we may say, Nature abhors the useless, or the unused, which are but another of Nature's vacuums, and as such to be got rid of as soon as may be. You may say or think there are many useless things in Nature; but you would be wrong, and your mistake would arise from this: that you take too narrow a view, and because *you* see no use in a thing classify it as useless, when another person better informed on the subject would recognize its value.

Science tells us, and I believe, that there is nothing in Nature without its proper use and its proper place; but when things get into their wrong place they may become useless or even dangerous. Permit me to recall to your mind the reproof given by a scientific professor to one of his pupils, who referred to certain things as dirt: "Young man, may I remind you that science knows no such thing as dirt. What is commonly called so is only matter in the wrong place."

So we shall find, by study, Nature has made all things for use, and such as are not used sooner or later pass out of existence, or, shall I rather say, change their forms. I put it that way to meet the views of those who say, probably rightly,

that "nothing once created is ever destroyed." It may appear to be so, but in reality it has only changed its form. Here is a problem our knowledge, up to date, cannot solve with certainty, but which I think is likely to prove correct. A pupil once put it to me thus, "Surely a human body is *destroyed* by cremation, *not changed*?" I reply, I am not so sure of that. You have always the residual ash, and while other components are driven off as vapour or gas, what effect these have on the atmosphere, or how far they may be returned to earth in the dews or rain, are questions we cannot answer, they being quite beyond our present knowledge. But this we know with certainty, that the unused gifts of Nature, *either by change or extinction*, cease to be. The seed which will not germinate returns to dust. The unused sinews or muscles fail to develop, and every student of animal physiology knows there are parts in many animals, not excepting man, which in course of time have passed away, or been so changed that they are hardly recognizable even to an expert.

You can see the same thing going on around you day by day. Take, for instance, the all-round athlete. What do you find? A perfect healthy body, every muscle and sinew fully developed, with comparatively little brain power, and consequently little self-control. Compare him with the student or bookman. What do we find? Just what we might expect: a feeble muscular system, but a more developed brain. As children they may have been both alike, but they have developed on different lines, and in each the unused has fallen into decay.

This is not only so in general cases where the entire system is affected. Specialization in any work will carry its mark. The athlete who is a runner only may have legs of abnormal development, coupled with the arms of a child. But note, while Nature demands use of her gifts, she does not like extremes of any kind; so the much or over-trained athlete is rarely a brainy man, and the over-studious man has seldom a healthy body. The happy medium here, as everywhere, is best, and the most perfect man is he who keeps "a sound mind in a healthy body." This can only be done by using *all the gifts* with which Nature has endowed us, with perhaps some special attention to those abilities in which we are most richly dowered.

We see by this that labour of some kind is a necessity of life. "Those only live who labour."

Did you ever try to define the word "labour"—that is work? It is not easy to do so; because what is labour under certain conditions, may be recreation under others. I think about the best answer I have found (though it was not according to the text-book) was on an examination paper on which I had to adjudicate. One boy wrote, "Work (labour) is what you have *got to do*. Play is what you *do if you like*."<sup>1</sup> I think he had got to the root of it; anyhow, he got full marks.

How is it, then, that labour has come to be looked upon as a curse or punishment?

I think the Mosaic account of the fall of man first places it before us in this light. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread" was part of Adam's sentence when banished from Eden. Whether previous to this he had been an idler matters not, though I do not think he had, for the story says, "And the Lord God took the man and put him into the garden of Eden, to dress it and to keep it" (Genesis ii. 15). Neither need we trouble our heads with the chronology of the incident, nor even with the question did man labour even before the time generally assigned to his creation. What is certain beyond argument is, that so long as man has any knowledge of man, his lot has been to labour. I may be met with the statement that there are some, say the rich or the ruling classes, who know not labour. This is not true, but is again the result of the too narrow view of the question, What is labour? Here is an instance from my own experience. I was in conversation with a navvy who said: "Look here, mister, the only real work in this world is spade work. Call that work?" pointing to a man wheeling a barrowful of bricks. "Yes," said I. "Well, I don't. Let him take the spade, and then he will do work as is work!"

That was his mistake. He thought his own task was labour, other men's task but play.

The dictionary gives a wider and more correct definition, viz., "Labour is anything which requires an effort, and produces weariness; exertion of any kind, physical or intellectual."

Agreeing with this wider view, I say again labour is the lot of all men, the rich and the poor, the civilized and the savage, the ignorant and the learned. None is exempt; all must live by labour, though all do not labour in the same degree.

<sup>1</sup> The italics are mine.—N. S.

The rich, even if in no higher purpose than the pursuit of their own pleasures and desires, must put in a lot of solid work, resulting often in weariness and disappointment—it may not be work of value but work to no purpose, with no aim beyond self-gratification: this is the only work which is a curse, leaving no mark for good on the pages of this world's history; the only labour which carries with it no reward.

But the rich have no monopoly of unprofitable labour; it is only a question of degree.

The poor man who works hard one part of his time, only to secure the means of gratifying his own selfish lusts or pleasures during the other part, is just as guilty, just as much to be condemned, as his more wealthy brother who does the same thing on another social plane; and I say without fear of contradiction, that the wealthy as a body do not solely so labour, any more than their more lowly brothers. There are black sheep in all flocks, and they will be found as black in one rank as another. The savage or uncivilized man must work, and as a rule his reward is less, just in proportion to his position in the scale of civilization. He may require little clothing, but that little he must make in some way—from materials generally of his own procuring. He must eat, and only by labour can he obtain the materials or prepare them for his sustenance. The uncivilized man, as a rule, must do all things for himself, must be hunter and cook, weaver and tailor; hence his time cannot be used to the best advantage, and he is often hard put to it to provide the bare necessities of life.

Civilization teaches the economy of labour by specialization, by allotting to each man his own task. As Ruskin puts it (I do not quote but paraphrase his words): "A, B, and C had each a plot of land, and in the beginning each grew grain on part, fed cattle on part, and reserved a part for drying, housing, and general purposes. But they soon saw that it would be better if A grew grain only, B fed cattle only, and C prepared the same for use, and they each made exchange as required. This was the first step towards economy of labour." Toward that specialization, which is the great feature of our more civilized and artificial mode of life, in which men devote themselves to the supply of some one need of society at large, and in return receive the many things needful for their own comfort.

Of course, between the first position of A, B, and C, and that



of the modern specialist, there are many phases and changes, into the history of which I need not enter. But it was early seen that mere exchange of goods was a wasteful method, and some token of value, easy of preservation and transport, became a necessity, hence the method of purchase and sale by means of tokens, or money, early came into use, and is now almost universal.

But this is getting wide of my subject. So, having argued that labour is universal, let me try to show that all labour, whatever its degree or kind, is a blessing, ennobling and dignifying the worker, no matter what his rank or position in life may be.

J. A. Garfield, a former President of the United States of America, has said :

“Wherever a ship ploughs the sea or a plough furrows the land, wherever a mine yields its treasure or a railway train carries its freight to market ; wherever the smoke of the furnace rises or the clang of the loom resounds, even in the lonely garret where the seamstress plies her busy needle, there is work, there is honour, there is something done for man.”

In that last phrase, something done for man, is the keynote of its dignity, that we are working not only for ourselves, but for the good of humanity at large ; then we may claim that

“All such work is noble and holy,  
Thy work shall be thy prayer to God.”—OSGOOD.

This is no strained view ; it is the view of most good, thoughtful men, who say, with Bayard Taylor—

“Labour, you know, is prayer.”

And such it must be, for such work is God's work, inasmuch as it is done for the good of His creatures, and as part of the duty (*not curse*) imposed upon each of us with the gift of life. This is a grand thought ; let me enlarge it. *Labour is Prayer*, therefore *it cannot be a curse*, for prayer is never less than blessed, for with it goes the promise of compassion, of forgiveness, of reward ; so Labour carries its reward, for Labour is the Law of Happiness.

Of all men, most miserable are they who have nothing to do—no purpose in life ; even a short spell of that dread complaint Ennui will be enough to convince you of that, when you have

experienced, even for an hour or two, the feeling that all interest has gone out of life, all purpose out of your being, and you have nothing to do. You found it the hardest, most depressing task of all, and were ready to say with the sage of old, "Labor ipse voluptas."

"Labour itself is pleasure." Do you find it anything less? If so, you do not deserve to know the dignity of independence that comes with the knowledge that what you have you have earned, for, as Muhammad has said, "No man can eat better bread than that earned by his own hands."

Labour may at times be bitter, like a tonic medicine, but its fruit is always sweet. The mere feeling that we can, and do, earn our daily bread is pleasant, even if we earn it hardly, for with it comes a feeling of dignity and independence, and, to quote a phrase (the author of which I cannot now remember), a knowledge that we have "justified our own existence," or, as our Lancashire operatives say, "That we are our own man." What is it that Ruskin says on this point? "The man who, having paid his debts, has sixpence in his pocket, is to the extent of that sixpence master of all the world." And, again, "No one can teach you anything worth learning but through labour. The very bread of life can only be got out of the chaff of it by rubbing it in your hands." And yet again, "What we think, what we know, what we believe, is in the end of little consequence. The thing of consequence is what we do. Therefore do what you will, but do something." He who does nothing dies a debtor alike to God and to man, while

"He who best does his lowly duty here  
Shall mount the highest in a nobler sphere."

But if labour brings reward, so idleness brings its punishment, for without use body and mind both become enfeebled and diseased. We should not forget, however, that as there are various kinds of labour, so there are degrees of reward, and the highest is only for those who labour in the cause of humanity, which is the cause of God. If a man work only for wealth, can he complain if he get only wealth, and not happiness, not health? "God is not unjust" in giving only that worked for.

The highest labour is that which loses sight of self. This carries a man on to a higher life line; it is in its very nature a sacrifice, the one thing which gives it a claim on Heaven's bounty.

"On active worth the laurel War bestows,  
Peace rears her olive for industrious brows ;  
Nor Earth, uncultured, yields its kind supplies,  
Nor Heaven its showers, without a sacrifice."—SHENSTONE.

What is your work? That neither I nor any one can say ;  
you must find that out for yourself. But this I can say : It is  
measured neither by quantity nor mere earthly judgment ; it  
is just the thing you find to do, the work you are fit  
to do ; never mind whether it be rough work or smooth,  
forging a chain or writing a poem, ploughing a field or  
painting a picture—if it is *your work*, do it with all your might,  
and it shall be to you a great work and an abiding honour.  
Never allow yourself to say or think, "I have no appointed  
task, no work to do."

"No man is born into the world whose work  
Is not born with him ; there is always work,  
And tools to work withal, for those who will ;  
And blessed are the horny hands of toil."

RUSSELL LOWELL.

But if you would have the dignity of labour you must be  
willing to labour. There is no dignity in the labour of the  
galley-slave, who works because he is compelled ; the rewards  
of labour, its honours, its dignity, its pleasures, are for the  
willing ones who take delight in exercising their skill and  
strength for their own and *others' welfare*. It is

"The labour we delight in physics pain."—SHAKESPEARE.

Here is the best antidote for most of the sorrows and  
troubles of life ; and strange anomaly as it may seem, it is *work*,  
but it is *also rest*.

"Labour is rest from the sorrows that greet us,  
Rest from all petty vexations that greet us,  
Rest from sin promptings that ever entreat us,  
Rest from world sirens that lure us to ill."—OSGOOD.

Our worst companions are sadness and solitude. It is  
better to go out into the world and work—aye, work till you  
almost faint with fatigue and weariness—than to sit and muse  
and yearn, eating your very heart out, in solitude. Are you  
sad, downcast, grieving? Up, then, and be doing, till

"Tired limbs and over busy thoughts  
Invite kind sleep and sweet forgetfulness."—WORDSWORTH.

There is no truer saying than this, "The devil finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." It is contrary to all our knowledge, contrary to the laws of Nature, that man should live and do nothing ; if he will not do good, he must and will do evil, and the devil is always a harder taskmaster than God. Picture to yourself a mere useless man, a thing without aim or purpose or dignity, a mere excrescence on earth's surface : can such a picture possibly be true ? No ; the man was never born who had not something to do, if he will but up and find it. It is a poor outlook for those who say, " I have *nothing to do* " ; in the end they will have *nothing to receive*.

Find your work, then, be it what it may. Assert and show in yourself the dignity of the man who does, rather than the feebleness of one who only waits. There is no dignity in waiting for opportunity when we can make it ; no glory in being a mere onlooker when we should take part in the strife.

Of a truth there is work enough, and more than enough, for all in these strenuous days when so many need help, when the weak are thrust aside by the stronger and more thoughtless of their fellows, all intent on getting on in the struggle for wealth or fame, and apt to think too little of the Dignity of Labour in their eagerness to secure some of its rewards.

Let me again say (even at risk of a charge of repetition) : The true Dignity of Labour, its highest and most abiding honours, are not for these last-named. They are for the man who *works out* the dignity of his own independence, at the same time ministering to the welfare or comfort of others. They are not for the man who climbs up on other men's shoulders ; they are for him who takes his fellow by the hand, and lifts him up, with himself, to a higher step in the ladder of life.

Such are the true Knights of Labour, and though the world may often pass them by without notice, "From God they shall have great reward." Remember the words of Carlyle : "All true work is sacred ; in all true work, were it but true hand labour, there is something of divineness. Labour, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven."

I do not say this shall make your life *all* smiles and no tears ; you will have your dark day and your bright—but never all dark ; discouragement and disappointment, such as come to

all, but "Labor omnia vincit" (Labour conquers all). So never give up ; keep pegging away ; let your song be : We will

"Work on bravely through the sunshine and the showers ;  
Time hath his work to do, and we have ours."

Ours—that is the point ; never mind that of others ; never envy that of others : do to your utmost ability the work to your hand, and if it be lowly there is no shame in honest toil ; and no matter though it be sweeping the street, or designing a palace, all true work, well done, shall have its share in the Dignity of Labour.

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### "THE DAWN"

By KHALID SHELDRAKE, Sergeant, 10th (Res.) Battalion,  
London Regiment.

THE earth, fair and beautiful in its green mantle, its yellow waving corn, its shades of colour, presents to the nature student an everlasting fountain of knowledge and delight. After a tiring day, drilling and marching, it is delightful to have the opportunity of wandering to the solitary hills and meditating. One's spirit is comforted by sweet communion with God. On the hilltop praying and meditating alone, one's mind goes instinctively to that great man who received the Light on Mount Hira. He there received the Message of Hope, Love, and Peace, and descended that mountain filled with the Divine Spirit. How happy, how blessed was such a mortal ! God in His beneficence has given to men all things for their comfort and happiness. He foreknew all our needs and, in His compassion, even before we existed supplied all our needs. Man grew from infancy to knowledge—he utilized that great gift of reason—he provided for himself out of the manifold gifts of Allah. He was a worshipper of all that was highest and best ; he prayed to Allah illumined by heavenly light. He was happy—the world was his, and his needs were simple. Then that great curse, avarice, entered into the souls of some men ; they began to amass things for themselves, to claim this and that as individual property, to deprive their neighbour of certain rights, until we find the class barrier arising. Then, to keep what they had obtained, they began to manufacture weapons, and with these killed those who protested. Here is murder—

that child of avarice—creeping into this happy world. So it went on for centuries.

Prophets arose who, inspired by the Source of all Light, purified their fellows by their message, but still mankind as a whole remained deaf to their entreaties. Then a man, 'godly and upright, a clean-living and worthy friend and companion, meditated upon the evil in this world and his soul cried out to Allah for guidance and help. He retired to Hira, that barren hill, and there during his fervent prayers, in the still watches of the night, was blessed by the Vision. Muhammad al Amin, the Faithful, the Trustworthy, became in that night Muhammad *rasool*—the Messenger, the Prophet of Allah.

The first break of the Dawn had begun in Arabia, land blessed by the Holy House of Ibrahim. Muhammad's message rings with a clarion note through the world to-day—a world at daggers drawn, with enmity, greed, hatred, malice, rampant and raging. The beautiful fields, which Allah clothes in such splendour, are to-day blackened and desecrated by wholesale slaughter. Millions of human beings, the choicest of the nations, are pouring out their life-blood—all sacrificed to Moloch. Nations are converting iron into shells and arms, and chemicals are being compounded into explosives, all in feverish haste to blow to atoms mankind, to desecrate and mutilate that form designed by Allah.

Oh, Heaven! we pray every day that this bloodshed and carnage may cease; our hearts bleed for the mourners when we read every roll of brave men who have given up their lives on the battlefield. Religion is the remedy—not formulas, but religion itself: that which teaches man to adore his Creator, to fling aside selfishness, to help his fellow-man to look into himself, to control his appetites, to raise himself from the quagmire of evil into the heaven of spiritual living. Some religions have tried and lamentably failed. Christianity has had the power to enforce obedience, to make men good and pure and true; she has had churches and paid priests for centuries, and what is the result to-day? Appalling! Heartbreaking! Is Europe happy, united, and peaceful? What is this scene to-day? Christianity—realize it once and for all, whether it be palatable or not—your system and organization are as nothing, your doctrine is not obeyed, your injunctions are unheeded, your priests are powerless, your life has gone—you

have been weighed in the balance and found wanting ; you have utterly and absolutely failed. The clouds of darkness which cover Europe like a funeral pall are grim and dour, and they are your children—your impotency has given them birth. You have embroiled Asia, Africa, and America, you have slaughtered and conquered, you have enslaved and robbed, and the very weapons you have used are now slowly strangling your own vitality, depleting Europe and spreading misery, disease, and unhappiness everywhere. Oh, Christianity, where is your voice in the darkness? Why are you silent? Are you ashamed? Well indeed you may hide.

In this turmoil is there no Voice? Is there no Light in the gloom? Is it the end? No! There in the darkness the Dawn is breaking. There is Religion, that firm rock on which we build. It is not a religion of lip profession, of class and caste; it teaches benevolence and humanity, happiness and hope—it is the Herald of Peace. Had mankind not been so stiffnecked it would have illumined even the furthest Occident. These dark clouds would never have gathered. Mankind, if it had followed the Law of Allah, would have reaped a harvest of joy and prosperity. The Dawn is slowly but surely breaking, and the message of Love and Peace is being accepted by thinkers in the West. *Allahu Akbar!* War must cease. Man must not return to the slough of despair; humanity must learn its bitter lesson, reject all these false creeds and doctrines, purify itself and listen to the Voice of the Messenger of Allah—glad tidings of Peace. Let all men look to the East for salvation, accept Islam as their guide through life, and earth will be a mirror of heaven. Love, joy, happiness, prosperity and peace, are the doctrine of Islam, which means "Peace." Let us hasten, for now is breaking "The Dawn."

#### DECLARATION.

I, Miss Emily Lucas, daughter of Mr. Lucas, of London, do hereby faithfully and solemnly declare of my own free will that I adopt ISLAM as my religion; that I worship One and only Allah (God) alone; that I believe Muhammad to be His messenger and servant; that I respect equally all prophets—Abraham, Moses, Jesus, etc.; that I will live a Muslim life by the help of Allah.

*La ilaha ill-Allah,  
Muhammad al rasul-Allah.*

## "WAS CHRIST GOD OR MAN?"

A LONDON magistrate was lately invited to prohibit the further sale of Mr. George Moore's Syrian story, "The Brook Kerith," on the ground that it is blasphemous. The name of the Champion of Christendom who made the application is not unfamiliar in the Law Courts : it was Lord Alfred Douglas.

Since then I have read the book which shocked this pious nobleman's sense of propriety, and my appreciation of the situation's delicate humour has been pleasantly heightened in the process. Of all the remarkable achievements which have brought Lord Alfred Douglas into fame, his discovery of Mr. Moore's blasphemy is perhaps the most remarkable.

I do not think the Bishop of London would have discovered it. He would doubtless have rejected the legend on which Mr. Moore has based his fascinating story—the legend, probably contemporary with the Gospels, that Jesus did not die upon the Cross, but was taken down alive and restored by Joseph of Arimathea—but he would certainly have admitted the respectful sincerity with which Mr. Moore has treated it.

If the substitution of a natural explanation for the miracle of the Resurrection were blasphemous, Mr. Moore would have trespassed in good company ; for did not Archbishop Temple himself say that "it is quite possible that our Lord's resurrection may be found hereafter to be no miracle at all in the scientific sense," but merely a foreshadowing of a general resurrection which may be "the natural issue of physical laws always at work." Canon Henson has argued that Paul clearly did not believe in a carnal and literal resurrection, but only spiritual. "Miracles," said Matthew Arnold, "never happen." Renan put it more explicitly when he said that "Miracles never happen but in times and countries in which they are believed and before persons disposed to believe them."

### JESUS THE MAN.

It is true that Mr. Moore's story treats Jesus as a human being, but his divinity was never a universal dogma. It had not been settled by the Church up to the fourth century, and Arianism, which denied the divinity of Jesus, flourished up to the seventh century. If to follow their example be blasphemy, Milton, Locke, Newton, and all the modern Unitarians share Mr. Moore's offence.



But to the story. Its chief character is that "rich man of Arimathea, named Joseph, who also himself was Jesus' disciple," and who, according to Matthew, "went to Pilate and begged the body of Jesus. . . . And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth. And laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock : and he rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre, and departed."

But Mr. Moore, adopting a legend which can be traced back to the second or third century, makes Joseph discover that Jesus, who had hung upon the cross for no more than three hours, was not dead, as the Roman centurion imagined, but only in a swoon, and, carrying him from the sepulchre to his own house, nursed him back to health. To save him from the further persecution of the Jerusalem rabbis, Joseph then persuades his guest to return to an Essene monastery by the Brook Kerith, where Jesus had spent his younger days, and to his former trade of shepherd. Here Jesus lives peacefully to old age, when he meets Paul, the preacher of the Resurrection, and reveals to him his identity. Paul, seeing that this revelation means the destruction of the religion he has been building up, refuses to believe, and Jesus, realizing that he would do more harm than good by persisting, returns to the monastery and leaves Paul free to go on preaching his gospel.

It is a bold story, and told with a wealth of descriptive detail, sometimes bordering, as Mr. Moore's elaborate detail is apt to do, on prosiness. But the "local colour" is derived from personal observation of the localities described, and the characters are too intensely human to be other than real. The sailor-like simplicity of the fishermen-apostles, their native faith in the imminence of a material kingdom in which they would be rewarded for their sacrifices, their quarrels for precedence at court, their childish superstitions, their bewilderment under the flood of the Master's eloquent metaphors, are all intensely alive. Jesus too is very human, a personality immeasurably superior to the disciples who loved him without understanding him, a master-spirit "making the multitude take one direction, as roll the waters to the breathing wind." But most vivid of all is the faithful Joseph, the friend of Pilate, torn between his love for his father and his worship of the adorable

dreamer whose creed demanded the repudiation of all family ties and of wealth.—*The Clarion*.

ISLAMIC REVIEW.—The perusal of the above case is rendered much more interesting by the fact that the application was rejected by the magistrate.

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## THE HAVEN OF UNITY

By ERIC HAMMOND

THE apparent and striking dissimilarity of things, of species which we regard as the same, is, to many minds, a perpetual puzzle. In this wonderful world of ours there are no two objects, even springing from the same family, exactly alike. Each blade of grass differs from the rest in some particular. Each oak has its own variety of formation. Each lamb that skips in its joy and its outburst of youthful life has its own distinctive featuring. Viewing all these superficially, we perceive, and are prone to accept, a likeness complete and determined. Grass is simply grass; an oak is just an oak; a lamb merely a baby sheep. The mother ewe, however, refuses this easy acceptance. By divine gift she recognizes her own lambkin. By another gift, acquired maybe through experience and education, the shepherd marks one lamb from another; "he knoweth his sheep by name." Expert agriculturists are aware not only of each variety of the grass of the fields, and the value and adaptability of this tree or that, but are apprised also of slight but certain elements of difference in blade and leaf, in bough and blossom. Yet, as we have hinted, the ordinary observer sees merely likeness.

Instances illustrated by branches of the human family confirm this position. To Oriental eyes, white faces closely resemble one another. Occidental vision remarks similarity in Eastern countenances. There is in each instance the distinction of variety of colour and of bearing attached to peoples residing in equally varying geographical degrees; but taking, say, Chinese or Japanese *en masse*, the average Briton is, until familiarity helps him, at a loss to distinguish feature from feature. While King Edward VII awaited recovery from illness which caused postponement of his Coronation, many Indian soldiers were encamped at Hampton

Court. Visits were paid to them by crowds of persons eager to evince sympathy for these gallant warriors from the vast quarter of the Empire which they represented. Friendliness proved possible notwithstanding the tremendous handicap of language. Smiles and cigarettes, obeisances and hand-grips, went a long way towards a comprehension of fraternity. Indian adoration of fair-haired children went farther still. Personal recognition, nevertheless, presented, for an appreciable time, a problem hard of solution.

One afternoon the writer ventured, despite British reserve, to acknowledge his obtuseness. To a splendid specimen of manhood, dark but comely, happily possessed of more than a smattering of English, who gave him smiling welcome, he said, "I am so sorry, but indeed I could not tell you from the others." The warrior's reply was notable: "Sir, it is the same with me! I could not tell you from your others, but, after a little, I knew you by your walk." Later still, during subsequent visits, one realized and recognized that each did indeed differ from "the others."

There obtains, then, in reality, a singular un-likeness dividing each several member of the human family from "the others." It is as though the great Creator of all gloried in multifarious variety of form and feature. All, externally, are un-like. Sons may inherit their fathers' faces, their fathers' tricks of movement—with a difference. Internally, too, is there not the same un-sameness?

Unlikeness, dissimilarity: these imply loneliness. Each man to some extent understands the sense of isolation. Loneliness in the home, at work, at play. We move with others, among others, yet each has, especially during some memorable moments, to whisper, "I am alone!" The artist is alone in his conception. The musician composes, alone. The engineer, the aviator, the milliner, the cook—none escapes. The thought of the one brilliant fact, or series of facts, comes, for each of these, in the solitude. Each may and does discuss technique with other students or experts, but the inspiration, the Voice, comes to each, alone. The work of each, the way of each, varies with the man, the woman, who works. More, the worth of the work depends, almost always, upon "the cave of quiet" in which it is conceived and wrought out to perfection.

One artist, inspired by evil, designs and colours a picture which, exquisite as its art may be, suggests the source of its inspiration. Another artist, striving in the same studio, possessed by a spirit of love, of brotherhood, of unity, designs and colours a scene having the same subject, and leads all who look at it heavenward. One author produces a book which sets righteous souls on edge, and suggests ill-doing to the unrighteous. Another author, under the same title, uplifts every reader a step nearer Paradise. Both artist and author have a far wider influence than they may dream of; a faculty common, more or less, to each man in his own sphere; a faculty overshadowing or uplifting the circle in which he moves. Here, likeness shows itself; here, unlikeness is lost. Herein is disclosed a universal personality in which all participate. Involved in this personality no one is ever alone. Pride, lust, selfishness, with their untoward bias, these are alike, and in them we share alike and are alike, though our share is, happily, diverse in degree. Happily, too, gracious and ennobling characteristics are also part and parcel of the general economy. Our upward movement, our setting-out toward the goal of good and God, is attainable through the Way of Unity, through the cognition of human relationship, through recognition of the brotherhood of all mankind; above all, through the acknowledgment that the Divine Majesty indicates the subjection of all souls to the absolute authority of the King of All.

Likeness and unlikeness are thus merged in the unity of an all-embracing and beneficent sovereignty. He who knows himself to be a loyal liege of the All-Powerful will rigidly refrain from injury to others, because "those others" too are fellow-subjects of the King of kings. No colour-bar, no accident of birthplace, puts any man outside the pale of the jurisdiction of the Deity. Unity, assuredly, must be aimed at; that is to say, its existence must be intelligently grasped. When the sons of men reverently worship and obey the One God, understanding the Unity of God, they learn to look for neither likeness nor unlikeness in one another. Fellow-subjects accept one another, love one another, because of the very link of the kingship which presupposes and covers kinship.

It was a wise, small girl-child who is recorded to have expressed the hope that all good people would "behave as

such!" Another of her sayings, in prayer form, is worthy of repetition: "Lord! make bad people good, and good people *nice*!" Goodness should imply nice-ness. Courtesy, kindness, charity are part and parcel of that unity which we accept and embrace, because it embraces us. All should embody in practice as well as precept the dictum of Paul of Tarsus, "Be pitiful, be courteous."

We cannot know, in the profoundest act of all, the rules of life by which other people than ourselves are guided. Our tiny term of earthly existence is not long enough for that, and each one of us has his or her own manifold difficulties to cope with; difficulties which should assist us in appraising somewhat the burdens of others everywhere.

We cannot thoroughly know even the different etiquette of our own country-folk. The East of London differs from the West, British people differ in the north and south. One quarter of the wider world differs again from the other three-quarters. Elemental emotions, still, strike the same note in all tongues. Even when what we call a dumb animal cries in pain or in gladness, or suffers hunger or thirst, it employs very much the common note. Do not men strike the same note in trouble, joy, hate, sympathy, in any fundamental feeling, in any intense elemental emotion? The speech of unity, underlying all variants of tongues, vocalizes elemental emotion.

The mother understands the babble of her baby. She croons and mutters, and the baby knows the sweet significance of a language superseding language. The babble and the crooning are builded by the tones of love. Love and brotherhood, one-ness, they build up the platform of Unity; for God the Builder is Love. The frame of the structure—its component parts—lies within His purview and direction. Belief in Him, as advocated in this REVIEW, is, as the author of "The Spiritual Basis of Islam" explains, "the first of the three fundamental principles of the Islamic faith. . . . He is 'The Lord of the Worlds,' and His nature is absolute Unity."

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But whoso doth the things that are right, whether male or female, and he or she a believer,—these shall enter Paradise, nor shall they be wronged the skin of a date stone.

And who hath a better religion than he who resigneth himself to God, who doth what is good, and followeth the faith of Abraham in all sincerity? And God took Abraham for his friend.

HOLY QUR-ÂN.

## ORIGINALITY

By JOHN PARKINSON

THE night descends. The stars emerge. The vault of heaven is jewelled with a thousand gems, sublime in majesty and grandeur. Lamps burning in a dusky cavern. Hiding as it were the realm of the soul's to-morrow: the tomb of psychic life into which the living peer in awe. Symbols of a power greater than man. Unread by most; by many wrong read; contemplated by all. As we dream, so we dream, dream only; subsume things wonderful in structure, mysterious in mechanism, gigantic, stupendous! O mighty macrocosm of the universe! Forms that throb in the gorgeous nebulae, palpitate in the sun and the planets and stars, beat in the heart of the flower and glow in the flame of the lamp! Why all this bustle, this struggle for existence, this battle for life? Is it worth the trouble, worth the pain? This existence of a moment, then this death! What use this transient form, this ceaseless flow of energy? This little span, and then an eternity of—what? On the wind-swept, shell-swept fields of Europe and Asia, men, millions, are making history, writing biographies and ending them in fire and blood. For what end, what purpose that will serve God and benefit humanity? Is a return to the primeval ways and passions of our ancestors a ladder that will raise us to the highest plane of thought; a path that will lead us to the very gates of paradise? Is all our civilization, and science and art and philosophy, but a veneer gathered in the course of the ages, that a moment's spasm may cast aside? Is there no progress, no advance; is so-called originality a myth or a dream?—or what is it? What is its place in the realm of things?

A bubble bursts, a flower fades; a meteor streams across the firmament, a streak of golden glory for a moment, and is dashed to dust. A snowflake melts in the sunshine; stars wax and wane; all combinations return again to the elements from which they came, or move into different combinations. All things live to die. Yet all things do not pass away; in the eternal mill of causation things are simply transformed; and there is a changeless amidst the ceaseless change, a permanent amid the transient, an immortal amid mortal things.

Causation is not merely a succession of antecedents and sequences; *it is an epigenesis of things*, the transformation of

a definite amount of matter and energy without the addition or loss of substance. It is not a chain, but a complex of warp and weft, of interwoven antecedents and sequences, where the threads weaving the fabric are themselves transforming. They are the transformers and the transformed in one.

Such the questions humanity has been asking throughout all the ages ; such their soliloquies. Such the problems the mind of man is for ever grappling with, and which great minds are solving one by one, equation by equation, the multitude always lagging centuries behind. A vast array brings up the rearguard of the legions of thought.

Even as past generations of animals have left their physical form impressed on rocks buried in the bosom of the earth ; even as the past generations of man have left on the present generation the impress of his physical form, so the mentality of the past generations of man has left a record on the rock of knowledge in imperishable impressions on the mentality of the race.

The Buddha said :—

“Karma inexorable reigns !  
E'en though you fly from star to star,  
The past on you imprest remains,  
And what you were is what you are.”

Goethe said :—

“Would from tradition free myself,  
Original I'd be !  
Yet great the undertaking is  
And trouble it heaps on me.

“Were I indigenous I should  
Consider the honour high ;  
But strange enough ! it is the truth,  
Tradition myself am I.”

As the material changes from form to form, each different from its predecessor, so the man by his thought operations creates new forms, new combinations, new ideas. But ever amongst them old thoughts, old ideas, old forms emerge ; interwoven, intermingling with the fabric of the new. One of the most difficult things for a person to be is to be original, and one of the rarest of human attributes that of originality.

Goethe says:—

“Since from the complex you cannot  
The elements extract,  
What is in man that will remain  
Original in fact?”

No growth of ideas is possible without an interchange of thought. *Soul-life is a communistic polity that lives and develops by its own interaction.* The transference of soul is the principal factor in education, the most powerful and most efficient part of the environment in building up character. The fact is more recognized in religion than in any other field of the social life; all evangelic work is founded on it. The more educable the individuals of a community, the more rapid will be the progress of that community and the greater the possibilities of its development. The greatest foe of “educableness” is what we call “instinct,” inherited attributes of a certain and a definite character.

All conversations are transferences of soul from one person to another, interchange of ideas, interactions of thought. During the process of reading the writings of others, transference of soul takes place; the writer’s soul becomes interwoven with the reader’s and affects it either for good or evil, as the case may be—raising up or dragging down according to the influence of the teachings imparted by the book. Good books, therefore good reading, are the greatest assets in the education of a nation, in the education of the individual and therefore of the national character.

So the soul flows onward: a continuous flow, but not a uniform one. The movement varies; the waves are travelling at a myriad different speeds, crossing and recrossing each other, dashing forward to recoil and retreat, and then return—yet, as a whole, onward, ever onward. Causation knows no stay; the intersecting, interacting waves do not hinder one another any more than rays of light from different sources interfere in their passage through the selfsame ether—they only intensify the brightness of the whole.

We are tradition, and originality is rare among us, the originality that makes a decided leap forward, solving a problem by a new method and making a wider and more reliable generalization or a more correct world synthesis.



Great movements, and what at times appear as sudden revolutions, are generally the outcome of a multitude of minor changes of thought working through a considerable period of time in a mass of individuals; although at times a single individual God-inspired has focused in himself ideas that have changed the thought and lives of thousands, and world-wide, epoch-making, guided the conduct of millions down the succeeding ages.

Every individual is a bundle of samskaras; physically a community or co-operation of cells of special form containing certain inherited qualities, and mentally a community of ideas focused in the central idea at any definite moment uppermost in consciousness. Those ideas are gathered by us in our hourly and daily progress through life, are ever changing their form as new ideas are added to the whole. We are original and individual only through the fact that the association of the ideas composing our soul-life differs in form from those composing the soul-life of others both in inherited qualities and acquired characteristics. A great writer says:—

“Our entire notion of individuality, of personality, subsumes self-consciousness; and an individuality without memory is a contradiction in terms.”

We may agree on some questions, yet disagree on others. While at one on general principles, we often, in fact generally, differ in details. Even two individuals holding the same ideas, and believing the same doctrines, will differ in their soul-life. No two minds think exactly alike, no two individuals are possessed of exactly the same inherited qualities. The great scientist, the great thinker, will have all his ideas methodically arranged, each stored in its own place in his memory; while the mind of the average man is like a lumber-room, with the contents thrown in anyhow, all his facts, all his ideas, topsy-turvy.

When a new departure, or at least what appears to the mass as a new departure, is made, it behoves those interested in the development of mind and the progress of the entire social system to examine it critically and carefully, and to note wherein the fresh departure lies; to ascertain whither the system tends to lead us—into realms of nature fair with colour

and pied with flowers, or into regions quaking with bog and treacherous morass: whether to the solution of problems universal in their application and eternal in their sway, or into a mental cul-de-sac where Reason seeks in vain to find an outlet. At least this is incumbent on all who seek for Truth, and desire to know and follow her wheresoever she may lead. And it is especially incumbent on those of us who maintain that science can attain to knowledge that is positive in its results; that science is the search for Truth as well as the observation of the phenomena of nature.

Seldom it is that a new star swims into the ken of philosophic thought, kindling all the psychic plane. Seldom it is that a great mind launches into the world of philosophy a new method or fresh imaginings. Most are but replicas of what has gone before—weak lamps, feeble lights reflecting the glory of the after-glow, the teachings of the long dead masters.

Thales and Empedocles, and Plato and Plotinus, and Aristotle and Dionysius the Areopagite shook the mind of the nation and changed the direction of the current of scientific thought. Zeno and Epicurus stated ways of conduct, and for his faith the illustrious Socrates perished like a Grecian god holding the bitter chalice to his lips, and that drink shattered the splendour of Hellas and broke the idols on Olympia's sacred mount.

Al-Kindy, al-Farabi, ibn Sina, al-Ghazzali, and ibn Rushd seized the torch before its force was spent, and flung it world-wide. World-wide; and it burst in plumes and aigrettes of dazzling glory from the Ganges to the fields of France. Europe, wakened into action by the shock, thundered hosannas to the new-born babe. New-born to her, but cradled in the Orient with the dawn of thought.

The "singing caraven" carried on the thought—the singing Caraven of Araby. "I leave you the finest part of my inheritance," said the great-uncle of Zohair; "I leave you my talent for poetry." "But that is mine already," said the famous pre-Islamic poet. "Nay," replied the old man, "all Arabia knows that poetry is an inheritance of my house, and that it went from me to you." How rarely a great man produces a great son, especially great in the same line. Rare in the realm of poetry, it is rarer in that of philosophy. Yet there is a substratum of truth in the words of the famous Arab.

Families may, in fact do, produce many great, or at least able and talented, men and women, but seldom in generations that immediately follow each other. They only crop out here and there in the family tree, now and again in succeeding generations, generally with a few generations between. Taking the names of the greatest thinkers in the galaxy of the world's men, will two be found belonging to the same family tree? Poetry and philosophy are not the inheritance of one family or one race. The knowledge of the present has been built up by all mankind, and is equally the inheritance of all. If we had to build up the total structure of knowledge for ourselves, the majority of us would be *homunculi* indeed. What we have borrowed from others is, in fact, the greater part of us and constitutes the very essence of our being. We are each individual molecules, or bundles of molecules, forming part of and being borne along on the great river of life and in the current of mentality; wafted hither and thither by the waves, beaten by the billows like flotsam and jetsam on the ocean.

The past has left its impress on every cell and tissue of our body, on our every action and our every thought. We are individual only as the mote in the sunbeam, and it is but the focus where a continuous stream of sun-rays meet, and from which they ever flow.

We are original only in so far as we see farther and better than others the relations and uniformities of the mutations of reality, and are enabled thereby to construct more correct, more artistic, and more substantial combinations, and formulate laws of conduct, permanent and valid in their application to life, and universal and eternal in their range.

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## WOMAN

### UNDER DIFFERENT SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS LAWS

By SHAIKH M. H. KIDWAI

(*Continued from p. 419.*)

Those who would like to know more what was the position of women in England only a generation back should read Mill's "Subjection of Women." It is true that women have been given rights now, and they can possess personal property even after marriage, but for these rights they have not in the

least to be thankful to Christianity. The people in England were, if anything, more Christian thirty years ago than they are to-day, and so their treatment of women thirty years ago was more Christian than it is to-day. The fact is that heads of the Church did their best to keep women without any social rights and position, and what has been done for women has been done against the Church, not by its support. As long as Western lands remained under the sway of Christian priests, woman remained without rights in those lands. All the rights which women in Christian lands have now got are a result of their own fights and of the slackening of the hold of priests over Western societies and laws. They will get further rights only if they demand them vigorously and persistently. For a long time intelligent and educated people in Europe have ceased to believe in Christianity, yet they have been influenced against woman by the Christian notions. Napoleon, Byron, and Schopenhauer have not had much good to say of women.

Napoleon, though admitting that he owed his greatness to his mother, says that women have no rank. Lord Byron philosophizes : "Thought of the state of women under ancient Greeks—convenient enough. Present state, reminiscent of the barbarism of the chivalrous and the feudal ages—artificial and unnatural. They ought to mind home—and be well fed and clothed—but not mixed in society. Well educated, too, in religion—but to read neither poetry nor politics—nothing but books of piety and cookery. Music—dancing—drawing—also a little gardening and ploughing now and then. I have seen them mending the roads in Epirus with good success. Why not as well 'haymaking and milking?'"

Surely his lordship's soul will be delighted to see women working on the farms, and if not actually on the roads, at least as conductors on the top of the omnibuses that ply on the road.

Schopenhauer's criticism of women is far stronger than that of their French or English critics. He has gone even to the extent of saying that as the lion has been given sharp claws, the elephant big tusks to defend themselves, so has woman been given the instinct to apply deceptive methods to gain her objects. He thinks that dissimulation is innate in woman, and almost as much a quality of the stupid as of the

clever ; that perjury in a court of justice is more often committed by women than by men, and it may indeed be questioned whether women ought to be sworn at all.

That among them are found the larger number of kleptomaniacs or shop-lifters. That, taken as a whole, women are, and remain, thoroughgoing philistines and quite incurable. Hence, with that absurd arrangement which allows them to share the rank and title of their husbands, they are a constant stimulus to his ignoble ambitions. And further, it is just because they are philistines that modern society, where they take the lead and set the tone, is in such a bad way.

That they form the *sexus sequior*—the second sex, inferior in every respect to the first, their infirmities should be treated with consideration ; but to show them great reverence is extremely ridiculous and lowers us in their eyes. When Nature made two divisions of the human race, she did not draw the line exactly in the middle.

Schopenhauer concedes that women are directly fitted for acting as the nurses and teachers of our early childhood by the fact that they are themselves childish, frivolous, and short-sighted ; in a word, they are big children all their life long—a kind of intermediate stage between the child and full-grown man, who is man in the strict sense of the word.

He approves of the old Roman and Indian laws which ordained that a woman should always be under a guardian, and she should never be given the free control of even her own children.

In fact he is so strong on this point as to proclaim, "It is surely a revolting thing that a widow should immolate herself upon the funeral pyre of her deceased husband, as she used to do among the Hindu races ; but it is also revolting that she should spend her husband's money with her paramours—the money for which he toiled his whole life long, in the consoling belief that he was providing for his children."

Schopenhauer does not like the idea of giving women rights of inheritance, and says that to allow women to squander the property in a short time, or otherwise fool it away, is a grievance and a wrong as serious as it is common, which should be prevented by limiting the rights of women to inherit.

In his work, *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, he has

elaborately discussed that in the darkest recesses of women's heart, they are aware that in committing a breach of their duty towards the individual, they have all the better fulfilled their duty towards the species, which is infinitely greater. In his opinion woman is only for procreation of children, and that, and that alone, should be the object and mission of her life.

Rousseau, that ladies' man, that writer of the "Social Contract," declares, "Women have, in general, no love of any art, they have no proper knowledge of any; and they have no genius." John Knox says: "That a woman should bear rule, superiority, dominion or empire over any realm, nation, or city is repugnant to nature, contumely to God, and a subversion of good order. Women are weak, frail, impatient, feeble, and foolish. God has denied to woman wisdom to consider, or providence to foresee, what is profitable to a commonwealth. Women have been ever lightly esteemed; they have been denied the tutoring of their own sons, and subjected to the unquestionable sway of their husbands." "Frailty, thy name is woman," is the verdict of Shakespeare. Juan Huerte, an eminent Madrid physician, in his well-known book *Examin de ingenios para los sciencias*, denies women the possession of all the higher faculties. Chamfort declares that women are made to trade with our follies and weaknesses but not with our reason. He believes that the sympathies that exist between the two sexes are skin deep only, and do not touch the mind or the feelings or the character. Selden maintains that the law condemning women to death for witchcraft was perfectly just, but that it was quite unnecessary to ascertain whether witchcraft was a possibility. A woman might not be able to destroy the life of her neighbour by her incantations; but if she intended to do so, it was right that she should be hung.

John Wier, a learned and very able physician of Clèves, in 1563, writes in his treatise "De Præsligiis Dæmonum," under the chapter "The credulity and fragility of the female sex," that women were particularly subject to evil influences, and that the witches, in mental and moral infirmities, were pre-eminent among their sex.

Even Joan of Arc, a woman of noble fame, fell a victim to the superstition of witchcraft, and was killed by an Englishman in France.

Learned men of their age like Coke and Bacon helped in

passing a law that subjected witches to death. Shakespeare himself seems to have shared in that belief. Even during the reign of Elizabeth and James I poor women were killed, under the law itself, as witches.

Never in the history of Islam have women suffered like this, even under any superstitious belief as that of witchcraft. The rationalism of Islam did not allow any superstitious belief, and Islamic respect for women could never tolerate their sacrifice.

Those people who want to know how far modern men of Christian lands have changed their opinion from that of their predecessors as to the rights and status of woman should study the recent history of how she has been treated by men when she demanded her franchise from them. The British nation has always boasted of its love of liberty and freedom. It possesses a parliament for men which is called the Mother of Parliaments. Its male portion was almost the first to realize in Europe the importance of constitutional government and of political franchise; yet when woman advanced her claim for the same privileges, she was treated in a way that will always remain a disgrace. Just before this European war, when woman out of her patriotism postponed her demand for franchise, it had become almost a crime to be a suffragette woman. They were molested even in public parks. Even the ordinary courtesy and courtesousness were no more offered to women, and the rupture between the two sexes was growing to its highest intensity, with obvious harm to the weaker sex. When, to gain their rights, women had adopted men's own methods of militancy, they were treated not as men but as animals. Now that out of their patriotism they have postponed to urge their claims, now that they are working as slaves for their country, they are again patted on the back by their lord—man. The old etiquette has been revived.

But there is no doubt that all this superficial courtesy and kindness which European etiquette offers to the members of the other sex is only to blind her to the real state of the mind of man. Even in these social formalities there underlies a hint that man is a superior person and can afford to adopt a patronizing attitude towards the weaker sex.

There is not much of an idea of respect or regard conveyed by it.

A man while addressing a mixed gathering addresses

ladies first and then gentlemen ; when a member of the fair sex rises to leave the room he courteously opens the door, and so forth. But does this show that he really respects the woman sex ?

Does a father, when he allows several young men, shamelessly called "social butterflies," to flirt with and to kiss and caress his daughter before she gets married to one, or is even jilted and rejected by all, respect the woman sex ? Does a husband when he allows others to carry his wife round and round in a maddening waltz, arm in arm with her and front in front with her, respect the woman sex ? Do these "social butterflies" respect the sex when they fly about after sucking the pure and sweet nectar from one half-blossomed flower to another ? Do they respect the sex when they call one their "best girl," intimating thereby that there are second bests and third bests, and so forth to infinity ?

Do those statesmen, legislators and bishops of the House of Lords who have recognized "unmarried mothers" respect the woman sex ?

Does a son when he leaves in discomfort and penury his old mother, who with personal trouble and sacrifice brought him up, and enjoys with his own family a luxurious life, respect the woman sex—the highest and noblest phase of womanhood ?

Does a nation that is not ashamed of the "war babies" and "unmarried wives" respect the woman sex ?

There are two aspects of womanhood which are peculiar to her, and which make her a superior being to man. One is her virginity which makes her body, nay her very breath, sacred and demands every care to be taken that it is not violated in a dishonourable way by any person. The second is her character as a mother, which demands every respect at all times. Woman with these two characteristics guards and brings up the whole of the future generation, the whole of humanity. These make her sacred. These elevate her to a plane higher than that which man can ever occupy.

The nation which respects her chastity and her motherhood does really and truly respect her sex. But even a casual observer will see how the very social system in European and Christian lands disregards those. The very conception of chastity is extremely low in Christian lands. People in Europe do not think that it can be violated not only by



hands and lips, but also by profane language and even by lustful eyes.

Woman is sacred; woman is, as a creation, higher and nobler than man. It is she that makes or mars nations. It is she that can give birth and bring up good or bad people as she likes. It is only when she guards herself well as a maiden and a wife, and performs her duty as a mother as she should, that the future generation takes a high place in the moral plane of this earth.

As regards the respect of woman as a mother among Christians, perhaps the alleged words of their man-god to his mother resound in their ears, and they do not feel shy to say to their own mother to this effect—

“Woman! who art thou? What have I to do with thee?”

Nor do they feel shy to have adopted a social system which has no place for mother left once children get a spouse. To Muslims this life looks more like an animal life, to have nothing to do with the mother and the father who laboured and toiled to bring up, at personal inconvenience and trouble, their children to manhood or womanhood. But Christians can quote their Scriptures in words to the following effect, as to the justification of this social system:

“Man should be separated from his mother and joined to his wife.”

As regards the chastity of woman they have formed a very poor ideal, a very poor conception of it, and have, perhaps, been influenced in this respect also by the example they allege was put by Christ himself in liking to associate with women of ill-fame. Even if the Bible is true in depicting this character of Jesus, his followers have misunderstood it completely to draw conclusions from it that unchastity and adultery are not abominable crimes. The commandment of Jesus is clear on that point, and his association, if it was really so, with women of ill-repute could only be with the noble view to reclaim them. He was a prophet, a reformer, so he considered it his duty to mix with people of all shades and characters. It is not easy for European Christians to understand Christ. He was an Asiatic. In their vocabulary he was a “dark” man. His mother-tongue was Asiatic. He was a Jew, and Jews even to-day have not as loose moral laws as Christians have. Under Mosaic law adultery is a crime. Christ also considered adultery

**a crime.** Christians, if they interpret his life and character in a different way, they by their own behaviour and the laxity of their social laws do nothing but insult his sacred memory. When they frame such laws for their lands and call them Christian laws, which punish bigamy but not adultery and fornication, they insult the moral sentiments of humanity, degrade the female sex, dishonour marriage, and disgrace Christianity. In many Christian lands the honourable tie of marriage, the sacred bond that unites the two sexes in blameless love, has lost its attraction, with the result that there is an increase in immorality and disease, and a decrease in population. Because of the low conception of the virtue of chastity such notions as regards marriage as the following have come to prevail:

“If, however, woman is free and big enough to learn the mystery of sex without the sanction of State or Church, she will stand condemned as utterly unfit to become the wife of a ‘good’ man, his goodness consisting of an empty brain and plenty of money. Can there be anything more outrageous than the idea that a healthy, grown woman, full of life and passion, must deny nature’s demand, must subdue her most intense craving, undermine her health and break her spirit, must stunt her vision, abstain from the depth and glory of sex experience until a ‘good’ man comes along to take her unto himself as a wife? That is precisely what marriage means.” (Emma Goldman.)

Be it noted that in America as in other Christian countries there are matrimonial agencies who circulate among their patrons photographs of eligible women in low-necked gowns. They sometimes use men decoys to secure matrimonial connections. Their object is solely pecuniary gain for themselves, although they thus make the institution of marriage itself a mockery.

Wherever the so-called Christian civilization goes it not only carries the Bottle of Whisky in its right hand with the Bible in its left, but sexual immorality also follows its track. Prostitution is on the increase not only in all Christian lands, but also in such Asiatic and African lands where the present “civilization” has got any footing. The whole basis of the social laws of Christian lands is wrong. The number of illegitimate children is on the increase. Even in such seats of culture, learning, and religion as Oxford and Cambridge the

proportion of bastards is forty-five and fifty-three per thousand respectively. Venereal disease is becoming almost epidemic. Revelations in the divorce court shock the moral sentiments of humanity. Home life is coming to an end. The free and unrestrained intercourse between man and woman has brought the sexual human relations to nearly animal conditions. The degradation of the woman sex has reached its lowest depth. It must be stopped. There is no evil greater than this.

The illiteracy of women is bad, the close seclusion of women is not praiseworthy, the subjection of women is unchivalrous, the unenfranchisement of women deplorable, but the prostitution of women which causes the degradation of the sex is the most heinous crime against humanity. If all that ill-treatment of woman which history has recorded be put on one side and the degradation of her sex, her prostitution, be put on the other, the latter will weigh far more heavily against her. The latter is a crime against the whole humanity.

Deprive woman of all her rights, keep her under rigid subjection, even kill her as Spartans or Arabs before the advent of Muhammad did, but for the sake of Humanity, even if not for the sake of God, do not encourage her corruption.

*(To be continued.)*

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God! There is no God but He; the Living, the Eternal; Nor slumber seizeth Him, nor sleep; His, whatsoever is in the Heavens and whatsoever is in the Earth! Who is he that can intercede with Him but by His own permission? He knoweth what *hath been* before them and what *shall be* after them; yet nought of His knowledge shall they grasp, save what He willeth. His Throne reacheth over the Heavens and the Earth, and the upholding of both burdeneth Him not; and He is the High, the Great!

He is God beside whom there is no god. He knoweth things visible and invisible: He is the Compassionate, the Merciful.

He is God beside whom there is no god: He is the King, the Holy, the Peaceful, the Faithful, the Guardian, the Mighty, the Strong, the Most High! Far be the Glory of God from that which they unite with Him!

He is God, the Producer, the Maker, the Fashioner! To Him are ascribed excellent titles. Whatever is in the Heavens and in the Earth praiseth Him. He is the Mighty, the Wise!

HOLY QUR-ÂN.

# INDIAN MUSLIM SOLDIERS' WIDOWS AND ORPHANS WAR FUND

*To the Editor of the ISLAMIC REVIEW.*

SIR,—The list of subscribers to the most deserving Fund for the Indian Muslim Soldiers' Widows and Orphans, as forwarded by the Hon. Sec. of the Fund, is herewith sent for publication, with thanks for all the generous donors on behalf of the Central Islamic Society. Further donations should be sent as usual to Duse Mohamed, Esq., Hon. Secretary, 158, Fleet Street, London, E.C. Cheques and Postal Orders payable "Indian Muslim Soldiers' Widows and Orphans War Fund," and crossed "London City and Midland Bank," Law Courts Branch.

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158, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

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Sept. 19, 1916.

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Mrs. Pinckney ...	0	10	0	Miss Alice Winham ...	5	0	0
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Mrs. Christian (2nd don.) ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Noblett ...	5	0	0
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Miss M. Reynolds ...	0	7	0	Mrs. Whistler ...	1	1	0
D. Norgate, Esq. ...	0	5	0	"Ashen" ...	0	2	0
W. W. Snelling, Esq.				Mrs. C. Robertson ...	0	10	0
(3rd don.) ...	0	10	0	"Staples" ...	0	10	0
Miss Baguley (2nd don.)	1	0	0	Mrs. Jervois ...	25	0	0
Mrs. Knowles ...	10	0	0	Miss E. A. Mundy ...	0	10	0
Miss Harrington ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Stuckey ...	1	1	0
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don.) ...	0	5	0	The Car Publishing Co.	1	10	0
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O ye people of the Book! overstep not bounds in your religion; and of God, speak only truth. The Messiah, Jesus, son of Mary, is only an apostle of God, and his Word which he conveyed into Mary, and a Spirit proceeding from himself. Believe therefore in God and his apostles, and say not, "Three:" (there is a Trinity)—Forbear—it will be better for you. God is only one God! Far be it from His glory that He should have a son! His, whatever is in the Heavens, and whatever is in the Earth! And God is a sufficient Guardian.

The Messiah disdaineth not to be a servant of God, nor do the angels who are nigh unto Him.

Unbelievers now are they who say, "Verily God is the Messiah Ibn Maryam (son of Mary). SAY: And who could aught obtain from God, if he chose to destroy the Messiah Ibn Maryam, and his mother, and all who are on the earth together?"

Unbelievers now are they who say, "God is the Messiah, Son of Mary;" for the Messiah said, "O children of Israel! worship God, my Lord and your Lord." Whoever shall join other gods with God, God shall forbid him the Garden, and his abode shall be the Fire; and the wicked shall have no helpers.

They surely are Unbelievers who say, "God is the third of three:" for there is no God, but one God: and if they refrain not from what they say, a grievous chastisement shall light on such of them as are Unbelievers.

Will they not, therefore, be turned unto God, and ask pardon of Him? since God is Forgiving, Merciful!

The Messiah, Son of Mary, is but an Apostle; other Apostles have flourished before him; and his mother was a just person: they both ate food. Behold! how we make clear to them the signs! then behold how they turn aside!

SAY: Will ye worship, beside God, that which can neither hurt nor help? But God! He only Heareth, Knoweth.

SAY: O people of the Book! outstep not bounds of truth in your religion; neither follow the desires of those who have already gone astray, and who have caused many to go astray, and have themselves gone astray from the evenness of the way.

HOLY QUR-ÂN.

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تجذمت میں عرض کرتا ہوں کہ یہ رسالہ تا جراتہ اصول پر نہیں چلایا گیا۔  
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رسالہ کی اس غرض کو مد نظر رکھ کر اگر یہ احباب خود بخود زائد قیمت مجھے یا لکھو  
میں پیچیدہ بن نواؤں کی غماز سے والدین یہ امر ہی خدا پر چھوڑنا ہوں۔ یہ رسالہ  
تو یہی مافی عوض ہے کہ اسلام کا خوشنڈہ چہرہ نہ صرف غیر اسلامی دنیا پر چلنے  
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خود بخود مقرب میں تبلیغ دین کا خاص جوش پیدا ہو رہا ہے۔ کل اسلامی دنیا  
از سر نو اصلی اسلامی زندگی کی طرف آرہی ہے۔ جن خیرداران رسالہ کا سال  
قلمی درباری مادہ سے شروع ہوا ہے وہ بھی اگر گذشتہ کئی سال سے متوجہ احباب  
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