

Ever Green

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Message of Sense

In my teens sitting beside Sant Virsa Singh S/o Suba Mann Singh of Gill No. 114, one of the my friends, on the bank of the canal running by, hopefully expressed my wish to try my pen on the life of great Satguru Ram Singh, messenger of peace and pioneer of freedom struggle of India. Though my that desire is still hanging in balance, yet by the grace of Satguru Jagjit Singh Ji this humble attempt, on taking down some of the factfull events of God-fearing and God loving people is fulfilled.

The supreme and generous Satguru Partap Singh well informed on all subjects used to seat amidst his followers and narrate valuable events of ancient and present history. His expression of thought wonderfully charming turned even the dead into life. Myself very often had a chance to hear him, who with his loving nature asked me to note, so that they might help during the time of need. I bowed and did follow. It is his kind advice that has helped to take down a few points during my life.

I do admit that it is not English but Englified Punjabi Versions for those, dwellers far off in the west and eager to know their great ancestors. Shri Rajinder Singh Chana directed me to carry on his suggestions. I am greatly indebted to Shri Surjeet Khurshidi, Ajit Singh-Secretary All India Namdhari Vidyad Jatha and Jaswinder Singh M.A. for going through and expressing appreciations.

Also Bibi Beant Kaur, Principal, Shaheed Bishen Singh Memorial School New Delhi, who under instructions of his H.H. Satguru Jagjit Singh has taken special pains

by tendering valuable suggestions. H.S. Hanspal deserves every thanks for arrangements of its publication.

Readers are requested to go through and impart suggestions, which will be accepted thankfully.

Author.

O Namdharis! Those who don't pay heed to the Name of God, nor contemplate over it, would certainly extinct. This is not my word, it is the order of God.

--Satguru Partap Singh Ji.

A FEW WORDS

Shri Nihal Singh is a retired Headmaster and manager of Sri Guru Hari Singh Maha-Vidyalaya. He had served the Namdhari community in numerous ways. He had been the President of the Namdhari Darbar and the first president of the All India Namdhari Vidyak Jatha. He was awarded the title of Panth-Rattan, by His Holiness Sri Satguru Jagjit Singh Ji in 1965 for his dedicated services to the Namdhari community.

He is an eminent scholar. He has authored numerous books in Punjabi and a few in English as well. He has a keen desire to propagate the message of peace and spiritualism, as preached by our Great Sikh Gurus; to one and all with the same objective. He has written this book in English for the benefit of those, who can't read Punjabi. The book comprises some of the selected real happenings in the recent times. Its subject matter is written in simple language, easily understandable by a common man. I am quite confident that the reader would enjoy the facts narrated in this book and get motivated to follow the path of eternal truth.

May Sri Satguru Jagjit Singh Ji shower his pious blessings on Master Nihal Singh Ji to enable him contribute a lot more to Namdhari literature.

BEANT KAUR

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FOREWARD

Satguru Ram Singh, the twelfth incarnation of Guru Nanak Dev, was the pioneer of the freedom struggle in Punjab and wanted to get India emancipated from the shackles of the Britishers. He was deported to Rangoon in January, 1872. The movement was carried on by Satguru Hari Singh Ji, and later by Satguru Partap Singh Ji till the country attained its freedom.

Satguru Jagjit Singh Ji, the present Supreme Spiritual Head of Sikhs, succeeded Satguru Partap Singh Ji in 1959. Since then, the Holiness is engaged in establishing world peace, universal harmony and brotherhood, upliftment of the downtrodden and the weaker sections of society, more so the younger generation.

Master Nihal Singh, the author of this book, had the privilege of being closely associated with the multifarious activities carried on by Satguru Ji. He is fortunate enough to meet many of the old stalwarts. So, he had the first-hand information about many of the happenings which he has narrated in his book. He has contributed numerous books in Punjabi as well as in English.

The title of the Panth Rattan was conferred on him by His Holiness Satguru Jagjit Singh Ji for his dedication and selfless service. The present book conveys the teachings of Satguru Ji through short stories in a simple but impressive language. I am sure, the readers would be immensely benefited by it.

May Satguru Ji shower his blessings upon Master
Nihal Singh to contribute lot more to the community.

H.S. Hanspal
M.P.
2.3.92

Happiness draws where there is Name of God. By
contemplating and reading of Scriptures mind gets purified.

--Satguru Partap Singh Ji

Satguru Ram Singh Ji

His disciples soaked in the bliss of Naam
Gave up opium, hashish, poppy, liquor and various
other intoxicants.

They would not eat meat,

They would not steal.

They foreswore adultery and deception.

They practised saintliness.

The golden age had returned.

--Giani Gian Singh

Happy are those who forget him not for a while.
Remember 'There should be no eating of meat, drinking
of wine, adulteration, cheating, telling a lie, and stealing.
If anyone, finds something lying on the ground, he may
pick it up and make an announcement to have it, whom
it belongs to.'

Reserve one hour per day for meditation. Donate the
needy, feed the hungry and go on following your own
path, rowing your own boat.

--Satguru Partap Singh Ji.

Teachings of Satguru Partap Singh ji made multitude
of people morally and ethically high. His followers
played an honourable role in social reforms, rural uplift
and cow improvement. I hope his memories would
remain ever green among his followers as well as
admirers.

--Dr. Rajinder Prasad
The first president of India.

A NATIONS STRENGTH

Not gold, but only men can make,
A people great and strong.
Men, who for truth and honour's sake,
Stand fast and suffer long.
Brave men, who work while others sleep,
Who dare, while others fly.
They build a nation's pillar deep
And lift them to the sky.

--R.W. Emerson.

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CHEENI WALA

'Carpenter, Carpenter, Carpenter'

"What do you mean by this?"

"There is he at Bhaini."

"The foolish people visit him and offer presents, some say, He is Guru Nanak; the others call him God. They all are fools."

"I have also heard so. It is the talk of the town," said Mangal Singh of Bishanpura. 'But I do not believe it so. If it is so, the truth must be revealed.'

"Sardar Sahib! If you do this, it will be a noble task"

"Alright, let us go tomorrow and see ourselves"

During their chat, they heard:

ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦਾ ਜਨਮ ਮਰਨ ਹੈ ਦੂਰ, ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨੇ ਦਰਸ਼ਨ ਪਾ ਲਏ ਨੇ।

ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨੇ ਦਰਸ਼ਨ ਪਾ ਲਏ ਨੇ, ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨੇ ਨੈਣ ਲਗਾ ਲਏ ਨੇ।

ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦਾ ਜਨਮ ਮਰਨ ਹੈ ਦੂਰ।

ਗੁਰੂ ਰਾਮ ਸਿੰਘ ਪੂਰਾ। ਉਹ ਕਰਦਾ ਦੁਖਾਂ ਦਾ ਚੁਰਾ।

ਉਹ ਉਣਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਕਰਦਾ ਪੂਰਾ, ਜਿਹੜੇ ਸ਼ਰਨੀ ਆ ਗਏ ਨੇ।

Those, who have His Darshan, love him, attain salvation. Guru Ram Singh, is the eternal Truth. Those who take refuge under him are free from all worldly ailments and attain perfection.

"O, you mean worm! Are you the disciple of that Carpenter?"

The man flew into ecstasy and with due respect replied, "Yes Sardara! I am his devotee. When I took his refuge all fortunes dawned upon me and the evil

forces disappeared. I was a loose character, of such a low degree that even *Yama* would have rebukingly ordered me to be put into hell. But this great Lord has turned me lighter than air. You call him a Carpenter. Yes, he is the carpenter, who created heaven and earth, who made sun and stars. Well Sardara! Do not be proud of your worldly possessions. Do not miss the chance, kiss His feet."

"Sardar Sahib! Have you seen? What magic works there?"

"Leave it here, let us go to Bhaini tomorrow"

Next day Mangal Singh with his attendants on his white mare left for Sri Bhaini Sahib. As the party was about to enter the holy place, on seeing him, the white mare neighed. The True Guru with his followers, was on his way to bless someone. Mangal Singh enquired of them, if there was any Guru Ram Singh. The reply was in positive. One of the Sikhs led the visitors to a house, where the party was served with food to their satisfaction.

At night, Mangal Singh, in a dream beheld a wonderful scene. He was sitting in a tastefully decorated hall. In the centre of the hall there was a peerless throne, studded with jewels. There was a gathering of distinguished angels and gods. All glamour was in full swing. All at once a tall handsome figure, of bewitching eyes, arms running to knees, descended from skies. Upon this sight there was a loud cheer "Bole So Nihal, Sat Sri Akal".

All the present stood up to pay their regards. The attendant waved the *chaur* upon the Lord, Satguru Ram Singh Ji.

With the shout Mangal Singh woke up and was surprised. He took bath and went to Durbar, but the programme had concluded. Men and women were returning in quite sobriety or murmuring Gurbani. None was idle.

Every one was at work. No nonsense talk was heard.

He was feeling ashamed of his absence from the Holy congregation and was too eager to attend the evening session.

In the afternoon the holy assembly took place. The *ragis* were busy in singing hymn.

ਤੁਮ ਚੰਦਨ ਹਮ ਅਰਿੰਡ ਬਾਪਰੇ ਸੰਗ ਤੁਮ੍ਹਾਰੇ ਬਾਸਾ ।
ਨੀਚ ਰੂਖ ਤੇ ਉਚ ਪਏ ਹੈ ਗੰਧ ਸੁਰੰਧ ਨਿਵਾਸਾ ।

My Lord you are like the Sandalwood and I am *Arind*.

By your association the scentless log has become scented.

The gracious Master accompanied by his Subas reached the Dewan. The reception was respectful as he had seen in the dream. Satguru Ji took the holy seat and men and women paid him their respect, turn by turn. What he noticed, was more surprising. The offerings were made but some of these were returned as the one who offered was either murderer of innocent daughters, or had abused some one? He had been considering Sri Bhaini Sahib as a den of culprits, but it turned out like the seat of justice and *Dharma*. He could not help waiting more. The Sardar of Bishan Pura stood up and tore up his necklace, took off his gold bangles and laid them at the feet of the True Guru. Tears were running upon his cheeks. Stammering, he solicited most humbly to bless him with Naam. 'I am a misguided and a great sinner. O True Guru, take pity'. His Holiness smiled and said, "Sardara I am a poor carpenter. You are a big landlord. How can I help you?" He could not bear long delay, so he with deep sigh, entreated for the Naam. He went on sobbing and uttered, "You are the Carpenter who

embroidered sea to cross to Lanka".

The Satguru Ji asked a bystander to bless him with Naam. This was done in no time and he fell into ecstasy and returned home on foot. Reaching home, he ordered to release all cocks, hens and goats, Wine bottles were broken off. Cutting a joke, one of his friends said, "Sardar Ji, where is Cheeni?" "Cheeni has gone to his real Master. All horses, cow as well as gardens are his. I am a mere watch dog".

DIVINE GLANCE

To spread the mission of Guru Nanak and prepare for the struggle of freedom of India, Sri Satguru Ram Singh Ji was on tours. Wherever he went, thousands of people thronged to hear him. At Sri Amritsar, near Guru ka Bagh an astonishing incident took place. A big assembly of devotees was holding a *Dewan*. The people of all walks of life from far and near had gathered there to hear and enjoy his *Darshan*. The *Ragis* were singing *Shabds* in melodious tunes. The great Satguru was seated amidst the congregation. His nectarful glance and charming face was the focus of all the audience. They were deep drenched with pleasure. A Pin-drop silence was prevailing.

After some time there was a stir. A gang of notorious persons of Khatra was heading towards to the Kirtan Durbar. To bad luck, their parents had brought them up in wickedness. Their forefathers had been dacoits since long. They used to steal cows and mares of the nearby villagers and sell them. They taught their sons the art of fighting. The winners were admired and awarded with *Ghee*. So these ill-fated youths always disturbed peace during festivals for *Purbs* and shed blood.

Their appearance struck the spectators with horror. As they reached the Dewan, they began to shoulder with one another. Satguru Ram Singh Ji raised his hand, the *Ragis* stopped reciting. Then the Great Master cast his nectarful glance upon the evil doers and said "Peace, Peace! O Khushal Singh and Partap Singh stop. No more". As these words flew into their ears, to the

surprise of viewers they fell on the ground and lost their senses. Then there was dead silence. Satguru Ji very kindly asked the Suba standing nearby to give holy Naam into their ears. This was done and the assembly broke off. Satguru Ji left for another place, but these fellows lay on the ground. Their comrades put them in carts and led them home. When their mother saw them, she could not help bewailing. Their friends narrated the incident. Coming to their senses they narrated the whole story to their mother.

"Dear mother, don't worry. We are dead in this world now but have born into a new one, where there is nothing other than Naam and Gurbani. There is love and no hatred. We are the fortunate enough to see the Lord of Heaven and Earth".

Since the day they embraced the spiritualism, they never committed wrong again. The Great Master was so much pleased with them that he appointed Kushhal Singh, the Suba of their area.

DO GOOD TO ALL

I

ਫਰੀਦਾ ਬੁਰੇ ਦਾ ਭਲਾ ਕਰਿ ਗੁਸਾ ਮਨਿ ਨ ਹਢਾਇ ॥
ਦੇਹੀ ਰੋਗ ਨ ਲਗਈ ਪਲੈ ਸਭੁ ਕਿਛੁ ਪਾਇ ॥੭੩॥

(ਪੰਨਾ 1381)

O Farid do good to the wicked,
Don't be a victim of Wrath.

By doing so you would attain everything and lead
a healthy life.

The Britishers annexed Punjab and hatched a new policy to drive a wedge among the sister communities. The hired touts tried to create ill-will amongst the communities. Among the Sikhs, this policy was done against the Namdharis, the fore-runners of freedom struggle of India. Propagation was carried on by saying that the "Kookas utter Kalam instead of Gurbani. No respect is shown to The Holy Granth". Circulars in this regard were sent to all the Guruwaras. Accordingly the priests in the historical Gurudwaras, treated the Namdharis as un-touchables.

S. Attar Singh Grewal was a staunch Kooka, who used to visit Mukatsar frequently. Once he went there and entered the Gurudwara to pay respect. A Nihang on seeing him, flew into rage. Though Attar Singh showed all humility, the Nihang hit him on the head and the blood gushed out. He became unconscious and fell on the

ground. Some one took him to the Namdhari Dharamshala, where he was given first-aid and then proper treatment. In a few days he was fully recovered and thanked the co-mates.

In those days Punjab was infected with plague. The Nihang also was attacked by the dreadly disease. The poor man, almost on his last legs, was dragged out to crematorium for cremation, and was left there for his ultimate end. No body even bothered whether he was dead or alive.

By chance Sardar Attar Singh went out to answer the call of nature and heard the sobbing and sighing of the Nihang. Attar Singh drew nearer the Nihang and brought him to the Dharmshala on his shoulders. There he was looked after affectionately by S. Attar Singh. In a short time he was able to walk. When he came to know that it was the same Namdhari whom he had hit on the head, he was much ashamed of himself and lay at his feet entreating to pardon him. He admitted by saying, "I am a misguided fool. Save me from the fire of hell. I could not understand you. Your *guru* is great. Please excuse me." With these words he again placed his head on his feet. But Attar Singh with profound sincerity said, "O Singh Sahib! Why are you bewailing?" Sikhism teaches to serve the needy. I have done nothing more than my duty. All thanks are due to the Master, Cheeniwala, who has given me a chance to serve you." These sweet words were nectar for him. He, with humble submission, requested to take him to his *guru*. Attar Singh led him to Shri Bhaini Sahib. There he was blessed by Sri Guru Hari Singh and Mata Jeewan Kaur. He spent the rest of his life serving the Langar.

II

Do all the good you can
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can.

--John Welsley

Satguru Ram Singh was the champion of freedom struggle of India. He wished the Indians to be freed through non-cooperation and non-violence. This slogan shook the British imperialism. The British policy, based on divide and rule, allowed the kine to be killed in Punjab. The worst of all these slaughter houses were quite close to the sacred places. Similarly a butcher house stood by the wall of Holy Temple Harmander Sahib at Amritsar. The Kookas could not bear this bloody sight. They attacked the slaughter house to free the cows. Some innocents were arrested, tortured and made to confess the crime. The poor fellows could not find any other way than to admit. The court delivered the decision to hang them. But they were acquitted by the Kookas, who themselves laid down their lives for the noble cause. The government considered the Kookas their bitter foes and wanted an excuse to crush this freedom movement. At Ludhiana and Raikote, five Kookas were hanged in public in broad-day light. The massacre at Malerkotla, was the incident of high handedness. Kooka movement was declared unlawful. A Police Post

was set up at their Head quarters, Sri Bhaini Sahib. The enclave of the Gurudwara was dug to the water level, and the valuables were confiscated. The Great Lord Satguru Ram Singh with his Subas, was deported.

Suba Kahan Singh was taken to Eden the hottest place in Arabia. It is said that a leaf falling from the tree withered dry in no time. Kahan Singh was lodged there, but he cared a bit for this and was cautious for his religious duty only.

One night a fire broke into the Bungalow of Supdt. of Jail. The flames were furious. All the occupants rushed out, but a child was left there in the cradle. On coming to know this the mother bewailed and cried for the child. The fire grew furious and none could dare to enter the room. All were helpless.

Suba Kahan Singh rushed to the spot to rescue the victim. He staked his life to the rescue of the child. To the surprise of all, Suba Kahan Singh wrapped in a wet blanket, flew into the flames. On the lips of the audience was prayer. In the twinkling of an eye, the Suba was seen out of the flames, with the child in his arms. The mother of the child in tears ran towards the rescuer. She hastily took the child into her arms, hugged and kissed the baby again and again. All the eye witnesses whether European or Arabian said with one voice, "Kahan Singh is not a man but an angel from the land of the Rishis."

LORD OF WEALTH

The Sun was setting. The factory of S. Deva Singh caught fire and in no time the flames rose to the sky. Men and women from the neighbourhood rushed towards the scene. They did their best to extinguish the fire, but of no use. Alas! The factory was totally gutted. Every one was struck with surprise and horror. They whispered "God's works are strage. There is no difference between the good and the worthless. Deva Singh was the noblest soul. He never deceived any body. He was as generous as Vikramaditya. Why did it happen to him"?

But the soft minded Deva Singh was as sober and thankful to his Satguru as before the tragedy. To every query his reply was "Brothers: don't worry. It is the will of Satguru Ram Singh. Wrong is never committed by him. It is all for the best."

Next day, Deva Singh woke up, took a bath and followed his religious routine. After breakfast he made his way for Narly. At noon he reached his destination. Sant Deva Singh knocked at the door of S. Baghel Singh who rushed to the gate and opened it. As he saw Deva Singh, he warmly greeted him, touched his feet and led him in. Sardarni of Baghel Singh washed the guest's feet with warm water.

S. Baghel Singh was highly pleased with the sudden visit of Deva Singh. He thanked the True *guru* for sending a saint to his house. He repeated "My Great God! You are good enough to send a beloved of my Master. I have been praying since long." Rich food was

served. Till midnight they chatted about the heroic deeds of their forefathers. At times they sang heart-rending verses in separation of Satguru Ram Singh,

“ਪਾ ਵਤਨਾਂ ਵਲ ਫੇਰਾ ਦਰਦੀ ਦੇਸ਼ ਦਿਆ।”

O well wisher of the motherland! Kindly return.

Next morning Deva Singh narrated the damage of his factory and revealed his need. The saint Sardar Bhagel Singh said with pleasure, that he could have as much money as he required. Silver coins worth thirty six thousand were weighed and packed up in gunny bags. On the eve of his departure, Deva Singh with all the humility implored to have signatures for the record. S. Bhagel Singh remarked humbly "O Brother! The master of this wealth is Satguru Ram Singh. You are one of his beloved. I am only his poor servant. Return money when you have, otherwise I would think the money has been utilised for the *Langar*, don't worry at all."

VISHNU LORD

Every body is a good sailor
When the sea is calm
But in the troubled waters
Only the brave can dare.

"Where are you going?"

"To Sri Bhaini Sahib"

"What for?"

"I am going there to satisfy my hunger.

Free food is served in the *Langar* day and night.

It has been running there since long."

"Where is this charitable place?"

"In Punjab, the home of freedom fighters.

Of course, the Great Guru Ram Singh Ji the pioneer of freedom struggle had started this *Langar*. Thousands of people without discrimination of colour and creed, daily satisfied their hunger."

"But they say Guru Ram Singh is not there. He had been deported to Burma in 1872"?

"Yes, you are right, he is not there, but his younger brother is maintaining the tradition. There, not only the hungry are served but the ill-clad are also provided with clothes. I am going there to spend these black days".

Arriving at the holy place, the famine-stricken people were astonished to find there a large number of starving people. Those men from different parts of the land praised Guru Hari Singh for his generosity and hospitality. Though the police at the gate had many times threatened

the people to go away, yet the chief host gave them a hint to go away and return again. Guruji's Sewadars were also feeling unhappy over the grave situation, but the Lord had advised Mahant Sewa Singh to put the wheat, maize and other corn in a *Theki*, to cover it at the top, with one outlet at the bottom. He had further advised them not to peep into it but to get needful from the *Theki*. In this way, thousands of people were served, but the *Theki* remained always full. Even their cattle even their cattle were also provided fodder. Some so-called well-wishers of Sri Bhaini Sahib requested Guruji to stop feeding the famine-stricken people as it would be difficult to feed them for long, but the Master's resolute reply was, "I will give them as long as my stores allow. I will also go with these hungry people, however, when the stocks are exhausted." After six months, it rained. So all went back home singing and dancing.

The Deputy Commissioner Ludhiana had visited Sri Bhaini Sahib and reported to the Government the humanitarian service to the famine-stricken people of Bagger. Government wished to avail of the opportunity and buy the Kookas. They appreciated the generous task for the hungry and paid glowing tributes to Sh. Guru Hari Singh Ji. They made an offer of 2500 acres of agricultural land for the *Langar*. Guru Hari Singh was too wise to fall into their trap. He refused to accept the proposal by saying, "The *Langar* was being run by the blessings of Guru Ram Singh Ji. By accepting your offer I don't want to prove that you are the masters of this land. By the grace of Satguru Ram Singh we are capable of meeting the requirements without any body's help.

MATA JIWAN KAUR

"All should be charitable according to their means and sources. The needy should be provided with clothing and food. Generosity never leads to exhaustion but the riches drain away by foul ways."

--*Satguru Ram Singh*

Mata Jiwan Kaur, reverend mother, was a pious lady with a tender heart. She had love for all. None went away empty handed from her door. Bleeding persons felt relieved of pain by her touch. She equally shared woes and worries of the enemies of the Panth and looked after them more dearly than her own ones. Her loveable nature and service without discrimination brought fame and glory to Sri Bhaini Sahib.

It is well known, that after the deportation of Satguru Ram Singh Ji, there were black days for the community. The Kookas neither could enter nor leave this holy place without permission. Even Guru Hari Singh was not allowed to visit other places without complying with formalities.

Mata Ji worked for the Lunger day and night. Though food stuff ran short, yet the kind mother did not allow anyone to go without having food. Mr. War Burton Supdt. Police Ludhiana, very often paid surprise visits at night to know the truth but he returned fully convinced of kind heartedness of Mata Ji.

At Sri Bhaini Sahib notorious Ghamanada and its party left no stone unturned to defame the holy place

and gave false reports to the government. Though the apostle of peace Guru Hari Singh Ji had to appear in court in many a cases, yet it was Mata Jiwan Kaur, who always helped Ghammnda in the hour of need. Their members of the family were provided with food and cloth, whenever she learnt their unbearable condition. She used to place flour, ghee and sugar near the entrance at sun-set, so that his children did not remain hungry.

When the great mother passed away in 1939 A.D. Ghamanda was among the mourners with the broken heart. They expressed their grief by saying that they have lost their mother. A poet has rightly said:-

ਬੁਰਿਆਂ ਨਾਲ ਸਭ ਬੁਰਾ ਕਮਾਂਦੇ, ਮਾਫ ਕਰਨ ਕਈ ਸਿਆਣੇ ।
ਬੁਰਿਆਂ ਨਾਲ ਮੁੜ ਨੇਕੀ ਕਰਨੀ, ਇਹ ਗੁਰੂ ਨਾਨਕ ਜਾਣੇ !

Every one treats the evil-doers badly, only a few intellectuals pardon them. Guru Nanak teaches to be good to all evildoers.

PARKASH

After midnight, the sky was clear and the stars were twinkling. God loving people were taking bath at wells, tanks or rivers. After the bath they sang in sweet voice.

ਭਿੰਨੀ ਰੈਨੜੀਏ ਚਮਕਣਿ ਤਾਰੇ ।
ਜਾਗਣਿ ਸੰਤ ਜਨਾਂ ਮੇਰੇ ਰਾਮ ਪਿਆਰੇ ।

In peaceful night when the stars twinkle
The Lovers of Ram wake upto worship Him

As the saints are in deep meditation the worldly people start getting ready for their respective business. The yoke men get busy at the plough and the travellers on their journey. Two Nihang Singhs also set for their journey towards Sri Anand Pur Sahib. Suddenly they heard to the Revelation.

"O Lovers of Guru! He for whose Darshan you are hastening to Anand Pur Sahib, is born at Shri Bhaini Sahib. If you desire the Guru's Darshan, go there and pay your respect to him" Hearing this, Kahan Singh Nihang discontinued his journey further and ejaculated with joy "Good God, Kalgidhar is reborn at Shri Bhaini Sahib". Both of them were in suspension whether they should go back to Bhaini Sahib or Anand Pur Sahib. But Kahan Singh was however firm, that he would go to Sri Bhaini Sahib. Both the Nihangs started moving fast to Sri Bhaini Sahib. Even the bright sun rose and went up higher and higher, but both the lovers had eaten nothing

so far. The Godly voice was still ringing in their ears. They were so deeply in love with the Guru, that even hunger and fatigue could not reduce their speed.

ਪਰੇਮ ਮਾਹੀ ਦਾ ਪੈਡਾ ਲੰਮਾ, ਕਦਮਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਨਾ ਮੁਕਦਾ ।
ਸਿਰ ਦੇ ਕਦਮ ਬਣਾਈਏ ਜੇਕਰ, ਤਾਂ ਇਹ ਪੈਡਾ ਮੁਕਦਾ, ਮੂਲ ਨਾਂ ਰੁਕਦਾ ।

The distance between the beloved and the lover is too long to be covered on foot.

On the other hand, if the head instead of feet takes tread, the journey comes to an end.

The sun had set. The Nihang Singhs having travelled whole of the day were fully exhausted. They decided to take rest. They kept aside their swords and arms and tried to sleep but in vain. They could not have even a wink of sleep. They went on dreaming an early arrival at Sri Bhaini Sahib to have Guru's Darshan.

Next morning they woke up and restarted their journey. On the way they asked a passerby about Shri Bhaini Sahib. He pointed with hand and said, There is the holy place, surrounded by the green trees". The Nihangs caught sight of white clothes hanging and the angels showering flowers on the wonderland. Their paces quickened. When they reached the outskirt of Sri Bhaini Sahib, near the Banyan trees, they witnessed the cheerful faces, busy in Naam Simran or reciting Gurbani. A cowboy or a horseman or a water man or faggot carrier was singing hymns. Even women folk utensils cleaning busy in corn grinding, dung sweeping were singing Gurbani. A loud voice filled the atmosphere with:

ਹੋ ਰਹੀ ਹੈ ਤੇਰੀ ਜੈ ਜੈ ਕਾਰ, ਜੈ ਜੈ ਕਾਰ ਤੇਰੀ ਜੈ ਜੈ ਕਾਰ ।
ਹੋ ਰਹੀ ਹੈ ਗੁਰੂ ਜੀ ਤੇਰੀ ਜੈ ਜੈ ਕਾਰ ।

Lord Ram Singh! Hail, Hail, Hail all Hail
ਅੰਡਣਾ ਸੁਹਾਵਾ ਤੇਰਾ, ਅਜ ਅੰਡਣਾ
ਅੰਡਣਾ ਸੁਹਾਵਾ ਤੇਰਾ, ਸਤਿਗੁਰੂ ਹਰੀ ਸਿੰਘ ਜੀ
ਅਜ ਅੰਡਣਾ ।

O Great Satguru Hari Singh, your Home is full of mirth and joy. Cheerfulness is dancing at every nook and corner.

Seeing this all, the Nihangs expressed their curiosity to know the cause of happiness. The reply was "O Singh Sahiban, the New Sun has risen on this fearless land. All pervading power has come here in human body. Hearing this, they threw their arms into the air and shouted loudly five times:-

ਬੋਲੇ ਸੋ ਨਿਹਾਲ, ਸਤਿ ਸ੍ਰੀ ਅਕਾਲ ।

"Whosoever shouts the name of the Great Timeless, gains abundance of mirth !

They desired to have Darshan of the New Prince. The Sevadars requested them for refreshment, but their reply was "First Darshan of Kalgianwala and then Parsha. Please make haste, don't delay the wish of the Nihangs to have a darshan of the New born." The attendants went to Guru Hari Singh and narrated the wish. The newly born prince was brought out. The Nihang Singhs after Panjashnana (washing hands, feet, and face) had holy Darshan. The rosy face was too glittering to glance. They saw Guru Gobind Singh in the new born baby. Kalyan Singh was fully convinced on seeing him.

ਵਾਂਗ ਚੰਦਰਮਾ ਮੱਥਾ ਚਮਕੇ ਨੈਣ ਸੁੰਦਰ ਸ਼ਤਵਾਲੇ ।
ਭਵਾਂ ਕਮਾਨ ਤਿੱਖਾ ਨੱਕ ਸੋਹੇ, ਕੋਮਲ ਅੰਗ ਰਸਾਲੇ ।

ਕਮਲ ਸਮਾਨ ਬਦਨ ਜਿਉਂ ਭਾਸੇ, ਜਿਵੇਂ ਕੋਈ ਵਡਪ੍ਰਤਾਪੀ,
ਦਰਸ਼ਨ ਕਰ ਕਰ ਆਤਮਾ ਕਹਿੰਦਾ ਇਹ ਆਏ ਬਾਜਾਂ ਵਾਲੇ ।

The moonlike forehead, with charming eyes glare?
The bow like eye-brows, sharp nose with tender limbs are fount of sweetness.

The lotus like body presents grandeur.

Having Darshan, every soul gets convinced. He is the *Bajanwala*.

The Nihang Singh were extremely impressed and satisfied. They were overjoyed and started dancing. Then they prostrated on the ground. Then they rose up and made four rounds of the new-born prince. Placing offerings at the feet, they loudly cheered up and said that they were fortunate enough to have enjoyed the Holy Darshan of their Lord. The fifth of their previous births had been washed away. They were fortunate as their desire to see *Kalghidhar* had been fulfilled. They further related "Our tiredness has gone. Our efforts have succeeded. Our life has won laurels. O Singhs! Don't behold him a child. It is He, who had got the Hawk defeated by the sparrows".

DIVINE FEET

"Catch! Catch!! Catch the Prisoner is running away"

There was an alarm in the Jail. The guards and wardens got alert. The superintendent and the other officials all rushed to the scene.

The summer season had just started. The wheat was being thrashed. Piara Singh was supervising the work. Near by was the farm of Gama who, with his friends, was grazing cattle. They drove their herd into uncle's field. Pala Singh went to them and requested them to drive the herd out. But instead of acceding to his humble request they abused and man-handled him.

Pala Singh approached his uncle Sohan Singh. He got annoyed with them but the matter ended in a compromise. After a few days when Sohan Singh was working at his well, a bullock cart driven by Gama's associates happened to pass by. The boys blocked their way. So the driver left the cart and ran back for help. Without thinking about the consequences, the opponents attacked them with lathis and axes. In the clash Gama fell on the ground. With his fall, the rest of his companions fled away.

To settle the dispute the Panchayat was convened. It did its best to bring the parties to a compromise but failed. A report was lodged with the Police, Gama was admitted to the hospital and breathed his last there. The case was opened in the court and after hearing, it was referred to the Session Court at Sheikupura. Alas! the decision was against Piara Singh and his colleagues. Piara Singh, Shingara Singh, Ujjagar Singh, Surinder

Singh and Sham Singh were sentenced for 3 months to 3 years imprisonment and locked in Bostal Jail.

Hope sustains life. Jathedar Harnam Singh and the party appealed in the Lahore High Court. Jathedar Harnam Singh narrated the whole case to Satguru Partap Singh Ji who replied that they need not worry as that there was nothing concrete in the case. If they wished to waste the money, by fighting the case further it was their will. The High Court referred the case to the Session's Court again and Piara Singh and party were again taken to the district jail. Jathedar with his associates came to see them and talked among themselves that by making an appeal, they had committed a blunder. The innocent chaps would be committed to the capital punishment. In the jail there were some political prisoners also. They were all cheerful and happy. Piara Singh said to himself, "We are losing our lives for nothing. It would have been better, if we would have died for the motherland".

There was a change in his mind. He used to rise in the morning, take bath and contemplate upon Naam: While doing his work, he always remembered Satguru Partap Singh on counting beads. One night in his cell Piara Singh was busy in Nam Simran. There was a dazzling light all around. During this light Satguru Partap appeared, drew near the cell and encouraged him not to worry. Piara Singh fell upon His feet and warm tears rolled on his cheeks. The and Omnipresent True Guru, said, "Piara Singh Satguru Ram Singh knows everything. Truth will triumph in the end". Satguru ji took out some papers from his pocket and tore them to pieces. He disappeared saying that all his false witnesses have been destroyed. There was an alarm in the jail.

After a few days, Piara Singh and his companions appeared in the Sheikhpura Court and the hearing

started. The witnesses were Uamar Din and Sharif. The court called Shrif, and said, "Repeat Allah! Will you speak the truth?"

"Yes, My Lord, by the name of Allah I will speak the truth.

How far you were at the time of the clash?

"At about 5 Killahs"

"Did you run"?

"No Sir, I came as usual"

"Did you try to intervene?"

He nodded his head

"Was anybody else injured"?

"No, Sir"

O.K. Get aside.

"Alright! Uamar Din, where were you when there was a scuffle"?

"My Lord about six Killas away"

"Did you hear the noise?"

"Yes"

"Did you come running?"

"No Sir: I came slowly, slowly."

"Did you see them fighting?"

"No Sir I only saw Gama being carried away.

All were running to different directions".

The Court was adjourned after fixing the date for the decision. It was the month of Chet. The Police led them to the Court. The Session Judge took the seat and announced the judgement, declaring that the Court has found there was no intention of killing anybody. All are acquitted. The hand cuffs were taken off. The relatives and friends came and hugged them but, Piara Singh was dreaming of Shri Bhaini Sahib.

Service towards the uncared, the neglected, the poor and the orphan, without any distinction of colour, creed,

caste and religion having no personal relation, is service to the Guru.

A THIEF TURNS SAINT

ਸਿਖ ਕੀ ਗੁਰੂ ਦੁਰਮਤਿ ਮਲ ਹਿਰੈ ॥
ਗੁਰ ਬਚਨੀ ਹਰਿ ਨਾਮੁ ਉਚਰੈ ॥
ਸਤਿਗੁਰ ਸਿਖ ਕੇ ਬੰਧਨ ਕਾਟੈ ॥
ਗੁਰ ਕਾ ਸਿਖ ਬਿਕਾਰ ਤੇ ਹਾਟੈ ॥

ਸੁਖਮਨੀ ਸਾਹਿਬ (ਪੰਨਾ 286)

The Guru wipes out the evilness of the Sikh by his grace.

The disciple chants His Nam,
The True Guru removes the shackles of his follower,
So the Sikh abandons ill ways.

Aroor Singh of Basowal, was the Lambardar of Bhainoun Pindia, Distt. Sialkote (Now in Pakistan). He was of a notorious character. Drinking and eating meat was his daily routine. Being a Police tout also, he was the ring leader of evil designers. None could dare to confront him. If anyone dared, he would be taken to the police station on false report and inhumanly tortured.

By his goodluck Satguru Partap Singh Ji planned a visit to the area of Aroor Singh. Suba Sohan Singh conducted the tour. On his way to Tajo, Suba ji met Arur Singh. The news of arrival of Satguru ji filled every body's heart with joy. Next day the Lamberdar also reached Tajo. He saw a huge number of Namdharis clad in white clothes, As the Great Master Satguru Partap Singh reached, the gayful gathering shouted 'Sat Sri

Akal.' The Lamberdar stepped forward, bowed his head and in humble words requested to grace his house. His holiness enquired of Arur Singh from the Suba, who respectfully told that he was the Lamberdar of Banon Pindia. Satguruji, said "Well Lamberdara! You are not in good books of the people. If I go there, they will say, 'I visit the evil door'".

"O My Lord! If all were saintly minded, there would be no need of your goodself". You come for the thieves and dacoits" "Alright! Give up bad habits" "O.K., Sir."

"Now you make a promise, if you go back upon your words, you would be set right by force", smilingly Satguruji murmured.

The Lamberdar went home. Whole of the area was swept. A big cot was placed amidst and a snow white bed sheet was spread on it. In the village with the beat of the drum announcement of arrival of His Holiness was made. Satguru Ji graced the house. All the members of the family paid due respect. A big sum of money, a Khes and almonds were made as offerings. Rising up, Satguru Ji repeated "Well Lamberdar,! Don't forget your promise." As directed, a disciple of Satguruji Partap Singh blessed him with Nam in his ears.

This brought a total change in the life of Arur Singh. He started to get up early in the morning, taking bath and meditating on Naam. Days went by. One night when he was retiring for rest, the members of his notorious gang appeared. Makhan Singh said:-

"O Sardara! Get ready. There is a big house"

"No, please excuse me. I have given up all this. Now I am dead".

"How do you say so? There is still a smell of stolen broth in you." Don't worry, a shark lives on small fishes. Throw off this knotty string, You have become a lamb from a lion."

The evil forces again prevailed upon him and Arur Singh accompanied the evil characters. They all reached Uchain Klarion and broke into the house. Lamberdar stood outside to keep a watch lest some body wakes up. Inside the house the other fellows started making bundles of the stolen items. To the surprise of Arur Singh a stalwart youth drew near him, took him by the arm and led him outside. Aroor Singh stood there for a while, but again reached there. For the second time he was pulled back. Third time again Aroor Singh was pulled away from his position, but he again tried to return. On this the youth in daunting voice roared "O foolish! Be ashamed, of your conduct. I have been chasing you throughout the night. In a very short time, you have forgotten your words. What would the people say, a disciple of the guru commits such sinful acts.?"

Arur Singh came to realise his mistake and learnt it was the voice of Satguru Partap Singhji. He remembered the promise, and went back to his home. Over hearing the talk, his colleagues got frightened and ran out leaving the booty behind. The culprits encircled Aroor Singh angrily and asked them, "You foolish! You have betrayed us."

But in return the smooth words slipped from his lips.

"Friends! My Satguru has proved stronger. He does not allow me to go to hell and fall into dirty ditch. It is better for you all to be friend with Him. He is all wisdom and knowledge. We can hide nothing from him."

THE RASUL PAK

ਤਾਤੀ ਵਾਉ ਨ ਲਗਈ ਪਾਰਬ੍ਰਹਮ ਸਰਣਾਈ ।
ਚੋਗਿਰਦ ਹਮਾਰੈ ਰਾਮੁ ਕਾਰ ਦੁਖ ਲਗੈ ਨ ਭਾਈ ।

Hot winds don't affect those who are at the feet of Almighty God.

There is *Ramkar* around them, so misfortunes don't draw near.

Farsighted Satguru Partap Singhji purchased a piece of land at Chachal Kothi, for thirty lacs rupees before partition. This land had been under plough by the Muslims. On the sight of Sikhs on this land, they felt frightened and disturbed. "From where that Bawa had come? He would be a great obstacle in our way of life," said one of them. "Don't worry, what is he before us? He will be off like a straw", the other murmured.

One day some mischief mongers hatched a plan to do away with Satguru Partap Singh. At a nearby village Amritsar, lived a God fearing Pious Choudhri Zahur Ul-Din. He had the highest regards for Satguru Partap Singhji. For him Satguru Ji was Allah. He used to say, "His light passes through beasts, birds as well as human beings." He advised the evil elements not to think Him as an ordinary man as God dwells in Him. He was the image of Prophet Mohmed, so it would be better for them to kiss his feet and enter heaven." The misguided ones however made fool of him and said, "Qibla! Tonight we will discover his piety, so please allow us." But the

Choudhari was of firm views. He said "If you can't control yourself, then first try here. If you succeed, you go, otherwise kiss his feet."

They agreed and loaded their guns. One man said, "Get ready. One, two, go" The gunners fired, but failed. They did twice and thrice but the result was same."

They cut a sorry figure and felt ashamed of their Choudhari's advice. They repented and begged pardon of Him, and all with one voice said "Baba your Bawa is far greater. We kiss dust while you win. We will never dream of such evil ideas in future" But the Choudhari further, pronounced, "My boys, have I bluffed? No sword can cut Him, No fire can burn Him, No water can drown Him. He is the Rasul Pak."

POWERFUL PIR

Everybody knows that Satguru Partap Singh used to go from village to village to spread the teachings of Guru Nanak. The Marriage of Bishan Singh S/o Jai Singh of Village Nand Pura took place in the thirties. On the occasion, His Holiness advised the audience to contemplate over Naam, give up drinking and meat-eating. He showered blessings on the young couple and left for Ferozepur.

We had hardly stepped on the platform when the train whistled and steamed off. Satguru Ji took his seat in the second class compartment and we all the rest, Bahadur Singh, Vazir Singh, Mangal Singh, Arshi Frishta, and myself, held the outside gate bars hanging outside, reached Kusr Railway Station. There we tried our best to board but the Pathans in Military Uniform did not allow us to draw near the train. Even they growled and made fun of us.

At last, Sant Bahadur Singh placed his foot near the edge of the gate and requested inmate passengers to allow them board the train. They took no notice, and said, "You Kaffirs go to dust" Santji again begged politely but the military men were wrathful. As he tried to step in, one of the Pathans caught him by the beard and pushed him back. Then Bahadur Singh caught him by the neck and dragged him out. Due to slight slackness on the former's part, the Pathan re-entered the train and locked the door. Bahadur Singh kicked the door that fell flat. All of us then followed in.

Then the Pathans from the other coaches rushed out and fell upon us. The cries rose "Kill, Kill these ruffians". On the platform there was total disorder. The wretched Pathans besieged us. Hearing the noise, the great Satguruji stepped out and stood up by the fence, resting His Chin on the club. Sant Bahadur Singh snatched away the club and waved it into the air. As he did so, all the Pathans turned their backs and ran for shelter. They were fleeing like dry leaves in the storm. Some of them hid themselves under benches, some in latrines; some fell flat on the platform. In no time the platform was clear. The passengers were witnessing the tragic game standing far away. An alarm was raised. The Police took positions and held some Pathans and Singhs into their custody.

A Railway Magistrate took seat and hearing started. On enquiring, Mangal Singh broke the ice. He said "Sir listen to me. We are quite armless and possess these woollen rosaries and Gutkas, only recite Nam and preach others to do the same. Our great Guru is ever on tour. His Holiness always advises all to avoid terrorism and violence. He urges all to lead a simple life and give up bad customs. He discourages dowry system and harmful old customs. To avoid clash we reached here but the unlucky fell upon us.

They are aggressors, while we are defenders. Is this the business of Military men to terrify the civil population? Their duty is to defend the border of the Mother Land, and help the poor. Instead of helping others they pulled the beards of our passengers. They even closed the doors and windows of the coaches. If the watchman invites the thief, who will guard the house.

Then the Subedar was quite mute. He understood the whole matter and begged pardon.

The Magistrate heard the statement and brought both

the parties to conciliatory terms. The passengers took their seats and the train steamed off emitting smoke and puffing.

In the Military coaches they were all talking about this happening. "By Allah, these Sikhs were not men but wolves. There was a sea of white turbans on the platform. It was not less than a miracle. I ran after the bull, but my foot was caught into my salwar and fell on the ground.

By *Rasul Pack* such happened with me. I attacked the face of a Sikhs with a blow but my elbow got twisted and I got pain. Another boaster said "Honour me, I made many Sikharas fall. Had the police not reached I would have done most of them to death". But the other one was found refuting his bluff. Scorning at him he said, "Don't talk nonsense. Boasting does not suit us. In reality, it was our mistake. As we sowed so did we reap. We got beaten and kissed dust as well. Believe it or not, it was all due to their Pir."

CHIEF ENGINEER

I went to Montgumry (Now in Pakistan) in search of livelihood. I joined the Okara Cotton Mills. I did my best to satisfy the management and in a few days I was in the good books of the authorities. Be cursed! Thy selfishness. My co-mates could not tolerate this honour. Finding a chance they loosened the nuts of my machine. It did not work properly so the output was reduced. The Manager on every visit abused me. Though I did my best, yet of no avail. Thinking over and over again, I made up my mind to give up the job and return.

One night I got ready and packed up my luggage, but the True Guru Satguru Partap Singh Ji came forward to help me. I was waiting for a chance to slip. Sitting beside my kit, I had a wink of sleep. The Great Master with white rosary round his neck on his horseback came in my dream. Having the Holy Darshan I felt overjoyed. I stood up and touched his feet. He asked me, Banta Singh! Why are you sad? "I told him the story. He said, "Let us go and see your machine." I walked towards the factory with Him. The Lord advised me to tighten the nuts which I did. After this, he got out of sight and I found myself in my quarter beside my luggage. I woke up and could not help uttering, 'Blessed, Blessed, Blessed, Master! You are too great to admire'. I thought over it again and again and unpacked my baggage and went to sleep.

Early in the morning, after meditation and breakfast, I got ready for the duty. Then a young man stepped into

my room and told me that he had been sent by Satguru Partap Singhji to set right my machine. He accompanied me to the factory 'O God! What a wonderful seen it was.' He tightened those nuts which had been directed by Him in the night. On the spot, the machine began to function quite satisfactorily. I thanked him. In no time, he was out of sight.

To my utmost happiness, my production was doubled. My joy knew no bounds. The manager was much pleased with me now. Whenever he passed by me he always patted on my back. When he knew reality of my less output, he threatened the evildoers to be removed. I made a humble request to pardon them for their mischievous game.

I worked there for eight months and earned a handsome amount. As the season expired, I left for Shri Bhaini Sahib. Having reached home, I handed 10% of my earnings over to my brother, Arjan Singh, who in no time led me to the Bungalow of Satguru Partap Singh, who was holding a Durbar at that time. It was a heavenly scene and a good number of devotees were enjoying the bliss.

Arjan Singh placed Rs.80/- at the feet of the Holy Lord, who smilingly said, "Arjan Singh what sort of this money is?"

He gave the detail and said, "My Lord! Banta Singh has been working in Montgumry for eight months. He has brought this sum. He says that it is all due to your holy grace; your Holiness knows it well."

OMNIPRESENT

"Dalip Singh"!

"Yes, My Lord".

"Get ready for Suket".

"Alright Sache-Patshah"

"You and Gajan Singh, bring horses tomorrow to Rutti Khad. One thing more, get a bicycle and two torches from Suba Jaimal Singh of Mandi. Wild animals get frightened from light," placing his hand on my shoulder, said Satguru Partap Singhji. After touching his feet in obedience I left for Mandi. Having collected the bicycle etc., I paddled towards Suket, murmuring:-

ਜਿਸਕੇ ਸਿਰ ਉਪਰ ਤੂ ਸੁਆਮੀ ਸੋ ਦੁਖ ਕੈਸੇ ਪਾਵੈ।

(ਪੰਨਾ 749)

"None can dare to harm the one who's blessed by you, my Lord".

The sun was going to the west. The stars were having a dip in the river Beas but I had no time to enjoy this scene. Meanwhile, the black clouds began to appear in the sky and the wind also started blowing. In no time, it became stronger and stronger and the street lights went off. Then there was dark all around me. With all my might and Nam on my tongue, I was struggling against this storm, and thinking "O Satguru, there is neither a hut or a hotel nor shelter. You only are the saviour."

I was just five miles away from Mandi, when a big

tiger appeared. I got breathless and lost all my wits. My legs were getting heavier but recitation of Nam was on. Now I consider that it was the busiest day for Simran in my life. I was praying "O Cheeniwale Patshah! Help, help, help". At that time the words of Satguru Ji struck into my ears and I switched on the torches. A flood of light spread on the road and the beast slipped away. Taking courage, I cycled but the motion of leaves and shrieking of storm frightened me of the presence of wild animals. To my surprise on both the sides of the road, the sound of hoofs of horses began to be heard. Only about three miles away from the occurrence, a tiger came into sight again. He directly faced towards me. Then again I remembered the Lord and pressed the torches. Alas! One torch got out of order and did not function. But I think, it is not a new thing to be so at the time of need:-

ਸਿਆਹ ਬਖਤੀ ਮੇਂ ਕਬ ਕਿਸੀ ਕਾ ਕੋਈ ਸਾਥ ਦੇਤਾ ਹੈ।

ਕਿ ਤਰੀਕੀ ਮੇਂ ਸਾਇਆ ਭੀ ਇਨਸਾਨ ਸੇ ਜੁਦਾ ਹੋਤਾ ਹੈ।

Nobody comes to standby in the time of need, even the shadow of a person disappears in darkness.

I shook the torch twice or thrice. It threw light and the wild animal got away.

Only about half a mile further, the king of the forest again stood in front of me. Though I did my best but all in vain. The dreadful animal with red eyes growled, death seemed inevitable, but in those dark hours the Gurbani lit my way.

ਜਾ ਕਉ ਮੁਸਕਲਿ ਅਤਿ ਬਣੇ ਢੋਈ ਨ ਦੇਇ।

ਲਾਗੂ ਹੋਇ ਦੁਸਮਣਾ ਸਾਕ ਭਿ ਭਜਿ ਖਲੇ।

ਸਭੇ ਭਜੈ ਆਸਰਾ ਚੁਕੈ ਸਭਿ ਅਸਰਾਉ।

ਚਿਤਿ ਆਵੈ ਉਸ ਪਾਰਬ੍ਰਹਮ ਲਗੇ ਨ ਤਤੀ ਵਾਉ ।
(ਮ: 5-ਪੰਨਾ 70)

In utter distress when none is to help, even the friends turn faces and relatives flee.

When there are all helpless shadows, then by the remembrance of Almighty God, the ill luck does not draw nearer.

Giving up all hopes, I got down from my bicycle, placed the axe on the wrist, closed my eyes and began to pray. With the utterance of Guru Nanak, the figure of Him appeared in my mind and in the same way all gurus lit my inward mind with their holy Darshanas. As soon as I pronounced Satguru Partap Singh, there was striking of a hand on my shoulder. Horrified, I opened my eyes and beheld the tall handsome figure in white robes of Master of Heavens, Sat Guru Partap Singhji. Smilingly he said, "Dalip Singh you look frightened. Don't worry, the tiger would not harm you any way" All at once, I fell upon his feet. I don't know how long. But when I rose up there was neither Satguruji nor the tiger. There was my cycle and the clouds hovering over my head.

Then I was free from any danger. After midnight I reached the hut of Gajjan Singh, who gave a warm welcome and hugged me with affection. He offered me a glass of hot milk and enquired of me the reason of my reaching there at the dead of night, but my reply was do not disturb me now, please give me a blanket and let me sleep. I will tell you everything in the morning."

THE DEAD BROUGHT TO LIFE

ਮਿਰਤਕ ਕਉ ਜੀਵਾਲਣ ਹਾਰ ।
ਭੂਖੇ ਕਉ ਦੇਵਤ ਆਧਾਰ ।

The dead come to life,
By the grace of Lord,
In the same way the hungry
Are provided with Good.
Guru Arjun Dev ji

Tek Singh lived at Kote Hira Singh, Distt. Montgomery. Initially his religious faith was on the Bedis. After some time, there was a change of faith. He kissed the feet of Satguru Ram Singhji and got converted to Kookaism. He had a large family. His sons Hazara Singh, Wasava Singh, Harnam Singh and Sher Singh were all like Bhim. Very often they used to sing in praise of Gurus, but the jealous burnt like red coals.

By ill luck Hazara Singh passed away. His son Harnam Singh was also like his father. When Harnam Singh was about twenty five, he fell ill. No medicine proved useful and all efforts were fruitless. He grew weaker day by day and breathed his last. Baba Jaimal Singh, Mata Bishno and others were in deep grief. The mother looked mad. She went up and down on the staircase and shouted:-

"My Satguru Partap Singh, come and help me. My life boat is in whirlpool. Again, she came down and hugged his breathless son. As before, she went up and

called Satguruji for holy Darshan. Her appeal was granted. She heaved a sigh of relief on seeing a motor car fast approaching Kote. Beholding the motor car she rushed down and with satisfaction and uttered, "The Doctor of my son is approaching." Saying so, she ran out into the street, with her hair flowing. The villagers witnessed the painful scene. They gathered in front of the gate. The car arrived and Satguru Pratap Singhji stepped out and entered the house. The spectators paid respects and the Divine Doctor was near the bed of Harnam Singh.

He held the hand, felt the pulse and moved his hand from head to foot. As the nectarful words, "Harnam Singh get up, Leave the bed", were said, the patient opened his eyes. By and by the cold body became warm. His holiness Satguru Partap Singhji stayed there for some time and then returned. Harnam Singh in a few days was able to move about.

One day Har Kaur enquired of Harnam Singh as to what had happened to him. He replied, "My dear mother! When I was on death bead, a few men visited the house, held me by the arm and led me off. On the way Satguru Partap Singhji came across, scolded them and asked them to leave me. Then and there, the poor fellows ran away leaving me in the jungle. I fell upon his feet and returned home. When I opened my eyes, I was on my bed and the Great Master was standing near me, holding my hand."

THE DUMB BLESSED WITH LIGHT

ਮੂਕ ਉਚਰੈ ਸ਼ਾਸਤ੍ਰ ਖਟ ਪਿੰਗ ਗਿਰਨ ਚੜ੍ਹ ਜਾਇ ।
ਅੰਧ ਲਖੈ ਬਧਰੇ ਸੁਨੈ ਜੋ ਕਾਲ ਕ੍ਰਿਪਾ ਕਰਾਇ ।

By the grace of God the dumb can read out Khat Shashtra and the lame climb up a mountain.

In the same way the dumb is empowered to speak and blind to see.

Daya Singh is leading a happy life. In his boy-hood he was mute. His parents were too much grieved. A good many doctors had a thorough check up and did their best to make him speak but of no use. Once Satguru Partap Singh paid a Holy visit and the unhappy parents narrated their agony. The Lord at first asked them to consult some qualified doctors. At that time Ram Singh, the uncle of Daya Singh was standing there. He said, "The doctors are mere human beings, my Lord. They are good for nothing." Hearing these sincere words, he advised them to repeat a Mala of Bhagouti and Nam Simran every day and pray Satguru Ram Singh for his blessings. The parents did as they were advised and made their son to do so. To the astonishment of the villagers, the poor fellow got the power of speech.

Once out of trial, he intentionally did not perform the Bhagauti Mala, so the result was that the youth became speechless again. The next day the youth tendering his apology, carried out his routine. His speech returned.

Since then Daya Singh has been as regular as a watch in following the instructions of Satguruji and is still going on smoothly.

(Note:- Daya Singh is the son of Inder Singh and Chand Kaur Vill. Thetla, Distt. Sangrur.)

The Great gurus blessed us with this great boon. They pulled us from the dirty ditch. The society was plagued with non-sense songs. But the great Masters taught us to mingle with Almighty God; as a lady enjoys the warmth of love in the sweet company of her husband.

--Sat Guru Partap Singh Ji.

THE BLIND BLESSED WITH SIGHT

Mangal Singh, born at Sagarpur Distt. Sialkote (now in Pakistan), was a saintly person. From the day he was blessed with Naam, he remained in deep meditation for most of the time. For him, all human beings were like brothers, and he did not hate any one. Very often some miscreants made off with his harvest but he used to be as happy as a bird. Satguru Partap Singhji was too pleased with him.

In 1947 he migrated to India with his family and reached Shri Bhaini Sahib where most of his wounds of partition were healed up. After a few days, the caravan on bullock carts left for Jagmalera, now Sant Nagar, Distt. Sirsa. Unlike other refugees he maintained his mental peace and carried on his contemplation of Nam as before. He used to say, 'it was for the best', so he never spoke ill of any one.

The saints too have to pass the trials given by the Almighty. Misfortunes swarm but they fail to discourage the saints. By ill-luck Sant Mangal Singh lost his eye sight and could not carry out his domestic duties. But he never missed his routine. As usual he rose up early, took bath and remembered Satguru in earnest faith. The days passed on and his elder son got married.

In the rehabilitation settlements his piece of land was allotted in sandy part, so he had to move from village Sant Nagar to village Amritsar. He was quite contented. Habit is the second nature. Though he was tight in those

days, yet he was generous. He advised his family members not to return any one empty handed from his doors. They should distribute what they could. At the same time no negligence was shown to his religious duties. One day in the we hours of the morning, Mangal Singh was busy in Nam simran, when a sweet voice whispered into his ears, "Mangal Singh! Open your eyes and behold. I have covered a long distance for you." Upon hearing this the man was surprised. He rubbed his eyes and beheld, the Great Master standing before him. Mangal Singh lost no time, rose up and fell upon His feet. After paying respects he got up but the True Guru had disappeared to help some one else. He could see quite well. He could see his daughter-in-law skimming milk and far off the family men at work in their fields.

In the morning he rushed to Siri Jiwan Nagar to thank the Lord for his blessings. There he came to know that the Master was on tour to Thailand. The news of his recovering the lost vision spread like wild fire. Whosoever heard the incident rushed to Amritsar. People from Kariwal, Dumdama, Rania, or Sirsa etc. came to Amritsar for his Darshan and congratulated him. There after, Mangal Singh talked less and meditated more. He lived for twelve years more and had no eye trouble at all.

HELPING IN EXAMINATION

Satguru Partap Singh paid a holy visit to Jagowal, Distt, Sangrur in 1956. The villagers extended a warm reception and paid due respect to the Master. Pandit Gopal Singh held a Dewan and delivered an impressive speech and asked the audience to dwell on Nam, the panacea for all ills. A good number of people embraced Kookaism and accepted the Divine Word. One of them was a young boy, Surjit Singh picking up education in school. He was greatly impressed. Jagir Singh with other young men constituted a Jatha, that used to sing Shabads at night and dwell on Nam. The Jatha won praise of the villagers. This went on for a long time. But giving no notice Surjit Singh got irregular in the religious assemblies, as well in school studies. He grew sad and looked disgusted. One day Jagir Singh asked Surjit, "Well boy! What has happened to you? You look weak and sad. What is the matter with you?" Surjit frankly admitted that he had not taken bath since long. The Board Examination was drawing nearer and nearer. He was penniless and much worried. Jagir Singh lovingly patted on his back and said, "O Surjit! Don't worry and do not lose heart. You are not alone, Satguru Partap Singh always stands by. He is our Father and Guardian. Don't be absent from the religious assemblies. He will help you at all places and at all times." Hearing these words, Surjit regained courage and began to attend *Nitname* and divine functions, Yet he was greatly disturbed by the thought of examination. So far he was right. An Urdu

poet has weepingly said:

ਖੁਦਾ ਜ਼ੋਰੇ ਆਸਮਾਂ ਕਿਸੀ ਕਾ ਇਮਤਿਹਾਂ ਨਾ ਕਰੇ ।

O God Under the roof of sky, don't put any one to test.

At last the date sheet for the annual examination of the Middle Standard was put on the notice board. Having faith on the words of Jagir Singh, Surjeet though worked hard for the examination, yet he was never absent from Nam Simran and Kirtan. Before going for the examination the Sangat prayed for examinee's success.

Next day Surjit Singh made all sorts of preparation for the test and went to sleep. The poor fellow had a nice dream. The Great Master Satguru Partap Singh was standing with a question paper in His Hand. Then and there he handed it over to Surjit and disappeared. Surjit mastered the answers of the questions. He woke up took bath, prayed to Satguru Ji and left for Malerkotla. Good God ! He found the same paper as given in the dream. In the same way, the Lord provided him questions next day and so on. The young examinee fared well in the Education Board Examination. By the grace of Lord, Surjit Singh passed in First Division, joined Guru Hari Singh Mahan Vidyalaya Sri Jiwan Nagar and taught the students most lovingly. Wonderfully, the University results of his classes were quite satisfactory. Now he is running a clinic at Damdama. He owns his own house and helps the poor and needy.

RAIN OF SILVER COINS

Mata Dyala and Sant Bhan Singh was a happy couple. They were carefree and happy. By dint of honest work they were popular in the community. They were bountiful hosts. They owned a number of cows and buffaloes that yielded a good quantity of milk, but they never sold a drop of it. Every passer by was served with food, or milk or butter-milk. A road run near the village. Large caravans of people on horse backs, camels or tongas used to travel on the road.

Kunjpur, Distt. Shekhupura was quite near Lahore. Satguru Partap Singh was very fond of horses. He enjoyed horse races and encouraged the Indian winners camping at Lahore. He also made frequent visits to Kunjpur, shared with what was ready and was much pleased over this heavenly home.

Whenever the birth celebrations of Guru Nanak at Nankana Sahib were held, the mother took milk and shakkar (powdered jaggery), on her head, sat by the road side and served the hungry travellers to their fill. Her sons Sant Singh, Bhagat Singh, Vir Singh, Gurbax Singh and Gurdial Singh were also like their parents. They all were happy with their compassionate nature and never showed sign of anger. Their home was famous for religious assemblies. Namdhari Jathas used to visit and chant Gurbani hymns. With Nam Simran all enjoyed their hospitalities. Kraha Parshad, Khir and Shardai were freely served.

Once Sant Ala Singh, with his Jatha arrived at

Kunjpura and entered the house singing and dancing. The hosts received the Sikh jatha with warmth and made them seated on the Charpais covered with white sheets. The quests took bath and washed their clothes comfortably. But when Mata Dyala went into the store, she found all the pots empty- no flour, no dal, no sugar. By chance, Bhan Singh was out of station on some construction work. The lady did not lose heart and showed no sign of worry but began to pray to Satguru Partap Singh. To the surprise of Gurbax Singh, the silver coins began to rain from the roof--one, two, three onward up to twenty five in accordance with the number of guests. The mother entered the realm of ecstasy and grew sober. Within one hour, the Langar was ready. The Sikh quests enjoyed a hearty meal. They passed the night in singing Gurbani.

ਜੋ ਮਾਗਹਿ ਠਾਕੁਰ ਅਪਨੇ ਤੇ ਸੋਈ ਸੋਈ ਦੇਵੈ ।
ਨਾਨਕੁ ਦਾਸੁ ਮੁਖ ਤੇ ਜੋ ਬੋਲੈ ਈਹਾ ਉਹਾ ਸਚੁ ਹੋਵੈ ।

(ਮ:5)

He blesses the faithful devotees what they seek for.
Whatever Nanak, the Lord's slave utters with his mouth,

Becomes true both here and hereafter.

--V Guru Dhansari.

The SAME LIGHT

ਝਾਲਾਂਗੇ ਉਠ ਨਾਮ ਜਪ ਨਿਸ ਬਾਸਰ ਆਰਾਧ ।
ਕਾਰਾ ਤੁਝੇ ਨ ਵਿਆਪਈ ਨਾਨਕ ਮਿਟੈ ਉਪਾਧਿ ।

O Man! Wake up in the early hours of the morning,
dwell upon Nam and carry on day and night.

By doing so, no misery would fall upon you, Nanak says, doing this practice, conflicts do end.

It was the month of May or June. After midnight some people were snoring, some were dreaming and God fearing people were getting ready for the religious duty. In such scented hours Bibi Harbhajan Kaur and Darshan Kaur of Mandi had bath, seated themselves in a room and concentrated themselves in Naam Simran at Sri Bhaini Sahib. By God's grace, they felt pleasure by doing something in Holy Service. Though their kith and kin live at Mandi, Himachal, yet the good ladies spend most of their time here and win favour of Mata Chand Kaur and Great Master, Satguru Jagjit Singh. In a few minutes they were fully absorbed in Simran.

To their surprise they heard a knock at the door and stepping in of someone into the room. At first, they were shocked and crouched nearer each other. The holy Lord enquired of them if they had taken bath. Instead of uttering a word they nodded in positive and got up to show respect. They were still half-stood, when they saw a great change. The Lord grew taller and looked like Satguru Ram Singh, a small Khunda in the turban, long

neck over the shoulders, mango like nectarful eyes, with long arms swinging up to the knees.

After a while, He left the room stealthily out into the yard. Darshana opened her lips, saying, "Hark look, there is Great Guru Nanak. He is still there". This wonderful scene was only for a few minutes.

"Was he Baba Nanak or Satguru Ram Singh or Satguru Jagjit Singh" was a riddle for them. There was dead silence in the cabin. Then they could neither count beads nor sleep. All day long they could not carry on their domestic duty. They remained reserved. They neither talked nor dined but kept tight lipped, viewing the midnight scene.

BAGHI

"Be off! I don't want to hear any more." "No you listen to liars, and displease your followers for nothing"

"Don't you know me? What I do I do. They do what I desire. There is no interference of any one".

"Hearing these words I left Satguru Ji in the grape orchard and returned home with a heavy heart. This incident took place around 1973 A.D. In my heart there was a great upheaval. But now I realise that I was wrong and Amar Singh Lumberdar was not to be blamed. I stayed at Sri Jiwan Nagar for two months half-heartedly. During this period I neither attended Dewan graced by his Holiness, nor had an opportunity to see the Great Master. I slipped away. I thought there was no life.

So I left Sri Jiwan Nagar for Amroha, where godly man Inder Singh, Chief Engineer at U.P. State Sugar Corporation was. There I came across Narinder, Gurdev and Gurnam. They were no less than my chums. Their company altogether changed my ideals.

Misguided I had been for a time, but there was no check on me and I was the master of my own will. No hindrance at all.

ਸਿਰ ਤੇ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੁੰਡਾ, ਹਾਥੀ ਫਿਰੇ ਲੁੰਡਾ

They say youth is blind but I was the blindest of all. Pride overpowered me. All were like tumbling blocks before me. They were lifeless straws flying into the air. The Great Guru Nanak has rightly drawn the picture of

this age.

"The first stage of man is of a suckling.

The second state of man is knowing of Mother and Father.

The third knows of brother, sister and others.

In the fourth one, thinks nothing but playing.

Eating and merry making is the fifth one,

Next to it is the sixth that recognises not good or bad but sex."

Such was also said by an Indian poet :

ਨੇਕੋ ਬਦ ਸੁਝੈ ਨਹੀਂ, ਜਬ ਦਿਲ ਕਹੀਂ ਲਗ ਜਾਏ ਹੈ ।

Lover carries no distinction between vice and virtue.

Mahatma Gandhi has depicted the outcome of such vagabonds. He remarked, "Not to have control over senses, is like sailing into rudderless ship bound to break into pieces on coming in contact with the first rock." No line separates between hell and heaven. There was a throw off my white straight turban. My white Kurta followed the way of turban. The coat, the *pantaloons* and *Thokwi* turban took their place. With the change of head gear the screws of my head got loose. I took the path that led to the thorny jungle where the life got polluted, where there is nothing but shame only. It struck to me a visit to Ganka Puri.

The rest of the senses said ditto. I dressed myself like the Prince of Wales and entered Ajamal Bazar (Prostitute Den). A middle aged man drew nearer me and slammed. He said to me. "You are in search of a beloved." I nodded in positive. The man rose up to the seventh heaven and smiles ran over his face. He said "Sardar Sahib! Paradise flower. Inder Puri Ki *apachhara* wash her feet" Well, a contact was made. I entered the

fiery hearth and returned black-faced.

After a few days, a new idea ran through my mind and I made up my mind to go to Muradabad. At the same time, a new mischief struck into my head. That I should go there in the Namdhari dress. With these dirty thoughts I went to sleep. To my surprise in deep slumber, the Master of Skies, whom I had left in anguish, appeared before me in the dream. I was treading along with road, when a Mercedes Car stopped near me. Gurmukh Singh, the driver took the car to the Petrol Pump for the fuel and Shri Satguru Ji stepped out of the car and came to me. But I the fool of the first water did not care at all. Without giving me any chance, He took hold of my shoulders. I turned my face but Satguru is Satguru. His grace is boundless. It is he who always takes care of his followers and tries to save them falling into misdeeds. My miseries turned into silvery light.

In a funny way he enquired of me, "Oh You Kid: how are you going on?"

Since how long you have been here?"

"About six months."

"Are you totally shameproof?"

I hung down my head and slowly murmured, "My Lord! I am yours. When you desire, your goodness may set me right."

"Alright, think over it" saying so he re-entered the car and I got awake" In the morning, every thing had fallen flat. The train was running on the same track." One Sunday, I dressed myself in the white best, put on the *echkan*, scented well and took the road that led to Muradabad. I hired a rikshaw for Veshpuri. The Police Station quite at hand. My sight searched for some help. "But O Master! No words can express the exaltation of yours. You leave no stone unturned to set your followers on the right path".

I was standing in the middle of the bazar. A handsome youth, with bright eyes drew nearer and asked me, "Do you know me?"

"No"

"But I know you well. Are you not eager to go up the Chobara?" O.K., then? Are you not ashamed of your conduct? Judge yourself. What your wearings speak? "The words, I know you. Are you not ashamed?" shook my whole body. The ground under my feet was slipping. It was like an electric shock. From head to foot I was drenched with sweat. With heavy heart I returned and passed the night sobbing and sighing.

ਹੋਸ਼ ਆਤੀ ਹੈ ਇਨਸਾਂ ਕੋ ਠੋਕਰੇ ਖਾਠੇ ਕੇ ਬਾਦ।

"Hardships bear sweet fruits".

I abused myself, saying "O foolish you are harbouring into troubled waters". Certainly you would be engulfed into whirl pools. Look! The great Lord is following you even in slumber. Can't you understand? Who warned you at Muradabad? The same voice: the same tone. Be cursed! Hell fall upon you. Now repent and bow your proud head on the feet of Great Master. Pride hath a fall".

Next morning I woke up at about three, took bath and started meditation. Thereupon, I felt lot of relief. Then I entered a wonder land and came to understand that the word WAHIGURU is Satguru Jagjit Singh. He is the living incarnation of Almighty. Every moment is under his control. I scolded Amar Singh for nothing. What he did it was all for the best. Had he not done so, I would have gone wrong. It is the kindness of the Great Master that I have been saved from falling in the ditch. I took a pen and wrote a letter to His Holiness

with the ink prepared through my tears tendering my apology. It ran thus:-

ਤੂੰ ਉਹੀ ਰਾਮ ਸਿੰਘ ਹੈ,
ਜਿਹੜਾ ਵਿਚ ਪ੍ਰੇਦੇਸੀ ਡੇਰਾ ਲਾਈ ਬੈਠਾ।
ਰਾਂਝੇ ਵਾਂਗਰਾਂ ਭੇਸ ਵਟਾ ਕੇ ਤੇ,
ਨਾਮ ਆਪਣਾ ਜਗਜੀਤ ਰਖਾਈ ਬੈਠਾ।

You are the same Ram Singh living in for-off lands,
Just as Ranjha had changed his name, similarly
Great Master Jagjit Singh has done so.

Blessings had already been there since long but they were not flowers, they were thorns. Kindness dawned. The lotion did its best. The sight became clear. The spectacles of faithlessness broke off.

O Kukas! Manifest yourself the image of Ram Singh
Your desires would be accomplished.

--Sat Guru Partap Singh Ji.

THE GUARD

Listen to me Sarpanch Sahib, I went to Ganga Nagar to purchase some goods. All day long I had been busy in the dealings. By the time the Sun was going to set, I got late. Hurriedly, I packed up the goods and arrived at the bus stand. Losing no time I entered the bus, placed the bundle under my seat and heaved a sign of relief. I bought the ticket but the conductor in harsh voice said, "Place the bundle on the top. There is no room for luggage. Though I made humble requests and offered double fare, yet he did not agree. I had to comply with the conductor."

The man whistled and the bus started. In due course it reached Mandi. This place is a sort of den for notorious people. Chetu went up the roof of the bus, threw the bundle down and made off with the goods. Reaching Karnpur, I got down the bus, went up to roof but found the bundle missing. Upon this, I lost all my senses. The bundle contained worth seventy five thousand rupees cloth and a few promissory notes. I brought it to the notice of the conductor who carelessly said, "Have you not read the notice that the passenger should keep watch over his luggage. I am not responsible for the loss. Go to the Police Station and lodge the report." Saying these words, he whistled and the bus started for the next stop.

I took a bicycle from Dewan Chand, dashed to Manali and lodged a report with the police. At first they took no notice of my request but when I greased their

palm, they sent two police men with me to search. We began to hunt from street to street for the thief. Being hungry and thirsty it got two. At last we reached the spot where the culprit was sobbing and the Lord of Sri Bhaini Sahib was having a strict watch over him. The policemen saw the vagabond, so the Great guru disappeared. The police whipped Cheta and brought him to the Police Station.

The vilion narrated the whole story with tearful eyes, saying "Sirs, allow me some time for rest at present. I am quite out of senses" After a while in a low voice he murmured and said, "When I made off with the bundle and was about to reach my hut, a man of middle size with bright eyes, in snowwhite clothes blocked my way and asked me to go to Thana. I could not proceed further, returned and chose the next street. As I stepped a short distance he again appeared and repeated the same words. My feet got heavier. From there, I turned and found the new way. For the third time, the Godman with stout men holding big clubs in their hands, roared and directed to carry out his words. Then I dared not put further a step until this Thakur and the Shah reached. O God, pardon me for my misdeeds. I am quite out of breath. I can't utter more" With these words he fell upon the feet of the Police Sub-Inspector and burst into tears. Touching his ears and rubbing his nose on the ground, he lay on the ground like a dead dog.

The Police was ready to send the case for trial but I was unwilling to do so, because they say, "If you want to have a cat for a cow, then enter the court." I pressed a ten rupee note into the hands of the Sub-Inspector, who allowed us to go.

"At home, my wife with my children was down with distress. When they saw me, their joy knew no bounds. I revealed the mishapening to them describing how the

Lord of Shri Bhaini Sahib Satguru Jagjit Singh had been awake for the whole night and looked after the goods. Dear Sarpanch Sahib I have no words to express my thanks. Let me hands pray to him with folded. Scripture has said well of Him.

ਜਾਮਿ ਗੁਰੂ ਹੋਇ ਵਲਿ ਧਨਿਹ ਕਿਆ ਗਾਰਵ ਕਿਜਿਹਿ ।
ਜਾਮਿ ਗੁਰੂ ਹੋਇ ਵਲਿ ਲਖ ਬਾਹੇ ਕਿਆ ਕਿਜਿਹਿ ।

On whose side the Great Guru is, men of wealth can not stand before Him.

On whose side the Great Master is, even persons having lacs of arms can do no harm.

DHANANTAR

Severe fever attacked me. I went to Sirsa to consult Dr. Sohan Lal MBBS. After a thorough checkup he said, "You are in time, otherwise the case would have gone worse." He gave a few capsules and tablets. As soon as I took the medicine, the light of my eyes went off. There was total darkness. Friends and relatives visited, but could extend me no help. Then again I filled my purse with currency notes and made a trip to Sirsa.

There was an eye specialist near Gowshalla. He tested my sight and suggested some lotion and medicines but it was all in vain. After a long treatment he also got disappointed and murmured, "Tehal Singh there is no alternative but an operation. Regularly go on as advised. Don't worry. Mighty God will do well. Keep this ticket. Don't miss it." In quite despair I returned. My whole family was driven into the well of sorrow and grief. My life partner fell into a swoon. All around me was disappointment only.

In this sea of sorrow, a gleam of light peeped into my heart. I asked Amarjit Kaur to go to Sri Jivan Nagar and see Bebe Dalip Kaur to save us from the whirlpool of hopelessness. She faithfully, with her mother proceeded to Sri Jiwan Nagar. But they were being crushed under heavy load thinking who would care for us? None would allow us to draw near the gate. What would we do there? O God! Listen to us.

As they arrived at the holy town, Bebe Dalip Kaur, the pious lady, greeted them warmly and said, "You are

fortunate. H.H. Satguru Jagjit Singh is at Mastan Garh. Hasten." They again made a request to accompany them in that hour of need and pray Satguruji for them but the kind lady gave us all sort of assurance and advised to reach there. Both the ladies again started on the new journey."

Under heavy heart they reached Mustangarh and beheld the Great Master on the roof of Bungalow and signalled to come in. There was a big gathering. Some were eager to have Darshan, some to solve their own problems. Hustle and bustle was in full swing. The Lord descended from the roof and all at once asked for *Ardas* for *Nitname*.

After *Nitname*, trembling they rose and gave details of the case. Satguru ji very kindly said, "There are hospitals for the ill, but I keep the medicine of Nam. Repeat it with every breath and plaster the back with cold clay and pray humbly to Sri Satguru Partap Singh. Tomorrow Sri-Asa-Divar is at Sant Nagar so report me there of experiment"

Hearing this they returned cheerfully and did as were advised. By good luck, in the morning the light reappeared. Mangal Singh, the elder brother went to report about the case. The man got to Diwan, and after salutation gently uttered that blessings had been showered. After conclusion of *Diwan* an earnest solicitation was made for me. When the whole case was laid before the Master, he said, "Don't worry. That is all. The Great Master Satguru Partap Singh is pleased. So no need to go to any Doctor."

After a few days there was a holy congregation at Nakaura. After the Bhog Satguru Jagjit Singh kindly graced the house and examined the eyes. Still there was a black spot in the eye. But Guruji said, "There is no cause of worrying. It would also drop soon." After three months I myself visited Sri Mastangarh to have a

Darshan. A shower of congratulations greeted me but bowing my head towards, I spontaneously slipped away to offer all sort of congratulations to the Master of Time.

Next year a poisonous snake bit me. Again I prayed and came to life. For six months I lay down on the bed but on high spirits. A *Diwan* was being held at Kripal Singh's house at Sri Jiwan Nagar. I attended the function and told my latest trouble. The advice was same to plaster cold clay on the bitten part and give up all ointments. I did follow as had been directed. There was great relief within a few days. The case announced 'hopeless' was healed up.

I know nothing and have no words to explain. The clay is mere useless dust; the herbs from earth are all dust. Capsules are dust. Injections, drugs and valuable ashes are dust. But the dust of His feet for divine words from nectarful lips or eye glance is *Sanjivini* and nectar. What I can say of Him is unable to pay Him homage. Even *Saraswati* is speechless. I can only utter He is *Beant! Beant-Beant!*.

KEYS HIDDEN BY LADIES

It was the month of February. The mountains after biting cold were raising their head to peep around. Snow-capped tops were looking magnificent. The warm rays of the Sun were creating wonderment in the Nature. Really it was pleasant time. In those colourful days H.H. Satguru Jagjit Singh paid a visit to Mandi. The place exhibited an extraordinary charm. The resident Sikhs humbly made a request to Satguruji with family to grace the Birthday celebration of Satguru Partap Singh which was granted.

The function was to be organised by the ladies, so it was named Maian-da-mela (Ladies-Sansmela) who contributed handsome money. The men also did not lag behind in any way and contributed generously for the celebration. The *gurudwara* was tastefully decorated. Variety of food stuffs were stored. At the scheduled time there was exchange of inward messages. Yet a telephone call gave an information that Satguruji had left for Mandi in the morning and He might reach there around mid-day. The *sangat* got excited and the gathering increased *minute by minute*. The woods around added charm. There was an exciting view. The hosts were too eager to receive. They began to sing *shabads*.

ਦੇ ਦਰਸ਼ਨ ਗੁਰ ਮੇਰੇ ਸੰਗਤਾਂ ਉਡੀਕ ਦੀਆਂ।

O Lord grant us your Darshan. All are waiting for you.

ਅਖਾਂ ਵਿਚ ਸਫੈਦੀ ਆਈ ਵੇਖਦਿਆਂ ਰਾਹ ਤੇਰਾ।

ਗੋਇਆ ਕਮਲੇ ਨੈਨ ਨਾ ਪਾਵਨ ਕੇਹਾ ਨ ਮੰਨਦੇ ਮੇਰਾ।

In your long waitings whiteness has come into eyes.
They are so restless that they insane don't obey me.

ਨਾਥ ਅਨਾਥਨ ਕੀ ਸੁਧ ਲੀਜੇ ਤੇਰੇ ਬਿਰਹਾ ਮਾਰ ਮੁਕਾਇਆ।

O Master of the masterless why are you so late.
Soon come to see how Your separation has killed us.

Meanwhile a car with a white flag came in sight. A wave of happiness passed through all minds. With smiles on face Satguru Ji stepped out of the car. The ladies garlanded the Lord turn by turn. All touched his feet and paid their respect. The Master putting on wooden sandals asked Jathedar Sewa Singh to lead chanting of Shabads. Jathedar sang at the height of happiness.

ਜਿਥੇ ਚਰਨ ਗੁਰਾਂ ਨੇ ਪਾਏ ਧਰਤੀ ਨੂੰ ਭਾਗ ਲਗ ਗਏ।

The place got virtuous on which the Lord placed his feet.

In all ecstasy they proceeded to the Gurudwara where the day's programme was announced. The gathering disbursed.

The evening session was in full swing. The hall was packed to its capacity. Satguruji in low voice said to Sant Rattan Singh to be ready with Lunger by the conclusion of the Asa-de-Var. It would be enjoyed at Manali. In no time this touched the whole hearts especially the organisers. Their heart began to sink. There was shocking silence and the ladies said to each other, "O be cursed. Have you heard some thing? He says they will take the lunger at Manali. If He goes there, what about our function?" Shakespear says, "Fragility thy

name is woman. But the great writer was mistaken there. He might be right for the western women but the east is quite opposed to this. The ancient history reveals how a lady regained sight for her father-in-law and the lost Kingdom of her spouse. It was the women in the prison of Ravana, who did not yield to the lust of the evil-designer. It was the fair sex who forced Krishna to help in the court of Kaurvas, it was a Rajput lady who with her lady friends preferred to die in Holy Fire than to fall into the clutches of Khilji. Mata Bhago, Khem Kaur and Ind Kaur were all women, who led the torch to sacrifice the youths for Dharma. Mata Hukmi made fool of cunning Britishers. It was Dani of Chamba, who jammed the wheels of car of Satguru Partap Singh. The ladies resolved not to let go Him unless he dined there. So they started a Varni with Kumbh, Dhup (essence), Dip (a ghee-lamp) etc. and began to pray every two hours. The night passed and the ladies went on with their performance.

Next morning, the Ragis came and began to sing Sri Asa-Di-Var. Some Sewadars started to prepare Lunger. Sri Satguru ji graced the Diwan and adorned his seat. Seth Trilok Singh sat by and waved *Chouri*. After a while Gurmukh Singh, the driver came with hung face, bowed before the Master and in a low voice murmured that the car did not start. He had done his best but proved in vain. Hearing so the Great Guru smiled and pointed him to seat. The murmur also reached the women folk, who were overjoyed.

After Asa-di-Var, Gurmukh Singh with folded hands intimated the whole case. Seth Jaimal Singh taking advantage of the time stepped forward and solicited to grace homes of the disciples. The request was granted and the Sangat shouted with joy.

After breakfast, His Holiness paid the visit in the

homes of the beloved devotees. During this time Jathedar Piara Singh with his wife also reached. Having Darshan their joy knew no bounds. They narrated their sorrowful tale in tears. They hastened to the Varni site and expressed congratulations to them.

After the gracious visit of the homes, Satguru Ji asked for Langar. While enjoying the Prashad, the Ladies at Varni were scene. The Lord enquired, "For what purpose they were performing Varni?" Rattan Singh told the whole story. On knowing your trip to Manali they started worshipping. Hearing so, Satguru Ji also shared the smiles and said, how could the car start when the keys were with the ladies. His Holiness took lunch and car started. The Holy party left for Manali. The Varni also came to close. In the evening session the Ragis sang:

ਵਿਛੋੜਾ ਕਿਸੇ ਦੇ ਪੇਸ਼ ਨਾ ਪੈ ਜਾਵੇ,

ਕਿਸੇ ਦਾ ਮਾਹੀ ਪ੍ਰਦੇਸ਼ ਨਾ ਜਾਵੇ।

O God Let none suffer separation of a lover and no beloved might go abroad.

The sun was quite in haste to enter the western zone, when Satguru Ji returned after consoling the pain-stricken followers of Manali. Night also was spent in praise of Satguru Partap Singh. Next morning the routine was carried on as usual and at the end a good number of *Bhogs* of the Adi Granth were ceremonised. Showering blessings the Lord took seat in the car. Mata Chand Kaur seated herself beside. In sweet words Satguru Jagjit Singh ji said, "Maio! Don't hide the keys again. We are to cover a long journey." Hearing those jolly words all entered in realm of bliss. The car wheeled off. The Hills rang with cries of Sat Sri Akal.

Since long I have been trying to sink the differences

between the Hindus and the Sikhs. Several conferences have been convened and much more done in this regard yet they are watering the seeds of discord sown by the foreigners. If I do a mistake, you may point it to me, not in taunting way but in a friendly manner, not in abusing terms, nor in hatred, but with love and affection.

--Satguru Partap Singh Ji.

A COUPLE OF GEESE

ਜਨਮ ਜਨਮ ਕੀ ਇਸ ਮਨ ਕਉ ਮਲ ਲਾਗੀ ਕਾਲਾ ਹੋਆ ਸਿਆਹ ।
ਖੰਨਲੀ ਧੋਤੀ ਉਜਲੀ ਨ ਹੋਵਈ ਜੇ ਸਉ ਧੋਵਣਿ ਪਾਹੁ ।
ਗੁਰ ਪ੍ਰਸਾਦੀ ਜੀਵਤ ਮਰੈ ਉਲਟੀ ਹੋਵੈ ਮਤਿ ਬਦਲਾਹੁ ।
ਨਾਨਕ ਮੈਲੁ ਨ ਲਗਾਈ ਨ ਫਿਰ ਜੋਨੀ ਪਾਹੁ ।

ਮਹਲਾ-3—652

The mind has been polluted through birth after birth
so it has become totally dark

Like a Khanly that does not get washed even after
a hundred washes.

By the Grace of Guru if one dies in life, gains
wisdom,

Nanak Says then there is neither dirt nor birth of
cycle at all.

I passed the Middle Standard Examination and felt
as haughty as prince. In 1948 I flew to Nairobi and
joined an electrical company. Too much of money
changed my mind as well. In those days the Municipal
Corporation Complex was a den of culprits of the first
rate. As one devil feels delighted to meet another devil,
so I got associated with those fellows. We knew nothing
more than eating, drinking and sex. Fortunately my grand
mother Bholi was a pious lady, who had been busy in
Naam Simran all day long. Her kind association helped
me read Shri Japuji Sahib and Sukhmani Sahib.

In those days some times I used to visit a Singh Sabha

Grurudwara, where the Guruship on the Holy Granth was emphasized. They openly declared there was no living Guru. Such sermons though disturbed me, yet I could not cut off myself from them. Reading the Holy Granth I came across a Shabad which reads as under:

ਮਨਮੁਖ ਸੇਤੀ ਦੋਸਤੀ ਬੋਹੜਿਆਂ ਦਿਨ ਚਾਰਿ ।
ਉਹ ਪਰੀਤੀ ਤੁਟਦੀ ਵਿਲਮ ਨ ਹੋਵਈ
ਇਹ ਦੋਸਤੀ ਚਲਨਿ ਵਿਕਾਰ ।
ਜਿਨਾਂ ਅੰਦਰ ਸਚੇ ਕਾ ਭਾਉ ਨਾਹੀ, ਨਾਮ ਨ ਕਰਹਿ ਪਿਆਰ ।
ਨਾਨਕ ਤਿਨ ਸਿਉ ਕਿਆ ਕੀਜੈ ਦੋਸਤੀ
ਜੋ ਆਪ ਭੁਲਾਇ ਕਰਤਾਰਿ ।

The friendship with waywards is quite temporary.
It takes no time in breaking off and with such
friendship wickedness breeds.

They, who have no love for Nam,
Nanak says, there is no goodness with such friends.
They have been misled by the Creator.

To show right path to the waywards, Satguru Jagjit Ji paid a visit to Nairobi in 1962. So the Namdharis set up a grand Pandal. It struck to me to attend the Diwan of Kukas. But on the other hand there was constant fear from my degraded mates. At the same time the Singh Sabhias also organised a function in their temple to lessen the importance of this heavenly congregation. Gyani Amolak Singh from Darauislam was specially invited. Gurbani Kirtan was in full swing when the preacher reached the Gurudwara gate. Hearing his arrival the audience rushed to the gate to receive him. This shocked me. I thought over it again and again, what sort of this Guru was, when leaving alone most of the members went to receive one preacher. The Gyani ji

entered the hall and the cries of Sat Sri Akal were raised.

Bibi Rajinder Kaur, the State Secretary delivered a provoking welcome address. The audience gave the response. But truly speaking, it had no effect on my mind. After her, Gyani Amolak Singh rose up and in soft words said, "Those, who repeat Nam we may respect them as saints and may address as Baba or Sant, but pay no regard as a Guru. The speech was an eye wash. He was presented with a gold handled sword and a tape recorder. After the speech the Ragis sang:

ਗੁਰ ਸੇਵਾ ਤੇ ਸੁਖ ਉਪਜੈ, ਫਿਰਿ ਦੁਖਿ ਨ ਲਗੈ ਆਇ ।
ਜੀਮਣ ਮਰਣਾ ਮਿਟਿ ਗਿਆ, ਕਾਲੇ ਕਾ ਕਿਛ ਨ ਬਸਾਇ ।
ਹਰਿ ਸੇਤੀ ਮਨ ਰਵਿ ਰਿਹਾ, ਸਚੇ ਰਹਿਆ ਸਮਾਇ ।
ਨਾਨਕ ਹਉ ਬਲਹਾਰੀ ਤਿਨ ਕਉ ਜੋ ਚਲਨਿ ਸਤਿਗੁਰ ਭਾਇ ।
(ਮ:3 652)

Service of the Guru bestows comfort, No hardship can obstruct.

Neither cycle of death and birth nor the fear of time occur.

The mind enjoys the sweetness of Almighty, mingling with him.

Nanak says he sacrifices for those, who in accordance the will of the great Guru, spend their time by surrendering to Him.

On the other hand I stealthily used to attend the Namdhari Diwans and enjoyed the Darshan of Satguruji. At the end, I was conclusively satisfied that the path of the Namdhari was right. In one of the Sikh temples a Diwan was organised. Suba Darshan Singh addressed the congregation. His expression was nectarful. He lit

the inner corner of the mind. After him Pandit Gopal Singh took turn. He forcefully said:

ਜਿਹ ਮੁਮਕਿਨ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਕੋਹਿਗ੍ਰਾਂ ਫੂਕੋਂ ਸੇ ਹਿਲ ਜਾਏ ।
ਜਿਹ ਮੁਮਕਿਨ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਕੋਈ ਫੂਲ ਬਿਨਾ ਮੌਸਿਮ ਖਿਲ ਜਾਏ ।
ਜਿਹ ਮੁਮਕਿਨ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਧਾਗੇ ਸੇ ਨਦੀ ਕਾ ਪੇਟ ਸਿਲ ਜਾਏ ।
ਹਲਾਹਲ ਸੇ ਸਿਆਮੇ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਮੁਮਕਿਨ ਹੈ ਮਿਲ ਜਾਏ ।
ਮਗਰ ਜਿਹ ਨਾ-ਮੁਮਕਿਨ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਗੁਰੂ ਬਿਨ ਗਿਆਨ ਮਿਲ ਜਾਏ ।

It is possible that a lofty mountain may shake with one's breath.

It is possible that a flower may bloom out of season

It is possible a rivulet may be crossed with a piece of thread.

It is also possible that one may get life by sipping poison.

But it is beyond possibility to gain wisdom without the Guru.

The Third Guru has given his opinion about the subject:-

ਗੁਰ ਬਿਨ ਗਿਆਨ ਨ ਹੋਵਈ ਨ ਸੁਖ ਵਸੈ ਆਇ ।
ਨਾਨਕ ਨਾਮ ਵਿਹੁਣੇ ਮਨਮੁਖੀ ਜਾਸਨ ਜਨਮ ਗਵਾਇ ।

Neither knowledge nor peace of mind can be obtained without the Guru.

Nanak says without Nam the waywards lose the game of life.

Before concluding his speech, Pandit Ji made an announcement that whosoever wished to board the ship of Guru Nanak, under the command of Satguru Ram Singh ji, might have tickets from Satguru Jagjit Singh. Trembling with fear I encouraged to stand up in the queue to

purchase one. With great love Pandit Ji pronounced Nam into my ears. This totally changed my mind and soul. A list for the Holy Darshan was going to be prepared. A desire for the noble task shot up. The request was granted and the Master visited the house. The Lord of Cheerfulness, smilingly enquired of me, if I had been in the habit of meat eating. Hearing those words a black film of my misdeeds passed before my eyes. The chickens and lambs choked my throat. Surat Singh standing by, making a fun of me said, "Oh my lord, don't ask him this. He swallows without tearing the feathers." But the gate of blessings when opens, none dares to stand in the way. The master very kindly said, "All right! Don't do so in future." Then and there I placed my head on his feet and the Lord passed his holy hand on my back. At that time a wave of pleasure ran through my body.

At that time the great lord asked me to bathe from head to toe and concentrate on Nam. I could say nothing but said 'Oh God bestow your blessings, then all will be O.K.' The Great master visited my dwelling and I was over- brimmed me with gladness. My better half proved better than I, and making a fun said that I had Nam from Pandit, she would receive it from Satguru Ram Singh ji. The all-knowing Satguruji granted her wish. Modern age people think little of the glory of the past and cast a critical glance over the rich history. They ask why Lord Krishana was having 60 thousands Gopies. Today I am quite confident and my personal experience sheds all shadows of disbelief.

In this *Kaljug* my *Bhagwan* Satguru Jagjit Singh had dispelled my doubts covering a long distance from Bhaini Sahib to this land of Blacks leaving behind high mountains, deep seas, and thick forests.

The Namdhari Sangat Nairobi had solicited for Holy Darshan. So all the members of community were to

contribute according to their resources. Unfortunately on hearing so, I fell into the sea of suspicion, and felt giddy. Again and again a silly thought disturbed me, that in the past Guru Nanak on the plea of Bebe Nanaki reached Sultanpur from Macca in no time; Guru Tegh Bahadur pulled out the ship of Makhan Shah from the stormy whirls; great Satguru Ram Singh saved Bhai Rai Singh from a dreadful lion, similarly lord of Virtues, Satguru Partap Singh protected Dalip Singh of Hissar from the leopard in Himachal Pradesh at mid-night.

It is strange here they are collecting contribution for the trip. Whole day long I spent in ups and downs. At last the mighty sun hid himself behind the black clouds. After the night prayer I went to bed. At mid night I tore the blanket of night, took bath, placed the Gharwa with water near me and engaged in Nam. Charan Kaur, my wife, Bibi Joginder Kaur, daughter all followed me. In no time we were in the world of bliss. Only half an hour had passed when the sound of moving wheels entered my ears. The rays of light also followed. At that time I was neither asleep nor in a dream. I thought Suba Darshan Singh from Kampala had returned. In those days the gentle man was putting up in our flat. Meanwhile the sound that cracked into my ears was of the door opening. The steps on wooden sandals were heard. Thereafter whole room was flooded with heavenly light. To my surprise the embodiment of sobriety, humility and piety, whose pen-portrait has been drawn by Sh. Pritam Singh Kavi, was standing before me:-

ਇਹ ਸੋਮਾ ਹੈ ਪਿਆਰਾਂ ਦਾ।
 ਖਿਮਾਂ, ਸੀਤਲਤਾ, ਸੁਚ ਸੰਜਮ, ਘੇਰਾ ਇਹਦੇ ਦੀਦਾਰਾਂ ਦਾ।
 ਤਪਤ ਬੁਝੇ ਤਨ, ਮਨ ਤੇ ਧਨ ਦੀ, ਪਾ ਝਲਕਾ ਇਕ ਵਾਰਾਂ ਦਾ।
 ਦੁਖ ਭੁਲਦੇ ਸੁਖ ਸਹਿਜ ਉਪਜਦੇ, ਰਸ ਮਿਲਦਾ ਫੁਹਾਰਾਂ ਦਾ।

ਸੂਖਮ, ਕੋਮਲ, ਸਦਾ ਸੁਗੰਧਿਤ, ਮਹਿਰਮ ਦਿਲ ਦੀਆਂ ਤਾਰਾਂ ਦਾ।
 ਮਨੁਖਤਾ ਦੇ ਬੂਟੇ ਉਤੇ, ਮਹਿਕਿਆ ਪੁਸ਼ਪ ਬਹਾਰਾਂ ਦਾ।

The fount of love, forgiveness, coolness, purity plays around us. His divine glance is soothing to body as well as soul. Pains vanish and comforts dwell in place. Tender, soft, and over-scented is knower of the currents of the heart. This flower of spring blooms on the top of the tree of humanity.

When I looked up I saw my Lord. The scene opened the entrance of the wonderland where the members of the family swam into the sea of gladness. While the castles of suspicion were raised to the ground, the thick pillars of sin cracked down, shook heavily at the end and fell on the ground:-

ਫੂਟੇ ਆਂਡਾ ਭਰਮ ਕਾ ਮਨਹਿ ਭਇਆ ਪ੍ਰਗਾਸ।
 ਕਾਟੀ ਬੇੜੀ ਪਗਹਿ ਤੇ ਗੁਰ ਕੀਨੀ ਬੰਦ ਖਲਾਸ।

The shell of Ego or delusion has burst.
 Mind is flooded with light.
 The Guru has broken the fetters of the captive soul.
 Since then, no flaw, only the stream of faith runs through the valley and dale.

--Guru Arjun Dev Ji

REVIVAL OF DISTRESSED SOUL

Mandi is a paradise. It is neither cold nor hot. The river Biyas runs through the city winding up and down and singing sweetly. The dwellers of the hilly state are simple and poor. A Historic Gurudwara of Guru Gobind Singh also stands on the left bank of Biyas. The dwelling place of Satguru Partap Singh attracts lacs of Namdharies. Moreover godly people in white clothes with white heart, present the scene of golden age.

From Mandi a road leads to Kulu, the Garden of Apples. Manali, the queen of hills situated about eighteen miles from Mandi. Snowy peaks greet the tourist. On the hills spreads Brahmi Booti. In this National park there is Bichu Booti to warn the passers-by to walk carefully. Palk the pain healer of the Bichu Booti also heads up. Its massage grants total relief. The nature is bountiful but the dwellers with their domestic animals are victims of poverty and grief. On the other hand the ponies, the animals of load, are quite satisfied with their lot. They cover the long journey trotting better than horses that live on grams.

Satguru is always kind to his followers. He gave them a chance to enjoy this pleasant scenery of hill stations. It was June 1963 when the great lord Satguru Jagjit Singh Ji with Pandit Gopal Singh, Gian Singh, Daan Singh the musicians, Dr. Tirlok Singh, Amar Bharti, Sadhu Singh of The Sant Engineering Works Jalandhar, Mit Singh of Delhi and myself accompanied

him on the trip. A few youths from Mandi joined us to help this expedition.

At Kulu, we had to go through a book. After the morning *diwan* there was discussion on the book. At mid-day the party enjoyed dips in the Biyas. Some swam, some washed their clothes and after it, we attended the *Nitname*. At 5 P.M. there was *Shabad Kirtan*. It was so sweet and melodious that even the birds enjoyed and kept silent. Cow herds drew closer. From there we proceeded to Manali. The place is very pleasant. The scenery was so charming that Taran Singh Vehami could not help uttering "*Wah Manali, Wah Manali, Karma Wali*."

From Manali the party reached Rohila, from where a few ponies were hired for the load. The horses were without saddles and reins. Pandit Gopal Singh as well as myself got down the horses, and preferred to go on foot. The party met at Murri. There we had a lunch, took rest for a while and restarted on journey. The men on foot travelled on the road side, while Guru Jagjit Singh left the road and climbed the steep hills. He could climb the hills as comfortably as one walks on the road. He was the first to reach the Rohtang Pass. Whosoever reached there the gracious Lord offered raisins and cashew nuts. With heavy heart I bowed near and touched his feet. Smilingly he enquired, "Master Ji, do you know why this place is called Rohtang." I was as mum as stone due to tiredness, and was searching for few words to answer, but the lord himself gave the reply "Master Ji, it is so because here *tangan rodian han*, that is, one gets too tired to go further. The pass is at the height of 12500 feet from the sea level. From here, slope starts. People there asked us to leave the place soon as at midday the cold wave begins to blow. After mid-day no man can stand outside.

There was a narrow footpath on the snow and tourists had to tread very carefully. Gurdev Singh said to me, "Master Ji, don't quicken your pace. Mind yourself. Keep steady," Mitt Singh tumbled down and rolled on the snow. All enjoyed his fall. Satguru Ji was tireless and all smiles. There was a water fall on the way that attracted him great. So he put off his clothes and had shower bath. There he did his Nam Simran for an hour. Gulzar Singh was holding *Choury*, but I feared he would drown in the Chanab, as he was feeling sleepy. But the kind chief tourist saved him from having a fall only hitting him with his lovely rosary. Good God the party reached Kok Sar at 6, about three thousand feet down the Rotang pass.

At KokSar there stands a rest house S. Sadhu Singh approached the incharge and gave the detailed information about the party. He warmly welcomed. Being badly tired, every one hid oneself into whatever he could lay his hands on. Dr. Tirlok Singh suffered from fever. But he was O.K. after taking tub bath. The words are insufficient to express the sincerity, activity, and humility of Rattan Singh who having covered ten miles on foot, prepared food for about fifteen people in quite cheerfulness.

After midnight His Holiness took bath, stealthily entered the general room and woke Gian Singh and Dan Singh for Asa the War. Everyone inclines towards his own taste. A tourist is after charming scene. A glutton is fond of food. A joker feels fooleries. Similarly godly men keep their high ideals in their programme. After taking breakfast, all were ready for the last destination. All the tourists wanted to return after visiting the Rohtang pass but this holy expeditionary had no end. Two jeeps were hired and journey started along the right bank of the river Chanab flowing between two giant mountains. On the left side there was rock on which

something was written but none could make out the contents.

As we crossed the Bhaga there stood Keylong surrounded by big tall trees, awaiting to receive us.

The town is a sub-division with Govt. Treasury and industrial training institute (ITI) for the Laholas. The area gets more of snow fall and almost no rains. As we entered the training centre a young man with pink turban was seen. He was astonished to see us, thinking if we had dropped from the sky. Dressed white from head to foot made him recall his glorious past. How the great master Satguru Partap Singh had pulled him out of dirty ditch, when two souls in one body, were joined and saved them from the flames of hell. Being far away from the saintly association and having little knowledge of the present Guru, Satguru Jagjit Singh Ji, he had gone astray from the right path. Yet the youth bowed his head and paid salutation when Pandit Gopal Singh revealed him about the holy guest. The young man fell upon His feet and begged to grace his hut. The long trip came to an end. Satguru ji enquired of him.

"Do you eat meat?"

The man trembled from head to foot and said, 'Yes'

"Then no need for my visit."

My Lord here the cold is too severe to bear, only such edibles keep the residents of the place fit."

"I don't want to hear any excuse."

Pandit ji took the advantage of the time and made him agree to 'never to take meat in future.' Satguru ji then responded to his request by paying a visit to his house.

The man hastened towards his lodge and all of us followed. He led us to a wooden chamber, where his life companion was awaiting him. Kartar Kaur got surprised to see so many of us. Joginder Singh told his wife about Satguru Jagjit Singh Ji. Then her joy knew

no bounds and forgot all formalities. She spread a blue sheet on the Charpai. The master took away the covering and sat on the cot. The couple made a simple offering from the core of their heart and tendered apology. But the Satguru ji, in his sweet words, murmured that the forgiver is one Satguru Partap Singh. Do not touch meat in future.

"O.K. my Lord."

Then Satguru ji addressed Kartar Kaur if she had the *Churidar Pajama*, 'Yes',

"Do you know Ardas"

"My Lord Yes."

"Pandit Ji, add Satguru Partap Singh Ji's name in the daily Ardass. Pandit Ji did accordingly. When the chief guest was to return, Kartar Kaur could not help bursting into tears. A flood of dispassion was overflowing the banks. She went on uttering "Oh Gracious Lord ! Your exaltation is beyond expression, You have showered cold water upon my burning soul. Since long I have not been able to sleep, neither at night nor in the day. Over again and again there was a pinch in my heart that forgetting the glorious past, my husband had fallen to meat eating. Oh Satguru Partap Singh where should I go. My parents made him hold my hand. Giving up association of the geese, he had joined the crows. Parents house was left for the in-laws; what should I do now? There are neither parents nor in-laws. Before whom I should make my heavy heart light? Day and night I prayed and made the crow fly. Very often, I drowned into the sea of doubts thinking it is the Kaljug. Who will come to rescue? Times had gone when the Gurus or Peer used to come to save in the hour of need. No hope at all Certainly I would breathe my last in despair. But my Lord, you are great! You are true Guru of the time. You are omnipresent, and knower of the inner world. You are

the supplier of food to the insects in rocks. Your face tells, you are the same who revived Ahalya from stone. You are the Murli Manohar, who rushed from Mathura to save the honour of Daropati. You are the brother of Nanaki who covered a long distance from Mecca on her request. You are the Lord of Miri Piri who had paid a visit to Kashmir to have a garment woven of indigenous cloth. You are the Rider of Ranjit, who blessed Mata Dani peace of Heart. You are great; Your exaltation is far beyond words. Falling upon his feet, she went on uttering, *Beant, Beant, Beant*.

MOULA

ਸੋਈ ਮੋਲਾ ਜਿਨਿ ਜਗ ਮਝੁਲਿਆ ਹਰਿਆ ਕੀਆ ਸੰਸਾਰ।
ਆਬ ਖਾਕ ਜਿਨੇ ਬਨ ਰਹਾਇ ਧੰਨ ਸਿਰਜਨ ਹਾਰੇ।

Moula is he who created the wonderful universe. All thanks to Him, the doer of combination of water and clay.

Love is limit-less. The sensible have no wings to fly with him. Mian Fazal Muhammad was a true Moman, having beard on the face and Tusbi in hand. But in his heart dwelled Satguru Partap Singh. Mian resided at Sri Bhaini Sahib and was ever busy in repairs of stringed Instruments. The Vocal instruments manufactured by him played sweetly. Ustad Harnam Singh named his products Sawan and Bhadon.

Most of his time was spent on repair, yet he attended the Diwans where he bowed most respectfully to Satguru Partap Singh and returned after a while. In his hut he either counted beads or remained busy in repairs.

One day, the Holy Master asked Sant Bahadur Singh to pour *Gur Mantar* into his ears. It was done there and then. Since then, the Mian enjoyed in the sea of happiness. Day by day he ascended higher and higher into vast realm of spiritualism. Independence day dawned but by the crooked policy of the foreign communal flames engulfed the nation. The smoke of sorrow touched the sky. With the shrills of innocent children and the widows; the atmosphere became gloomy. The grand palaces were razed to the ground. During this chaos,

Mian's sons came to Sri Bhaini Sahib and requested him to accompany them to Pakistan. His reply was "Dear sons! Sri Bhaini Sahib is a fear-free land in the world. The Holy place is guarded by the angels. It is no less than a paradise. You may go if you desire, I will die here". They did not listen to him and took him to Pakistan. While departing, he collected the dust of the street, put it into one bag and reached Lahore in tears.

How can the love-strickens take rest? He was quite motionless. He lived in Lahore with his mind in Sri Bhaini Sahib. A sleep or awake he viewed the angels carrying the throne of Satguru Partap Singh on their shoulders. He also envisioned the sun and the moon, like big balls in the lap of his sons. Lahore for him was like a deserted place. Sometimes he wept and sometimes lightened his heart by singing such separational songs :-

(a) ਦਿਲ ਲਾ ਲਿਆ ਬੇ ਪ੍ਰਵਾਹ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ,
ਦੀਨ ਦੁਨੀ ਦੇ ਸ਼ਾਹ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ।

(b) ਆ ਮਿਲ ਮੇਰੇ ਰਾਂਝਣਾ, ਡੁਬੀ ਹੀਰ ਗਮਾਂ ਵਿਚ।

(c) ਵੇ ਜਾਨੀਆਂ, ਇਕ ਫੇਰਾ ਪਾ ਜਾ। ਵੇ ਸੁਹਣਿਆਂ, ਮੇਰਾ
ਦਿਲ ਪ੍ਰਚਾ ਜਾ। ਵੇ ਚੰਨਣਾ, ਚੰਨ ਮੁਖੜਾ ਵਿਖਾ ਜਾ।

(a) O My God! I attached myself with the Lord of carelessness, the Master of earth and heaven.

(b) O My Ranjha, visit your grief-stricken Heer. She is drowning.

(c) My beloved, make a round here. O my Moon! Let me have a glance of your beautiful face. O my Chum, set my mind on the path of satisfaction.

The age-stricken Mian ever swept in such troubled

waves. He himself fluttered and made others fluttering. All India Radio Jalandhar in sad tune announced the demise of Satguru Partap Singh, the Emperor of lacs of hearts. He had left for his heavenly abode. Hearing the news, Fazal mohammad got upset and fell into a swoon. Since then his eyes went on raining. At last, the light of his eyes left him for good. In order to lessen his pain, he dropped painful words in ink prepared with tears to the Present Lord Satguru Jagjit Singh.

My Dear Beant Patshah! Accept the humble submission of your slave. Alas! Master of the Skies has chosen heavenly throne. So kind master, have mercy upon me. The departure from Shri Bhaini Sahib made me like a fish out of water. No wink of sleep at night or day. Lahore is like a thorny trap for me. I am as restless as snake an injured. The Cobra of separation hisses. My bones are burning, blood is boiling; the heart is roasting, the screws of the brain have gone lose. Like mads, I talk non-sense. It would have been far better if this slave had breathed his last there. What is good of that life which does not enjoy the pleasant glimpse of his beloved. My Lord you know Sassi roasted in desert uttering *Punu-Punu*, Sohni lost her life into swelling waves of chenab, crying *Mahiwal-Mahiwal*, Grief can't be shared by brother or sister. May God curse those leaders with farsightedness, who had destroyed the flourishing land by creating a charm between brother and brother and divided the waters. Sri Bhaini Sahib is a living paradise. Gods dwell there. But unluckily I remain here. The pitch dark of separation is on the zenith. Oh kind Master! Bless me with patience. My dear.

ਮੁਝ ਕੋ ਤੂਫਾਨੋਂ ਸੇ ਬਚਾ ਲੋ, ਗਿਰ ਰਹਾ ਹੂੰ।
ਆਪ ਕਾ ਹੀ ਹੂੰ ਨਾਮ ਲੇਵਾ, ਹੋ ਰਹੀ ਮੇਰੀ ਖਸਤਾ ਹਾਲੀ।

Save me from the whirls of grief in which I am drowning. I am your slave growing from bad to worse.

Now I am on the last legs. None knows, when the god of Death throws me into sea of nothingness. Kindly grant me your Darshan. I make earnest request to God of death to spare my life for a few days more. For God's sake O my messenger,

ਮੇਰੀ ਪਰੇਸ਼ਾਨੀਆਂ ਨਾ ਉਸ ਸੇ ਕਹਿਨਾ,
ਸੁਨੇਗੇ ਵੁਹ, ਤੋ ਵੁਹ ਬੀ ਪਰੇਸ਼ਾਨ ਹੋਗੇ।

Don't convey my distress to him. On knowing it, he would also feel perplexed.

Yours humblest slave,
Fazal Muhammad, Lahore.

The Letter reached Sri Bhaini Sahib, Gurdev Singh opened it and read out the contents to his Holiness Satguru Jagjit Singh Ji, who at once got ready to proceed to Lahore, like mother rushes to her hungry babe crying for milk, like cow to feed her blowing heifer pulls the tether; like Lord Krishana knowing the arrival of his old classmate Sudama had dashed towards the gate.

The car reached the Indo-Pak border where after formal check-up, the party crossed the border. There a good number of receptionists were seen awaiting. The Pakistanis were quite surprised to see the white clad tourists proceeding to the city of Lahore. The car reached the door of Mian. Fazal Mohammad A warm welcome was accorded with due respect and touching of holy feet. The Mian was putting up in the first floor, where the great Guru entered the room. The Mian hurriedly clamped the feet of his Chief Guest who sat on the chair and the latter began to relate the agony of his heart to lighten

the pain. During his narration he suddenly took hold of the arm placing his hand on the shoulder and remarked, It is Meem. Then holding the elbow, he pronounced Hai. Closing the fist he uttered again Meem. At the last point of the wrist he said Dal. O learned Pandit ji, does it not spell Mohmad Rasuh Allah, the Messenger of God. With these words he again lay down on the ground.

The Lord passed his pious hand on his back and the old man was up again. Pandit Gopal Singh with low voice asked, "Mianji, who had taught you this lesson?" Mian re-continued saying "My dear Pandit! Listen to me attentively. You are a great scholar. At Sri Bhaini Sahib, I used to view a crowd of angels around Satguru Partap Singh always waiting for his orders. One day Rattan Singh was washing his feet. The water drops from the feet were dripping down. This slave was also sitting nearby. As he took off the turban to wipe up, hastily I caught a few drops and sipped them up. Then and there a flood of light illuminated my heart." Hearing the tale of the blind aged, men sitting nearby looked like lifeless stones as they were in deep valley of bliss. Mian made a present of dry fruit. The true Guru took a few pieces, blessed the Mian with a robe and some money. The saviour of the poor descended the stairs, and seated himself into the car. The by-standers with rolling tears bowed the head and followed the car running towards Wagha. As they crossed the border gate, the tears of the goodbye-bidders rolled down into the lap of the mother land. Sri Satguru ji reached Sri Bhaini Sahib and the Mian fell down in *Sajda*.

WELCOMING WOES

ਸੰਤ ਕਾ ਮਿਲਾਪ ਤੀਨ ਤਾਪ ਹੂੰ ਕੇ ਦੂਰ ਕਰੇ,
ਪਾਪ ਤੇ ਸਰਾਪ ਸਭ ਰੋਗ ਸੋਗ ਨਸਦਾ।
ਸੰਤ ਕਰਤੇ ਉਪਕਾਰ ਚਾਲ ਚਲਤ ਬਿਹੰਗਮ ਕੀ,
ਜਹਾਂ ਪਗ ਧਰੇ ਮੇਘ ਮੇਹਰ ਦਾ ਵਰਸਦਾ।
ਹੋਣਹਾਰ ਟਾਲੇ ਸੰਤ, ਮੋਇਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਜਵਾਲੇ ਸੰਤ,
ਸੰਤ ਕੇ ਛਡਾਏ ਫੇਰ ਫਾਹੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਫਸਦਾ।
ਸੰਤ ਕੀ ਮਹਿਮਾ ਜਾਣ ਰਹੇ ਸਾਧ ਜਨ,
ਮਹਿਮਾ ਹੈ ਅਗਾਧ ਬੋਧ ਬੇਦ ਨਹੀਂ ਦਸਦਾ।

The association of a saint drives away three fevers. Sins, curse, illness, sadness go as well.

The saints do obligations winding up like a snake, Whereever they stay they shower grace.

Even a saint may bring life to a dead body as he is able to divert predestination.

The dignity of a sage is too difficult to explain. It is the saint who can speak of himself but not the four Vedas.

Bura Dulla in Pakistan reminds us of a happening rare in this world of materialism. Once a clean-shaved Sadhu went to the village and asked the villagers to set up a flour grinding machine for their good. All the residents welcomed the suggestion save the husband of Basant Kaur. The divine traveller cursed the disagreeing soul to suffer from leprosy. Saying these words the holy man returned with heavy heart. The curse captivated the

family so every new born babe suffered from the disease and passed away in the prime of youth. Then the grief-stricken family was every gloomy and disgusted. After a long pause a boy grew up into youth but the curse also made him its prey. The mother could not tolerate this miserable condition and requested a number of physicians, *mullans* and *yogis* to fill her bowl, but none was able to cure the youth. At last she approached Sant Jiwan Singh Mirja Walia, the ascetic of the time. With tears in her eyes she narrated her agony. Hearing the sorrowful tale the saint got compassionate and gave the word to do his best. From there he went to Ghona Watala Distt. Sialkot, where his sister resided. The lady greeted the brother warmly and served him the best. After a while the divine person opened his heart to her and told his wishes. Hearing the demand the lady shook with fear and fell in the depth of dilemma. Having come to know she said, "My dear saintly brother! I am ready to bow before your will but at the same time I strongly entreat you not to give my daughter to Basant Kaur the cursed family." The wise man said, "I have given the word to wed her son. Now it is too difficult for me to go back upon my word. But the lady affectionately said, "How can I throw my daughter into the deserted well?"

The saint said, "Don't worry I will take leprosy upon myself. Your daughter will enjoy a happy life". Hearing these words, the lady agreed to. The marriage took place and the bride was received gracefully. Sant ji carried out his routine and prayed to Satguru ji to cure the ill-fated youth and let him suffer the disease of the young. In a few days his humble sincere request was approved. The young man got relieved of the fatal disease and the kind Sant suffered the pain and passed away in his stead. Guru Arjan Dev has rightly said,

ਸਾਧ ਕੀ ਮਹਿਮਾ ਬਰਨੈ ਕਉਨ ਪ੍ਰਾਣੀ ।
ਨਾਨਕ ਸਾਧ ਕੀ ਸੇਭਾ ਪ੍ਰਭ ਮਾਹਿ ਸਮਾਣੀ ।

Nanak says a saint's commendation is inexpressible.
It is mingled with almighty God.

With folded hands pray to God for mercy so that you may act upon his commands on contemplation of Nam and reading of Scriptures.

--Satguru Partap Singh Ji.

SHEET-ROLE DESTROYED

Partap Singh, after partition of India, came from Ganga Nagar and put up at Khapar-Kheri, near Amritsar. He was honest, hardworking, diligent and God-fearing. He possessed no land nor any bank-balance, yet he was famed as Seth. What sort of wealth he owned then? That wealth was high character, and morality. His main business was to vend cloth goods, going from village to village. He took little care for his own dealings, but devoted much of his time to reach morals and truth, who-so-ever came across him. He used to ask them to be honest in word and deed, help the needy and uplift the down trodden. He also encouraged his customers to rise early in the morning and remember Almighty God. Very often he poured Name into their ears and urged to follow the true Guru, the fount of all virtues and lights.

Nearby, there lived Gian Singh a Giani from the Punjab University Lahore, proud of his learning. He was dead-against the gurus in human form, so the man hated Seth and made fool of his discourses as well as his actions. But works of God are wonderful. The wife of Giani, Swarn Kaur, was under evil spirits. Very often she had fits. During that time, her face depicted various signs. Sometimes, she shouted Khalida, and her face grew red. In the other moment she uttered Fatma and looked gay. In the same way in another instance she spoke Kali and was furious. She was totally neglectful about her duties. She never cared for her children whether they wept or rolled in dust or went to school

hungry. Even she took little care of her husband.

By good luck the lady come across the Seth who repeated Nam into her ears. Since then she never fell into those fits. Wonderfully she began to pass the nights peacefully and attend to her children lovingly as well as her life partner more affectionately. The change brought Giani closer to Seth. Then they had frequent discourses, on all subjects. The Seth forcefully asserted, "Books are mere books. True wisdom lies in Guru. By the grace of the Guru five senses come under control. Even water, fire and air, obey him."

Years rolled on. One day the Seth said to Giani, "My friend! I am leaving this world for my heavenly abode. I am too weak to carry on my religious duty, so I long much to proceed there." "You Seth? Do you know this?" "Of Course, by the grace of Satguru, I am fully confident."

"Santa! Don't make fool of others"

"No I am not joking. I have already pulled ten years more."

You?"

"Yes"

"Will you impart me a bit of the experience?" "O.K. Listen. By illluck asthma attacked me. I consulted a good number of doctors, physicians, Hakims, but of little use. At last I was admitted in Guru Teg Bahadur Hospital, Amritsar. The doctors did their best but my condition grew from bad to worse. At last I prayed to Satguru Jagjit Singh to bless me with his Darshan. Guruji very kindly paid a visit in the hospital and held my pulse. After a while the great Physician remarked that I was alright and was wasting my time in the hospital. Saying these words returned. Then and there I expressed my wish to my wife to take me home. No longer I would stay there." Hearing this, my relatives got into dilemma. They were unwilling to run into risk, so they refused

to obey me. On the other hand I turned down their loving appeals or suggestions, arguing when my doctor says so, why should you stand in my way. So Jaswant Singh and his other brothers un-willingly brought me home. Thereafter only four hours I breathed my last. The home grew gloomy, sadness shadowed the gay hearts. At last, they got busy for the funeral. When they had given me the last bath, my hands and feet shook. My cold body got warm. To the surprise of all I was once again alive. Since then, I took no medicine and was quite right to move and restart my business."

"Good God! You died and again came to life, "Yes my brother."

"Can you recall when you were cold?"

"By all means. I remember all well. Oh Giani! Listen to me."

"I was lying on the death bed when *Yamas* came and took me to the court of Dharmraj. A big register was placed before me. The Dharamraj began to go through it. All of a sudden, Sri Satguru Partap Singh appeared on the scene and enquired of Dharamraj why he had detained me there. His humble reply was to check up my record. Hearing of it Satguruji stepped forward, snatched the register from him, tore the papers into pieces and further asked me to go back and carry on my mission. I returned and I am alive till now and now I am with you.

"So virtuous you are!"

"It is all his grace. Now listen, I am going to leave this home for good on Thursday. Till then I would repent for my follies and short-comings. If not granted I would pass away on Sunday. O my friend! Listen to me. Let not bewail any one after my death. For the funeral collect plum wood, snow-white spotless cloth for the coffin, Havan Samagri, Krah Parshad of two seers and finally

go to Satguruji's court to entreat, saying his pearl has passed away, Now grace his last Bhog ceremony." Gian Singh noted his will and went home.

Wednesday, Thursday passed and similarly Friday and Saturday followed. Gian Singh had not met him. On Sunday Giani took bath and reached the place where Kirtan of Sri Asa-di-Var in full swing was on. Only thirteen Shalokas were to be recited." Giani Ji also shared. The sage as usual after his six hour religious routine appeared on the last phase:-

ਤੁਮ ਘਰਿ ਆਵਹੁ ਮੇਰੇ ਮੀਤ ।

ਤੁਮਰੇ ਦੇਖੀ ਹਰਿ ਆਪ ਨਿਵਾਰੇ ਅਪਦਾ ਭਈ ਬੀਤ ।

My beloved! Pay a visit. Your foes may fall and evil days may go.

This was sung at the top of the voice. Gurbachan Singh did the Ardasa and from the Adigranth there was the Shabad:

ਜਾਕਾ ਮੀਤ ਸਾਜਨੁ ਹੈ ਸਮੀਆ ।

ਤਿਸੁ ਜਨ ਕਉ ਕਹੁ ਕਾ ਕੀ ਕਮੀਆ ।

On whose side the Friend of all stands by, they donot lack in anything. Giani ji was entreated to explain the Verse:-

ਗਹਿਰੀ ਕਰਕੇ ਨੀਵ ਖੁਦਾਈ ਉਪਰਿ ਮੰਡਪ ਛਾਏ ।

ਮਾਰਕੰਡੇ ਤੇ ਕੋ ਅਧਿਕਾਈ ਜਿਨ ਤ੍ਰਿਣ ਧਰ ਮੂੰਡ ਬਲਾਏ ।

Gian Singh with humble words refused so the sage himself explained thoroughly. At the end of the Katha the departing soul had a hearty laugh and downed his

head never to rise. Giani says he was fortunate enough to enjoy the holy Darshan of Satguru Partap Singh Ji on the Ranjit horse. When considerable time had passed, Mahan Pursh touched the Seth and found him lifeless.

The news of Seth's death spread like wild fire. Thousands of his admirers thronged and joined the funeral procession. There was no mourning and grief. All were singing hymns and dancing. Every thing was carried out according to the Seth's wish.

Satguru Jagjit Singh postponing his foreign tour for the Seth's sake returned to India. After twenty-three days, in the presence of Satguru ji the Shalokas of the Nineth Guru from the Adi Granth were read. At the end a grand feast was enjoyed by high and low. Returning towards their homes, there was a common talk that the Seth was not the man of this world but the dweller of heaven.

"At present in such foul atmosphere, only those who contemplate on God's Name will survive. Only the corn near of the grinding-stone pivot is safe. None can claim any right over this. Whatever you sow so shall you reap. If a Kooka contemplates not, he will go to dogs. There will be no distinction at all, whether one be a Hindu, a Sikh, a Smaji a Sanatni or an Akali. No concession for anyone. No caste, no colour nor creed, nor religion is considerable as God is the Master of all."