

"The
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A PAPER

Of the Muslims
For the Muslims
By the Muslims
of
CEYLON

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Musings Of A Pensioner XLIII.

Transcendence: Its True Nature

Revolution In The Thought Process

Limits Of Cognition

BY M. T. AKBAR, K.C., B.A., LL.B. (Cantab).
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"THE meaning of the word 'Transcendence' or 'Beyondness' when applied to the Omnipresent, can never be grasped in the theoretical sense by one who maintains the attitude of the spectator. We can experience it only in so far as we are engaged in a fight by which we continually liberate ourselves from the false standpoint and get the true."

The last extract refers to the true Transcendence of God and is as follows:—

"We start here, then: just with the inexplicable fact: The forms of experience, from which we cannot emancipate ourselves, make God invisible. These Forms of Intuition are such that something is possible which, according to them, ought to be quite impossible. That omnipresent Reality, which alone is real, and by whose act I and you and the whole world are sustained in life from moment to moment, can be doubted. While a man cannot doubt his own existence, which yet has only a created and derivative reality, it is possible for him to enter into debate about the existence of God, though without Him we could not think a single one of the thoughts we think. So men have hit on the idea of 'ex-cogitating' proofs of the existence of God.' The very possibility of doubting the existence of God is enough in itself to show that there is a conflict between the reality of God and the whole structure of that form of experience which involves this possibility.

Results Incident To Doubting

"Consider the consequence which follows from this fact for our understanding what the transcendence of God means. The moment we speak about that tract of Being to which

God's actuality belongs we are confronted with the necessity of choosing between two alternatives, towards which no neutral attitude is possible. The first alternative is: We make the fact just spoken of intelligible to ourselves in one or other of the only two ways open to us so long as we keep within the "spaces" we know by experience. To put in a figure, we interpret what is said about things deep in the third dimension by starting off to the right or the left on the level plane we see. God is for us either the *primum movens*, the arbitrarily chosen fixed point, the ultimate authority with which we come to a standstill for practical reasons—or possibly because of a natural human craving for rest somewhere in our inquiries about the Why and the Whence, after we have travelled some way back within the interminable series; or God is for us simply a word denoting that series itself. In neither case does the thought of God interfere with the daily round of our thinking and our acting.

No Image Can Represent Him

"The other alternative is this: God stands really above and below, on this side and on that side, of the opposition from which we cannot, as men, get free. The question about God sets us in a direction in which neither of the two limiting alternatives counts any more. What indeed we have to do the moment

(Continued on page 8)

Place Of Religion In Education

Fatal Modern Tendencies

NEED FOR SELF-ASSERTION

BY M. A. BAKEER MARKAR

IT has become almost a fashion with the present generation to crack their best jokes at the expense of religion. People who cling on to religious belief and who attach importance to the religious elements in the education of their children are considered to be out of date and not worth talking about. Testimony, there is in abundance to be found to him who seeks with diligence. It is needless to fill the pages of a book with quotations from men of eminence and experience. The child, denied the rudiments of the religion of his parents, is sure to end up like the drift-wood in our rivers.

There has been much talk about the study of comparative religion and the evolution of a moral code which would embrace all that is best in the tenets of the great religious leaders. This would not be a vain pursuit to a mind mature with education and experience. It would be a task which would enable one to bring out the best in one's existence, if pursued in the real spirit. But the athlete of tomorrow is nothing but the babe in arms of today. And before the rhythmic co-ordination which proclaims the accomplished runner has been acquired the very prosaic process of learning to walk must precede it. So before we build those mansions and castles of comparative religion and its study let us look to the prosaic foundations in getting up the rudiments of the religion of our fathers.

True Education.

The different religious bodies in Ceylon have for years jealously guarded their Heritage and seen to it that they left their impress on succeeding generations. But alas! our Muslim Community is too democratic and too full of false liberalism which is bound to spell ruin sooner or later.

We must be "Conservative" within reason and see to it that our children receive religious instruction not only in their homes but even in their

schools. Some time ago I had the fortune (or rather misfortune) to talk to a Muslim youth who happened to be receiving his education in a school which did not make any provision for religious instruction (Islam). He was full of the details regarding the life and the career of other great religious teachers—but the rudiments of his own religion were a sealed book to him.

This state of affairs is indeed, to say the least, very undesirable and it should be the duty of every Muslim parent to see that his child receives his education in a Muslim Institution or in any other institution which will provide an elementary course in Arabic and Islamic Studies. When other communities are insisting upon their rights we ought not to fall asleep over our precious heritage and thus lose the culture handed down to us through the generations. For a nation's stability and economic progress cannot be remarked upon unless the culture is handed down from father to son. Satan's address to his followers (in Milton's *Paradise Lost*) would not be out of place to our snoring brethren—"Awake, arise or be for ever fallen"—"fallen" enough to be considered politically and economically backward and beg for special favour and liberal treatment in the different walks of life.

Ladies' Section "Edited by Editor."

The Essential Beauty of Life

Childhood Recollections

PEACE AND LOVE

One more country has fallen victim to the lust for hate and destruction. Everywhere there is gloom and despair and suspicion. It seems as if hate has come to rule over the world, and I cannot do better than reproduce a short story by Dostoevsky, a Russian and one of the greatest novelists of all times. The man in the story, a Lord, is a prisoner. The harsh treatment he receives, causes extreme bitterness in his soul, but he recalls one of the many incidents of his past life and he sees that suffering and pain play only a small part in life, that the spirit can rise above them all and look on a world essentially beautiful if our eyes are only free from scales to see the true glory and grandeur of life.

The Peasant Marey.

Gradually I sank in a forgetfulness and by degrees was lost in memories. During the whole course of my four years in prison I was continually recalling all my past, and seemed to live over again the whole of my life in recollection.

On this occasion, I suddenly for some reason remembered an unnoticed moment in my early childhood when I was only nine years old.

Country Associations.

I went up to the dense thicket of bushes that covered the further side of the ravine as far as the oases. And I plunged right into the midst of the bushes, and heard a peasant ploughing alone on the clearing about thirty paces away. I knew that he was ploughing up the steep hill and the horse was moving with effort, and from time to the peasant's call "come up!" floated upwards to me.

I was busy, too; I was broaking off switches from the nut trees to whip the frogs with. Nut sticks make such fine whips, but they do not last: while birch twigs are just the opposite. I was interested, too, in beetles and other insects; I used to collect them, some were very ornamental. I was very fond, too, of the little nimble red and yellow lizards with black spots on them, but I was afraid of snakes. Snakes, however, were much more rare than lizards.

Wolf!

Suddenly in the midst of the profound stillness I heard a clear and distinct shout, "Wolf!" I shrieked and, beside myself with terror, calling out at the top of my voice, ran out into the clearing and straight to the peasant who was ploughing.

It was our peasant Marey. I don't know if there is such a name, but every one called him Marey—a thick-set, rather well-grown peasant of fifty, with a good many grey hairs in his dark brown, spreading beard. I knew him, but had scarcely ever happened to speak to him till then. He stopped his horse on hearing my cry, and when, breathless, I caught with one hand at his plough and with the other at his sleeve, he saw how frightened I was.

"There is a wolf!" I cried, panting. He flung up his head, and could not help looking round for an instant, almost believing me.

"Where is the wolf?"

"A shout.....some one shouted: 'wolf.....' I faltered out.

"Nonsense, nonsense! A wolf? Why, it was your fancy! How could

there be a wolf?" he muttered; reassuring me. But I was trembling all over and still kept tight hold of his smock frock and I must have been quite pale. He looked at me with an uneasy smile, evidently anxious and troubled over me.

"Why, you have had a fright, *aié*, *aié!*" He shook his head. "There, dear.....Come, little one, *aié!*"

He stretched out his hand, and all at once stroked my cheek.

"Come, come, there; Christ be with you! Cross yourself!"

But I did not cross myself. The corners of my mouth were twitching and I think that struck him particularly. He put out his thick, black-nailed, earth-stained finger and softly touched my twitching lips.

"*Aié*, there there," he said to me with a slow, almost motherly smile. "Dear, dear, what is the matter? There; come, come!"

Comfort.

I grasped at last that there was no wolf, and that the shout that I had heard was my fancy. Yet that shout had been so clear and distinct, but such shouts (not only about wolves) I had imagined once or twice before, and I was aware of that. (These hallucinations passed away later as I grew older).

"Well, I will go then," I said, looking at him timidly and inquiringly.

"Well, do, and I'll keep watch on you as you go. I won't let the wolf get at you," he added, still smiling at me with the same motherly expression.

"Well, Christ be with you! Come, run along then," and he made the sign of the cross over me and then over himself. I walked away, looking back almost at every tenth step. Marey stood still with his mare as I walked away, and looked after me and nodded to me every time I looked round.

Peace, Perfect Peace.

When I got home that day I told no one of my "adventure" with Marey. And indeed it was hardly an adventure. And in fact I soon forgot Marey. When I met him now and then afterwards, I never even spoke to him about the wolf or anything else; and all at once now, twenty years afterwards in Siberia, I remembered this meeting with such distinctness to the smallest detail. So it must have lain hidden in my soul, though I knew nothing of it, and rose suddenly to my memory when it was wanted; I remembered the soft motherly smile of the poor serf, the way he signed me with the cross and shook his head.

"There, there, you have had a fright, little one!" And I remembered particularly the thick earth-stained finger with which he softly and with timid tenderness touched my quivering lips. Of course any one would have reassured a child, but something quite different seemed to have happened in that solitary meeting; and if I had been his own son, he could not have looked at me with eyes shining with greater love. And what made him like that! He was our serf and I was his little master, after all. No one would know that he had been kind to me and reward him for it. Was he perhaps, very fond of little children? Some people are. It was a solitary meeting in the deserted fields, and only God, perhaps, may have seen from above with what deep and humane civilised feeling, and with what delicate, almost feminine tenderness, the heart of a coarse, brutally ignorant Russian serf, who had as yet no expectation, no idea even of his freedom, may be filled. Was not this, perhaps, what Konstantin Aksakov meant when he spoke of the high degree of culture of our peasantry?

And when I got down off the bed and looked around me, I remember I suddenly felt that I could look at these unhappy creatures with quite different eyes, and that suddenly by some miracle all hatred and anger had vanished utterly from my heart. I walked about, looking into the faces that I met.

Children's Corner

Happiness of the Prophet

My Dear Children,

When the Jews were finally subdued the Muslims enjoyed a period of peace and prosperity. The enemies of Islam who were constantly expecting the cause of the Prophet to meet with some irrecoverable disaster that would extinguish for ever the torch of Islam, now realized that their hopes were far from being realized, for the Muslims were daily growing in strength and power. Their repeated victories over their enemies now earned them respect from the neighbouring states.

The Prophet was not content to rest quietly after his success over the Jews. He wished to spread Islam over all the countries within reach. The two most powerful Empires at this time were the Persian and the Roman Empires. The latter was divided into two; the Western and the Eastern Empires. And Heraclius the successor of the famous Justinian, ruled at Constantinople, the Capital of the Eastern Empire. There were constant wars between the Romans and the Persians. Now one side winning, now the other: Our Prophet sent ambassadors to both these Capitals as well as Egypt, Hira-Yemen, and Abyssinia. The replies that the Prophet received were varied. Heraclius sent back a polite reply, not committing himself either way.

The Fate of Chosroes.

But Kesra, or Chosroes of Persia took offence at the Prophet's message and tore the letter. He then sent order to Badhavi, Governor of Yemen to send men to Hejaz to capture the Prophet, whose reply to the messengers was that soon the Kingdom of Islam would reach the Persian Capital. When the messengers reached Persia Chosroes was dead.

You may remember that some Muslims emigrated to Abyssinia to escape from the persecutions of the Kuraish. Among these was Jafar bin Abu Sahib. All the Muslims were well treated by the Negus. When the Prophet's letter reached the Negus, Jafar was yet there, and it is said that the Negus embraced Islam at the hands of Jafar.

Maquqar of Egypt honoured the Prophet's Messenger and sent gifts to the Prophet. The Chief of Yanana said that he was willing to follow the Prophet if he was promised a share in the Kingdom of Islam. This however, the Prophet refused to do.

A Happy Event.

A happy event now took place at Medina. Several of the emigrants from Abyssinia returned to their friends and relatives. The Prophet embraced them all, and he was particularly glad of his meeting with Jafar, about which he said, "I do not know which gave me greater happiness the victory of Khaibar or the meeting with Jafar." A period of peace now set in for the Muslims, and during this period, he set about effecting improvements in his Kingdom, and strengthening his position.

In my next letter I shall tell you of his occupation during these days of tranquillity.

Yours sincerely,
THE EDITOR.

NATURE STUDY

Dear Boys and Girls,

Has it ever occurred to you to consider how wonderful life with the natural surroundings about us are? If we look around us and give ourselves up to a few moments' serious thought, we would discover that our emotions in respect of the marvels of nature could not find suitable expression. We could only wonder at the greatness of the Hand that wrought these marvels.

It is related of the Prophet that when some unbelievers asked him for miracles, his answer was to point to some natural objects and ask the men whether they were not miracles. Could human hands bring forth any object as those designed and produce by nature? The works of nature are all miracles and wonders to those who have eyes to see, and intelligence to understand. The great writer Carlyle speaks of nature as the "Garment of the Living God." If you delve deep enough, you will come to a nearer understanding of your Creator. But even a little knowledge of nature's lore will enable you to appreciate the works of the Maker and come in closer touch with Him.

Beauty

Let me quote an example. Suppose you are an artist. You have painted some beautiful pictures and hung them up in a gallery. Then comes a stream of people, some of whom stop before your pictures and gaze at them in profound admiration, and utter exclamations of wonder and delight. What would your emotions then be? Would they not be warm towards the admirer of your works, who incidentally admire you? In like manner will the Creator feel towards those who love and appreciate His works, which are the originals of those depicted on canvas, but which no human hand can faithfully portray.

The sunset glow, that tints the sky in a myriad changing colours beyond a painted sea flecked with silver foam, presents a picture that defies the brush of the most skilled painter. Similarly, the bright-hued butterfly that flits its carefree way through pretty and fragrant flowers, the queenly lotus that dots the bosom of the placid pond, the ornate birds that delight us with their plumage and their trills, and the gentle breeze that fans our cheeks as it passes over swaying reeds that utter plaintive sighs, give rise to emotions which no poet's pen could adequately describe.

Prayer

When we admire His works, we pay our Creator a silent tribute, and when we thank Him not only for the beautiful objects with which He has adorned the earth, but also for endowing us with the means, both physical and mental, of appreciating His works, we offer Him the most genuine of prayers: prayers that issue not from our lips but from our hearts.

Hence it is worth our while cultivating an aesthetic taste, and thus can have no better foundation than taking a keen interest in nature. Moreover this is an indirect form of indirect religious knowledge. Educationists have realized the value of nature-study and included the subject in the syllabus of schools. But very unfortunately, only a small percentage of teachers are themselves interested in the subject, which they teach merely to cover the syllabus and pass the examiner's eye.

It is quite easy to interest yourself in nature. What you have to do is to read books treating of natural objects; trees, flowers, birds, animals and insects, and soon you will find yourself an ardent devotee of nature.

Yours sincerely,
GREY WOLF.

Short Story

LOVE, LIFE AND DEATH

By "PILGRIM"

"Life means intense and means well and I doubt not that out of this welter of chaos good will result". Hussain was speaking to Fatima. "Long ago, I don't know how long ago it was, I thought the world was just a cruel torture chamber wherein our fondest hopes, our dearest desires were doomed to completest disappointment. I still remember the day you entered my life, I never can forget it, so long ago it seems and still so fresh in my mind. Perhaps it was the hand of God that gave you to me. Now the past is changed and I can look upon the future with courage and hope."

"But you are not less nor ever were less to me," replied Fatima. "All my life I have been living 'twixt slumber and awakening, looking on the splendour of life, thrilling to the manifold joys of life yet knowing that I lacked something, though what it was I never did fathom, until you came into my life. It was then that the life that I led seem vain and trivial because it was not centred in one individual whose growth was the growth of my own soul."

They were but two of the many millions that find a purpose in life. Hussain was a farmer's son whom his father had sent to the University of Constantinople and Fatima was the daughter of the ruler of the district, herself the embodiment of the culture and the glory of Islamic Civilisation.

The Meeting

One day Hussain was passing by the palatial building wherein Fatima dwelt. She was in the orchard with her maidens when an animal in the garden broke loose. Terror reigned. The frightened yells brought Hussain on the scene. For the sturdy Farmer, whom the stay at the University had not made effeminate, the bull was no serious danger. The bull was mastered, though not without a bleeding gash in his leg which Fatima herself tenderly dressed.

"It was most brave of you."

"Oh, not at all. It is the kind of life to which I am accustomed. There was no danger at all, as much danger as is the sea to the experienced sailor in his modern liner."

"I was so frightened that I did not know what to do. At last I yelled louder than the rest," she said blushing.

Hussain had seen lovely girls before but never before had one intoxicated him with loveliness. He was loth to rise but go away he must. She was exercising too strong a spell on him and he wanted to be past feeling. He remembered a past love, he remembered he had endured sufferings in childhood and youth, sufferings that had taken the savour out of his life and made his heart one rankling sore. Life, he had come to regard, as just a journey between dusk and dawn, meaningless, purposeless, a burden to him and to those with whom he came into contact; until he had felt that life was just a sojourn in a torture chamber. It was dangerous to revive the fading embers of his old love, and feeling for in its train was misery. What he now felt

was the twinges of his heart and he wanted it to stop there.

The Parting

"I must go. It's getting late."
"Must go?" She could not understand him. She could not understand herself for that matter. Here was a farmer lad who would leave her side as if she were of no consequence. She, the admired of the admired! There was a strange quality in his looks, in his gestures, in his speech that she had not noticed in others. Here was a man, who for all his poverty, was a man, strong, brave and intriguing. She wanted to talk of the trees, the flowers, the song birds and their songs for she loved them dearly and felt herself one with the stream of life; and she knew that this man, for all his strangeness, had felt even as she herself had felt and did feel about the glories of nature. But pride held her back and she suffered him to go and let her desire live unspoken.

Torture

No sleep had she that night nor had he either. The picture of one haunted the other throughout the long watches of the night. But daylight brought a semblance of reason to him. It was foolishness, if not madness, to think of her. She was forever beyond his reach and after all he had discovered to his cost, that love was not for him; it was just moonshine this talk of fidelity to the grave and beyond, and with a couch of cynicism he recalled the words of Rochefoucauld, "Love can be compared to a ghost, because it's a thing of which much is said though it itself has never been seen." After all he said to himself, this fidelity to the end of one's days, however good and admirable in an animal, must be most boring and tiresome in a human being as though the passage of years meant nothing and a person were, forever, living in a vacuum.

The days passed and the weeks lengthened into months and though she stood by the gate she never more saw her Farmer Lad. He avoided the house and the road that passed by it. The rumblings of war reached the distant confines of Turkey and in soldiering he believed he could find the one means of pushing away from his mind a picture that ever haunted him, a voice that sang in his ears making a music most delicious even in pain. He came back after a long spell of mobilisation. He thought he had completely cured himself of his malady but deep

down in his heart there burned a flame, a flame that would burst to life and burn furiously if but fanned.

Loneliness

For her the days were days of agony. She knew that he in his way loved her, else why had he avoided her? She longed more than ever before for the one person who was to her a personality to personality and not slave to mistress. She heard once again his deep tones raised in song as he went singing to his work and recalled the lineaments of his strong face. Her people saw with deep concern Fatima languishing away and grieved sorely. But the cause none knew. The Doctor only drove her to distraction by his innumerable, infallible remedies.

Late one evening she was in the orchard and a strange fancy caused her to go to the riverside and watch the sunset glories gather for the last time in the sky for she believed that the last day of life had come. Once more she could beguile herself with the thought of one dearer to her than life whom a cruel fate had taken away from her. And as she reached the farther road she saw a figure that caused her to falter in her walk and lean against her maidens for support.

Wish-Fulfilment

The figure hesitated and made as if to withdraw but came on at length, slowly and reluctantly and made as if to pass her but the look that she bestowed on him made him stop and fumble for speech. He stammered out the conventional greeting and stood unable to proceed.

"Where were you all these days, Hussain?" The soft tone and those wonderful eyes told a story that words could not. He could only stammer. "Does it matter, where I have been?"

"Matter!", she replied sadly. "If you only knew how much."

"When I saw you last, my Lady, I knew that all my sufferings were meant by God that I may to the fullest enjoy the bliss of such a rapturous form as yours."

"And yet you ran away?" "Believe me, Lady, I suffered more these few months than I had ever suffered before. You were so so much above me, have seen and spoken to men in higher ranks of society and richer and better than I that I knew that Love was madness and impossible, and so I left, if possible to forget. But I never could forget. You were always in my mind as though you were the very warp and woof of my thoughts."

The Clouds of War

War! War! The call to arms could not be denied. And he was gone, leaving

her forlorn and desolate. He was gone, who meant all to her, nay more than all, to fall a prey to cruel shot. Far away perhaps killed, perhaps, O Blessed Lord, killing others for whom hearts far away were pining in desire, as hers was for her loved one.

Gone for her was the flush from the rose, the fragrance from the Bride divine of night. The rainbow's glories were fled and the songs of birds that had so delighted her heart of yore when he was by to hear them sing now were sounds of little meaning. Alas the heart that delighteth in slaughter, where father kills father and lover sweeps lover out of existence!

The days passed by on leaden foot. The grass grew as green and the flowers flushed as gloriously as before but to her was neither joy nor happiness, but only fear, dread and misery. Ever his words charged with fire rang in her ears. Ever his passionate kisses burned on her lips and at night, when she awoke from a troubled sleep, she would stretch out arms in aching desire to clutch her loved one to her breast, but the tenuous breezes mocked her maddened desire.

The End of an Auld, Auld Song

Two years passed and his letters grew fewer and shorter. The fighting was terrific and the Turks were falling back. She would go to the garden with his letters that spoke of his love and devotion and there brood over the faded writing and even in pain bless God for the love that had come her way. She would read the faded writing and her heart would throb with passionate desire and into her eyes would come a glory that would put to shame the light of setting suns.

But the end came. It came peacefully. A letter came to her. It was couched in strange writing and a comrade in arms reports an end to be expected of the one she had taken into her heart. Where the Enemy had broken through the ranks of the Turks the Commander had fallen deeply wounded and Hussain had gone to his rescue. He had fallen riddled with shot but had saved his Superior who in time, recovering, planned the counter-attack that led to the repulse of the Enemy. He was gathered into the arms of God, noble in death as he was in life. But she was happy for she remembered the words of a song of his.

I shall not heed the sights of Eden's
pleasance,
I shall not hear the Nightingale and
lark,
For thy loved form alone will I be
searching,
For sound of thy sweet voice alone
mine ears will hear.

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The Star of Islam

A CULTURAL WEEKLY

COLOMBO: JUNE 22, 1940.



"Be Prepared".

MANKIND is slow to appreciate those movements that work slowly, albeit surely. The gradual maturing of the mind that found its supreme expression in the French Revolution is, seemingly, of less moment than the Revolution itself. To a casual observer the Revolution was the work of a few men, whereas to the student of history the revolution was the birth pangs of a new order prepared for by the developments in the past. Even so is it with the Boy Scout Movement. Its value recognised by those participating heartwhole in the order is but indifferently appreciated by the vast majority.

One characteristic that minds mature and immature display is a proneness to pass judgments on issues but imperfectly grasped, and the Boy Scout Movement has suffered in the past. Psychology has not been a faculty of study for the vast majority yet is every man skilled in varying degrees in evoking the emotions that he desires. The principal stress is on fear and hate, and these, only too easily, could be made to assume the benevolent guise of patriotism. There must be always a stalking horse. Human nature, however beneficent, craves a villain-of-the-piece to slake one's capacity towards hate and distrust, until one turns away with a feeling of pain that the world that should prove a place for the growth of the happiness of every individual only proves, through the machinations of shortsighted politicians, a horrible shambles. To all however who value peace, not for its own sake but for the vast developments of mind and spirit that peace would make possible for man, to all such the Boy Scout Movement offers a unique opportunity.

Human nature delights in conflict. Conflict is the essence

of life and the capitalist system for all its defects offers "peaceful" conflict. Competition is the keynote of the system and competition, if conducted under suitable conditions, tends to draw out of man his best. Some measure of competition, conflict is necessary if the individual is really to develop himself to his uttermost. It would indeed be a poor world in which man had nought else to do save eat, drink and sleep. There must be opposition, obstacles to be overcome, sorrow to be borne if man is to realise the greatest happiness of being a man.

The Boy Scout Movement has just caught the public attention. As usual there are complaints of public apathy and inertia. Nothing is more pleasant to the average man than to live in a world of dreams. For the realisation of those dreams he would, however, never raise a little finger. But to those who desire to see Islam a living reality, inspiring every action and leading on to noble endeavour, the Boy Scout Movement must needs be helped on to success. It is creedless, but of all creeds. It is casteless but for all castes. It is the one movement that would most surely help grow a moral consciousness in the minds of the boys. When one considers the tremendous influence that early associations play in the formation of character one can most surely appreciate the value of the Scout Movement.

The movements that brought hope of Muslim resurgence, but failing, left behind an atmosphere of gloom and despair, need never have gone the way they went if but the Muslims had learnt the supreme value of organisation. The Boy Scout Movement offers ideals. But it offers more, much more. It offers the training essential for the organisation of all resources towards the attainment of those ideals. Idealism is not vain, can never be vain and if the training is but given for the harnessing of all resources towards the one end—the realisation of Islamic ideals, preached so often and with such consistent vigour—Islam will most surely be no dream, no vision, but a glorious reality, a shining light that draws the soul to clearer heights of spiritual experience.

Sufism

ANCIENT KNOWLEDGE OF MAN

Wisdom of the Prophets

Metaphysical Significance of the Flood

BY THE SUFI MOVEMENT OF CEYLON, KANDY

(A Translation from the original written by our Founder President, SINCE the advent of the world a long series of prophets, who realised themselves of their own and in whom (Haqiqat-i-Muhammadi) the *Eternal Light* or *Wisdom* was shining throughout its long career, appeared from time to time. Each of them in turn during his period found the mass of humanity entirely attached to polytheism—image worship, sun worship, animal worship and fire worship, etc. Hence it devolved on each prophet to preach unto these innumerable polytheistic worshippers, the ideal of Unity.

There is a cause for creation and destruction, separation of man and animal, power of speech, action, command and obedience; and all humanity should march towards the goal of self-realisation, *unity of existence*. The prophets preached unto these their own experiences of devotion leading unto the path of *Sufism*—(tasawwuf) *Atmaghanam* and their spiritual exercises (suluk) during which they merged in *Oneness*—(tawhid). They also preached how they virtually realised this *self-annihilation* (known as *fana*) and how God's own attributes acted in their self (the state of *baqa*). Hence the substance of *Sufism* was injected into these sentimentalists without the least (shirk) *duality*.

Spiritual Blindness

As worldly pleasures (blinded) and curtailed the ancient divine knowledge from the folks they were unable to realise the *Self*. Many of them who, though they understood the path of *Sufism* argued blindly and their obstinacy barred them from realising the *Self*. The few, who realised the spiritual pearl in them and the immense happiness thereof, were scattered far and wide. These few in whose mind both materially and ethereally dwelt the essence of *Sufi Philosophy* were the channels through which *Sufism* flowed and spread. Therefore, we find *Sufis*, scattered as they are, shining like stars amidst mankind who have enmeshed themselves in bondage.

The Path of Unity

The prophets who eradicated through the grace of the *eternal unity* displayed manifold paths both internal and external for the attainment of this *Unity* through their practical experiences. For guidance they instituted rules and regulations—the ritual in religion. Although there are many sects in the followers of these prophets, the walkers in the path of *unity* are one humanity. All humanity walk only in the path of *unity*. Unless and until this equilibrium is realised, there is apt to be differences, suspicion, envy and enmity among human beings. If sensual pleasures and negligence shroud the internal and external sense of attachment to *Sufism* and as a consequence humanity is debased, what superiority could the sexus-sensus-man claim?

Man is superior to the animal which is five-sensed due to the sixth sense—the additional faculty of reasoning which is in him. This is the divine sense. If this divine sensed man does not follow the path that leads to the *divine unity* and consequently falls lower than the lowest animal, where would be the realisation of the connection between the Lord (creator) and servant (the created)? If there is no created there is no Creator, yet the eternity of the Creator exists.

CHAPTER ONE

Wisdom of Prophet Adam

Prophet Adam, our first father in his state of living in his original dwell-

ing - *peaceful heaven* (Dharul Salam) of the heart with Eye (Hawwa), his beloved companion led an uninterrupted and well-balanced life. This stage of his being lower than that of the *All Divine*, was that of the *Sufis*. Thus in his solitary life his entire thought was centralised. He could not go further for the sensual feelings set up emotions and stirred his soul; and the lust for carnal pleasure sprouted like weeds and grew up into trees. The shadow of these trees veiled him from his one-pointed consciousness resulting in the gradual forgetfulness of his *peaceful dwelling*. He was drowned in the web of illusion. When realisation dawned he exclaimed "Ah, what a loss; Where is that *natural sanctuary of the divine heaven*—the height of peace? My state in which I should be for ever has diminished!" With this convincing realisation of his wrongs he launched to seek repentance. With great pain of heart and mental fear (taqwa) he sought forgiveness his sins.

In such a state of mental fear the desires of the attributes belonging to the elemental body vanished in the *Divinity*. Its own attributes becoming established. This regaining of the *peaceful heaven* (Dharul Salam) is the ultimate realisation of *Sufism*.

It is only by knowing these subtle paths and trodding along with caution and ability that man could attain his natural ancient knowledge. Though the powers of the material body are active and supportive factors through the *all-powerful truth*, to merge such faculties in the *Eternal* is the *sum and substance of Sufism*.

CHAPTER TWO

Wisdom of Prophet Noah

Prophet Noah (Noohu) hating the stagnant qualities of the people of his period separated himself from such self-conceited folks and retired to a secluded spot beyond the mundane existence. In his solitude he killed the animal desires of the body and in this static state of stability and self-existence he crossed the great flood (qiyamat). In that journey he subdued the herds of animals—the five senses—and boarding them on to his ship paddled on and on in the track of *Oneness*.

In his attachment to this glorified path of *Sufism* he reached that shore which he was to reach. Similarly the man who has in him a grain of *divine knowledge* should cultivate in him this philosophy (tasawwuf) to enable him to control the animal desire and board them in his body. Hence with attachment and compliance to *Sufi teachings*, the man could attain his ancient divine truth. If the man with his material body, the ship, does not acquire the complexion of that divinity, the animal nature that dwells in the body would propagate and shadow his intelligence.

(To be continued)

ISLAM AND MODERN IDEOLOGIES

Function of Islamic Government

DUTY OF MUSLIMS

BY ABDULLAH OSBORNE

Bismi 'Llahi 'rRahmani 'rRaheem

AT a time when the western world is torn in a conflict between rival ideologies—democracy, dictatorship and communism—the attitude of Islam towards these is obviously of great importance. What this attitude is may not always seem quite clear, but that is because, strange as it may seem to nations that are risking their very existence in the struggle, Islam is simply not interested in any of the three ideologies—so long as they leave it alone.

This is so because a truly Islamic government is not a legislature but merely an executive; it does not have to make laws but to adapt and enforce the divine law laid down for Muslims in the Book of God. In what way the government is appointed does not matter—it may be elected by the people or by a small body of men or nominated by the preceding ruler and, in illustration of that, the first four Caliphs (alaihim salam) were all appointed in different manners—what matters is that, when appointed, it should administer the law wisely and justly.

Recognition of the Divine Law

Muslims may feel compassion for a people subjected to the caprices and megalomania of a dictator who may be brutal, irreligious and half-insane; but they know that the only way in which such a people can obtain peace on earth is, not merely to overthrow their dictator, but to conform to the divine law, which is in harmony with all the laws of nature, since these also are divine. Muslims may also sympathise with a people who are trying to govern themselves through representatives honestly chosen, but here also they know that really it is not a question of whether the people can be governed according to their own will, but of whether they can be governed in the way of Allah. A people may escape the oppression of an arbitrary dictator by being self-governing, but even so they are not infallibly wise or good: a people may do foolish things; they may be duped and deceived, they may be moved by selfish passions and unjust desires; only the law of God is infallible.

Authoritarians v. Democrats

Authoritarians say that the ruler should lead the people in the way he thinks best and decide everything through his own understanding and ability; democrats say that the government should be responsible to the people and respect their wishes. Islam is interested in neither theory, for an Islamic government must execute the

law of Allah and is responsible to Allah. Authoritarians say that the government must have absolute power in everything, democrats say that it must respect the rights and liberties of the people, and here also the Islamic conception is different: it is that the government has absolute power to enforce the law of Allah but forfeits its power as soon as it tries to drive the people in any way against that law. And suppose the government does this, critics will say, how is it to be deposed or changed—by a vote, as in democratic countries or by a revolution, which seems to be the only possible method in authoritarian countries? Here again, as in the appointing of governments, the answer is that Islamic communities are not bound to any one method: just as it is the duty of the government to govern in the way of Allah, so it is the duty of every single Muslim to refuse to be driven against the way of Allah.

Political Order Enunciated in the Quran

For a Muslim community to function properly, it is necessary that there should be spiritual leaders, who may not be at all well known but are the "awliyah," the "friends" of Allah, under whose influence the government will hold the people to the way of Allah and the people the government. It may be said by non-Muslims that a community such as this, with no fixed institutions of control, may easily degenerate into a tyranny as brutal and bad as any modern dictatorship.

The answer is that the Islamic political order is a part of the religion of Islam and can function well only as long as the spirit of Islam inspires the community and its rulers; if it were applied to unspiritual and irreligious communities it would, of course, become oppressive, because it would no longer be Islamic.

There have been times when the true Islamic spirit has not dominated a nominally Muslim community, and then the government has become tyrannical and

(Continued on page 6)

GAZI MUSTAFA KEMAL PASHA

Early Life And Achievements

A NATIONAL HERO

BY DR. M. A. AL-HAJ SALMIN, B. Litt (Lond.)

MUSTAFA KEMAL was born of the family of Ramolia in the year 1880 A.D., when Abdul Hamid Khan was the Sultan of Turkey. He was a slim and active man and possessed eyes of the deepest blue that pierced through and read the innermost feelings and thoughts of a person. His father was a subordinate officer in the customs department and died young without leaving any means of subsistence for his dependants, who included beside the little Kemal, his sister and mother. Mustafa Kemal thus left unprotected and unsupported had to look after his education himself. His mother intended him to become a teacher but he had different aspirations.

He joined the primary school at Salonika where he earned a scholarship which enabled him to proceed to the High School. He was a little youngster when he got admission into the Military College for Cadets at Constantinople. This was the career that was his ambition from very childhood. The trim uniforms of the army and the shining brass on shoulders and person always held a fascination for him and made his heart yearn to be one of them. It was this desire that ultimately brought him to the Cadet College. His capabilities as a commander soon became evident and this coupled with his open mindedness and good humour soon made him popular in the college. He was a good friend but remained immune to the influences of friendship. His chief subjects were psychology and mathematics. He was also a poet and his theme of poetic expression was always his democratic ideas of Government and society. He was a good student and kept himself aloof from all undesirable influences and things.

In secret he started editing a paper with democratic ideas, and also inaugurated a "League of Independence." The Sultan was against all such tendencies, and on the day he passed out from the college he received a summons. His case was heard and he was imprisoned for three months after which he was exiled to Damascus. Here he started taking part in the Syrian politics, and became the President of the "Democratic Association." He worked hard in this capacity and succeeded in opening branches in the Provinces. Sultan's wrath again reached him and he was exiled to Yafa, from where he escaped to Alexandria, and thence to Salonika, where he asked for, and was granted, the Royal Pardon, and was appointed an officer in the Army quartered at Salonika. This official role did not make him forget his political activities. In 1908 in conjunction with Anwar Pasha and Jemal Pasha and Fatahi Bey he laid down the foundation of the scheme to rid Turkey from the despotic and foreign thralldom, but later on he had to part company from Anwar Pasha owing to differences.

The scheme did not get the required support, but Mustafa Kemal, was a man who did not rest until the task he had undertaken was accomplished. He continued his activities, but in secret, so that no suspicion may arise against him. He became the chief officer of the army under Shaukat Pasha which overthrew the old system of despotic government and compelled the Sultan to accept the Parliamentary system.

In 1910 he was sent to France. It was then that for the first time he came into contact with French life and

thought. In 1912 he was in active service with Anwar Pasha and Fatahi Bey. Kemal was next sent to the Dardanelles, and Madame Coustushe, says that differences between him and Anwar Pasha started from here; the gulf of which soon widened and developed into personal antagonism. After the war Mustafa Kemal was sent to Bulgaria as an Attache to Fatahi Bey the Turkish Ambassador.

The Dardanelles

Soon after this the European War of 1914 broke out, and Turkey joined against the Allies, on the instigation of Anwar Pasha who was a pro-German. Kemal was an Attache at Sofia at this time, but he resigned when he heard of Turkey's step and returned to Constantinople, but he was ordered to Dardanelles to organise the Turkish troops there. Dardanelles was the most difficult and strategic point and the Allies had concentrated all their available Naval forces to capture this point to enter the Capital. The German General and Anwar Pasha did their best to prevent the enemies from landing, but every day the situation became worse. There were ever differences between Kemal and the others in these operations.

The Allies attacked at a point not expected by the general, but expected by Kemal. Till then Kemal had been successfully preventing the enemies but now it looked impossible unless his own plan was accepted *in toto* by the General. The General also saw the helplessness of the situation and he called Kemal and asked his advice and Kemal wanted absolute command if he were to save the situation. The General accepted it and he was made the commander and by the next morning the situation was saved. When the situation further improved he was transferred to Khaf Khaz where he succeeded in bringing a large and united army against the enemy. From here he was sent to Kurdistan where he remained fighting the British and thence with the 7th Turkish Company he went to Palestine where he embroiled himself with German General Falkenhayen and Anwar Pasha. Mustafa Kemal strongly objected to the march on Baghdad, but when his advice was refused he resigned. His resignation, however, was not accepted but he was transferred.

A Famous Note.

This transfer took him to Halab from where in September, 1917 he sent a note to Tiltat Pasha in which he said "The war has disturbed and upset all our national atmosphere and surroundings. The non-fighting popu-

(Continued on page 6)

Islam and Modern Ideologies

(Continued from page 5)

the community corrupt, and decay and degeneration have set in; and it is right that it should be so, for the natural and inevitable divine law ordains that they who aim high should be punished for forgetting their aim and falling low: "It is not Allah Who oppresses them, but they who oppress themselves" (111, 113). It may be that for communities that do not seek to live in accordance with the divine law the best thing possible is a system of institutions checking and controlling and dividing the power of the government, but it is a poor and earthly best and does not concern Muslims, for they must aim higher.

Nature of Muslim Democracy

It is often said that Islam is the most democratic order of all, and it may be asked how then it can be indifferent to the question of democracy. The answer is that the word "democracy" is used in different meanings. Islam is democratic to the last extreme in that all Muslims are recognized as brothers and equals before God, that there are no social classes and any man may rise from the lowest position to the highest, that all alike, rich and poor, rulers and subjects, are bound to the same discipline of prayer and fasting, that all alike base their lives and behaviour on the same law of the SUNNA, that all are equal before the law and have the same fundamental rights and obligations.

But this has nothing to do with POLITICAL democracy, which is the theory that the government must be chosen by the people and govern in accordance with the will of the people: the government of Muslims is the SHARI'AT. Socially Islam is democratic, and modern democrats have been fighting in various countries to secure such rights as have always been guaranteed to Muslims by their SHARI'AT: politically Islam and democracy are opposites, for Islam says that power comes from above, while democracy says that it comes from below: democracy says that "the voice of the people is the supreme law," while Islam says, "Say, Oh Allah, Master of the Kingdom, Thou givest sovereignty to whom Thou wilt and Thou withdrawest sovereignty from whom Thou wilt."

Communism and Islam

Islam, then, is democratic socially and legally but not politically. The same is claimed for communism, and yet Islam and communism are opposite extremes. Islam insists on security and justice on earth so that men can the better develop and mature themselves in pursuit of the higher states beyond this earth; communism says that all men should be equal in worldly wealth because that is all there is and nothing higher exists. Islam grants equal rights to all men so that all shall have the opportunity to develop

themselves fully, and therefore since all men are different by nature, out of its equality grows diversity: "For every one of you We have made a law and a way" (V. 52).

Communism, on the other hand denies the truth of men's differences of individual nature, as it dees all other truth, and insists that all men should remain on the same level: it denies men the power of bettering their condition in this world as it does in the hereafter. Islam gives all the right to run as quickly as they can, even while safeguarding the weak; but communism puts chains on the feet of the strong lest they should outstrip the weak. Islam proclaims that all men are brothers before God, while communism makes all men equal, godless slaves.

Need for Resisting Un-Islamic Tendencies

It results then that, as we began by stating, the ideologies for which the modern world is fighting simply do not concern Islam; and indeed this must be so, since they are all ideologies by which people who do not accept the guidance of a revealed divine law try to improve their conditions of life on earth.

At the same time, however, there is another aspect to the question:—so far as the democratic theory means the theory that all peoples can live undisturbed in their own way, it means that Muslims can live undisturbed in the way of Allah, and this is a claim to be defended and, if need be, fought for. Also, so long as non-Muslim groups decide for themselves alone to obey a dictator or to adopt communism it does not concern Muslims, whose attitude can only be "Lakum deenokum waliya deen"—"To you your religion, to me mine" (CIX. 6); but as soon as they try to enforce their theories of race superiority or godlessness or anything else un-Islamic on Muslims, then they are to be resisted by all means possible. Alhamdu lillah wehdahu.

(From "Genuine Islam")

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Just a heart as yours deep-beating
Through the love of God to bless me.
Just a song within you singing,
Singing of a love that's pure,
For the one that's ever yearning
For your magic, grand allure.
Eyes that sparkle, gems o'erspreading
In the morning's dewy grass;
Forehead like the sun uprising
From the earth's embowered clasp.
Lips that ever sparkling lightly
Cast into my heart's deep core
Words of Love, of Hope's bright sunshine
Words of gladness, Love's fair-store.
Take this life into thy keeping
Nurse it for a brighter day,
Help all gentle folk who've striven
Hard to change this mortal clay.
Breathe into it of your treasure,
Love and noble worth and God,
O Maiden mine, be it your pleasure
Change me from a slave to Lord.
From the slavery of passion,
From the serf's dark brooding vain,
Turn my soul to Allah's mansion,
Tune me to love's sacred strain.

Gazi Mustafa Kemal Pasha

(Continued from page 5)

lation is tired of the regime. The internal administration has collapsed. If the war is continued the power of the Sultan will end for ever." Kemal knew that ultimately the Allies would win and he enumerated the causes of the same in the above despatch, and also mentioned that the Turkish Army had become disheartened and that it was impossible for the troops to fight on so many fronts. He bitterly complained that it would be the greatest catastrophe for Turkey to see the English established in the Islamic countries, with a control over Egypt and Suez and with a rival Christian Government set up at Palestine. Therefore he said that for the sake of Turkey the powers that be should take steps and sever all connection with the Germans, but argued that as Germany alone could help them out of the trouble their help should be sought but on the condition that they would not later exploit Turkey and usurp its Government.

There could be no better and truer picture of the future. As a true patriot of motherland he saw the selfishness of the European powers

and felt the poisonous effects of the German influence as also the attitude of the English which he soon realised. His policy was Turkish National policy. He neither loved the Germans, flattered the English nor expressed any enmity towards them. He regarded that European power friendly which left the Turks to themselves to manage their own internal and external affairs.

When the German officials learnt of this note of Kemal they became very angry and had him transferred on the Eastern front, where he recaptured many lost posts. At this time Mohammed VI. became the Sultan of Turkey. Kemal knew him personally, and he therefore on the first opportunity appealed to him to restrict the unlimited powers of Anwar and Tiltat Pasha.

The situation was becoming critical. He was sent to Palestine. From there he was sent to Baghdad to recapture it and he was on the way when the greatest blow fell. The Turks had surrendered unconditionally to the Allies and the Allied forces were taking possession of the Turkish Capital. He returned to Constantinople, and remained there to pacify the English for he saw a ray of hope in that policy.

(To be continued)

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MUSLIM WORLD

HYDERABAD SQUADRONS' WORK

Nizam's Help for the Allies

The following press note has been issued by H.E.H. the Nizam's Government:—

The public may be interested to know that there are actually two Squadrons of the Royal Air Force associated with the name of Hyderabad.

The first, now known as the No. 110 Hyderabad Squadron, was formed out of the gift of £100,000 made by His Exalted Highness in 1918, during the Great War, a portion of which was applied to the formation of that Squadron of Aeroplanes. The heraldic device of a tiger or demi-tiger which forms part of His Exalted Highness' armorial bearings has been adopted with the consent of His Exalted Highness as a badge for that Squadron.

His Exalted Highness' contribution of £100,000 to the Air Ministry at the commencement of the present war has been applied to the formation of a fresh Squadron of the Royal Air Force called "No. 152 Hyderabad Fighter Squadron." The spirit of the gift is aptly expressed by the choice of "Faithful Ally" as the motto of this Squadron and the adoption of the Dastar as the emblem.

Both the No. 110 Hyderabad Squadron and the No. 152 Hyderabad Fighter Squadron have distinguished themselves in the present war. It may be recalled that the Wing Commander of the first described in a recent letter its meritorious work in the present war, while the No. 152 Hyderabad Fighter Squadron has also gained several victories in aerial combat, one of the three Heinkels brought down during the enemy raid on the 3rd February, 1940, having been its victim. A second Heinkel has also been similarly claimed.

The recent further contribution of £50,000 made by His Exalted Highness to the Air Ministry is for the purpose of keeping up the strength of the above mentioned two squadrons in machines and equipment.

COTTAGE INDUSTRIES AT AURANGABAD

Revised Scheme Sanctioned

The following Press note has been issued by the Director, Information Bureau, Hyderabad:—

His Exalted Highness the Nizam's Government has sanctioned a revised scheme for the revival and maintenance of the Cottage Industries at Aurangabad at a total cost of over Rs. 46,000 for both recurring and non-recurring

The non-recurring charges will amount to Rs. 34,500, out of which Rs. 20,000 have been ear-marked for the working capital, Rs. 10,000 for the supply of raw materials and implements, Rs. 2,500 for the establishment. The total recurring expenditure will amount to Rs. 11,664 for a period of three years at the rate of Rs. 3,888 per annum. This sum would cover salaries of the staff, stationery, contingencies, advertisement charges and expenses for exhibitions.

JUNAGADH'S CONTRIBUTION TO WAR FUND

In addition to the Nawab Saheb of Junagadh's generous contribution of the first instalment of two lacs and a half and subsequent contributions by his state servants, it is further notified in the State Gazette, that His Highness the Nawab Saheb is pleased to grant a scheme for the Junagadh State Lucky

Bag, announcing 636 prizes amounting the total sum of Rs. 4,000.

A Representative Committee is appointed for that purpose under the Chairmanship of Mr. Abdul Majid, Additional Law Member Saheb, Junagadh State Council.

The total number of tickets sold will amount to Rs. 20,000. Out of this sum, Rs. 4,000 will be distributed among the prize winners and Rs. 1,000 will be reserved for necessary expenses. The net amount of Rs. 15,000 is expected to be sent to the European War Fund, 1940, as a further contribution from the Junagadh State.

ECONOMY IN EXPENDITURE

Finance Minister's Assurance

"Your readiness to support us, and the confidence you have expressed in us today, are more effective than the strongest criticism members of a Cabinet usually expect to receive from members of Parliament," said the Iraq Minister of Finance, His Excellency Sayid Naji-as-Suwaidi, during the de-

bate on the new Budget in the Senate, states the *Iraq Times*.

"You inspire us with an ambition to do something that will enable us to face the Majlis with pride," he added.

Earlier in the debate prominent Senators had expressed their full confidence in the present Cabinet and their readiness to give the Ministers all possible support in carrying out their important tasks. In the course of his statement the Minister of Finance said that the Government would observe the strictest economy in expenditure and would strongly oppose the "waste and extravagance" which had been noticed among State officials during recent years.

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Musings Of A Pensioner- XLIII.

(Continued from page 1)

the question about God comes up, merely as a question, is to face in a radically different direction. It is a case of a *metanoia*. We have to think in a new way about all the relations we have hitherto taken so confidently for granted. All our contacts in life have their ultimate value challenged. Because if the one true Reality, on which every other reality depends, can be expressed in the relations which make up our life only indirectly and fragmentarily, then a definite judgment is passed upon the contacts into which life has brought us. In them God is invisible. Within the form which belongs to our human life, we cannot fashion any picture of Him, or any image which will represent Him at all.

He—The Condition Of All That Is

"Thus, when once the word 'God' has been uttered, we have to decide, by the very way in which we understand the word, between the two standpoints we may adopt in regard to the new idea here making its appearance. And we make a choice quite involuntarily. Either we give a naive interpretation to the idea of God within the frame of our intramundane possibilities, or the very question about God produces by itself a revolution in all our thinking. We recognise at once that, if God exists, then it is with Him, and with Him alone, that we have to do in all our thinking and researching and doing. He is everywhere the condition of all that is, yet not in the way in which, within the series of relations known to us, the different members of the series are the causes and occasions of other members in the series, but in an absolute manner which cannot be compared to any of the relations with which we are familiar, so that we have to introduce a special word for it, unique and indefinable—the word *Creation*.

Thought Only Veils The Reality

"When we distinguish between Creator and Creature, between transcendent and immanent, between God and the world, we are not marking out a boundary-line between two worlds or two departments of life, which lie adjacent to each other, or one above the other. Nor is this a boundary of dimension such as may be drawn between two 'spaces.' We are concerned, on the contrary, with a field of battle, a war-zone, in which two standpoints oppose each other, two contrary attitudes of Spirit, two alternatives in regard to every question asked, one of which must be true and the other false. On one side we have the nihilist or secular standpoint, from which the idea of creation is unframable and the Unconditioned can be merely an arbitrary starting-point or an *Als-Ob* ('As if'). On the other

side is that attitude of spirit for which a new direction has come into view beyond the contradiction of the other two alternatives. When once we have got this new standpoint, our eyes are open to see that all cognition possible for us within our intramundane experience only veils the true Reality. Looked at from this new standpoint, the two interpretations of the idea of God feasible within our world of human Intuition appear as nothing better than attempts of the creature to escape from the Creator, two ways we take to evade the one true Reality. The meaning of the word 'transcendence,' or 'beyondness,' when applied to the Omnipresent, can never be grasped in the theoretical sense by one who maintains the attitude of spectator.

Victory Over The Spell Of This World

"We can experience it only so far as we are engaged in a fight by which we continually liberate ourselves from the false standpoint and get the true. In this fight we win freedom ever anew from the hard domination of Secularism, the condition in which again and again the spell of the world enthral us. As one who awakes from a dream, so we emerge into the new state wherein we stand before God, so that things which were overwhelming when seen from our previous standpoint now look small and inconsiderable. Already in the Old Testament we find a standing phrase used for this change of direction, 'Seeking the face of God.' Take two passages out of a very large number: 2 Sam. xxi. 1—'David sought the face of the Lord' (English Revised version); Ps. xxvii. 8—'When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.' According to all these testimonies, our seeking after God is like our search for a star in the night-sky. Again and again it eludes our eyes. We not only lose sight of the star itself, but we lose even the place where once it shone. We are always asking anew, 'Where is God my Maker?' (Job xxxv. 10). What is meant by (God)? Surely God is an unframable thought? The change which takes place ever again in passing from one standpoint to the other is like the waking of a man from an oppressive dream which held him fast, or, like the experience of a man born blind who gains his sight, so that a possibility is revealed to him which before was utterly unthinkable. From one standpoint the thought of God is unframable; from the other it is the clearest and most indispensable ground-idea, that in which all other ideas are rooted, and from which they must all be radically re-fashioned.

Divine Transcendence

"It is here that we see most clearly the uniqueness of the Divine Transcendence and the way in which it differs from all intramundane notions of Beyondness. When we turn to God, it is not a case of a new relation

being disclosed, as when we turn in any other direction. No, the Reality of God invades the structure of all relations, disclosing, as it does, a direction which is 'beyond' both the two alternatives of the immanent sphere. As soon, therefore, as we conceive the bare possibility of this new direction, along which we may look for the self-disclosure of God, there must come a complete change of attitude, such as to involve not only a widening of our horizon, but a drastic new orientation of our whole existence. To state what this means in practice: the emergence of the question about God must result either in despair, when in the place which is now our supreme concern we see nothing but a yawning void into which we are precipitated; or in fervent thanksgiving because, falling into the abyss, we find ourselves in the arms of a Power which wraps us round, and to live for which, even in the most comfortless circumstances, means blessedness. It follows that, when the question about God is opened, the case is a wholly different one from our standing in any intramundane relation. An intramundane relation, such as Space, is thrown open to me, once for all, the moment that my eyes are opened and I have entered into it, whether I go on making use of this possibility or not. In order to live in Space, I need employ only one part of my nature. It is quite a different matter with the opening of the question about God—that is to say, with the change of direction which it demands the whole of my existence to complete. This question is not like a door which, when it has once been opened, stands open for good whether I enter or stay outside. The direction of the Unconditioned is open only so long as I enter upon it with my whole Being, so long as I actually move with my whole existence in the new direction. In strict accuracy I can therefore speak of God only in the second person—that is to say, so long as whatever I say is said to God Himself. Said to Him—yes, I may cry out into the darkness of night in yearning or in despair: 'As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!' or I may listen expectantly for the Voice out of the awful stillness: 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth!' or I may cry out in gratitude: 'In the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.' Speech in the second person is the form taken by my act of turning towards the Eternal Thou, the form by which I enter with my whole being into this personal relation. So long as I speak of God only in the third person, my turning to Him is only a possibility. In dealing with another human being, that would not matter. He does not vanish away supposing I make no use of the relation between us. But, in regard to God, it is quite different. It is only *in actu*, in my actual turning to Him, that He is accessible to me. It is only when I make the venture of speaking

to God and listening for His voice that I can see, with immediate vision, what the Word of God really means. I see then that everything comes to rest in God, that I may cheerfully renounce all else if only I still have Him. The moment I decline from this attitude I am once more enveloped by the power of the visible, tangible reality; I sink again into the secular attitude, in which the idea of God appears as an abstract, self-contradictory, and naive conception. Under pressure of the earthly atmosphere, which wraps me round like a heavy dream, not only does the existence of God become once more questionable to me, but I cannot even find the direction along which God comes to us. We lapse from the state in which the door to God stands open into that other state in which the door has clapped to again, the state from which we have to seek toilsomely our way out, home to God, as a man, in the depths of winter, may search for the path which has been obliterated by the snow. This agitated running to and fro between two conditions, which seems to constitute our human destiny in the days of our 'pilgrimage,' we conceal from ourselves by using the harmless-sounding terms 'Transcendent,' 'Supramundane,' in connexion with God, as if it were just a matter of two storeys connected with each other by a convenient flight of stairs."

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