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

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THE HOLY QUR-ĀN

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بِسْمِ اللّٰهِ الرَّحْمٰنِ الرَّحِیْمِ
مُحَمَّدٌ وَصَلَّى عَلَیْ رَسُوْلِہِ الْکَرِیْمِ

THE ISLAMIC REVIEW

JAMADI-UL-ŪLA, 1342 A.H.

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NOTES

Man-Worship.

The conception of God as the Formative and Creative Power of the Universe has been present in human thought from time immemorial. Speculations have been rife from time to time as to the Origin of things. Sun, water, air, fire have alike been considered worthy of adoration. But with human evolution has appeared a gradual awakening to the recognition of a Supreme Will, pervading, regulating and controlling the whole universe. Through infinite labour and travail mankind has been lifted from worship of material objects to the adoration of One God. Many have broken away from the upward path; they have listened to the promptings of their own selfish desires; they have yielded to the cravings of their own heart. Some have turned back to the worship of their passions; others have taken to man-worship.

If Zeus and Apollo were worshipped in one country, Isis and Osiris were deified in another. If the ancient Arabs had their own gods, so had the Persians and the Hindus; and this plurality of gods continued to be recognized in a thousand different ways, until a further step in the evolution of human society made polytheism and monotheism convertible terms. Man was raised to the pedestal of god-head. Buddha, Krishna and a host of others were identified with the Deity. The Christian doctrine of Trinity in Unity renders the earlier conception intelligible.

Muhammad (on whom be Peace!) for the first time established the ideal of One God. No man, or any other object, was to be worshipped. Allah, and He alone, was supreme.

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The Muslims were promised *reformers*, who were to be raised from amongst them and were to remind them of their duties as Muslims. With lapse of time, a few, a very few indeed, so few perhaps as to be negligible, gave way to personal love and respect for these reformers. They could not raise them to godhead, for that would be against the teachings of the Prophet, so they allotted to them the highest office they could, and made prophets of them. It is this idea of prophethood that we wish to disclaim.

First, it will be necessary to understand the real significance of prophethood. According to the Holy Qur-án, various men will be selected from time to time to guide¹ the people on the right path and to bring them a Divine code of law. Man is put on the high road to salvation, and a code of law is sent through the prophets to help him to distinguish between right and wrong. The code of law brought by these prophets would be according to the needs of humanity.

It is with this object that the Holy Qur-án was revealed ; for we are told that it is a guide to humanity.²

Various prophets, according to the Holy Qur-án, were raised among every nation to warn and guide the people to whom they were sent.³ They brought a code of law (revealed books)⁴ to meet the needs of the day. Thus Moses came for a particular race ; so did other prophets of yore. Jesus came for his people—the lost sheep of the House of Israel.⁵ The time was not ripe, and he left this world without accomplishing his work. He gave the tidings of a coming Comforter—the *Paraclete*⁶—to fulfil the law. The Holy Qur-án maintains that Muhammad was the prophet foretold by Moses ;⁷ the *paraclete* of Jesus—*Ahmad*, the *praised*.⁸ The Comforter was to be one who shall abide for ever, and teach all things :—

I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth : for he shall not speak of himself ; but whatsoever he shall hear, *that* shall he speak : and he will show you things to come. He shall glorify me : for he shall receive of mine, and shall show *it* unto you (John xvi. 12-14).

The law promulgated by the Holy Prophet is everlasting ; for after him no prophet has come with a new law.

¹ The Holy Qur-án, ii. 38.

² *Ibid.*, ii. 2.

³ *Ibid.*, x. 47.

⁴ *Ibid.*, xvi. 43.

⁵ Matt. xv. 24-26.

⁶ John xiv. 16 ; xv. 26 ; Acts iii. 21-22.

⁷ Deut. xviii. 15-18.

⁸ The Holy Qur-án, lxi. 6 ; vii, 157.

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The *spirit of truth* was to guide man, all humanity, in all truths. The Holy Qur-án alone of all the revealed books claims to be the perfect law. It was Muhammad who glorified Jesus by denouncing all those calumnies, as utterly false, which were heaped upon him and his mother.

The Holy Qur-án alone claims to be a guide for the whole of humanity.¹ Whereas every other prophet was sent to one people, for the reformation and unification of one nation, Muhammad came to unite all nations into one and to destroy the limitations of colour and creed. Islam is the religion of humanity. The Prophet's message alone speaks of all men alike as children of the Heavenly Father, the Creator, the Nourisher, the Sustainer, the Evolver of all the worlds. The Prophet's mission was universal—even to those to whom previous prophets had come.² From the earliest, the Holy Prophet maintained that his mission was universal. This is borne out by one of his earliest sayings :—

I said to the people: I am the Apostle of Allah, to you all; but you said: Thou liest, and Abu Bakr said: Verily Thou speakest the truth.

In the fact that the Holy Prophet accomplished his mission in his lifetime, and that it was universal, lies his distinctive superiority over the other prophets.

There would have been no necessity for the revelation of the Holy Qur-án if the previous Scriptures had been intact; and had it suffered the same fate and lost its pristine beauty, there would of necessity have come to this earth another prophet with a new code of law. The contrary being the case there is neither a new code forthcoming, nor a prophet. Muhammad was sent as a Divine mercy to all nations,³ for in him the Seal,⁴ the last of the prophets was sent to this earth. Through him the Beneficent God perfected the religion and completed his favours.⁵

The *finality* of revelation saw its perfection too. In Muhammad, the Seal of the prophets, the real object of the prophethood, the manifestation of the Divine Will, in laws, which should guide humanity, was finally accomplished. The Holy Qur-án, a perfect code of laws, meets the requirements of all ages and all countries. It is guarded against all possible corruptions; and therefore no further codes of

¹ The Holy Qur-án, vii. 157.

² *Ibid.*, vi. 91; vii. 158; xxxiv. 28; lxxviii. 52; lxxxii. 27, etc.

³ *Ibid.*, xxi. 107.

⁴ *Ibid.*, xxxiii. 40.

⁵ *Ibid.*, v. 3.

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law, and hence no further prophets, are necessary. This is what is meant by the *finality* of Muhammad's prophethood and his being the Seal of all prophets. Not that the Divine favours bestowed on His chosen servants were to be denied in future. There never was, nor is, any need for a new code of law, nor a prophet; but there always will be a need of His Divine favours—inspiration.

This is the significance of prophethood in Islam.

We now turn to another question. It has been alleged in certain quarters that the founder of the Woking Muslim Mission—Al Haj Khwaja Kamal-ud-Din—or the workers of this Mission, believe in a recent prophet, a certain Mirza Ghulam Ahmad. Nothing could be further from the truth, nor more misleading. We wish to make our position clear.

The late Mirza Ghulam Ahmad claimed to be a *mujadid*—a reformer. He, no doubt, served the cause of Islam. His life's aim was to restore Islam to its pristine purity, to propagating the Faith and to save a certain section of Indian Muslims from man-worship. He, as far as we know, never claimed to be a prophet. Neither Al Haj Khwaja Kamal-ud-din, nor indeed anyone connected with the Woking Muslim Mission, has ever believed, or ever will believe, the late Mirza Ghulam Ahmad to be a prophet. The Khwaja Kamal-ud-Din, along with others, on the contrary, holds definitely that any claimant of prophethood after the Holy Prophet Muhammad cannot be a Muslim. The Khwaja Kamal-ud-Din is not, and never will be, a *Qadiani* in the sense that that word is used. Our activities at Woking have nothing whatever to do, or in common with, the Ahmadiyya Movement of Qadian. That group does hold, we must confess, though against his teaching, the late Mirza Ghulam Ahmad to be a prophet, and that for Muslims it is necessary to believe in his prophethood. This belief did not come into existence until 1913 or thereabouts. The late Mirza Ghulam Ahmad died in 1908. It is a phase of man-worship, which is, perhaps, due to the egoistic tendencies of another. Of such are the people to whom the following may be held to apply:

And when Allah will say: O Jesus, son of Mary! *did you* say to man, Take me and my mother for two gods besides Allah, he will say: Glory be to Thee; it did not befit me that I should say what I had no right to (say); if I had said it, Thou wouldst indeed have known it; Thou knowest what is in my mind, and I do not know what is in Thy mind; surely Thou art the great Knower of the unseen things.

I did not say to them aught save what Thou didst enjoin me with;

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that serve Allah, my Lord and your Lord ; and I was a witness of them as long as I was among them, but when Thou didst call me back, Thou wert the Watcher over them, and Thou art witness of all things (The Holy Qur-án, v. 116-117).

The belief in the prophethood of the late Mirza Ghulam Ahmad is against the teachings of the Holy Qur-án ; and, as such, against the firm belief of the Khwaja Kamal-ud-Din, who belongs to the Hanafi School of Thought, and all those that are connected with the Woking Muslim Mission.

Religious Freedom in India.

Maulvi Mustafa Khan, who was the joint editor of the *Islamic Review* for about two years, and is now the editor of an Indian weekly, *Paighami-i-sulh*, was arrested, on Saturday, October 6th, together with Mr. Abdul Haq Vidiarthi, M. Faqirullah, the publisher, and Lala Ram Rup, the printer, under Section 153A of the Indian Penal Code. The reason for this proceeding is sufficiently remarkable. Mr. Vidiarthi contributed an article entitled "The Secret of the Vedas," in reply to a manifesto of the Shuddi Sabha of Agra, in which, we understand, he quoted various verses of the Vedas to establish that incestuous marriages were sanctioned according to the Hindu law. It is a wonder that the caligraphist who transcribed the article has not been arrested too. The accused were charged on Saturday and bail was cunningly withheld till the following Monday, thus forcing a malicious imprisonment for forty-eight hours before any attempt was made to prove the charge. The Indian bureaucratic Government is well versed in such ingenious devices, and knows how to "divide and rule." Hindu and Muslim are mere pawns on the chessboard of politics ; and they, unfortunately, are sometimes the willing tools of less scrupulous persons. We reserve our comments until we are better informed as to the facts of the case.

The "Un-Christian Law."

"They ask *you* about intoxicants and games of chance. Say : In both of them there is a great sin and means of profit for men, and their sin is greater than their profit. And they ask *you* as to what they should spend. Say: What you can spare. Thus does Allah make clear to you the communications, that you may ponder" (The Holy Qur-án, ii. 219).

"O you who believe ! intoxicants and games of chance and (sacrificing to) stones set up and (dividing by) arrows are only an uncleanness, the devil's work ; shun it therefore

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that you may be successful. The devil only desires to cause enmity and hatred to spring in your midst by means of intoxicants and games of chance, and to keep you off from the remembrance of Allah and from prayer: will you then desist?" (Ibid., v. 90-91).

The fight to maintain Prohibition in America is being made more difficult by the entry of foreign traders into the boot-legging traffic. The Bahamas, and other British colonies, are not only being used as huge drinking-centres on the very threshold of that country, but also as bases for smuggling liquor into American territory. The confessions of a rum-runner, which appeared in the *Manchester Guardian*, threw a good deal of light on this side of the business. A disgraceful circular, bearing the name of a British baronet, who also happens to be a lieutenant-colonel in the Army, invites investors to send sums of money to the signatory for shipments of whisky; for which the returns will be very promising. The circular continues:—

I sell my goods for cash in the open seas, many miles outside the territorial waters of any other country, as openly and legally as any distiller or wholesale wine merchant sells his goods in the City of London or elsewhere. . . .

This gallant and titled gentleman's morality seems that of a hooligan. But he is not the only one. "Many of the bishops," says the *Church Times*, "are altogether opposed to Prohibition." Why? First, most of them are financially interested in one or other of the breweries; but the real answer is furnished by the same journal in its Editorial Notes. The United States, it says, has "made an unjust and, as we hold, fundamentally un-Christian law." Then we have the Rev. P. T. R. Kirk professing, in the *Observer*, his great indignation at the allotment of space to the True Temperance Association in the Church Congress Exhibition. And this all because of Jesus turning pure water, a blessing of God, into that poison which has caused the ruin of thousands of families. And they call it a miracle! No wonder his followers, under the effect of this curse, became licentious.

Prohibition in America has achieved wonders in a very short space of time. Where among the working classes a condition of semi-privation prevailed, there is now a rapidly increasing prosperity, which shows itself in improved houses, better clothes and better care of children. Old debts are being paid. Money is being saved and not wasted to an extent hitherto undreamed of.

If the conditions which existed in the "wet" days were

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realized, it would not be difficult to understand the causes of this sudden change. Official statistics show a remarkable decrease in crime, although, as is to be expected, convictions for drunkenness have increased. The number of prostitutes, especially in larger cities like New York, has greatly diminished. The number of commitments to the workhouses have decreased considerably. Sir John Foster Fraser, describing his experiences during a three years' stay in the United States, and admitting that he was not a rabid, bigoted teetotaler, says: "I found in the States, where they were dry, that there was a lot of contentment." As a result of temporary forced abstinence he "began to feel better in health," and to take an optimistic view of life.

The late President Harding, in a statement on the eve of the Presidential Election, said:—

In every community, men and women have had an opportunity now to know what Prohibition means. They know that debts are more promptly paid; that men take home the wages that once were wasted in saloons; that families are better clothed and fed; and more money finds its way into the Savings Bank. The liquor traffic was destructive of much that was most precious in American life. In face of so much evidence on that point, what conscientious man would want to let his own selfish desire influence him to vote to bring it back?

And all this has been achieved through this "un-Christian law." Would that the whole world might follow it, and become un-Christian, so that peace and prosperity may reign on the earth!

The Falling Creed.

It is common knowledge that in England, long before and since the war, Christianity, in each and all of its multitudinous forms, has lost its hold upon the people. The Bishop of Durham, for example, declared several years before the war, that "Christianity no longer holds the supreme position which for centuries it has held in the thought of civilized men." The empty churches bear silent but convincing testimony to the fact. The Bishop of London, in supporting the proposed disposal scheme, said:—

There are forty-nine City churches, and forty-nine men have to go there each Sunday to find congregations of four in some, and not more than twelve in any.

Recently Councillor Weathers, of the Middlesex County Council, raised a storm by declaring that only five per cent. of the people went to church. "The churches," he said, "are going to hell."

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A welcome feature of these and similar utterances is that the Church dignitaries, biased as they are in favour of Christianity, are forced to admit that the defection of at least eighty per cent. of the male population of the country from Christianity is not attended by any moral degeneration.

Canon Barnes, writing on "Are we less godly than our fathers," in the *Sunday Express*, says:—

I believe that the opportunity for wholesome pleasure is greater than it was a generation ago; and, too, the great mass of our people is better educated and can enjoy life more fully than ever before. The emptiness of our churches, I confess, disturbs me. The moral influence of Christianity survives as a tradition, but it will gradually wither unless there is a religious revival.

Personally, however, I see no cause yet for despondency. Wherever I go I find a great interest in religion, and an enhanced sense of its value.

It was, until recent times, assumed by devout Christians, that wickedness and immorality are coincident with loss of Faith. The confession of six clergymen in *The Times Literary Supplement* is noteworthy. They were perplexed by the fact that "many of those who absent themselves from the church and chapel lead lives moulded on Christian lines," and ask themselves why is it that "there is so much Christianity outside the Church?" The answer is obvious. In the first place many people cannot understand the Christian dogmas and, in consequence, derive no moral or spiritual benefit from going to church. Secondly, the so-called "Christianity outside the Church" is not Christianity at all. It appears to be Christianity, for it is presumed that there can be no virtues outside the Church; and again, Christianity is a convenient, though quite inaccurate, synonym for virtues which, as a matter of fact, existed before Christianity came into existence, and exist to-day in countries where Christianity has little or no influence at all. "Almost always," says the Bishop of Durham, "the ecclesiastical system fails to secure the sanctions of the conscience; the moral progress of men outpaces the formal teaching of their churches, and by a dismaying and persistent paradox, the moral standard of the priesthood falls below that of the community of believers." Might not we add—*and of an ever-increasing host of unbelievers?* He has made a very bold statement which must have puzzled and shocked a great many of the "believers."

Among the forces that tend to make Christianity in England appear stronger than it really is, is the English Press. The great newspapers and magazines rarely publish

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anything hostile to the Church; and whatever does appear in their columns is as often as not inadequate and misleading. Notwithstanding this, the "infidels" multiply exceedingly, and the Church becomes weaker every day.

Why is there all this unbelief, half-belief and sham-belief in Christianity? What explanation do the militants of Christ, who still adhere to the traditional dogmas, the infallible Bible and the Pauline invention of salvation offer?

Jesus never came for any other but his own people. If he did, why not try and make the nominal Christians of England live up to it, instead of giving the "infidels" and "savages" the glad news of everlasting hell fire. Recently a bold clergyman, whose unfortunate lot it happened to be to carry the Gospel, with its damnations, to the "infidels," wrote in *The East and The West* :—

So it looks as if, in going to West Guinea, I am going to take a Gospel to the black man that the white man doesn't want, and am trying to win the savage to the faith which the civilized man ignores.

All that has been said goes to prove that it is only the dogmatic aspect of the religious—the Church—which is dying, not religion itself. Religion, far from being a dwindling force, is a growing one. The deep religious feeling is not a rarer thing now than it was in the Middle Ages. Only common sense and reason have prevailed; and are beginning to assert themselves—and the Church has always proved an unfitting refuge for a soul that is athirst for spiritual truth.

Leave what engenders misgivings and have recourse to what is free from such reproofs of conscience.

When anything pricks your conscience forsake it.

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

Every child is born with a disposition towards the religion of nature (of obedience to laws—i.e. *Islam*). It is the parents who make it a Jew, a Christian or a Magian.—(Sayings of Muhammad.)

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KHWAJA JAMAL-UD-DIN

Died October 3, 1923

It is with feelings of the deepest regret, the most poignant sorrow, that we have to record the death of Khwaja Jamal-ud-Din, brother of the Khwaja Kamal-ud-Din, founder of the Woking Mission, which

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occurred at eleven o'clock on the night of October 3rd last; and we desire to express our most respectful and sincere sympathy with the bereaved in their great affliction.

Khwaja Jamal-ud-Din was fifty-seven years old, having been born on June 5, 1866. He was one of the first graduates of the Punjab University, where he took a brilliant degree at the age of twenty-four. Three years later he became Head Master of the State School, Jammu, a post which he filled with rare distinction till July 1897, when he was promoted to the position of Inspector of Schools, and became responsible for the control and supervision of the entire educational system of Kashmir and Jammu State. During his term of office he opened schools in practically every village in Kashmir, for the benefit of the Muslims who form 95 per cent. of the population, and in this alone he may be said to have raised for himself a monument more enduring than bronze—a memorial that will not perish.

A brilliant and distinguished career, from the worldly point of view, awaited him, when there came to him the call to a higher duty, transcending earthly ambition and all considerations of worldly advancement—the call to the service of Islam, through the lips of his younger brother, the saintly Khwaja Kamal-ud-Din, the eloquent and devoted founder of the Muslim Mission in England, who had himself left all to give himself heart and soul to the service of the Faith.

Khwaja Jamal-ud-Din did not hesitate. He answered to the call. For two years he acted as Secretary to the Woking Mission at Lahore. It had been his full intention and earnest wish to come to England, settle there, and labour for the cause; but Allah has willed otherwise.

It is difficult to write adequately of him who has gone. Our praise seems trite and trivial, our

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most heartfelt tribute all unworthy in face of the colossal fact of his immense and unique sincerity.

He was charming, gentle, kind, lovable, but above all, sincere—and sincerity in these days of advanced civilization is such a rare thing that we are apt to mistrust our senses when we meet it. We have become sceptical, which is the penalty of all progress, when there is no faith, no vision.

It is no mere commonplace, no set and empty phrase, when we say that he was beloved by all who knew him, and had earned the affection and respect of many hundreds who had never looked upon his face. His faith was a living faith; he sought in his everyday life to give practical effect to the commandments of God and the teachings of His Holy Prophet Muhammad (on whom be Peace!), and his acts of charity were constant, far-reaching and unostentatious. Many a poor man has had reason to bless the name of Khwaja Jamal-ud-Din, and in many a humble heart his memory will never fade. We of the Muslim Mission in England mourn to-day a resourceful and tireless fellow-worker; a personality of unique charm; but above all, a friend—a friend loving, loyal and devoted to his fellow-men and to Islam.

Innā lillāhi wa inna alaihe rajiʿoon.

(From God we are, and to God we return).

(The Holy Qur-án.)

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[An address delivered by Khwaja Nazir Ahmad at the Celebration of the Birthday of the Holy Prophet, at 50, Old Bond Street, Piccadilly, London, W.]

“ Say : Surely my prayer and my sacrifice and my life and death are (all) for Allah, the Lord of the worlds. No associate has He, and this am I commanded, and I am the first of those that submit.”—THE HOLY QUR-ÁN, vi. 163-4.

MUHAMMAD, son of Abdullah, son of Abdul Muttalib, is an historical character. There is not the slightest

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doubt that he did exist, and the things that I am going to relate this evening are facts of history.

Muhammad was born on the 12th of Rabi-ul-Awwal, which corresponds to the 29th of August of the 570th year of the Christian Era. He was born of noble parentage. He belonged to the family of Beni Hashim, the noblest among the tribe of Qureish, his grandfather, Abdul Muttalib, being the custodian of the Kaaba. His father, Abdullah, died a few days before his birth. His mother, Amina, died when he was yet of the tender age of six. Though born of good family, he was thus left poor. The orphan child was looked after by his grandfather, who, on his death-bed, left his young charge to his son Abu Talib.

In the house of Abu Talib, Muhammad passed his early life. By his most amiable qualities, he won the affection of all who came in contact with him. At the age of nine, he went with his uncle to Syria, on a commercial expedition. During one of the halts, at a place called Busra, they met an Arab monk, of the name of Bahira, who, struck by the signs of future grandeur, and the intellectual and moral qualities of the orphan boy, at once recognized in him the future saviour of mankind. He impressed his convictions on Abu Talib, and enjoined him to guard his charge from the paths of danger and the machinations of his enemies.

From this time till his twenty-fifth year, Muhammad scarcely appeared in public life. His kindness of heart, his gentleness of manner, and his unsullied character had acquired for him the goodwill and affection of all his fellow-people, and the surname of *Al-Amin*—The Trustworthy.

When he came to man's estate, he found employment in the service of a rich widow named Khádija. On her business, he travelled once more into Syria in charge of the merchandise. There he came in

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contact with Jews and Christians, and pondered much upon the subject of religion.

After some time, the wealthy widow, his employer, married him, her servant. Their married life was radiantly happy, despite the fact that she was fourteen years his senior. He loved her devotedly, and watched her affairs and looked after her interests with the most tender care. During her lifetime his love was unswerving; after her death, he never recalled her memory but with the deepest emotion.

And yet he was a stranger to the outside world. It was his custom to withdraw into the desert every year, during the month of Ramadan, for meditation and prayer. Solitude had become a passion with him. In the Mount of Hira he often remained whole nights, plunged in the profoundest thought, deep in communion with the Unseen yet All-pervading Power of the Universe. In the still hour of the night, in the sweet calmness of the early dawn, in the depth of solitude, he had a vision. He saw a strange light in the sky and a voice came to him from heaven: "Thou art the Man, thou art the Prophet"; a voice commanding him to cry aloud "in the name of the Lord" in warning to mankind.

What were his feelings on the occasion? Not those of a man who wished to be a prophet, not those of an impostor, certainly! The severe mental conflict, the intensity of the feelings, which wrung the heart of Muhammad, almost drove him to the verge of madness. He had not as yet realized his mission, that for the salvation of mankind he was being called to his duty. When he awoke out of his trance, with the words which had been spoken to him engraven on his heart, still trembling, he went home to Khadija and cried: "Cover me with cloth! cover me with cloth!" She covered him as directed, and when the fear had left him, he told her what had happened and said: "I am afraid for my life." Khadija replied: "God is my protection, O

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Abul Qasim. He will surely not let such a thing befall thee, for thou speakest the truth, keepèst faith, and ledest a good life. Thou art kind to thy relations and friends, and dost not return evil for evil. What hath happened to thee? Hast thou seen anything terrible?" She urged him to be glad instead of sorrowful, for she believed with all her heart that he had been chosen to be the Prophet of her people. Then she took him to her cousin Waraka, an old blind man, who knew the Scriptures well. And he said: "I swear by Him in Whose hand is the life of Waraka that God hath selected thee to be the Prophet of these people. The *Namsul Akbar*, the message from on high, has come to thee. They will mock at thee, they will call thee liar, they will persecute thee, they will banish thee, they will fight against thee. Ah, that I could live till those days! I would fight for thee, I would die for thee."

Waraka died soon after, and there was a long period during which Muhammad longed for the heavenly voice to speak again. At last it came. The blessed vision was vouchsafed again to him, and during the rest of his days it counselled him, with the result which is known to the whole world as the Holy Qur-án, the miracle to which the Holy Prophet so often appealed as proof of his Divine Mission. And a miracle indeed it seems, for though the Prophet was cultured, he was yet illiterate. The Book is like no other book on earth. Explanations of the mystery of its existence have always proved futile. It remains a wonder of the world.

From the moment he realized his mission, Muhammad lost all thoughts of his own private interests. He answered to the call. Thenceforth his life was devoted to humanity. He was the Messenger and Servant of Allah. Preaching with unswerving purpose, amidst frightful persecutions, insulted and outraged, he held on to his path of reproof and reform. No other man in the whole history of the world,

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however mighty his enthusiasm for a cause, has ever served that cause more single-heartedly than did Muhammad. In his hour of triumph, as in that of adversity, he was the faithful servant of the Most High, doing his Master's work, without a taint of personal motive.

During the first three years of his mission, Muhammad opened his mind only to those who were somewhat attached to him. The progress of the Faith was slow. At last he decided to assemble all his kinsmen in his house and explain his mission to them. They came and mocked at him. Having thus failed to impress them, he commenced preaching openly to all his people. Little success attended these efforts. But the open denunciations of their idols lashed the Qureish into fury. The outrages to which he and his followers became exposed were fearful. The hostile Qureish followed them wherever they went ; they threw stones at him and his followers when engaged in devotions. They organized a regular system of persecution. The hills of Ramhda, and the place called Baka, became the scene of cruel tortures. They killed with torments Yaser and Samiya his wife ; they inflicted fearful tortures on Ammar, their son. And these were not the only martyrs in the early history of Islam. Muhammad himself suffered personal injuries. These persecutions lasted well over thirteen years. But in spite of the opposition, he did not flinch from his duty for a moment. He advised his followers to seek shelter elsewhere, and they went to Abyssinia.

The Qureish, at last realizing to a certain extent the hopelessness of their task, held a council. They called in a body on the Prophet. Otba, son of Rabia, their leader, addressed Muhammad thus : " O son of my brother, thou art distinguished by thy qualities and thy descent. Now thou hast sown division among our people and cast dissension in our families ; thou denoucest our gods and goddesses ; thou dost

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tax our ancestors with impiety. We have a proposition to make thee. If thou wishest to acquire riches by this affair, we will collect a fortune larger than is possessed by any of us ; if thou desirest honours and dignity, we shall make thee our chief and shall not do a thing without thee. If thou desirest dominion and power, we shall make thee king and thou shalt rule over us. If thou desirest a woman, name her and we will bring her to thee ; point to her and she shall be in thy arms." What a wonderful opportunity for a hypocrite or an impostor ! He could have become the overlord of Arabia ; and after establishing himself, he could have converted them by force. But Muhammad was neither a hypocrite nor an impostor. In reply, he recited the first eight verses of the forty-first chapter of the Holy Qur-án, which run thus :—

The Praised, the Blessed God. This is a revelation from the Beneficent and Most Merciful God. A Book, the verses whereof are distinctly explained, an Arabic Qur-án, for a people who understand ; a herald of good news and a warner, but most of them turn aside and so they hear not. And they say : Our hearts are veiled from that to which you call us, and there is a deafness in our ears and a veil hangs between us and thee ; so act thou, as thou shalt think fit ; we shall act according to our own opinions. Say : Verily I am only a man like unto you. It is revealed to me that your God is one God : therefore follow the right way to Him and ask pardon of Him for what is past, and woe to those who worship many gods, who give not alms, and believe not in the life to come. But as to those who believe and work righteousness, they shall receive an everlasting reward.

When the Prophet finished this recitation, he said to Otba : "Thou has heard, now take the course which seemeth best to thee"

The Qureish expelled him from the Kaaba and went in a body to his uncle, Abu Talib, and addressed him thus : "We respect thy age and thy rank, but our respect for thee has bounds, and verily, we can have no further patience with thy nephew's abuse of our gods ; wherefore, do thou either prevent him from so doing, or thyself take part with him, so that

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we may settle the matter by fight, until one of the two parties is exterminated." Having thus spoken, they departed. Abu Talib sent for Muhammad and appealed to him to renounce the task he had undertaken. Imagine the feelings of Muhammad. On the one hand were the Meccans, his most cruel persecutors, ever ready to kill him if they could. There is his uncle, old and weary, unable to protect him any longer, appealing to him to give up his work ; and there is the Almighty God commanding at that moment to preach His Word fearlessly. A very hard moment of trial, indeed. Firmly, Muhammad replied : " O my uncle, if thou didst place the sun on my right hand, and the moon on my left, to force me to renounce my work, verily I would not desist an iota therefrom until Allah made manifest His cause, or I perish in the attempt."

But the thought of desertion by his kind protector overcame him. He burst into tears, and begged his permission to leave. Abu Talib replied : " Say whatsoever thou pleasest, for by the Lord I shall not abandon thee ; nay, never."

Abu Talib died in the year 619 of the Christian Era. His death became the signal for the Qureish to redouble their persecution. Reduced to the last extremities for want of provisions or water, Muhammad, accompanied by Zaid, his freedman, proceeded to Tayef. Instead of making a favourable impression, he was stoned and turned out of the city. Wounded and bleeding, footsore and weary, he betook himself to prayer. He did not curse them like Jesus. Raising his hands towards heaven, and with tears streaming from his eyes, he cried :

" O Lord ! Guide my people on the right path. They do not know me ; make them understand, and do not forsake them. Perchance some of them will see the light and pay heed to Thy word.

" O Thou Most Merciful God, I seek refuge in the light of Thy countenance, by which all darkness

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is dispersed and peace cometh here and hereafter. Solve my difficulties as it pleaseth Thee. There is no power, no help, but in Thee. . . .”

He returned to Mecca. As time rolled on, life in that city became impossible for him and his followers. They, on his advice, left for Medina. Alone he remained, bravely at his post, with Abu Bakr and Ali. But the clouds were gathering fast. A stormy meeting of the Qureish took place, and assassination, in accordance with the suggestion of his cousin Abu Jahl, was decided upon. Muhammad, escaping from the daggers of the Meccans, fled with Abu Bakr to Medina, where the people hailed him as their ruler.

Muhammad had to fight many skirmishes and battles. I do not propose to deal with them here. A cynic once pointed out to me that England was perfectly justified in defending Belgium through the oilfields of Mesopotamia. If that be so, surely no cynicism is necessary to maintain that the Prophet of God was fighting to defend his home. In the battle of Ahzaab, the enemy did, in fact, surround Medina itself.

In short, he had now a little kingdom and a little army. He was fifty-two. In the remaining ten years of his life he succeeded in reforming all Arabia. He destroyed idolatry; raised woman from the utmost degradation to an honoured and assured position; uprooted slavery and abolished senseless bloodshed; made strict rules of war, and for the first time in history made the universal brotherhood of man a principle and fact of common law.

Some people would have us believe that all this was accomplished by the sword alone—by violence. That is impossible. The works of violence are never permanent. The Prophet's work—God's work, I should say—endures until the present moment. The personal love with which his followers, in their ever-growing multitude, revered him, suggests no thought

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of violence. He had no Judas who would betray and sell him for thirty pieces of silver; nor a Peter to deny him thrice before the cock crew. The spirit he inspired in his followers is manifested in martyrs like Yasar and Samiya his wife, and Ammar their son. He was captured by the idolators. His legs and arms were tied to four camels, who were made to run in different directions, thus tearing his body into four pieces. Yet he stood to his faith and proclaimed: "There is no God but One, and Muhammad is His Apostle." Muhammad produced men like Zaid, who refused, when even given a free choice, to return to their families, and preferred to share his fate. He produced men like Balal, the celebrated negro *Muazzin*, who was made to lie, by the Meccans, on the Arabian sand, burning and blistering like one in hell, until he was almost burned to death. He still adhered to his faith and survived, in the upshot, to proclaim the truth of God from almost every minaret of Mecca, Medina and Jerusalem.

When Muhammad re-entered Mecca, a victorious overlord of Arabia, he did not take revenge, which, if he had done, would have been justifiable. He was not pitiless. He was no tyrant, no fanatic, nor cruel through excess of zeal. Indeed, there never stepped upon this earth a kinder man, nor one more sensible. Innumerable are the instances of his forgiveness. He forgave Zainab, the Jewess who prepared for him the poisoned meal, from which one of his companions died and he himself derived a painful illness, which eventually caused his death. He forgave the man who brutally killed his daughter Zainab. He forgave Hinda, the wife of Abu Sofian, who devoured the raw flesh of his followers on the field of Ohod. He forgave the Meccans, his most cruel persecutors. He forgave everyone who wronged him personally.

No! It was not by the sword alone that Islam prevailed. The enemies of Islam tried to crush the little commonwealth by the force of arms. The

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Muslims fought against them, were victorious, and each fresh victory brought crowds of willing converts, won over by the unexpected mercy of the conquerors.

From the study of Muhammad in history I have come to love him as a son loves his affectionate father, a servant his kind master, a freed slave his benefactor. For it was he who saved us from eternal damnation. Before him humanity was doomed to perdition and everlasting hell-fire. Muhammad gave us the comforting message that we are the prototype of God Himself, that our object in life is to become like unto Him. "Torment not yourself, O man; only follow His laws, and you shall become like Him." It was due to his wonderful teachings that Islam produced men like Mansur, who could be at one with the Lord and cry aloud *Analhaq*—I am God. I could speak to you at any length about the Prophet's charm of character. His mercy, his gratitude to those who loved and helped him; his forgiving spirit, his sweet manners, patience and wisdom. My mind is full of all these things.

Muhammad's only pride was in the service of his Lord. He had no personal ambition, no self-conceit. He would say: "Verily I am only a man like unto you. Praise God Who guided me and raised me in His service." So, is the spirit of his life and teaching. Though he rose to be, in fact, the Emperor of Arabia, he never made himself a potentate. He avoided the path of ambition and avarice. He despised the pomp of royalty. He submitted to the menial offices of the family; he kindled the fire, swept the floor, milked the ewes, and mended with his own hands his shoes and garments. Often, for months together, no fire could be lighted in his house for scantiness of means. He appeased his hunger with barley bread, he delighted in the taste of milk and honey; but his ordinary food consisted of dates and water.

He was the Lord of Arabia. Was it not possible

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for him to gratify his every wish, to surround himself with pomp and luxury, to heap up riches? The people were prepared to worship him. On the day when his little son Ibrahim died there happened to be an eclipse of the sun. What an opportunity for an impostor! The people were all saying: "It is because of the death of Ibrahim." Muhammad rebuked them for their foolishness, and said: "The sun and the moon are two signs of the signs of God, they are not eclipsed on account of the life or death of any one." He reminded his followers that he was merely a messenger and servant of God, bent only on obedience to his Master's commands. A man like unto them. A deputy and nothing more.

No wonder that he is represented in the Holy Qur-án as a true example and a blessing to mankind. His submission to the Divine Will was perfect. Indeed, he, and he alone, could say: "Surely my prayer and my sacrifice and my life and my death are (all) for Allah, the Lord of the worlds. No associate has He; and this am I commanded, and I am the first of those that submit" (Holy Qur-án, vi. 163-4).

What a change had these few years witnessed! Through his character and self-surrender Muhammad succeeded in transforming a moral desert into a garden. Harmony and love breathed into the hearts of those who had before been engrossed in the most inhuman practices of semi-barbarism. The mission of Muhammad was accomplished, and in this fact—the fact of the whole work being achieved in his lifetime—lies his distinctive superiority over the rest of the prophets. Jesus longed for the Heavenly Kingdom of God upon earth; but then the time had not come and he could not teach the whole truth. He looked for the coming Comforter for the realization of his wishes, and therefore said: "Hallowed be Thy Name, Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." Muhammad,

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the Comforter, came and made it a reality. He did not say: "Hallowed be Thy Name, Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven"; but he said: "*Alhamo lillahi Rabbil Aalamin*"—All praise and glory is to Allah, for Hallowed is His Name, His Kingdom has come, His Will is done on earth as it is in Heaven.

Well may Muhammad in his farewell pilgrimage say: "O ye people, listen to my words, for I know not whether another year will be vouchsafed to me after this year to find myself among you. Your lives and property are sacred and inviolable amongst one another till ye appear before the Lord, as this day and month is sacred for all; and remember ye shall have to appear before your Lord, Who shall demand from you an account of all your actions. . . . O Lord! I have delivered my message, and have accomplished my work."

The assembled host below with one voice cried: "Yea verily, thou hast."

The Prophet said: "O Lord! I beseech Thee, bear Thou witness to it."

He returned to Medina, where, at noon on Monday, the 12th of Rabi-ul-Awwal of the 11th year of Hegira, which corresponds to the 8th of June of the 632nd year of the Christian Era, while praying, the holy spirit of the Great Prophet took flight to the blessed companionship on high.

No man ever served humanity as did the Holy Prophet Muhammad (may the blessings of Allah be upon him!), whose sole aim was to serve God. He loved and served his Creator by loving and serving His creatures first.

Friday Prayer and Sermon.—At the London Muslim Prayer House—111, Campden Hill Road, Notting Hill Gate, London—every Friday at 1 p.m. **Sunday Lectures** at 5 p.m. **Thursday Debates** (British Muslim Society) at 7.30 p.m. **Qur-án and Arabic Classes**—every Sunday at 3.30 p.m.

Service, Sermon, and Lectures every Sunday at the Mosque, Woking, 11.30 a.m.

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THE First Annual General Meeting of the above Society was held at the Muslim Prayer House, 111, Campden Hill Road, Notting Hill Gate, London, W. 8, on Sunday, the 21st October, when Lord Headley presided over a gathering of nearly one hundred members and friends.

When the formal proceedings had been concluded, Khwaja Nazir Ahmad, Imam of the Mosque, Woking, in introducing the speaker of the evening, said :

I do not wish to stand between the speaker of this evening—the Rt. Hon. Lord Headley—and yourselves. But I think it my duty to mention certain facts which are of some importance, and which his lordship, modest as he is, would probably like to overlook.

It has been suggested in certain quarters that Lord Headley went to Mecca on a certain secret mission from the Home Government. Allow me to refute that statement. As his lordship will tell you, he went to pay homage to the memory of the Holy Prophet (may peace and blessings of Allah be upon him!) He went there as a simple and true Muslim ; nothing more nor less.

In fact, Lord Headley had once before, when King Hussain, as such, did not exist, booked his passage by the P. and O. steamer *Persia* in 1914. The war broke out, and under the circumstances his duty was to stay at home with his children, who were then of tender age. He at once cancelled his passage, and in that he did what a true Muslim should have done.

Lord Headley was for ten days dressed in two single sheets. He faced the scorching heat of Arabia, a heat of which even our Syed Mufti Abdul Mohyi, an Arab by birth, complained. But Lord Headley bore it with a smile on his face, and never complained. He slept four nights on the ground without a bed. All this he did for his love of the Faith he has adopted, and not for any political end. These hardships were to him blessings, for his reward lies elsewhere.

Lord Headley, my father and Abdul Mohyi Arab, were the guests of King Hussain during their stay in Arabia. Arab hospitality is known in history ; and King Hussain did nothing more than keep up the traditions of his family and race.

Now in a few words I should like to explain the significance of the world's greatest Pilgrimage.

The underlying idea of the five principles of Islam, or as they are more commonly called, the five pillars of Islam, is the equality of mankind.

When we say that God is Great and One, we also by implication

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say that He, and He alone, is above us. The rest of the creation is either equal or inferior to us.

In prayers, again, high and low, prince and beggar, stand shoulder to shoulder. Those of you who have attended the Eid ceremonies at Woking are eyewitnesses of the fact, on however meagre a scale it may have been.

By fasting we realize what the pangs of hunger mean to those who spend days and nights without food. To provide against this eventuality, *Zakat* or almsgiving has been instituted. We are bound to give $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of our annual income every year to the needy or to deserving institutions.

Last of all, but by no means the least, is the Pilgrimage. I do not wish to discuss how and when it should be undertaken. I will touch, and that very slightly, only on one of its aspects. Every Muslim, whether he goes during the days of Pilgrimage or not, when about to enter the House of God has, by tradition, to wear two sheets of plain cloth, one covering the loins and the other the upper part of the body. There even the worldly distinctions of dress is gone. Lord and vassal appear alike.

A friend of mine pointed out to me that the fact that Lord Headley and my father were the guests of King Hussain is a sufficient proof that the brotherhood of Islam is too, like that of Christianity, becoming an empty phrase. I will leave the question for his lordship to answer. I will only refer to an editorial note of *Al Qiblah*, the semi-official organ of Mecca. After welcoming Lord Headley and my father and stating that theirs was not a political mission, it goes on to say that his lordship went to the sacred city as a Muslim. The Arabs respect him because of the Faith he has adopted. He was the first Muslim to go there from Great Britain, and, as such, was a representative of the Western Muslims. They, the Arabs, honoured him as a servant of the Faith of Islam and not as a peer of Britain.

Lord Headley gave an account of his experiences, on his recent Pilgrimage—at Mecca, on his journeys thither and thence, at Cairo and elsewhere. The speaker acknowledged himself to have been, first and foremost, profoundly impressed with Islam and the universal spirit of Islamic brotherhood, and in an address, lit by constant flashes of characteristic humour and insight, conveyed to his rapt and attentive audience his own conception of the reality of that brotherhood as revealed to him by what he saw and heard and experienced for himself, in Egypt and in Arabia. He narrated, with zest, how a certain British Consul had urged him to travel in some

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sort of disguise—advice at which he was forced to smile, while expressing gratitude to his adviser for the kindly thought; and he desired to record his thanks for kindness shown to him, to H.M. the King of Egypt, H.M. the King of Hedjaz, H.H. Prince Ali, H.H. Prince Tusan, the Najib-ul Ashraf Syed Muhammad Biblavi, Ahmad Najib Bey Bourada Eff., Ismail El Baroudy Eff., Syed Ehsan El Bakery Eff.

A comprehensive vote of thanks, proposed by Mr. Habibullah Lovegrove, the Secretary of the Society, and an appeal for subscriptions, which met, there and then, with a most encouraging response, brought the proceedings to a close.

The numbers, temper and tone of the meeting augur well for the success of the Society's activities during the coming months. There is a new spirit of keenness and enterprise abroad, a desire to "be up and doing" which must be at the root of all profitable endeavour; and if the members, each in his degree, and as he is able, faithfully, loyally and energetically work together for the cause, it will not be long before the Society, young as it is, makes its voice heard and its position acknowledged amongst the protagonists of religious activity in England.

* * * * *

THE HOLY PROPHET'S BIRTHDAY

A very successful gathering, in celebration of the anniversary of the birthday of the Holy Prophet Muhammad (on whom be Peace!), was held, under the auspices of the Society, at Stewart's Restaurant, Old Bond Street, London W. 1, on Saturday, the 3rd of November, when about two hundred were present, including a large number of ladies. The proceedings were opened by a recital in Arabic of the first *Rakhu* of *Sura-i-Mariam*, from the Holy Qur-án, by Syed Mufti Al Haj Abdul Mohyi, after which Lord Headley, the President of the Society, said the following prayer:—

O Almighty and Ever-present God, Thee alone do we look to. Thee alone do we adore and worship; accept our loving offerings

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of praise and thanksgiving, and increase our power of understanding Thy infinite wisdom, Thy infinite love and Thy infinite compassion. Thou art our Creator, and Thou knowest that since we love Thee we also hate and loathe the devil and his miserable devices to take our thoughts from Thee.

Dear Father of Heaven and God of the Universe, make us beneficent towards all those of our fellow-creatures who may not think of Thee as we ourselves do. May we show a spirit of toleration and may we beg of Thee to so direct the hearts of all our brethren in this world that they may appreciate our earnest desire to welcome them into that fold where the Shepherd, in Thy Almighty, Glorious, and Merciful Presence, is ever to be found.

May we, O God our Preserver and Comforter, endeavour to follow in the footsteps of Thy Holy Prophets, Moses, Jesus, and Muhammad ; and, from their teachings, may we learn humility and patience.

Almighty Allah, Thou who dost ever light our daily path and encourage us in all that is good, we know that every effort in Thy service brings us nearer to Thee. Increase our gratitude for the loving welcome we Muslims of the West have recently received from our Brethren in the East. We feel that the tie of the wondrous Brotherhood uniting all nationalities under the Sacred Banner of Islam has been strengthened, and we pray for a continuance of Thy Divine favour in this direction.

Especially do we pray for Thy assistance in explaining to others the simple guiding rules of our Faith—our duty to Thee and our duty to those with whom Thou hast permitted us to share this world. From the mouth of Thy Holy Prophet Muhammad, whose birth we joyfully celebrate this day, we have learned that no man is a true believer unless he desireth for his brother that which he desireth for himself. We know that these words come from Thee alone. May we therefore, by Thy grace, live for others, to give them pleasure and show to all the world the inestimable blessings of the Muslim life untrammelled by man-made rules, which have not Thy Divine authority.

We are sensible of our own weakness and imperfections, and look to Thee alone to give us a greater power of appreciating the beauties of Nature, the pleasures we are permitted to enjoy, and the good we are able to do.

We ask a continuance of Thy blessing on the work of our dear Brother Khwaja Kamal-ud-Din, and many others working with him for the advancement of our Faith. We bless Thy Holy Name.

O Almighty Allah, give us courage to follow in the footsteps of Thy Prophet, the Divinely inspired Muhammad, whose memory do Thou, O God, keep fresh and green in our hearts. May we emulate his sincerity and charity, and may we try to be like him in our desire to do justice to all mankind.

O Allah, bless and magnify Muhammad and the followers of

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Muhammad, as Thou didst bless and magnify Abraham and the followers of Abraham, for Thou art praised and magnified.

Amen.

An excellent supper followed, which being concluded, Khwaja Nazir Ahmad, Imam of the Mosque, Woking, rose to deliver the address of the evening. In a speech of electric vigour and astonishing eloquence, the Imam pronounced his striking eulogy of the Prophet's life, work and character—a *tour de force* which those whose privilege it was to hear it are not likely to forget.

The address is printed in full elsewhere.

The flaw in the success in the evening—and a serious flaw—was the absence, owing to sudden and serious illness, of Mr. Habibullah Lovegrove, its tireless secretary, to whose persistent energy and self-sacrifice the Society owes much of the success which has attended its early struggles. His place was ably filled—so far as it was possible to fill it—by his daughter, Miss Naima Lovegrove, upon whom devolved the duty—to all appearance no light one—of enrolling new members and associates.

We pray that Mr. Lovegrove may soon be completely restored to health, and able once more to resume his activities in the Society, which can so ill afford to lose him even for a little time.

R. G. P.

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By RUDOLF PICKTHALL

“Surely those who believe, and those who are Jews, and the Sabaeans and the Christians—whosoever believes in Allah and the Last Day, and does good—they shall have no fear, neither shall they grieve.”—THE HOLY QUR-ÁN, v. 69.

IN speaking of intolerance, I may seem to be touching on a subject which might well, from every point of view, be regarded as absolutely and utterly non-controversial.

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For intolerance is but the reverse of tolerance. and as regards tolerance in these enlightened days there can surely be no two opinions. I want to suggest one or two aspects of the question which are, perhaps, not always sufficiently realized.

Tolerance means, in its everyday sense, mutual forbearance, making allowance for each other's little peculiarities both in opinion and conduct; and generally so comporting ourselves that our daily intercourse may be carried out with as little friction as may be.

Without tolerance life would be frankly impossible.

To doubt the excellency of tolerance would be as grotesque as to question the value of sunshine, the efficacy of rain, or the beneficent influence of the *Daily Mail*.

We are all more or less agreed on this, and so we may say that we live in the age of Broadmindedness, of Tolerance—and especially Religious Tolerance.

Tolerance, as a virtue, has been found to be so essential, in the little things of life, that we have, unconsciously it may be, tried to apply it to the big things as well.

That perhaps has been our mistake.

We live, as I have said, in an age of Religious Tolerance.

As a nation, we are rather pleased with ourselves in consequence. We point with pride to the 346 subdivisions of Christianity which appear, or used to appear, in the pages of *Whitaker's Almanack*. We look back—those of us who take the trouble—with a sort of smug satisfaction on the so-called Dark Ages—the Ages of zeal, conviction and practical effort, which we, in our wisdom, term fanaticism, pig-headedness and persecution—the days of the Holy Inquisition—the Fires of Smithfield, and the rest—the days when men racked and roasted and pinched each other with red-hot pincers, for the glory of God; and we exclaim in holy horror, like the

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Pharisee in the Parable: "Lord, we thank Thee that we are not as other men were."

Are we justified, any more than the Pharisee? Why is it that we have ceased to roast one another? Is it because we care more for our brother, or less for the glory of God?

What is Broadmindedness? What is Tolerance? These two words have, in effect, substantially the same significance nowadays, and that significance may be one of two things.

Tolerance, therefore, may mean Indifference, or it may mean Sympathy.

Its first meaning gives it its value in the little things of every day, where its second is seldom called into play.

It may mean that we desire to live in peace with our neighbours, simply because we are too lazy, or too selfish, or shall I say, too tactful, to be bothered with other people's affairs.

It may, on the other hand, mean a generous desire to recognize the fact that others may be just as sincere in their belief as we imagine ourselves to be, and just as much entitled to hold their own opinions.

That is, I fancy, what we think we mean by Tolerance—by Broadmindedness. But is it so? Is any such lofty motive really and actually at the bottom of the boasted Tolerance of this age, in which we are all of us proud to live?

Or may it not be rather that we are drifting—drifting towards a state of things in which intolerance—rank, rabid intolerance—must presently rank as a virtue; nay, even as the very beginning and root of all virtue?

We are, above all things, a comfortable race.

"Lor! let's be comfortable," said Mrs. Boffin, as readers of Dickens will perhaps remember, on an occasion of domestic crisis; and that amiable creature's instinct, so naturally expressed, may well be

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taken to represent the attitude of the modern world, the intellectual or, if I may use a hateful word, the "cultured" modern world, towards the Things Eternal.

Right and Wrong—what are they? Who is to judge which is which? Do not interfere with your neighbours' little prejudices (for that is rather the way in which we are apt to regard beliefs and principles), and he won't interfere with yours. After all, they are his look out. Every man knows best what is good for him. Every man is the best judge of his own soul's welfare, and a man has a perfect right to commit suicide, if he wants to, on the Gilbertian principle perhaps, that if a man can't cut his own throat, whose throat can he cut? Who are we to interfere?

Refrain from hurting A's feelings, and A, if he is anything of a decent sort, will do the same for you.

Then again, custom—any practice that has the sanction of years—is a sacred thing; therefore let custom severely alone.

If, to your little prejudices, it seems a bad custom, never mind.

To disturb it would be to disturb hundreds of thousands of the unthinking innocent, besides getting oneself disliked.

Let's be comfortable.

Jones, let us say, is an Anglican, Thomson a Quaker, Smith a Buddhist, Brown a Christian Scientist, and de Montmorency an Atheist. They are all, presumably, honest, honourable, upright, respectable men, and each is entitled to his own opinion, just as much as I am entitled to mine. For one of these (even assuming that they are friends, more or less intimate) to suggest seriously and persistently to any of the others that he is wrong—hopelessly, utterly, obstinately and foolishly wrong—would be sheer impertinence; and, more than that, it would be the very height of bad taste.

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It is a curious position, if you think it out.

To warn a motorist of an impending police trap, or the driver of an oncoming express that the bridge ahead of him has collapsed; to inform a man who believes himself to be travelling to Manchester, that he is, actually and as a matter of fact, in a train which is bound for Penzance, all these may be taken variously as acts of common duty or courtesy.

But to warn X that he is heading straight for the everlasting bonfire, or Y that he has missed the turning to eternal bliss, or Z that he is on the wrong road for the reward of the righteous—things in their own way every bit as important—is merely unpardonable officiousness, gross bad manners.

Let me quote a case in point.

Years ago, at a great Revival Meeting at the Albert Hall—one of the spiritual “round-ups” so dear to the sensational instincts of American Protestantism—a general “spring-cleaning” of souls, as it were—an expansive round-faced stranger laid a fat hand on mine, and inquired: “My dear friend, are you in Christ?” “I beg your pardon,” I replied with true British stiffness, “but really that is my affair entirely, and does not concern you.”

This is the attitude. I make no apology for my answer. I dare say I should say the same thing to-day, if occasion arose. But that does not imply that it was the right answer, or that the expansive stranger was not, on higher grounds, perfectly justified, from his point of view, in what seemed to me a piece of impertinence. But what would you have? Such questions are not asked and should not be answered. Let's be comfortable.

I admit, everyone must admit, that if we all went round inquiring after the welfare of one another's souls, life would be intolerable; and, as between strangers, the practice must, save in the most exceptional circumstances, at present at least, savour of insincerity and impertinence. But in the case of

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intimate friends, as between whom such delicate subjects, shall we say, as woman and the problems connected with her, hold no hidden things—whose most intimate hopes and fears, in a worldly sense, are mutually common topics of discussion—any talk on the soul's salvation or otherwise, from the personal point of view, is strictly taboo.

We must not weary our friends and ourselves with what we all of us instinctively feel to be matters of no immediate concern. Let's be comfortable.

This is the great obstacle in the way of Christian Missionary endeavour. The average missionary—good, conscientious, no doubt, but in no sense a super-man—forgets his manners.

From the delusive security of the pulpit, he flourishes a metaphorical bludgeon. His one immediate objective is not so much to save souls as to make them uncomfortable. Hence, Hell-fire and eternal torment are apt to be emphasized rather than the rewards of the blessed. The very fact that little is said of the latter beyond gates of pearl and streets of gold, and crystal seas and harps, suggests that they are something of an afterthought.

The repellent power of eternal torment—if even half-believed in—is enormous; but the attractive force of a gate of pearl is, in any age, practically nil, unless addressed to a professional jeweller, or perhaps a burglar on the grand scale.

And so, if we face the matter frankly, Tolerance to-day is merely Religion's thankful acceptance of the worldly attitude, acquiescence in the popular fashion of drift and *laissez-faire*. It saves so much trouble.

But then—the world will never be saved by Tolerance. It has got to be saved—not necessarily from original sin or any of the despised dogmatic perils, but it has got to be saved from something—from itself perhaps. And that salvation will never come by Tolerance.

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Mankind will never be brought one step nearer to God by Broadmindedness, as we know it to-day.

Those that go astray must continue to do so—may, in the phrase of the day, “get on with it”—that is their look-out.

“Am I my brother’s keeper?” How aptly the cry of the first murderer rings through civilization to-day! Why should we worry? Let’s be comfortable.

But consider for a moment. You may love your brother—brother in the real and intimate sense, or in that vague and somewhat hypocritical significance common to most popular conceptions of religion—but if your love is real, you will detest his faults, simply because they are leading him to ultimate ruin; you will shudder at the thought of his going astray; you will do all in your power to prevent and save him, if your love for your brother is a real love; if your worship of the God Who made you both is a real worship.

Inconvenient, uncomfortable—yes. But salvation is not from comfort.

But it may be said there are so many important things in which, to protect our own interests, we have occasionally to make ourselves really unpleasant to our brothers—our neighbours, call them which you will—that it would be absurd to go out of our way to make new ones. And there is something in that.

As a matter of practical politics, where our self-esteem and our self-interest are in peril, it is surely too much to expect us to jeopardize the amenities of everyday life—our business relationships on the one hand, our invitations to dinners and dances, to teas and tennis, on the other—for the sake of something that we do not feel to be of immediate concern to us.

For example, supposing, for the sake of argument, we keep a poultry-farm, or a motor-garage, or a steam-laundry, or anything else you like, and X is one of our very best customers, but a man of no religion

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and less morals; and supposing we go to X and point out to him cogently and in choice terms the imminent peril that threatens his immortal soul—we are only losing one of our very best customers. Is it worth it?

Again, let us say, X is a friend of ours. He has a large house and three cars, and gives excellent dinners. Altogether, X is a very convenient neighbour—kind, obliging and, like most of us, always ready to do a good turn to anybody who is likely to be able to do the same for him; in all outward respects a thorough practical Christian, as Christianity is practised nowadays, but he does not “hold the Catholic Faith.” From the Christian, the earnest Catholic Christian, point of view, X is therefore doomed to everlasting damnation, to the eternal torment, “where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched.” But a Christian cannot leave it at that. Every effort must be made to save him, however difficult, however hopeless.

We, as his neighbour, and, for the sake of argument, a devout Catholic, must do what we can. But do we? And if we decide to do so, how are we to do it?

Are we to call upon X and blurt out with natural diffidence: “Look here, old man, I really can’t let you go on like this. Upon my word I can’t, you know. You ought to be thinking about the after life a bit, and all that sort of thing, I mean. What?”—or something like that.

X, if he were genially disposed, would think us a “bit mad”; if not, he would put us down as hopelessly insane and offensive into the bargain; and in any case we should have said a long farewell to all the advantages to be derived from his dinners and his cars. The once hospitable doors of X would be closed against us for evermore; our wives would “cut” each other; it would all be damnably uncomfortable. And would it be worth it?

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After all, we say to ourselves, the matter is in higher hands than ours—there is One above—and so on and so forth, and so we let our genial friend X pursue his course to perdition unmolested; for after all, the thing is not of immediate concern to us or to him. We can get along quite comfortably without thinking of such things.

For that is just the trouble. We cannot—or will not—allow ourselves to realize that these things, the things of God and Eternity, are of immediate concern to us; that we may at any moment be brought face to face with the problem that we have been shirking all our lives.

“Thou fool! This night thy soul shall be required of thee.”

That may be true of any one of us at any time. In the train, in the street, in the familiar security of our own fireside; to those who sleep in peace at home, as well as to those who travel by land or by water—to robust health and the prime of life, as well as to sickness and old age, the call comes always unawares. But we shut our eyes and our ears and pretend that it is not so. We live our lives in an ostrich-like security.

A well-known journalist, who is, or was, also an agnostic, once said to me: “I can’t understand you men. If I believed, really believed, as you profess to believe, I should not be satisfied till everybody else believed the same. Hang it all, man, I’d be a blooming missionary. I’d stump the country and spout in market-places and on village greens and things—I’d simply have to.”

And he would have done so, and probably made himself a nuisance to all who loved him.

It is because sincerity—in religion—is so rare in these days, that it becomes a nuisance; and sincerity and tolerance make fidgety bedfellows.

To the sincere Christian intolerance is a necessity.

If a Christian really believes in the doctrine of the

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Atonement—truly and honestly, as many Christians still profess to do—believes the very solemn words of the Athanasian Creed: “Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic Faith, which Faith except everyone do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly”—he has no use for tolerance.

The words quoted have been frequently selected as a butt for ridicule, or as a subject for condemnation. But they are not ridiculous—at least there is no one of us qualified to pronounce them so—nor in themselves are they to be condemned.

They are, on the other hand, a perfectly precise statement of what the Catholic Church claims to be a truth, and has never officially repudiated, and which cuts its followers definitely and completely adrift from any idea of tolerance.

We may not agree with them, but we have no right to sneer at them. Theirs is a bold attitude—it is for them to justify it, as and when they can.

Also be it remembered these things are things which can never be proved, never be disproved. The disputants must for ever start from premises widely divergent and mutually untenable, and arrive at conclusions as far apart as the Poles.

“Without doubt, he shall perish everlastingly.” This is what the Holy Church throughout all the world has said for centuries; not lightly, not as a concession to passing prejudice, but deliberately, solemnly, repeatedly, as the very Truth of God.

How can toleration be possible in such a creed as this, with any man who honestly and devoutly seeks to follow out the practice of that creed—to do unto others as he would they should do unto him; to love his neighbour as himself, and consequently to do what in him lies to ensure that his neighbour shall not perish everlastingly?

How can he consistently stand aside and watch the multitudes who do not believe, on their way to

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eternal damnation? He must try to save them. It is his Master's command.

If they are willing, so much the better. If not, they must be compelled. "Go forth into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in."

There was this to be said for Intolerance, as it existed in the Middle Ages—for the spirit and motive originally at the back of the Holy Inquisition, before it passed under the domination of cynical Jewry.

So far as they were the outcome of a deep and living Faith, the rack, the thumbscrews, the stake, the hundred and one forms of persecution that strove, by earthly pain, to save men's souls from the torment everlasting, to set up a barrier between mankind and perdition are, in this light, at least understandable; if not, according to our modern ideas, to be wholly commended.

The feeling which imposed "disabilities" on Jews and Papists in this country is, from the point of view of conscience, a right one; just as the feeling that removed these disabilities—a feeling actuated by time-serving political motives, rather than by Christian Charity—was a wrong one. The former was an assertion, the latter a negation of Faith; and the growth of Tolerance became once more the symbol of Faith's decay. For the Church, if she is to be logical and faithful, must never cease to be militant. Indifference is forbidden to her, and tolerance is impossible.

It is an extraordinary, a painfully anomalous position for any Religion, more especially for a Religion which claims, first and foremost, to be a Religion of Love and sympathy and kindness towards all men, that it should be bound by its very Memorandum of Association, as it were, to wage uncompromising war on fellow-humanity.

If, then, we cannot logically be sincere without becoming intolerant, and if it be impossible to show tolerance, logically, without being more or less in-

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different to the truth or untruth of the Faith which we profess to hold, must there not be something radically wrong with that Faith ?

It would seem so by all the canons of Human Reason.

And yet the mind of man unconsciously, instinctively revolts from the intolerant, hard, dogmatic attitude thrust upon it.

Did Almighty God, in His Infinite Wisdom, intend that we, His creatures, should spend our time and our energy in mistrusting, backbiting, persecuting one another to His Glory—in endeavouring each to compel the other to adopt his own rigid formula of Faith—to doubt which is, in the eyes of each respectively, eternal damnation ?

There are not a few of us who enjoy, rather than not, the clash of conflicting religions. Most men love an argument, whatever it is about, and the more educated a man is, or the more educated he conceives himself to be, the more he loves the academic argument—the argument that can never be settled ; the argument as to the ultimate upshot of which he does not greatly care ; the argument which, he is glad to feel, leads nowhere in particular ; and that is the way in which most people seem to regard religion to-day.

But religion, the real religion, the bond that binds mankind to God, should be something which is above argument ; something about which only the thoughtless and the ignorant could have the face to try to argue ; something which a man may believe in all the sincerity of his soul, and, so believing, may yet not be unaware that others, believing differently, may still be on the road to God.

Is there such a religion—a religion which includes not only tolerance in the sense of kindness and sympathy towards other people, but kindness and sympathy towards other religions, in its marching orders ?

Islam is the answer.

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God has not hidden Himself from the races of the world, nor, revealing Himself to one only, condemned the rest to eternal destruction, unless by some happy chance the glad tidings should come their way. So in effect says Islam.

The people that sat in darkness have seen a great light—not once, but many times.

Every nation, says the Holy Qur-án, has had its Warner, its Messenger from God: Moses, Buddha, Socrates (or Plato), Jesus and Muhammad—the last of all through whom the Light has shone for the whole world.

They have appeared in many ages and in many climes, but their message has been the same. Therefore, Jew and Buddhist, Christian and Muslim, are of the one faith—the faith that is founded on righteous dealing between man and man, and the Eternal Oneness of God.

The devout Muslim is no antagonist of Jew or Christian, Zoroastrian or Buddhist, for their prophets are his prophets too, and, in the fulness of God's good time, His Prophet shall also be their Prophet.

In Islam we find the conclusion of the whole matter; not as the wise king of old professed to find it as a possible way out of a labyrinth of cynical worldliness, but as the living voice of Truth. "Fear God and keep His Commandments," and realize at the same time that others are striving to do the same though their ways be not your ways, "for this is the whole duty of man."

To-day, the religious world has, in effect, resolved itself into two great camps, armed and alert—on the one side, Christendom, on the other Islam.

The Church of Christ, save only amongst the saintliest and most Christlike, conceives itself to be forbidden to show tolerance to other Faiths. "No man can serve two masters." "He that is not with us is against us." These are her watchwords.

Muslims, on the other hand, are rightly proud in

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the possession of a religion—the one religion which, not only in precept but in theory—nay, to use a favourite word of to-day, in its actual dogma—enjoins tolerance in the words of the Holy Qur-án: “Surely those who believe, and those who are Jews, and the Sabaeans and the Christians, whosoever believes in Allah and the Last Day, and does good, they shall have no fear, neither shall they grieve.”

Muslims have the duty of tolerance laid upon them. Their position is impregnable. They can afford to be generous, to behave generously towards those who (in error, but in honest error) regard themselves as their foes. They can afford to do without pettiness or misrepresentation in their controversy, to accept facts as they are, and not as they would like them to be.

The Muslim has this unique privilege of tolerance, and with that as material, is it not for him to essay to bridge the gulf that separates the two camps of believers in the One True God?

Dogmatically the initiative cannot be with Christianity.

Dogmatically it can be with Islam, and the bridge of Divinely ordained Tolerance may here in time effect a union of religion, vaster than the world has yet dreamed of.

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Within You is the Power, by Thomas Henry Hamblin (the Science of Thought Press, Chichester), is a thoughtful exposition of the use and misuse of the sub-conscious and super-conscious powers of man's mind. While approaching the subject at a somewhat different angle, it arrives at conclusions not dissimilar to those set forth in “The Sufi's Diary” (with which readers of *The Islamic Review* are familiar); and its earnestness and palpable sincerity make it a valuable contribution to a topic that is still widely misunderstood.