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Edited by KHWAJA KAMAL-UD-DIN, B.A., LL.B.

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بِسْمِ اللّٰهِ الرَّحْمٰنِ الرَّحِیْمِ
مُحَمَّدٌ وَصَلَّى عَلَیْ رَسُوْلِہِ الْکَرِیْمِ

THE ISLAMIC REVIEW

VOL. XI.

MUHARRAM, 1342 A.H.

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SEPTEMBER 1923.

KHWAJA KAMAL-UD-DIN AND LORD HEADLEY IN EGYPT

(From our Special Correspondent)

It was Friday, the 22nd of June. At last Khwaja Kamal-ud-Din and Lord Headley set out on their long-contemplated pilgrimage to Mecca, Abdul Mohye, the Mufti of the Mosque, Woking, accompanying them.

It was a long-contemplated pilgrimage. Soon after his declaration of Islam in 1913, Lord Headley's thoughts were set on a visit to Mecca and Medina. Consequently in 1914, when Khwaja Kamal-ud-Din made up his mind to undertake a pilgrimage His Lordship seized on the opportunity. All preparatory arrangements were made; even passages were booked by the s.s. *Persia* of the P. & O. But as a bolt from the blue came the Great War and set at naught the entire plan. His Lordship's children were at the time all minors, and in those troubled days it was not advisable to leave them alone. With great dismay he had to give up the idea so dear to his heart; the Khwaja proceeding by himself. 1918 saw the close of the war, but normal travelling conditions were long in coming. Even so late as the end of

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1919 there were practically no facilities. The Khwaja was in the meanwhile in the midst of his kith and kin in India. His return in 1921 roused his thwarted longing once more, and at last came the fulfilment.

Pilgrimage is obligatory on every Muslim of means, and year after year, as a matter of course, the Holy City of Mecca is the resort of hundreds of thousands of pilgrims. But Lord Headley's pilgrimage has a peculiarity of its own. Lord Headley is the **FIRST MUSLIM** of this country, and now he is the **FIRST PILGRIM** from this country too. It was but natural that everywhere the news should have roused special interest.

The s.s. *Macedonia*, which carried the pilgrims, was yet tossing on the Mediterranean waters when a wireless message hastened to bring the warm greetings of Port Said. It was from Ahmad Sanabari Bey, President-elect of the Reception Committee, extending to the illustrious visitors the hospitality of the town. June 3rd, the day on which the pilgrims' boat touched Port Said, presented a striking spectacle. It was a surprise to all on board to find that about fifty of the gentry were already at the docks to extend them a cordial reception. The boat halted at a distance from the coast. The deputation, however, made their way to it, and assembled in the first saloon. It was then discovered that the representatives of Cairo and Alexandria were also there with invitations from those cities.

Mr. Najib Bey Barada, Barrister-at-Law, in an eloquent speech, welcomed the guests to Egyptian shores, in the course of which he made reference to the Qur-ánic verse : "Behold the Sun and his light ; and the Moon when she borrows light from him." Khwaja Kamal-ud-Din, he observed, was the spiritual sun that had dawned on the horizon of the West. Lord Headley, having, like the moon, absorbed his light, was shedding his lustre amongst his countrymen.

Mr. Najib Bey was followed by Mr. Sanabari

LORD HEADLEY IN EGYPT

Bey and a number of men of learning from Cairo, Port Said and Alexandria, all extending their hearty welcome on behalf of their respective towns. Over twenty gondolas were there to carry them back to the coast. The first boat was occupied by the Khwaja, His Lordship, and Mr. Najib Bey. In the second were Sheikh Abdul Mohye, Al-Mufti and a few of the hosts. The rest followed in a line. In the same order the party got into coaches and, forming a sort of procession, went through the town. In about half an hour the guests arrived at the house of Khalil Kassifi Effendi, situated in the European quarter. Many others of the nobility of the locality came to see them there. Late-afternoon prayers were said in the Khalili Mosque, which goes after the name of its founder, Khalil Effendi. Short speeches were made there. The Khwaja was requested to deliver the sermon, which he did. Lord Headley also briefly addressed the congregation. Then came an evening party in honour of the guests, attended by the cream of the society. Lord Headley, on behalf of himself and the Khwaja, thanked all present in most appropriate words.

The next day found the guests on their way to Cairo. The Port Said Reception Committee had arranged for a railway saloon at their own expense, which was occupied by the guests with the hosts from Cairo and Alexandria. From Port Said right up to Cairo, the train passed no station, great or small, but found a large gathering already on the platform to show their affection for the guests. Everywhere people would shake hands with Lord Headley and reverentially kiss the Khwaja's hands. Young and old joined together in lusty cheers of "Long live Lord Headley!" and "Long live Khwaja Kamal-ud-Din!" At such of the stations where stoppage was not less than three or four minutes the guests would speak a few words, which Mr. Najib Bey interpreted into Arabic. About twelve o'clock

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the train reached Cairo station, which was crowded to the last inch. The high and the humble were alike there to do honour to the guests, who were presented with pretty bouquets of flowers. In the midst of similar scenes as elsewhere—hand-shaking, hand-kissing, and shouts of “Long live Khwaja and Headley!”—the guests were seated in motor-cars and driven to Bekri Mansion, which is situated in Heliopolis. It is the residence of Syed Ihsan Bekri. Ihsan Effendi is well known to most English Muslims. He has been in England for a considerable time, and during his stay took great interest in the Woking Mission activities. Cairo entertained the guests for three days. Prayers were said in the Husain Mosque, where the Sheikhs and Ulemas (learned in theology) welcomed the guests after Friday prayers. In the afternoon, Syed Bekri, the elder uncle of Ihsan Bekri Effendi, entertained them at an evening party. Five hundred people, representative of all stages and grades of society, assembled in the courtyard of a palatial building presented an impressive scene. The whole arrangement was a display of highly refined taste. Before tea, welcome speeches were made. The President of the Reception Committee, Nakib-ul-Ashraf Sheikh Sawi, in a finely worded speech,¹ welcomed the guests on behalf of the city. He was followed by many others, of whom the speeches of Sheikh Bekri and Usman Pasha are especially noteworthy. Poems in praise of the Khwaja and Lord Headley were read. Then came tea, which done with, Lord Headley gave a brief address, Mr. Najib Bey acting as interpreter. Khwaja Kamal-ud-Din was then requested to address the audience. Though half of the assemblage, unacquainted with English, could not understand what the Khwaja said, yet everyone seemed spellbound. Those that could not follow formed themselves in several groups, each group having one interpreter to

¹ This will appear in our next issue.—EDITOR.

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deliver the Khwaja's message. So deep was the impression that on every occasion thenceforth there was general eagerness to hear the Khwaja speak on some Islamic subject. So far as expression of thankfulness was concerned, as well as the spread of the Islamic Movement in England, Lord Headley did the part, and did it exceedingly well. Lectures on Islamic topics fell to the Khwaja to deliver. All the lectures of Lord Headley were reported in the local English papers.

After a three days' memorable sojourn in the midst of Cairo friends, the guests, in company with some notables, left for Alexandria. There the reception was unique. The nobility and the Sheikhs—all came to greet and welcome the guests. His Highness Prince Umar Tusan also joined in the general welcome through a representative.

Certain features of the reception accorded to the Khwaja and Lord Headley in these Egyptian cities are particularly noteworthy. In the first place, the reception was not from one particular class of people. All classes showed equal zeal in showing their recognition of the Khwaja's services in the cause of Islam, and their affection for Lord Headley. A spirit of fraternity pervaded the atmosphere. The interest of the higher classes may be judged from the fact that in Alexandria, H.H. Prince Umar Tusan¹ was, in person, the President of the Reception Committee. Prince Tusan is a bright gem of the Egyptian Royalty, and occupies the foremost rank in the Royal Family. On the first day an evening party was held in the guests' honour, and on the second, a great banquet in the Savoy. Almost all the Sheikhs, the Ulemas, members of the Royal Family, Government Ministers, big merchants and leading men of the town, were present.

¹ The photo of H.H. Prince Umar Tusan forms a befitting frontispiece to this issue of the *Islamic Review*. His speech of welcome will appear in our next issue.—EDITOR.

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Secondly, it must also be noted that in this general display of fraternal sentiments the Sheikhs and Ulemas took a foremost part. As a matter of rule, religious heads and teachers, to whichever religion they may belong, keep aloof from such activities. But the Egyptian Sheikhs and Ulemas must be regarded, in this case, as a remarkable exception. They left no stone unturned to do all honour they could to the guests. To honour a guest is characteristically an Islamic virtue; but what is more, of these guests there was one who had endeared himself to the entire Muslim world through his selfless services. These Sheikhs and Ulemas hardly left a word of respect, regard and affection unuttered in respect of the Khwaja.

Thirdly, the entire Press of Cairo, Alexandria and Port Said took a real interest in this reception. All papers, without distinction, ungrudgingly opened their columns for reporting the movements and activities of the guests. Gratitude is particularly due to the Christian papers which, notwithstanding references to Christianity in the various speeches, showed no narrow spirit of rivalry.

Fourthly, although the movements of the visitors were confined to but three Egyptian cities, the cordial sentiment was shared by almost the whole of the country. As stated, the train passed no station but crowds of country folk flocked to show their love. Letters and telegrams were received from numerous places requesting a visit on the return journey from Mecca.

Fifthly, there were many who were anxious to treat the guests to individual hospitality, which the Management of the Reception Committee did not approve of, as being incongruous with the idea of National hospitality. The guests were, so to say, regarded as National guests and welcomed on a National scale.

Sixthly, the reception was unprecedented, espe-

KHWAJA KAMAL-UD-DIN'S CAIRO LECTURE

cially at Alexandria, where Prince Umar Tusan was the moving spirit of the whole thing. The local papers made mention of this fact.

Seventhly, it was but natural that the world of Islam should show fraternal love for their new brother in faith, Lord Headley. But the esteem and regard which every section of society, the Sheikhs, the Ulemas and the nobility in particular, displayed for the Khwaja, were simply remarkable. In their talks and speeches they would pay homage to the Khwaja's erudition in religious lore, his self-abnegation and his deep insight into the inner meanings of the Qur-ánic words.

During their stay at Cairo the pilgrims visited the famous Muslim University, *Jami-Azhar*. In Alexandria, after paying a return visit to H.H. Prince Tusan, they called at the palace of H.M. King Fuad. His Majesty was at the time out of the town. Then they paid a visit to Lord Allenby, who received them with all pleasure and courtesy and invited them to dinner, which they were unable to accept for pressure of engagements.

The 11th found the honoured pilgrims at Suez, whence they sailed for Jeddha.

Gratitude is particularly due to Ihsan Bekri Effendi and Mr. Najib Bey Barada, who spared no effort to afford the guests every comfort. They sacrificed the whole of their time for the latter's company, which they never gave up till the hour of departure. In fact, Ihsan Effendi's whole household was every moment at the service of the guests.

KHWAJA KAMAL-UD-DIN'S CAIRO LECTURE

YOUR HIGHNESS, YOUR EXCELLENCES, AND BRETHREN IN ISLAM,—Lord Headley has said something as to the spread of Islam in England. He has said that there are thousands of people in England who are Muslims, though they do not know that they are Muslims. He has only reiterated in Egypt what

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he has said many a time at public meetings in England. The statement has naturally excited surprise in certain quarters, and therefore demands some explanation, which I venture to offer. But first of all allow me to thank His Lordship for so kindly undertaking to thank you all on my behalf as well as on his own for the reception accorded to us here. He has styled it—and very rightly—a grand reception: a reception unique in its character. The reception, however, has suggested a comparison between two widely different psychologies—one that of the Westerner, which Lord Headley possesses, and the other that of myself, who am a Muslim by birth and an Easterner. If Lord Headley says that he did not and could not expect, or even imagine, that which he has seen and found in the expression of love, brotherhood and hospitality accorded to him by his brethren in Islam in Egypt, it is quite natural. The Western heart does not throb—perhaps the cold and rigorous climate has given it its peculiar mould—with that warmth and loving-kindness which streams from the heart of the East. The materialism of the West has killed those finer feelings of kindness and regard which a Muslim heart cherishes for his brethren in Islam; while Christendom has become alien to all those emotions which arise in the Muslim mind on the adhesion of a new soul to his faith—emotions with which the minds of the disciples did beat in the days of the Master. Moreover, a guest in the West, after a meal or two, becomes his own host. Every nation has its own ways, most suited to it perhaps. Lord Headley has also remarked that he would not venture to ascribe the welcome that has been given him to his personal significance, but rather that he saw in it that hearty ever-ready spirit of greeting which the East is always eager to extend to the West. The remark is just the truth, and it is a pregnant truth. Islam, and Islam only, can now unite West and East in such a way as to put an end to all that strife and discord which unfortunately separates them to-day and is the cause of so much trouble to the whole world.

Egypt, for the treasures and memorials of her antiquity, has now riveted the attention of the whole world; she is drawing the Western world, as brothers, to her various places of interest. Peers by the score and commoners by the hundred, from the West, are seen every year walking in the streets of Cairo and Alexandria without attracting the attention of the people here, except on account of their own personal relations. But no sooner does the news of Baron Headley's visit reach Egyptian shores than it arouses a strong and ever-increasing wave of love, affection and respect in each heart, irrespective of rank and grade.

The reason is not far to seek. The Muslim is welcoming a Muslim. A new soul is born in the family of Islam; and where lies a family in the world whose members do not rejoice at the birth of a new soul?

KHWAJA KAMAL-UD-DIN'S CAIRO LECTURE

As to my own heart, it, however, could not be moved in the same way at the sight of that which the wondering eyes of the British peer saw in your reception. That insignificant sacrifice of my worldly concerns—insignificant I say advisedly when I think of the sacrifices made in the cause of Islam by my predecessors in faith—which men say that I have made in the service of Islam has not remained unrewarded at the hand of the Almighty. Wherever I have been in the Muslim world I have been treated with unique love, affection and regard. To-day I am dining at the same family table with illustrious princes, the jewels of the Egyptian Royal Family. It naturally reminds me of my visit to Hyderabad, the premier State in India, in 1915, when His Exalted Highness the Nizam and King of Deccan was gracious enough to allow me to break bread with him at his own table, as well as to invite me to tea in his palace. Besides Hyderabad, I have visited other Indian Muslim States—Bhopal, Bhawalpore and Khairpore—where I have been treated in the same way. All this respect and regard is not a personal matter. It can be claimed from the Muslim world by every servant of Islam, though such a thing is unknown in the business-like world of the West. But—after my thanks to God—what chiefly fills my heart with gratitude towards the illustrious princes and other brethren in Islam assembled here is this: that they have created an occasion which has actually proved to the hilt all that I have told Lord Headley and others in the West concerning the hospitality, brotherhood and fellow-feeling in Islam.

To-day Al-Farooq of England finds the theory of Muslim brotherhood in actual practice. He has had occasion to read all about it in our literature, and yet he has expressed his surprise when he saw the potentialities of the Muslim heart in this direction actualized. The reason is obvious. The self-centredness prevailing in the Western world is such as to prevent even a Muslim mind from anticipating all. Thank God, all this, that might well have been treated as something from the land of dreams when I talked of Muslim hospitality in England, has to-day become a reality. Now as to the other remark which Lord Headley let fall as to the Muslim nature of the English mind in general. He speaks of thousands of hearts that are Muslim and yet are not aware of this newly developed psychology. The statement, true as it is, can hardly fail to excite surprise, curiosity and doubt, as has indeed been hinted in some of the local non-Muslim newspapers, though in very guarded language. The question of questions, which must be agitating many a mind here after hearing Lord Headley's words, is probably this: Does the Church in the West repel the average mind so much that it is seeking shelter elsewhere? It does not become a Muslim preacher to throw mud at others—it is against the teaching of the Qur-ân—but I will narrate certain notable events which have occurred within the short

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space of the last five years and will leave it to your judgment to appraise the statement of His Lordship as you shall decide. It was, I think, in the year 1917 that some prominent Churchmen questioned the validity of the oath usually administered to those about to be ordained. This oath required them to believe unfeignedly in the divine origin of the Bible. This, they asserted, they could not do. They could not believe, for example, in Noah's Ark, nor could they accept the story of Jonah—forgetful of the fact that Jesus himself had tacitly admitted the validity of the latter event by comparing his own rising from the tomb with the coming of Jonah out of the fish. The form of the oath, they said, ought to be changed, and this was done. It was also recommended, and from the pulpit as well, that some of the Psalms should be expunged from the Prayer Book; and this, too, was done. Thus the authenticity and genuineness of the Bible as the Word from God was questioned. Thirteen hundred years ago the Qur-án said the same thing, but Christendom would not listen to it, and now the Church itself has come forward under the very nose of the Archbishop of Canterbury to bear testimony to the truth related in the Qur-án. It tickles my curiosity. How could a person accept the genuineness of the rest of a book if the correctness of a portion of it has been impugned, especially when there does not exist any independent proof of the events therein narrated? In this connection I may refer to another important statement made by the Dean of Westminster in 1922 while speaking about the retention of the Bible in the curriculum of education: "If the legends of the Book of Genesis," the Dean is reported to have said, "were to be taught to children, they will think that the last generation had a very low standard of truth." It is not difficult to read between the lines. The legends referred to are not true in the judgment of this dignitary of the Church. The Reverend Doctor did not, however, seem to appreciate the bearing of his remarks on the superstructure of the Pauline Church. If the story of the fall of Adam was untrue, the theory of sin in nature will fall to the ground as well, and in its train the theory of the atonement and the Divinity of Jesus. In short, the genuineness of the Bible was officially questioned at Canterbury in 1917. The next year put another important question in issue: Was the Church in the West ever founded by Jesus himself? The Conference took place in Cambridge. The debate was opened by Dean Inge, who replied to the question in the negative. In his remarks he also said that Jesus was a Jew; that he observed the laws of Moses strictly; that he never thought of any schism in the then existing Church; and that he was a firm believer in the observance of the law. All this led him to assert that the Church passing under the name of Jesus was never founded by him, but that it was founded by St. Paul. This statement startled many, but the trend of opinion in the Conference was

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in support of the Dean's contention. If the Church in its present form in the West had nothing to do with Jesus, why should a follower of Jesus subscribe to it?

Then came the year 1921, and another Conference took place at Oxford, the deliberations of which shook the very foundation of Christianity. It is an open secret that few in the West believe in the Divinity of Christ, in the current sense of the word, which therefore needed some explanation in terms acceptable by an average mind. The task fell on Dr. Rashdall, the Dean of Carlisle. His theory of the Divinity of Jesus, plausible as it was, surprised the Christian world. The explanation, which was supposed to be going to strengthen belief in the Divinity of Jesus, destroyed it altogether.

The learned Doctor maintained that Jesus was not God, but man in every sense of the word. His birth, his miracles, and all that has been narrated of him, even if taken as reported, could not clothe him with Godhood. The Divinity of Jesus lay in his reproduction of Divine morals. Jesus did imbue himself with the Divine attributes, and in this sense he possessed Divinity. The explanation, perturbing as it was to Christian minds, however, did not fail to meet our approval. I at once wrote to the Dean in 1922, when I returned to England, that his explanation of the Divinity of Christ endorsed the Muslim view on the subject. In Islam, I said, the goal of humanity was to clothe oneself with Divine attributes. "Imbue yourself with Divine morals," said the Holy Prophet to his followers; and Muslims believe that all the prophets of the world, including Jesus himself, did reproduce Divine morals. And if Jesus was to be taken as God simply on account of His being clothed with Divine attributes, then every man was potentially Jesus and a god. But the Muslim conception of Godhood was very high and transcendental. "Nothing like the likeness of Him," says the Qur-án. Our conception of God goes even beyond the realm of simile and metaphor. This I wrote to Dr. Rashdall, but he could not see eye to eye with me on the question; so he replied, for reasons too obvious to give here. He, however, allowed me to publish the correspondence. It is clear that the religion dogmatized by the Church in the West could not stand any longer in the West after receiving the expression of such ideals from those who had to defend it. Then it became incumbent on them to formulate their religion. This was done in 1922, when the Bishops and dignitaries of and from various dioceses met in Oxford, where it was stated that the real feature of Christianity was love, and other religions—Buddhism, one of them—also shared with it in this respect.

Is it any wonder, then, to find churches empty and the parsons addressing empty benches and pews on Sundays? Is it surprising, then, to see the Sabbath of the Lord being more observed in golf, cricket and football than in the churches and chapels? The situation became critical, and the custodians of

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the people's conscience became apprehensive when the Archbishop of York struck a very timely note, remarking in one of his sermons that though religion attracts people, yet the Church repels. Thus His Grace clearly hinted that the religion which appeals to man is something quite different from what is taught by the Church. The remark of the Archbishop led to a very interesting discussion carried on in the columns of a monthly called *Pearson's Magazine* and other papers by men of note, both clerical and lay. It clarified the whole question and established that the Church so wrongly named after Christ was not wanted, but that the people want a religion simple and practical and free from dogma—a religion which may create love and fellow-feeling and establish universal brotherhood in the world, a religion the ideals of which may receive practical shape, which may concern itself with this world and base man's betterment in the coming world on his action in this world. The religion needed is the religion of action and not of beliefs, a religion that should not crush human cravings, but control them and sublimate them with something better and holier.

Allow me to put it to you—and you are an assembly almost wholly Muslim, with Ulemas and Shiekhs, with men highly educated and cultured—whether the sketch of the ideal religion that was drawn in England in the year 1922 was any other than that of Islam. Yes, it was a true picture of Islam. And Lord Headley has very aptly observed that in England there are thousands of Muslims who do not know that they are.

Far be it from me to claim any credit for all this. Nor would it be right on my part to do so. One thing, however, I can confidently say: that whatever has come about is not just chance. To me it appears the will of the Lord, which in these days is working itself out in the West. It was His will that brought about such a radical change in the Western religious conception. And when it was His will that church religion should dissolve of itself, even as salt does in water, He created circumstances which urged me to betake myself to English shores for the purpose of spreading the light of Islam. Call it a happy chance or, as Lord Headley takes it to be, a Divine decree.

His Lordship has made generous references to my work and the achievements of my Mission during the past ten years. I would put it down to His Lordship's personal attachment to me rather than to anything on my part. One thing, however, he has substantiated by facts and figures. In an article ten years ago, which he read out to you to-day, he had shown his disappointment at the spread of Islam in England. Such was the horrid picture drawn in those days. And now he says from first-hand knowledge that during these ten years the trend of religious thought has undergone a wholesale metamorphosis. This he is kindly inclined to attribute to my humble efforts.

In conclusion, I would make but one request. When a single individual's efforts can bear fruit so enormous, is it incumbent

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only on one Indian to push the cause? Is it not equally up to you to rise to the height of the opportunity and be up and doing? These are the spring days of Islam. The vital power of growth is at its best. Heaven is pouring down its showers. Breezes are gentle and wholesome. This is all God-sent. But no crops are to be expected, even under conditions so ideal, until and unless the husbandman takes to the farm, ploughing, tilling and sowing. Arise, therefore, you farmers of Islam! Take advantage of the season! Else, do not forget the Divine warning: Another nation shall take your place that will better fulfil the Divine purpose.

LORD HEADLEY'S CAIRO SPEECH¹

LORD HEADLEY prefaced his speech by reciting the first Fatihah of the Koran, "In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful, Lord of the Judgment Day, Thee we worship, and for Thy assistance we ask. Guide us in the straight path of those whom Thou favourest and not of those on whom Thou visitest Thy displeasure," etc.

Addressing the gathering as "Brother Moslems," Lord Headley went on to say how deeply he had been touched by the welcome accorded him and the Khwaja Kamal-ud-Din ever since the first moment of their arrival at Port Said. During the journey to Cairo crowds had gathered at the stations en route, and the same cordiality had been displayed on their arrival at Cairo station and ever since. The speaker was not so conceited as to think that there was anything personal in these demonstrations of friendship; he recognized that it was simply the desire which was held by everyone nowadays to see the West joining the East.

He was not going to mince matters: he knew that he was among brethren, and that anything he said would be taken in good part. There were in England alone, not speaking of other European countries, tens of thousands of good Moslems. Probably if you went up to any of them and said, "You are a Moslem," they would reply, "What on earth are you talking about? I am a Christian." But the answer would be, "No, you're not; you've thrown over all the dogmas with which the Christian religion has been encumbered."

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

The teachings of Islam were essentially the doctrine of the brotherhood of man. All present knew that their absolute duty, after surrender to the will of God, was their obligation to their fellow-creatures, to treat them kindly, as they themselves would wish to be treated. That was a very simple religion; it was

¹ Reprinted from the *Egyptian Gazette*, July 9th.

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really pure Christianity as taught by the Prophet Jesus—he taught his beautiful lesson and then went away, all too early. The teachings of Moses, Christ and Mohammed were all in essence the same, varied a little according to the locality in which the prophets delivered their messages. They all taught our duty to God and our neighbour.

The various Christian sects—and there were so many—were all the same in principle, but differed in details. Those differences were in priest-made dogma. There were all sorts of creeds in which, unless a man believed, the priests told him that he could not be saved. Most of these articles of faith were the manufacture of monks who had lived hundreds of years ago.

Lord Headley referred to various Christian beliefs which, he said, were laid down by the priests as essential to salvation, and remarked that Islam did not say “Unless you believe this or that you cannot be saved.” The speaker, and Moslems generally, did not want to abuse anybody. They recognized the good in other religions and that if a man was born into another faith it was natural for him to hold to it. But at the same time the hardship came in when a Moslem was told by his Christian friends and relatives that he could not be saved because he was a Mohammedan. Religion must appeal first to the heart and then to the head. A faith which did not appeal to both the heart and the reason could not be worth very much.

The speaker did not believe that the young men of to-day were becoming more irreligious. Young men nowadays would not sit in churches, they preferred to go out and play golf, but that did not mean that they were becoming more irreligious. This was an age of reason, and any religion, to attract, must appeal to the reason. That was why Islam was making so strong an appeal to-day.

Of course it was very difficult to go into a country and change things all at once, but despite that, the Khwaja Kamal-ud-Din was doing a wonderful work in England.

A MOSLEM FOR FIFTY YEARS.

The speaker had been a Moslem at heart for fifty years, but at one time it would have been unkind—in fact, cruel—to declare his belief. In 1913, however, all the old people whom he had had to consider had gone, and he did not care a penny for what the young people thought, so he felt that it was time for him to come out and declare himself in his true colours.

Lord Headley told the story of how, to please his father, he had been confirmed, against his own real beliefs, and said that it had always been a problem to him whether it was his duty then to profess his faith in something which he rejected, and so tell a lie, or whether he should have declined to be confirmed; and so break the commandment to obey his father. As regarded his own son, the speaker had not in any way tried to influence him. He had told him to accept whatever faith he could

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honestly believe in; to be a Moslem if he thought right, or not if he did not wish to be.

Lord Headley concluded by again thanking them all for the welcome they had given him. He did not suppose that he had many more years to live, but the memory of the reception which had been given him in Egypt would remain for the rest of his life.

MYSTICISM IN PERSIAN POETRY

By C. A. SOORMA, B.A.

This world, our sometime lodging here below,
Doth yield us naught but store of grief and woe,
And then, alas, with all our doubts unsolved,
And heavy-hearted with regret we go.

OMAR KHAYYAM.

PERSIAN, undoubtedly, is one of the sweetest and most expressive languages in the world. It contributes in no small measure to the masterpieces of the world's literature. Both its prose and poetry—especially the latter—have been the object of the deepest study of not only the greatest scholars of the East, but also those of the West. Like the other great languages of the Orient, such as Arabic, Sanskrit, Pali and Chinese, it has all those qualities which go to make up a noble language—embracing all the beauty, charm, richness, splendour, dignity and mysticism so characteristic of the East. The fire of romance and ardour runs through its veins—pulsating, throbbing. Fancy and imagination run wild, unchecked, unrestrained; while loftiness and nobility of thought dominate the language. This noble edifice is not the product of a single brain. Century after century the materials for its structure were supplied by numerous poets, philosophers, writers, savants, monarchs, soldiers and mystics, and to-day it rears its lofty head proudly, bearing witness to the magnificence and splendour of a bygone race.

In this essay I propose to deal briefly with the mysticism of Persian poetry. It is one of those mysterious elements of Oriental literature which

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have proved a stumbling-block in the path of many Western scholars, and have thus robbed them of a true appreciation of the charms of Eastern poetry.

It is an admitted fact that a translation can never approach the original, no matter however faithful it may seem, and, according to an old Spanish author, "Translations are but tapestries seen on the wrong side." The translation of a work of prose is less difficult, generally, than the translation of a piece of poetry. The poet composes a literary gem, called a "poem," where the finest tracery of colourful imagery, of felicity of expression, of nobility of sentiments, of the charms of rhyme and metre, are like so many facets of a polished stone, each emitting a lustre of its own. In its original form a poem is set in its proper background, and thus it is a work of art of the highest order. But once it is translated, it loses, naturally, most of its value. It may be compared to the transplanting of a rare and precious plant in some less desirable soil. The plant may flourish and bloom, but can it ever pretend to possess that charm, that freshness which it had in its natural and original background? No, never.

When dealing with poetry, one is apt to lose sight of two very important factors. The first, the poet's *moods*, and the second, their expression in poetical form. Both these factors need very careful consideration; for they might give us a clue as to the poet's state of mind at a particular moment when dealing with a particular theme. In fact, the poet's varying moods mould the expression of his thought to such an extent that they might, very often, be contrasted to render the many-sidedness of the poet's character. This may be seen, for example, from the following quatrains of Omar Khayyam:—

WHINFIELD (*reflective mood*):

"O soul! whose lot it is to bleed with pain,
And daily change of fortune to sustain;
Into this body wherefore didst thou come,
Seeing thou must so soon go forth again?"

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“So many cups of wine will I consume, (Bacchanalian)
Its bouquets shall exhale from out my tomb;
And everyone that passes by shall halt,
And reel and stagger with that mighty fume.”

His language, his style, his diction, his rhythm, all depend upon his moods—as, for example, sad thoughts inspire a sad expression. The cleverer the poet, the greater the clarity and harmony of expression of his thoughts in language. A poet must possess the rare but necessary gift of felicity of expression and a due sense of the value and use of words.

Moreover, a poet is far more responsive and sensitive. To him even the commonest objects and events convey a deeper significance. He views them through a “haze of imaginative colour.” He invests them with qualities and attributes not obvious to the casual observer. In so doing he is but giving expression to the varying types of impressions created on his mind by certain things. Being gifted with a romantic and poetical turn of mind, his impressions may, at first sight, appear curious to the layman. For instance, a rose is simply a rose to most of us. We admire it as a beautiful flower, and there’s an end to it. On the other hand, to the poet the rose is not only a beautiful rose, but an object from which he can draw several inferences. He may, for example, compare the beauty of the rose to the beauty of his lady-love, whose praises he so lavishly sings. He may also, if serious and reflective, infer from the frailty of the rose the frailty of this universe and the fickleness of things in general, etc. Thus we find that there is no limit to the imaginative expression of the poetic soul.

This comparison and contrast in which the poet often indulges are known as *Metaphors* and *Similes*. They are the two most powerful weapons which he wields, and a true appreciation of poetry involves a clear comprehension of the use and suitability of metaphors and similes.

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If a translator translates a piece literally, then he is bound to lose sight of the spirit of the original. He cannot adopt the same style, using the same metaphors, similes and other literary devices as in the original, for no two languages can possess the same attributes and modes of expression alike. There is some difference somewhere. Even granting, however, that it was possible to choose the nearest form which corresponded to the original, it very often occurs that a strict observance of similarity of expression leads to ambiguity. Therefore a literal translation is of very little value in so far as poetry is concerned. On the other hand, if a translator adopts a free paraphrase, then he usually goes "wide of the mark," so to speak, for his translation does not correspond either to the letter or the spirit of his original. Therefore the translator must not exceed the legitimate bounds within which he is allowed the liberty of paraphrase. His translation must be, above all, faithful, and it must be able to bring out the essence and the charm of the original. He must by nature and instinct possess that "curious felicity of expression" which it is the aim and ambition of every writer—especially a poet—to possess.

The form of expression in the Orient is richer, subtler and full of imaginative colour and romance. The similes and metaphors do *not* admit of a literal translation. In the East, a word stands for a concrete conception of thought, and is not a mere symbol or sign. It has so many *associations that it is* very often perplexing to find out to what a word really refers. There is, as someone says, "a world of meaning in a single word," and the link that binds together word and idea is very subtle indeed in the language of the East. For instance, the word *wine* literally means liquor. On the other hand, it very often—especially in mystic poetry, designates "love." Therefore any ambiguity which arises in the translation of Oriental literature is due mainly to an ignorance

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on the part of the translator as to the ways and life of the East and the richness and variety of the forms of expression.

Professor Ameen Neville J. Whyman, Ph.D., Litt.D., F.S.P., says :—

Yet again we turn to the East. For thousands of years the East has cherished as its greatest treasure the gift of mystic and immortal song. Not only have our greatest philosophers been trained in the schools of the Orient, not only have we laden thence all religious light we may possess, but the cynic and world-weary turn there for the refreshing breeze of mysticism and the quickening odes and stanzas of love.

The most important point to consider with regard to mysticism in Persian poetry is the doctrine of *Sufeism*. A clear conception of what *Sufeism* really means will help us a long way in appreciating the charms of mystic poetry.

It has been generally held by Muslims that Islam possesses four cardinal aspects, namely : (1) *Shariat*, (2) *Hikmat*, (3) *Tareekat*, and (4) *Maarifat*. We do not propose to deal with the first three aspects, but it is necessary for our discussion to understand at least a bit of the fourth. *Maarifat* means literally "to know." One who "knows"—that is to say, one who appreciates the greatness of God by virtue of his sincere love and devotion to the Deity—is called a *Sufee*. Mysticism is based on *Maarifat*, and is popularly known as *Sufeism*. *Sufeism* claims that the highest form of attainment for the human soul is for the soul to be "merged in God" and to be "at one with Him." Man, it is said, has been made after the image of God. He possesses the divine element in him, namely, the soul. His chief aim in life is, or ought to be, the perfection of this element, but he is hampered in this pursuit. *Sufeism* proposes to harmonize the various conflicting elements of man, to bring them to a moderate plane and to make them subservient to the achievement of the one great end—the union with God.

A *Sufee* is opposed to the *Zahid*. The former

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craves more for a personal union with God, while the latter is content to carry out to the letter the injunctions and precepts of the orthodox faith. The *Sufee* stands for the real behind the apparent. He is not ashamed to cry out in protest against hollow religious formalities, devoid of sincerity and piety. He adopts as his guide the spirit of his faith, and his conscience is satisfied with nothing short of that—with no amount of empty rites and rituals. He stands to God in the same relation as a lover to his beloved, with just this difference, that his love is free from all carnal associations. The *Zahid*, on the other hand, has not the same breadth of vision, and lays all his emphasis on the letter of the Law. Hence the wrangle and the difference.

Mr. J. P. Brown, in an article in the *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, while quoting the learned Sufee Muhammad al-Misri of the Il Hamiyah School, lays down the following doctrine as a true interpretation of *Sufeistic* or mystic poetry in the form of a catechism :—

Q.—The Sufees regard certain things as lawful which are forbidden. For instance, they enjoin the use of wine, wine-shops, the wine-cups, sweethearts; they speak of the curls of their mistresses, and the moles on their faces, cheeks, etc., and compare the furrows of their brows to verses of the Qur-án. *What does this mean?*

A.—The Sufees often exchange the external features of all things for the internal, the corporeal for the spiritual, and thus give an imaginary significance to outward forms. They behold objects of a precious nature in their natural character, and for this reason the greater part of their words have a spiritual and figurative meaning.

The Persian mystics were all *Sufees*. Omar Khayyam, Hafiz, Jamee, Rumees, Nizamee, Saadee, and others, were the greatest mystics of Faris, and some of the greatest of all time. It is not easy to understand the psychology of these mystic poets and philosophers. No translation can help us to fathom their depths of wisdom. Only an accurate knowledge in their original language can shed some

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light and penetrate the gloom which appears to surround them.

Life in the East is different from life in the West. There is some truth, after all, in Kipling when he says that

East is East and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet.

For the sake of reference and elucidation, we give below a few words with their *Sufeistic* interpretation, and we trust that it will help the reader of the translations of Persian literature in grasping their true significance:—

By “wine” is meant the “love of God” or devotion, the “tavern” means “this world.” “beauty” means the “perfection of Allah.” The *Saqee* or “cup-bearer” designates the sheikh or “spiritual teacher.” By “Beloved” or *Mashook* is meant again “the Almighty.” The “Lover” or the *ashiq* denotes the true devotee of God, while *nisha* or *ishq* or “sleep” signifies “divine meditation or reflection.”

Thus we find that many owing to their ignorance of *Sufeistic* interpretation were always labouring under a cloud of misapprehension, and therefore misrepresentation. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that many translators thought that “wine” stood for “spirits”; “beloved” for the common lady-love of the poet who sang her praises and who glorified her matchless beauty and perfection. It was a “groping in the dark.” They lost all the fire and force of Persian poetry.

One glaring example of this is FitzGerald’s translation of the *Rubāiyyāts* or Quatrains of Omar Khayyam. Omar is one of the best-known of all the Persian poets, and yet he is one of the least understood. Omar owes his popularity in the West to FitzGerald, who needs no introduction. FitzGerald was a poet, though a minor one, and yet he took the greatest liberty in translating the works of a fellow-poet.

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He had no scruples. He chose to make his translation as attractive as he could. He did not care that in so doing he entirely misrepresented the sentiments of the poet-philosopher of Naishapur. FitzGerald has completely lost sight of the mystic philosophy contained in the poems of Omar Khayyam. He and his prototypes considered Omar to be an Epicure. The *carpe-diem* mood of Omar's poetry has led FitzGerald and others to believe and to depict Omar as a gay, impulsive and passionate poet. Through Western spectacles one sees Omar as a happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care sort of fellow—one who sees the bright side of life, one who lives for the present, forgets the past, and relegates the future to the background of unrealities. The following may be quoted with advantage to illustrate the point:—

Since no one can assure thee of the morrow,
Rejoice thy heart to-day and banish sorrow
With moonbright wine, fair moon! The moon in heaven
Will look for us in vain on many a morrow.

What a picture! We wish it were but true. But it is not. Careless, debonair and Epicurean though he seems, yet there is in Omar all the instincts of a noble and virtuous soul. If the reader but substitutes the *Sufeistic* interpretations for "wine" in the above piece, what a difference in meaning accrues. What Omar is trying to show is, that as no one is certain of his period of existence in this world, it is better for him to do the little good that he can, love the Deity and think of Him sometimes, than to be immersed in sorrow. For sorrow cannot atone for what-might-have-beens. Thus we find that beneath his air of impulsiveness and passionate ardour there lies a philosophy truly sublime and great. Omar was a great scholar, a clever astronomer, a keen mathematician and an eminent logician. Above all, he was a keen student of human nature, familiar with every walk of life. Generous to a fault and sensitive as a child, he was the favourite of the three greatest Courts of his time.

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There is also one more salient fact which is apt to be lost sight of. It is this, that FitzGerald translated only a very small portion of the *Rubāiyyāts* of Omar Khayyam. He has selected only those quatrains which appeared to him to show the gay and Epicurean nature of the poet. He has, unfortunately, left untouched a great number of those verses—mostly devotional—which depict the religious ardour of Khayyam. Most of these verses are based on Qur-ānic principles—a fact which cannot be appreciated by men like FitzGerald. It is evident now that a reader of the translations of Persian mystic poets must accept with great caution the sentiments expressed therein. He must not be led away by false appearances. He must, if possible, go back to the original and find out the theme on which the translation is based.

Among the many translators of Omar Khayyam, Whinfield is tolerable, Costello inspiring, Sir Gore Ouseley charitable, Garner learned, and FitzGerald worthless. For instance, take the translation of the following quatrain both by FitzGerald and Gore Ouseley. There is a world of difference between the two, and yet it is the *same* piece :—

FITZGERALD :

“ Ah, make the most of what we may yet spend,
Before we too into the dust descend,
Dust unto dust and under dust to lie
Sans wine, sans song, sans singer, and sans end.”

OUSELEY :

“ Let not grim sorrow embrace thee now,
Nor empty grief absorb thy days allow,
Leave not this book the lover's life enfold,
'Ere earth fold *thee*, the field's green bank hold thou ! ”

It was pointed out to me by an Englishman some time ago that FitzGerald never pretended to translate the poetry of Omar Khayyam of Naishapur ; but that he merely expressed in verse what appealed to him from the poetry of the Persian poet. Therefore, according to him, FitzGerald had done no wrong

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in putting before the world his *Rubāiyyāts of Omar Khayyam*, since they were written in choice verse and expressed some really noble sentiments. He contended that FitzGerald was at liberty to render in verse whatever sentiments he held. Had FitzGerald restricted himself to merely expressing *his* sentiments in unequivocal language, we would have found no fault with him, but when he professes to express his sentiment under the *guise* of the *Rubāiyyāts of Omar Khayyam*—a totally different thing—we certainly declare war. For it is a serious crime to misinterpret, and therefore misrepresent the sentiments and views of another, and when a poet is guilty of this crime, no criticism is harsh enough; for he is the author of a literary forgery and false ideas. Therefore, as a poet, FitzGerald may excel others, but as a translator he is an utter and hopeless failure.

The following are some quatrains of Omar Khayyam from different translators:—

WHINFIELD :

“Pagodas, like as mosques, are homes of prayer,
’Tis prayer that church-bells chime unto the air;
Yea, Church and Ka’aba, Rosary and Cross,
Are all but divers tongues of world-wide prayer.”

COSTELLO :

“Nothing in this world of ours
Flows as we would have it flow;
Why avail, then, careful hours,
Thought and trouble, tears and woe ?”

FITZGERALD :

“The moving finger writes, and having writ,
Moves on : nor all thy Piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line of it,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a word of it.”

So much for Omar Khayyam. Now let us turn our attention to the poetry of Hafiz, the greatest of the Persian lyrical poets. Hafiz was perhaps a finer exponent of the doctrine of *Sufeism* than even Omar Khayyam. Hafiz specialized in the

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Ode, one version of which is the famous *Ghazal*. The *Diwane' Hafiz* abounds in *carpe-diem* poetry. There is hardly a single verse where "wine" is not praised. This bacchanalian feature has led many translators of Hafiz to "dub" him as the modern Anacreon of Persia. Mr. John Payne adheres to this view. It is indeed interesting to learn that this learned critic goes so far as to assert that Hafiz was neither a mystic nor a *Sufee*. *Sufeism*, according to Mr. Payne, was a carefully planned scheme to swindle and deceive credulous people. He says in his Introduction to the *Diwane' Hafiz* :—

"It is evident to the impartial student of his poems that Hafiz was no mystic, except as every true poet is a mystic, in the sense that he sees life and the world through a haze of imaginative colour, which invests them with a glory and a significance invisible and incomprehensible to the common herd."

Evidently Mr. Payne belongs to the "common herd," for he is so puzzled with the subtleties and the mysteries of *Sufeism* that he finds it convenient to take shelter in a total denial of the existence of such an order. But his denial is false. If he had only taken the trouble to understand the psychology of the Persian mystic philosophers, if he had not been so arbitrary in his judgment, and if he had only studied the highways and byways of Islamic literature so ably commented upon by the leading Muslim savants like Professor Ameen Neville J. Whymant and Shiblee Nomanee, there is not the slightest doubt that he would have arrived at a different conclusion from what he did. His estimation of Hafiz would have been more to the point and accurate. But as it is, he, like FitzGerald, has been labouring under a cloud of misapprehension and misrepresentation.

Hafiz may best be described in his own words :—

I am he whom men call teller of things that none may see,
Tongue of speech of the Unspoken, I am he that holds the key
Of the treasuries of vision and the mines of mystery.

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I am he that knows the secrets of the lands beyond the goal ;
I am he that solves the puzzles of the sorrow-smitten soul,
I am he that giveth gladness from the wine-enlightened bowl ;
I am he that heals the wounded and the weary of their scars,
I am Hafiz, son of Shiraz, in the pleasant land of Faris,
Where I flung my flouting verses in the faces of the stars.

And see how he exhorts his readers in another place :—

Hither, hither with your burdens, I have that shall make them
light,
I have salves (that) shall purge the earth-mists from the
fountains of your sight,
I have spells (that) shall raise the morning in the midst of
your night.
Come, O doubt-distracted brother ! Come, O heavy-burdened
one !
Come, and I will cleave your darkness with the splendours of
the sun ;
Leave your striving never-ending ; let the weary world go by ;
Let its bondmen hug their fetters, let its traders sell and buy ;
With roses in the garden we will sojourn, you and I.

Hafiz is great—really great, indeed !

What holds true of Hafiz holds equally true of the other mystic poets of Persia like Rumeé, Nizamee, Jamee and others. In fact, the poetry of Rumeé has rightly been regarded as the finest exposition of the doctrines of *Sufeism*. The esteem and veneration with which Rumeé's *Masnavi* is treated throughout the Islamic world is ample proof of the fact that these poet-philosophers of Persia were men imbued with the highest sense of morality and that their idealism was not meant to have that polish and glitter—that false lustre—with which their poetry is often treated by Western translators. Beneath their apparent *carpe-diem* mood and cynicism, there breathed fiery spirits aglow with divine love and devotion. See how Rumeé sings :—

I am the Gospel, the Psalter, the Qur-án,
I am Uzza and Lat (arabic deities), Bell and the Dragón ;
Into three-and-seventy sects is the world divided,
Yet only one God : the faithful who believe in Him am I.

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Every night God frees the host of spirits ;
Frees them every night from fleshly prison ;
Then the soul is neither slave nor master ;
Nothing knows the bondman of his bondage :
Nothing knows the Lord of all His lordship.
Gone from such a night is eating sorrow ;
Gone the thoughts that question good or evil.
Then without distraction or division,
In this One the spirit sinks and slumbers.

What profound philosophy and what depths of
wisdom !

And we cannot do better than wind up this
article with the fervent prayer of the Maulana of
Rum :—

When eyes in paradise unsleeping guard me o'er,
As stars above,
Dwell in my sightless eyes as my dear guest,
O wake ! Wake thou in me.

And when the Dark of after life is here,
And love's smile dawns
And draws, Love like, ever to thy Breast !
Wake Thou in me !

EID-UL-AZHA, 1923

By RUDOLF PICKTHALL

THE Festival of Eid-ul-Azha, which fell this year on
Wednesday, July 25th, was unfortunately marred to
some extent by adverse weather conditions.

Throughout the twelve years of the Mission's
work in England there is on record but one similar
occasion ; and, in view of the dimensions of the
mosque and the limited accommodation elsewhere
available in case of emergency, it is not difficult to
realize the too essential importance of the weather
as a factor in the day's success.

The mosque is small. At the most, two hundred
persons will, though scientifically packed and arranged,
fill it so completely that movement becomes difficult
and comfort out of the question. The Memorial
House is also small, and utterly lacking in the

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accommodation necessary for a mixed multitude on a wet day. Even the heroic efforts of the Mission Staff and their band of willing helpers can compass no more than a plucky attempt, in such circumstances, to achieve the impossible; and, with the best intentions in the world, it is not easy to "make the best of it" to any satisfactory degree, when there is barely sufficient cubic space for the effort. Happily things did not come quite to such a pass on the 25th. The prayers and sermon were over, and all except a score or so of the visitors had lunched at the long tables spread on the lawn, when the first drops began to fall; still, though luncheon was duly accomplished within doors and every arrangement possible made for the comfort of the guests, it was inevitable that the rain should give the signal for a premature breaking up of the assembly.

Under present conditions such functions are, and must be, open-air functions; too greatly dependent for success on a proverbially fickle climate. But there is, alas! no alternative. The provision of some covered place, capable of sheltering the crowds that come together on such occasions would remove a very real spectre of anxiety—the more disquieting because unassailable—which haunts the approach of every Eid. Working at such times is, after all, the centre of Muslim England, and should not be completely at the mercy of the weather.

The day broke cloudy, but fair; and for the first time in the history of the mosque, a special train, at specially reduced fares and officially known as the "Muslim Festival Special," was run by the Southern Railway Company for the convenience of those attending the Festival. Of those present, numbering upwards of two hundred and fifty, it is estimated that at least one hundred and fifty took advantage of this experiment, which, it is to be hoped, will be repeated on future occasions.

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Prayers were recited at 11.30, when a gleam of sunshine breaking through the grey gave fleeting promise of brighter things; after which the Imam, Maulvi Mohammed Yakub Khan (who is in charge of the Mission during the absence, on pilgrimage to Mecca, of Khwaja Kamal-ud-Din), standing at the great lectern which had been moved from the mosque for the purpose, delivered the Eid Sermon.

Taking for his text the words of the Holy Qur-án, "Say: My prayer, my sacrifice, my life and my death are all for Allah, the Lord of the Universe," he based on the lesson of the Patriarch's Sacrifice an eloquent and powerful plea for unity between those three great religions—of the Muslim, the Jew and the Christian respectively—which are at one in deriving, as it were, through one common ancestor—Abraham.

Though in Islam alone the name of the Great Patriarch is daily blessed and venerated, yet through him the three are very near akin; and the lessons of his Sacrifice—self-abnegation and submission to God—may surely provide to-day a common ground on which men of goodwill, of all three creeds, can meet as brothers.

For the Kingdom of Heaven of which Jesus spoke is a far country or a near one, according to the sincerity and goodwill of those who seek it; but the way thither is ever near at hand, and its gate will open at a knock.

In the course of his address (which is given at length elsewhere in this issue) Maulvi Yakub Khan made reference to the splendid reception accorded to Lord Headley (who, with Khwaja Kamal-ud-Din, is on pilgrimage) by the Muslims of Egypt—a reception said to be without precedent in the case of an Englishman—drawing therefrom a happy augury as to the ultimate stultification of the oft-quoted lines of Kipling touching East and West.

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We like to think those lines to be false; and false, by the mercy of Allah, they shall be proved one day; but in the meantime there is an element of what passes easily enough for truth, which must be eliminated—and to that end a completer mutual understanding is greatly to be desired.

Half the discord of the world is built on misunderstanding rather than on disagreement.

Habits of life and traditions of thought and custom, born of climates and conditions widely divergent, growing and hardening through the centuries, become in time, to all appearance, severed by a gulf so vast that for all practical purposes it seems unbridgeable. So it is at present with East and West, and neither has yet set itself quite seriously to discover when and how the bridge is to be found.

There are still idiosyncrasies in each which set the other wondering, yet neither seems to realize the ease with which wonder may be transformed to appreciation. An action, let us say, disingenuous, in all seeming, to the last degree may be prompted by the highest of motives, as, for example, when a perfectly innocent truth is concealed or distorted to avoid wounding the feelings of another; yet, unless that other be fully apprised of the circumstances, a painful misapprehension is created, involving, if pursued, the larger questions of truth and untruth and, ultimately, of religion itself. On the other hand, the vaunted "downrightness" of the Westerner is, as often as not, attributed to a species of super-subtlety, of militant hypocrisy of which righteous men would do well to beware. And yet again, to hail a passing acquaintance as "brother" as is the kindly custom of the East, must needs smack somewhat of insincerity to those with whom brotherhood has an intimate and exclusive meaning; yet all these things taken at random, and a hundred others, trifling in their inception, do but serve to show the chasm of East and West narrowed to a point where

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We hope to supply later.

EID-UL-AZHA SERMON

THE RELIGION OF SELF-SACRIFICE

By M. YAKUB KHAN

“Say: My prayer, my sacrifice, my life and my death are all for Allah, the Lord of the Universe.”—THE HOLY QUR-ÁN, vi. 163.

ISLAM is a message of peace and goodwill to humanity. Islam, of all religions, has extended the hand of fellowship to every other religion. The present occasion is one concrete illustration of that feeling of respect and regard which Islam inculcates for others. The Jews, the Christians and the Muslims all trace their religion to Abraham, but of all these it is the Muslims alone that to this day venerate the name of the Patriarch. Thousands of years ago the promise of the Lord came to Abraham:

“AND I WILL MAKE OF THEE A GREAT NATION, AND I WILL BLESS THEE, AND MAKE THY NAME GREAT; AND THOU SHALT BE A BLESSING.”¹

It is in Islam and Muslims that this Divine promise finds daily fulfilment, bearing testimony to the fact that if any people are to-day the true descendants of that Great Patriarch they are none other than the followers of the Great Prophet of Arabia. Why, who but the Muslims daily bless his name? The four hundred million children of Islam send their benedictions on Abraham thirty-two times a day in their daily prayers. Again, if there exists another standing monument to that Great Patriarch, that too exists among the Muslims. It is not the Jews, it is not the Christians, who alike claim Abraham to be their forefather, but the four hundred million followers of Islam, scattered all over the surface of the earth, that celebrate this day the Grand Sacrifice of Abraham. Like the rest of the world of Islam, we Muslims in these British Isles,

¹ Genesis xii. 2.

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have assembled to pay homage to that great name. What could be a greater step than this towards mutual fraternization? The Jews and the Christians, the progeny of the same forefather—Islam embraces them all as brethren. But this is not all. Islam goes a long way further to promote harmony and goodwill between man and man. It is not the Patriarch alone that Islam enjoins to venerate. Every other prophet is likewise hailed as a true prophet from the Lord, and a Muslim is enjoined to have faith in them, one and all. Could you point in the whole of religious literature of the world to anything more liberal, more charitable, more noble and more sublime? Yes, it is the Qur-án, and the Qur-án alone, that proclaimed as early as thirteen centuries ago :

“SAY : WE BELIEVE IN THE LORD AND IN THAT WHICH HAS BEEN REVEALED TO US AND IN THAT WHICH WAS REVEALED TO ABRAHAM AND ISHMAEL AND ISAAC AND JACOB AND THE TRIBES, AND IN THAT WHICH WAS GIVEN TO MOSES AND JESUS, AND IN THAT WHICH WAS GIVEN TO THE PROPHETS FROM THEIR LORD ; WE DO NOT MAKE ANY DISTINCTION BETWEEN ANY OF THEM, AND TO THE LORD DO WE SUBMIT.”¹

Rummage the pages of the world-scriptures, the scriptures of the Jews and the Christians, of the Hindus and the Buddhists, the teachings of Confucius and of Zoroaster, and you will search in vain for a teaching so cosmopolitan. If only this feeling of regard towards world-religions on the part of Islam were reciprocated, much of the strain and tension that has all along put man asunder from his brother man will cease to a great extent. I as a Muslim venerate Jesus ; it is but fair that a Christian should show equal respect for my Prophet. I venerate Moses ; why should a Jew grudge me equal consideration ? With me, Krishna too was a Holy Reformer,

¹ The Holy Qur-án, ii. 136.

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and if only our Hindu neighbours in India had the same charity of heart to extend to our Prophet, much of the bitterness and friction that we find at the present moment to be a stumbling-block in the way of a Great and United India will be removed. On its own part, Islam has left no stone unturned to draw humanity into a closer bond of fellowship. But alas! humanity is yet to make up a long way to come up to the Islamic breadth of view. Nevertheless, the day must inevitably come, though by degrees painfully slow, when this broad principle of Islam will be found to be an indispensable corner-stone to construct the world-fraternity of man and man.

This, however, is not all. This is but one principle of Islam that tends to promote sweeter relations between the various elements of humanity. Take any other branch of this universal religion and you will find the same current of purpose underlying it. To confine myself to the present institution of sacrifice, I may say that, in a symbolic way, it sums up the whole of the religion of Islam. If I were asked to epitomize the whole of the religion in one word, I would simply say, "Islam is sacrifice"; and so says the Great Prophet of Arabia in the following eloquent words:—

"SAY: MY PRAYER, MY SACRIFICE, MY LIFE AND MY DEATH ARE ALL FOR ALLAH, THE LORD OF THE UNIVERSE."

This is the *summum bonum* of Islam—everything of man for the service of the Lord, which means service to His creatures. A little consideration will show that this gives no small impetus to widen the outlook of man and broaden his sympathies. Various peoples have various ideals, and those ideals are mainly responsible for giving shape to their respective characteristics. The "superman" of Germany was to be one who could thrust his will on others, irrespective of all consequences. And

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to-day the love of country constitutes, for all practical purposes, the highest standard of virtue. Islam, too, holds patriotism as a great virtue. "Love of country," says the Prophet, "is of the very essence of faith." But surely the self-seeking patriotism of the West is not the patriotism of Islam. This narrow patriotism has been responsible for no small amount of misery and woe to mankind. Nations running at the throats of nations for self-aggrandizement—this is the grim outcome of this cult—the stronger violating the sacred rights of the weaker without the least compunction. Then there is the race ideal. The supremacy of the white races must be maintained at all costs, regardless of all consequences to the rest of humanity. Nothing could be more inhuman; and strange to say, the apostles of this gospel are those that call themselves the followers of one who proclaimed from the mountain: "Love thy neighbour as thyself." All these and similar low ideals have been eating like a cancer into the heart of humanity. Islam deals a death-blow to all such self-centred ideals. It places before humanity the highest of ideals—the sacrifice of all in the way of the Lord. Islam knows no aggressive nationalism. It regards the whole of humanity as one nation, the children of one God, the denizens of one globe. A Muslim owes his allegiance to naught else but the Lord. He can allow nothing to come between him and his Lord, neither his kith nor his kin nor his friend nor foe. He is brought up not only to the Love-thy-enemy ideal, but is also taught to shun his friend if that friendship should, in any way, clash with his love for the Lord. Thousands of years ago, when the world was yet in the grip of ignorance and superstition, Abraham stood for this Grand Truth. "Resign thyself," came the Divine call to him, and without any reluctance he said, "I resign myself to the Lord of the Universe." In the way of Truth, he did not

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hesitate to sever his connection with his friends and relations. Even with the king of the time he had an argument, and had the courage to tell him to his face that it was the Lord to whom the prince and the peasant must alike bow. And then came the most crucial of tests. At the old age of ninety-nine he found himself called upon in a vision to offer his own son as a sacrifice. He did not shrink. With a heart resigned to His will, he was on the point of fulfilling his vision, which he interpreted literally, when Divine revelation came, putting a stop to the long-prevalent superstitious practice of human sacrifice. It is for that unquestioning resignation to the will of the Almighty that Abraham to this day occupies a place of honour in the hearts of millions of humanity. Centuries rolled by, and we find another true Muslim demonstrate this true spirit of Islam on Calvary. It was Jesus, the Muslim of Nazareth. In submission to the will of the Lord he wore the crown of thorns and, with Abraham-like resignation, went to the cross when the will of the Lord so ordained it; and to-day he enjoys, in consequence of that genuine sacrifice, the love and esteem of millions of Christians and millions of Muslims. These are the blessings that flow in the wake of every sacrifice, however insignificant. Why, a tiny seed sacrifices itself, loses itself in the dust, surrenders itself to the will of the Creator, and in due course we find Divine grace come to reward that bit of sacrifice beyond all calculation. A mighty oak is but the outcome of sacrifice on the part of the tiny acorn, and so is a sweet rose or a delicious apple the product of some such act of self-effacement on the part of a little seedling. What wonder, then, that Islam, which is but another name for submission to the laws pervading this universe, should inculcate the same principle. In this lies the good of the individual, the good of the community, and the good of humanity at large.

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The life of the Prophet Muhammad is a practical commentary on this truth. "My life and my death," he exclaimed, "are for Allah, the Lord of the Universe," and he lived up to it in the varying vicissitudes of his life. Nothing swerved him from this course. In hardest times, as well as in times of ease, his one attachment was for the Lord. When rejected and persecuted, he was unflinching in his devotion to Him. "Should you place the sun," was his noble and daring reply to his uncle, who would dissuade him from his mission, "on my right hand and the moon on my left, I shall not give up my life-mission until it has succeeded or I perish in the attempt." But when times changed and fortune smiled on him, his devotion to the Lord was none the less whole-hearted. The spiritual and temporal king of Arabia, he would yet cobble his own shoes, mend his own clothes. From the very zenith of grandeur and glory he proclaimed in all humility that he was but a man like unto the rest of men. On his death-bed he asked if he owed anyone anything or if he had to compensate for any injury he may have caused anybody. "Better ashamed in this life than meet the Lord ashamed." But his last words are perhaps the purest that have ever dropped out of dying lips: "My Lord: the Companion on high! My Lord: the Companion on high!"

This is Islam, the religion of sacrifice. Our low sordid desires and passions, we must learn to sacrifice in obedience to the call of Higher Truth. Through this sacrifice of self lies the sole way to heaven. Hard though in doing, there is no getting away from it. This happens to be the rule of this game of life, and that we may play our part therein to our honour, the sooner we squarely face this hard reality, the better. This is no idealistic teaching, no counsel of perfection. It is a matter of history, and you have but to refer to the history of Islam to see how

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rich it is in deeds of self-sacrifice in the cause of Truth. Selfless sacrifices in the cause of Truth are not impracticable, even in this age of ours. Why, what tremendous sacrifices were made by the West in the recent war—sacrifice in men, in money, and what not—and all that in the furtherance of national interests! Much more, therefore, is humanity capable of displaying that spirit of sacrifice when the motive is a still higher one—the furtherance of the good of humanity.

It is only a matter of outlook, and if it has been possible to bring up individuals as citizens of this or that nationality, why not as of the Universal Nation of Mankind? Islam aims at that ideal. Universal brotherhood of man is even to-day a reality, perhaps a bit baffling to Western material-mindedness. The East and the West are already meeting, in spite of the pessimist, all differences of race, colour, language, class or birth sinking into insignificance. In this congregation to-day may be seen a visible proof of that. Here you have a representative gathering: the Indian, the Egyptian, the Arab, the Persian, the Afghan, the Turk, the African and the English—all bowing and kneeling, shoulder to shoulder, to the same God, in a true fraternal spirit. Our brother Alfarooq Lord Headley, who is to-day in Mecca, adoring, with the rest of the world of Islam, the one common God of humanity, is giving the lie to all believers in the pessimistic “never” of Kipling. As a message from the Cairo correspondent of an English daily paper puts it, he was accorded in Egypt, while on his way to Mecca, a reception unprecedented in the case of a Britisher. Another English brother of ours, who has recently returned from his tour in Morocco, writes that he was welcomed in the tents of the Moors wherever he went, and that he felt at home in their midst even after a brief stay of but a few hours. This is no myth, no make-believe. Islamic

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fraternity is a vital force which has its roots too deep to be shaken by the varying fortunes of life.

What else, after all, may I ask, is the Kingdom of Heaven for which Jesus prayed? It is no other than a human society such as this—a society in which individuals are cemented to individuals, nations to nations, races to races, in the Divine bond of goodwill and love. If you would see peace and prosperity reign in the world, if you would have the millennium realized—in fact, if you would have Jesus' Kingdom of Heaven come on earth as it is in heaven—there is only one way to do so: the way of self-surrender to the Will of the Lord. That is the sole doorway through which every would-be denizen of that kingdom must pass—the doorway of self-sacrifice, self-crucifixion, or, to speak in Arabic, of Islam. Let your life be for the Lord and for the Lord your death. Truth before the world, God before all—let that be your watchword, and yours is the Kingdom of Heaven.

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OUR annual Eid celebrations do more than anything else to communicate the message of Islam to the masses of this country. Two important events of the season, they attract considerable Press attention and thereby become instrumental in acquainting millions of the readers of the daily papers with the broad features of our Faith. Comments on our Eid-ul-Azha celebration, from some prominent papers, which we reproduce below, will give a fair idea of the extent of enlightenment thus incidentally caused. We regret, for brevity's sake, we have to content ourselves with extracts from but a few, leaving out many more, even so widely read as the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Westminster Gazette*, the *Evening News*, the *Evening Standard*, the *Daily Express*, the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Daily Graphic*:

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ISLAM'S MESSAGE.

THE ONLY WAY TO PROSPERITY AND PEACE.

The Imam of the Mosque, Woking, yesterday presided at the celebration of the Muslim Festival of Eid-ul-Azha (Qurban Bairam), in commemoration of the Great Patriarch Abraham.

Addressing the gathering of Muslims of many nationalities, the Imam said that Islam was a message of peace and goodwill to humanity. Islam, of all religions, had extended the hand of fellowship to every other religion. The present occasion was one of concrete illustration of that feeling of respect and regard which Islam inculcated for others. The Jews, the Christians and the Muslims all traced their faith to Abraham, but of all these it was the Muslims alone that to this day venerated the name of the Patriarch. It was not the Jews, it was not the Christians, who alike claimed Abraham to be their forefather, but the four hundred million followers of Islam, scattered all over the surface of the earth, that celebrated this day the Grand Sacrifice of Abraham.

What could be a greater step than this towards mutual fraternization? The Jews and the Christians, the progeny of the same forefather—Islam embraced them all as brethren. If only this feeling of regard towards world-religions on the part of Islam could be reciprocated, much of the strain and tension that had all along put man asunder from his brother man would cease to a great extent. The *summum bonum* of Islam was everything of man for the service of the Lord, which meant service to His creatures.

"If," the Imam concluded, "you would see peace and prosperity reign in the world; if you would have the millennium realized; in fact, if you would have Jesus' Kingdom of Heaven established on earth as it is in heaven, there is only one way to do so, the way of self-surrender to the will of the Lord. That is the sole doorway through which every would-be denizen of that Kingdom must pass, the doorway of self-sacrifice, self-crucifixion, or, to speak in Arabic, of Islam. Truth before the world, God before all—let that be your watchword, and yours is the Kingdom of Heaven."—*Morning Post*.

"PEACE BE TO ALL," SAYS IMAM.

"Peace be to all! Peace be to all!"

The sonorous tenor voice of the present head of the Moslems in this country, Maulvi Mahommed Yakub Khan, rang out like the clear note of a bugle in the shimmering mosque at Woking—the only one in England—sending back a dim, whispering echo, and two hundred faces—black, brown and white—lighted up for a moment into something like ecstasy.

Four hundred millions of the children of Islam were yesterday, throughout the world, paying homage to the memory of the Patriarch Abraham in an annual festival known as Eid-ul-Azha.