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THE

TEN GURUS

AND

THEIR TEACHINGS

BY

BAWA CHHAJJU SINGH,

Formerly Editor, The "ARYA PATRIKA" and

The "ARYA MESSENGER" (Lahore).

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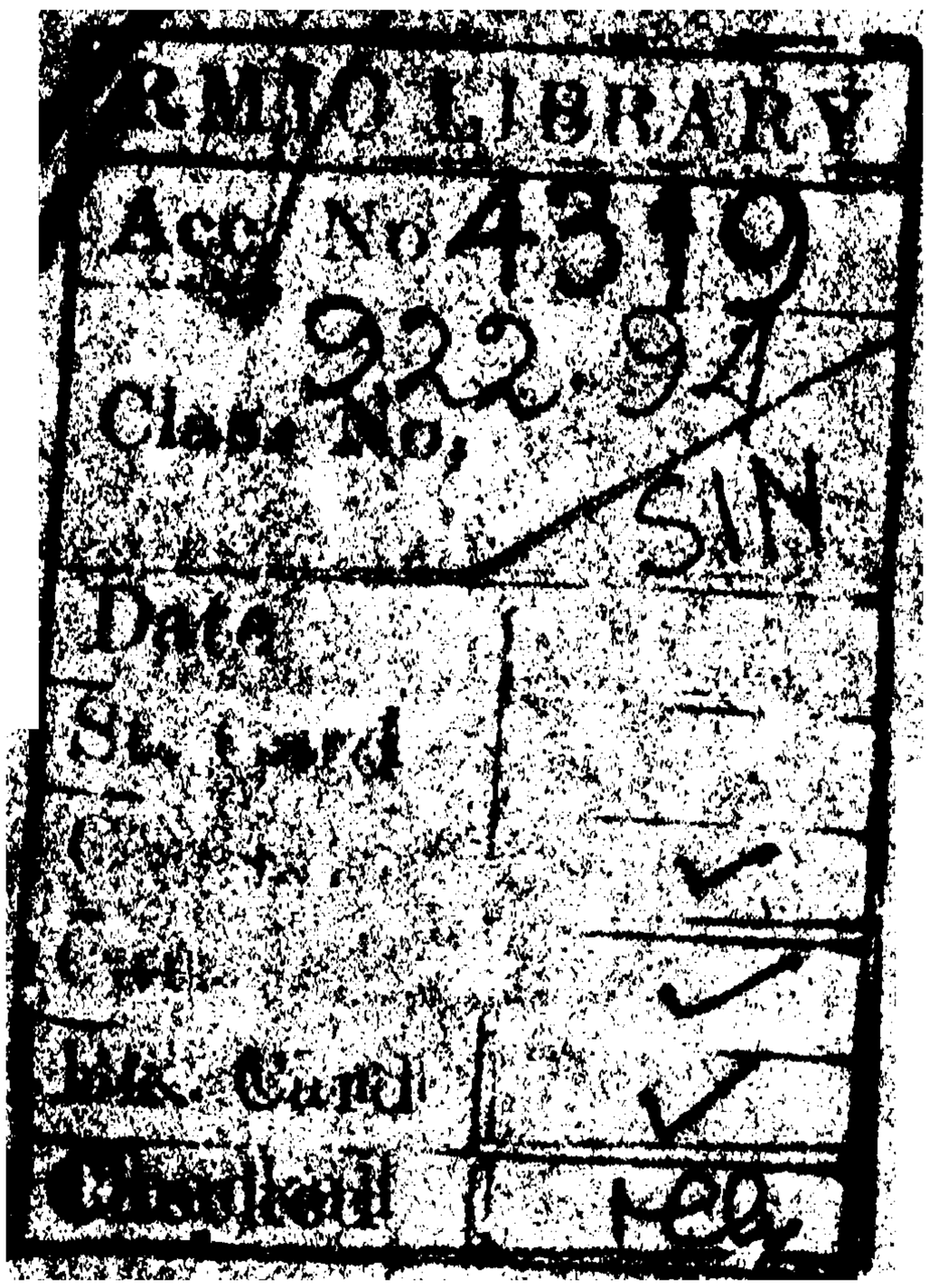
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"*The Ten Gurus and Their Teachings*" is, perhaps, the only publication of its kind to be had in the market, here or elsewhere. It embodies sketches of the lives of the Sikh Gurus, and gives the reader an idea of what they taught.

The materials for the life of Guru Nanak have been mainly taken from the excellent Urdu life of the Saint by Lala Mulk Raj Bhalla (brother of the Principal of the D A. V. College, and, in his own way, equally great with the self-sacrificing and distinguished head of the great National Seminary), and those for the life of Guru Gobind Singh from the biographical sketch (also in Urdu) of the great man by Lala Daulat Rai, a well-known author, and a member of the Arya Samaj. The sketches of the lives of the remaining Gurus are, more or less, founded on the writings of Europeans, whose works have also been occasionally laid under contribution to add a fact or two to the materials available for the lives of the founder of Sikhism, and his last successor. Of course, the European historians have

but little to say about the Gurus, and what they say is not of much value.

The translations of the Japji and the Rahiras given in the book will be found useful. In the translation of the former the learned and critical rendering of Mr. Macauliffe has been consulted, though mine is *my own*, in the main.

The shortcomings (those of a typographical nature especially) of the book now sent forth must be many, and the usual indulgence of the reader is craved, —it is hoped, not in vain.

LAHORE :

22nd June, 1903.

C. S.

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GURU NANAK.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST SIX YEARS.

Nanak was born at Talwandi (a village in the Lahore District) in a Kashatrya family, in Samvat 1526 (A. D. 1468) in the month of Kartak. His father's name was Kalu, and that of his mother, Tripta Devi. Kalu was the village Patwari, and possessed considerable local influence. Being essentially a man of the world and of parsimonious habits, he was, in the opinion of his fellow-villagers, a man of substance. But he was hard-hearted and avaricious, unsociable and bitter of tongue. Very few of his neighbours really liked him, though almost all outwardly showed him respect. His wife, on the other hand, was a complete contrast to him, She was gifted with a sympathetic, generous nature, was mild and gentle, and extremely sweet-spoken. She was obedient and devoted to her husband in spite of his faults, patiently put up with his outbursts of temper and made a point of never crossing him in any way, for she was very timid. Of such a pair came Nanak, inheriting all the firmness and decision, the immutability of purpose, of his father, and the open, generous nature of his mother.

The exact date of Nanak's birth it is not easy to determine. Some of his biographers give it as the 15th of Kartak, while others mention it as the 3rd of Baisakh. Possibly the former are in the right, for the 15th of Kartak is the day which is believed as the birthday of the great preacher by the generality of the Hindus in the Punjab, and because a fair is annually held at Talwandi on the said date to celebrate his birthday-anniversary. At the midnight hour, the soul that was to produce such a revolution in the ideas and thoughts of the fallen Hindu and to lead him once more to the path from which he had strayed away, made his appearance in the world of men. The birth of great men in the *East* must, if possible, always invariably have something of the supernatural about it. The period of religious romance, succeeding the fall of the Intellect and of enlightened Spirituality in India, has created in the Hindu mind such fondness for the marvellous, that the very idea of the birth-moments of distinguished teachers, thinkers and reformers *unassociated* with the miraculous, has become intolerable to it. Nanak turned out to be one of its great teachers, and it is impossible, as thinks the good, old-fashioned Indian biographer, that his birth should have been in no way distinguishable from the birth of a common mortal. He must have made his appearance on the planet with some such signs and wonders as would presage greatness. And so the biographical literature which speaks of Nanak does not fail to enlarge upon the signs and wonders which attended his coming among mankind. These signs and wonders are much of a piece with those which had heralded or accompanied the birth of the great men that

had long preceded Nanak. That we may be all the more sure that Nanak's birth was something markedly and *characteristically* distinct from the birth of an ordinary person, the biographer summons into court the nurse herself, to depose whether she witnessed any strange phenomenon, something extremely unusual, when the new-comer put in an appearance. The evidence of the good lady, given in tones the most positive imaginable, is that when the child came into her hands, the first sound he articulated was that of a person half laughing and half speaking ! But we doubt whether the amiable woman or any of the amiable biographers would have had so many wonderful things to recount in connection with the birth of Nanak, had he proved nothing better than one belonging to the average run of humanity. For we take it that both the nurse and the biographers (many of the latter flourished long after the great preacher had passed away from the world) remembered the marvels they narrated or reduced to writing when the world was no longer in doubt that Nanak was a unique personality.

The fact is that Nanak, as any other great man that India produced before his time, was born like the commonest of his fellow-beings. He was born as his grand-father had been born before him, or his sons or his grandsons were born after him. There is no such thing as a miracle in the world. The laws of Nature are uniform, unvarying and immutable. They know no deviation. The tiniest thing in the universe is as much subject to law, fixed permanent law, as the largest sun that moves in space. The birth and growth and development of a blade of grass are governed and

regulated by the same principles of unfoldment and evolution as the birth, growth and development of Nature's highest and noblest production—Man. So the true Thinker and the true Scientist, whether ancient or modern, tells us, and even this will the enlightened man believe and declare in all climes.

And yet every great man is a miracle, something profoundly astonishing and interesting, something absolutely differentiated from the rest of his fellows in a way. In this sense, and in no other, do we believe he is a miracle and all about him miraculous. He may not always (like a Dayanand or a Shankracharya or a Socrates) possess an intellect of the highest order, he may not be an eminent thinker, but he has *that* which his contemporaries either do not possess at all or possess but in a feeble degree. He possesses an inborn-power which perceives, *without effort*, what is wrong with society and what it most needs, and he has, at the same time, an *overwhelming sense of his responsibility by society*, constantly urging him on to do his duty, regardless of the world's praise or dispraise, and regardless of whatever personal sacrifices this discharge of duty may call for. Nanak's entire life was, in common with the entire life of India's other great workers and benefactors, a miracle in this sense, and a cultured mind will not fail to perceive that it *was* so.

As soon as the morning dawned, Kalu's house was a house of rejoicing. The birth of a son is always welcome in an Eastern, especially in a Hindu, home, but it is ten times more welcome when there is no son

already in the house. Kalu had a daughter, a comely girl, most sweet-tempered, affectionate, and thoughtful, but he (a child of the world out-and-out) longed for a son, to make him a fitting successor. And a son had at last come, and who could, at such a moment, presume to measure the happiness that filled his heart? The overjoyed father immediately sent for the priest, to read the child's future which, he doubted not, would be one of remarkable success, and to prepare the usual horoscope. This priest cheerfully obeyed the welcome summons, and more than realized the hopes of the parents by his prognostications! As a finishing touch to his already brilliant predictions he went even so far as to assert that the "umbrella of royalty would shade the new-comer's head!"

Among other predictions made by the astrologer in connection with the future of Nanak were that "the child was some Avtara (incarnation) whose equal the world had not seen before," that he would be worshipped by "the Hindus and Muhammadans alike," that the elements would always make way for him, and that "he would worship the one and only God, and none other!" Is not the cast and complexion of these predictions significant?—they are rather 'deductions' than 'forecasts'!

Those who have had occasion to come in contact with astrologers know what their usual cant is. When a handsome fee is forthcoming, they prophesy all manner of prosperity and success, but when predictions are not likely to be well paid for, they take care to

describe the child's progress through the years in store for him as beset with peculiar dangers, which, if they are to be avoided, make it absolutely necessary that certain malignant stars shall be duly propitiated, either at once or continually at different intervals of time. That they can be propitiated only through himself or through other persons of his class, is known to the astrologer and to the guardians, and the latter must satisfy the demands sooner or later! Men of common sense will always regard the pretensions of the astrologer with contempt. Were they well-founded, why would the father of a well-known Aryan maiden, one of the most distinguished Pandits of his time, have found his daughter widowed soon after she had been married at a pre-eminently auspicious hour, and why should we see well-known astrologers in the present day afflicted with the curse of having virgin-widows for their daughters? The fortune-teller will, for a pice or two, give us each and all a hundred years as our term of existence, will give us horses and elephants to ride, and many other things; but how many of his dupes live even up to fifty years, and how many of them can earn sufficient to always keep the wolf of hunger from the door? The planets are lifeless things, and they cannot *think* us harm, nor do it: it is God, the *all-pervading, all-knowing aud almighty Being*, our Maker, who can punish or reward us, and as He is inexorably just, He will punish or reward us according as we *deserve*. *His* mandate no priest, no astrologer and no fortune-teller can defy.

Fifteen days after his birth Kalu's son was named *Nanak*, after his sister, who was called Nanaki. He

was strong and healthy, and throve well. For the first six years his biographers have little or nothing to tell us worth being repeated.

CHAFTER II.

THE NEXT THREE YEARS.

We do not know of the early habits of Nanak, except that he was a reserved sort of child, with a contemplative expression of the face, and participating but seldom in the games of girls and boys of his age. When he was seven years old, he was put to the village school—a very elementary sort of institution—teaching the rudiments of Hindi and practical accounts (mental arithmetic), useful for shopkeeprs and tradesmen. Rice and *supari* (with some presents in cash and in kind) were presented to the preceptor, who, after going through the customary rites, accepted Nanak as his pupil and initiated him into his letters. The first day passed off all-right, but on the second day, Nanak would not put his mind to his lessons and, when spoken to sternly, assumed an attitude of defiance towards the preceptor. Indeed, according to his biographers, he actually went the length of asking his preceptor if he himself had read anything? To this the preceptor made answer that he had read and studied a good deal, upon which Nanak is reported to have observed that worldly knowledge was not only utterly useless but positively injurious, and that whoever acquired this

knowledge, "only entangled his neck in the world's meshes." The knowledge that was worth acquiring, he added, was of a different nature—it was a knowledge of truth, a knowledge of the divine commandments, and of Divine attributes, *which* alone could stand one in good stead in the life to come. The following are from the lines which Nanak is said to have addressed to his preceptor on this occasion:—

ਜਾਲਮੋਹ ਘਸ ਮਸਿ ਕਰ,

ਮਤ ਕਾਘਤ ਕਰ ਸਾਰ।

ਭਾਓ ਕਲਮ ਕਰ ਚਿੱਤ ਲਖਾਰੀ,

ਗੁਰ ਪੁਛ ਲਿਖ ਬੀਚਾਰ।

ਲਿਖ ਮਾਨ ਸਲਾਹ ਲਿਖਾ,

ਲਿਖ ਅੰਤ ਨ ਪਾਰਾਵਾਰ।

ਬਾਬਾ ਇਹ ਲੇਖਾ ਲਿਖ ਜਾਣ,

ਜਿੱਥੈ ਲੇਖਾ ਮੰਗੀਐ ਤਿੱਥੈ ਹੋਇ ਸੱਚਾ ਨੀਸਾਨ।

That is, "Let thy worldly affection be turned into ink, and let the tablet of thy intellect be constituted—paper, and making thy faith and thy mind a writer, do thou write down instructions from God, and, when written, do thou reflect upon them. *What art thou to write?* Write the name of God, write His praises,

write that He has no end nor limit. My friend, learn this kind of 'cyphering,' so that when thou art called upon to render thy last account, it may be found faultless and correct, and in thy favour."

The preceptor was astonished on hearing a child of seven years give expression to sentiments which might appropriately proceed from the mouth of a man of seventy, and thinking it a capital opportunity to have the various doubts which had, from time to time, risen in his mind and which he had been unable to solve, removed, he put to Nanak sundry questions, which were, one and all, answered precisely in the strain in which the lines quoted above are written. The preceptor humbly bowed before such wisdom and such knowledge, and became firmly convinced that Nanak was no other than an "incarnation" (*avtara*)!

That the world has never been without a quota of its precocious children, no one will deny; but the highest efforts of a seven-year child's mind can never rise so high, especially when there is no ground to believe that the child in question was palced among surroundings peculiarly favorable to the growth of the *spirit*. A pre-eminently intellectual child, constantly living in the society of the spiritually-disposed and hearing their conversation on religious matters, *might*, though only seven years of age, give utterance to something having some faint, distant likeness to the sentiments expressed by Nanak; but Nanak, we know, had received no education whatever before his debate with his preceptor took place, and it does not appear that he had for his companions persons distinguished

for their religious turn of mind. The probability is that the sentiments attributed to him at seven were those he gave expression to at a maturer age, the remembrance of his indifference to wordly knowledge at school calling for the perpetuation of the same, on the part of his *biographers*, in connection with his *child-hood!*

The biographers of Nanak would assure us that the very second day of Nanak's attendance at school was the last day of his studies. It is evident that the desire to find the miraculous in everything connected with Nanak was the one motive which made the biographers assign to his educational career such a speedy end. Learning does not come by inspiration, even to great men (though they are infinitely quicker at picking up and in improving their acquisitions), there is no royal road to it for any one whatsoever; and Nanak could not have acquired proficiency in accounts and a tolerable knowledge of Hindi by two days' attendance at school. That he was well up in accounts and could read and write Hindi with facility, is clear from the fact that when he was about to be put in charge of the Governor of the Punjab's Stores and was asked if he knew anything, he replied that he knew Hindi, and we also know that, when in charge of the Stores, he used to keep the accounts himself. All this warrants the conclusion that Nanak did continue his studies at his village school for some time, though this period was less than two years. His utter indifference to "worldly" knowledge may have led to his early withdrawal from school, or, possibly, Kalu may have thought that his

son had learnt sufficient of Hindi and of accounts for the position he was to occupy in life, and thus withdrew him from school. Whatever may have influenced Kalu to take the step he did, whether it was one single consideration or many considerations combined, certain it is that it was Nanak's ninth year when he was asked to do something else than continue going to school.

CHAPTER III—1476—1487.

The next nine years or so are nothing but a period of struggle between father and son. Kalu wanted his son to take kindly to the world, but the son, though offering no active resistance, let his father know almost daily, and that in a manner not to be mistaken, that the world and its ways had no attraction for him. The first thing which Kalu, with a view to giving his son a start in *practical* life, did, as soon as the "academic career" of his son had come to an end, was to put him to tending cattle. Nanak took up the work entrusted to him, but Kalu soon found that he was but an indifferent tender of cattle! He would let the dumb creatures have their own way, thinking it cruel to keep them under surveillance and to thereby rob them of their freedom. If a cow coveted a blade of grass (*no matter where it grew*), or a calf wanted to have a supply of milk from the dugs of its mother, why should either of the poor things be prevented from sharing God's bounties? Was man, in the pride of his power and to carry his domination over the brute creation to the length of down-right tyranny, to rule that while he himself shall have the best of God's gifts, the helpless brutes, the creatures of the same God, shall not have their fill of even the humbler productions of God's earth? or that, though a human mother may

cherish and fondle her offspring on her breast day and night, the brute mother shall not give even an occasional suck to *her* young one from her teats? Whatever thoughts may have surged through young Nanak's brain as he tended the cattle, and howmuchsoever they may have commended themselves to his brute charge, they did not fit in with the mental structure of Kalu, and he took care to show his son that they did not.

The biographers have to tell a story or two in connection with the cattle-tending days, and these stories are eagerly repeated by all who have occasion to speak of Nanak's childhood, irrespective of all consideration as to whether they themselves believe in them or not. One of these is that one day, while out grazing cattle in sultry and oppressive Baisakh, Nanak felt extremely drowsy and finding that he could not resist sleep, he dropped into a slumber under a tree. It was only natural that the shade of the trees should shift as the sun's journey towards the west progressed. The shade did shift, but, strangely enough, *not in every case*. That cast by the tree under which Nanak slept kept the position it had when the boy went to sleep, and it kept sheltering him till he awoke!

The other story is, that while, on another sultry day, Nanak lay asleep in a different place, a huge black cobra spread its hood over the sleeper's head to shelter it from the noon-day sun. An influential man of Talwandi, named Rai Bular, happened to be returning to the village at the time from some outdoor work, and passing by the grove where Nanak

lay was overwhelmed with wonder and dismay at the sight. While, mounted on his horse, he was contemplating the scene with dilated eyes and a terrified expression of the face, his companions, who were a little behind, came up. He asked them if they thought the boy was dead. No, the boy was not dead, and on the Rai's expressing a hope that they might succeed in rescuing him, the attendants managed the affair so well as to frighten away the reptile before it had done the sleeper any harm. The boy was well known to the attendants, and they informed the Rai as to who he was. The latter alighting from his horse kissed Nanak on the forehead, believing that he was some great soul. He further took care on reaching home to communicate the particulars of the strange phenomenon to Kalu, charging him, in the end, to be kind to his son, for, as he added, he was no common mortal!

When Nanak had reached his twelfth year, his father thought he had had enough of cattle-tending, and that he ought to take up something requiring a greater and more sustained exertion of energy and calculated to bring in some money. With this view he gave him a field to cultivate. The field was sown at the proper time, and it must, of course, be guarded against the attacks of ærial depredators and protected from the intrusion of domestic and other animals. Nanak was seemingly active in his work, he was from time to time seen running to and fro in the field, was loud in his shouts at intervals; but he would never use his sling and his clay-balls, his heart ached when he had to turn a neighbour's cattle from the

field. Often he so completely forgot himself in the kindness of his heart that he would let birds and brutes have *entirely* their own way, and the inevitable ensued. Kalu, ever suspicious of his son, came one day in person to see how things were going on, and when he beheld the state of the field, his anger knew no bounds. In his rage he said many harsh things, cursed his fate, and finally departed to vent his temper on the family-priest, who had predicted a glorious future to Nanak. The priest listened patiently to the complaint, soothed the man's feelings, and concluded by assuring him that his prophecies would yet prove true,—that Nanak would be the means of benefitting thousands, that crowds of people would hang upon his word, in different parts of the world, and would sing his praises. The faith of the biographers, no doubt, is responsible for the words used by the priest.

It was evident that husbandry also did not fit in with Nanak's likings, and the bitterly disappointed father did not know what else to put him to. He might go his way, he said, for aught *he* cared, and, to be true to these words, Kalu went so far as to let him, for the next five years, spend his entire time just as he pleased. Five years are a long period for a parent to allow his son to while away at his will and pleasure. One truly solicitious of the welfare of his child would strive to utilise these to the furtherance of his truest interests, would utilize them towards developing in him habits which would go far to equip him for the business which he is to follow in life. Was Kalu indifferent to the welfare of his son, a mere stripling of twelve years, that he

let him be almost absolutely his own master, responsible to none? What has gone before will abundantly bear witness to the fact that the one supreme, all-absorbing wish of Kalu's heart was that his son should do well in life. Of course, he was a man of the world, and he wanted his son to achieve the success which constituted as such in *his* opinion. He left his son to himself for five years, and that at a most important period of his life, because he had from past experience come to the conclusion that (judged according to his standard) he was utterly worthless. At the same time we may, from the long period in which Nanak was his own master, form some idea of the firm, unchanging character of Kalu. A man possessing a less decisive character would have commenced his operations afresh, but Kalu was no soft-hearted man, and he was not likely to forget in a hurry the resolution he had once formed.*

Nanak was going on his 17th year when Kalu relented, and thought that one more effort (it was virtually the final) should be made to win over Nanak to the world and its concerns. He sent for him, and, in tones, half of authority and half of entreaty, opened the subject. He conjured him by all that he held dear and sacred to listen to his words before it was too late, to learn to do something useful before he, his

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*Once only and no more than once, it is said, did his affection as a father get the better of his determination as a man during the five years. Nanak was in his fifteenth year when Kalu called him in private and spoke to him of the unprofitable character of the life he was leading. But his words fell on deaf ears, and the feeling of estrangeness continued, as before, between the father and the son.

father, was in the grave. Nanak heard with his head bent down, and he was greatly affected by his father's pleading tone. He asked forgiveness for his past faults and promised business for the future. Kalu was pleased at this change in his son, and, to strike the iron while it was hot, he gave him twenty rupees to go out with into the neighbouring villages, to lay out the money in the purchase of things which could bear being sold at a profit in his own, and to return home with the purchases. He added that, in case he made a proper use of the money, he should receive a larger sum to trade with before long. Nanak promised to make such a use of it and prepared to depart.

To make himself all the more sure that the money would be rightly invested, Kalu gave Nanak, as company, a certain farmer named Bala (a secret admirer of the youth), warning the latter to look after his son and to keep him from doing anything that might involve the loss of money. In order that Nanak should have as little temptation as possible to spend the money in his own fashion, it was put in the keeping of Bala and tied into a tight knot in an end of his wrapper. But here also the hopes of the father were destined never to be realised. The words—*that the money was to be made a proper use of or rightly invested*, began to suggest a strange meaning to the heart of Nanak the moment he had left his father's presence. Not that he did not perfectly understand what his father meant, but an irresistible impulse urged him to put his own construction upon his language. Do what he might, he could not bring himself to believe that the laying out of the money in the purchase of rice and pulse would be a better

investment of it than the laying out of the same in the *service of God.* It might be wrong to go against his father's wishes, especially when he had given him his word that he would do his bidding; but what could he do? the longing of his own heart was not to be withstood, it was too powerful to be opposed. And he yielded to the longing, undoubtedly consoling himself with the idea that, though the step he meditated taking involved a transgression of his father's orders, it yet promised to win him the good-will of his Maker. Before the pair had done a matter of ten or twelve miles, Nanak came across a band of mendicants (of the Nirvâni persuasion), and learning that they had had nothing to eat for several days past, he was so touched with the information that, taking all the money from his attendant (who protested but without avail), he offered it to the Chief (Mahant) of the party. The Mahant refused the money, saying that it did not appear to have been meant for mendicants, but Nanak pressing it upon him, the donor was told that, though eatables might be welcome to his men, the money could do them no service, since they did not even touch it. Nanak, forthwith, repaired to a neighbouring village, and having bought flour and pulse and other things necessary for a feast, brought them with him and made them over to the mendicants. These had a good feed, and after Nanak had conversed with the Chief for some hours on spiritual matters, he bent his steps homewards. His step now was far from being elastic, for he knew his father and knew what awaited him. "Oh! why did I forget myself?" he would now and then say to Bala, and that simple, honest man would reply, "I warned you, but you

would pay no heed to my words." On nearing home, his courage failed, and rather than confront Kalu, he hid himself among the trees close by, while his companion took his way to his own dwelling. Kalu was not long in learning that Bala was back, but without Nanak. This made him extremely anxious, and he immediately saw Bala at his house and asked him what had become of his son. Bala told him all that had transpired, upon which Kalu was in a paroxysm of rage, and charged him with having been unfaithful to his trust. Bala retorted that it was no fault of his that the money had been spent in the way it had been, and that Nanak alone was responsible for what had been done. It was, however, useless to prolong the altercation, and Kalu, clutching Bala by the arm, hurried to the spot where Nanak was concealed. The lad was dragged forth and called upon to explain his conduct ; but, though Kalu raved and stormed at him ever so much, not a single word was forthcoming in reply.

There was no room for doubt any longer. The result of the last experiment had been of too decisive a character to leave grounds for hope. Kalu was now perfectly convinced that Nanak was beyond his reach, that, strive as he might, the lad would never consent to lead the kind of life which, it had been his heart's desire from the very moment of his birth, he should lead. And since all his hopes were dashed to the ground, since his worst fears had been realized, it was no use bringing to bear any further pressure upon the perverse youth. And so it came about that his attitude towards his son became from this hour

one of perfect indifference. Nanak, too, was conscious that in the last outburst the fury of the storm had been almost entirely spent and that his sire would but seldom think of annoying him in future. As the result of this consciousness, he became more bold in the matter of indulging his likings, and began to openly mix with *Sâdhûs* and *Sanyâsis*. Although the father and son lived in the same house, yet they lived more as strangers to each other than as persons bound together by the closest of earthly ties.

We may be sure that Kalu's neighbours were not long in hearing of his fresh disappointment and of the treatment which he had accorded to his son. Rai Bular heard of it and sent for Kalu early in the morning of the following day. He said that it had greatly pained him to hear of the way in which Nanak had been treated, and he regretted that Kalu should carry his harshness so far, regardless of the request which had been made to him more than once before. He offered to make good the loss which Nanak had caused him, and taking twenty rupees from his pocket he put the sum into his hand. Kalu was ashamed and would not accept the money, but the Rai insisted, and Kalu reluctantly yielded. His neighbours, coming to know of this, took him to task for his avariciousness and his want of self-respect, but though, moved by their disapprobation, he tried to return the money to its owner, the latter would not receive it back and prevailed upon Kalu to keep it. In his interview with Kalu, the Rai made no secret of his opinion that Nanak was not happy in his father's

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house, and informed him that he was thinking of finding other lodgings for him, where he would be properly cared for and have comfort. He himself, the Rai added, was a Muhammadan, otherwise he should be only too happy to take Nanak into his own house, but the difference of creed was an insuperable difficulty, and he could not carry out his wish.

CHAPTER IV.

LEAVING HOME.

While the good old Rai was thinking as to where Nanak should find a "home" in the true sense of the word, an officer of Daulat Khan Lodi, named Jai Ram, a Kshatrya of the Palta Sub-division, came to Talwandi to take a survey of the crops in the interests of Government revenue. Jai Ram was a bachelor. Happening to come across Nanki, he liked her, and finding, on enquiry, that she came of a good Kshatrya stock,—as good as his own,—he asked Kalu for her hand in marriage. Rai Bular spoke of the youngman in extremely flattering terms, and his recommendation had effect. Nanki was betrothed, and the betrothal was soon followed by marriage, the rites being essentially the same as they are now. The girl was no less than twenty years old at the time of her marriage. Nanak, according to the custom then prevalent, repaired, at his father's request, supplemented by Rai Bular's recommendation, to Sultanpur, of which place Jai Ram was a native, to bring his sister back, and he performed his commission to the satisfaction of all. In the Baisakh of the following year, Jai Ram came again to Talwandi, and, after the ceremony of *gâona* (a sort of supplementary marriage) had been performed, prepared to depart with his spouse to Sultanpur. Rai Bular, who had, during the past few months, been revolving in his

mind the idea of finding a "home" for Nanak, mentioned to Jai Ram how his brother-in-law was circumstanced, and how, as long he was under the same roof with his father, he could never be happy. The Rai suggested that if Jai Ram could take Nanak with him to his own village, he might there feel more at ease. Jai Ram fully approved of the Rai's suggestion, and intimated that he should be only too happy if Nanak would accompany him to his village. "Not exactly now," said the Rai; "he would be sent to you later on." And the time was not long in coming. This is how it all came about.

A few months after Jai Ram had left Talwandi, Nanak, with a vessel in his hand, was returning home, after his morning bath. In the way he came across a *Sadhu*, who was seated, apparently, in contemplation. Nanak approached him, and the two began talking. At the conclusion of the conversation, Nanak took off the ring he wore on his finger, and, presenting it along with the vessel to the *Sadhu*, wended his way home. Kalu, ever suspicious, noticed the absence of the missing articles, and asked Nanak where they were. There was no reply. Trembling with passion, Kalu uttered these words: "You are of no use to me; clear off from my house, I do not want you to stay here; you may live wherever you please and earn your living in whatever way you like; I waive my claim to you!"

Little did Kalu dream that the youth, whom he was for ever ordering off from his doors, whose presence had become intolerable to him, would one day

find the doors of the proudest thrown open to him but would have no mind to enter, that both high and low would long for a sight of him and would think the spot he trod on, blessed! To Kalu, however, the world was all-in-all, and it is doubtful whether he would have revoked the fiat his lips had sent forth, even if, in some mysterious way, he had a vision of Nanak's future. Yet mankind was all the richer for Kalu's cruelty, for the expelled youth was to once more show it the way that had been forgotten—even the way to salvation! As soon as Rai Bular laernt what had happened, he sent for Kalu and counselled him to send Nanak to his brother-in-law at Sultanpur. Since community of ideas and harmony of purposes was impossible between him and Nanak and since he had come to the decision that, if possible, his son should not any longer stay in his house, it was advisable that they should part, part *amicably*. Kalu saw the wisdom of the counsel, and he accepted it the more readily, as it guaranteed that his son should have, to a certain extent, the benefit of good supervision. For, though he had, as it were, discarded his son for ever, he could not banish him from his *heart* entirely. Moreover, though it was hoping against hope, who could tell but that good might come of the change? Nanak might see the error of his ways, might reform, and might return to his parents, made a new man of. So Nanak bade good-bye to the place of his birth (what must have been his feelings at the moment every one can imagine for himself!) and bent his steps towards Sultanpur, carrying with him a letter from Rai Bular, which said that whatever attention Jai Ram would show to Nanak, the

writer should take it as shown to himself. But there was scarcely any need of saying this—Jai Ram was a person of superior type and he would do all in his power to put Nanak at his ease, and as for Nanki, no sister was ever more devoted to her brother than was she to Nanak!

The date of Nanak's departure was the 3rd of Maghar, 1544, B. E., and the one man who, of his own free will and pleasure, elected to accompany him in his banishment, was the good soul Bala—the simple child of Faith, who followed Nanak's shadow for a whole life-time, in humility and trust, bearing cold and hunger and suffering and all manner of hardships, without complaint!

CHAPTER V.

AN UNEXPECTED CHANGE.

It took Nanak five days to reach Sultanpur. The reception accorded to him by his brother-in-law and his sister was cordial. Jai Ram's earnest request, expressed in the most delicate language he could command, was, that Nanak would devote his entire time and leisure to the contemplation of God, the worthy man assuring him that no one should presume to disturb him in his devotions.

Nanak thanked Jai Ram and his sister for their kindness to him, but intimated, in terms whose decisive character could not be mistaken, that he should not be a burden to them but would and must earn his own living. The significance of such a reply should not be lost upon those who think that Nanak, by the very constitution of his mind, was *incapable* of taking his father's words—*that he should make a right and profitable use of the twenty rupees given to him to trade with*—but in the sense in which he *practically* did take them. Nanak's intelligence was of a pre-eminently superior order, and he understood well enough what was said to him; but there was constantly upon him a kind of mesmeric influence, —the result of *karma*, and he could not help yielding to this superior influence, again and again. *Here* too it is probable that Nanak would not have cared to attach much importance to the words addressed to

him, had they come from a man other than Jai Ram,* and had he not keenly felt that a compliance with the request they embodied, *in every respect*, involved the *sacrifice* of self-respect. From the earliest times it has been considered in this country as something extremely mean, something cowardly, something almost criminal, to live upon the bounty of a sister. The West sees nothing bad or objectionable in this. Rich old sisters without issue are regarded as a blessing in Europe, and the brothers fasten upon them like so many vampires not only during their life-time but actually *claim* their inheritance after death! If they prove unusually tenacious of life, the affectionate brothers curse their fate, exclaiming daily and hourly, in a truly brotherly fashion, "Oh! when will the old woman clear out of the world?" But in the East, or rather in India, the property belonging to a sister is a forbidden thing to the brother and parents of the girl, or to any maternal relation of the girl whatsoever, particularly if he is older than herself. Nanak was aware of this, and his instincts revolted at the thought of sharing his sister's hospitality. And hence his reply,—that he could by no means consent to make his brother-in-law responsible for his victuals and that he *must* do something to get bread for himself and his companion.

Jai Ram would have preferred his brother-in-law to be absolutely free, but he could reasonably

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* Nanak was a person of the simplest habits, and could live upon one meal a day, and that the plainest possible. So he might consent to live upon the hospitality of any but his sister. without doing wrong.

advance nothing against what Nanak had said. He was a Hindu himself, and could not but appreciate Nanak's feelings and think that he was in the right. He, therefore, informed Nanak that if he must have his way, he could obtain for him the post of grain-factor to Nawab Daulat Khan, and Nanak readily agreed to take up the appointment. This decision on the part of his brother-in-law rather pleased Jai Ram than otherwise. For it might contribute to dispel that air of indifference and absence which always hung about Nanak and finally get him to permanently settle down to a life of business. Would not his father-in-law be grateful to him if he could make of Nanak a man something after his own heart? When Jai Ram communicated Nanak's intention to his wife, she failed to receive the news in the spirit of her husband. She had long and intimately known Nanak, and it was not clear to her how her brother could change his entire nature in one moment. She thought it was only a passing whim of his, and that with the removal of the pressure, which his reluctance to be obliged to her for his living had made him exert upon himself, would come back the old indifference to business. She sought an interview with Nanak and tried to dissuade him from his purpose, assuring him that he would be the reverse of a burden to them, that they had enough of the world's things and to spare, but Nanak, she found, was inexorable. Of course there was no alternative but to yield; but in order that Nanak might be effectually bound down to the world and its affairs, it was considered advisable to *get him married as soon as possible*. So the secret understanding having been arrived at be-

tween husband and wife, Jai Ram used his influence in behalf of Nanak and got him the post of grain-factor. When Kalu heard the news, he was in raptures and indulged in many a pleasant vision which, however, was never realized. 4319

CHAPTER VI.

BUSINESS AND MARRIAGE.

It was the 8th of Maghar, 1544, B. E., on which Nanak took over charge of his office, and one thousand rupees were given him, at the outset, to carry on the business with. Those who had known something of the past life of Nanak wondered that he should have taken to a life so out of harmony with his antecedents. Bala, the simple man, wondered like the rest, and in his simplicity asked permission to return home. Since Nanak was becoming a man of the world, where was the need for him to keep him company any longer? Nanak smiled and said: "Do not be deceived. What I am to be, I shall be, nothing can come between that and myself. What I am now going to do, will be only my transcient concern, for it is not the mission of my life. You will stay with me, and when the appointed hour comes, we shall depart together." Bala's doubts were entirely removed, for faith was his strong characteristic, and, even if he had not been fully satisfied, he was too much attached to Nanak to leave him without his consent.

Nanak had hardly been two months in business when Kalu, who had during the period been, as it were, on thorns, thought it was high time for him

to pay a visit to Sultanpur. When he saw his son seated in the shop, like any other shopkeeper, he could hardly contain himself through joy. But he wanted to know if Nanak had been spending his time *profitably*. So, to ascertain that, he examined the accounts, and, to his chagrin, found that, out of the profits, not a single rupee had been saved. However, it was rather early to judge of his son's success, and things might mend later on. For the present it was sufficient that Nanak regularly opened and shut his shop.

In the meanwhile Jai Ram and his wife had not been letting the grass grow under their feet. They had decided, as we know, that Nanak should marry. They had discovered that in a village called Pakhkho ká Randhawa, one Mula, a Choná Kshatrya by caste, held the post of Patwari and that he had a marriageable daughter, who had not yet been betrothed. They mentioned the fact to Kalu during his visit to Sultanpur, and he approved of their intention to get Nanak betrothed to the girl. The betrothal duly came off, and the marriage would, as a matter of course, be celebrated in time.

About a month after Kalu had left Sultanpur for Talwandi, somebody told Jai Ram in secret that Nanak was squandering the money belonging to the shop on *Sadhus* and *Sanyasis*, and that he was afraid it would bring Jai Ram into trouble. Jai Ram felt uneasy, and deliberated with his wife as to the course of action which should be followed. Nanaki bade her husband not to be anxious, for it was

probable that there was no foundation for the allegations against her brother who, though of an open, generous disposition, was morally too high to tamper with what was the property of others. But to quiet Jai Ram's fears, as also to make the assurance doubly sure as far as she herself was concerned, she sent for Nanak, and after some preliminary, common-place remarks on both sides, Jai Ram asked, in the presence of Nanaki, in subdued tones no doubt, how the shop was getting on. There was something in the tone of the speaker, as well as in the expression of his face, that Nanak did not like, and which made him suspect that Jai Ram doubted that the affairs of the shop were all-right. He insisted upon an immediate inspection of the accounts, and Nanaki seconding his request, the accounts were carefully examined. To Jai Ram's surprise, a balance of Rs. 320 was found due to Nanak! The result pleased both husband and wife, though Nanak could not dismiss from his mind the painful idea that his uprightness and integrity had been questioned. He would have withdrawn from the shop but for the pressing request of his brother-in-law and sister to remain, as also for Bala's recommendation that he would not disappoint them. A considerably larger sum, nearly two thousand rupees, was now given him in advance.

The shop throve, and the monthly profits became larger. If this prosperity gave Nanak pleasure, it was not because he loved money but because he could feed the hungry and serve the pious and godly all the better. Nanak's own soul was like the lotus which, though submerged in water, is yet virtually untouched by the element. And such is the charac-

teristic of all truly great men. They rise above their surroundings. Whatever is of good in these, they will surely assimilate, but to the influence of whatever is of evil in them, their spirit will be impervious. They will live and move among worldly men and the world's attractions, but they will be caught by neither. They value worldly success only in so far as it enables them to rise Heaven-ward, but they will not *miss* it! The great Janaka was a *Sanyasi*—a knower of Brahma, of the highest order amidst all the pomp and splendour of royalty, and so was the immortal sage, Manu. The seat of true renunciation is in the heart, in the spirit, and not in lip-professions or in the garb which covers the body. How many thousands of *Sadhus and Sanyasis* roam about in India in these days, wearing ochre-coloured clothes and having a saintly air about them? And yet how many of them are saints, in the real sense of the word? How many of them are men who, though living in the world, do not love the world, whose passions are under control, whose hearts are pure like the morning dew seated on rose-petals? The majority are as fond of the world's things, of its pleasures and enjoyments, of filthy lucre, as the most worldly layman in existence. They are strangers to the very meaning of "renunciation." For outward renunciation is false, it is only the spirit's renunciation that is real renunciation. True renunciation may be found in the midst of the din and bustle of crowds, and may not be found in the midst of the solitude of a jungle!

The foregoing remarks must not be misunderstood. The ancient Rishis have recommended that

every man should pass at least a fourth of his life in the solitude of a jungle, far, far away from the haunts of men. They had a reason. They had to think of average humanity, and not of exceptional men like Nanak. The exceptional man will not be affected (for the worse) by his surroundings, whatever the character of these, but the average man will. The latter has not got the moral stamina, the spiritual strength which the former has. A Rama or a Krishna may live surrounded by objects of sense, wholly unmoved and uninfluenced by them, but a common mortal cannot. He must seek the recesses of a jungle to accomplish self-subjugation and to acquire true renunciation!

Nanak went on in his usual way, giving freely of the money that came into his hands and cultivating the acquaintance of those whose society he sought. His gifts were now larger and more frequent, and, naturally enough, he became once more the talk of the village. Some spoke well of his benevolence, while others made it a basis for indulging in malicious comments. The general opinion, however, supported the conclusion, to which some few of the slander-mongers had deliberately committed themselves, that Nanak was again misappropriating the Governor's money. The income of the shop, it was gravely hinted, was not large enough to bear the drain which the grain-factor's making constant presents to the suppliants as well as regularly providing food and drink for two persons (for himself and Bala) must entail upon it.

We admit that Nanak was daily giving to the poor and needy and the itinerant mendicants that chanced

to visit him, and this, no doubt, was a drain upon the income of the shop; but while this was a thing that deserved to be taken into account, we should not forget that, as far as the outlay on the provisions for Nanak and Bala was concerned, it was exceedingly small and should hardly have entered into the calculations of those who viewed the shop-keeper's givings with apprehension and alarm, or with malicious pleasure, thinking how it would put him in trouble. When Kalu, during his visit to Sultanpur, had warned Bala to be economical in their living, Bala, even that gentle and simple man, had turned round and sternly remarked, "Know Kalu that even *buttered bread* is a forbidden luxury to me!" And we may be sure that the food which Nanak consumed was not much superior to that of Bala, for to him the most savory viands were no better than the coarsest morsel. Persons of his type eat that they may live, they live not to eat. But even if Nanak and Bala had ventured on a better living, there is reason to believe that the resources of the shop were such as could easily bear it. For the shop was getting more and more prosperous daily, and could lawfully suffer to be taxed to the extent to which it was being taxed, and to a larger extent!

The tales, as formerly, began to be carried to Jai Ram, and, though he might at first refuse to believe them, he could not, when the detractors and ill-wishers of his brother-in-law became persistent and more positive in their charges, help now and then thinking that there might be something in them. And if they did prove well-founded, if the Governor's money should prove to have vanished, to what

amount it did not signify, nothing but disgrace and ruin awaited Nanak, and the disclosure would involve Jai Ram also in that ruin and disgrace. Nanak, too, on his part, might treat the idle language of his enemies with absolute contempt, but his brother-in-law was not among his enemies. He had reason to suspect that he was once more doubted by his kinsman, and that it was not improbable that the ears of the Nawab also had been poisoned against him. He felt annoyed that even his best friends should have seen cause to once more impeach his honesty, and he immediately waited upon Jai Ram with a request that an examination of the accounts might be ordered without further delay. Jai Ram might not like to be openly told by Nanak that he thought he was suspected by his relative, but he had grave fears that there was something actually wrong with the shop, and of opinion that the accounts ought to be gone into. Taking Nanak, therefore, with him, he waited upon the Nawab, and humbly conveyed Nanak's wishes to His Highness. The Nawab summoned both into his presence, and asked Nanak his name. Nanak told his name, upon which the Nawab, addressing Jai Ram, said: "Is your grain-factor married?" To this Jai Ram replying in the negative, the Nawab remarked: "Oh I see! It is this—his being single, that has led him to make free with the money of the shop. Yow know my disposition well enough, and you know what you and Nanak have to expect if the accounts do not turn out to be all-right."

Hearing these words, Nanak, in a tone which had something of the bluntness of fearlessness in it, said that His Highness might do with him what he

pleased *after the accounts had been gone into.* They were all-right, though he did not desire that if any balance should accrue in his favour, it should necessarily be made over to him! The Nawab did not like this boldness, but before an out-burst of anger came, Jai Ram humbly observed that the grain-factor believed firmly in his innocence and had presumed to be bold on that account. His Highness, he hoped, would not mind his freedom, the more so as he had not had before occasion to come in contact with men of high position. The Nawab suppressed his rising temper as well as he could, and intimating that Jadoo Rao, an able and experienced accountant in His Highness's Court, would examine the accounts, dismissed the couple from his presence.

The accounts were carefully and critically examined, and the examination lasted for no less than five days, but the result was, in every way, creditable to Nanak, and Jai Ram found that there was not only no foundation for the tales which had been so industriously circulated about his brother-in-law, but that the money in the shop actually exceeded the Government outlay by as many as Rs. 321, which amount lawfully belonged to Nanak. When Jai Ram waited upon the Nawab, after the termination of the examination, His Highness, who heard the results of the examination with surprise, asked if the rumours that the grain-factor had been making free with Government money, were *absolutely* baseless. Jai Ram humbly replied that Nanak, like many another good man, had his ill-wishers, and that the rumours in question, being simply the invention of these praiseworthy folk, could not fail to be falsified by facts.

His Highness seemed pleased and, sending for his treasurer, one Bhagwan Das, desired that in addition to the Rs. 321 due to Nanak, a further advance of Rs. 3,000 be made to him.

Surely Nanak's detractors had not counted upon such a result! But the pleasure which it gave to Jai Ram and his wife cannot be easily described. The establishment of Nanak's innocence had not only warded off the danger which threatened Jai Ram's fortunes, but had, in a manner, advanced him in the good-will of the Nawab. At the same time, it had made the position of his brother-in-law more secure—had proved it for good that he was not one to take a false step, and thus had effectually shut the mouths of his detractors. That all interested in the welfare of Nanak would receive the news of the result of the second examination with feelings of satisfaction, could not be doubted. How would Kalu, in particular, feel?—the father who had given up his son as utterly worthless, as an individual who had not in him a grain of common-sense, who would never earn a pice in his life! And really Kalu felt the happiest of fathers when he heard what had transpired. As for Rai Bular, the man of faith, his whole being thrilled with joy when he heard the news.

As one of these evenings Jai Ram and his wife were talking over the success of Nanak seated by the fire-side, that youngman himself made his appearance, come, to their astonishment, to deposit with them the major portion of his recently-acquired profits. The sister again and again congratulated her brother upon his having come out of the ordeal with flying colors.

Not that she had doubted the end. But others had and with them her husband, and she could now tell them, one and all, and that on the strength of stern proofs, that they had been on a wrong scent from the very outset!

And by a law of association, the remembrance of Nanak's recent honorable acquittal coupled with the sight of the silver-pieces that he had brought with him for a deposit, the plan they had formed for the better securement of Nanak to the world and its affairs asserted its claim upon their recollection. The call was urgent, imperative. They had come to the conclusion that it was in the interests of Nanak that he should be married. The sooner this was done, the better. They had already (at the time of betrothal) asked the girl's father for the marriage, but he had declined to accede to their wishes on the ground that he was not "ready," that he had not yet got the "wherewithal" required for the celebration of the ceremony. On this occasion Kalu and other relatives of Nanak had come to Talwandi, but they had to go back disappointed. Now there was no excuse for Mula to defer the ceremony any longer, and they intimated as much to the gentleman. It was probably due to their importunities that in Hár, 1545, a letter came from Mula, announcing the date of marriage. The date fixed was the 22nd of Bhádron. The contents of the epistle were duly communicated to Kalu, and that gentleman, accompanied by the influential members of the Bedi community, came betimes to Sultanpur. Ram and Kishan represented the family of Kalu's father-in-law, while Jai Ram and Parmanand represent-

ed that of Nanak's father-in-law. Bala and Mardana (a musician) among others, formed part of the marriage party, which was essentially a modest thing of its kind. Bala was in charge of his master's private purse. The party, as usual, stayed three days at Pakkho ká Randháwa, and received from Mula all the attention that could reasonably be expected from a man of moderate means, and on the fourth, they left for Sultanpur, where they duly arrived, all safe and sound. We say all *safe and sound*, because in those days the state of the country was always more or less unsettled, and highway-men were numerous and bold and extremely aggressive, although the layman too was not the timid thing he has latterly become: he was ready to face the danger whenever it came.

When they had reached Sultanpur, Kalu suggested that Nanak and his wife—her name was Sulakkhi, though in her father-in-law's family she came to be called "Chuni," should go to Talwandi. Nanak was extremely unwilling to go there, and Jai Ram and Nanaki too were not in favor of Kalu's proposal. But the ancient Parmanand differed with them, and suggested a compromise. His opinion was that Nanak should spend at least one month at Talwandi, so that his good, loving mother should see him in connection with such a happy occasion and press him to her heart, for oh! though the child should be unmindful of his or her mother (though Nanak *never* was), the mother never ceases to think of him or her. Her love has none of the dross of selfishness in it, it is heavenly, and it is lasting. Nanak as well as others approved of the old man's advice, and so he and his wife went to Talwandi, Bala looking after the shop

in his master's absence. Mother Tripta saw her son arrayed in marriage garments, and shed abundant tears of joy! The other members of the household and friends and acquaintances also had now nothing but a word of loving, sympathy, encouragement and praise for Nanak, and congratulated him upon his having found the right kind of employment at last.

The period of one month at last came to an end, and Nanak, in company with his wife, prepared to return to Sultanpur. That he had fair treatment from Kalu during this interval of time, we may all take for granted. Kalu would not, though harsh and aggressive, dare, at such a time, to vex his son, for fear he might undo the change that had come over Nanak, though he could never have, for all that, kept back from dropping such hints as that economy was a great virtue and that the less the lazy and "good-for-nothings" were taken notice of and patronised, the better. But whatever may have been the nature of the parental attitude towards the youngman in these days of their close proximity, certain it is that the newly-married pair was back at Sultanpur by the time the contemplated period of stay had expired. Nanak resumed his work at the shop, while Chuni returned to Pakkho ká Randhawa, only to come back to her husband after a few days' residence there.

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CHAPTER VII.

Married Life.

Nanak became a householder before he had fully completed his twentieth year. But his married life was far from happy, indeed it was the reverse of "happy." Mái Chuni was a woman of fiery temper, over-bearing and exacting, and essentially a chip of the old block. Her father, Mula, was an exact prototype of Kalu in cast of mind, in speech and manners, nay, he appeared to have been a little 'overdone' by Nature, and her mother was an exact antithesis of her mother-in-law. Coming of such a stock, she could not help being what she was. What the parents are, even so shall the offspring be. The latter must reproduce in themselves the predominent traits of character of the former. "Whatever be the quality of the seed," says one of the greatest of ancient sages, "scattered in a field prepared in due season, a plant of the same quality springs in that field, with peculiar visible properties.* And again, "That one plant should be sown, and another produced, cannot happen. Whatever seed may be sown, even that

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* याद्दशं तूप्यते वीजं क्षेत्रे कालोपपादिते ।
तादृगेवेह तत्तस्मिन् वीजं स्वैर्व्यञ्जितंगुणैः ॥
मनु० अ० ९। श्लो० ॥ २६ ॥

produces its proper stem."* The great sage makes his meaning clear in another verse by saying that "the wife brings forth a son endued with similar qualities to those of the father."† The law of heredity is as real a law as any other, though its operations be subtle (and often startlingly mysterious and incomprehensible). There are people in *this* country also who deny that heredity affects, but it does not seem that they are in the right. Their contention fails to find support in the teaching of the ancient sages, nor is it corroborated by the conclusion at which some of the most advanced thinkers of modern times have arrived, (the conclusion being in perfect harmony with what the ancients taught), namely, that a child is eventually a reproduction of its parents. Most assuredly heredity may be subdued and conquered: a person who has come into the world with something evil in his composition may, if placed and brought up amidst healthy and ennobling environments, ultimely find himself purged of the evil. But Mai Chuni remained only a chip of the old block, for the reason that those to whom she owed her being were the persons who (in consequence of her peculiar sex) chiefly influenced her mind and formed her manners and tastes. Nanak, ever quiet and gentle and, as it were, enamoured of peace, was at a loss how to meet this new trouble. Whenever he came home, he was

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* अन्यदुप्तं जातमन्यदितत्येम्नोपपद्यते ।
उप्यते यद्बियद्बीजं तत्तदेवप्ररोहति ॥ ४० ॥

† याद्दशं भजते हि स्त्री सुतं सूते तथा विधम् ॥ ८ ॥

assailed with murmurs and complaints, the wife taxing the husband with being reckless and extravagant, and with being wholly oblivious of the requirements of the household in his solicitude for the comfort of idle vagabonds and wicked impostors! She wanted him to discontinue his charities altogether and to let her have the disposal of every pice of the income that the shop brought in. To make her attacks all the more telling and to extort compliance with her demands, she appealed to her parents against her husband, and, as might be expected, found in them both powerful champions of her cause. They commenced paying to Nanak frequent visits, spoke of the wrongs of their child in the bitterest language, and asked when he meant to reform. Nanak did not know how to appease and conciliate them. There was, he would reply, sufficient to eat and drink in the house, but they would receive such a statement with anger and disgust, and fiercely urge that something more was required in the house than having sufficient to eat and drink. There ought to be trinkets, and some money, to fall back upon in time of need. Nanak, they would derisively add, might count upon the beggars whom he fed in time of need, but the house could not, and what was Chuni, poor child, to do if ever such a time came? Nanak must have often wished that there had been between him and his parents-in-law ten times the distance there actually was, for in that case they would not be so ready to undertake a journey to reprove and to advise him. Oh! the beauty of Shastric teaching in every respect. The Shastras enjoin that girls shall be given in marriage to youths, resident of localities as far re-

moved from those which are the birth-places of girls, as possible. The Shastric name for the girl is *duhita*, for the reason that she is to get a husband whose native-town or village or place of residence is at a distance from that of herself. When the people choose to forget or disregard the Shastras, they must not complain if this forgetfulness or disregard produces its inevitable results.

Nanak had no other alternative but to keep away from home as much as he could. His sister's house also, for the time being, ceased to have any charm for him, for Chuni's mother had not forgotten that Nanak had a sister, and she paid her visits to try the powers of her tongue on her. Nanaki was the last person to venture upon making a stand against such a woman : a whole army of young ladies like her would have been a poor match against such a scold. Hence she heard her reproaches and her taunts in silence, and she felt them deeply. Nanak knew that, under the circumstances, he could expect but little sympathy and consolation from his sister, her own sorrows being enough for her, and he, therefore, regarded it as nothing short of intrusion on his part to set foot within the precincts of her dwelling. The shop was a place of refuge, and Bala's company was a thousand times more welcome than that of those at home, and so the major portion of the twenty-four hours was passed in the shop. Thought after thought would crowd upon the mind of the unhappy husband in moments of leisure, idea after idea would chase each other in swift succession in hours of inaction ; but the horizon appeared to wear a dark and gloomy look and escape seemed impossible. Had the

world at last got him so effectually in its toils as to take away from him all hope of seeing himself liberated? Were the yearnings of his soul, its high and holy aspirations to remain unsatisfied? Little did Nanak suspect that the potentialities of his spirit were prodigious, and that the hour would at last come when it must burst itself free from the world's meshes!

CHAPTER VIII.

Renunciation.

Several years passed away in this kind of life, a homeless life, in spite of a 'home.' Nanak was now thirty-six years of age, and he was a father. He had two sons, one born in his thirty-second year, and the other four years later, The former was called Sri Chand, and the latter, Lakshmi Das. Who could dream that even now, when he had not only a wife but two children also to provide for, when an additional link between him and his wife had been created, a link which is extremely hard to ignore, when both friend and foe around had delivered their final and ultimate judgment that Nanak was "fixed" for life;—yes, who could dream that *even now* a change, a startling, momentous change awaited Nanak ?—a change that would completely change the tenor of his existence!

One day, about six months after the birth of the second child, when Nanak sat absorbed in reflection, a Muhammadan faqir happened to pay him a visit. The two were soon deep in conversation, at the conclusion of which the visitor is said to have remarked: "Nanak, what is this you are doing? Is this the true mission of your life? You ought to see whether the life you are leading fits in with what you *have to do.*" These few words produced a profound impression on the mind of Nanak, and he is reported to have observed in reply: "God will yet make every-

thing come about right!" There was a significance and a determination in the reply, which could not be mistaken, and the faqir, evidently satisfied, went his way.

Scarcely eight months had gone by since the above conversation took place, when Nanak, going out, according to custom, in the last watch of the night, to the brook (Beín) in the neighbourhood of the village for a bath, completely disappeared. His absence produced surprise and alarm, and his enemies began to lay at his door once more the charge which had already been twice proved to be utterly unfounded. It was affirmed that Nanak had run away because the shop was in a bad way, and that he would never knowingly put his head into the noose. A search was made, but without avail. On the third day, however, Nanak came back of himself, thus giving, by his action, the lie to the false reports which were being so assiduously circulated about him by the evil-minded. He was almost naked, and refused to go home or to see his sister, and he kept knocking about at pleasure. "The man is no longer in his senses, he is stark mad," cried the fellow-villagers of Nanak one to another, and it was agreed that he was mad, some fiend probably having got into him!

The news of Nanak's disappearance was bound to reach the Nawab, and he at once sent for Jai Ram, who was Nanak's surety, and demanded that accounts in connection with the shop might be produced for examination. At Jai Ram's request, Nanak also appeared at court, and the examination forthwith commenced. The result, as before, was most favorable. It was found that this time a balance of no

less than Rs. 760 was due to Nanak from Government! The Nawab was perfectly satisfied, and expressed a wish that Nanak would remain in charge of the shop, but the latter declined the offer, adding that the money due to him might be distributed among the needy and the helpless.

It would, no doubt, appear surprising, and perhaps unaccountable, that Nanak, after having been a house-holder so long, after having begot children and thus strengthened his ties with the world, should have, by one single effort, become wholly estranged from everything worldly, and a devoted servant of God. But there is nothing to wonder at in this. Nanak's life as a house-holder was a life that would elevate and not degrade. In the first place, he was regular in his worship of God. He would get up daily while yet a part of the night remained, have his bath and sit down to meditation and contemplation. It is impossible for a man who never lets a day pass without thinking of God, without rendering to Him the homage and the adoration that are His due, to experience mental or moral deterioration. For God is the fountain-head of virtue, purity and excellence, and a contemplation of His attributes must increase a man's own stock of these, thus ennobling and elevating his mind and spirit. Again, Nanak, ever since he had taken charge of the shop, had been eating the bread of his own earning. And the Shastras declare that from pure bread, from the bread that one has come honestly by, from the bread that one has won by the sweat of one's brow, come pure thoughts. The ancient sages might never partake of the victuals that had been provided by one whose money had not been got honestly. Has a greater or

purer man lived than Bhishama Pitamah, and yet do we not know that, with all his self-subjugation, his eating the bread of a bad man—Duryodhna—*did* affect the transcendental purity of his thought and action? He acknowledged as much to the Pandwas. Nanak, while at Talwandi, might live upon the earnings of his father, which earnings could not, for obvious reasons, conduce to the elevation of his mind and spirit; but ever since he had come to accept the situation of grain-factor, he had lived upon nothing but what was the fruit of absolute honesty, and in eating the bread of his own earning, in righteousness must have exerted a most wholesome influence on the ideas and thoughts. Further, Nanak had been constantly giving from his earnings. The Shastras speak highly of giving, as a factor in the soul's salvation. Commenting upon this, a learned and gifted European lady says that the true devotee "never seeks to gain," "he seeks to give, to give constantly perpetually, in order that he may overcome the selfishness of human nature and eradicate the grasping tendency of the mind." Nanak was constantly, perpetually, giving, feeding the creatures of God, and, in sympathising with and serving them, he was gaining a place in his Maker's love. These and similar other causes contributed to keep Nanak always above the world and its influence and advancing him Heaven-ward, and thus it was that when he chose to withdraw himself entirely from the world, he could do it with comparative ease.

It was a real blow to Mula to hear that his son-in-law had renounced the world. He was aware that Nanak was fond of solitude and contemplation and sadly lacked his own passionate fondness for business,

but he had never counted upon such a contingency—had never suspected that he would go so far as to take to a life of absolute retirement. He felt stunned by the blow, and when he came to himself, he was mad with rage and disappointment. And well he might. His daughter had not been able to put by even a few hundreds, for the larger half of the income from the shop went in charity, and the rest in meeting the requirements of Nanak's own household. Mula himself was the reverse of a rich man, and his owry to his daughter had been of the poorest description. Under these circumstances, the unfortunate twari had cause to fret over this sudden retirement Nanak. He called it a cowardly desertion, on anak's part, of his wife and children, though had been blessed with a larger amount of foresight, he ould have seen that there was no justification for n to indulge in such a savage remark. He flew to preceptor, Pandit Shama, imploring him to seek t and remonstrate with Nanak and to persuade m to resume his old way of life. The Pandit did s desired. He found Nanak seated in a grave-yard a contemplative mood, and approaching him began to talk to him upon the inadvisability of the step he had taken. But his persuasive eloquence was lost upon Nanak, and finally he saw no other alternative but to return home, wholly disappointed in his mission. When Mula learnt that the priest's errand had been fruitless, he, as a last resource, applied to the Nawab to decree that the balance due to Nanak from Government be made over to Nanak's wife. The Nawab was in a dilemma. He could not but sympathise with Nanak's wife and children, knowing that they were almost destitute, but, on the other

hand, he could not see his way to grant the application of the Patwari, in as much as the money due to Nanak had been given away by him in charity, and a Muhammadan (as a Hindu) might not presume to use such money for purposes other than those specified. For it is a sin to use money set apart for charitable purposes for something else, and the Nawab might well shrink from decreeing Nanak's dues even to his lawful heirs.

But there was one thing which might help him out of the difficulty. It was the general belief that Nanak was no longer in his right senses, and the promise or vow of a person with an unsound mind could not be binding, whether the making good or fulfilling of the same rested with himself or with his friends and relatives. Nanak passed his whole time within the walls of a cemetery, a dreary, frightful place, and was it improbable that he was possessed of an evil spirit? if so, what could furnish greater presumption in favor of the belief than the extreme partiality which Nanak had begun to exhibit for forbidding, repulsive localities like cemeteries? Well he would ascertian whether Nanak's reason had really been unhinged. With this object in view he put him in charge of a Muhammadan priest to pronounce holy texts upon him and to exorcise the evil-spirit that had established itself in his person. The priest (all Muhammadans being firm believers in the existence of demons and evil-spirits) set about his task, but he could discover no difference between Nanak's insanity and his own sanity. Nanak's talk was that of a man in the full possession of his senses, and a few minutes' conversation was enough to convince him that there was no foundation for the popular

impression, that Nanak was mad. The reflections which the priest's incantations induced are embodied in the following utterance :—

ਕੋਈ ਆਖੈ ਭੂਤਨਾ ਕੋਈ ਕਹੈ ਬੈਤਾਲਾ ।
ਕੋਈ ਆਖੈ ਆਦਮੀ ਨਾਨਕ ਬੀਚਾਰਾ ॥

ਖੇਤੀ ਜਿਨਕੀ ਉਜੜੀ ਖਲਵਾੜੇ ਨਹੀ ਥਾਉ ।
ਧ੍ਰਿਗ ਤਿਨਾ ਦਾ ਜੀਵਿਆ ਜੋ ਲਿਖ ਲਿਖ ਵੇਚਨ ਨਾਉ ॥

ਭਇਆ ਦਿਵਾਨਾ ਸਾਹੁ ਕਾ ਨਾਨਕ ਬਉਰਾਨਾ ।
ਹਉ ਹਰਿ ਬਿਨ ਅਵਰ ਨ ਜਾਨਾ ॥ ੧ ॥

ਭਉ ਦਿਵਾਨਾ ਜਾਣੀਐ ਜਾਂ ਭੈ ਦਿਵਾਨਾ ਹੋਇ ।
ਏਕੀ ਸਾਹਿਬਥਾਹਰਾ ਦੂਜਾ ਅਵਰ ਨ ਜਾਣੈ ਕੋਇ ॥

ਭਉ ਦਿਵਾਨਾ ਜਾਣੀਐ ਜਾ ਏਕਾ ਕਾਰ ਕਮਾਇ ।
ਹੁਕਮ ਪਛਾਣੈ ਖਸਮ ਕਾ ਦੂਜੀ ਅਵਰ ਸਿਆਣਪ
ਕਾਇ ॥ ੨ ॥

ਭਉ ਦਿਵਾਨਾ ਜਾਣੀਐ ਜਉ ਸਾਹਿਬ ਧਰੈ ਪਿਆਰ ।
ਮੰਦਾ ਜਾਣੈ ਆਪ ਕਉ ਅਵਰੁ ਭਲਾ ਸੰਸਾਰ ॥੩॥

The purport is—

"Woe unto them that having written
the Divine name, sell it;

"Whose crop has been devastated, and
who have no place for a barn.

"Some say he is possessed of an evil spirit;
others, that he is possessed of a demon;

"Some say that the poor Nanak is a mere
man.

"The insane Nanak is mad after the Lord;

"Except Him he knoweth of none.

"He is to be known insane who is so through
the fear of the Lord;

"Who knoweth of none except the Lord.

"He is to be known insane who does only
one thing—understands no device but
that of worshipping the Lord.

"He is to be known insane who loveth
the Lord;

Who looketh upon himself as inferior, and upon others as superior."

The priest submitted his report, and the Nawab, in his perplexity, sent for Jai Ram to take his advice in the matter, but Jai Ram humbly declined to commit himself to any definite expression of opinion. He felt for Nanak's family, but he was, at the same time, to do or say nothing that would involve a disregard of Nanak's wishes, for he was now firmly convinced that there was something transcendental in him, and that it would not do to cross him. He suggested that His Highness would send for Nanak himself, and ascertain what his wishes really were. A summons was sent forthwith, but Nanak would take no notice of it, and force had to be used to procure his presence.

As soon as he came, the Nawab asked, rather in a dudgeon (for Nanak had omitted making him the customary obeisance), why he had not obeyed his mandate. Nanak replied that as long as he was in the Nawab's employ, he obeyed him; but now that he had taken service with God, he obeyed naught else than Him. Upon this the Nawab said: "Well, if you are for serving God, then I am too. To-day is Friday, and let us, therefore, both repair to the mosque and say our prayers." To this Nanak agreed, and the Nawab, accompanied by the nobles and magnates of the Court and the head-priest of his capital, wended his way to the mosque, and prepared to say his prayers. Nanak was among the devotees of the day. But he remained standing, and never bent the knee

in prayer. When the congregation had finished their devotions, the Nawab said to Nanak: "Did you come here to say your prayers or to remain standing?" Nanak replied that the Nawab was busy buying horses in Kandhar during the time the devotions lasted, and that it was therefore impossible for him to join His Highness in *prayers!* Upon this the head-priest said that if he thought the Nawab was not thinking of God during the prayers, he could have joined *him* in worship. "You too," replied Nanak, "were running after your foal during prayers, being afraid that it might fall into the pit in the compound of your dwelling!" The Nawab and the priest exchanged meaning glances, and they are said to have gone even further and acknowleged to those around him that their minds were really wandering during the prayers !* Lesser men in our day are often expert in thought-reading, and surely there is nothing to wonder at in Nanak having read the thoughts of the Nawab and the priest aright. Saith not the Upanishad, that by *knowing God all things are known?* Nanak had elected to serve the *subtlest* Power in the universe, and by His grace his spirit could divine the state of less subtle things!

Of course, the Nawab had not forgotten his real object in summoning Nanak, but Nanak's decision was final, and whatever hints the Nawab might throw out, they failed to have any weight with him, and His Highness saw that it was useless to try to make him change his mind. The responsibility of disposing of the money thus entirely devolved upon

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* *See* Qasis-i-Hind, Part II.

the Nawab, and, after a careful, protracted consideration of the matter, he decided that the sum due to Nanak from Government might be equally divided between suppliants for charity and Nanak's family. This was, accordingly, done.

The people in those days were as much walled in by castes as we are in our day. In spite of Islam being the dominant power in the land, orthodox Hinduism was boldly and fearlessly uncompromising in the matter of intercourse between the two races. Hindus and Muhammadans might mix together, but no Hindu was ever at liberty to do that which was understood to amount to a crossing of the actual line of demarcation which separated him from the Muslim. If, for instance, any one ate or drank from the hand of a Muhammadan, or if he took a Musalman's daughter for wife, or even if he said his prayers in a mosque with other Musalmans, he lost caste (in those days, *for ever*), he was no longer a Hindu, *he had crossed the line of demarcation.* Nanak had gone into a mosque with Muhammadans, *confessedly*, to join them in prayers. No one not acquainted with what had really transpired in the mosque, could help coming to the conclusion that Nanak had become a convert to Islam. For (thought the people) he must have joined in prayers those he had accompanied, for the simple reason that persons in the position of the Governor and the Qazi (the head-priest and judge) could not be *trifled with.* Jai Ram was upset by the news, and hurried home to impart it to his wife. Nanaki showed her characteristic confidence in her brother by treating the rumour lightly: mentally and

spiritually Nanak was far too high to cast in his lot with Islam. Jai Ram, however, failed to catch the contagion of trustfulness which shone in his wife's eyes, in the general expression of her face, and in her speech and manner, and, for his peace of mind, at once despatched a Brahman named Nadha to find out the truth. The Brahman was soon back, and Jai Ram discovered that he had, as before, been out of his reckoning in thinking that Nanak could take a false step! It was not the temporal power that had triumphed but the power of the *spirit*.

It was many days before Kalu heard the news of his son's retirement from the world. For Sultanpur was some hundred miles from Talwandi, and news in those days travelled rather slow. It was generally the family-barber, or priest or the musician, or, occasionally, a hired man that carried it from one place to another. The present was a painful, heart-rending intelligence, as it was unexpected. Mother Tripta's grief no words can describe. She could not forget it in anger, though her husband could, for she had no anger, being the very personation of gentleness and sweetness. Kalu lost no time in sending Mardana—the family musician—to Sultanpur to learn the worst for him. The first person the musician met on reaching Sultanpur corroborated the intelligence, and if he had still any doubt lurking in his mind as to its correctness, it was soon removed by the testimony of Jai Ram and others. Still he must personally see Nanak, to seek a further confirmation of it by the testimony of his own senses. He reached the grave-yard where Nanak lived, and went up to him and sought to win him back to his old way of

life. But the poor fellow had reckoned without his host. He had counted upon a victory but was himself conquered. The few words which Nanak said in reply were so inspiring and convincing, so destructive of worldly thought, that Mardana gave up all intention of going back to Talwandi, not doubting but that some one else would carry to Kalu the confirmation for which he longed, and made up his mind to share the fortunes of Kalu's son. And, though anything but firm of purpose, he stayed with Nanak to his last breath!

CHAPTER IX.

Final Interview with Bibi Nanaki.

It might well be expected that life in the midst of graves would not be of long continuance. Men who renounce the world, as Nanak had done, do not at once tie themselves down to a particular place, much less if this place has been the scene of their daily labour and toil in their previous mode of life. Moreover, Nanak was destined to be a preacher *par excellence*, and it was, in the very nature of things, impossible that he should settle down in any place for long, long years to come. And consequently, only a short time after Mardana had joined him, he determined to leave Sultanpur and to roam about at pleasure. In order that Mardana might be all the more useful to him, he sent him to his sister with the request, that she would furnish him with a harp, Nanak himself not having a single pice in the world to call his own. Bibi Nanaki was only too happy to gratify her brother's wish, and gave Mardana the money required. But before dismissing the man she asked him to convey her humble message to her brother, that she longed to see him and that he would come to her. Nanak could refuse nothing to his sister, and he responded the call. Bibi Nanaki entertained him, kept him for several hours with her, and had her fill of conversation with him. Nanak

expressed a wish to see Bala, who was still in the village, and, when the latter came, asked him how he was doing. Bala replied that, ever since Nanak gave up the shop, he had been doing nothing, that he found time hanging heavy upon his hands, and that he longed to return to Talwandi, so that he might settle his affairs before taking the decisive step he meant to do. He added that Nanak had chosen wisely, and that those who found fault with him, did not understand him. As for himself, he prayed to God to save him from that want of faith which characterised the attitude of the conceited and the sceptic towards his master. Nanak gave Bala the permission asked for, and he, accordingly, left for Talwandi.

The interview being over, Nanak took his way to the cemetery, while Mardana set out on his errand of procuring a harp. But nowhere could he get the instrument he was looking for. There was none in the market to be had, while his brethren had nothing but jeers for him, tauntingly calling him—the musician of the *walkers in the way of crookedness.* Weary and despondent with his fruitless search, Mardana retired to the grave-yard and related to Nanak all that had transpired. Nanak comforted the musician, saying that the world was groping in darkness, and that though it might now repulse him, *it must at last listen to him, in humility and repentance!* Such is the faith of the true reformer, the true preacher and teacher, in the righteousness of his mission, in the all-conquering character of his teaching!

After a moment's thought, Nanak told Mardana where he was certain to get a harp. One Pharinda

or Pheru, a skilful maker of harps, lived in a village close by, and if Mardana called upon him, he was sure to return successful. Mardana sallied forth on his search, and he wandered far and wide without coming at the man. On the third day, while exhausted with fatigue and worn out with mental care, he sat under a tree, Pheru himself chanced to come upon him, and put him in possession of a harp. Mardana offered him money, but he refused it, only expressing a wish that he might see Nanak. Mardana led him to his master, and he had his wish.

Mardana is said to have been one of the most skilful players on the harp of his time: indeed, if the report handed down is to be believed, he was unsurpassed as a manager of that instrument. The very first day he played on his newly-acquired instrument, Nanak was in a trance. The refrain of the song which accompanied the play was: "Tuhi Nirankar, Tuhi Nirankar, Nanak banda tera—(Thou alone art the formless, the formless Thou, and Nanak is Thy slave)."

Mardana's proficiency was not the acquisition of years, the result of labour and training; but, according to the biographers, a free gift from Nanak, the receiving of which occupied no more time than a second or two. Nothing is said about the voice of Mardana. We suppose it was neither better nor worse than that of an ordinary musician. Was it then the instrumental music or the vocal and the instrumental both combined which induced the trance? We think both, not because there was anything extraordinary or superfine about either (at least such is our impression) but because Nanak's own mind was pro-

foundly disposed towards contemplation, and the slightest external prompting was sufficient to intensify meditation into a trance. How many people there are in the world on whose minds the sweetest harmony will fail to produce a hundredth part of the effect which the most untrained and the least attractive voice, accompanying a rude management of some primitive musical instrument, will produce on the hearts of the pious and the godly! The heart's inspiration and the spirit's ecstacy come not from man's voice or from instruments of man's making, but from those mysterious heavenly melodies which pour, in some comprehensible fashion, into the mind of the real devotee when all his external consciousness is gone and the conscious Principle within is grazing in rapture on the power, the majesty and the splendour Divine! Nanak's trance was of no less than full two days' duration, and when at last his eyes opened on the third, he saw that Mardana sat before him, the very picture of impatience and discontent. On enquiry as to what ailed him, Mardana asked leave to go home, for (said he) he could not be Nanak's companion if he was to go into trances and to leave his poor servant to perish of hunger and thirst! Nanak replied that he was at perfect liberty to please himself either way. He might return home if he liked, or he might stay with him if it pleased him; but if he chose the latter course, he must know that in that case he would have to put up with hunger and thirst, for privations must follow in the train of Nanak!

While Mardana was yet pondering over the reply and before he could make up his mind as to what to do, Bibi Nanaki came to know that he intended to leave her brother. She was pained, and sent for

Mardana, and, on learning the reason of his contemplated desertion, she gave him Rs. 20 and a suit of clothes, both she and her husband exacting from him the promise that as long as Nanak remained at Sultanpur, he should stay with him, dining both morning and evening at their house, and that when he should go on a journey, the musician should accompany him, they undertaking to furnish him with money, for his expenses on the way. To this Mardana agreed, and retraced his steps to the cemetery. Nanak, under the impression that the musician had left for his native village, asked him why he saw him still at Sultanpur, and he related to Nanak all that had passed. Nanak thought that the musician had no right to accept money from his sister or from Jai Ram, though he had no objection to the man's keeping the suit of clothes with him, and he forthwith repaired to Bibi Nanaki's house and managed to return the money, though it was with extreme reluctance that the noble woman received it back. Before parting, Nanaki, after she had done all to persuade him to give up his purpose but without avail, consented to his going, on condition that whenever she wanted to see him, he would come back and satisfy her longing.

CHAPTER X.—MOVING ABOUT.

Visit to Emnabad.

Bidding farewell to Bibi Nanaki and to Jai Ram, Nanak set out for Emnabad, a city in the Lahore District. From this hour of his departure from Sultanpur, we shall know Nanak as *Guru* Nanak. For he had from this hour entered upon the true mission of his life—had taken upon himself the task of denouncing the superstitions and exposing the evils which were prevalent and eating into the vitals of the Indian society of his day. The word *Guru*, in its etymological sense, means one who declares or preaches to others things which will elevate them intellectually, morally and spiritually, and even in other respects. All that Nanak did henceforward had a two-fold object—the unfoldment of his own spiritual capacities and powers by intense, profound contemplation of God, and the chastising and rooting out of the practices whose observance involved a transgression, directly or indirectly, of Divine Law and Teaching, and consequently, he was a *Guru* now and during the years to come. It took Guru Nanak seven days to reach Emnabad. What had attracted him to this town was the fact that it was the residence-place of a certain carpenter named Lallo, and this man was pious and God-fearing. The Guru, on arriving at his destination, proceeded

straight to the carpenter's house. Lallo had heard of Guru Nanak, though he had not had yet occasion to see him. When he came to know who it was that had paid him a visit, he was extremely pleased, and accorded the saint a hearty reception. Guru Nanak, however, did not find the people of Emnabad favorably disposed towards him. Indeed, they discovered a positive dislike for him and for his preaching. And no wonder! The world has ever bitterly resented innovation in the department of religion (as in many another department). The innovation may be nothing but, as it often is, the declaration of some old, eternal truth,—the affirmation and enunciation of some principle which, *whenever* realized in practice, must conduce to the welfare of man, or the advocacy of some usage or custom based on such a principle. Yet for all that it has met with a fierce and determined opposition on the part of the masses. The preacher, the thinker, the scientist, each of these, though belonging to the highest type of humanity, has often fared, at the hands of the common conservative wight, as the greatest felon that ever trod the earth. How did the Jews receive Christ who is in these days worshipped as the very incarnation of God by millions of men (many of whom, by the by, possess a degree of intelligence and culture which might well be expected to revolt against such worship, which seeks to drag down the Deity to the level of one of His creatures!)? How did Gallileo fare at the hands of the Catholic priests for proclaiming that the earth spins round the sun? He was, to quote the author of the '*Conflict*

between Religion and Science,' "accused of imposture, heresy, blasphemy, atheism." And for his humbly asserting that the Scriptures were only meant to be a moral authority and not a scientific one, he was summoned before the Inquisition under an accusation of having taught that "the earth moves round the sun," a doctrine "utterly opposed to the Scriptures!" He was ordered to renounce that heresy "on pain of being imprisoned," and, though on his pledging his word that he would not preach his doctrine in future he was given his liberty, he was once more thrown into the dungeon on his re-affirming the truth of his discovery. "On his bended knees," says the learned author of the '*Conflict between Religion and Science,*' he "was compelled to adjure and curse the doctrine of the movement of the earth. What a spectacle! The venerable man, the most illustrious of his age, forced by the threat of death to deny facts, which his judges as well as himself, knew to be true! He was then committed to prison, treated with remorseless severity during the remaining ten years of his life and was denied burial in consecrated ground." How was one of the greatest benefactors of France, the potter Plassey, treated by his country-men merely for conferring upon those country-men the blessing of a most valuable discovery? But for the intervention of a nobleman, who could not do without his beautiful pots, he would have been consigned to the flames alive! The conservative, tradition-bound men have invariably set themselves in opposition to their truest and greatest benefactors, and it was in the nature of things that Guru Nanak, when he dared go against

popular prejudice, should, in spite of his being remarkably gentle in speech, be scowled at and hooted. The Guru as well as his host did not relish this reception, and as for Mardana, that good man felt as if he were being broken on the wheel. "Let us leave the place," said the Guru to the musician, and forthwith the pair communicated their intentions to their host. On the latter enquiring as to what had led the saint to determine upon leaving him so soon, the Guru replied that the people of Emnabad appeared to be pained at his presence, and that he would be better moving about, to relieve them of it! The lines uttered by the Guru, on this occasion, as portraying the changeful humour of the wayward and difficult-to-be-pleased multitude, are the following:—

ਚੁਪ ਕਰਾ ਭਾ ਆਖੀਐ ਇਤ ਘਟ ਨਾਹੀ ਮਤ ।
ਜਾ ਬੋਲਾ ਭਾ ਆਖੀਐ ਬੜ ਬੜ ਕਰੇ ਬਹੁਤ ॥
ਜੇ ਬੈਠਾ ਭਾ ਆਖੀਐ ਬੈਠਾ ਸਥਰ ਘਤ ।
ਉਠ ਚਲਾ ਭਾ ਆਖੀਐ ਛਾਰ ਗਿਆ ਸਿਰ ਘਤ ॥
ਜੋ ਕਰ ਨਿਢਾ ਭਾ ਆਖੀਐ ਡਰਦਾ ਕਰੇ ਭਗਤ ।
ਕਾਈ ਗਲੀ ਨ ਮੇਵਣੀ ਜਿਤ ਬਹਿ ਕਢਾ ਝਤ ॥
ਏਥੇ ਓਥੇ ਨਾਨਕਾ ਕਰਤਾ ਰਖੇ ਪਤ ॥

The purport of these is :

"If I remain silent, they say : 'There is no sense, in this *body* (person).'

"If I speak, they say : 'He is talking nonsense.'

"If I remain sitting, they say : 'He is sitting as if mourning for somebody.'

"If, getting up, I go away, the people say : 'He has gone having put ashes on his head.'

"If I humble myself before them, they say : 'His piety is the result of fear.'

"I can think of no way of solving the difficulty ; how shall I get over it ?

"The Lord, O Nanak, alone can guard one's honor in this as well as in the next world."*

Truly, it is hard to please one and all. The likings and dislikings of one set of individuals are so markedly different from those of another set, their intellectual capacity, their discerning power, their mental discipline and their power of imagination are so unequal, that what attracts and delights and appears valuable to one man, fails to find favor with, and is repelled by, another. The true preacher, yea, the true worker, in whatever department of human activity his work may lie, will ever think of and do

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* A recently produced biographical sketch by a Sikh gentleman (now no more) would assure us that these *shabads* were uttered at Talwandi.—*C. S.*

his duty to the best of his power, utterly regardless of the world's opinion.

Bhai Lallo would not hear of the Guru's going away so soon. His pleading in favor of a longer stay was so humble and there was such a ring of sincerity about every word he said that the Guru could not find it in his heart to refuse his request, and he agreed to stay for a month. Mardana, however, was not made of the sterner stuff of which his master was, and thinking it wise to put some distance between himself and his persecutors, and also perhaps frightened at the thought that it would be dull and monotonous to be so long at a comparatively small place, asked leave to go home. The Guru said that he might have his wish, provided he was back at Emnabad before the month had expired. The Guru would have preferred his singer to stay with him, but then a contemplative and thoughtful personage like Nanak is always a company by himself, and the Guru, though passing the live-long day in the society of birds and beasts in the jungle, was perfectly happy in his meditations and devotions. It may be that this extreme partiality for solitude during the day was, in some small degree, due to the presence in the Guru's mind of the idea that it would (from a worldly point of view) be to the advantage of a man of such exceptionally slender means as his host was.

While the Guru was staying at Emnabad, an influential native of the town, a *Kshatrya*, by name Malik Bhago, gave a feast to the local Brahmans. The Guru, too, had been invited, but he did not join

in the entertainment. This gave umbrage to the influential man. He sought a personal interview with the Guru and bitterly complained to him of the slight cast upon him by his absence. The saint gently answered that there was no cause for the Malik to vex himself so much over what was but a trivial matter, that if he had not been able to share his hospitality before, he was ready to atone for his past conduct by partaking of refreshments he might now provide. The Malik was pleased with the answer, and he forthwith made a sign to his servant to bring in something for the Guru. A plate covered with choice viands was soon forthcoming; but before the Guru touched it, he asked Lallo, who also stood by, to bring some victuals too. The good man only too cheerfully obeyed the mandate, and when the simple fare had been placed side by side with the rich man's delicacies, the Guru took a little from each in either hand and squeezed them both. If the biographers are to be believed, the pressure caused several drops of blood to fall from the Malik's offering, while nothing but pure, white milk streamed forth from the carpenter's coarse, uninviting eatables!

This may be incredible, but, for all that, the story is pregnant with useful instruction to the believer in miracles as well as to those whose strong, sturdy common sense will not permit them to have faith in myth and marvel. The lesson which the story is intended to teach is, that the greatest delicacies obtained at the expense of others—wrung from the poor children of toil by artifice or force, are something absolutely undesirable and wholly discard-

able when compared with the plainest food won by a person by the labour of his own hands, and further, that a poor, honest man, whose soul revolts at the very idea of having recourse to fraud, is not a whit inferior, nay is by far superior, to the dishonest millionaire who can give sumptuous entertainments to the priests on the strength of his ill-gotten gains!

But if no miracle was wrought (for a miracle is an impossibility), how, it may be asked, was the lesson, particularized above, conveyed to the Malik? Why, in the simplest and most natural of ways? When both the plates came to be placed before the Guru, he tasted them both, we may be sure, but while he merely *tasted* the offering of the rich man, he not only tasted the carpenter's cakes and vegetables, but actually ate off his plate his fill. This must appear strange and be painful to the wealthy host, and of course an explanation must follow. In giving that explanation was the Guru's opportunity, and he must utilize it to make it clear to the annoyed Malik that honest poverty was preferable to rolling in wealth not honestly come by, and that parched 'gram' purchased by one's own labor made a more desirable and savory dish than the best dainties bought with money *really* not one's own!

It may well be presumed that the Malik, so proud of his riches and who had all his life received obsequious attention from almost all who enjoyed the honor of his acquaintance, would not relish the plain, straight-forward words of the Guru, how deeply soever he might be impressed with the justice and the truth of the same. To be

snubbed in the presence of an obscure carpenter, aye, to be assured in the presence of that insignificant and low-caste man that he stood far higher morally and spiritually—was greater in the sight of the Lord and his servants than the Malik, was, though possibly true, intolerable, and something not to be quietly passed over. He would see if he could not pay off the Guru for his stinging discourse, and he had soon his chance. The only son of Sage Khan, the Governor of Emnabad, was taken ill. The ablest physicians, accessible to a man of the Governor's position, were summoned to treat the youngman, but their skill seemed to be utterly at fault. The Malik being a Councillor of the Governor, the latter one day mentioned to him how matters stood, how the urgency of the case demanded that something should be done for his son before long. The Malik at once gave it as his opinion that, since the physicians were wholly powerless to do any good to the prince, some mendicant, a real man of God, able to work miracles, should be got hold of and requested to charm out the disease from the pain-racked body of the patient. There was a great deal in this counsel, and the Governor approved of it highly, but the difficulty was where to get the kind of mendicant specified from? The Malik suggested that every mendicant about the town should be secured, the chances being that some one of the lot must turn out a real man of God. The afflicted and half-stupefied father commended the suggestion, and forthwith issued orders that it might be carried into effect. The mendicants began to be seized, and of those who found themselves in the

hands of the Governor's men, Guru Nanak was one! Bhai Lallo was greatly distressed at the nature of the treatment accorded to the Guru by the powers that be, but the latter bade him be of good cheer, for as long as the Guru's *spirit* was free, he minded not the bolts and bars which held his body captive!

But before Sage Khan had time enough to secure, in his son's behalf, by force or entreaty, the intercession of the captured mendicants with God, the alarming news came that a Moghul army was rapidly advancing in the direction of Emnabad and carrying fire and sword into every town and village that did not choose to make an unconditional surrender. Not that the towns and villages that acknowledged the invader's supremacy were absolutely safe from the devastating hand of the rapacious and unprincipled adventurers that must almost invariably follow in the train of a conqueror: they too had to experience the effects of rapine and plunder; but, speaking comparatively, they were better off than those which chose to defy and to fight. There was, as might be expected, consternation among the friends and supporters of Sage Khan when they heard the unwelcome tidings, and they had reason to tremble, for along with Sayyadur and the towns in its vicinity, Emnabad was also sacked and subjected to insult and ill-treatment. Guru Nanak, who had heard of, and was probably also a witness to, the enormities committed by Babar's army, gave vent to his feelings and his reflections in the following lines:—

ਜਿਨ ਸਿਰਿ ਸੋਹਨਿ ਪਟੀਆ ਮਾਂਗੀ ਪਾਇ ਸੰਧੂਰੁ ॥ ਸੈ ਸਿਰ ਕਾਤੀ ਮੁੰਨੀਆਨਿ ਗਲ ਵਿਚਿ ਆਵੈ ਘੁੜਿ ॥ ਮਹਲਾ ਅੰਦਰਿ ਹੋਦੀਆ ਹੁਣਿ ਬਹਣਿ ਨ ਮਿਲਨਿ ਹਦੂਰਿ ॥ ੧ ॥

ਆਦੇਸੁ ਬਾਬਾ ਆਦੇਸੁ ॥ ਆਦਿ ਪੁਰਖ ਤੇਰਾ ਅੰਤੁ ਨ ਪਾਇਆ ਕਰਿ ਕਰਿ ਦੇਖਹਿ ਵੇਸੁ ॥ ੧ ॥

ਜਦਹੁ ਸੀਆ ਵੀਆਹੀਆ ਲਾੜੇ ਸੋਹਨਿ ਪਾਸਿ ॥ ਹੀਡੋਲੀ ਚੜਿ ਆਈਆ ਦੰਦ ਖੰਡ ਕੀਤੇ ਰਾਸਿ ॥ ਉਪਰੁ ਪਾਣੀ ਵਾਰੀਐ ਝਲੇ ਝਿਮਕਨਿ ਪਾਸਿ ॥ ੨ ॥

ਇਕੁ ਲਖੁ ਲਹਨਿ ਬਹਿਠੀਆ ਲਖੁ ਲਹਨਿ ਖੜੀਆ ॥ ਗਰੀ ਛੁਹਾਰੇ ਖਾਂਦੀਆ ਮਾਣਨਿ ਸੇਜੜੀਆ ॥ ਤਿਨ ਗਲਿ ਸਿਲਕਾ ਪਾਈਆ ਤੁਟਨਿ ਮੋਤੁਸਰੀਆ ॥ ੩ ॥

ਧਨ ਜੋਬਨੁ ਦੁਇ ਵੈਰੀ ਹੋਏ ਜਿਨੀ ਰਖੇ ਰੰਗੁ ਲਾਇ ॥ ਦੂਤਾ ਨੋ ਫੁਰਮਾਇਆ ਲੈ ਚਲੇ ਪਤਿ ਗਵਾਇ ॥ ਜੇ ਤਿਸੁ ਭਾਵੈ ਜੇ ਭਾਵੈ ਦੇਇ ਸਜਾਇ ॥ ੪ ॥

ਆਗੋ ਦੇ ਜੇ ਚੋਤੀਐ ਤਾਂ ਕਾਇਤੁ ਮਿਲੈ ਸਜਾਇ ॥ ਸਾਹਾ ਸੁਰਤਿ ਗਵਾਈਐ ਰੰਗਿ ਤਮਾਸੈ ਚਾਇ ॥ ਬਾਬਰ-ਵਾਣੀ ਫਿਰਿ ਗਈ ਕੁਇਰੁ ਨ ਰੋਟੀ ਖਾਇ ॥ ੫ ॥

ਇਕਨਾ ਵਖਤ ਖੁਆਈਅਹਿ ਇਕਨਾ ਪੂਜਾ ਜਾਇ ॥ ਚਉਕੇ ਵਿਣੁ ਹਿੰਦਵਾਣੀਆ ਕਿਉ ਟਿਕੇ ਕਢਹਿ ਨਾਇ ॥ ਰਾਮ ਨ ਕਬਹੁ ਚੇਤਿਓ ਹੁਣਿ ਕਹਣਿ ਨ ਮਿਲੈ ਖੁਦਾਇ ॥ ੬ ॥

ਇਕਿ ਘਰਿ ਆਵਹਿ ਆਪਣੇ ਇਕਿ ਮਿਲਿ ਮਿਲਿ ਪੁਛਹਿ ਸੁਖ ॥ ਇਕਨਾ ਏਹੋ ਲਿਖਿਆ ਬਹਿ ਬਹਿ ਰੋਵਹਿ ਦੁਖ ॥ ਜੋ ਤਿਸੁ ਭਾਵੈ ਸੋ ਥੀਐ ਨਾਨਕ ਕਿਆ ਮਾਨੁਖ ॥ ੭ ॥

Freely translated, the fore-going lines mean :—

"The heads which before used to be adorned with hair and with red lead.

"The same are being shaved to-day, the possessors of these choking with the accumulation of dust forced down their throats.

"Before this, these unfortnuate females used to reside in palaces, but now they are forbidden even the presence of the invader.

"Salutation to Thee! O Lord, Salutation to Thee! Thou Primeval Being! no one has known Thy end. Creating various forms, Thou contemplatest them!

"When these lovely females were wedded, their husbands, standing by them, looked glorious,

"Getting into their palanquins, they (the females) came to the houses of their parents-in-law, and the various auspicious ceremonies were performed.

"To avert evil, water was sacrificed over them, their rings glittering in the light at the time.

"Unlimited money was at their command when seated, and still more unlimited when standing;

"They fed upon delicious fruits of all sorts, and had no work to do than to lie down on their downy beds day and night;

"On their persons they had silk garments and ornaments of the finest sort:

"But, now, alas! their very beauty and wealth, which they prized and cherished, have become their enemies;

"Orders have been issued to the rude soldiers, and they outraging their modesty, have marched them off to prison!

"Verily, the Lord exalteth and degradeth whomsoever He liketh.

"Did man but think of him in time, why would he come in for punishment afterwards?

"(Before the arrival of the invader) the chiefs and princes would think of nothing but enjoyment and sight-seeing;

"But now the fiat of Babar has gone forth, and ladies of rank cannot get even the coarsest food to appease their hunger with.

"The time for saying prayers (in mosques) and doing worship (in Hindu temples) is fast passing away.

"And the Hindu females can no longer prepare their *chaukas* or make the religious mark on their foreheads.

"They never repeated the name of *Rama* before, and now no one will permit them to repeat the name of *Khuda*.

"Some are making inquiries as to how *their* families have fared, while others are asking their neighbours if their kith and kin are all-right.

"Others again, as a punishment for their past deeds, are seated, lamenting over their unhappy fate!

"Verily, whatsoever pleaseth the Lord, the same cometh to pass! An insignificant worm is man."

The Guru speaks in the foregoing lines of the vicissitudes of fortune, and emphasises, at the end of

each stanza, the truth of the great fact that the ways of God have always been and must always be mysterious and inscrutable, and His judgments irresistible. A time there was when persons in the position of Sage Khan and the ladies of his harem were surrounded by every luxury, had hosts of servants to dance constant attendance upon them, had to speak out their lightest wishes and they were forthwith gratified, when day and night seemed one long festival, when there was nothing to do but to command, to make merry and to enjoy, to spend hours on toilet and on the adornment of person: yes, a time there was when Sage Khan and others similarly circumstanced, aye, even a lesser mortal, here and there, had everything all their own way, were the most favorite pets of fortune; but alas! what were they now? Stripped of everything valuable by the foreign hordes, subjected to every imaginable indignity, they had either already atoned for their past enjoyments and excesses by dying a most ignoble death, or were rotting in dungeons, laden with irons only to be soon led forth to encounter the fate that had been that of their fellows! Great and just is the Lord! They that violate His law (and did not the Pathans violate it till they could violate it no further?) shall have their deserts. The thousands of innocent men, women and children that perished in the struggle between the fierce invaders and the effeminate Indian ruler,—have their wrongs and their fate gone unavenged? No surely, as the annals of the Mughal Indian Empire amply testify!

CHAPTER XI.

AN INVITATION, AND A VISIT.

Mardana reached Talwandi safely. His arrival, whatever satisfaction it may have given to himself, was hailed with delight by many a person, especially of the inquisitive type. None, however, would have been more eager to meet him at this juncture than was Kalu, as also the other near relatives of the Guru. Bala had arrived at Talwandi a fortnight earlier, and whatever information he could furnish about the Guru, had been received with marks of the highest displeasure by the Guru's father, and with trepidation and alarm by Mother Tripta. There was no reason for Kalu to doubt that Bala's report was true, and the proof that he did not doubt it, he, day and night, vented his anger on the honest farmer, whom he called all manner of names, telling him to his face, and in public, that he was the evil genius of Nanak and the destroyer of his house. But though Kalu was aware in his heart of hearts that his son was this time irretrievably lost, he was yet, in spite of

man who, in his opinion, was immeasurably superior to the crazed Bala, he sought him out before he had time to reach his dwelling, and interrogated him as to the correctness of the rumour current about Nanak in the village. Mardana replied that it was only too true, and the tone of his reply was such as at once astonished and confounded the Guru's parent. It lacked, in a startling degree, sympathy with the feelings and ways of thinking of Kalu. For Mardana, as we know, had not returned home quite the individual he was when he set off on Kalu's errand. The instinct of his tribe, so predominant in him at the time of his departure, had been materially subdued during his short stay with the Guru. He now thought and felt, in a feeble fashion it might be, that there was something higher and better than this world and its wealth and attractions to live for, and that Kalu was in the wrong in insisting that his son should live, think and act according to *his* ideals—should for ever remain wedded to the gross and the visible, should keep in subjection, if not entirely root out, those aspirations and longings which elevated and ultimately helped in uniting the human spirit with what lay behind all this—the great Lord who ruled the universe unseen. The Guru's company had wrought in the worldly-minded musician the change possessed of which he came to Talwandi. He had come within range of influence of a powerful magnet, and had felt the effect. There was so much real and genuine, so much of profoundly impressive and spiritual in the devotions and meditations of Guru Nanak that even he, selfish as he was, had been moved, and well

might he take occasion to assure the miserable parent, utterly indifferent to his feelings, that in his son he had had an incarnation of the sun and moon, an *avtara* of Shri Krishna! Having offered whatever consolation he could, Mardana waited upon Rai Bular, and told him all he could about the Guru. The venerable Rai received his information in a totally different spirit, for he had long known the character of the stuff the Guru was made of, and he expressed a strong desire that the Guru would come and see him. He begged Mardana that he would, when he went back, convey his request to the Guru and prevail upon him to accede to it. Mardana gladly undertaking the errand, and Bhai Bala accompanying him on his mission, also in deference to the Rai's wishes, the pair reached Emnabad in due course, and communicated to the Guru the aged landlord's wishes in almost his own words, which were something to the following effect: "I have long wished to see Your Holiness, but age and physical infirmity will not permit me to undertake a journey which must take seven days to accomplish and which must entail considerable suffering upon me. It is, therefore, my most humble request that Your Holiness will yourself come to Talwandi and let me have a sight of you before my bones are laid in the grave!" The message was touching, and coming from a person of the stamp of Rai Bular, who had ever evinced true paternal interest in his welfare and genuine sympathy with his troubles, the Guru could not find it in his heart to treat it lightly. Hence the very day the Bhais Bala

and Mardana arrived at Emnabad, the Guru took leave of Lallo and set off to Talwandi.

Although, in obedience to the dictates of his sense of gratitude and in obedience to the general impulse of his being, the Guru had determined upon visiting Talwandi the very moment the Rai's message had been delivered to him, yet was he a little reluctant to set foot in a place where his strength and resolution must be tested severely, aye, more than that, *painfully*. Kalu was there, of whom the Guru still stood in awe, and the gentle, suffering, all-kindness Mother Tripta was there, and how could he expect to listen unmoved to her appeals and pleading? A father's sternness and rage, when he urges upon his son the choice of a less noble of the two courses open to him, may be successfully braved, but a mother's tears—a mother who will not argue and reason, who will *not* enter into the comparative merits of the course in question, who will win her child from *his* purpose, and to *her* purpose, by *love*—the tears of this parent are hard to resist for a loving and dutiful child! But the ordeal must be undergone, and the Guru felt that he could not be free till it had been gone through.

When the Guru, in company with his two followers, reached Talwandi, he did not enter the town but put up outside it at *Chandra Bhan's well*, near a tank. The news of his arrival produced a stir among the population, and men and women streamed forth from their shops and their houses to have a look at him. Among those who were the first to find themselves

by the side of the Guru were, as might naturally be expected, Kalu, Mother Tripta and Lalloo, the younger brother of Kalu. As to what must have been the feelings of each when the Guru was within range of their vision, let the reader imagine for himself. For the Guru was, at this time, nothing different from a common mendicant in appearance. An ochre-colored piece of cloth, about two yards in length, was wound round his head, another of the same color and length was wrapped round his waist, while a smaller piece of the same color was held in his hand. Of the three, Kalu was the least able to control himself. He burst into an angry exclamation as soon as his eyes rested on the Guru and was going to discharge a volley of abuse when Lalloo, the more prudent of the two, stopped him and brought him to master the impulse rising within him.

When the conversation began, it was Lalloo who took upon himself the office of a spokesman with the Guru, for he knew that he could not trust to the ungovernable temper of Kalu, and that in case the latter spoke, he would only widen the gulf already existing between him and the Guru, and instead of improving the slender chance (if such a thing at all existed) of reconciling the Guru to the world again, he would entirely destroy it. The first thing which Lalloo did was to ask the Guru to accompany them home, but the Guru replied that he now owned a house different from that of which his uncle spoke, and that he had completely severed his connection with all other houses. The reply so distressed Mother Tripta, who sat silent by, that she burst into a flood of tears and

fell at the Guru's feet. The Guru raised her most reverently, and, continuing his answer, observed :—

ਖਿਮਾ ਹਮਾਰੀ ਮਾਤਾ ਕਹੀਏ ਸੰਤੋਖ ਹਮਾਰਾ ਪਿਤਾ ।
ਸੱਤ ਹਮਾਰਾ ਚਾਚਾ ਕਹੀਏ ਜਿਨ ਸੰਗ ਮਨੂਆ ਜਿਤਾ ॥

"Forgiveness is our Mother and Contentment our Father ; Truth is our Uncle, by whose assistance the Mind has been conquered."

The reply was significant. The Guru acknowledged no earthly relations now, he had risen far above all worldly ties and physical kinship, and henceforward he must claim kindred and own relationship with those virtues only which could guide and strengthen and feed the spirit and by and by usher it into the presence of Him who was their Root and Spring, and who was like unto the spirit, only infinitely grander, wiser and mightier. When the conversation ceased, there was, in the mind of every one present, the conviction that the nature and character of Guru Nanak's future career had been decided for good, and that his connection with the *Grihastha Ashrama* was practically at an end, once and for ever. The Guru himself was pleased that the trial was over.

In ancient times, it was the rule, universally observed in this country, that as soon as a man had completed his fiftieth year, he should completely withdraw himself from the world and dedicate his remaining years to meditation and contemplation, and to the service of humanity. This rule was of the

highest usefulness in preserving the equilibrium of society, in so regulating its distribution of wealth and its moral and spiritual conditions that every body was happy and contented and ever growing in righteousness. There were no old and decrepit millionaires with grasping instincts side by side with starving youngmen in those days, and few or no youngmen to spend their inheritance in idle luxury. The moment a person had reached his fiftieth year, he was conscious—intensely, overpoweringly conscious that his place in the house was rightfully another's, and the moment a youngman came into possession of his parents' property, he was as profoundly conscious that they had left it to him not that he might waste and squander it but that, as they had all along shown by their example, he should use it wisely and well—spend it to the good of his family, spend it in feeding the learned and pious, in furthering objects of public utility, and, when his own hour of retirement arrived, deliver it, considerably increased if possible, *notwithstanding his expenses of twenty-five years*, to *his* children! In retiring from the world Guru Nanak only followed the ancient rule, that had been followed before him by the sage, the saint, the common mortal in countless numbers. No doubt, he was not even forty years of age yet, but every rule has exceptions. Swami Dayanand, obeying the irresistible influence of the pure impulses of his being, overleapt the *Grihastha Ashrama*, and the immortal Shankracharya was a Sanyasi before he had completed his twentieth year!

The modern world has little or no sympathy with the rule of retirement referred to above. But

howsoever it may be viewed and commented upon by the Semetic and other non-Aryan races, the descendants of Ram Chandra and Shri Krishna cannot afford to slight it. It is specially worthy of the notice of those of us who are in these days engaged in the work of reform. The complaint is everywhere heard that preachers, good, genuine preachers, are not forthcoming to carry on this and that propaganda. And the complaint is well-founded. In the first place, there is a dearth of preachers in all parts of the country, and in the second, when any reforming body is able to get a preacher to preach its doctrines, it is soon discovered that the coin is false! Were the old rule of retiring from the world at the age of fifty in force now, we should not have to deal with the mercenary missionary: there would be real preachers in large numbers all over India, and they could do their country's work and their duty, unasked, unsolicited and unpaid!

When Lalloo saw that Guru Nanak was not to be gained over by what he might say, he, in consultation with Kalu, decided that Rai Bular was now the best person to advocate their cause, and accordingly it was hinted to the Guru that the Rai must be waiting to see him. Guru Nanak rose and gladly accompanied them to the dwelling of the Rai. As soon as he saw the good, aged landlord, he advanced toward him and placed his hands on his feet (mark the true saint!) The old man was visibly distressed, pleaded his infirmity, and with an effort placed his own head at the Guru's feet. The Guru lifted it respectfully, and, after the usual questions

had been asked and replied to on both sides, a Brahman was sent for, to attend upon the Guru and to prepare for and supply him with food and drink. According to the biographers, meat formed part of the food served to the Guru on the first day of his stay at Talwandi.

The Rai was well aware of the object which had brought the Guru's father and mother and Lalloo to his house, and he early took occasion to enter into conversation with them, so as to enable them to express their wishes But hardly had he opened the conversation when Mother Tripta fell at his feet and, in piercing tones, addressed to him the following appeal :—"Except your good self, we know none whom to apply to in this our affliction. For Heaven's sake exert your influence in our behalf and, in whatever way you can, prevail upon Nanak to give up his intention of going away." The Rai was deeply affected, and turning to the Guru asked if he could see a way to accede to his mother's wishes. He added that if he could, he had land which the Guru might take free of charge and cultivate, the servants to be supplied to do all the work and to save him the slightest trouble. But the Guru's reply was :—

ਨਾਮ ਬੀਜ ਸੰਤੋਖ ਸੁਹਾਗਾ ਰਖ ਗਰੀਬੀ ਵੇਸ।
ਭਾਉ ਕਰਮ ਕਰ ਜੰਮਸੀ ਸੇ ਘਰ ਭਾਗਠ ਦੇਖ ॥

"Let the repetition of Divine Name serve thee as seed, and contentment, as the harrow, and let thy dress be the dress of humility;

"By the force of thy faith and by the Lord's grace, a crop will spring up, and thy house will come to possess an attractive and pleasing look."

Upon this Lalloo observed that the Guru could, if he was for something that required a comparatively less amount of activity and toil, open a shop and thus find an engagement. To this the Guru replied :—

ਹਾਣ ਹਟ ਕਰ ਆਰਜਾ ਸਚ ਨਾਮ ਕਰ ਵਥ ।

ਸੁਖ਼ਤ ਸਬਦ ਕਰ ਭਾਂਡ ਸਾਲ ਤਿਸ ਵਿੱਚ ਤਿਸ ਨੂੰ ਰਖ ।

ਵਣਜਾਰਿਆਂ ਸਿਉ ਵਨਜ ਕਰ ਲੈ ਲਾਹਾ ਮਨ ਹਸ ।

"Convert, without further delay, thy days into a shop, let the name of the Deity be thy stock, and meditation, the vessels in which to collect that stock and do thou, with a cheerful mind, enter into business relations with traders and merchants who deal in the Name Divine."

Nothing discouraged by this answer, the uncle suggested that if shop-keeping was not to the Guru's taste, and he was fond of roaming about, he might become a dealer in horses and visit distant places. To this the Guru rejoined :—

ਸੁਣਿ ਸਾਸਤ ਸਉਦਾਗਰੀ ਸਤੁ ਘੋੜੇ ਲੈ ਚਲੁ ।

ਖਰਚੁ ਬੰਨ੍ਹ ਚੰਗਿਆਈਆ ਮਤੁ ਮਨ ਜਾਣਹਿ ਕਲੁ ।

ਨਿਰੰਕਾਰ ਕੈ ਦੇਸਿ ਜਾਹਿ ਤਾ ਸਖਿ ਲਹਹਿ ਮਲਹੁ ॥

"Be thou a dealer in Shastra-hearing and take with thee (for sale) horses of truth; let thy store for the journey consist of virtue and good deeds, and, making despatch, do thou go into the country of the Formless, where thou mayest find mansions of happiness."

And yet again Lalloo suggested that if the Guru could not be a horse-dealer, he might take service under Government. This elicited the following answer from the Guru :—

ਲਾਇ ਚਿੱਤੁ ਕਰਿ ਚਾਕਰੀ ਮੰਨਿ ਨਾਮੁ ਕਰਿ ਕੰਮੁ ।
ਬੰਨੁ ਬਦੀਆ ਕਰਿ ਧਾਵਣੀ ਤਾਕੁ ਆਖੇ ਧੰਨੁ ।
ਨਾਨਕ ਵੇਖੈ ਨਦਰਿ ਕਰ ਚੜੈ ਚਵਗਣ ਵੰਨੁ ॥ ੪ ॥

"Serve the Lord with thy whole heart, and let thy sole employment be strengthening thy faith in the Divine Name; let thy attacks be directed against sinful tendencies, and, in *such a case*, thou shalt be one of the blessed. Upon whomsoever, O Nanak, doth the Lord look with mercy, his beauty is increased four-fold."

Rai Bular thought that hitherto no suggestion which might be in thorough accord with the Guru's tastes and instincts had been made and he, therefore, remembering how powerful in him the impulse to *give* had been from his earliest years, hinted that, in case he was willing to open a charitable Boarding House (*langar*) in the village, three wells with large plots of arable land should be placed at his disposal for the maintenance of the institution, and that he

should not be called upon to pay any money whatsoever in the shape of revenue. There was strong temptation in the suggestion, but even this failed to affect the immutable resolve of the Guru. That after this, every conceivable suggestion, whatever recommendation it might possess, would prove abortive of desirable results, could not be doubted.

The Guru stayed a few days at Talwandi, the object of the idle, annoying curiosity of the majority, and a source of beneficial instruction to the few—of a higher type, and when the hour of his departure drew near, his parents and other relatives again waited upon him and once more besought him to reconsider his decision, but it was of no use. The good Rai, also taking up their cause, said that he thought they did not require much of the Guru, that if he could only so far yield to their prayers as not to leave his birth-place, they should be perfectly content. The Guru's answer was that, had the matter rested with him, he might have seen his way to comply with their wishes; but he felt that he was no longer his own master, and that all his future movements must be determined and guided by a Will higher than his own.

And as the Guru stood, with his two followers, Bhai Bala and Bhai Mardana, bidding farewell to his kith and kin and to the Rai, the last-named gentleman observed that his soul yearned to do something which the Guru would suggest to him, that the Guru would leave him infinitely happier if he could only let him know how he could *serve* him. The Guru could not refuse an offer made in love, and faith, and, after a

moment of thought, he suggested that the Rai would get a *kachcha* tank (pond) dug for the use of the people of Talwandi. The Guru had daily felt the want of such a tank in his earlier days, and did not doubt that the public of Talwandi also felt the want to a certain extent. The Rai at once gave orders that the sort of tank suggested might be dug in a suitable locality without delay, and it was dug and named after the Guru.

CHAPTER XII.

Travels.

Hitherto whatever the Guru had done in the way of moving about could hardly be designated "travelling." He had seen only a *very* small portion of the Punjab—Emnabad, Sultanpur and one or two more places, and this was nothing, positively nothing, to boast of for a man whose body longed as much for freedom and free movement as his spirit. Hence, when the Guru took his final leave of Talwandi, he was perfectly indifferent as to how far his future journeys extended: the farther they carried him, the better for him.

In Poh 1563, the Guru once more bent his steps towards Emnabad, and, having arrived there, shared Bhai Lallo's hospitality for about a fortnight. The place which he and his companions desired to visit next was, that which subsequently came to be called "Nanak Mat." This was the place where a considerable number of *Siddhas* (men who practised great austerity and made a show of their piety) resided. The Guru went and sat down under a *pipal* tree, in their immediate vicinity, and, if the biographers are to be believed, the tree which had for years been a withered and dried-up stump, became instantly covered with a luxuriance of green foliage! This miracle could not escape the notice of the conceited *Siddhas*.

They flocked round the Guru, and a religious discussion was the result. To many a difficult question they demanded an answer, but they found that the Guru was more than a match for them. He dealt with each point in such a lucid, conviction-carrying fashion that the interrogators had to acknowledge to themselves that all their doubts had been removed and that they were perfectly satisfied. The *Siddhas* saw so much to appreciate in the Guru that they strongly urged upon him to become a member of their own Order, but the proposal did not meet with a favourable response. The Guru attached more value to the growth of the spirit, to internal piety than to external symbols, and as long as the former was possible of attainment, without the help of the latter, he should be perfectly content as he was—a religious character of an undenominational and unsectarian type.

Some of the *Shabads* said to have been uttered by the Guru on the present occasion may be here reproduced :—

ਜੋਗ ਨ ਖਿੰਥਾ ਜੋਗ ਨ ਡੰਡੇ ਜੋਗ ਨ ਭਸਮ ਚੜ੍ਹਾਈਐ ।

ਜੋਗ ਨ ਮੁੰਡੀ ਮੁੰਡ ਮੁੰਡਾਈਐ ਜੋਗ ਨ ਸਿੰਙੀ ਵਾਈਐ ।

ਅੰਜਨਮਾਹਿਨਿਰੰਜਨਰਹੀਐਜੋਗਜੁਗਤਇਵਪਾਈਐ ੧

ਗਲੀਂ ਜੋਗ ਨ ਹੋਈ ॥

ਏਕ ਦ੍ਰਿਸਟ ਕਰ ਸਮ ਸਰ ਜਾਣੈ ਜੋਗੀ ਕਹੀਐ ਸੋਈ ।

ਜੋਗ ਨ ਬਾਹਰ ਮੜੀ ਮਸਾਣੀ ਜੋਗ ਨ ਤਾੜੀ ਲਾਈਐ ।

ਜੋਗਨਦੇਸਦਿਸੰਤਰਭਵੀਐ ਜੋਗਾ ਨ ਤੀਰਥ ਨਹਾਈਐ ।
ਅੰਜਨਮਾਹਿਨਿਰੰਜਨਰਹੀਐ ਜੋਗਜੁਗਤਇਵਪਾਈਐ।
ਸਤਿਗੁਰਮਿਲੈਤਾਸਹਸਾਚੁਕੈ ਧਾਵਤ ਬਰਜ ਰਹਾਈਐ ।
ਨਿਝਰ ਝਰੈ ਸਹਿਜ ਧਨਿਲਾਗੈ ਘਰਹੀ ਪਰਚਾਪਾਈਐ ।

The purport is:—

"*Yoga* does not lie in wearing the beggar's coat, nor in keeping a staff, nor in besmearing the body with ashes;

"It does not lie in getting the head shaved nor in blowing the horn;

"In being perfectly indifferent to the attractions of the world, though surrounded by these attractions, —yea, in rising superior to these attractions, lies the true *Yoga*.

"By mere talk the true *Yoga* can't be had.

"He is a true *Yogi* who perceives and realizes the all-pervading nature of the Deity.

"True *Yoga* does not lie outside the mind, it is not to be found in sepulchres and in crematoriums, it cannot be acquired by feigning trances;

"It cannot be obtained by roaming about in different countries, nor by bathing at *Tiraths*.

"In being perfectly indifferent to the attractions of the world, though surrounded by the same—yea, in rising wholly above the influence of these, lies the true *Yoga*.

"When the true Guru (God) is obtained, all doubts disappear, and perfect freedom is the result.

"The enquirer should strive to acquire perfect mental tranquillity, and when the mind ceases to wander and becomes calm, he will find the Supreme

shining within himself. (This realization of Divine presence *within* the Self is the true *Yoga*.)"

Leaving Nanak Mat, the Guru set off towards Hindustan Proper, to follow, as far as possible, the course of the Ganges. The accounts of these journeys, as embodied in the old biographies, are a mass of myth and marvel, with here and there a stray fact peeping forth, helpless and feeble, from that same heap of fairy tales pressing and choking it on all sides. Perhaps, nothing better could be expected. In the first place, the authors of the biographies knew very little of geography. They might know a little of the Punjab, but beyond that lay regions, of whose characters and populations and geographical positions they had the vaguest idea possible. In the second place, the account of the Guru's journeys came to be written some thirty years after those journeys had been finished, and, if we take into consideration the fact that it was Bala, a simple, illiterate, though withal a very pious man, who was the first to give the world a biography of Guru Nanak, it was only natural that fiction should be drawn upon to supply the place of facts which treacherous memory had, in consequence of the elapse of time, parted with for ever. In the third place, during the thirty years which intervened between the being written down of the biographies and the events which their writers undertook to chronicle, the personality of Guru Nanak had risen immensely in the estimation of the people of the Punjab, and the writers, being *absolutely* surcharged with faith, having an infinitely higher idea of that personality—associating with it

far more of the miraculous than their fellow-Provincemen, it could not but be expected that they would, in their sketches, give preference to the impossible and the startling over simple, unvarnished facts. The age in which *we* are living is a superlatively sceptic age, and there are people who, in their love of free and independent enquiry, would go so far as to doubt that they ever had a God to give them birth; but even in this age, the silliest tales, the most incredible fictions may obtain the credit of being absolute facts. The Arya Samaj itself is not wholly unacquainted with men who take evident pleasure in associating the miraculous with Swami Dayanand. The Theosophical Society will reveal a still more startling state of things.

Pursuing the route adopted, the Guru visited Bengal, and then went to Assam, where he stopped for several months. The journey was extremely trying, especially to Mardana, who could not forget his fatigues and other physical sufferings in meditation and prayer like his master, nor endure the same without a murmur like the hardy, resigned and self-denying Bala. While roaming about in Assam, the Guru fell in with a descendant of Shaikh Farid. This was a most desirable company, and the conversation upon spiritual subjects was unceasing between the pair. When the parting took place, and it took place after some days, they both embraced each other, to show how highly the one esteemed the other.

From Assam the Guru went to Orissa. Here he visited the temple of Jaggan Nath, and observed

the kind of life which the priesthood in charge of it led. Those who reside in the temple of Jaggan Nath should be pure and holy, mindful of the highest welfare of their fellow-beings, not men who are wanting in moral fibre, who thrust themselves forward before others, who live and die as the commonest of mortals. And the temple of Jaggan Nath (Lord of the universe) in the *entire* universe or *any* locality or building whatsoever in the universe, for, in the words of the Upanishad :—

अणोरणीयान् महतोमहीयान् । इत्यादि

'He is smallest and subtlest of the subtle, and most expansive and greatest of the great!' The Lord's truest temple is the heart, for the Revelation enlarging upon His all-pervading nature, says :—

सहस्रशीर्षा पुरुषः सहस्राक्षः सहस्रपात् । इत्यादि

"In the All-pervading Lord there are countless neads, countless eyes, countless feet....Pervading all, He resides in the *heart*."

An idol-house, to be sure, in whatever part of the world it may be, can never be the temple of Jaggan Nath.

A *baoli* (a kind of well with steps leading down to the water) commemorates the Guru's visit to Jaggan Nath.

From Jaggan Nath the Guru moved towards the Deccan, and, after travelling for several months and visiting various places during the period, he reached, with his followers, Sangaldip or Ceylon.

According to the biographers, the king, who ruled the Island at the time of the Guru's visit, was one Shiv Nath. He heard of the arrival of the three strangers and expressed a desire to see the leader, who, he was given to understand, was something wholly different from the average wandering mendicant. But before His Majesty could bring himself to see him, he must put his piety and merit to a crucial test, so as to preclude the possibility of being taken in by an impostor. He sent him, therefore, one after another, supplies of the most savory viands that his kitchen could furnish, fine suits of clothes and many beautiful and lovely females; but the Guru would pay attention neither to the two former nor to the latter, and the royal attendants had to come back with their offerings in despair. The test was complete, and the king waited upon the Guru in person and expressed himself highly honored by his visit to his kingdom. It was probably at his request and at his strong representations that the Guru suffered himself to stay so long in Ceylon. He stayed there for no less than two years and five months. And when at last he decided to proceed, Mardana refused point-blank to accompany him, and set off alone homewards. Of course, as far as the Guru was concerned, Mardana was at perfect liberty to please himself, but the man himself discovered, before he had time to do a stage or two, that he could not do without his master, and he was only too glad to come back and rejoin the Guru.

A visit to Arabia.

The further movements of the Guru are associated with places and countries, most of which, if they are not absolutely imaginary, are wholly unknown to the present-day geographers. Certain it is, however, that the Guru, whatever route he may have adopted, visited Bushahar, a seaport of Persia, and thence went into Arabia. The places where the Guru halted during the journey had, many of them at least, the benefit of the Guru's *updesh* (preaching), and wherever the Guru found was soil suitable enough for his word-seed to germinate in and in time to yield a good crop, he would establish a society, making the best man of the place (who was given the title of *Bhai*) the head of the same. The *dharmsalas* to be found in the Muslim countries lying to the West of India, are the fruit of the Guru's preaching. Not that the object of the Guru in laying the foundation of these institutions was to found a new religion. Far from it: his one object was, as we shall see later on, to preach the God of the ancient Aryan sages, and whoever in his journeys listened to his words and discovered a real desire to worship that God, the same was directed to do it openly and fearlessly, so that others might see and hear him and feel his influence. Such people soon became centres of attraction, for novelty attracts, and the places where they congregrated for worship came to be permanently marked out and differentiated from other local places, whether the property of private individuals or belonging to the commonwealth.

When travelling towards Mecca, the Guru and his companions had the dress of the Haji's on, so that they might be all the better able to see everything and be subjected to no harrassing restrictions. The Guru was a peace-loving man, the very image of gentleness and meekness, but it was anything but fear that had dictated change of dress. For though he was desirous that he might enjoy every facility in the examination of Muhammad's birth-place, he did not hesitate, when the night came on, to sleep with his feet towards K'aba (the temple of Mecca). The man in charge of the temple seeing him lying in this posture was extremely displeased and warned him, in a gruff voice, not to sleep with his feet towards the "house of God." The Guru calmly replied that he did not know in what particular direction the house of God stood, and in what it *did not*. If the *temple-keeper* knew, he might lay hold of the Guru's feet, and, giving him a turn, make them point to the quarter in which the house of the Lord *was not!* What reply could the admonisher give to this? He was silent, thinking perhaps that the sleeper was one of those irrepressible characters who must indulge in sallies of wit even at the risk of offending religion! The Guru, too, did not press for an answer, feeling sure that the delicate thrusts were just the things for the place he was in.

Having seen and learnt all that he wished in connection with the Temple of Mecca, the Guru, in deference to the wishes of Mardana, who could not entirely get over his Muslim instincts, set off towards Madina, though, in all probability, he would have

gone there all the same, even if Mardana had not preferred his request. For Mecca is the *central* place in Arabia according to the Muhammadans, Madina is only next to it, and no individual, whether falling under the category of "true believers" or outside the pale of Islam, who goes to see Mecca, will miss seeing Madina if he can possibly help it. It took the Guru and his followers twelve days to reach Madina, and here they visited the tomb of the Prophet. The way of the Guru's sleeping here was the same as that at Mecca, but the *tomb-keeper* of this place proved far more harsh and ill-tempered than the "keeper of the *house* of the Lord!" Nothing uncommon. In almost every religion you will find men, by the score and the hundred, who will not lift a finger if you blaspheme God, but who will rave and storm and rush at your throat if you say a word against one whom they look upon as a *Messenger* of God!

The average humanity may be seen daily at the tombs and mausoleums of the great and of those who had no element of greatness in them, paying homage and worship to the departed, but it is seldom that a really great man chances to meet one like himself in life, or to visit his grave or shrine. But in the present case, we do find a really great man surveying the remains of another great man, mouldering in the dust! What a contrast between the surveyor and the surveyed! The one an apostle of love and peace, seeking to win others by gentleness and mild persuasion, and the other peremptory and imperious in enforcing his demands, ready to bring

into play his cyclonic energy on encountering the slightest opposition and going, in the exertion of that same energy, to the length of almost utterly exterminating the race of the unbeliever! The supreme end of both was, in a manner, the same,—*to bring people to acknowledge the unity of Godhead*, but how different the ways and methods which they each adopted to attain this end!

The opinion which the Guru's visit to Mecca and Madina had led him to form of the founder of Islam may, in the words of Bhai Bala, be stated as follows:—

"There was more anger in the temper of Muhammad than there should have been, and he had not so completely risen above the instinct of self-interest as to be entitled to exemption from birth and death. He was pure and holy, but to acquire perfect purity and holiness he must be born once more in Hindustan, in the house of a Shudra. As to what is said about his ascending in the body to Heaven and being face to face with God—that is not correct, for in this world only the created can be seen, and inasmuch as God is not a created thing, He cannot be seen in this life. Of course, when the soul has cast off the fetters of the body and has attained perfect purity, it can, then, stand face to face with God. The holy Koran cannot be the Word of God, for God has no language."

This is what the Guru, according to his first biographer, said of the Prophet Muhammad. But irrespective of all consideration as to whether what

is said in the passage came from the Guru in its entirety, or whether it received additions from Bhai Bala, the passage embodies an assertion which can not be allowed to pass unchallenged. It says (in *opposition* to the teaching of the Guru himself) that no written book can be the Word of God. The Koran may not (and is not) a Revelation from God, but it is not because God is free from speech but because, judged by the conditions which a Revelation should fulfil, it is *imperfect*. We maintain, as the Aryan sages have maintained and taught from times immemorial, that the Vedas are the Word of God. God has no tongue to speak with, but He *can* yet speak. Says the *Upanishad* :—

अपाणीपादो जवनो ग्रहीता पश्यत्यचक्षुः सः शृणोत्यकर्णः।
सः वेत्तिवेद्यं नच तस्यास्तिवेत्ता तमाहुरग्र्यं पुरुषंमहान्तम् ॥

"He hath no hands and feet and yet swiftly doth He grasp; He can see without eyes and hear without ears. He knoweth all that should be known, and Him none knoweth. He is foremost of all, all-pervading and the most exalted of all."

If God can do the work of hands without hands, of feet without feet, of eyes without eyes, and of ears without ears, (and the universe as well as the teaching of the world's different religions bears witness that He can), then surely He can do the work of speaking without a tongue. We may give here the following extract from Swami Dayanand's *Rig Vedadi Bhashya Bhumika*, which will make sufficiently clear the need of a revelation and the revealed character of the Vedic Religion :—

The Vedic Revelation.

"On the subject many people say: How can the Veda, which is embodied in words, have proceeded from God, who is incorporeal and without parts? We reply: Such an objection cannot hold good when urged against an Almighty God, Why? Because, even in the absence of mouth, the *pranas* (vital airs) and other appliances, the power to do His work is ever manifest in the Supreme Being. And even as in the mind of man, when absorbed in silent thought, words embodying questions and answers are pronounced, even such must we believe to be the case with God also. He who is, beyond doubt, *almighty*, He never takes any one's help in doing His work. We cannot do our work without the help of others, but such is not the case with God. When He, though incorporeal and without parts, made the whole world, then how can a person doubt His having made the Vedas? Yes, how?—when in the world itself things extraordinary and marvellous to match the revealing of the Vedas have been created.

"*Prativadi**—Undoubtedly, no one but God has, of a surety, the power to create the universe, but one can have the power to produce the Vedas, like other works produced by men.

"*Vadi**—We reply: The power in man to produce any work whatsoever is possible only after he has read the Vedas, the production of God, and in no other way. Even at present nobody can become wise and learned till he has read something or listened

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* The two words mean *sceptic* and *believer*.

to (what the wise say). Knowledge comes to men by a study of the Shastras, however slight and partial, through oral instruction, and by observing the dealings of man with man. For example, if a person (as soon as born) were removed to an isolated and secluded, though a safe, place, and though regularly supplied with food and drink, etc., were never spoken or talked to by his guardians down to the very hour of his death, he would have absolutely no sure and certain knowledge of anything. And as people inhabiting some immense forest have all the instincts and ways of brutes, even such instincts and ways would all mankind have retained from the beginning of creation up to the present time, if the Vedas had not been revealed to them. For them to have produced a book under these circumstances is out of the question.

"*P.*—Don't say such a thing. God has given men intuitive knowledge, and that is better than any book. Without this knowledge it is impossible even to understand the connection between the words of the Vedas and what they connote. By improving and developing this intuitive knowledge men can produce books too. Why, then, should one believe that the Vedas are the Word of God?

"*V.*—If this is your objection, we reply to it thus: Has not God given intuitive knowledge to the aforesaid child, whom we have supposed as brought up away from the haunts of men, and without any education? And has not God given intuitive knowledge to the people whom we have sup-

posed as occupying the recesses of a vast forest? Why can't any one of us become a *Pandit* without studying the Vedas, and without receiving instruction from others? What does all this lead to? To the conclusion, that mere intuitive knowledge won't do *unless* it is improved and supplemented by study and by instruction from without. And as we write books only by means of the knowledge we gain from our contact with the wise and learned and *through* their works, even so do mankind require (in the beginning of creation) the Divine Knowledge (to get on in the world). Indeed, there being no books nor any system of education in the beginning of creation, it was impossible, in the very nature of things, for any one to acquire knowledge, if God had not vouchsafed His 'knowledge' to the human race. How could then any man have produced a book? For, as far as 'acquired knowledge' is concerned, man is *dependent* upon others for it; and mere intuitive knowledge can never enable him to become wise and learned. And as regards the assertion that intuitive knowledge is better (than anything else),—this assertion, too, is not commendable. For intuitive knowledge, like the eye, is a *means* through which something else is accomplished. Even as the eye is useless without the help of the *mind*, even so intuitive knowledge is useless without the help of the *wise teachers* and of the *Divine Knowledge*.

"*P.*—What object had God in revealing the Vedas? This I want to be explained here to me.

"*V.*—We answer by a counter-question: What object would it have served, if God *had not* revealed the Vedas?

"*P.*—I don't know.

"*V.*—You may truly say this. You may now hear by all means, our answer to your question. Is not, knowledge infinite—in God?

"*P.*—Yes.

"*V.*—For what purpose is this knowledge?

"*P.*—For His own *individual* purposes.

"*V.*—Does not God do good (unto His creatures)?

"*P.*—He does. What, then?

"*V.*—Only this, that knowledge always exists for the benefit of Him who possesses it, as well as for that of others. These are the two-fold objects of knowledge. If God did not vouchsafe His Revelation unto us, His knowledge would become useless and abortive in reference to the second object of knowledge. Hence it was that He made His knowledge fruitful by revealing the Vedas. Thus, the infinitely merciful God is like unto a father. As a father ever does kind offices unto his children, even so does God, in His infinite mercy, preach His knowledge unto all men. Otherwise, in consequence of the ignorance and barbarism transmitted from age to age, people would find it impossible to realize *Dharma*, *Artha*, *Kama*, and *Moksha*, and, hence, would be shut out from the enjoyment of supreme bliss. When the merciful God has created roots, fruits, etc., for the enjoyment and happiness of His subjects, how could He—the bestower of all happiness, the embodiment of all knowledge—have left out

revealing the 'Veda Vidya' unto them? The happiness, which man can derive from the possession of the most enjoyable things in the universe, cannot come up even to a thousandth part of that which the possession of 'Knowledge' gives. It follows from all this that God is the author of the Vedas, and even this must be believed in."

"*P.*—Where did God get pen and ink and other necessary things to write the Vedas with?

"*V.*—We reply: You have certainly brought forward a great objection? Just as God made the world without the help of hands and other parts of the body, and without wood, iron, and the like materials, even so He revealed the Vedas. You should never have urged the objection you have against an Almighty God in reference to the revealing of the Vedas. The Vedas revealed in the beginning of creation were not, however, in the form of *books*.

"*V.*—How, then, did He reveal them?

"*P.*—He communicated them through the *mind*.

"*V.*—Through whose mind?

"*P.*—Through the minds of *Agni*, *Vayu*, *Aditya*, and *Angiras*.

"*P.*—All these are things dead and inert, and destitute of reason.

"*V.*—Don't say such a thing. They were corporeal beings—men—in the beginning of creation.

"*P.*—How do you make this out?

"*V.*—Because inanimate objects are incapable of thought-work. The sense in which anything is

taken in any particular place is according to the context. For instance, if a person were to say to another. 'The couches are making a noise,' the word 'couches' here would be taken to mean the 'occupiers of couches.' Even so must we interpret (Aditya, etc.) when we speak of them (as the recipients of Vedic Knowledge). Knowledge can be imparted only to rational men. In support of (Aditya, etc., having been men), we have the authority :—

तेभ्यस्तप्तेभ्यस्त्रयोवेदा अजायंताग्नेर्ऋग्वेदो वायोर्यजुर्वेदः सूर्यात्सामवेदः । श० कां० ११ अ० ५ ॥

To these practisers of austerities the three Vedas were revealed,—the Rig Veda was revealed through *Agni*, the Yajur Veda through *Vayu*, and the Sama through *Surya*. (Shatapatha. Kand II, Chapter 5) God communicated the knowledge, termed the Vedas, to these men, and through them made it known to all.

"*P.*—You are right. But to me it seems that God gave these persons knowledge, and by means of this knowledge, they produced the Vedas.

"*V.*—Don't you believe any such thing. What kind of knowledge did He impart unto these men?

"*P.*—The knowledge termed 'the Vedas.'

"*V.*—Is this knowledge God's or of the men (to whom it was imparted)?

"*P.*—It is God's.

"*V.*—Then who made the Vedas, God or they?

"*P.*—He made them, whose knowledge the Vedas are.

"*V.*—Then why did you raise the objection, that those *men* made them?

"*P.*—To find out the truth.

"*Sceptic.*—Is God impartial or partial?

"*Believer.*—Impartial.

"*S.*—Then, why did He reveal the Vedas to the minds of these four persons only and not to the minds of all men?

"*B.*—We reply: God's having imparted His 'Knowledge' to the minds of these four persons only cannot make Him guilty of the slightest partiality. On the contrary, this is a proof positive of the absolute impartiality of that Just Being. For, *impartiality* (or justice) means, rewarding every one according to the merits of his deeds. And thus you must know that it was only these persons who, in consequences of the consummate excellence and purity of their actions, deserved to be imparted the knowledge of the Vedas.

"*S.*—The Vedas were revealed in the *beginning* of creation; where did this excellence and purity of their *previous actions* come from (for as yet they had done no actions?)

"*B.*—We answer: The souls are all *eternal* in their own *essential nature*, while their actions, as well as this entire visible universe, are, in consequence of the regularity of their succession, also eternal.

"*S.*—Are *Gayatri* and other *Chhandas* (metrical texts of the Vedas) also the work of the Divine Mind?

"*B.*—How could a doubt like this spring up in your mind? Has not God the knowledge to produce the *Gayatri Chhandas?*

"*S.*—Certainly He has, for He is all-knowledge.

"*B.*—Hence your doubt is groundless.

"*S.*—The four-mouthed Brahma originated the Vedas,—even so says *itihas* (history).

"*B.*—Don't say such a thing, for the validity and genuineness of *itihas* depends on *shabadpraman*, and

आप्तोपदेशः शब्दः ॥ न्यायशास्त्रे अ० १ सू० ७ ॥

"*Shabad* is what an *apt* inculcates and teaches." (Nyya Shastra, chapter 1st, aphorism 7th). Even this is what the sage Gautama says. The sage also says that *shabad* is *itihas*. On this subject Vatsayana in the Mahabhashya says—

शब्द ऐतिह्यमित्यादि च। अस्यैवोपरि। आप्तः खलु साक्षात्कृत धर्म्मा यथादृष्टस्यार्थस्यचिख्यापयिषया प्रयुक्त उपदेष्टा साक्षात्करणमर्थस्याप्तिस्तया प्रवर्त्तन इत्याप्तः ॥

that *apt* is verily he who has completely and thoroughly *realised* and *felt* (in the inmost recesses of his conscious soul) the significance and glory of *dharma* (truth, purity, etc.) To *realise* and *feel* in *practice* the sense and meaning of what a teacher has found (a virtuous principle or doctrine) to signify, with the view to make this sense and meaning *known* to others when the experiment is over, is called *apatti*, and he in whom this quality exists, is called *apt*. Hence *itihas* means *what embodies facts and truths,*

and not *falsehood*. Consequently, that which has been inculcated and taught by an *apt* and is true and worthy of respect,—even that alone deserves to be received by man as *itihas*, and not that which is the opposite of it. For, an evil-minded man says only what is false and untrue. Also the assertion, that Vyasa *Rishi* originated the Vedas, is unfounded. Even this should be believed, because of the worthless character of the Puranas and Tantras which assert such a thing.

"*S.*—Why should not we hold that the *rishi*, whose name heads any particular *mantra* or *sukta*, is the originator thereof ?

"*B.*—Don't say such a thing ; for, Brahma and other such sages too have *studied* and *been taught* the Vedas. Says the Shwetashvetar Upanishad :—

यो वै ब्रह्माणं विदधाति पूर्वं यो वै वेदांश्च प्रहिणोति तस्मै० ॥

'He creates Brahma in the beginning of creation, and preaches the Vedas.' Even when the *rishis* (whose names head the *mantras* and *suktas*) were not yet in existence, even at that time the Vedas were with Brahma and others.

अग्निवायुरविभ्यस्तु त्रयं ब्रह्म सनातनम् । दुदोह यज्ञसिद्ध्यर्थमृग्यजुः सामलक्षणम् ॥ १ ॥ अ० १ ॥

'From *Agni*, *Vayu* and *Aditya* the three eternal Vedas—known, as Rig, Yaju and Sama—

were milked, and 'the boy Angiras taught

अध्यापयामास पितॄन् शिशुरांगिरसः कविः अ० २ ॥

the Vedas to his elders, even so says Manu (chapter II). When even Brahma read and studied the Vedas with Agni, etc., how could Vyasa have originated them?

"*S.*—Why have the *Sanhitas* of the *Rig*, etc. been named *Veda* and *Shruti*?

"*B.*—Because of the different meanings of these words. *First, vid* means *to know; secondly,* it means *to be; thirdly,* it means, *to think* and *reflect;* and *fourthly* (*vidlri*), *to obtain, to gain.* From these four roots is formed the word *veda* by adding to them, in the *instrumental* and *locative* cases, the suffix *ghna.* The root *shru* means *to hear*, and the word *shruti* is formed from it by the addition of the suffix *ktin* in the *instrumental case.* That by studying which a knowledge of truth is gained, that by studying which men become wise, that by studying which happiness in all its forms is obtained, and that by means of which the distinction between Right and Wrong is realised,—even that is *veda*, and this is why the *Rig* and the other *Sanhitas* are called by this name. In the same manner, *that* out of which we have been hearing *truths* from the beginning of creation down to this day, and from *Brahma* and others down to our own times,—even that is called *shruti.* For, no corporeal being has seen, face to face (*i.e.*, seen with *physical* eyes), the Author of the Vedas. It is clear from this that the Vedas have sprung from the incorporeal God, and that all men (in whatever age) have only heard them from those who pre-

ceded them. In other words, Agni, Vayu, Aditya and Angira were only, as it were, a *viaduct* through which the knowledge of the Vedas was imparted (to mankind). For it was not the knowledge of *these men* which originated the Vedas. On the contrary, all the words, their meanings, and the relations existing between the words and their meanings—all, all are of Divine origin. Hence it follows that through Agni, Vayu, Ravi and Angira—corporeal beings—the Vedas (Shruti) were revealed to mankind.

"*S.*—How many years have passed since the Vedas were revealed?

"*B.*—We reply: one *vrind*, ninety-six crores, eight lakhs, fifty-two thousand, nine hundred and seventy-six (1,96,08,52,976), and the year now passing is the seventy-seventh. Even this should be believed. And this is the number of years that have passed away since the commencement of the present great cycle from the beginning of creation.*

"*S.*—How are we to know that only so many years have passed since the *present* world began, and (neither less nor more)?

"*B.*—We reply: Because of *Vaivaswata*, the 7th *Manwantara*, being at present in course of passing, and because of six *Manwantaras* having already preceded the present one. The seven *Manwantras* are *Swayambhu*, *Svarochisha*, *Auttami*, *Tamasa*, *Raivatah*, *Chakshusha* and *Vaivaswata*. These all, computed along with those that are yet to come, form 14 *Man-*

*The *Bhumika* was commenced in Samvat 1933.

wantras. Each *Manu* comprises 71 *Chaturyugas* (four *minor* cycles), and 14 Manus make up a *Brahma* Day. One day of Brahma extends over one thousand *Chaturyugas*, and a *Brahmratri* (*i.e.*, a *night* of Brahma) is also of equal duration. As long as the world lasts, the period is termed Day, while the period of dissolution is called *Night*. Six *Manwantaras* have already passed away out of the current Brahma Day, and of the *Vaivaswata* now going on the present is the 28th *Kaliyuga*, of which 4,976 years have already gone, and the 77th year is now in course of passing. *This year* is, by the Aryas, termed as the thirty-third of the (twentieth century) of the era of Bikrama."

After staying for some days at Medina, the Guru suddenly felt a strong desire to visit his beloved sister—the sister who had so often been his refuge in his youthful days, who had shielded him from the violence of her father, who had ever, both in public and private, declared that he was the soul of honesty and conscientiousness, and who had in his absent-mindedness and contemplative moods seen a meaning which even her noble husband had failed to see. It is, as we have already observed, the privilege of souls, devoted to the service of the Lord (by serving and knowing whom all things are known) to know and read the thoughts that stir any particular mind *whenever* they feel a desire to do it, and if the Guru could see into his sister's heart at will and fly to her when he saw that, over-powered by her sisterly love, she longed to have him by her side for a day or two, it was nothing strange. He made use of

the privilege he possessed, and obeyed the impulse which, the exercise of that privilege revealed, he must! After a journey extending over weeks and months, the greater part of his route lying through the Punjab, he reached Sultanpur early at night, and the brother and sister embraced each other.

A Visit to the Himalayas.

There is a moral and spiritual grandeur about the Himalayas. It is on the peaks of these hoary mountains that the sounds were heard, mentally no doubt, which gave to man, in the beginning of creation, the Light which helps him to an insight into his highest, his eternal interests, and shows the way how to compass the same. Even as the torrents which slide down the sides of the Himalayas, and vivify into life and luxuriance the capabilities of every inch of the vast, innumerable plains over which they pass, even so hás the stream of Vedic Truth, flowing from the mouths of the patriarchs, perched on the towering cliffs of that same Himalayas, quickened into life and luxuriance the talents, capabilities and powers of every human mind which has felt its fertilizing touch.

When the primeval patriarchs, after fulfilling their mission, passed away, it is the Himalayas that gave to the *pick* and *cream* of the best and purest of their progeny a place in their paradise-retreats. The highest type of spiritual men, those who have, by whole lives of devotion and contemplation, of discipline and austerity, sounded the depths of wisdom and knowledge, to the extent to which the spirit *can*, the Divine help being available to sound them,—where are such men to be found, and where have they almost invariably been found? Where have they, in the majority of cases, been sought after and been met? Those who would go into the highest branches of spiritual communion (*yoga*), who would

penetrate life's mysteries and fathom the secrets of Nature—they have generally gone to the Himalayas and in its recesses satisfied their souls' longings. The instructors may be invisible in the present day, but yet they do exist. They are invisible to you and to me, but to the true enquirer, to the man of enlightened, yet true and profound, faith, they soon make themselves visible and give him a place at their feet! Yes, Vyasa and others have still their true disciples and descendants in the Himalayas, and as long as there is in man the aspiration to know himself and his Lord and Master, he will not fail, if he can help it, to turn to the Himalayas for light and guidance!

In the dark and troublous times, when the foreign hordes swept down upon the plains of India, ruthlessly destroying whatever came in their way, and when the degenerated son of the Ancient Aryas, now called *Hindu*, could but feebly oppose the united compact mass hurled against him, what was it but the Himalayas that received the harrassed, broken-down fugitives in the seclusion of their inaccessible fastnesses? Egypt saw its dearest possessions, its collection of untold centuries—the accumulated wisdom of numberless ages, committed to the flames and reduced to ashes in a period of six months, but when the representatives of the same aggressive and destroying race—even the men who had dealt Egypt the blow from which it could never recover, poured down upon the soil of India, revelling in extermination and fully determined to deal with the Indian learning

and wisdom after the old fashion, they received a check they had not counted upon. No doubt, they were able to do no end of harm, no doubt in their fanaticism and in spite of their better judgment, they shed streams and seas of innocent blood, and no doubt they consigned to the flames or threw into rivers every Sanskrit work they could lay hold of; yet, notwithstanding all this, they failed to accomplish what they had accomplished in other enlightened countries. Not only did Indian virtue and honor find an invincible ally in the Himalayas, not only did these hoary mountains take under their sheltering arm every helpless matron and every girl that, evading the grasp of the licentious adventurer, found her way to them, but they saved India's learning and wisdom, the best and highest portion of its sacred literature! The Brahman and the priest sought the Himalayan heights and the Himalayan caves, and there preserved their treasures for those who might and would need them!

Grand inspirers, ye Hamalayas! When the tenth and last Guru, the noble and heroic Gobind Singh, the salvation of his race, saw the spirits of his followers falling and his resources decreasing, he sought you out and having, by a prolonged sacrifice (*yajna*) in the midst of your bracing atmosphere, gathered fresh strength, descended into the plains and had a reckoning with the foe!

India is your debtor, ye Himalayas, and shall always be. Where can the inhabitants of the plains, and where can the lover of Nature, the man of de-

votional instincts, find more enchanting, soul-entrancing scenes, more isolated and quieter localities than on your stupendous steeps and in your ravishing valleys! Who has given India its Ganges, its Jamuna, its Brahmputra, and its numerous other streams to summon into evidence and develop the potentialities of its vast lands? It is ye that supplied the celestial *soma*, and a legion of the most efficacious plants and herbs with which the Indian pharmacopœia is conversant! Where can be found so much of alabaster whiteness, so much of emerald green, so much of etherial blue, so much of pearly transparency —so much of every shade of color and of every variety of sylvan beauty as in your domains!

Your present-day humanity, the off-spring of your ancient tenants, may, in an overwhelming majority, be an unworthy community, but rest ye assured, that ye are still as great and glorious as ye ever were!

When the Guru elected to visit the Himalayas, he only obeyed the old impulse, the call of heredity as it were, in doing so. He remained in the hills for years, going from place to place, holding discussions and braving persecution. His first receptions were generally none of the most pleasant, the denominational orders disliking his free and independent life and importuning him each to adopt its externals and to practise its rites. But gradually as his virtues and his excellences, the absolute unaffectedness of his character, his deep piety, his extraordinary gentleness and humility, his advocacy and vindication

of the unity of God-head, became apparent and known, the prejudice against him wore away and a feeling of esteem and respect for him sprang up in many a heart. Numbers who had first received him with suspicion and a scowl, regretted at parting that he could not give them more of his society. Passages commemorating the Himalayan controversies are to be met with in the *Granth Sahib*.

While wandering in the Himalayas, Mardana's health began to fail. The Guru was indifferent to cold and heat, and Bala did not mind them much, but the rain and the piercing blast and hunger and privation severely told upon the musician's physical powers and completely shattered his health. The Guru saw him falling into decline with some anxiety and made up his mind to return to the Punjab. But even before he had time to enter the Province, Mardana's condition assumed an alarming aspect, and it became evident that he would not last for more than a few days. The Guru had to halt in an open place in the vicinity of a village in Sindh, to give him rest, and here he and Bhai Bala did all in their power to nurse the sick man. It was all, however, of no avail. Mardana grew worse and worse, and finally expired. Mardana's body was not to be interred, it was to be consigned to the flames. While yet in the flesh, the man had exacted from the Guru the promise that his remains should be burnt and not buried. The promise must be fulfilled, and preparations for the cremation were soon afoot. Of the three sheets (*chadars*), the collective property of the three the Guru made a shroud, and having put the

body in it placed it on the funeral pile which he had erected with his own hands. Nor was it Bala who fired the pile, the Guru himself would do that also. In the absence of the deceased's survivors, the Guru felt that it was he that ought to perform his follower's obsequies, and so he performed them. Real love takes no cognizance of difference in social standing and in caste, nor will it care to measure the worth and excellence of the object upon whom it is lavished. After the Divine love for the creature, the truest is that of the Saint for his fellow-beings, and as nature will assert itself, its manifestations must be unusually touching when some congenial or cherished spirit calls for its display!

Association must affect. Even worthless clay, as the saying goes, becomes fragrant by associating with the rose. It was simply impossible that Mardana should remain uninfluenced by the company of such a grandly impressive personality as that of Guru Nanak's unquestionably was. When Mardana first elected to share the fortunes of the Guru, so to speak, he was an ideal member of his race—sarcastic and avaricious, and self-important, a perpetual grumbler and essentially a man of the world. But as time wore on, as one year after another rolled away, the Guru's example and precept began to have their effect. He gave up indulging in useless tattle and cutting remarks, his murmuring ceased, and he began to manifest a deeper interest in things connected with higher life. The Guru rejoiced at the change and thanked God that his companion had died as he had, a reformed and regenerated man!

Change for Purpose.

The death of Mardana made a change in the Guru's plans. He gave up his intention of entering the Punjab, and, at the suggestion and in deference to the wishes of, Bhai Bala set off towards Sitband-Rameshwar. During this journey religious discussions and controversies were held several times in love and a spirit of brotherly feeling, leading to highly desirable results, yielding real pleasure to the Guru and delighting and conducing to the peace of mind of the other parties concerned. At last, learning that a number of the Sadhus were, with a view to attending a fair at Batala, a town in the Gurdaspur District, proceeding into the Punjab, the Guru, partly out of regard for their company and partly to revisit the land of his birth, joined the pilgrim band, and in course of time, arrived at his destination. But neither the Batala people nor the people in general at the fair were inclined to tolerate the Guru's presence in their midst. There was so much venom in their tongues and so much rudeness in their behaviour that the great Teacher, even he who had stood unmoved before huge gatherings of fierce Sadhus, who had braved the anger of whole cities and towns, who had, in scores of other ways, shown that he could and would stand at his post under the most trying circumstances, made up his mind to resume his travels without further delay. The impertinent, contemptuous familiarity of one's own countrymen, who will make almost every circumstance connected with one's

early life, furnish materials for ridicule and vituperation, is hard to bear, yea often for the saint also!

Before quitting the Punjab, the Guru thought he would see if the void created by Mardana's death could not be filled up. He knew that Mardana had left a son named Sajjada, and he resolved to get him to supply his father's place. To accomplish this the Guru and his companion forthwith bent their steps towards Talwandi, and they regulated their progress in such a way as to reach the village at night considerably advanced. Bhai Bala at once repaired to the musician's house, and he had no sooner delivered the Guru's message to the youngman than he declared his readiness to follow him. The Guru communicated to Sajjada the melancholy news of his father's death, and Sajjada, in turn, informed the Guru that both Kalu and the good mother Tripta were no more and that his protector, Rai Bular, also had long been gathered to his fathers. Only the Guru's uncle yet lived, and the Guru might see him if he pleased. The Guru, however, could not afford to stay, what had been had been, and could not be mended, and so all three soon turned their backs upon their native village.

The present journey was, for the greater part, a repetition of a journey already made by the Guru. He was now bound for Kandhar, to see the famous Baba Walli of that place, and the major portion of the route was thus perfectly familiar to him. When the

party had left Talamba (a town in the Multan District) some thirteen or fourteen miles behind them, the Guru sent Sajjada in advance, and himself and Bhai Bala fell behind. Before Sajjada had gone far, he came in sight of a building with a (Hindu) temple on one side and a mosque on the other. The high-priest of this building had a reverend, commanding appearance, his snow-white beard sweeping his breast. The musician was taken in by his looks, and going up to him entered into a conversation with him. After they had talked a little, the priest directed his men to take the stranger into the hall of entertainment and there to feast him well. The musician was led in, but, instead of giving the poor fellow any meat and drink, his conductors stripped him of all his clothes and having bound him hand and foot threw him into a corner. When, after half an hour or so, the Guru passed that way, he asked the priest whether a certain young-man (whom the Guru described) had gone by his dwelling. The cunning old man denied having seen such a person, and the Guru's suspicions being aroused (no doubt he was already aware of the character of the pretended priest), both he and Bhai Bala began to search for their missing companion and soon traced him to the spot where he lay helpless and despondent. Having loosened his hands they set him free, and the Guru, addressing the priest, demanded, in a stern voice, what he meant by dealing with honest people and inoffensive travellers in such a heartless fashion. He further pointed out to him the sinfulness of such a procedure and the consequences to which it must lead in the life to come,

The hypocrite was so impressed by the Guru's words that he there and then repented of his evil deeds, and, falling at the Guru's feet, thanked him for having been his savior.

When the party arrived at the place where Mardana had been cremated, which was marked out by a tomb built by the Guru, they made a halt there. Sajjada saw the tomb beneath which lay the ashes of his sire, and he was so moved at the sight that, the Guru consenting, he determined to settle down at the spot. The Guru cheerfully gave the permission, though he felt that he must again go without song for many a day, once more illustrating by his action the truth of the words of the immortal Krishna—that the truly wise are neither elated when they acquire anything nor grieved when anything they possess is lost to them.

Bidding farewell to Sajjada, the Guru with his companion moved on, and pursuing their route through the Bolan Pass arrived, after many weary marches, at Kandhar. Baba Walli cordially greeted them to his city, and the Guru stayed with him a few weeks, enjoying his company vastly. The object of the journey being accomplished, the master and follower must once more homeward hie. The Guru chose to return through Kabul. In the way he fell in with a Kshatriya, named Man Chand, who lived in the neighbourhood of the famous Afghan city. This Kshatriya was a person of a religious turn of mind, and was ever on the look-out for some one who might show him the way. His meeting with Guru Nanak

was a rare chance for him, and there was so much of all that his soul had longed for, for months and years, in the words of the Teacher, that he was perfectly satisfied and had peace.

Pushing on the Guru halted one day at the Ridge of Bal Nath. Here a number of Jogis resided, under a head-priest who was a good and benevolent soul. It was the custom with the Jogis that they would daily parcel themselves out into small parties and, dispersing in various directions, range for miles in search of travellers in need of lodging and refreshments. Whenever they chanced to come across a way-farer ailing or otherwise in distress, or even one in health and apparently requiring nothing, they would get round him and by their gentle and persuasive behaviour prevail upon him to accompany them to the rest-house and share the comforts at their disposal. One of these bands happened to arrive at the spot where Guru Nanak and his companion sat surrounded by a howling wilderness. They begged the Guru to go with them to the rest-house, but the Guru excused himself, saying that he needed nothing. The Jogis, however, were not inclined to take a refusal. Their high-priest came in person to the Guru, and of course it would be rudeness now to decline the hospitality so earnestly offered. The Guru stayed with the Jogis for a day or two and then resumed his journey, which, in the fulness of time, came to a close at Pakkho ka Randhawa, the village of his father-in-law, Mula. When the Guru set foot in this village, he had been on the wing full sixteen years.

As soon as Mula, now a decrepit old man, heard that his son-in-law had arrived and had put up at a Dharmsala, he, taking the village headman with him, waited upon the Guru with the customary presents. The Guru declined to have anything to do with the presents, nor could he be brought to accede to the wishes of Mula when the latter besought him to accompany him home. The words which the Guru is said to have uttered on this occasion are the following :—

ਸਭ ਰਸ ਮਿਠੇ ਮਨੀਐ ਸੁਣਿਐ ਸਾਲੋਣੇ ।
ਖਟ ਤੁਰਸੀ ਸੁਖ ਬੋਲਣਾ ਮਾਰਨ ਨਾਦ ਕੀਏ ॥
ਛਤੀਹ ਅੰਮ੍ਰਿਤ ਭਾਉ ਏਕ ਜਾਕਉ ਨਦਰ ਕਰੇਇ ॥ ੧
ਖਾਬਾ ਹੋਰ ਖਾਨਾ ਖਸੀ ਖੁਆਰ ।
ਜਿਤ ਖਾਧੈ ਤਨ ਪੀੜੀਐ ਮਨ ਮਹਿ ਚਲੇ ਵਿਕਾਰ ॥

In other words, the conceivably highest type of pleasure which the Guru had tasted or which he could hope to taste in future was the pleasure which comes of repeating the Divine Name !

Sundry other Journeys.

During his stay at Pakkho ka Randhawa, the Guru gave light and knowledge to all who came to hear his utterances and discourses, and his society came to be sought after more and more daily. But he had hardly been two months in the village when he heard that a grand fair was to be held at Kurukshetra (Thaneswar) shortly, and being well aware that hundreds and thousands of Pandits and Sadhus must assemble at the place, he resolved to pay it a visit.

Kurukshetra is the place where the sublime discourse of Krishna—that embodied in the Bhagwat Gita, was delivered. It is the field on which the death-knell of India's greatness was sounded, where met, in deadly struggle, India's royalty divided against itself, with numerous allies siding with one party or the other, where perished, unrepresented and unperpetuated by a worthy progeny, the cream of Indian learning and wisdom. It is now five thousand years when the great Krishna spoke, when the war-drum and the war-shell sounded on the plane of Thaneswar, but India has not yet recovered from the blow? Will it ever, indeed!

On arriving at Kurukshetra the Guru saw that it was a splendid gathering indeed. But there was little of real piety in the visitors to the fair. *Havans* were being performed, and here and there even the chanting of Veda-Mantras could be heard, but all this was after all but little compared with what was being done in defiance of reason and common

sense, and in disloyalty to the Sovereign Lord of the universe. The worship of deities was going on everywhere, and the money of the layman, instead of being bestowed on the poor and deserving, was fast flowing into the pockets of sturdy and illiterate priests. Just to chafe the plundering host and in a way to show how, by disregarding and omitting idol-worship altogether, he utterly condemned the worship of the creature, the Guru directed Bala to fetch him a fish from the huge tank. The fish was brought, and the pair having cut it up and cleaned it, put it into a pot and placed it on the fire to cook. The news that an impious act was being done by a Sadhu on such a sacred occasion and in the midst of so many pious people, spread like wild-fire in the fair. One individual after another rushed to the spot, using his tongue freely and one and all execrating the action of the infidel mendicant. Many of the more passionate type threatened to deal with the man as he had done with the fish, and though with the Hindus of modern times discretion is the better part of valour and though they are always slow to translate their words into action when it comes to actual fighting, yet did the excited gestures of the multitude work up some tempers into such a rage that they rushed upon the Guru and his companion with their clubs, demanding, in a voice of thunder, if he could show cause why he should not be cudgelled to death! The Guru, nothing daunted by the significant movements of these defenders of the Hindu Faith, enquired if they meant to decide the matter through the instrumentality of speech or through force. If they intended to decide

it through force, then, of course, he had nothing to say; but if they were for deciding it by the assistance of reason and common sense, then he should be ready to argue the point with them. The assailants replied that if he could be convinced of his error through speech—would promise to mend his ways in future, they would desist from using force, though it must need a powerful effort to do so. Upon this there was a debate, and the Guru, in reply, gave expression to a passage which says that man being formed of *flesh*, born from *flesh* and growing with *flesh*, there is positively no reason why he should discover such an unaccountable hatred of *flesh*. The infuriated champions of the Hindu Religion, having (we are so assured) nothing to say in answer and being impressed by the utterance, came to the conclusion that it was wrong to molest such a pious Sadhu, and so let him alone!

The personality of Guru Nanak became more and more widely known day by day, especially in the Punjab. He did not confine his criticism to any one religion in particular. Wherever he saw abuse or error, he made it the subject of his strictures. As a natural result of this, persons of every denomination began to hear and speak of the Guru. By and by, the new reformer came to be talked about even in such a grand place as the court of the King of Dehli. The present occupant of the throne, succeeding the cruel pitiless Sikandar, was the lust-ridden Ibrahim Lodi. He heard of the Guru, but who can say he would have cared to take any notice of him but for the presence at Court of one Mutsaddi, who spoke of the teacher in such provoking language as to

make His Majesty hate him with a deadly hate. "This man," said the Courtier, "is a traitor to Hinduism as well as to Islam, for he believes neither in the Hindu Scriptures nor in the Koran." As if it was any concern of a Muhammadan King whose predecessors by blood or faith had ever been at war with the descendants of the Aryans, to punish a man who had no faith in Hinduism! But, an innovation in religion (fancied or real), as the wily Courtier was not perhaps unaware, is often instrumental in creating and establishing, for the time being, sympathetic relations between two old enemies. Have not we, in our own day, now and then seen how when a Hindu or Muslim lad goes over to Christianity, the representatives of both Hinduism and Islam make a common cause of it and storm and rave at the Missionary in company? Considered from the point of view of each the Muslims should not care a straw when a Hindu embraces Christianity, nor the Hindus a fig when a Muslim enters the fold of Christ. And yet they do, and that simultaneously and in conjunction. The despicable wretch, Mutsaddi, knew that the *knowledge that the reformer openly found fault with Islam*, would not fail to make the King, *in feeling for Islam*, champion the cause of wronged Hinduism as well, and so it all came about. The King was wroth over the innovator's doings and forthwith issued orders that he should be seized and thrown into prison. The orders were duly carried out, and the Guru found himself within the walls of a dungeon!

As might be expected, the biographers have not failed to come forward with a miracle in connection with the Guru's days of imprisonment. Each prisoner, we are told, was given a specific quantity of corn to grind daily, but while the fellow-prisoners of the Guru had to sweat and toil all day, to finish their work, the mill assigned to the Guru would act automatically and had his corn ready ground for the jailor, ever and always. The more reasonable explanation of this is, that the Guru being a person of a totally different type and giving but little time to sleep, used to do his work under cover of darkness when his neighbours were in profound slumber, and the lazy, dull, illiterate fellows came to look upon it as a miracle, if indeed it be not Bhai Bala to whom the invention of the miracle be solely due.

The prison did not much afflict the Guru. His mind and spirit could do their work there, and he felt perfectly content and resigned. But he was not long to stay there. Babar's last invasion came. Ibrahim met him at Panipat, but, as we are aware, his army was completely routed, and he himself slain in the action. The new Sovereign, before he had been eight days on the throne of the Dehli, learned that a *fuqir* of the highest order was among the local prisoners. He immediately desired his officers to set him free and to conduct him before him with every mark of respect. The Guru came, and the King entering into a conversation with him, evinced the deepest interest in his replies. It is said that the Guru on this occasion prognosticated that Babar's descendants should occupy the Indian throne

for seven generations.

Taking leave of the Mughal Emperor, the Gurú set off towards the Punjab, and having made a short stay at Lahore, visited Kashmere. He was unwearied in preaching the truth, and now and then gained converts. In Lahore an influential person became his disciple, while in Kashmere a learned Pandit accepted membership of the Brotherhood.

After a year's travelling, the Guru once more bent his steps towards Pakkho ka Randhawa and fixed his residence there. Here he taught and preached incessantly. One day, while he sat observing and contemplating, a Jat lad, named Bura, who was tending his cattle at the time, passed from before him. The Guru seeing something striking in his face, something that showed that with proper self-discipline, austerity and devotion, he could attain great moral and spiritual advancement, beckoned him to approach. The lad obeyed, and the Guru asked him sundry questions, chiefly relative to his pedigree. The enquiries over, the Guru bade him good-bye. The lad in great surprise begged to know why the Guru had done him the honor of summoning him into his presence. "For nothing in particular," was the reply. The youngman went away, but on the following day he came and placed before the Guru a big jar filled with clarified butter. The Guru asked if he had brought his jar of clarified butter with his parents' permission or clandestinely and without their permission. Bura frankly acknowledged that his parents had no knowledge of his having brought the clarified butter. The Guru declined to have anything to do

with the present, upon which the lad burst into a flood of tears. The Guru comforted him, and such was the impression which his words made on the lad's mind, that he was from that moment a changed being, and in course of time became one of the most noted Sadhus of the Punjab.

Of the Hindus and Muslims who visited the Guru during his four years' stay at Pakkho ka Randhawa, Umar Khan, a Pathan, was one who had large faith in the Guru's teaching and utterance. In the first interview, the Pathan asking the Guru what his creed was, received the following answer :—

ਹਿੰਦੂ ਤੁਰਕ ਕਿਏ ਜੋ ਦੇਹ ।
ਦਿਨ ਚਾਰ ਕੋ ਹੋਤੇ ਖੇਹ ੧॥
ਨਾਂਵ ਉਸ ਕਾ ਜੋ ਮਿਟੈ ਨ ਜਾਏ ।
ਨਾਨਕ ਇਸਥਿਰ ਏਕ ਖੁਦਾਏ ੨ ॥
ਹਿੰਦੂ ਜਾਇ ਮਸਾਣੀ ਜਲਤੇ ।
ਮੁਸਲਮਾਨ ਗੋਰ ਘਰ ਕਰਤੇ ੩ ॥
ਦੋਨੋਂ ਭੂਲੇ ਰਾਹ ਨ ਪਾਯਾ ।
ਇਨ ਹਿੰਦੂ ਉਨ ਤੁਰਕ ਕਹਾਯਾ ੪॥
ਉਨਕੇ ਕਿਸ਼ਨ ਉਨਕੇ ਮੁਹੱਮਦ ।
ਖੁਦਾ ਨ ਬੂਝੈ ਦੋਨੋਂ ਅਹਮਕ ੫ ॥
ਮੇਹਰ ਇਨਾਇਤ ਕਰੇ ਖੁਦਾ ।
ਨਾਨਕ ਬੰਦਾ ਵਹੀ ਅੱਲਾਹ* ੬ ॥ *

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* This passage, though contained in Bhai Bala's Janam Sakhi, is not to be met with in the Granth Sahib.

The Guru was now sixty years of age and it was no longer easy for him to move about, but notwithstanding that he must once more undertake a journey. Possibly, the death of Mula accentuated his desire to undertake it. It was Ach which he now visited, and where, at the request of Sayyad Jalal, Sajjadanashin, he stayed for three months. When returning he stopped at Pakpattan to have an interview with Sheikh Ibrahim, a successor of Sheikh Farid. A discussion took place, and after that the Guru again turned his steps homewards.

CHAPTER XIII.

Last Days.

The last journey had been little better than an effort. The Guru was now a sexagenarian, and, as we have already said, could ill afford to be much on foot to walk to distant places and enjoy the company of Sadhus and Faqirs or to revel in pleasures which companionship with Nature can never fail to yield to a mind like his. He now resolved to settle down in some place, and there to carry on the work of his life. In pursuance of this resolution, he came to Talwandi, not that he meant to settle in that place, but to visit the place of his birth once more, and to see those members of his father's family who were yet in the land of the living. Laloo was the only man who now represented the race of Shiv Ram, the founder of the family, and with him the Guru stayed for fifteen days. Laloo, now bent with the weight of years, did all in his power to persuade the Guru to live with him, but the Guru regretted that he was unable to close with his offer. He had no intention whatever of making Talwandi his permanent place of residence, and hence could not avail himself of his uncle's generosity. When parting from the Guru, Laloo begged his acceptance of a pony from him, for, as he observed, it was no longer easy for his nephew to travel on foot and a pony would be of material service to him in facilitating his movements. The Guru, while informing him in reply that he could do without ponies, said :—

ਅਬ ਹਮ ਉਨ ਕੇ ਚਰਨਨ ਲਾਗੀ ।
ਚਿਨਤਾ ਮਨ ਮੋਂ ਰਹੀ ਨ ਕਾਈ ॥
ਦੁਖ ਭੁਰਮ ਬਹੁ ਭੁ ਰਾ ॥
ਹਾਸਲ ਬਹੁਤ ਖਰਚ ਕਛੁ ਨਾਹੀਂ ।
ਕਰੇ ਤਰੀਦ ਨ ਕੋਈ ।
ਨਾਨਕ ਐਸੀ ਓਮਦਾ ਖਿਦਮਤ ।
ਬਿਨ ਭਾਗੀਂ ਕੋ ਹੋਈ ॥

"I have now taken service with God. The is no longer any care or anxiety in my mind, and all pains and all doubts of mine have vanished. Much do I get from this service, though the outlay is nothing, and there is none who would importune me about this and that. Who, O Nanak, can hope to obtain such service without the assistance of good luck!"

Leaving Talwandi the Guru came to *Pakkho ka Randhawa*, where having still further matured his plans, and having, as a proof that he no longer intended to make long journeys, relieved Bhai Bala from the responsibility of companionship, the Guru at last found himself at a delightful spot on the banks of the river Bias, which spot he determined to make

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*Not to be found in the Granth Sahib, though given in Bhai Bala's Janam Sakhi.

his future home, naming it Kartarpur* after the name of the Lord he worshipped and preached. Here some of the most saintly men of the neighbourhood and other places gathered round the Guru, serving him and enjoying his society. Mai Chuni and the Guru's sons also came to Kartarpur in due course. Their arrival gave him neither pleasure nor pain? Since they had chosen, in answer to his call, to come, they were welcome; but had they chosen, in spite of the call, to stay where they were, they would have been equally welcome to please themselves, for a real *Sanyasi* has in himself all that he wants.

It was as well that the Guru should now settle down for good. There was work which could not be done by wandering about, which, to be accomplished, required slow and careful consideration and co-operation, *which* fixed residence in a specific locality could alone properly command. His utterances, though numerous, were isolated and detached in character, and though sufficiently aggressive and sufficiently clear to define his opinions and position, they could not, by reason of their lacking in continuity and sequence, give the enquirer a comprehensive view of what he wanted to teach. To consolidate his work, to ensure its permanency all the better, it was necessary that the Guru should see that his teaching had that cohesion and linking together which it needed, and so it was all the better for posterity that he should henceforward lead a quiet and stationary life.

While busy over his work at Kartarpur, one Lehna, a Kshatrya by caste, who was going to pay a

*Kartar—Creator is one of the names of the Deity.

visit to the Vaishnodevi, came to see the Guru, having heard that he was a great saint. He meant to halt at Kartarpur only for one day and one night, but such was the effect of the Guru's words on his mind that he utterly forgot that he had to go to Vaishnodevi or that he had a home to return to. So completely did he enter into the spirit of the Guru's teaching, so profound was the faith which he manifested in the high and saving character of that teaching, so devoted and whole-heartedly attached did he feel to his master and teacher and so prompt to carry out his wishes, that the Guru, notwithstanding the fact that he had known him comparatively for a short time, decided that his mantle, after his death, should fall upon his shoulders. Mai Chuni was bitterly opposed to this arrangement. She wanted her own offspring to succeed the Guru, thinking of the worldly advantages which must accrue to the family by such a succession. The Guru, however saw in Lehna virtues and excellences which ought to be found in a successor like his, but of which his own children possessed but a meagre share. But in order that Mai Chuni should have no cause for complaint, the Guru times out of number subjected his children and Lehna in company to severe and searching tests and while Lehna in all these proved himself fully up to the mark, the Guru's sons proved themselves little better than failures. Mai Chuni had thus to submit, though she might fret and grumble. Lehna was duly installed as the Guru's successor, under the name of Angad, and in order that he might be beyond the reach of persecution to which his presence in the Guru's

household must inevitably subject him, the Guru desired him to go and live at Khad Dar Kharyan, his own village.

The time for the Guru to shake off his mortal coil was drawing near. The mission of his life had been accomplished, and he was cheerfully waiting for the call. And the summons came when he had finished his seventieth year. Exalted souls of his type are almost invariably able to predict the hour of their death. When the great Swami Virjanand (Swami Dayanand's Guru) saw that his end was approaching, he could tell with certainty when his spirit would leave the body, and his instructions to his disciples as regards the nature of the arrangements that ought to be made for his spirit's peace in his last moments, were regulated and determined by this knowledge. On a particular day the Guru knew that he should die before another night had passed away. This day he passed seated on a bedstead, under the shade of a pipal tree which grew close to his dwelling and which was a great favourite with him. Both Hindus and Muhammadans hearing that the last hour of the Guru had come, flocked to see him from all parts of the district and the sight gave them comfort and peace. Towards evening the Guru desired to be conveyed into the building which had been fitted up according to his directions and where he intended to breathe his last. In this building and in the presence of the members of his family and his numerous disciples he expired on the 10th Aswaj, 1526, in the third watch of the night leaving in Angad his successor. On bended knees had,

the Guru's sons and Mai Chuni besought him, even on the last day, to change the succession, but the Guru had listened to their representations unmoved.

In due course, the Guru's remains were carried out to be burnt. But before the Hindus had time to fire the funeral pile, a band of Muhammadan Sikhs, some of them Pathans, came up and insisted upon the body being interred. The Hindus refused to accede to their wishes, and a fierce quarrel was the result. While both parties were preparing to vindicate each its claim by the sword, a good man among the multitude observed that exalted souls like Guru Nanak's often did not leave even their mortal remains behind! Upon this there was a rush to the spot to see if the body was there. Great was the surprise of the combatants to find that it was missing. So the quarrel was at once at an end. The shroud was divided in halves, and while the Hindus interred their half, the Muhammadans consigned theirs to the grave!

THE END.

PUNJAB PRINTING WORKS, LAHORE.

THE TEACHINGS OF GURU NANAK.

The teachings of Guru Nanak are to be found in what is called the *Adi Granth*, or the First Scripture. The Adi Granth was compiled by Bhai Gurdas Bhalla, according to the directions, and under the supervision, of Guru Arjan, the fifth Guru. The Bhai was a person of considerable learning, of great intelligence, had, in some measure, the poet's gift, and was a devoted follower of the Gurus. He was pure and virtuous, and loved and esteemed by all who knew him.

The Adi Granth does not embody the utterances of Guru Nanak alone. The oldest copies, of which there are two, one at Kartarpur and the other at Mánghat, embody the utterances of the first five Gurus *plus* the utterances of various Bhagats and teachers like Kabir, Farid, and so on; while the Granth now in use, which is a copy of the Granth at Patna, a later compilation, contains, over and above what is to be found in the original copies, the utterances of the ninth Guru also. At the same time it appears that the Adi Granth does not embody all the utterances of the first Guru. The Janam Sakhi of Bhai Bala contains many passages, unquestionably the compositions of the first Guru, which are nowhere to be met with in the Granth. These passages allude to passing events, and thus more or less lacking in permanency of value, the compiler probably thought, and with reason, that they could afford to be omitted, and passed them over accordingly.

Again, there is reason to believe that many of the passages looked upon as the compositions of the Gurus are not exactly *their* production. The followers and admirers of the Gurus, men rich in faith and in genuine piety, produced these, and the Gurus approving of them as something of permanent value, let them become part and parcel of their own compositions, the more so as, though wanting in power and force, they claimed for their author none but *Nanak* himself.

The arrangement of matter embodied in the Granth takes into account the consideration of music —of airs and tunes, only, and entirely ignores all consideration of *date and time*. Under this arrangement it is quite possible that a passage which occurs at the end of the book should be the production of early days, and a passage which finds a place in the commencing portions of the book, be the composition of riper years. The arrangement is, it will be readily admitted, objectionable from the point of view of a student of history.

The utterances of Guru Nanak are interspersed with contradictory passages. These passages may be few and far between, but for all that they differ in their teaching. The doctrine or principle which one upholds and advocates, is run down and discarded in another, and though some of them will bear to be interpreted in a manner so as to fit into each other, yet several there are which can bear but one interpretation and which cannot be reconciled.

It was but natural that it should be so. Great men are, after all, but *men*, conditioned beings, who must *grow* intellectually, morally and spiritually, as they grow *physically*. Their views must undergo change, with the lapse of time. The extent of the change may be slight in the case of some, and great in the case of others, but there *is* a change in all cases. The autobiography of that profound thinker and scholar—that divine and preacher of the highest order—Swami Dayanand, shows, that such a change comes. The Swami had doubts on this and that point on more than one occasion, and he had to frequently write to his incomparable Guru to have those doubts removed. Great men, as the results of their past *karma*, see and perceive truth sooner and in a more realistic fashion, as also on a grander scale, than common mortals; but the perception, as in other cases, is gradual and progressive, and far from being *absolutely perfect* in all respects. Guru Nanak started with a considerable fund of truth *intuitively* perceived and realized, but he started with much that was not truth. As the time went on and his devotion to his Maker became more whole-hearted, and his powers of meditation and reflection ripened, the mist hanging before his spirit's eye grew thinner and thinner, revealing for the devotee's acceptance verities in place of the errors exposed to the view. Those who think it takes away from Guru Nanak's greatness to believe that he changed, are in the wrong. Growing is a natural law, and the sweetest melon is that which we get from the stalk in the fulness of time, and not that which comes from a forced and premature separation.

But, if like other great men, Guru Nanak's views did change, the absence of any chronological order in the Granth renders it a rather difficult task for the enquirer to differentiate his earlier utterances from those of maturer age, *in every case*. Had the chronological order been preserved, the land-marks would have been distinct and prominent, in due order, to enable even men of average intelligence to see the gradual change ; but as it is, only a limited number, bringing to bear their own independent judgment upon the materials before them, can discover the different stages of evolution and separate the earlier productions from the later ones. But such men will find it no easy thing to bring others to fall in and accept their conclusions.

However, we have not been left wholly in the dark as to the final views of the Guru. There may be no chronological order in the arrangement of the Guru's utterances in the Granth, but for all that it is an admitted fact, a fact to the *absolute* truth of which every true Gyani will testify, that the Japji is the ultimate work of the Guru, that it crystallizes his final teaching. The Japji is no miniature utterance, it is a sufficiently long and comprehensive work to focus the final views of the Guru. This being the case, we shall speak of Guru Nanak's teaching, primarily and mainly, as embodied in the Japji ; from time to time citing freely, from his other utterances, passages which agree with the views set forth in his last work. A translation of the Japji must, of course, be

provided, in the interests of the proposed enquiry as well as for the benefit of the general reader, who would like to have the best composition of the first Guru available to him—in English.

THE JAPJI.

He is Omkara, and true is His name. He is the Creator, the all-pervading Being, free from fear and hate, the imperishable Personality, unborn and self-existent. He is attainable through the favor of a true spiritual guide only. Him, O inquirer! do thou worship.

He was true in the beginning, He was true in the commencement of cycles, He is true now, and true shall He be for ever, O Nanak!

I.

By thinking one cannot obtain a conception of Him, though one think millions of times;

By cultivating silence, one cannot preserve silence, though one's mind be firmly fixed in meditation;

The hunger of a hungry man cannot be satisfied, though he be free to tie up the worlds into a bundle for his use;

One may have (recourse to) thousands of devices, not one of these shall accompany him.

How shall man be true in the sight of Heaven? How shall the barrier of falsehood be broken?

This can be accomplished, O Nanak! by walking according to the will and pleasure of the Lord.

II.

Bodies come into being by His order, which no one can fore-know;

By His order sentient creatures spring into existence, and by His order come honor and glory;

By His order both the high and the low are born, and by His order creatures get pain and pleasure, pre-ordained;

By His order some get rewards (in the shape of salvation), and by that same order others wander (in various bodies):

His order extends over all, and naught is independent of it.

Did men, O Nanak! understand the Divine order, not one of them would indulge in self-conceit.

III.

Some sing His power, because unto them is given the power of singing;

Some sing to Him, knowing His bounties as His sign;

Some sing to Him because of His supreme attributes, His greatness and His deeds;

Some sing to Him, meditating on His inscrutable laws;

Some sing to Him because having created forms, He destroys them;

Some sing to Him because having taken away life, He gives it back;

Some sing to him, thinking Him manifest, though far;

Some sing to Him, seeing Him standing in their presence:

Verily, there is no end to His praise. Millions and millions of men have sung unto Him (without adequately describing Him.)

The Giver bestoweth, and the recipients get tired of receiving His gifts;

Age after age have they tasted of His bounties.

He, the all-directing Lord, guideth His creatures along the (right) path;

He, the unconcerned, rejoiceth, O Nanak! in His own goodness.

IV.

True is the Lord, true His name, and language presses His infinite love;

The creatures say and beg: "Give us, O Lord give us," and the Giver bestoweth His gifts.

What shall we offer unto Him whereby we may see His presence?

What words shall we utter with our tongue, by hearing which He may give us His love?

Meditate, O inquirer! daily without fail, in the hallowed hours of the morning, on the true name and the greatness of the Lord.

As the fruit of former acts, man gets this physical covering (body); but He reaches the gate of salvation purely through Divine grace.

Thus, O Nanak! is the perfectly True One realized.

V.

He cannot be made, and He cannot be created;

Essentially self-existent is the Pure One.

Honor and glory is for them who serve Him;

Sing, O Nanak! the praises of Him who is the repository of excellences.

If we sing and hear *His* name, and have love for Him in our hearts,

Our sufferings shall be destroyed, and we shall take home with us happiness and peace.

The voice of God is in what *was heard*; it is in the Vedas; His voice is all-pervading;

God is called Ishwara; He is the destroyer, the progenitor and the sustainer of all.

Even if knew Him, I could not describe Him, for He cannot be described ;

My Guru (spiritual guide) has grounded one thing into me :—

'That God is the one sole preserver of all beings, Him I should not forget.'

VI.

I have a bath at a sacred bathing-place if it please Him ; if it please Him not, I do no such thing.

The entire circle of creation that I see—what can it obtain in the absence of acts of previous births?

The enquirer's mind will become enlightened* with wisdom if he but hear his preceptor.

My spiritual guide † has grounded one thing into me :—

'That God is the sole preserver of all creatures, Him I should never forget.'

VII.

If a man's period of existence extended over four cycles running—yea, if it were ten times over;

If he were known through the nine regions of the earth, and if everybody walked in his train ;

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* Literally, affluent in precious stones, diamonds and gems.

† Or the Lord.

If having established a name for himself, he received applause and homage from the whole world;

Even then would he be discarded and forgotten, if he was not acceptable in the sight of the Lord:

He would be considered a worm among worms, and a sinner among sinners.

The Lord, O Nanak! can bestow exellences on those distitute of them, and He can bestow the same on those who already possess them;

But none such can be conceived of as would bestow excellences upon *Him*.

VIII.

By hearing His holy name men attain to the position of *siddhas*, *pírs*, *súrs* and *náths*;

By hearing His holy name, a true insight into the nature of the earth, the mountains and space is obtained;

By hearing His holy name a knowledge of islands, the worlds and the neither regions is obtained;

By hearing His holy name the hand of Death does not reach the devotee.

His worshippers, O Nanak! are ever happy;
By hearing His holy name their pain and sin are destroyed.

IX.

By hearing His holy name, men rise to the position of Ishwara, Brahma and Indra ;

By hearing His holy name even the low and base come to be admired ;

By hearing His holy name the power of concentrating the mind upon God is acquired, and the knowledge of the mysteries of existence ;

By hearing His holy name the power to understand the Shastras, the Smritis and the Vedas is obtained.

His devotees, O Nanak ! are ever happy ;
By hearing His holy name their pain and sin are destroyed.

X.

By hearing the holy name of the Lord, truth, contentment and divine knowledge are obtained ;

By hearing His holy name, the merit obtainable by bathing at all the sixty-eight sacred bathing-places is gained ;

By hearing His holy name and reciting it, honor and distinction is won;

By hearing His holy name, the mind becomes easily fixed on His attributes.

His worshippers, O Nanak ! are ever happy ;

By hearing His holy name their pain and sin are destroyed.

XI.

By hearing the holy name of the Lord, the entire assemblage of virtues is acquired in perfection;

By hearing His holy name, men rise to be *shekhs*, *pirs* and sovereigns;

By hearing His holy name, the blind emerge into light;

By hearing His holy name, the impenetrable mysteries are penetrated.

His worshippers, O Nanak! are ever happy;

By hearing His holy name their pain and sin are destroyed.

XII.

The state of him who believes in the name of the Lord, cannot be described;

Whoever tries to describe it, has, in the end, to regret the attempt.

Neither pen nor paper, nor writer could, all in counsel assembled, describe the peace which dwells in the heart of the true devotee.

Such is the name of the pure God *for sincere worshippers!* But how many are there who believe in that name?

XIII.

By believing in the name of the Lord mental enlightenment is obtained;

By believing in His name, a knowledge of all the worlds is acquired;

By believing in His name man receives not blows on the mouth;

By believing in His name, the devotee shall not accompany the messengers of Death.

Such is the name of the pure Lord for the true worshippers! But how many are there who believe in that name?

XIV.

By believing in His name, obstacles are not encountered on the way;

By believing in His name, men move about honored, and conspicuous;

By believing in His name, the traveller trudges along his path with his mind free from anxiety and fear;

By believing in His name, the soul is linked with righteousness.

Such is the name of the pure Lord for the true worshippers. But how many are there who believe in that name?

XV.

By believing in the name of the Lord the gate of salvation is reached;

By believing in His name, man saves his family;

By believing in His name, the spiritual guide is saved, and saves his disciples;

By believing in His name one wanders not, plying for alms.

Such is the name of the pure Lord for the true worshippers. But how many are there who believe in His name?

XVI.

The righteous are chosen of the Lord, the righteous are foremost in His sight;

The righteous obtain honor and glory before the Divine judgment-seat;

The righteous shine at the gate of sovereigns

The minds of the righteous are fixed on the Lord alone.

Whoever would speak of the Lord,—would contemplate His greatness,

He would find that His works are past all counting!

The bull that is the real support of this world, is Righteousness, the offspring of (Divine) mercy—

Which has strung together the universe on the thread of peace and harmony.

Whoever is intelligent will understand *how impossible it is* that there can be such an enormous load on a bull!*

Far and away from this earth there are worlds and planets;

What prop is there upholding *their* weight? The names of all living beings, their different orders and their different colors,

Have all been set forth and declared by the Divine Word.

Who is there that can write an account of these creatures?

To what lengths would the account extend if it were written!

What limits to Lord's power, and what limits to the number of the beautiful forms He has created!

How vast His bounty, and who knows the measure of food and drink He bestows upon His creatures?

By one single word of His did the Lord bring about the development of the universe!

At the bidding of that word hundreds of thousands of rivers rushed into being.

On what particular manifestation of Thy power O Lord! shall I dwell?

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*A refutation of the Puranic belief.

So insignificant am I that I could not suffice to be a sacrifice unto Thee even once !

Whatever is pleasing unto Thee, that alone is virtuous and fraught with good.

Thou, O Formless Being ! art ever above harm and change.

XVII.

Countless are those that repeat Thy name, and countless those that live in Thy love ;

Countless are Thy worshippers, and countless those that practise austerities for Thy sake.

Countless are the reciters of holy books and of the Vedas ;

Countless those that are absorbed in contemplation, with their minds estranged from the world.

Countless are Thy devotees, meditating on Thy attributes and on the Knowledge Divine ;

Countless those that are devoted to truth, and countless Thy donors.

Countless are the heroes who would even masticate iron ;

Countless the anchorites, who, mute and tongue-tied, keep perpetually pondering on Thy glory.

On what particular manifestation of Thy power, O Lord ! shall I dwell ?

bear

So insignificant am I that I could not suffice to be a sacrifice unto Thee even once !

Whatever is pleasing to Thee, even that is virtuous and fraught with good ;

Thou art, OLord ! ever above harm and change.

XVIII.

Countless are the fools, groping in utter darkness ;

Countless the thieves, consumers of unlawful food.

Countless are those who effect their purpose by violence and brute force ;

Countless the cut-throats, who charge their souls with the blood of the innocent.

Countless are the sinners who revel in sin of every kind ;

Countless are the liars who wander about telling falsehoods.

Countless the impure barbarians who live upon all sorts of loathesome food ;

Countless the calumniators who put loads of sin on their heads.

These ! O Nanak, are the most degraded souls.

So insignificant am I that I could not suffice to be a sacrifice unto Thee even once !

Whatever is pleasing to Thee, that alone is virtuous and fraught with good;

Thou, O Formless Being! art ever above harm and change.

XIX.

Countless are Thy names, and countless Thy places;

Countless are Thy worlds, wholly inaccessible and unknowable;

Countless are Thy devotees who sing the Lord's praises, with their heads turned downwards.

From the fate-letters comes the impulse to repeat His name, and from the fate-letters the impulse to praise Him;

From the fate-letters the power by which the depths of wisdom, song and virtue, are sounded;

From fate-letters comes the gift of writing and uttering the Word Divine;

From the fate-letters, inscribed on the fore-head, the destiny of every man is declared.

He who wrote these fate-letters, has none of these on His own person.

As He wills, even so do men fare.

All that He has created, has a name;

There is no place in the upiverse which does not bear a name.

On what particular manifestation of Thy power,
O Lord! shall I dwell?

So insignificant am I that I could not suffice to be a sacrifice unto Thee even once!

Whatever is pleasing to Thee, even that is vitruous and fraught with good;

Thou, O Lord! art ever safe and above change.

XX.

When a man's hands or feet or body are covered with filth;

He can wash off the dirt with water.

When one's clothes are polluted with urine;

He can clean them by applying the soap.

But when the heart is defiled by sin,

It can be cleansed by the magic power of the Divine Name alone!

"Saint" and "sinner" are not mere idle words;

Every soul carries from this world a record of its deeds with it.

Himself a man soweth, and himself must he reap;

By the order of the Lord, O Nanak! does the soul transmigrate.

XXI.

Pilgrimages, austeritics, charities and donations,—
By these man gets but slight honor.

But those who hear and believe in God and love Him in their hearts,

They wash themselves pure at the sacred bathing-place *within* them.

Thine, O Lord! are all the virtues, and none of these is mine ;

No man can serve and worship Thee, if he is devoid of virtue.

"Swasti" was Thy primeval Word* vouchsafed unto Brahma (at the dawn of creation.)

Truth alone is acceptable unto Thee, and eternally dost Thou rejoice.

(*Talking of creation*) what was the time, what the hour, what the lunar-day, and what the day of the week,

What the season and what the month, when the corporeal beings came into existence?

The Pandits did not find out the time, else they would have recorded it in the Puranas ;

The Muhammadan teachers did not discover the hour, else they would have transcribed the same in the Koran ;

Neither the Yogi, nor yet anyone else, knows the lunar-day or the day of the week, or the season, or the month ;

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*The *Rig*, etc.

The Creator who makes the universe, only He Himself knows all.

How shall I declare Him, how shall I praise Him, how shall I describe Him, and how shall I know Him?

One and all speak of Him, O Nanak! each more knowing than the other.

Great is the Lord, of great name, the one whose orders Nature obeys.

Whoever, O Nanak! is vain of his own knowledge and wisdom, will not shine on his entering the next world!

XXII.

There are nether regions one after another, and there are hundreds of thousands of heavens;

The learned have essayed to scan the limits of creation, but have broken down in the attempt. The Vedas declare the one thing—*that creation is infinite.*

The Scriptures of the Muhammadans put down the number (of regions) at eighteen thousand, but in effect, the root, material-cause of all is one.

If God's works could be counted, their number could be put in black and white; but they are past all counting.

The Great One, O Nanak! alone knows the number of His works.

XXIII.

His devotees praise Him day and night, but fail to acquire any very great knowledge of Him;

(They are like) the rivers and streams which continually flow into the sea, but yet know not its depth.

The ocean, the princes and kings, with their mountains of wealth,

Are something more insignificant than the ant itself in the sight of one who does not forget God in his heart!

XXIV.

There are no limits to the Lord's praise, nor to the speech in His praise;

There are no limits to His creative energy, nor to His bounty;

There are no limits to what we hear of His works, nor to what we see of them;

There are no limits, that we can conceive of to the extent of His thought;

There are no limits, that we can conceive of, to the number of organic forms He has created;

There are no limits, that we can conceive of, to His beginning or end.

How many there are who are groaning—because they cannot ascertain His limits!

His limits cannot be ascertained :
No one can know these limits ;
The more we speak of these, the farther and more unreachable they appear.
Great is the Lord, and high is His place ;
His name is higher than that of the highest.
If anyone were as great as He,
Then only could He know this Exalted One.
His greatness, He alone knows.
By His grace and by virtue of man's own good deeds the gift of knowing Him is obtained.

XXV.

No one can overpraise His benevolence ;
He is the great Giver, and in Him there is not a particle of greed.
Many are the warriors asking for bounty (at His door) ;
Many other (suppliants) there are, past counting
Many there are who retire weary and exhausted with supplications ;
There are many who having received His bounty, deny it ;
And many a fool there is that is constantly eating and eating ;
Many there are who are ever afflicted with hunger and want.

These two (birth and death), O Bounteous Lord! are of Thy sending:

Bondage and freedom (salvation) both come from Thy dispensations;

No one else can interfere with Thy orders.

He who enjoying His bounty, makes it the subject of his criticism,—

He only knows the blows he shall receive on the mouth.

The Lord knows all human wants, and bestows His gifts accordingly,

Though men indulge in various idle assertions.

He on whom He has bestowed the gift of praising and glorifying His holy name,

He, O Nanak! is the king of kings.

XXVI.

Invaluable are His attributes, and invaluable His dealings;

Invaluable those who deal with Him (*i.e.*, saints), and invaluable are His store-houses.

Invaluable are the merchants that come and take away His goods;

Invaluable His rates, and invaluable His business hours.

Invaluable is His justice, and invaluable His tribunal;

Invaluable is His balance, and invaluable those that having been weighed in the balance are acceptable in His sight.

Invaluable are His bounties, and invaluable is His seal;

Invalnable are His mercies, and invaluable His mandates:

Everything about the Lord is invaluable, and He cannot be described.

The saints speak of Him with minds concentrated;

The readers of the Vedas and the Puranas speak of Him;

The learned talk of Him and expound His nature and attributes;

The sages like Brahma and Indra speak of Him;

Krishna and the Milk-maids speak of Him;

Powerful and exalted saints like Shiva speak of Him, and holy men of austere life;

The numerous Buddhas He has created speak of Him;

The ungodly speak of Him, and the godly talk of Him;

The gods, the common mortals and profound divines, having served Him, speak of Him;

Many are now engaged in speaking of Him;

Many, having spoken of Him, depart (to the next world) one after another.

Were He to bring into existence as many more worshippers and saints as He has already created,

Even then no one would be able to exhaust His praise.

He can be as high and great as He pleases :

The True One, O Nanak ! alone knows His own greatness.

He who speaks irreverently of the Lord,

He may be set down as the greatest of fools !

XXVII.

What sort of gate is that, and what sort of mansion, where seated (on Thy throne) Thou takest care of all ?

Countless are the musical instruments and countless the players, in Thy mansion ;

Countless are the songs sung there in tune, and countless are the singers there who unto Thee sing :

Wind, Water and Fire and Dharmaraj sing unto Thee at Thy gate;

Unto Thee the recording angels sing, perpetually engaged in writing the deed-rolls of mortals and in weighing their merits and demerits ;

Unto Thee sing Shivas, Brahmas and Devis, shining by the light Thou clothest them in ;

Unto Thee sing, at Thy gate, Indras, seated on their thrones and in company with the lesser gods ;

Unto Thee sing *Siddhas* absorbed in meditation, and the devotees lost in thought;

Unto Thee sing the virtuous, the truthful, the contented, and the hardy heroes sing unto Thee;

Unto Thee sing, from age to age, the Pandits and the exalted divine sages with the hymns of the Vedas;

Unto Thee sing the lovely females who enchant the heart in heaven, in the mortal world, and in the nether regions;

Unto Thee sing the gems and precious stones Thou hast created, as also the sixty-eight places of pilgrimage;

Unto Thee sing the mighty warriors and heroes and the four quarters sing unto Thee;

Unto Thee sing the different habitable regions of the world and the universe, fashioned and supported by Thee;

Unto Thee sing those who are acceptable in Thy sight—even Thy saints who are surcharged with Thy love, and whose hearts are overflowing with bliss;

Unto thee sing many and many others whose names I cannot remember; how far, indeed, can Nanak think?

He is the one Lord, eternally true and of true name;

He is and He shall be for ever, and He shall not be destroyed—the Being who created this universe—

Even the Lord who brought into existence the material universe with its diverse colors, species and orders.

Having made all, He contemplates His work, which bears witness to His greatness.

He will do what pleases Him, and none can over-rule His pleasure;

He is King, the Sovereign of sovereigns, and His will, O Nanak! abideth for ever.

XXVIII.

Let contentment be to Thee like unto the ear-rings, modesty and self-respect like unto a wallet, and contemplation—the ashes, with which to smear thy body;

Let *time* or the virgin body, be to Thee like unto a patched-coat, and the rule of faith, the beggar's staff;

And let the principle, which is for all classes of men, be known to Thee—*that the world can be conquered by conquering the mind only.*

Salutation to Him, salutation to the Lord!

Who is from first, spotless, without beginning, indestructible, and the same from age to age.

XXIX.

Knowledge is the food of the Supreme, Whose store-keeper is mercy, and Whose voice is heard in every heart.

He is the Lord, and sovereignty is His. Worldly wealth and success are His gifts to His creatures.

The union of the soul with the body and its ultimate separation from the same, is the two-fold law which works in the world;

And everyone gets what is decreed to Him.

Salutation to the Lord, salutation to Him!

Who is from the first, spotless, without beginning, immortal, and the same from age to age.

XXX.

The one Maya (or *prakriti*) the Lord united with His divine wisdom, bringing into manifestation its three-fold energy—the Lord's three favorite disciples—

One of these is the creative energy, the other preservative, and the third, the destructive.

These different energies regulate the world just as it pleases the Lord, and according to His mandates.*

He sees all, Himself unseen, which is truly wonderful.

Salutation to the Lord, salutation to Him!

Who is from first, spotless, without beginning, indestructible, and the same from age to age.

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* *Satva*, *rjas* and *tamas*.

XXXI.

The worlds are, one and all, His seat and His store-house;

Whatever He placed in them, He placed that once for all.

He, the Creator, having created everything, contemplates His work.

The works of the True One, O Nanak! are ever true (eternal).

Salutation to the Lord, salutation to Him!

Who is from first, spotless, without beginning, immortal, and the same from age to age.

XXXII.

If this one tongue of mine were *changed* into a hundred thousand, and if these one hundred thousand tongues were changed into twenty-times as many, even then would I repeat the Lord's name a hundred thousand times with each of my multiplied tongues!

By this means would I ascend the steps of honor, and would become united with the Lord.

Even the meanest mortals long to be in Heaven when they hear of it.

The Lord, O Nanak! is reached by means of His own grace. Baseless is the boasting of the false ones.

XXXIII.

The power to speak is not won by force, nor the power to be silent;

The power to ask is not won by force, nor the power to give;

The power to live is not won by force, nor the power to die;

The power to acquire sovereignty or wealth, or to be victorious on the field of battle, is not won by force;

The power to understand the *shruti* (the Veda), or to meditate and think is not won by force;

Liberation from the world is not won by force or by any device.

He in whose hand force dwells, He, the Lord, exercises it and contemplates the effects thereof.

In His sight, O Nanak! no one is high and no one is low.

XXXIV.

The Lord created nights, seasons, lunar-days and week-days;

He created wind, water, fire and the nether regions;

In the midst of these He installed the earth as a place of rest.

This earth is peopled with living beings and adorned with colors of various kinds;

These have names, many and endless.

The deeds of every man are taken into consideration;

For the Lord is just, and just is His tribunal;

The righteous and godly shine there;

The Divine grace and man's own deeds combined obtain one a place among the Lord's chosen.

There the righteous shall be differentiated from the unrighteous;

This, O Nanak! men will see on reaching there.

XXXV.

Such is the law in the realm where Divine justice is dispensed.

I shall now describe what goes on in the realm where Divine knowledge is supreme—

Many and numerous are there the winds, waters and fires, and many and numerous are Krishnas and Shivas;

Many and numerous are Brahmas there, engaged in fashioning forms of every cast and color;

Many and numerous are the regions of works there, numerous mountains and numerous are Dhrus instructing;

Many and numerous are the Indras there, many and numerous the moons and suns, and many and numerous are heavenly orbs and regions;

Many and numerous are the Siddhas, the Buddhas and the Naths there, and many and numerous are the goddesses and likenesses of these ;

Many and numerous are the gods, demons and sages, and many and numerous are the oceans of jewels ;

Many and numerous are the mines, many and numerous the languages, and many and numerous the lords and kings ;

Many and numerous those who ponder over the *shruti*, and many and numerous the worshippers : Of these, O Nanak ! there is no end.

XXXVI.

In the realm of Divine Knowledge, Divine Knowledge is the chief attraction ;

There are songs of praise, spiritual amusements, pleasures and joys.

Beauty is the characteristic of the realm of happiness ;

Incomparable forms are being fashioned there;

What goes on in this realm cannot be described ;

Whoever attempts to describe it, shall in the end repent.

Here are fashioned discernment, intelligence, mind and wisdom ;

And here is fashioned the intellect with which the saints and sages are endowed.

XXXVII.

Energy is the characteristic of the region of action;

There is nothing but activity;
There are mighty warriors and heroes,
And they are pervaded with the might of God.
There are numerous Sitas surrounded by greatness;
Their loveliness cannot be described.
They die not, nor do they fall from virtue,
In whose hearts God dwelleth.
Numerous classes of devotees are there;
They are happy, for the True One is in their hearts.
In the realm of the true dwells the Formless One;
He multiplies the works of His hand and contemplates them with pleasure.
There are numerous regions there, worlds and universes;
Whoever attempts to describe them, he shall find them past all calculation.
There are worlds upon worlds and forms upon forms there;
According as the Lord wills, even so they move and act.
The Lord contemplates them and is pleased;

To describe His doings, O Nanak ! is hard as iron.

XXXVIII.

Continence is my workshop, and patience my goldsmith ;

Intellect is my anvil, and the Vedas are my tools ;

Fear is my bellows, and the heat of austerity my fire ;

Love is my crucible, and the saving name of the Lord my whetting :

In this mint of truth have I fashioned my prayerful utterances.

Those to whom the Lord is gracious, to *their* lot falls such blessed work.

Happy is Nanak by the merciful look of the Beneficent !

Shloka :

The air is the *Guru*, the water the father, and the great earth the mother of beings ;

Day and night are the two nurses, male and female, in whose lap the world sports.

The merits and demerits of all shall be considered in the presence of the Supreme ;

And all shall have the reward of their own acts' sooner or later.

Those who ponder over the name of the Lord, do away with pain and suffering as soon as they throw off the mortal coil.

Their faces, ONanak ! shall glow with spiritual light, and many shall obtain liberation through their assistance !

THE TEACHINGS OF GURU NANAK—(*continued*).

In the light of the foregoing translation of the Guru's Final Utterance, it is comparatively easy to see what the Guru believed and taught. As already remarked, the mission of Guru Nanak's life was to preach, according to his lights and to the best of his power, the truth which the Aryan sages, whose blood coursed in the Guru's veins, had preached from times immemorial—to show to his contemporaries and to posterity the way which had been trodden by the thinkers and teachers of old under the guidance of the Word Divine. The two greatest truths which the great ones of the Aryan community have believed in, and proclaimed in all ages, are, that God is the author of the universe, and that the Vedas are His Word. Now what has the Japji Sahib to say on these two points? The very first passage of the book runs as follows:—

ੴ ਸਤਿ ਨਾਮੁ ਕਰਤਾ ਪੁਰੁਖੁ ਨਿਰਭਉ ਨਿਰ-
ਵੈਰੁ ਅਕਾਲ ਮੂਰਤਿ ਅਜੂਨੀ ਸੈਭੰ ਗੁਰ ਪ੍ਰਸਾਦਿ ।
ਜਪੁ ॥ ਆਦਿ ਸਚੁ ਜੁਗਾਦਿ ਸਚੁ ਹੈ ਭੀ ਸਚੁ ਨਾਨਕ
ਹੋਸੀ ਭੀ ਸਚੁ ॥*

"He is Omkara, and true is His name. He is the Creator, the all-pervading Being, devoid of fear

* The *Gurumantra* of the Sikhs.—*S. C.*

and hate, the imperishable Personality, unborn and self-existent. He is attainable through the favor of a true spiritual guide only. Him, O inquirer! do thou worship.

"He was true in the beginning; He was true in the commencement of cycles; He is true now, and true shall He be for ever, O Nanak!"

Now this conception of God is largely much the same as is embodied in Veda-mantras like the following:—

ओं सपर्यगाच्छुक्रमकायमव्रणमस्नाविरं शुद्धमपाप विद्धम्। कविर्मनीषी परिभूः स्वयम्भूर्याथातथ्यतोऽर्थान् व्यदधाच्छाश्वतीभ्यः समाभ्यः॥ यजु. अ. ४० मं. ८

"He is everywhere, mighty, without body, without color, free from the bonds of nerves and muscles, pure, unfettered by sin, all-knowing, dwelling in the heart, overspreading all, and self-existent. He reveals to His eternal subjects His eternal purposes in the beginning of every creation."

We may quote a few more mantras from the Vedas dealing with the attritubes and functions of the Deity, and leave it to the reader to decide for himself if they do not find an *echo*, in one form or another, in the Japji:—

ईशावास्यमिदं सर्वं यत्किञ्च जगत्यां जगत्। तेन त्यक्तेन भुञ्जीथा मा गृधः कस्यस्विद्धनम्॥ यजु० अ० ४०

"God pervades all that moves and all that does not move in this universe. Enjoy, O mortal! what has been given thee by Him, and do not covet the belongings of others."

वेदाहमेतं पुरुषं महान्तमादित्य वर्णं तमसः परस्तात् ।
तमेव विदित्वातिमृत्युमेति नान्यः पंथा विद्यतेऽयनाय ॥
यजु० अ ३२

"I know the Supreme Being who pervades all, is great and glorious like the sun, and away from darkness. By knowing Him death is conquered: there is no other way to salvation."

हिरण्यगर्भः समवर्त्तताग्रे भूतस्यजातः पतिरेक आसीत् ।
स दाधार पृथिवीं द्यामुतेमां कस्मैदेवाय हविषा विधेम ॥ यजु

"Before the creation of the universe there was the one Lord, the source of light and of all that exists. He is the stay and support of the world, and of the effulgent bodies. To Him, who is all-happiness, do we bow in homage."

य आतमदा बलदा यस्य विश्वऽउपास्ते प्रशिषं यस्य देवाः । यस्यछाया अमृतं यस्य मृत्युः कस्मै देवाय हविषा विधेम ॥ यजु ॥

"He who is the Giver of spiritual strength whose command all the wise obey, whose pleasure is salvation, and whose displeasure death,—to Him, Who is all-happiness, do we bow in homage."

तदेजति तन्नैजति तद्दूरे तद्वंतिके । तदंतरस्य सर्वस्य तदुसर्वस्यास्य बाह्यतः ॥ यजु ॥

"He moves and He moves not; He is far and yet He is near. He is within all this visible universe, and He encompasses it on the outside also."

The following passages from the Guru's earlier utterances, in keeping with spirit of the teaching embodied in the Japji, will be found to be in perfect accord with the Revealed Teaching, or that embodied in the compositions of the Aryan sages:—

ਏਕੋ ਸਿਮਰੋ ਨਾਨਕਾ ਜੋ ਜਲ ਥਲ ਰਿਹਿਆ ਸਮਾਇ।
ਦੂਜਾ ਕਾਹਿ ਸਿਮਰਿਏ ਜਨਮੇ ਤੇ ਮਰਿ ਜਾਇ ॥

"Repeat the name of the One alone, O Nanak, who is everywhere, on land and in water; why should you repeat the name of some one else, who, after being born, must perish."

ਗਗਨ ਸੇ ਥਾਲ ਰਵਿ ਚੰਦ ਦੀਪਕ ਬਨੇ ਤਾਰਕਾ ਮੰਡਲਾ ਜਨਕ ਮੋਤੀ । ਧੂਪ ਮਲਆਨ ਲੋ ਪਵਣ ਚਉਰੋ ਕਰੈ ਸਕਲ ਬਨ ਰਾਇ ਫੂਲੰਤ ਜੋਤੀ। ਕੈਸੀ ਆਰਤੀ ਹੋਇ ਭਵ ਖੰਡਨਾ ਤੇਰੀ ਆਰਤੀ। ਅਨਹਤਾ ਸ਼ਬਦ ਬਾਜੰਤ ਭੇਰੀ ॥ ਰਹਾਉ ॥ ਸਹਸ ਤਵ ਨੈਨ ਨਨ ਨੈਨ ਹੈ ਤੋਹਿ ਕਉ ਸਹਸ ਮੂਰਤਿ ਨਨਾ ਏਕ ਤੋਹੀ । ਸਹਸਪਦ ਬਿਮਲ ਨਨ ਏਕ ਪਦ ਗੰਧ ਬਿਨ ਸਹਸ ਤਵ ਗੰਧ

ਇਵ ਚਲਿਤ ਮੋਹੀ । ਸਭ ਮਹਿ ਜੋਤਿ ਜੋਤਿ ਹੈ ਸੋਇ ।
ਤਿਸ ਦੇ ਚਾਨਣ ਸਭ ਮਹਿ ਚਾਨਣ ਹੋਇ ॥ ਗੁਰ ਸਾਖੀ
ਜੋਤਿ ਪਰਗਟਿ ਹੋਇ । ਜੋ ਤਿਸ ਭਾਵੈ ਸੋ ਆਰਤੀ
ਹੋਇ । ਹਰਿ ਚਰਣ ਕੰਵਲ ਮਕਰੰਦ ਲੋਭਿਤ ਮਨੋ
ਅਨਦਿਨੋ ਮੋਹਿ ਆਹੀ ਪਿਆਸਾ । ਕ੍ਰਿਪਾ ਜਲ ਦੇਹਿ
ਨਾਨਕ ਸਾਰਿਗ ਕਉ ਹੋਇ ਸਾਂਤੇ ਤੇਰੇ ਨਾਇ ਬਾਸਾ ॥

"The space, O Lord! is like unto a plate, on which the stars are like unto pearls, and of which the two lamps are the sun and the moon. The sweet odours of the earth are like unto the scent for Thy altar, the wind that blows is like unto the fly-flapper waving over Thee, and the whole host of herbs and flowers on hills and mountains are like unto a floral offering unto Thee.

"O Remover of pain! how shall we do *artt* unto Thee?

"The sound of *Anhad Shabd* (Om), with which every human heart and every place in the universe resounds, is like unto an *arti* to Thee.

"O Lord! in Thee are contained countless eyes, countless worldly forms, and countless feet, and it is Thy light that pervades all these. It is Thou who givest power to and illuminest the visual organs of all under the guidance of true, enlightened teachers, and we cannot, by means of the words uttered by

them, perceive Thy glorious light. We cannot conceive Thy end, how, then, can we do *arti* unto Thee? Yea, we shall do it even as Thou shouldst be pleased to direct us.

"I am, O Lord! like unto the honey-bee hovering around the lotus of Thy feet, and I am as thirsty of the nectar of Thy name as the *chatrak* (the Indian *chakor*) is of the fluid which the cloud, the darling of his soul, bears in its bosom. O Lord! give me the water of Thy name and remove my thirst, so that I may dwell for ever and ever in Thy mansions of peace."

ਭੈ ਵਿਚਿ ਪਵਣ ਵਹੈ ਸਦਵਾਉ । ਭੈ ਵਿਚਿ ਚਲਹਿ ਲਖ ਦਰੀਆਉ ॥ ਭੈ ਵਿਚਿ ਅਗਨਿ ਕਢੈ ਵੇਗਾਰਿ। ਭੈ ਵਿਚਿ ਧਰਤੀ ਦਬੀ ਭਾਰਿ ॥ ਭੈ ਵਿਚਿ ਸੂਰਜੁ ਭੈ ਵਿਚਿ ਚੰਦ । ਕੋਹ ਕਰੋੜੀ ਚਲਤ ਨ ਅੰਤੁ ॥

"Through fear of the Lord the wind blows; through fear of Him the waters in the shape of rivers and streams flow; through fear of Him the fire burns and serves creatures; through fear of Him the earth works on with its tremendous load; through fear of Him the sun and moon perform their appointed functions and travel millions of miles which have no end."

ਓਂਕਾਰ ਸਬਦ ਉਧਰੇ । ਓਂਕਾਰ ਗੁਰਮੁਖਤਰੇ ॥ ਓਂ ਅੱਖਰ ਸੁਟੇ ਚੀਰਾਨ । ਓਂ ਅਖਰ ਤ੍ਰਿਭਵਨ ਸਾਰ ।

"The Omkara, the Word, elevates; Omkara, the Word, saves the righteous. Hear ye *Om*, the Word, and do ye meditate on it, for *Om* is the Lord of the universe in essence."

ਜੇ ਸਉ ਚੰਦ ਉਗਵਹਿ ਸੂਰਜ ਚੜਹਿ ਹਜ਼ਾਰ।
ਏਤੇ ਚਾਨਣ ਹੋਦਿਆਂ ਗੁਰ ਬਿਨੁ ਘੋਰ ਅੰਧਾਰ ॥*

"Let moons rise in ever such vast numbers, and let thousands upon thousands of suns shine, but it shall, in spite of all the light given out, be utterly dark if the Lord of the universe shines not."

Compare with the foregoing the following:—

विश्वतश्चक्षुरुत विश्वतो मूखा विश्वतो बाहुरुत विश्व-तस्पात। संबाहुभ्यां धमति संपतत्रैद्यावा भूमी जनयन् देव एकः ॥ यजु ॥

"On all sides has He eyes, on all sides faces, on all sides arms, and on all sides are His feet. He has by His might created from matter this earth and other heavenly bodies—He is the One only Lord."

सहस्र शीर्षा पुरुषः सहस्र आक्षः सहस्र पात्। स भूमिं सर्वतःस्पृत्वाऽत्यतिष्ठद्दशांगुलम् ॥ यजु ॥

"In Him, the omnipotent Being, there are countless heads, countless eyes, and countless feet. He pervading the earth completely, dwelleth in the heart."

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* This is Guru Angad's, who was *Nanak*, bodyguard and

उपयाम गृहीतोऽसि प्रजापतये त्वा जुष्टं गृह्णाम् येषते योनिः सूर्य्यस्तेमहिमायस्तेऽहनत्संवत्सरेमहिमा सम्बभूव यस्ते वायावन्तरिक्षे महिमा सम्बभूव यस्ते दिविसूर्य्ये महिमा सम्बभूवतस्मै ते महिम्ने प्रजापतयेस्वाहा देवेभ्य॥यजु॥

"Thou, O Lord! pervadest my heart; Thou art most exalted and I bow unto Thee for Thy merciful care of Thy creatures. The root-matter, O Lord! bears witness to Thy greatness. The day and the year bear witness to Thy greatness. The lightning and other lights bear witness to Thy greatness. May we have all righteous and pure intellects to approach Thee, the exalted Preserver of all and of Thy sages."

उपयाम गृहीतोऽसि प्रजापतये त्वा जुष्टं गृह्णाम् येषते योनिश्चन्द्रमास्ते महिमा। यस्ते रात्रौ सम्वत्सरे महिमा सम्बभूव यस्ते पृथिव्यामग्नौ महिमा सम्बभूव यस्ते नक्षत्रेषु चन्द्रमसि महिमासम्बभूव तस्मै ते महिम्ने प्रजापतये देवेभ्यः स्वाहा॥ यजु॥

"Thou, O Lord! dwellest in my heart. Thou art most exalted. The waters declare Thy glory, O Lord! The moon declares Thy glory. The night and the year declare Thy glory. The air and space declare Thy glory. The earth and fire declare Thy glory, and the stars and the satellites declare Thy glory, O Lord! May we all approach Thee through truth, Thou preserver of all and of Thy sages."

दिव्यो ह्यमूर्त्तः पुरुषः स बाह्यभ्यन्तरो ह्यजः। मुण्डक।

"He, the self-effulgent, all-pervading Being, who is inside and outside of all,—*He* has no *image*."

अंधन्तमः प्रविशन्तियोऽसम्भुति मुपास्ते । ततो भुय इव ते तमो य उ सम्भुत्यांरताः ॥ यजु. ॥

"To utter darkness go they who worship matter but to still greater darkness go those who worship things *born* of matter."

भयादस्याग्निस्तपति भयात्तपति सूर्य्यः । भयादिन्द्रश्च, वायुश्च मृत्युर्धावति पञ्चमः ॥ कठ. ॥

"Through fear of the Lord the fire burns; through fear of Him the sun dispeness heat and light; through fear of Him the lightning shines and the wind blows; and through fear of Him does Death run on its fearful errands."

सर्वे वेदा यत्पदमामनान्ति तपांसि सर्वाणि च यद्वदन्ति । यदिच्छन्तो ब्रह्मचर्य्यं चरन्ति तत्ते पदं संग्रहेण ब्रवीम्यो मित्येतत् ॥ कठ. ॥

"That which all the Vedas declare, That for which great austerities are performed, That in the desire of attaining which Brahmacharya is performed,—That Path shall I declare unto thee—That is *Om*."

न तत्र सूर्य्यो भाति न चन्द्र तारकं नेमा विद्युतो भान्ति कुतोऽयमग्नि । तमेव भान्त मनुभाति सर्वं तस्य भासा सर्व मिदं विभाति ॥कठ.॥

"The sun shines not there, nor the moon, nor the host of stars, nor yet this lightning: far less this fire. When He, the Lord, shines, all shine; yea, after Him shine all these."

Quotations from the Vedas and the Upanishads on the one hand, and from the utterances of Guru Nanak on the other, may be multiplied to any number to show that Guru Nanak's conception of the Deity was essentially Aryan; but the foregoing few will be sufficient for our purpose, and we may as well proceed to demonstrate the truth of our second contention—that the Guru looked upon the Vedas as *revealed*.

The passages in which Guru Nanak speaks of the Vedas in his final utterances are the following:—

ਗੁਰ ਮਖਿ ਨਾਦੰ ਗੁਰ ਮੁਖਿ ਵੇਦੰ ਗੁਰ ਮੁਖਿ ਰਿਹਿਆ ਸਮਾਈ॥

'The voice of God is in what was heard, it is in the Vedas, God's voice is all-pervading"

ਸੁਣਿਐ ਸਾਸਤ ਸਿਮ੍ਰਿਤਿ ਵੇਦ॥

"By hearing the holy name of the Lord, the power to understand the Shastras, the Smritis and the Vedas is acquired."

ਅਸੰਖ ਗਰੰਥ ਮੁਖਿ ਵੇਦ ਪਾਠ॥

"Countless are the reciters of the holy books and of the Vedas."

ਓੜਕ ੨ ਭਾਲਿ ਥਕੇ ਵੇਦ ਕਹਨਿ ਇਕ ਵਾਤ ॥

"The learned have essayed to scan the limits of creation, but have broken down in the attempt. The Vedas declare one thing—namely, that creation is infinite."

ਗਾਵਨਿ ਪੰਡਿਤ ਪੜਨਿ ਰਖੀਸਰ ਜੁਗੁ ੨ ਵੇਦਾ ਨਾਲੇ ॥

Unto Thee sing, from age to age, Pandits and the exalted Divine sages with the hymns of the Vedas."

ਜੋਰੁ ਨ ਸੁਰਤੀ ਗਿਆਨਿ ਵੀਚਾਰਿ ॥

"The power to understand the Shruti or to meditate and think is not won by force."

ਕੇਤੀਆ ਸੁਰਤੀ ਸੇਵਕ ਕੇਤੇ ਨਾਨਕ ਅੰਤ ਨ ਅੰਤ ॥

"Many and numerous are those who ponder over the Shruti, and many and numerous the worshippers. Of these, O Nanak! there is no end."

ਅਹਰਣਿ ਮਤਿ ਵੇਦੁ ਹਥੀਆਰੁ ॥

"Intellect is my anvil, and the Vedas are my tools."

There are one or two more passages also in the Japji, in which the Vedas have been spoken of, but neither those that have been cited, nor those that

may be cited, speak of the Aryan Scriptures but in terms of reverence, in terms which show that the Guru had the highest regard for them, as records of *revealed knowledge*, as a treasury of spiritual wisdom come from On High. The Japji, no doubt, speaks of the Puranas and the Koran too, but it does not speak of them in the manner it does of the Vedas.

The passages in which these two have been spoken of are the following :—

ਵੇਲ ਨ ਪਾਈਆ ਪੰਡਤੀ ਜਿ ਹੋਵੈ ਲੇਖੁ ਪੁਰਾਣੁ ।
ਵਖਤੁ ਨਪਾਈਓ ਕਾਦੀਆ ਜੋ ਲਿਖਨਿ ਲੇਖੁ ਕੁਰਾਣੁ।

"The Pandits did not find out the time, else they would have recorded it in the Puranas :

"The Qazis did not discover the hour, else they would have transcribed the same in the Koran."

ਆਖਹਿ ਵੇਦ ਪਾਠ ਪੁਰਾਣ ॥

"The readers of the Vedas and the Puranas speak of Him."

These passages speak for themselves. The sentiments embodied in the first passage must strike every thoughtful man as something wholly out of harmony with the supposition that the Puranas and the Koran are of supernatural origin. A true revelation comes *from God*, and must be above receiving additions from *erring man*.

As regards the second passage, it must be

acknowledged that here the Puranas have been given an importance which they do not deserve, for it is but seldom that the Puranas speak of the Formless Being, to which the opening lines of the Japji refer: they speak of different deities which the Guru held as of little account. It may be that the word 'Purana' is here taken in its true Aryan sense, and stands for the Upanishads and other similar works; but even supposing that the word is meant to represent the modern eighteen or nineteen books popularly known as the 'Puranas,' we contend that the eulogy does not deserve to be made a capital out of—it certainly dwarfs into utter insignificance when considered side by side with the encomiums bestowed upon the Vedas.

The following passages from the earlier utterances of the Guru, and which are thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of the Japji, will make still further clear what the Guru thought of the Vedas :—

ਚ ਰੇ ਵੇਦਹੋਏ ਸਚਿ ਆਖ । ਪੜਹਿ ਗੁੜਹਿ ਤਿਨਚਾਰ ਵੀਚਾਰ । ਭਾਉ ਭਗਤਿ ਕਰਿ ਨੀਚ ਸਦਾਏ । ਤਉ ਨਾਨਕ ਮੋਖੰਤ ਰੁਖਾਏ ॥

"The four Vedas are true, and whoever studies them and, pondering over what they teach, conforms his conduct to their commandments, he is saved."

ਊਰਧ ਮੂਲ ਸਿਮ ਸਾਖਤ ਲਾਹਾ ਚਾਰ ਵੇਦ ਸਿਤ ਲਾਗੇ। ਸਹਜ ਭਾਇ ਜਾਇ ਤੇ ਨਾਨਕ ਪਾਰ ਬਰਹਮ ਲਿਵ ਲਾਗੇ ॥

"He whose roots are upwards, and who bears the four Vedas (as the fruit), his mind is soon fixed in meditation on the Supreme Being."

ਖਤਰੀਆਂ ਤਾ ਧਰਮ ਛੋਡਿਆ ਮਲੇਛ ਮਾਸਾ ਰਹੀ। ਸਰਿਸਟ ਸਭਿ ਇਕ ਵਰਨਹੋਏ ਧਰਮਕੀਰਤ ਰਹੀ। ਸ਼ਾਸਤਰ ਵੇਦ ਨ ਮਾਨੇ ਕੋਇ। ਆਪੋ ਆਪੇ ਪੁਜਾਇ॥

"The Kshatryas have become forgetful of their *dharma*, and have adopted the barbarian's language. All having become degenerated and degraded, have sunk to a single *varna*, the *dharma* having lost its ascendency. Nobody has faith in the Vedas and the Shastras, and the people are becoming self-worshippers."

ਸਭਿਨਾਦਿ ਵੇਦ ਗੁਰਬਾਣੀ । ਮਨੁ ਰਾਤਾ ਸਾਰੰਗ ਪਾਣੀ ॥

"All the Vedas are the Word of the Lord. On Him my mind is fixed."

ਵਾਰੇ ਵਾਦ ਨ ਵੇਦ ਵੀਚਾਰੇ। ਆਪ ਡੁਬੇ ਕਿਉ ਪਿਤਰਾਂ ਤਾਰੇ ॥

"You delight in useless wrangling and never ponder ever the teaching of the Veda;

"You are sinking yourself, how, then, can you save your ancestors ?"

ਵੇਦ ਵਖਾਣ ਕਹਹਿ ਇਕ ਕਹੀਏ। ਓਹ ਬੇ-ਅੰਤ ਅੰਤ ਕਿਨ ਲਹੀਐ ॥

"The Veda dwells upon the Deity and speaks of Him as one. The Lord is infinite, how can man find out His end ?"

ਦੀਪਕ ਬਲੈ ਅੰਧੇਰਾ ਜਾਇ । ਵੇਦ ਪਾਠ ਮਤਿ ਪਾਪਾ ਖਾਇ ॥

"Even as light dispenses darkness, even so does the study of the Veda swallow up or destroy sin."

ਓਅੰਕਾਰ ਵੇਦ ਨਿਰਮਇ ॥

"The Supreme Being brought the Vedas into existence."

The foregoing quotations are conclusive as regards the Guru's attitude towards the Vedas. One may, in vain, ransack the pages containing the utterances of Guru Nanak, and for the matter of that, the pages embodying the utterances of any of the ten Gurus whatsoever, for passages which speak of the Puranas or the Koran in the way in which the *majority* of the foregoing

passages speak of the Vedas. It must, of course, be admitted that the utterances of the Guru are not entirely wanting in lines which appear unfavorable to the Vedas, but these lines, if rightly understood, are not hostile or condemnatory in their character, and they do not call in question the revealed character of the Vedas. They are something in the spirit of the Veda-mantra :—

कस्तन्न वेद किमृचा करिष्यति ॥ऋ०॥मं०१॥सू०१६४, मं० ३९

"He who does not know the all-pervading Lord, what can the Vedas do to Him ?"

As will be evident from the last song of Guru Nanak, that great man was essentially an apostle of *bhakti*, an advocate of profound, intense love and whole-hearted devotion to God. He cared little for philosophy and metaphysics and never went into them if he could help it. But though a *bhakat* of *bhakats*, though avoiding dealing with problems which had exercised the minds of the thinker from the earliest time, there is ground to believe that he accepted as eternal verities, the conclusions at which the ancient Aryan sages had, in the light of Revealed Teaching, arrived in respect of metaphysical questions. This will be clear from the manner in which he speaks on the doctrine of *karma* or the doctrine of transmigration of souls, for in reality the two are one and the same. The Japji says :—

ਜੇਤੀ ਸਰਠਿ ਉਪਾਈ ਵੇਖਾਂ ਵਿਣੁ ਕਰਮਾਂ ਕਿ ਮਿਲੈ ਲਈ ॥

"The entire circle of creation that I see—what can it obtain in the absence of *acts* in the previous births ?"

ਪੈਨੀ ਧਾਪੀ ਆਖਣੁ ਨਾਹਿ । ਕਰਿ ਕਰਿ ਕਰਣਾ ਲਿਖਿ ਲੈ ਜਾਹੁ ॥ ਆਪੇ ਬੀਜ ਆਪੇ ਹੀ ਖਾਹੁ । ਨਾਨਕ ਹੁਕਮੀ ਆਵਹੁ ਜਾਹੁ ॥

"Saint and sinner are no mere idle words; every soul carries from this world a record of its deeds with it;

"Himself he soweth and himself he reapeth;

"By the order of the Lord, O Nanak ! does the soul transmigrate."

ਕਰਮੀ ਕਰਿ ਚੋਇ ਵੀਚਾਰੁ । ਸਚਾ ਆਪਿ ਸਚਾ ਦਰਬਾਰੁ ॥ ਤਿਥੈ ਸੋਹਨਿ ਪੰਚ ਪਰਵਾਣੁ । ਨਚਰੀ ਕਰਮਿ ਪਵੈ ਨੀਸਾਣੁ ॥ ਕਚ ਪਕਾਈ ਓਥੈ ਪਾਇ । ਨਾਨਕ ਗਇਆ ਜਾਪੈ ਜਾਇ ॥

"The deeds of every man are taken into consideration !

"For the Lord is just, and just is His tribunal.

"The righteous and godly shine there:

"The Divine grace and man's own deeds combined obtain one a place among the Lord's chosen.

"There the righteous shall be differentiated from the unrighteous;

"This, O Nanak! man will see on reaching there."

ਚਰਿਆਈਆਂ ਬੁਰਆਈਆਂ ਵਾਚੈ ਧਰਮੁ ਹਦੂਰਿ।
ਕਰਮੀ ਆਪੋ ਆਪਣੀ ਕੇ ਨੇੜੈ ਕੇ ਦੂਰਿ॥

"The merits and demerits of all shall be considered in the presence of the Divine Judge;

"And all shall have the reward of their actions, sooner or later."

Need it be said that in accepting and preaching the doctrine of Karma, or that of Transmigration, which is exclusively and *par excellence* the Aryan doctrine, the Guru shows himself to be a thorough and genuine follower of the Vedas? And the reader who carefully goes through the Japji will not fail to notice how thoroughly the Guru's views on many other points, he laid so much stress upon, were in accord with those of the Aryas of yore on the same.

II.—GURU ANGAD.

We have already had to say a word or two about the conversion of the second Guru. As Guru Nanak, bitterly disappointed in his sons, had formally nominated him as his successor, he ascended the spiritual throne when the founder had breathed his last. As in life, Guru Angad (so named, because Guru Nanak regarded him as identical with himself, body and soul), scrupulously followed in the footsteps of his predecessor. His compositions take up but a small space in the Granth, but they are of the right sort, full of pure theism and characterised by a spirit of extreme humility towards God.

His head-quarters were at Khadoor (in the Amritsar District), and his chief occupation, both in the day and at night, was to enjoy the pleasures of prayer and contemplation, and to preach his doctrine to all he came in contact with. He delighted in charity, and his boarding-house (*langar*) was open to all. He was remarkable for simplicity of life, living upon the coarsest bread; for his rigid austerity, his candidness, amiable manners and gentleness of speech.

Like Guru Nanak, Guru Angad sought his successor in a disciple. His two sons, Vasu and Dattu, did not come up to the mark, and were, of course, disinherited—*spiritually*. This action of Guru Angad shows what strength of character lay beneath his saint's gentleness and how utterly above personal considerations his regard for the 'true Faith' could rise.

Guru Angad was the inventor of the Gurmukhi letters, "a modified species of Nagri." Some assert that he invented the Alphabet while Guru Nanak was yet in the flesh, but others hold that he accomplished the task after his master's demise. Be the fact what it may, the credit of the invention is due to him alone. The Guru died in the Bikrama era, 1609 (A. D. 1552), after a reign of some twelve years and some months. For years past he had been suffering from a complaint of the feet, which, day and night, were as hot as fire, and at last his sufferings were so great that he succumbed to the malady, just when Akbar the Great had been some twelve years and-a-half on the Indian throne.

III.—GURU AMAR DAS.

Guru Amar Das, who succeeded Guru Angad, was a Bhalla Kshatrya by caste. He was over sixty years of age when he came to hear of Guru Nanak's teaching. And it all came about this wise :—A girl of Guru Angad's house was married into the family to which Guru Amar Das belonged. Guru Amar Das coming to know of Guru Angad's great piety and sublime theism, took it into his head to pay him a visit. Guru Angad showed the visitor great respect, and offered him the customary presents. Amar Das, however, declaring that he had come in the capacity of a learner rather than in that of a *samadhi*, the Guru informed him that if he was in earnest and wanted to *live* with him, he should forget his relationship and forthwith adopt the life that befitted a disciple to lead. Amar Das cheerfully consented, and from that hour became a devoted attendant of the Guru.

Though old, he was most assiduous in serving his master. The most menial offices he would perform in a spirit of love and devotion, whose *depth* and intensity could not be mistaken. One of his many self-imposed duties was to fetch, early in the morning, a pitcher full of water from the river Bias (no less than six miles from Khadoor), for the purpose of washing and cooling his master's feet. One dark and stormy night, while engaged in this employment, he stumbled and fell, sustaining a severe hurt and breaking the pitcher containing the water, opposite the door of a weaver, who lived next door to the

Guru. The weaver, startled at the noise, demanded, in a loud voice, of his wife, whence it proceeded. The wife, who was well-acquainted with the daily toil and devotion of Amar Das, replied: "It is the work of that miserable servant of Guru Angad—Amar Das—the fellow without house or home!" The Guru, overheard the remark, hastened to the spot and, laying his hand on Amar Das, tenderly embraced him, saying: "Let the taunts of the world cause you no pain. I am your supporter, and all I possess is yours!" This was significant, indicating in what regard the Guru held his aged disciple, and before many hours had gone-by, Amru had been exalted to the Gurushíp.

Amar Das proved himself fully worthy of the seat of Guru Nanak. He was distinguished for his activity in preaching the tenets of Sikhism, and was very successful in obtaining converts and followers. Many chiefs and Rajas listened to his doctrine with rapture, and, breaking away from orthodoxy, accepted his theism. By the assistance of these he built Kujarawal, and differentiated and separated from the Sikhs the Udasi sect, which had been founded by Siri Chand, a son of Nanak, and which was being continually confounded with the believers in the teaching of the Gurus. Indeed, the sect should have long been marked out and proclaimed as something distinct from the Sikh organization by Guru Angad, but the immediate successor of Guru Nanak did not like to cause pain to his master's son, and hence the work of separation was left to be accomplished later.

Guru Amar Das had two children, a son named Mohan, and a daughter, named Bhani. And it was not Mohan but the Guru's son-in-law who succeeded as Guru, for he proved worthier of the high position. The following story is told in connection with the marriage of Bibi Bhani with Ram Das :—

"Guru Amar Das was very fond of his daughter, and very anxious regarding her marriage. He had communicated his wishes on the subject to a Brahman, who was his head-servant, and directed him to make enquiries. The Brahman obeyed the order, and erelong reported to his master that he had been successful, having found a youth in every way suited to be the husband of the Guru's daughter. The Guru asked what was the stature of the boy. The Brahman looking around him and surveying the vast crowd of men and women and children, who were pressing on all sides to witness the progress of work in connection with the *baoli* or well which the Guru was then building, finally fixed his gaze on a youth standing near him, and said that he was an exact counterpart of the lad. The attention of the Guru was instantly withdrawn from the Brahman and rivetted on the youngman to whom he had pointed. He questioned the youngman regarding his profession, his name and his family. The lad said that his name was Ram Das, that he was a Kshatrya, a lineal descendant of Sodhee Rao, who had abdicated the throne in favor of his uncle, Kulpat (Bedee), and that he was an inhabitant of the village of Gondwal, eating the bread of honesty. The Guru was pleased with the information, took

no more notice of the Brahman, and declared that the youth, so fortunately introduced to his acquaintance, should be his son-in-law. And the nuptials of Bibi Bhani and Ram Das were celebrated in due time.

While preaching spiritual truths, the Guru often took the evil social customs to task. The custom of *satti*, for instance, was sternly condemned by him. The Emperor Akbar very much liked him, and often talked with him. The Guru died doing his work at Gondwal, in Samvat 1632 (A. D. 1575), after a reign of twenty-two years, five months and eleven days. A splendid tomb was erected over his ashes in the town, and it draws numerous devotees to it year after year.

IV.—GURU RAM DAS.

Ram Das did not belie the hopes of his father-in-law. He was wanting in none of those virtues which a true saint and spiritual leader ought to possess, and he was devoted to the Guru, as was the Guru's daughter. His deep and genuine piety and his philanthropic tendencies and activities spread his fame far and wide, and brought him admirers and converts from the most distant parts of the Province. The Emperor Akbar also heard of him, and expressed a great desire to see him. Being an enlightened prince and a free-thinker, the Emperor was highly pleased with the Guru's conversation, and, as a mark of his estèem and regard, presented him with a portion of land, which being of a circular form, came to be called *Chakkar Ram Das*. In this inclosure the Guru built a tank which he called *Amritsar*, or the reservoir of immortality, and the handsome flourishing town which sprang up round it has come to be named after the name of the reservoir or lake. The Guru resided alternately at Gondwal and Amritsar.

When the Emperor, on his way to the Deccan, encamped at Gondwal, he sent word to the Guru that he should very much like to have an interview with him. The Guru came, and the Emperor received him with great distinction and kindness, and requested him to ask a favor. The Guru answered that for himself he wanted nothing, but that he would like to make a remark in the interests of others. On Akbar's assuring the Guru

that he would he happy to hear what he had to say, the Guru observed that during the stay of the Emperor at Lahore the consumption of grain had been great, and high prices paid for it; but now that the Court had left the place, the prices would be very low and the ryots would suffer in consequence. "I would recommend," the Guru added, "that you levy no rent this year." The Emperor was pleased with the remark, and said that the suggestion of the "friend of the poor" should be carried out. And he forthwith ordered the rents to be remitted, and parted with the Guru after making him many presents.

After a life passed in the undisturbed propagation of his doctrines, in explanation of which he wrote several works, Guru Ram Das breathed his last in Samvat in 1639 (A. D. 1582), after a reign of some seven years. His tomb was erected on the bank of the river Bias.

V.—GURU ARJAN.

From Guru Ram Das down to his last successor, the Gurushipbecame hereditary in the Sodhee family. A story is told throwing light on one of the causes which operated in confining for good the ministry to the Sodhee tribe. One day as Guru Amar Das was, according to custom, bathing, seated on a square wooden stool made for the purpose, he noticed that something was amiss with one of the legs of the stool, and he desired Bibi Bhani, his daughter, who made a point of attending upon him while he bathed, to do something to steady it. The girl looked about for a stone to put under the leg, but none being within reach, she placed her own hand instead, and the Guru went on bathing, quite unconscious of what had been done. At last when the Guru alighted from the stool, his eye accidentally caught sight of the bleeding hand of his daughter, and guessing the cause of the injury, he gently chid her for running such a risk for an old man! Bibi Bhani replying that she had done no more than her duty and that the Guru being her father in more senses than one, she could not serve him enough, the saint, under the impulse of the moment, pressed her to ask a boon. The girl perceiving that her sire would not be put off, at length said: "If I must have a boon, Your Holiness, then let the Gurushipbecome hereditary in my family." "Have thy wish, daughter," was the response, and so the coming Gurus were to be furnished by the descendants of Ram Das.

Guru Ram Das left behind him three sons,—Mahadev, Pirthi Chand and Arjan. The eldest became a *faqir*, and Pirthi Chand being essentially a man of the world, the youngest, Arjan, succeeded to the throne. Pirthi Chand bitterly resented his father's choice, and he made up his mind that Arjan should not live and preach in peace. He forthwith made friends with the Muhammadans, and commenced his work of persecution and harassment. But the Guru bore patiently and let him please himself. Pirthi Chand appropriated to his own purposes the presents and offerings from the Sikhs and the income from the estates. To impress the Sikhs with the importance which he attached to his own personality, he laid the foundations of a costly building and a large tank in a village named Heer, though the enterprise eventually proved a failure. This reckless waste of money reduced the Guru to great straits, so much so that he and his followers had often to subsist on parched gram. In time, however, the affairs took a favorable turn. The Sikhs ceased to come into contact with the rapacious Pirthi, the various preaching-centres began to send periodically specific contributions of money directly to the Guru and many other sources of income opened. Disciples sprang up in distant places like Peshawar and Kandhar, and some of the richest presents came from these from time to time. The Guru, as the result of increased wealth, looked "king" both in its temporal and spiritual sense. Pirthi Chand was also reconciled, but the reconciliation was of short duration. The Guru had hitherto been without issue, and from the favor shown by him to Pirthi's son

Pirthi was led to believe that his progeny would yet sit on the throne of Nanak. Possibly his hopes would have been realised if the Guru had remained issueless; but unfortunately for the worldly man, God willed it otherwise. A son was born to the Guru, and as he grew up, it was apparent to all that he was superior to Pirthi's child in every respect, and far worthier to take his sire's place. The hostility between the brothers became more violent than ever, and at last the Guru had to part with all the family estates to him.

A greater foe than Pirthi, one who possessed far more power to do harm, the Guru had in Chandoo Shah, the Prime Minister at Lahore. And the cause of Chandoo Shah's enmity was this. He had a beautiful daughter, whose hand he wished to bestow upon a youth her equal in every way. He was inclined to wed her to the son of his would-be successor in office, but it was suggested to him that Har Gobind, Guru Arjan's son, was a more eligible match, being handsomer and of superior parts. "Indeed!" replied Chandoo Shah, "but what of that? Is not Arjan a mere *faqir*, and shall I stoop so low as to ally my family with his? I am like the upper story of a house, while he is nothing better than the drain for receiving dirty water!" Subsequently, however, he thought better of the advice that was given him, and sent betrothal-presents to the house of the Guru. When the presents were placed before the Guru, one of those present on the occasion repeated to the Guru the words of Chandoo Shah, and the comparison he had drawn

between himself and the bridegroom-elect's father. The Guru was extremely indignant, and returned the presents, saying that his son should not marry Chandoo Shah's daughter. "Chandoo Shah is a nobleman," added the Guru, "and I am but a *faqir*; he must have lost his head to wish to ally his family with mine." Subsequently, Chandoo Shah waited upon the Guru in person, but the Guru answered that his purpose was immutably fixed, and that the minister had better seek a more suitable youth for his daughter. Chandoo Shah left the Guru's presence burning with revenge, and erelong he found his opportunity.

Having led Jehangir to believe that Arjan's existence was a danger to the empire, he had him brought before the Emperor; but though the Emperor, on seeing the Guru, appeared inclined to let him alone, the vindictive minister so wrought upon his mind that the Guru was at last made over to his foe, to be dealt with by him as he pleased. Chandoo Shah prepared to go so far as to get the Guru burnt alive. Before the horrible sentence could be executed, the Guru asked permission to bathe in the Ravi, plunged and disappeared (Samvat 1664—A. D. 1607). It is probable that the body was recovered and cremated by the Guru's faithful followers. An elegant tomb, near the Lahore Fort, commemorates the sad end of the fifth Guru and perhaps enshrines his remains.

Guru Arjan was the compiler of what is called the Adi Granth, or the *first* Sacred Volume, as dis-

tinguished from the *Daswin Padshahi ka Granth*, or the Sacred Volume by the tenth and last Guru, Gobind Singh. The compilation of the Book was unquestionably an important task and one that could not, in the interests of the Sikh Religion, have been put off. Already, a crowd of impostors had sprung up and, adopting the method of the Gurus, had composed a considerable number of songs in the name of Nanak. For the average Sikh it was, in many cases, extremely difficult, almost impossible, to know a genuine utterance of the Gurus from a song sought to be passed off as theirs. The disciples actually confessed as much when they one day represented to the Guru, "Holy Sir! from hearing the songs, that Guru Nanak used to sing, one's heart obtains quiet, and the desire of worship is increased, but the other Sodhees have composed songs and verses to which they have appended the name of Baba Nanak; and from reading them in a man's heart a haughty spirit and intellectual pride are created; for this reason it behoves that some mark should be attached to the songs of Baba Nanak, that people may be able to distinguish them from others." Guru Arjan saw the truth of the complaint, and earnestly set about the task of producing a genuine compilation. Bhai Guru Das Bhalla, a poet of a very high order, and a sincere follower of the Sikhs, was of immense service to the Guru in the work of compilation. The utterances of the first five Gurus, which find the first and foremost place in the Adi Granth, were arranged in order, and to preclude the possibility of the verses of one being confounded

with those of any other, the compiler marked out Nanak's verses as those of *Mahullapahla* (or the first Guru); Guru Angad's as those of *Mahalladusra* (or the second Guru); and so on. The compositions of Kabir, and those of several other saints and *faqirs* which the Granth embodies, have severally affixed to them the names of their respective authors. And when after the labor of years the Granth was ready and complete, the Guru thus addressed the Sikhs; "Brethren, whatever is in this book, that is fit for you to obey, and whatever songs are not in it, although anyone may give them out in the name of Nanak, yet it behoves you not to accept them*"

The compilation of the Adi Granth was the principal, yea, the greatest achievement of his life. Of the many other things he did for the good of the people, one was the building of a splendid tank at *Tarantaran*, seven miles from Amritsar, and of another at Amritsar itself. The latter he fixed as his place of his residence, calling it *Harimandir* or the Divine Abode. The original unpretentious, modest huts have latterly, with the growth and prosperity of the town, developed into magnificent, palatial houses.

An anecdote connected with the life of Guru Arjan, shows how humble and lowly, as a rule, the

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* Taken almost *verbatim* from Court's English Translation of *Sikkhon Ke Raj ki Viyakhya*. The *Adi Granth*, however, as already observed, is not without passages which were written the disc ipl es of the Gurus.

Gurus were in spirit when dealing with the right kind of men. In the reign of this Guru, Siri Chand, one of the two sons of the founder of Sikhism, was yet alive. The Guru waited upon him, treating him with the most profound respect. In the course of conversation, Siri Chand said: "Why have you made your beard so long?" "To wipe the dust of your shoes" was the reply. Upon this Siri Chand observed: "It is this true, genuine humility that gained for you and your predecessors the throne of Nanak, and it is our pride that has lost it to us."

VI.—GURU HAR GOBIND.

Har Gobind was only eleven years of age when he ascended the throne. His father's death he looked upon as a foul wrong, for which the unscrupulous and vindictive Chandoo Shah was responsible, and he determined that the man should suffer for it when a fitting opportunity for a reckoning presented itself. Pirthi Chand again asserted his claim to leadership, but the body of the Sikhs were, as before, utterly opposed to his pretensions, and he had nothing but comtempt for his pains. He was, however, tenacious of his purpose, and he was resolved to deal with Har Gobind as he had done with his father, to harass and mortify him in every conceivable way.

Guru Har Gobind was, however, made of a sterner stuff than his sire, and fully willing to try conclusions with those inimical to the interests of the ministry. He combined with the earnestness, piety and fervour of the teacher, the intrepidity and daring of the soldier, and while he looked to the spiritual welfare of his followers, he was not backward in developing in them, by precept and example, the martial spirit so necessary for an effective safeguard of the cause of Nanak's propaganda under the changed circumstances. As he grew up, he became an accomplished horseman, a consummate wielder of the sword and lance, and a strategist of the first order. He delighted in chase, and was never so pleased as when he ate of the meat procured by hunting. It was inevitable that the men surround-

ing such a leader should rejoice "in the companionship of a camp, in the dangers of war," and in the excitement of manly sports, and so Har Gobind's followers soon discovered a passionate liking for the profession of arms.

The Emperor Jehangir had great regard for the Guru, and the influence of the latter erelong so worked upon the mind of His Imperial Majesty, that Chandoo Shah fell into disgrace, and was declared to have forfeited his right to royal protection. In other words, the Guru could settle with him as he should deem proper. The wicked man's house was given up to plunder, and he was put to an ignominious death.

The Guru was with the Emperor when he went to visit Kashmere. Being a man of independent character and utterly fearless, he was unreserved in his talk with Jehangir, and he often entered into discussions with the Muslim priests and learned men on the comparative merits of the Sikh Faith and Muhammad's teaching, on which occasions he expressed himself with perfect freedom. This was often exceedingly displeasing to Jehangir. Moreover, the Guru would be accountable to no one for the moneys which he spent. Over and above this, he would be checked by no considerations from indulging his passion for the chase. These and similar other things in combination at last incensed the Emperor so much that he forthwith issued orders for the Guru to be imprisoned, declaring that if he was ever to be set at liberty, he should

be released only after he had paid the fine of two *lakhs* imposed upon him some time back. The Guru could not possibly command such a large sum, and, of course, he had to go to prison. The place selected for his incarceration was the fort of Gwalior. It is asserted that the Guru spent full twelve years in this fort. He had to live on scanty food, and was allowed but little comfort in other ways, but no hardship could depress him or alienate him from his mission. Nor could the action of the Emperor take away aught from the intensity of reverential and loveful feeling which the Sikhs entertained towards the Guru. They flocked to Gwalior from all parts of the country, and though they could not see the object of their visit, they prostrated themselves before the walls of the stronghold which held the Guru captive, and came away mentally asking for his blessing and pouring forth fervent prayers for his prosperity. Jehangir was at last moved, and sent an order for the Guru's release. It is affirmed that selfish or political considerations were at the bottom of this leniency. The Emperor was afraid that the Sikhs might cast in their lot with Asaf Khan and others, who had raised, or intended to raise, the standard of revolt, and he thought it politic to minimise the chances of such a thing coming to pass by restoring their leader to liberty! On regaining his freedom the Guru retired to Malwa and resumed his work. The time was at hand when he was to oppose his meagre strength (with, success, though) to the might of imperial armies.

Dara Shikoh, the eldest son of the Shah Jahan, was in charge of the Punjab when a disciple of the Guru brought some valuable horses from Turkistan as a present for the Guru. Before the animals could reach their destination, they were seized by some Muslim officers, on the pretence that they were wanted for the Emperor. The Guru could not brook such an insult, and he determined to be avenged. One of the horses seized was conferred as a gift on the *Qazi* or Judge of Lahore. The animal appearing to be lame, the Guru offered to purchase it at an exorbitant price, and the bargain was concluded. The judge soon discovered the hoax, and was in a passion over his simplicity. And what actually lashed him into fury was the fact that the judge's daughter, Kaulan (according to the Muslim writers, his concubine) having fallen in love with the Guru, sought refuge with him from the vengeance of his guardian, and the Guru gave her protection. The judge, maddened by this insult, hastened to appeal to his Government for redress. An army of 7,000 horse was at once placed under one Mukhlis Khan, with orders to seize Har Gobind. Hearing of Mukhlis Khan's approach, the Guru put his own retainers and followers in order, and with a force of 5,000 men prepared to give battle to the advancing host. A fierce conflict took place, near Amritsar. The desperate valor of the Sikhs prevailed over the might and zeal of the Muslims. The royal troops fled to Lahore, pursued by the victorious enemy who hacked to pieces many of the fugitives. It may be mentioned here that Mai Kaulan remained with the Guru

who had a large tank dug at Amritsar in her honor. The tank is called *Kaulsar*.

Not long after this engagement, one of the Guru's disciples, who was at first a free-booter, stole two of the Emperor's favorite horses from Lahore, in retaliation for the unjust seizure of the splendid animals which had been taken away from the Guru.. Indeed, it is affirmed that these horses were none other than two of those which the Emperor's men had taken by force from the Guru's follower from Turkistan. The powers that be were in a paroxysm of rage, and a large force was immediately despatched under Kamar Beg and Lal Beg to chastise the Guru. They crossed the Sutlege and met the Guru in the wastes of Buthanda. A battle was fought, with the result that the imperial troops were again utterly routed! They rushed back to the Capital (Lahore), leaving, among others, their two commanders slain on the field of battle. After this the Guru returned to Hargobindpur, where a relative of Chandoo Shah came forward to have his "revenge." He paid dearly for his insolence, paying the forfeit with his life. It is said that Siri Chand, Guru Nanak's son, was alive yet, and that he had an interview with the Guru, but the assertion is supported by meagre evidence.

Having wandered about for some time, the Guru eventually returned to Amritsar—only to become engaged in fresh fights. One of the prominent followers of the Guru was a Pathan, named Payanda-

Khan. His mother had been the nurse of Guru Har Gobind, and the Guru had ever treated his foster-brother with marked kindness and consideration; nor was the Pathan wanting in loyalty and devotion to the Guru's interests. One day, however, it happened that a valuable hawk belonging to the eldest son of the Guru flew to the Pathan's house, and was captured by him. The boy demanded the restoration of the bird, but Payanda Khan denied that it was in his possession, and finally was insolent enough to confess that he had it, but that he would not restore it! The Guru prepared to punish him for his defiance, but before he could get at him, the man made his escape good to Dehli, and detailed his imaginary grievances to the Emperor, in the end requesting that a force might be placed at his disposal for the coercion of Har Gobind. His request was readily granted, and on arriving into the Punjab, a battle took place between his troops and the Guru's. It was a desperate conflict, great valor being displayed on both sides. Victory at last declared itself in favor of the Guru, who slew numbers of Muslims with his own hand, Payanda Khan being one of these. In this action, one of the enemy's soldiers, it is related, rushed furiously upon the Guru; but the latter warded off the blow, laying the man dead at his feet and exclaiming: "Not so, but thus is the sword used!" an observation from which the author of Dabistan draws the inference that *when the Guru struck the blow, he did not do it in anger but deliberately, and to give instruction; for the function of a Guru is to teach!*

This fresh victory, the Guru could not doubt, would only tend to inflame the king still more against him, and disliking to prolong the struggle any further, and anxious to spend some days solely in meditation and in the enjoyment of spiritual peace, the Guru resolved upon betaking himself to a quiet spot where to devote himself whole-heartedly to contemplation and to teaching. Having made a short stay at Ruheela (now long forgotton and displaced by a better-named town which sprang upon its ruins) he left for the hills. Here he took up his abode at Kirtipur, a village situated on the right bank of the Sutlege, some five miles from Anandpur, and at this place he remained, carrying on his noble mission, till the day of his death, which occurred in Samvat 1701 1696 (A. D. 1639). The Guru was at this time forty-eight years and nine months old.

Some people are under the impression that Guru Har Gobind was a Vedantist, not in its original and true sense, but in the sense in which the word came to be interpreted in the comparatively modern times. Some of his compositions, as those of the other Gurus, no doubt, read like those of a pantheist, but in point of fact there is no foundation for the impression. Pure and elevated souls, when contemplating the glories of the Supreme, become utterly oblivious of self in their ecstacy and speak and behave in a manner which leads those they are surrounded by, and who cannot enter into their feelings, to conclude that they believe in the one only absolute and essential Existence, *out* of which everything has

sprung. If the true lover ceases not to be a distinct, independent individual because he becomes wholly forgetful of himself when gazing upon his beloved, how can the devotee cease to be a separate entity because, when contemplating the inconceivable beauties of the Supreme Object of his adoration, he loses all idea of his own individuality ?

Guru Har Gobind had five sons :—Guruditta, Teg Bahadur, Soorat Singh, Anerat and Uttul Rao. The eldest, Guruditta, died during the lifetime of his father, leaving behind a son, named Har Rao. The Guru dearly loved this boy, and appointed him his successor.

VII.—GURU HAR RAO.

Guru Har Rao was essentially a man of peace, gentle in his dealings with all, of a retiring disposition and delighting in meditation. Perhaps the only occasion on which he permitted his life of devotion to be temporarily disturbed, was when he sided with the generous but independent Dara against his wily brother, Aurangzeb. When after overthrowing his brother, Aurangzeb was firmly seated on the throne of Dehli, he despatched a threatening message to the Guru for his behaviour towards him, and called upon him to send his eldest son to Court as a guarantee for his future good conduct. The Guru, ever averse to war, and, moreover, conscious of the inadequacy of his resources for the purpose, saw no alternative but to comply. Ram Rao went to Dehli as a hostage, and so well was the Emperor pleased with his conversation at the very first interview, that all his resentment was gone, and believing that Har Rao was no more than a mere religious teacher, he presented the youngman with a rich dress and gave him a seat in his Court.

Guru Har Rao died at Kirtipur* in Samvat 1720 (A. D. 1663), after a reign of thirty-three years, six months and fourteen days.

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* McGregor calls the place "Heerutpoor."

VIII.—GURU HAR KISHEN.

On the death of Guru Har Rao, his youngest son, Har Kishen, succeeded him in the Gurushíp. Ram Rao was not long in hearing of the choice his father had made, and he was furious over it. He was the eldest son, he said, and so the rightful heir to the *gaddi*. This outburst of temper showed that the Guru had not erred in the selection, for a son who regarded Gurushíp in the light of a worldly gain, was manifestly not a fit person to be a Nanak's successor. In the paroxysm of his rage, Ram Rao applied to the Emperor for redress, and succeeded in inducing him to summon Har Kishen to Dehli. Har Kishen was about seven years old, but his face beamed with intelligence. The Emperor liked his looks and was favorably impressed in his behalf. A circumstance which contributed vastly towards a decisive recognition of his claims was, that as the Empress with her ladies passed in review before him, he at once singled her out from the rest and proclaimed her rank. Aurangzeb was extremely pleased at the extraordinary shrewdness of the child who was a perfect stranger to his house-hold, and decreed that he was entitled to be his father's successor. Ram Rao, it may be mentioned, was not of equal birth with Har Kishen on the mother's side. However, Har Kishen was not destined to preside over the Sikhs long. Before he had time to leave Dehli, small-poxt, which was raging in the town in its most virulent form, seized him, and the attack proved fatal. His reign extends merely over two years and five months.

and nine days. His remains were cremated at Dehli where his tomb was erected.

IX.—GURU TEG BAHADUR.

When Guru Har Kishen was on his death-bed in a *serai* at Dehli, the Sikhs in attendance upon him asked who was to succeed him to the throne, and the Guru's answer was: "Baba Bukala shall be my successor." Bukala is the name of a village situated on the Bias, not far from Gondwal. The population of the place was largely made up of the Sikhs whom Guru Har Gobind had left there while on his way to the hills, and who had permanently made it their abode. Teg Bahadur's mother was lived in this village.

As soon as it was known that Guru Har Kishen was no more and that it was some one at Bukala whom he had nominated his successor, almost every Sodhee of the village set up his claim to the Guru-ship. Teg Bahadur was one of the few who remained wholly unaffected by the expiring Guru's last announcement. He had no ambition, and he disliked appearing in public. It was, however, evident what the Guru's meaning was. Who else could be Baba Bukala but Guru Har Gobind's second son, now far advanced in years, a man whose soul was stirred by no aspiring worldly thought, and who appeared to be most happy when thinking of his Maker? A follower of Har Gobind, named Makhan Shah, soon set the question of succession at rest. Leaving Dehli with presents for the successor to the *gaddi* he found himself on arriving at Bukala surrounded by the entire body of Sodhees, each fiercely disputing the other's claim to the ministry, and insisting upon a

recognition of his own. Makhan Shah declined to dispose of the presents till he had lighted upon the true Guru, and in pursuance of this resolve asked the Sodhees what were the last words of the late Guru. They repeated the words, upon which Makhan Shah observed: "Ah! then you don't understand the Guru's meaning; it was Teg Bahadur, to whom Har Kishen of sacred memory referred." Accordingly, Makhan Shah carried his presents to Teg Bahadur, but the latter refused to accept them, saying that they could be more useful to some one else. Makhan Shah,* however, would not take a refusal, for no greater person than Teg Bahadur was to be found in the ranks of the Sodhees, and his title to the throne was indisputable. The ceremony of installation soon followed, and Sikhs from every part of the Province flocked round him. Ram Rao heard the report of Teg Bahadur's accession with feelings which may be better imagined than described. He, in conjunction with Dhir Mal, became Teg Bahadur's mortal foe, and he was always on the look-out for some means of wreaking his vengeance on the favored nominee. Once the pair went so far as to attack the Guru in his own home, and to rob him of everything he possessed. Being unable to cope with his enemies, and disliking to make the effort either, Teg Bahadur left for

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* Makhan Shah was probably not unaware of what Guru Har Gobind had said, when it was represented to him that Teg Bahadur, and not Har Rao, the Guru's grandson, ought to succeed to the ministry after the Guru was no more. The Guru had said: "Teg Bahadur would yet sit on the throne, and make use of the arms he was leaving behind."

Amritsar. But the reception accorded to him here was also none of the most cordial. The priests of the Durbar Sahib shut the doors of the temple in his face, and would have nothing to do with him. In the meantime Makhan Shah once more arriving from Dehli, the Guru declared to him that since the Sodhees would not leave him in peace and would be satisfied with nothing short of encompassing his destruction, he would leave the Punjab and travel. Makhan Shah commended his intentions, and the two with a retinue left for the capital of the empire. Ram Rao could not have hoped for a better opportunity to humble and crush his foe. He besought the Emperor to summon Teg Bahadur into his presence and to make an example of the 'impostor,' whose personality was a danger to the empire. The Emperor issued the desired order, but before it could be carried into effect, some of the courtiers around Aurangzeb, who were favorable to the Guru, represented to their master: "Teg Bahadur is a mere religious teacher and perfectly harmless: what need is there for Your Majesty to send for such a man?" The Emperor was convinced that his courtiers spoke the truth, and the order was rescinded. The Guru, on coming to learn of the nature of Alamgir's order, set off, in company with the ruler of Jeypur, who had contributed so largely towards disarming the Emperor's suspicions against him, towards Assam. The family was left at Patna, and the Guru himself pushed forward with the Maharaja and the imperial troops he was leading for the purpose of a campaign. He

remained some years in Bengal and Assam, and it was in his absence that Gobind Singh was born at Patna. At last, in Samvat 1724, the Guru returned to the Punjab, and hearing that Ram Rao was still plotting for his destruction and that an imperial order for his appearance at Court was on its way to him, he quietly left for the hills, and, purchasing a village on the bank of the Sutlege, called Mukho Devi, for 500 rupees, he fixed his residence there. This village was named Mukhowal, and came to be subsequently called Anandpur.

The Guru now took to living somewhat after the style of his father. He was no longer merely a man of peace, but something of a soldier also, though, at the same time, most anxious not to enter into hostilities with the Emperor. Ram Rao, however, once more succeeded in poisoning his master's ear against the Guru, and an order, entrusted to an express messenger, summoned him to Dehli. The Guru could fairly guess the import of the message: he knew who was at the bottom of the thing, and that he could expect but little mercy from such an implacable foe, supported by the most bigoted of Mughal monarchs. While he was thinking what to do, some Brahmans from Kashmere waited upon him, complaining of the persecution to which they were being subjected by Aurangzeb, and craving protection. On hearing their complaint, the Guru observed: "There is need of a sacrifice now, for without this, the reign of terror will never come to an end." The young Gobind, who sat by, exclaimed: "What sacrifice can be more desirable

than that of your own august self, for such a holy and noble object?" Erelong Dehli witnessed the great tragedy (A. D. 1680), which, in the fulness of time, redeemed the Hindu nation. Teg Bahadur's flesh and blood, following in the footsteps of the martyr, brought about the change which gave life to his down-trodden brethren, and enabled them to hold their own against their oppressors.

X.—GURU GOBIND SINGH.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD.

While Guru Teg Bahadur was away in Assam in company with Bishen Singh, Ruler of Jodhpur, enjoying his forced leisure, though never losing sight of his great mission and scattering the seeds of reformation wherever the mental soil appeared fit to receive it, his wife, mother Gujri, stationed at Patna, gave birth to a child who was destined to work a momentous, enduring change in the religious, social and political conditions which *then* obtained in the Punjab—to illustrate thereby the old truth that the resuscitation and renovation of a fallen race is possible only when self-sacrifices of the highest type are forthcoming. This child was born in the Poh of 1723, Bikram era, in the last watch of Saturday night. The Guru, before he set out on his journey to Assam, had left instructions that the new-comer, in case it was a boy, should be called Gobind or Rai Gobind, and, accordingly, his wishes in this respect were carried out.

The birth of Gobind, as that of the founder of Sikhism, was attended with miracles, and the biographer lingers over each in all the sincerity of enthusiasm which true, profound faith inspires. But the modern reader may do without them, for if he is sensible, he will not fail to see sufficient miracle in the human and actual achievements of Gobind. Born of healthy parents, Gobind

inherited a sound, robust constitution, and his growth and development was all that could be desired. When he was of age to leave his mother's arms and to mix and play with little children, he began to display traits of character in keeping with his surroundings and with the traditions of his house. He would divide his companions into two parties, constituting them as opposing hosts and make them meet in battle. There were generally hand-to-hand fights, and it might be taken for granted that the army commanded by Gobind was almost invariably victorious. Again, he would, at the head of his playmates, start on a hunting expedition, and shoot down mock game with mock-weapons—bows and arrows and match-locks—with which he and others were furnished. It was, perhaps, the sling that was most used by Gobind and his followers, and the pellets shot from it might often bring down a bird or two. Anon Gobind was acting as judge and magistrate, deciding disputes, meting out rewards and punishments. As might be expected, the neighbours had often to complain of him. Clay-balls or pebbles, whistling through the air and cracking a pitcher, is nothing to rejoice over—*for the owner of the vessel*, especially when the vessel happens to be filled with water and is being carried on the head. This was a phenomenon that one might count upon witnessing when Gobind, bent on mischief, was out exercising his sling, and, of course, the injured party was not long in seeking redress. Mother Gujri would send the complainant away

pacified, never omitting, of course, to administer a severe rebuke to the offender at such times.

Gobind was bold and utterly fearless. A story is related showing the stuff he was made of. One day while at play with his companions, the Governor of Patna suddenly came upon the party. The attendant seeing the boys playing on the road, shouted out: "The Governor is coming, salaam him." "No, make faces," shouted Gobind. The order was instantly obeyed, but before the astonished Governor could decide as to what was to be done, there was a stampede, and every urchin had vanished in the twinkling of an eye. Boys will be boys, and such freaks have no serious meaning. Discretion comes with years, and that is the time to judge how far there is the true gentleman or the reverse in one's composition.

CHAPTER II.

MARRIAGE.

Gobind was married, in 1730, Bikrama era, while he was yet only *seven* years of age. The marriage was celebrated with great *eclât*, Guru Teg Bahadur taxing his resources to a very considerable extent to make the ceremony as grand as the limited means of the other party would permit it to be. The name of his father-in-law was Harji Mal, a Kshatrya by caste, and that of the girl to whom he was wedded, Jetu. The rites performed on the occasion were essentially and entirely Hindu in their character. It was the Brahmans, who, as usual, assisted in the performance of the rites. The fragrant smoke of *havan* rose from the building where the ceremony was in progress, and the sound of Veda-mantras chanted, emerged mellow and sweet in the stillness of the night. Where, indeed, can you find the sacredness and obligations of marriage set forth and pointed out so well as in the Word Divine? The Gurus, one and all, as well as their adherents, were fully cognizant of this, and hence every Guru was married according to the Vedic Law. It may be that the lips which uttered the Veda-mantras and the hands which performed the *havan* were no longer as pure and clean as they should have been, but though the instrument be unworthy, it cannot detract from the glory and greatness of what it helps to give expression to or to execute!

The marriage of Gobind, unlike that of Guru Nanak, was a typical child-marriage. Gobind

to borrow the language of the Scripture, had seen no more than "seven winters," and the bride, it may be presumed, could not be older than the bridegroom. It is clear that the Gurus either did not look upon child-marriage as a serious evil, or, though aware of its fatal character, had, under the influence of an all-absorbing passion—the dissemination and declaration of the doctrine of the *unity* of Godhead, no leisure to preach a crusade against it; or it may be that in spite of their being perfectly conscious that it was an evil, they refrained from speaking about it because of the extremely objectionable conduct of the representatives of the ruling power towards helpless, inoffensive Hindu girls. Whatever the cause, early-marriage received no condemnation from the Gurus. In contemplating the attitude of the Gurus towards early-marriage, the fact must not be lost sight of, that their lot was cast in times when learning was at a discount, and when married children developed a fairly good physique *in spite of child-marriage!* Early-marriage, if we are not mistaken, was not wholly conspicuous by its absence in this country even during Shankracharya's time, but that great man did not lay much stress upon the value of Brahmacharya, for the transgressors were but *few*. On the other hand, Swami Dayanand (whose lot was cast in times when the cultivation of the intellect had once more come to be recognized as a general necessity) preached a crusade against, among other things, early-marriage also, inasmuch as the baneful effects of the institution were markedly visible in the faces of all around.

Later on the Guru married, at intervals, two other

wives. The name of one was Sundri Devi, and that of the other Deviji. Both the girls came from the Kshatrya stock. The Veda countenances monogamy alone, but the Guru followed the usage of the day, for men of wealth and position in former times were seldom contented with one consort. Krishna himself, and Arjuna and others, of whose lofty character, achievements and teaching we have been ever proud, were polygamists. The reasons and circumstances which can be urged and pointed to as palliating the offence, which a transgression of the Law on their part involves, in *their* favor, may be urged and pointed to with equal justice in the Guru's favor. Among those who are deservedly regarded as belonging to the highest type of men, Ram Chandra offers the noblest example of a monogamist.

CHAPTER III.

EDUCATION.

The education of his son demanded Teg Bahadur's attention. Gobind was remarkably intelligent, with a memory extraordinarily tenacious. This the father could not but perceive, and he determined to give the boy all the education that one in Gobind's situation could acquire. It was no doubt of the first importance that he should receive a fair training in manly exercises, for his lot was cast in troublous times, and the probabilities were that dangers would have to be faced, sooner or later. Teg Bahadur's elevation to the Gurushíp, by the most influential among the Sikhs, to the total disregard of the pretensions of Ram Rai, Guru Har Kishen's elder brother, and of Dhirmal, brother of Guru Har Rai, had given mortal offence to the two worthies, and it could not be doubted for a moment that they would do all in their power to undermine the influence and encompass the ruin of the successor of the Guru-elect. Not only was it necessary that Gobind should have a training in the use of arms to meet his adversaries in the open field, or to be able to guard against surprises, but it was also highly desirable that he should acquire a tolerable familiarity with the language of the rulers, so as to be always in a position to make his representations to the powers that be *himself*, and have thus a chance of being even with his enemies. Gobind proved an apt pupil. With such diligence did he set about his studies, that in a few years he was a master of the Persian language,

and a fair scholar of Arabic. He had the poet's gift, and early formed an acquaintance with rhyme. His letter to Aurangzeb, a spirited, manly epistle throughout, shows what genuine, powerful poetry he could produce when a fitting opportunity presented itself for courting the Muses. Gobind was not more than seventeen or eighteen years old when an event occurred which put an end to his free and independent career as a student, and ushered him into the arena of struggle and strife.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EVENT.

The event to which we have referred in the last chapter, was one of the saddest character; but yet the darkest cloud has a silver lining, and the mournful event had a feature which cannot be contemplated but with feelings of admiration and of pride. Aurangzeb was at this time in the zenith of his power. Having waded to the throne of a continental empire through the blood of his dearest kinsmen, he was now atoning for his past by persecuting the subject alien race. Seeing things in his own narrow fashion, he had come to the conclusion that the best way to expiate his crimes was to harrass and browbeat the Hindus—to impose galling restrictions upon them, to curb their freedom of thought and action and exact from them for every *infringement*, fancied or real, of *law*, penalties which would crush them to the earth. If we were to put this in milder language, we should say that he was now doing his best to win converts to the faith of Islam. Nothing could be more welcome than that a person, in the king's grip, should embrace the saving creed of his own accord, or as the result of a *significant* suggestion or mild persuasion, and if he did so, he should not (from a worldly point of view) repent the step; but if these and similar means failed, why, his offence must be connived at under no circumstances, and he must be forced into casting in his lot with the Faithful, unless he chose to die, or, after rotting in prison for years, to be cast back upon society

to perish miserably! Whoever offered to assist the Emperor in bringing proselytes to Islam, won his good-will, and could expect, when occasion required, all the help and co-operation which the unlimited sources of royalty could at a moment place at his disposal. It might naturally be expected that Aurangzeb would thirst after the conversion of high-caste Hindus the most. That unique saint, sage and statesman, the immortal Krishna, has (to reiterate the remark that has perhaps already been made) observed, and the observation supports the words of a prior saint and statesman of as noble and exalted a type, that the common people find their example in the thoughts and habits and conduct of the leaders of society. The Brahmans, the Kshatryas and the Vaishyas are the higher parts of the Hindu society, and all the lower strata of this society would, at least in times past and gone, walk in their footsteps. Again the Kshatryas and the Vaishyas would take their example from the Brahmans. And it was therefore men of the "twice-born" classes, especially the members of the Brahman class, who had the greatest value in the eyes of Aurangzeb. At the time of which we are speaking, he was busy bringing to bear pressure upon, among others, the Kashmiri Brahmans. These people were at a loss what to do. They did not want to become Muhammadans, but at the same time they knew pretty well what they had to expect in case of defying Aurangzeb. While they were yet undecided as to how to ward off the impending danger, they received a peremptory order from the Emperor to attend the Court at

Dehli. Thither they repaired with heavy hearts. But they had, during their journey through the Punjab, thought out a plan which bade fair to get them out of the scrape. When the Mughal asked them why they did not embrace Islam, their reply was that they would readily comply with his wishes if their spiritual leader, Guru Teg Bahadur, would set the example. As to how far the Brahmans were sincere in laying down the condition, it is not easy to determine. It may be that the condition had been suggested by ulterior motives. It will be readily granted that the principles of faith, preached and advocated by the Gurus, had sufficient unorthodoxy and innovation in them to be strongly taken exception to by the conservative, ill-informed and ignorant Brahmans, and it could, under these cirumstances, be nothing extraordinary that they should, in trying to extricate themselves from a sudden peril, elect to follow a course of action which in securing them against danger involved a *foe* in it. The Brahmans could not but foresee that a struggle must inevitably ensue between Aurangzeb and Teg Bahadur as the result of their representation, and if the latter had the worst of it, where was the harm to them ? It might deal heresy a blow from which the latter might never recover. If the predominent party also suffered in the conflict (as it was likely to), what then ? It would be something still better. It would like killing two birds with one stone. What could be a more glorious sight for one than to see one's enemies cutting each other's throat, and burying their steel in each other's heart ! It

might be dangerous to go in for the diplomatic move which the Brahmans had made. What if Teg Bahadur should yield to the pressure brought upon him, and what would then be the fate of the Brahmans? But no, the firm, unswerving faith and the immutable purposes of the Gurus were too well-known to the Brahmans to leave the smallest room for doubt that Teg Bahadur would treat Aurangzeb's demand but with indignation and supreme contempt. Indeed some of them had already sounded Teg Bahadur as to what they might expect if trouble came to him. They had appeared before the Guru in person, and on their pointing out the nature of the predicament in which they were placed and humbly remarking that they looked up to him for advice and help, Teg Bahadur, after some moments of deep thought, had observed, in sad and melancholy tones, no doubt, that a *sacrifice* was needed to save the Hindu community. Upon this (as we are already aware) Gobind, who was sitting close to his sire, had exclained: "Where could one look for a higher and nobler example of self-sacrifice than in Your Holiness's person?" "The Lord's will be done!" had been the Guru's reply. Nothing could be more significant than this reply, for it meant that the Guru would lose his all for the sake of his nation before he would comply with the hateful demand of Aurangzeb! And so the Brahmans put forward Teg Bahadur (it may be, after all, guilelessly and in perfect sincerity of heart, for evidence to the contrary is founded on mere conjecture) their representative, and before long he was summoned to

Dehli. The Guru was aware that he had internal and private enemies at Court, and that there was little chance of his coming back alive. Before taking his departure, therefore, Teg Bahadur appointed Gobind his successor, and then addressed him in these words :—"I am, in deference to the wishes of the Eternal, going to Dehli to lay down my life for *Dharma*. Do you protect my remains from dishonor, and having obtained my body cremate it, and do not forget to avenge my death. The work of championing the Hindu Religion also I leave in your hands. Accomplish it, even at the cost of your life." These words sank deep into Gobind's mind, and he registered a vow then and there that, come what might, he would be faithful to the mission entrusted to him, that even if he had to spill his heart's blood to be even with the enemies of his mother-land and her Faith, he would not shrink from making the needed sacrifice. Aurangzeb received the Guru with apparent kindness, and asked him to accept the Muhammadan Creed, but the Guru declared himself unable to comply with the Emperor's wishes. When Aurangzeb saw that mild persuasion would not do, and that not even promises of immense rewards could alter the Guru's resolution, his attitude towards his victim became stern and haughty, and he told him, in plain terms, that he must either accept Islam or work a miracle to support his pretensions, and that if he did neither, he must accept the only remaining alternative—*death!* The Guru sought to reason with the Emperor, but it would not do. He was given a fortnight to make his choice, and these days h was to spend in prison. To prison he went, perfectly

resigned and cheerful, and the reprieve given he spent in meditation and song. The following lines from the *shabds* he uttered within the walls of the prison will testify to his loftiness of soul, his utter indifference to death, and to his wonderful patriotism :—

ਚਿੰਤਾ ਤਾਕੀ ਕੀਜੀਐ ਜੋ ਅਨ ਹੋਨੀ ਹੋਇ । ਇਹ ਮਾਰਗ ਸੰਸਾਰ ਕੋ ਨਾਨਕ ਥਿਰ ਨਹੀ ਕੋਇ ॥ ਚਿੱਤ ਚਰਨ ਕਮਲ ਦਾ ਆਸਰਾ ਚਿੱਤ ਚਰਨ ਕਮਲਸੰਗ ਜੋੜੀਏ । ਮਨ ਲੋਚੇ ਬੁਰਿਆਈਆਂ ਗੁਰ ਸਬਦੀ ਇਹ ਸਨ ਹੋੜੀਏ ॥

ਬਾਂਹ ਜਿਨਾਂ ਦੀ ਪਕੜੀਏ ਸਿਰ ਦੀਜੀਏ ਬਾਂਹ ਨ ਛੋੜੀਏ । ਗੁਰਤੇਗ ਬਹਾਦੁਰ ਬੋਲਿਆ ਸਰ ਪਈਏ ਧਰਮ ਨ ਛੋੜੀਏ ॥

On the expiry of the period specified, the Guru was led forth from his prison, and brought before Aurangzeb. In reply to the question, whether he would accept Islam or show a miracle, the Guru replied that he would do neither, whereupon, thanks to the efforts of Ram Rao, who had spared no pains to inflame Aurangzeb against him, the sentence of death was passed upon him. When the executioner approached him to do Aurangzeb's bidding, the Guru, understanding that functionary's purpose, bent his head in prayer, and in the twinkling of an eye was in the presence of his Maker, whose servant he had so long been on earth !

CHAPTER V.

TWO NOBLE SOULS.

The news of the execution of his father was not long in reaching his son. In fact, Gobind was only within ten miles of Delhi, in the recesses of a thick forest, when the mournful intelligence was brought to him by some devoted follower. His grief was intense, but it was no time for idle lamentation and for inaction. The injunction of the late Guru, that his body should be secured and duly cremated, must be carried out at the earliest possible moment. But the question was, How should the body be secured? The Emperor had issued strict orders that the body was not to be removed, that it should rot where it was, for the deceased, according to Hinduism, had been a heretic, and as far as Islam was concerned, he was an infidel. His body deserved neither to be interred, nor to be consigned to the flames. The result of this order was that the body lay just where it had fallen, and the door of the prison was guarded by sentinels. To enter the building by force and to carry off the body in defiance of the guards was a step which for various and obvious reasons was not to be thought of. It must be removed secretly, and without creating the slightest disturbance. While Gobind was thinking what was to be done, two Ranghreta Sikhs humbly approached him, and, in faltering tones, requested to know if they could be entrusted with the holy mission of rescuing the Guru's body. Gobind thought for a few minutes, and then replied:—

"Certainly, and may Heaven crown your efforts with success!" The Ranghretas, father and son, bowed in profound gratitude, and took their departure. They had not the slightest idea as to how they would defeat the malice of the Emperor and accomplish their object; but for all that they went forward, trusting that God, in His mercy, would show them the way. They had scarcely done half the distance when they fell in with a charioteer. On entering into a conversation with him, they discovered that he was a Punjabee, and a driver to an influential man of Dehli. What was still more fortunate was, that he was a sincere believer in the doctrines of the Gurus, and ready to serve them to the best of his power. When the simple pair disclosed their mission to him, he not only gave them full and detailed information regarding the situation of the place where the Guru had been executed, but also expressed a strong desire to assist them by placing his chariot at their disposal. His offer was accepted with thanks; for the Ranghretas, along with the faithful charioteer, could not but perceive that a conveyance like the chariot would be of material service in carrying the body of the Guru to its destination: the more so as it was to be driven by a man in their confidence and one who could drive it at any time without giving rise to suspicion, for he knew most of the city sentinels who had, over and over again, known him driving the family of his master at the most unusual hours of the night. He was, moreover, acquainted with the roads and would take his chariot out of the city by the safest of them.

The three talking among themselves and with their minds elated with hope reached Dehli. The final plan settled between them was, that the Ranghretas should bring out the body from the prison as best they might, and that the charioteer should wait outside, in some hidden corner of the adjoining street, to receive the body, and that after the body had been carefully placed in the chariot, they should start. Before dispersing, the charioteer thought it advisable to show his companions the prison, as also the particular spot where he would, most likely, wait for them. The Ranghretas, utterly indifferent to the splendour of the imperial city and mindful only of what had brought them there, sat down, *looking* weary and foot-sore, at some distance from the prison, to have a good look at the structure and to find out which of the walls, when the opportunity came, could be scaled (without much difficulty) and without running risk of detection. In the third watch of the night, as soon as the moon had gone down, they were upon their legs, stealing, under cover of darkness, towards the back part of the goal. The youngman easily got upon the roof, and then descending the stairs softly opened a side-door to admit his aged father. After that the couple, by means of the dim light with which the charioteer had furnished them, commenced their nocturnal tour, and presently lighted upon the object of their search. At the sight of the gory remains of the Guru, both were deeply moved, and falling upon their knees, they reverently kissed his feet, craving his blessing. This done, they addressed them-

selves to their task, for they could not say when the dread sentinels might awake, and if they awoke before the body had been removed, all would be lost. But just as they were going to lift the body, a thought struck them, which made them pause. There was no difficulty in carrying off the body, but would not it arouse suspicion when the guards found the body missing? A pursuit, as the result of this suspicion, might be ordered, and even if the tardy conveyance escaped being overtaken, the body might be traced and disturbed before the fire had fully done its work. Should such a contingency, fortunately for the removers and crematers of the body, fail to become a certainty, much would not be gained: even then there could be no doubt that Aurangzeb would consider himself fully justified in coming to the conclusion that the survivors of the deceased were at the bottom of the whole affair, and of course, the martyr's son would come in for trouble before it was *time*. The best thing would be to adopt a procedure which would minimise the chances, almost preclude the possibility, of a suspicion arising. This could only be done by leaving a body in place of the body removed. At the perception of this necessity, the son, with his face glowing with the enthusiasm of devotion, eagerly bent forward and besought his father to strike off his head. Instead of complying with his wishes, the father only passed his hand over his head in benediction, saying, "No, child, it is I that will follow the Guru!" and he entreated the youngman to sever his head from his body.

The youngman would do no such thing, and so a dispute arose between the two for the honor of dying in the service of the Guru, each contending, out of pure love which they had one for the other, and out of the pure love they bore for the Guru, that he were best out of the world. At last the father said: "You are stronger than I; if I die, you would be able to do the work in hand all the better. Again, I am very nearly of the same age as the Guru was, and if my body is left in place of that of the Guru, there *will be all the less chance of a detection.*" These arguments were conclusive, the latter in particular was, and the son was silent. But when the old man bent himself forward, the son looked embarrassed and it seemed as if his hand were paralyzed. The father entered into his feeling, and, after reciting prayers from the Japji, dealt himself such a blow with his short sword that his head rolled on the ground. The youngman kissed his sire's feet, and then lifting up his precious burden walked out of the door and surrendered it to the anxious driver. The next moment the chariot was in motion, going *leisurely* till it was out of the city, and then it sped along till the rendezvous was reached. None of the guards nor their master was ever the wiser for what had been done! Who can help wishing, even among the best-born, that his soul were half as noble as the soul of the old Ranghreta Sikh or that of his son!

CHAPTER VI.

THE DECISION.

The heroic conduct of the father produced, we may be sure, a deep impression on the profoundly impressionable nature of the young Guru. His admiration found utterance in the following lines :—

ਸਾਧਨ ਹੇਤ ਇਤਿ ਜਿਨ ਕਰੀ। ਸੀਸ ਦੀਆ। ਪਰ ਸੀ ਨ ਉਚਰੀ॥ ਧਰਮ ਹੇਤ ਸਾਕਾ ਜਿਨ ਕੀਆ। ਸੀਸ ਦੀਆ ਪਰ ਸਿਰਰੁ ਨ ਦੀਆ ॥

"He who performed this act of self-sacrifice for the protection of the righteous, he gave his life, and will not so much as murmur. He that sacrificed himself for Faith, he parted with his head, but never changed his immutable resolve." From the very moment that saw Teg Bahadur leave for Dehli to sacrifice himself at the altar of his country, and his Faith, Gobind felt that his mind had sketched out his future career ; but when what had as yet some tinge of probability about it, became a stern, absolute fact,—when the outline which was hitherto, to a certain extent, *indistinct*, started into life and color, his resolution was taken once for all. It was to stand up for the down-trodden Hindu community and its despised Faith, and to avenge their wrongs by every means in his power. Private revenge might be sweet and desirable, but to a person of Gobind's heroic mould and large sympathies, the gratification which a successful

wreaking of private vengeance affords, must come mixed up with and, as it were, lost in the higher and more powerful pleasure, attendant upon the infliction of humiliation and chastisement upon a foe for national injuries. He was aware that the Muslim power was dominant in the land, he was aware that its resources were simply unlimited, that even the Hindu princes, oblivious of the past traditions of their race and dead to all sense of self-respect, were practically supporters of the Muhammadan cause,—he was aware that the mass of the Hindu nation cared but little for himself or for his aspirations,—that he was but a raw youth and his means were not equal even to that of the pettiest chief he knew or had heard of; he knew all this and much more, but yet was he determined to cast the die. There must, however, be no hurry. The man who enters the arena of political strife, as he that does that of religious or of social struggle, must have gone through a course of preparation before he steps into it. He is all the better able to put forth his concentrated strength fully and to turn it to the best advantage. Gobind, therefore, retired to Anandpur (or Mukhowal) to muse over his situation and to mature his plans. He had been universally acknowledged as Teg Bahadur's successor by the Sikhs, but this recognition had yet borne but little tangible fruit, in that his following was as scanty as ever. Men were required to be opposed to men, and these must be forthcoming to reckon with the foe from time to time. His residence in the hills proved of considerable service in swelling the number of his adherents. The

progress was extremely slow, but something was better than nothing. Things might, and the Guru had every hope would, assume a more satisfactory and encouraging aspect by and by.

The Guru's life in the retreat he had chosen was far from being one of monotonous character. It was neither given entirely to contemplation and meditation, nor exclusively devoted to teaching, nor yet to the enlargement of his following, but to all these together, in parts; and over and above these, to the enjoyment of those manly pleasures, for which he had displayed such remarkable partiality from his very childhood. He had his time of devotion; he had his time when he would revolve long and deeply the problem of the regeneration of his countrymen; he had his time when he could speak to them the saving words of Nanak, and preach his own fiery theism; he had his time when he would attend to recruiting-work; but with all this, and with many other similar things besides, he had hours which he would give, unreservedly, to the enjoyment of the delights of the chase. His favorite diversion was to hunt the deer and the wild boar, to bag leopards and panthers, and occasionally a tiger. He was passionately fond of falconing, and there were few among those who kept near his person who had not hawks of their own. He was among the foremost riders of the age, and his stable had some of the finest horses to be seen anywhere in the country. When engaged in hunting, he almost invariably took the post of danger himself, and never shrank from single combats

with wild beasts. Nor did he, in the multiplicity of his engagements, forget his studies. He enlarged his acquaintance with Arabic and Persian literature, and what is more, he commenced taking lessons in Sanskrit, so that he might have an idea of the invaluable treasures which lay concealed in the pages of the Shastras. Among his friends there were Pandits, who would, in hours of leisure, read out to him the best portions of such works as the Ramayana, the Mahabharta and the Puranas.

CHAPTER VII.

A BEGINNING.

While Gobind, seated in his mountain stronghold, was watching the course of events and adding to his slender means, he was suddenly called upon to make a beginning in his military career. It came about in this way. Ratan Rai, an Assamese prince and a disciple of Guru Teg Bahadur, arrived in the Punjab to pay his respects to Gobind, bringing costly presents with him. Among other rareties he had brought for the young Guru, there was an elephant, a beautiful creature and a rare specimen of its kind, an Arab horse, a white hawk, a sword, and a rich tent with gilded poles. When the neighbouring chiefs came to see these rareties, they were so charmed with them that they felt a strong desire to possess them. Bhím Chand of Bilaspur wanted to have the elephant and the tent, while Hari Chand of Hindaur discovered a partiality for the horse, the sword and the hawk. Hari Chand was so impatient to be the master of the several things he coveted and so sure that he would not be balked in the gratification of his wishes, that he seized the sword without ceremony. The shrewd Guru was aware what the Rajas would be at, and was prepared to give them a reception they little expected. When he saw Hari Chand take up the sword, he observed, a sarcastic smile playing on his lips: "My follower has brought these things for me, and mine they are. If you chiefs would have them, you may; but

remember, you can have them on *my* terms alone. The terms are, that I first sit in the howdah with the hawk in my hand, the sword girded on my side, and the horse led before me. I shall afterwards sit in the tent." As the Guru had guessed, the chiefs deeply resented these conditions. They were at once confounded and astonished at his boldness, and in the heat of anger took to abusing him on the spot. The Guru, however, stood calm and dignified, only adding: "You have heard the terms. You are welcome to these things after I have used them!" This instead of pacifying them, only added fuel to the fire. They and their followers advanced threateningly towards him, but before they had taken two steps, the Sikhs, who had all this while with but difficulty kept their patience and their places, flew to arms, and with cries of "Victory to the Supreme," rushed towards the haughty and insolent hill-men to avenge the insult offered to their spiritual leader. The noise and tumult was increasing every moment, and the lives of the Rajas seemed in danger; but the Guru had no mind to push matters to the extreme, and at a word from him the swords of his followers were sheathed and the uproar allayed. The chiefs were now wise enough to withdraw, though flushed with rage and uttering threats and abuse, the latter unfortunately being returned with compound interest by the Sikhs. When they had disappeared, the Guru addressed his men in something like these words: "I have been highly gratified at witnessing your zeal in defending my honor and in avenging an insult that was offered me, and I cannot sufficiently

commend your fidelity; but for all this, as your well-wisher and spiritual leader, I *must* confess that I am not at all pleased to hear you use improper language. It is contrary to my wishes, and I hope that you will conduct yourselves better in future, and will not let your tongue betray you into giving utterance to what is foul and offensive."

The day following the quarrel, the chiefs turned their backs upon Anandpur, resolved not to soon forget the treatment they had received. In fact, Bhim Chand was so exasperated that he vowed he would not rest content till he had extirpated Gobind and the whole race of the Sikhs!

That neither the Guru nor the chiefs regretted the fray which had occurred, none need doubt. The Guru wanted to make it clear to the chiefs that with all their great wealth and resources, he was fully their equal; while the chiefs, hating the Guru from the very first as something very unlike his father (of quiet, peaceable habits), as a forward, ambitious youth, who would not see the folly of putting himself on a level with his betters, had now found cause to strike at him and crush him to the earth. One thing in particular had given them great offence. The Guru was in the habit of riding out in state, and he made it a rule that on all such occasions his great drum should precede him, sending forth its thunderous peal against the surrounding hills and announcing his approach. Now this, in the opinion of the chiefs, was exclusively the prerogative of royalty, and they thought that in appropriating to himself the benefit of such a practice, the

Guru was arrogating to himself an importance to which he had absolutely no claim, and that it was a "slight upon those greater than he." Thinking in this vein they had nursed their wrath in secret for many a day past, and were looking out for a fitting opportunity to bring down his pride. This opportunity had at last come, and they must avail themselves of it to the fullest extent.

The first thing which Bhim Chand did on reaching his capital, was to send a letter to the Guru, demanding an immediate evacuation of Anandpur on pain of incurring his severest displeasure. The Guru could only laugh at the demand and prepared to answer with the sword. But before the hostile troops had time to meet, Medni Prakash, Ruler of Nahan, intervened and besought the Guru to come into *his* dominions. The Guru accepted the offer, actuated, *it may be*, by a feeling of patriotism, or from motives based on considerations of a different nature. He may have thought, as some writers say, chiefly Muslims, that he was not yet sufficiently strong to oppose Bhim Chand and his allies.* Muslim historians are, however, dead against the Guru, and we must never be in a hurry to believe in all they say about him.

Medni Prakash received the Guru in a manner befitting his rank. The Guru, in return for the interest his host took in his welfare, promised that

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* Some historians say that there was actually a fight between the Guru and Bhim.

in the hour of need 50,000 fighting men should be placed at his disposal.

While residing in the dominions of the Nahan chief, the Guru laid the foundations of, and populated, a village, which he named Paunta. This was done in the Kartak of 1741.

In the meantime, the date of the marriage of Bhim Chand's son drew near. Accompanied by the prince and his relatives and courtiers and at the head of a magnificent retinue, the Raja repaired to Sirinagar, to celebrate the approaching nuptials. The ruler of Sirinagar was called Fateh Shah, and it was to his daughter that the future heir of Kulhour was betrothed. The Guru was not wholly unacquainted with Fateh Shah, and, according to the custom, sent some valuable presents for the bride, by his Diwan, Nand Chand. These, however, were sent back "refused." It was Bhim Chand, as might be guessed, who was responsible for this act of discourtesy on Fateh Shah's part, and the Guru knowing that the latter had merely yielded to pressure, and that the real author of the mischief was somebody else, kept quiet, waiting a further development of events.

Soon after this Bhim Chand resumed hostilities, and formed a powerful coalition against the Guru Raja Kripal Chand Kotochia, Raja Kesri Chand Jassowalia, Raja Sukh Dyal Jasrothia, Raja Pirthi Chand Dadwalia, Raja Fateh Shah of Sirinagar were among his allies. After having caused various petty annoyances to the Guru, the powerful host advanced against him in the Baisakh of 1742. The

Guru was ready to receive them. But even as he was preparing to meet the foe, five hundred of his troops—sturdy Sadhus, who had been feeding themselves fat upon the richest dishes, took to their heels, and were seen no more. The Guru could afford to have dispensed with the services of these paltroons, but better and immensely more serviceable men than these—Pathan captains, whose presence was indispensable at such a juncture, came unblushingly forward to tell the Guru that they could serve him no longer, and that they might be given their discharge. Such an application, so inopportunely made, gave the Guru real pain, the more so as the would-be deserters had grounds to be profoundly obliged to him, having been given shelter and taken into service at a time when, having fallen under the displeasure of Aurangzeb, they were wandering from place to place, seeking refuge without obtaining it anywhere, till at last the Guru, taking compassion on them, gave them employment under him, even in defiance of the Emperor! The Guru reminded them of the obligations they were under to him, and in a stern voice demanded if they could reconcile such conduct with their conscience. He said he would confer upon them still greater favors if they would be faithful to him in the present crisis, and that their own interest required that they should remain with him. But they were deaf to all remonstrance, and they would listen to no terms, and of course had to be discharged! Under these circumstances the Guru, though having a fair number of troops, could hardly be said to be in a position to meet, with

any success, the combined armies of the chiefs; but he was not one to lose heart and to shrink from doing his duty.

After the faithless Pathans had made themselves scarce, the Guru, to prevent any demoralizing effect which their desertion might produce upon his followers, addressed the latter in a powerful speech, telling them not to be ill at ease on account of the deserters, as they were a vile, ungrateful set of scoundrels, whose fidelity could not be depended upon and who, had they remained, might have given him the slip in the very midst of the action. He bade them trust in God, and all would yet be well. The engagement was to take place on the following day, and they should each do his part manfully and with his whole soul in his work. The Guru's words had the desired effect, and if anything like an equivalent (it was sufficient, no doubt for the perfidious Pathans) was wanted to console the Sikhs, it was forthcoming in the person of Sayyad Buddhu Shah, at whose recommendation the Pathans had been taken into service and who was now so incensed at their treacherous behavior, that he came and placed his humble services at the Guru's disposal. It may be mentioned that the five Pathans changed their mind before they had ridden out very far, but this fresh proof of their base-mindedness only proved their destruction, for the Sikhs pursued them and cut them to pieces.

As the Guru had prophesied, the two armies met on the following day on the plain between the Jamuna and the stream called "Giri." The

struggle lasted for three whole days, and both sides fought with bravery and courage. The troops of the chiefs had the advantage of numbers and discipline and superior skill, but the warriors following the Guru's banner had to match against these all the fierce zeal and utter indifference to life which belief in one true God and a whole-hearted devotion to one's spiritual as well as temporal leader inspires. The Guru himself was foremost in the battle, superintending, directing and fighting, and his encouraging language and extraordinary daring were not lost upon his followers. Raja Hari Chand, of Hindaur, sought an encounter with the Guru, and severely wounded his horse; but before he could do further mischief, an arrow from the Guru's bow brought him to the ground, and he immediately expired. Seeing one of their principal leaders fall, the followers of the chiefs were seized with a panic and fled in disorder, leaving vast numbers of the dead and dying behind them ghastly slight. The surviving Rajas also had to seek safety in flight. This victory, obtained with the assistance of indifferent material over by far a stronger foe, was highly gratifying to the Guru, and largely contributed to increase his strength and to establish his prestige.*

* The Guru describes the battle in his own spirited language thus:

"Cripal rages, wielding his mace: he crushed the skull of the fierce Hayat Khan. He made the blood spurt aloft, and scattered the brains of the chief, as Crishna crushed the earthen vessel of butter. Then Nand Chand raged in dreadful fire, launching the spear, and weilding the sword. He broke in his keen scimitar, and drew his dagger, to support the honor of the Sondi race. Then my maternal uncle, Cripal, advanced in his rage, and ex-

On arriving at Paunta after this signal success, the Guru, to mark his appreciation of the services of Buddhu Shah, who had, in the recent contest, lost a son fighting by the sides of the Sikhs, granted the brave man a *sanad* and one-half of his own turban It is in consequence of this that the Sikhs continue to hold in esteem and respect the descendants of Buddhu Shah down to the present day.

From Paunta the Guru returned to Anandpur, and once more took his seat on his father's throne. To be all the better provided against future contingencies the Guru spent this few days' respite

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hibited the skilful war-feats of a true Cshtria. The mighty warrior, though struck by an arrow, with another made a valiant Khan fall from his saddle, and Sahib Chand, of the Cshtria race, strove in the battle's fury and slew a blood-thirsty Khan, a warrior of Khorasan." After recording the actions of many others, Govind thus describes his own deeds: "Blood-drinking spectres and ghosts yellded for carnage; the fierce Vetala, the chief of the spectres, laughed for joy, sternly prepared for his repast. The vultures hovered and sc reamed for their prey. Hari Chand (Hindu chief in the emperor's army) in his wrath, drawing his bow, first struck my steed with an arrow: aiming a second time he discharged his arrow; but the Deity preserved me and it passed me, and only grazed my ear. His third arrow struck; it tore open the mail, and pierced the skin, leaving a slight scar; but the God whom I adore saved me. When I felt this hurt, my anger was kindled. I drew my bow and discharged an arrow; my champions did the same, rushing onward to the battle. Then I aimed at the young hero, and struck him. Hari Chand perished, and many of his host; death devoured him, who was called a Raya among a hundred thousand Rajas. Then all the host, struck with consternation, fled, deserting the field of combat. I obtained the victory through the favor of the Most High; victorious in the field, we raised aloud the song of triumph. Riches fell on us like rain, and all our warriors were glad."—*Malcolm's Sketch of the Sikhs.*

in improving the resisting-power of Anandpur. He built around it four new forts, which were, respectively, named Anandgarh, Fatehgarh, Lohgarh, and Bholgarh. In all these were deposited his military stores.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SECOND CALL.

While this victory over the hill chiefs was yet but a few months old, the Guru was called upon to unsheathe his sword once more. This time it was not against the hill Rajas, but *in defence* of these potentates. The Governor of Sirhind having sent a detachment of his troops under Alif Khan and others, Bhim and his brother-chiefs were sore perplexed as to how to successfully resist the advancing host. The ground on which the Governor had thought himself justified in commencing hostilities against the Rajas was the alleged fact that they had failed to pay into the royal treasury the tribute due from them. Perhaps the allegation was not entirely without foundation ; but if it was not, the Rajas were not disposed to meet the demand even now, and they had come to an agreement among themselves that they should, if the worse came to the worst, resist it. The Governor of Sirhind, however, was too strong for them, and when his army advanced against them to enforce the imperial claim, they felt disconcerted and disheartened. In their despair, they turned to the Guru and asked him to forget their recent differences and to co-operate with them in the present emergency in repulsing the common foe. The Guru, ever anxious to forego private revenge to avenge national wrongs, readily promised the assistance solicited, and despatched Diwan Mohri Chand and Daya Ram with 500 troops to

the rescue. Good luck befriended the Rajas, the Mussalmans were defeated with great loss. But it could not be expected that the enemy would sit passive under the defeat. Not long after (in Samvat 1745) the Governor of Lahore sent a force to punish the hill-chiefs, and a separate detachment of troops under Rustam Khan to bring Gobind Singh to his senses. This time, too, the Mussalmans had practically the worst of it, for it being a rainy season, the swollen hill-streams barred their progress and compelled them to retire. For all that the respite thus gained was only temporary. Rustam Khan, with the termination of the rainy season, sought an encounter with the refractory chiefs and tried his utmost to worst them in the struggle. But he was destined to be disappointed like Alif Khan and others. The retainers of the chiefs, aided by three hundred Sikhs, under Bhai Sangita, behaved so well as to be left undisputed masters of the field.

Aurangzeb heard of the manner in which the Muslim commanders and their troops had been acquitting themselves, and was far from being pleased at the turn which the affairs were taking. He determined to teach the hill-chiefs and their troublesome ally a lesson, and with this object in view, deputed his son, Prince Muizzam Shah, at the head of a strong force. The Prince, however, thinking it unnecessary to advance in person, entrusted the management and conduct of the enterprise to Amir Mirza Beg, and this officer, well equipped with men and beasts, was soon busy with his work

of destruction in the hills. The chiefs offered but a feeble resistance, sought places of safety, and left the foe to sack villages and towns to his heart's content. The Guru, too, was in these days in his hill-retreat, allowing the enemy to give Anandpur up to pillage and plunder. No doubt he had perceived, with the Rajas, that an army like that of Mirza Beg was too large to be openly opposed even by the united strength of himself and the hill-chiefs, and thinking it best to bide his time, kept back from taking the field.

CHAPTER IX.

INVOKING THE "DEVI."

The period of preparation passed in the hills, a period of alternate storms and calms, is associated with an event which finds a prominent mention in almost all biographies of the Guru, and which consequently, whatever doubts may arise in the minds of the thoughtful of our own day as to its authenticity, must not be passed over here also. One day while engaged in conversation with a Brahman, versed in the ancient legendary lore, the Guru abruptly put to him the question: "How did Arjuna obtain his strength?" The Brahman gave his answer, in the course of which he enlarged upon the necessity of the Guru's invoking, like his great ancestor of old, the assistance of a superhuman agency, to obtain the power which might enable him to humble and crush his enemies. His suggestion was, that a grand *yajna* should be performed, and that by the might of the *mantras* to be chanted on the occasion, the dread *devi* (goddess) should be summoned out of the hallowed flame to bless and prosper the cause of the Sikhs. The suggestion was acceptable to the Guru, and he desired that it should be acted upon without delay. But the difficulty was, that Pandits fully competent to conduct the *yajna* were not to be had for the asking in the Punjab. The Brahmans around the person of the Guru gave it as their opinion that priests of the stamp wanted could

be forthcoming in Kashi only, and that if the Guru was really desirous of seeing his contemplated *yajna* terminate successfully, he should send some one to the sacred city to bring such priests with them. The Guru, accordingly, sent a deputation to Benares, and after a deal of search the right kind of individuals were found and conducted before the Guru. Kali Das and Kesho Das were two of these Pandits, and the chronicles have preserved the name of a third also, who was called Bishambar Das and to whom the management of everything connected with the ceremony was entrusted. The *yajna* was performed, and out of the flames rose a flashing sword. The Guru asked the Brahmans what it portended. The latter bade the Guru not to be anxious as the omen was good, but added they: "If you would have the goddess appear in person and fulfil all your desires, you must strike your head off into the flames." Gobind replied that there was yet much for him to do, upon which the Brahmans said that the head of one of his sons would do as well. The Guru sent for one of his sons, but the Guru's mother declined to yield to his demand, saying that she would not part with any of her grandsons for the world. Seeing no other way to carry out the wishes of the Brahmans, the Guru turning to them said: "Here are twenty-four of my Sikhs ready to give their heads. Would the head of one of these do?"

The Brahmans yielded a reluctant assent, and so one of the Sikhs was decapitated, and his head cast

into the fire.* Those who relate this story must, of course, concede that the Guru had the fruit which attends the performance in faith of a *yajna* like his, though in a partial degree !

The foregoing is only one version of the affair. Another is, that after the *yajna* had lasted for several days, and the goddess had failed to put in an appearance, the Guru enquired of the priests why their predictions had not been fulfilled yet. The Brahmans answered that the *devi* would not manifest her presence till some pious man had offered his head to the mighty one. Upon this

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McGregor's version is the following :—"The Brahmin said 'Now your fire is out, cast your head here.' Gobind replied, 'If I do so, what shall I gain?' The Brahmin said : " Your son's head will answer equally well.' Gobind on hearing the Brahmin's words, sent a messenger to his mother Goojuree, requesting that she would send one of his sons, in order that he might sacrifice him as an offering to the gods. Goojuree replied : 'My son Gobind is mad ; am I a fool to murder his child? I will never consent to this.' She immediately concealed herself and the four boys in the fort of Mukhowal. Gobind hearing that his mother disregard his orders, swore that if she did not comply, he would murder the four children before her eyes ; so that she should have no descendants. Finding that Goojuree was obstinate, and that there was no hope of obtaining one of his sons, he addressed his followers with a view of inducing some one to offer himself as a sacrifice. His appeal was for a long time fruitless, and Gobind was exasperated that he cursed them all.

"At length his entreaties and imprecations were effectual, and five and twenty men offered their heads. Gobind cut off one, and threw it into the fire, and after loading the Brahmin with presents, he dismissed him."

Sir John Malcolm's version of the story is a better reading than McGregor's unsympathetic description. See his "Sketch of the Sikhs."

the Guru, addressing the priests, said: "Let one of you make the needed sacrifice, for who is more pious than yourselves?" The suggestion was anything but palatable to the priests, and they one by one slunk off from the *yajna*, which, in consequence, remained unfinished.

The third version is that the goddess did manifest herself to the Guru, but that she did so only in a dream, leaving something of the might of her spirit in him.

There is yet a fourth version, but that is only a sequel to the second. On finding that the priests were in no hurry to return, the Guru had the remnants of the *samagri*, a tremendous heap yet, thrown into the burning pit at once, and this sent forth such a stupendous, towering flame that the people all around, already disposed to be superstitious, were led into believing that the goddess had actually appeared to the Guru, robed in all-devouring fire!

It is impossible that the story of "manifesting the goddess" could be an absolute invention. We know that the creed of Gobind was essentially theistic, profoundly so; but the religious annals of the world show that belief in one God is, under peculiar circumstances and under the influence of peculiar training, not *exclusive* of belief in minor supernatural powers. There are Mussalmans and Christians and other people also by the thousand who are deeply theistic in belief, and yet have faith in the existence of smaller supernatural agencies. The supreme, unconditioned power

(according to such people) belongs to God alone, but the smaller gods and their females also weild, each, an immense power, and they can aid humanity in need, though perhaps never when the will of the Supreme is otherwise disposed. Does it in any way detract from the greatness of Guru Gobind to believe that he had faith in the existence of minor supernatural agencies, and that, being under this impression, he performed a *yajna* to obtain strength from one of them, the fierce Durga, the executer, in the popular belief, of Divine wrath? For our part, we think, not; for, as we have had occasion to observe in our "sketch" of the life of the first Guru, a man may be really a *great* man without being eminently learned, and without possessing an intellect of the highest order. Have those of us, who pretend to be, or are really, horrified when it is hinted that the Guru *might* have been a believer in the existence of minor gods and goddesses, ever paused to think how much of Hindu mythology lies interspersed in some of his writings?

* Of course from the mere fact that the Guru had faith in the existence of minor supernatural powers does not follow, necessarily and inevitably, the conclusion that the *yajna* he performed was also performed in faith. Gobind, it might be presumed, would be extremely unwilling to pray for assistance to any but the one God he worshipped, and it might be that in performing a *yajna* to the Durga he had no such purpose in view. What he did, was, in all probability, done from

considerations of policy alone. For he was not merely a teacher and a reformer, but a politician and a statesman as well, and politicians and statesmen, though of an exalted type, must, now and then, in the accomplishment of their object, resort to devices which religion or morality does not entirely approve, and which their own conscience condemns. What would have been inexcusable if it had been done by the founder of Sikhism was justifiable when it came to be done by his tenth and the last and equally great successor. The one was apostle of peace, but the other had to take up the sword to consolidate the work which the former set on foot, and largely accomplished. Nanak had no need of armed men or of money to promote his aims, but Gobind had need of both, and he must tax his ingenuity to the utmost to obtain them to help him in working out a nation's salvation. His "manifesting the goddess" may have been simply an astute move to win the whole-hearted sympathy and co-operation of illiterate, superstitious and common wights in whose neighbourhood he was placed. Such people are not to be won over by argument: they will either listen to force, or if that be not at the would-be winner's command, to mercinary considerations; but the change which may be wrought in them in these two ways is anything but lasting—nowhere compared, in intensity and durability, to the revolution which faith will produce in them. And in order that faith may produce this revolution, the miraculous and the marvellous must be

conjured up and summoned to assist. Guru Gobind followed this plan, and if he did so, he did nothing objectionable, for what is objectionable under certain circumstances ceases to be so under different circumstances and different conditions.

CHAPTER X.

A SACRIFICE.

The success achieved by the *yajna* performed must have been far from being satisfactory. It may have brought a few hundred men to the Guru, but a few hundred could not count for much when contemplated in connection with the thousands to whom they were opposed. At the same time, however attached these may have felt towards the Guru, there must have been something in their words and in their behavior strongly out of harmony with what the Guru would find in the words and actions of a true follower. As they had come to the Guru swayed by the belief that he enjoyed the favor of the goddess, their ideas and their speech, as well as their general conduct, must have remained pre-eminently those of idolators. This, of course, could be neither commendable nor perhaps tolerable in individuals who were constantly around the person of one who was Nanak's successor. Moreover, considered as mere fighting-men, they could not have brought much strength to the Guru. The general mass of our hill-tribes are sadly wanting in nerve and in physical strength. The inferior quality of their food, their aversion to manly exercises and sports, the want of tradition among them, are some of the causes at the bottom of this pusillanimity. The fact is, that the Guru did not find the hill-people he had won over to his cause, either spiritually satisfactory, or in physical energy and courage up to the mark. No wonder then that he should begin

to think of producing a better class of men—a class which should follow his doctrine alone or believe in the pure and simple theism which the founder of Sikhism had preached, which should obey his orders alone, and which should have the daring and the stamina which fighting men should possess. In order that this class should be free from the arrogance which ever accompanies a belief in an arbitrary and unnatural system of caste and which is the fruitful mother of discord and dissension in the most critical of times, the Guru determined that the class he was to produce should be recruited from no one section of the Hindu community, but that it should be a conglomeration of the representatives of every caste, merit alone being a pass-port to admission into it. Whoever had a thorough and sincere belief in one God and possessed a strong arm and a brave and faithful heart, should be the Guru's Kshatrya, irrespective of all consideration as to which of the four castes-by-birth he belonged to.

Having come to this determination, the Guru called a representative meeting of the Sikhs in Baisakh, 1756. It was a huge gathering, composed mostly of men who, in response to the invitations sent, had come from the most distant parts of the Province. The place chosen for the accommodation of the meeting was an extensive plain, in the midst of profuse verdure. A tent was pitched in a corner of the plain, with the heavy curtains attached to the doors down. This was done on purpose to frustrate the efforts of the curious eye to find out what was passing within. At the opportune

moment the Guru emerged from the tent with a sword in hand, and with an aspect wild and stern. Addressing himself to the assembly, he said: "The deathless Person has commanded me to offer, for the preservation of the Hindu Dharma and the Hindu Nation, the head of one of my Sikhs as a sacrifice, so that the same might be a sign unto the patriots that would follow—might infuse into the souls of the future well-wishers of the nation the fire that is extinguished, if at all, in the martyr's blood alone. Is there any one among you willing and ready to part with his head for the purpose?" Silence, solemn and deep, fell upon the multitude, and then a voice, clear and loud, came from the assemblege: "Yes, Your Holiness," and simultaneously with the reply the speaker, a Kshatrya Sikh of Lahore, rose and advanced towards the Guru and, with folded hands, said: "I am, body and soul, at your service. Do with me as you please." The Guru, seizing him by the arm, led him into the tent, saying: "Thou hast done well!" A moment later the sound of a sword striking something vigorously came from within the tent, and synochrously blood began to stream forth from under its front side in sight of the spectators, dyeing the canvas in its passage. There could be no doubt that all was over with Daya Singh. As if to remove all remnants of doubt on this head, the Guru himself presently emerged from the tent, with his sword red and stained with newly-shed blood. "No patriot could be nobler than Daya Singh, but another is wanted. Who will come forward now?" Dharm Singh of Hastinapur this time obeyed the call. He

was taken into the tent, and dealt with, as the outsiders thought, like Daya Singh. But the sacrifice was not complete, and three more heads were wanted, and each time there was a call, it was promptly and cheerfully responded to—Himmat Singh, the potter, Mohkam Singh, the washerman, and Sahib Singh, the barber, offering themselves successively. What must have been the feeling of the meeting as they contemplated the proceedings of the Guru and the behaviour of those who had surrendered themselves to him to be sacrificed! These must have been mixed and various, for all of us are not made of the same stuff; but whatever their nature, commendable in each individual case or praiseworthy in some cases only, we may be *absolutely* sure of this, that there were atleast some few more men in the gathering who wished that there had been further calls, and that they too had enjoyed the privilege of following in the footsteps of Daya Singh!

Perhaps it was natural that the brethren-in-faith of the five martyrs should long to have a last look at the remains of their departed comrades. The Guru perceived this longing, and he would be the last to disappoint it. On a signal from him the curtains of the tent were rolled up, and there stood, in front of them, dignified and radiant with pleasure, the patriots who should have been by this time in heaven! Addressing the astonished Brotherhood the Guru said: "Noble souls like these are fit for heaven any day, but there is work for them on earth yet, and must be done, in the fulness of time, before they appear before their Maker in glory." And as the

mystery of blood remained yet unexplained, the five goats that had fallen under the Guru's sword and yielded their life-sap, were brought forth and shown to the congregation. "I wanted to find out, in the presence of a full meeting of the Brotherhood," said the Guru, "what each individual Sikh was capable of, and that I have found out. And now it is time that an organisation were set on foot which shall exalt the Brotherhood to the position it deserves and be an enduring memorial of this day's work!"

With these words the meeting broke up, and proceeded towards the fortress of Keshgarh.

CHAPTER XI

THE ORGANIZATION.

Arrived at Keshgarh, a public *durbar* was held in view of the momentous function which was going to be undertaken. The Guru, arrayed in military dress and armed, occupied an elevated seat, in the centre of his followers, with the five Sikhs, but recently hallowed by the shadow of death, standing in his immediate presence and dressed and equipped like himself. Raising his powerful voice he proceeded once more to make clear, in plainer and less general terms, the object of the meeting. The object, he reiterated, was naught else than to form an organisation which should profess a devoted and undivided allegiance to the teaching of the Gurus, as set forth and summed up by their tenth representative, which should be always ready to face every danger and to endure suffering and torture of every imaginable description in defence of that teaching, and in defence of the Hindu nation, of which the Guru's followers were part and parcel. In order that this might be accomplished, and the organisation formed be an efficient body, it was indispensable that the Sikhs should be formally initiated into the faith of the Gurus and be regenerated, by a certain specific and sacred process, into a race of warriors. The august assembly, in the midst of which the Guru was placed, should presently see what he meant. And as he said this, the Guru desired that an iron vessel be brought to him, and five kinds of sweets—treacle,

red sugar, white sugar, candied sugar and honey. These were, accordingly, brought,* and the Guru pouring some sanctified water into the iron vessel emptied into it the five kinds of sweets, stirring up the mixture till the water and the sweets were thoroughly assimilated one into the other. The Japji was, then, recited, and after that dipping the point of his dagger in the *sherbet*, the Guru designated it 'ambrosia' or nectar, and put a few drops of it into his mouth, sprinkling a little of the solution at the same time on his head and eyes. This done, the five Sikhs were desired to approach nearer, and as they obeyed the command, the Guru sprinkled them likewise with the nectar, and made them drink five "palmfuls" of the same, calling out in a loud voice (the disciples repeating the words after him)—"*Wah Guru ji ki Fatah*—Victory to the Supreme." This ceremony was named administering the *pahul* or baptism; the organisation formed was named the *Khalsa*; the Faith into which they had been formally initiated, the *Khalsa* or pure Faith; every Sikh henceforth was to be known a *Singh* or lion. From this hour the Guru himself became from Gobind Rai, *Gobind Singh*.†

The principal articles of the faith of the *Khalsa* orgnisation, and which articles are said to have been announced on the present occasion, may be summed up as follows :—

"1.—The process of initiation into the *Khalsa* organisation and the *Khalsa Religion* shall

*Some say that it was Mother Sundri who handed over the five various things to the Guru, and that the Guru, when receiving them, remarked that the gift was all the more valuable as coming from a woman of whom all are born.

† The Guru received his *pahul* from the five patriotic Sikhs.

be the process which the Guru himself had adopted in initiating Daya Singh and his four companions.

"2.—Every man thus initiated shall call himself a *Singh*.

"3.—Wherever there are five Singhs, there the Khalsa Faith shall be considered as completely represented. The *five Singhs* may belong to any castes whatsoever.

"4.—Every *Khalsa* shall wear long hair, and shall always keep with him some sort of iron weapon. He shall further wear short trousers, and shall never go unprovided with a comb and an iron-bangle.*

"5.—There shall be no distinction of caste between one *Khalsa* and another. All shall be one caste, and on an equal social footing.

"6.—Every *Khalsa* shall be *Kritnash* (disregarder of professions and trades); *Kulnash* (disregarder of pedigree): *Dharmnash* (disregarder of orthodoxy), and *Karmnash* (disregarder of ritual).

"7.—Every *Khalsa* shall prize and cherish arms, and shall delight in war. For, whatsoever *Khalsa* takes part in war or kills his foe, or even, if himself subdued, does not lose heart, he shall be exalted in this and the next world.

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* The five *kakas* or things whose names begin with k.

"8.—Every *Singh* shall be a person of spotless character.

"9.—Every *Singh* shall believe that faith in the Khalsa Religion is indispensable for the attainment of salvation.

"10.—The *Khalsas* shall adore only the one formless and deathless God, and shall not worship the creature, living or dead, nor bow to images and idols.

"11.—They shall honor and revere Guru Nanak and his successors, and follow their teaching as embodied in the Granth Sahib.

"12.—They shall have nothing to do with the Hindu ceremonial, but they shall regard the *Hindu mandirs* (temples), *tiraths* (places of pilgrmage) and their doctrines as their common property. It shall be the first and the foremost duty of the *Singhs* to stand up in defence of the Hindu Dharma and the Hindu Nation.

"13.—It shall be the bounden duty of the *Singhs* to exterminate the Turks (Muslims).

"14.—They shall eschew the use of tobacco,

"15.—They shall believe the living God to be ever-present in the Khalsa Faith.

"16.—It shall be binding upon the *Khalsas* to occasionally repair to Amritsar and bathe in the sacred tank.

"17.—The salutation among the *Singhs* shall be— *Wah Guru ka Khalsa, Wah Guruji ki Futeh.* They shall give up all other forms of greeting."

All Sikhs present took a solemn oath that henceforward they should be guided by the principles of the Khalsa Faith in every thing.

CHAPTER XII.

SOME OBSERVATIONS.

What did Gobind Singh want? To produce men who should have supreme confidence in themselves, who should be thoroughly self-representing, pre-eminently chivalrous and sympathetic, utterly fearless, and totally indifferent to hardship and suffering in the discharge of their duty. And what did he do to produce such men? He adopted the very methods which, when followed and enforced, never fail to produce such men: What can be more effective in bringing such men into existence in a community than that belief in one and only God should be laid the highest possible stress upon and offered for its acceptance? Those of its members who accept this belief must, in the fulness of time, and this period cannot be very long, develop into highly commendable and exalted specimens of humanity. For belief in one only God is the foundation of all individual as well as collective greatness. Where there is one and the same ideal, where the object of worship and adoration is one and the same, and this ideal and the object of worship,—the all-supreme, ultimate, living Power in the universe, there must spring up a community of ideas and a community of interests, and thus the causes which give rise to internecine quarrels and internal bickerings being absent, the energy of the entire class admits of being concentrated and brought into play for one common specific purpose. A polytheistic community cannot, in the very nature of things, produce men of this

stamp. The difference in faith generates a difference in impulse and motive, and when such is the case, and there is no other element of cohesion worth the name in the units of a community, they only repel one another, and consequently combined and concerted action in the interests of the community, in utter disregard of personal gain, is almost wholly impossible among them. For an illustration of this fact, we need not go far. The followers of Vishnu are so completely concentrated and isolated in *self* that they would actually consider it a sin to mix with and co-operate with the Shaivites in anything calculated to promote public good, and the Shaivites, of course, pay them in their own coin. Again, those who are believers in Brahma will have nothing to do whatever with either the Vaishnavas or the Shaivites, and these two would prefer the society of the most unclean and abominable animal in existence to associating with the votaries of Brahma and doing anything in company. Similarly, the followers of Kali, of Radha and Krishna, of Rama Chandra and Sita—all these are mutually repellant elements, and intolerant of the very idea of working conjointly. And this is no overdrawn picture. Those who are inclined to regard it as such have only to go through some of the Puranas, and they will be convinced that it is wonderfully free from exaggeration. Every sect is for its own god or goddess, for its own hero or heroine, and its attitude towards other sects is rigidly and uncompromisingly one of profound indifference—of bitter hostility. The Guru perceived this, for the Indian society of

the time in which he lived was almost a prototype of the Indian society of the present day—split up into a thousand-and-one sects, and he felt that if he was ever to have men capable of being swayed by one lofty impulse and actuated by high common motives, he could expect to get them in the persons of theists and not in the persons of those who were believers in different gods and goddesses. And hence it was that every member of his newly-formed organisation was to be a *monotheist*. The Veda declares :—

न तस्य प्रतिमा अस्ति यस्य नाम महद्यशः ॥ यजु. ॥

"He whose glory is great,—*He* has no likeness, image or measurement."

The Guru had received a legacy of this sublime Vedic doctrine, enlarged upon by his predecessors, and he had heard it set forth and commented upon in the pages of the Upanishads by the Pandits who surrounded him ; and both authority and experience demonstrating the injurious, we had almost said, fatal, character of polytheism, he ruled that every-body joining the *Khalsa* should believe in the one only God of the ancient sages and in Him only.

To insist upon each of his followers being a theist was a great thing. It was breaking the shackles that had bound the Hindu body and soul so long,—snapping the chain in twain that had kept the Aryan aspiration and Aryan thought grovelling and chained to the earth for so many centuries. They now owed allegiance only to one Supreme Power in

the universe, and as such the Guru, as the spokesman of that Power, could fashion and mould them as he would for high and great purposes. And what nobler, more sacred task could be set them than that they should undertake the salvation of a down-trodden people—a people the flesh of their flesh and the bone of their bone? Under the sanction and countenance of a bigoted government, the representatives of that government and of that government's creed were commiting unheard-of enormities. Flushed by an unnatural pride and tempted by the consciousness that they had to deal with a peaceable, feeble race, they were continually indulging in acts of wanton cruelty of flagrant injustice. Was it not obligatory at such a crisis upon every son of the soil who could understand the situation, to do all in his power to check the excesses of the dominant race? The Guru's arm might be weak, his resources meagre, but yet he must tax his strength to the utmost for the deliverance of his mother-land, irrespective of all consideration as to whether or not he was able to cope with the foe. No doubt the bulk of the Hindu nation was perverse, and blind to the necessity of giving him its support; but because it was perverse and withheld its assistance from him, should *he*, who understood his duty better, leave his country to its fate? The Guru could not do this, and he resolved to make the most of the materials that, under God's grace, had come to his hand. To the *Khalsa*, therefore, he revealed the character of the great work it was to do—the preservation of the Hindu race, its religion and institutions, and the extirpation of its oppressors.

In order that they might be in every way worthy of the work assigned them—be warriors in the real sense of the word—and that they might continually increase, the Guru ruled that the *Khalsa shall be above all caste-distinctions.* Unquestionably, the ties between one monotheist and another, belonging to the same organisation, must, as a rule, be very strong and must beget in them a strong desire and a capacity for united effort; but common men, with but partially enlightened minds, are apt to give way to prejudice and to lose sight of the true relations which, as members of a reformed fraternity, ought to subsist between them. To provide against this, as also to ensure the growth and development of his theistic band, the Guru proclaimed that there shall be no caste among the *Khalsas.* In the absence of such a rule, there was the possibility that, in the very nick of time, the Brahman-warriors should, under the impression that they were of superior birth, fall out with the Kshatrya-warriors, the Kshatryas refuse to fight side by side with the Vaishyas and the Shudras, and all these four castes or any one of them in concert with the members of the still lower castes. When every warrior in the service of the Guru and his nation was on the same footing with every other, when the proud Brahmans and Kshatryas, being wholly oblivious of the idea of their pedigree, extended the hand of fellowship to the Shudra and recognised in him as their equal in every respect, and when, on the other hand, the Shudra *felt* that he was no longer the despised individual he had been all along regarded, that he could serve and *be served* as the

occasion required, that everybody around him, whether Kshatrya or Brahman or coming from the strata lower than his own, dealt with him as if they were, one and all, the offspring of the same parents ;—in such a case there was no possibility of injurious jealousies and prejudices ever asserting their influence, and every *Khalsa* must fight by the side of another as a real brother and friend.

At the same time, the Guru was aware that in the event of the castes remaining intact in the organization he had formed, the growth and development of the organization would ere long be checked. For in such a case the Shudras would shrink from joining the organization in any appreciable number, for fear of being subjected to insult, and there was ground to believe that this hesitation and reluctance on their part would not be merely immediate and temporary but continuous and permanent. On the other hand, the higher castes too would never join the organization in any large numbers, for, though they had long ceased to be what they once were, they yet tenaciously clung to the idea that they possessed a higher social status, to which the Shudras had no claim, and, of course, would dislike placing themselves in circumstances where the Shudra was to be on the same level with them. Thus the organization would soon die out. Such being the case, there should be no recognition of caste in the organization. This might frighten away the Brahmans and the Kshatryas, but would be a powerful inducement to the Shudra, who could fight as well, if not better than, the self-styled Brahmans and Kashatryas, and who, proud at having the *man* in him after all

recognized and appreciated, would be an inexhaustible source of strength to the movement. Had not Daya Singh, Mohkam Singh and others shown that the ranks of the hated Shudra were as full of men capable of the loftiest acts of self-sacrifice for their Country and Faith as of the highest classes? Daring and bravery, wisdom and sterling worth were not the monopoly of birth: they were Nature's gifts. and every soul that came with any of these gifts in the world should have his proper place in society by virtue of the same. The action of the Guru justified and realized his hopes. The Shudars proved to be the back-bone of the movement, and fought as only real patriots and real warriors can fight.

It is to be extremely deplored that the Hindu society should have so soon forgotten the lesson which the Guru was able to teach it with such marked success, that it should have once more returned to its old conservatism, wholly unjustifiable by reason and common sense and opposed to the teaching of the ancient thinkers and seers. According to the true and primeval Scriptures of mankind, there is no artificial and arbitrary system of caste: it is the individul's gifts and capabilities which determine the class to which he ought to belong. The person who excels in wisdom and knowledge is a Brahman; he who is remarable for his daring and prowess and for chivalrous feeling is a Kshatrya; he who has special aptitude for trade and for pursuits which are, directly and indirectly, concerned with that, is a Vaishya; while

the man who is only fit for servile offices, is a Shudra. This is the system of *varna* as taught in the Scriptures and upheld by teachers of yore,—a system which, as will be readily conceded by every impartial thinker, is something perfectly natural and genuine. For it is based on the principle of division of labor, and division of labor is essential to every community on the face of the earth. It is simply preposterous to rule that children born in a certain section of the community shall be looked upon as Brahmans or Kshatryas or Vaishyas, and that the progeny of another specific section of the community shall be known as Shudras for all times to come. Some of our greatest teachers rose to the highest social status from the ranks of the servile classes, and is there any ground to believe that God has since ceased to lavish His gifts on the classes which, during the former ages, could aspire to an equality with the cream of the "twice-born"? India under the British has shown that the Shudras have their due share of the stuff of which great men are made. Many of these individuals possess intellects of the very highest order, and are fit company for the proudest of the "twice-born." If we have any regard for God's Word, these persons ought to belong to the class of which they possess the distinguishing marks, while the Brahmans and Kshatryas or the Vaishyas, who are only so *in name*, ought to find their proper level and go to those who should compose the lowest strata of society. But we are not disposed to be guided by the teaching of the Veda, to heed the lesson which Gobind Singh taught us in the light of that Teaching. We are for believing caste

to be a fixed, permanent institution, mainly determined by accidents of birth. We shall rue this folly, as those that have gone before us have rued it. No doubt it was the sword which was the Muslim's chief weapon of conversion, but there were hundreds and thousands who went over to Islam because of the utter and permanent contempt with which they were treated by their own brethren. How did these behave when they had become Muhammadans? Did they, as those who had been led to embrace Islam through force or through the influence of temptation, behave as cowards and paltroons? Their origin might have been ever so obscure, they might have held, when Hindus, the position of something worse than dogs, but when they cast in their lot with the Muslims, they became each a Sheikh of of Sheikhs, and they, one and all, fought for their new Faith with all the daring and bravery of the best of Rajputs. They carried fire and sword into towns, cities and villages inhabited by the "twice-born," and they subjected their helpless females to every insult and indignity which revenge can suggest. Those who opposed Gobind Singh or the Rajput princes were not men transported from Arabia and Persia, Bilochistan or Afghanistan, but, for the greater part, consisted of converts from Hindusim, and which converts had seceded from Hinduism at different periods. Do not the military annals of British India show that the Rahtia, as the Mazhabi Sikh—an emanation from the lowest Hindu classes, is more than a match for the fiercest Afghan in the field? Is it possible that good can

come out of the treatment which Hindu society thinks fit, and has thought fit, to accord to these classes ? But for the fact that it is hard to break off from old associations, to throw off the yoke of the ideas and habits of life to which the mind and body have conformed for a long time, these classes would have long gone over to the alien races, and would have proved, instead of the bulwark of the Hindu Faith, its destruction ! But the patience of the most patient must be exhausted after all, and a time may come (Heaven forbid that it ever should !) when these classes shall be no more the pride and ornament of the Hindu community. Those who are reluctant to allow the possibility of such an unpleasant thing happening, should not forget the mournful spectacle which the Deccan only recently witnessed. The Shanars had for years past prayed for the no very great privilege of being allowed to go into Hindu temples and doing worship, but the higher classes were obstinate and unyielding, and sent them back broken-hearted and crushed whenever they attempted an entrance into the temples. And what was the ultimate result of this high-handedness ? Rather than be subjected to further insult, six hundred of the Shanar Class, suddenly and all at once, went over to Muhammadanism, and can we doubt that these will nurse their revenge and settle old scores when they find an opportunity ? And the direct loss ! We are the poorer for six hundred men, and the poorer for the thousands which these six hundred must come to be in a few centuries ! The Shanars did not, by the way, ask for much. They did not ask the Brahmans and the Kshatryas to eat at the

same table with them; they did not require them to intermarry with them, and nothing else of the kind: all they asked was, that they should be free to go into temples and do worship there. But we are like the misguided Duryodhna of old: rather than give away to our kith and kin even as much land as the point of a needle would cover, we would be overthrown and destroyed! Let not the Punjab throw away the lesson which the secession of the Shanars teaches. The Mazhabi and other races, all of them, have long sued for slight privileges at the hands of their higher-born brethren, but without success. They want nothing more than that we shall cease to regard their touch as pollution, and freely mix with them and sit with them as we do with the Muslims. *This* is no great privilege, though the being granted of this will be hailed as a boon by these brave people. The men who hold the cow as sacred as the highest-born Hindus, the men who worship the one and only God taught by Nanak and his successors, the men whose habits are commendable and whose dwellings are models of cleanliness—such men are fully deserving of much higher privileges; but they do not ask for such, their request is modest, and it should be granted with the greatest cheerfulness. As to how eager they are to be allowed even this small concession, will be apparent from the fact that a few years back they subscribed thousands of rupees for the performance of a ceremony which, they were assured, must *precede* the grant of the privilege! But nothing came of it: it only helped to defraud the Singhs of their savings, and to put the same into the pockets of a set of unprincipled

adventurers. Will not the *Singh Sabhas* rise to the sense of their responsibility and do the needful for these classes? The Arya Samaj has long recognized their worth, and whenever any of them have found time to attend the meetings of the Samaj, they have been accorded a cordial reception and the best seats. No member of the Arya Samaj regards their touch objectionable in the slightest degree. He will freely shake hands with them and sit with them on the same bedstead or carpet. It were to be highly wished that our Mazhabi Singhs came to the Samajes in larger numbers: they would find that here, at least, is a brother's welcome for them!

The vesting in five Sikhs the power to administer the *pahul*, and the conferring on them the privilege of complete representation irrespective of all consideration as to what castes they severally came from, was a further emphasization of the article which abolishes castes, and an additional guarantee for the expansion of the organisation. Had the privilege been vested in the members of the "twice-born" classes only, the admissions into the organization would have been scarce and far from being continuous. In such a case, it could not be expected that as soon as a candidate for admission came forward, the needed five Sikhs, *belonging to the twice-born* classes only, would be within reach—to administer the *pahul*. And if the iron were not struck while it was hot, if the impulse of the moment were not taken advantage of, who could say that with the lapse of time the views of the candidate might change and thus cause

a loss to the organization? But if, on the contrary, it was provided that *any* five Singhs *whatsoever* present in a locality could administer the *pahul*,—if the question of caste had nothing to do with the matter whatever, the probabilities were that the number of admissions would be materially larger and the admissions would be constant, for the conditions of this provision could be fulfilled with the greatest ease. Vesting the right of administering the *pahul* in the higher classes was undesirable for another reason; it might revive the prejudices which it was the Guru's object to root out. The "twice-born" might object to take in the members of the lower classes, a thing most undesirable in the interests of the organization. Hence everything considered, the best course to be pursued in connection with admissions was to ordain that any *five Singhs whatsoever* could administer the *pahul*.

As for the institution of *pahul* itself, its one object was to subserve and assist the purpose which the performance of a healthy ceremonial function must assist and serve in the interests of the *subject*. The Aryan nation has, from the earliest times, attached the greatest importance to the performance of *sanskars*, believing that the individual is the evolution of knowledge (*gyan*) and ceremonial or action (*karm-kand*) combined. While some *sanskars* are common for all, there are others which are designed for the benefit of particular classes only. The set meant for the Brahmans is a set different from that meant for the Kshatryas, and so of other

classes. Here the object of the Guru was to produce a Kshatrya or warrior race, and the caste and complexion of the *Sanskar* instituted was eminently calculated to serve the purpose. The stirring up and preparation of the *amrita* with a *dagger* aimed at thoroughly impressing upon the mind of the candidate the fact that henceforth his vocation was to be one of arms. Some of the warrior races of olden times (among the Rajputs,) were in the habit (and the custom is still preserved by their descendants) of pouring into the mouth of the babe, as soon as it was born, a few drops of sugared water in which the point of the sword had been dipped, meaning that the new-comer and the sword were to be inseparable comrades through the years to come, that the sweetest and most agreeable employment henceforward for the newcomer would be the employment that is found in the clash of steel. This custom, we are told, has long prevailed among the inhabitants of Bilochistan. Whenever a male child is born to a Biloch, a cup of pure water is procured and the blade of a sword is washed in it, and then a little of the consecrated liquid is sent down the child's throat.* The Guru only reverted to the old custom, modified according to the circumstances of the times, when he made it imperative for every one seeking admission into the *Khalsa* ranks to receive the *pahul*. It was no time to administer this regenerating baptism to *children*; grown-up men were wanted to meet and successfully

*The custom is significant. The presumption is, that the Bilochis were originally Rajputs, but were subsequently converted to Islam.

resist the constant pressure, invariably overwhelming and intolerable, that was being brought to bear upon the subject-race, and recognizing the dire necessity of the hour the Guru shaped his course accordingly. Besides the obvious significance of the ceremony—that it was a function aiming at regenerating the disheartened and feeble Hindus into a class of warriors, the ceremony might bear to be put a more esoteric construction upon. As the sweet *sherbat* or the nectar of immortality administered to the candidate came after the sword had been dipped into it, it might be maintained that everything sweet in this world or the next was *consequent* on the right and faithful use of *steel*. And this construction, of course, (when suggested) could never fail to stimulate the energy and fire the zeal of the regenerated class in the execution of what it was expected to carry out.

In order that the organization formed might still further be efficient in the discharge of the duty assigned to it, the Guru insisted upon every one of his followers calling himself a *Singh*. What is there in a name?—is a question which has been brought forward times out of number and times out of number dealt with and answered. We are one of those who believe that there is a great deal in a name, and that the Guru did well in making it an article of faith, that every *Khalsa* shall have a name terminating in *Singh*. The beautiful fable of the lion getting mixed up with sheep and completely forgetting his identity, and of his subsequent awakening to a sense of his dignity and

position on being assured that he was a *lion*, immensely superior to the race with which he had identified himself through mistake, illustrates the power of a name. At any rate our sages and thinkers have attached great importance to names. One of the most ancient of these speaks of *word* as a powerful factor in influencing humanity one way or the other, and he suggests the kind of names that are best suited for different classes of persons. And Menu, we should remember, only echoes the teaching of the Scriptures, for the Vedas have to say much of the immense power of *word*. This being the teaching of our Highest Books, we cannot but hold that names, which are but words, possess each a potency varying in degree and intensity. History is replete with examples showing that names and appellations can affect and will affect. Often and often has a Brahman scorned to do a mean and unworthy action because of his consciousness that he was a Brahman. Often and often has a Kshatrya refused to perpetrate a wrong because of his consciousness that he was a Kshatrya. Rajput men and women have often and often done deeds of the highest type because of their consciousness that they were Rajputs. They could command luxury and ease but for the asking, but they would not stoop to ask for the same because, as Rajputs, their souls recoiled at the thought of stooping, because, as Rajputs, their honor demanded that they should dare and defy rather than yield. What was it that enabled the immortal Krishna to rouse Arjuna from his state of torpor and despondency, and to win him over

to duty? Krishna reminded him that he belonged to the warrior race, and that in case he refused to fight, he would be jeered at as one the very reverse of a Kshatrya, a coward that ran away from the field in fear! And rather than have his duty as a Kshatrya called in question, Arjuna fought till there was none left to fight with. We will quote from the Gita:—

स्वधर्ममपि चावेक्ष्य न विकम्पितुमर्हसि । धर्म्याद्धि युद्धाच्छ्रेयोऽन्यत् क्षत्रियस्य न विद्यते ॥ ३१ ॥ अथ चेत्वमिमं धर्म्यं संग्रामं न करिष्यसि । ततः स्वधर्मं कीर्तिंच हित्वा पापमवाप्स्यसि ॥ ३३ ॥ अकीर्तिं चापि भूतानि कथयिष्यन्ति तेऽव्ययाम् । संभावितस्य चाकीर्तिर्मरणा-दतिरिच्यते ॥ ३४ ॥ भयाद्रणादुपरतं मंस्यन्ते त्वां महा रथाः । येषां च त्वं बहुमतो भूत्वा यास्यसि लाघवम् ॥ ३५ ॥ अवाच्यवादांश्च बहून् वदिष्यन्ति तवाहिताः । निन्दन्तस्तव सामर्थ्यं ततो दुःखतरं नु किम् ॥ ३६ ॥

"Having regard also to thy duty, thou shouldst not flinch; for there is nothing better for a Kshatrya than righteous fighting.

"But if thou wilt not engage in this righteous war, thou wilt relinquish thy duty and fame, and incur sin.

"Men will proclaim thy endless disgrace, and to the man of honor disgrace is worse than death.

"The heroes of mighty cars will think thee to have deserted from battle through fear, and thou

shalt be held lightly by them who have honoured thee before.

"And thy eneimes will speak many words of reproach, not to be uttered, condemning thy prowess; what can be more painful than this!"

The fact is, that as long as names and appellations suggest ideas, as long as they awaken thought and association, so long there will exist a reason for choosing some of them always, and discarding others;—for preferring, according to time and circumstances, some of them to others. The Guru called his followers *Singhs* because he knew and felt that the consciousness of having such a name must give rise to certain ideas in the minds of the recipients of the names and that the effect of these ideas on the mind must be of an elevating and inspiring character. When a *Khalsa* knew that he was a *Singh*, the probabilities were that he would behave like a *Singh*, and as such the purpose for which the name had been bestowed, namely, the preservation of the Hindu race, would be better secured. Call a child constantly bad names, and the odds are that he will grow up to be an actual representative of these names; but be wise and judicious and sympathetic in your talk with a child of even an indifferent stamp, and it will be nothing strange if he grows up into a thoroughly good man.

The laying down of the rule that the *Khalsas* shall be entirely destitute of all regard for professions, for pedigree, for outward religious symbols to which the orthodox attached such importance, and for works, had no other object than

to secure their whole-hearted and devoted attachment to a soldier's life, and to prevent their reversion to the customs and idolatrous faith which they had left behind. The *Khalsas*, as warriors, had positively nothing to do with professions and with 'works'. Their sole trade was the trade of men who had given themselves up, heart and soul, to the task of championing the cause of an oppressed people, and everything inconsistent with the traditions and requirements of their trade had, as far as they themselves were concerned, not the slightest claim to their recognition. If they gave a thought to or envied the occupations of civil life, they would lose sight of their own mission and would lose in efficiency and energy, so necessary for the accomplishment of that mission. No doubt they must have money to live upon, but that money must be provided by those, and as a matter of course, it would be provided by those for whose sake they were shedding their blood. It was another matter if this money was forthcoming from the pockets of the enemy! In that case they would have no need of receiving anything from friends, and the saving thus accruing might be put aside for bad times. The enjoining a disregard for pedigree was only a further precaution taken against the *Khalsa* manifesting a regard for caste, and as for inculcating the non-observance of *symbolism*, that, as we have already remarked, was to keep them loyal to their purer creed?

The seventh article of faith which says that every *Khalsa* who dies fighting or vanquishes his foe, is

nothing but an eternal truth so frequently given expression to in the pages of the Shastras. In the Gita this truth has been put before Arjuna in the following words :—

यदृच्छया चोपपन्नं स्वर्गद्वारमपावृतम् । सुखिनः क्षत्रियाः पार्थ लभन्ते युद्धमीदृशम् ॥

हतो वा प्राप्स्यसि स्वर्गं जित्वा वा भोक्ष्यसे महीम् । तस्मादुत्तिष्ठ कौन्तेय युद्धाय कृतनिश्चयः ॥

" Happy the Kshatryas, O Partha ! who obtain such a fight, spontaneously offered as an open-door to heaven.

" Slain, thou wilt go to heaven ; victorious, thou wilt enjoy the earth ; therefore, stand up and fight, son of Kunti."

The ninth article is, in a manner, a paraphrase of the seventh, intended to make the Khalsas still more profoundly alive to the nature of their great work in life.

The remaining articles also, like those already commented upon, speak, each, for itself. They are, with the exception of one or two, cognizant of that alone, which was, to all appearance, indispensable for the realization of what the Guru wished to achieve, and that was, that a separate and distinct body of sober and steady and hardy enthusiasts (whose strength and area of influence should go on perpetually increasing and widening) should be conjured into being, affluent in qualities which call for the merging of personal interests into the interests of the commonwealth, and ever ready and

willing to uphold those interests against an aggressive and tyrannous community under the most trying and painful circumstances. The being always provided with the five things beginning *k*, the belief that the redemption of the Hindu race is a duty and will be accomplished only in so far as the cruel arm of its tormenters is paralyzed, the belief that it is the Deity Himself, who superintends and directs the operations of the *Khalsa* and that He wishes the Khalsas success, the belief that Hindu temples and places of pilgrimage are the joint inheritance of the *Khalsas* and the Hindus, the belief that the Khalsas have nothing to do with intoxicants like tobacco—the fruitful mother ef lethargy—all this had in it what goes for the making of heroes and patriots, of men who will not be caught napping. The truth emphasised in the 15th article is a truth, which, above everything else, is the foundation of all personal excellence and ofnational greatness. When a person beliaes with the Veda (and with the Granth) that—

यन्तिष्ठति चरति यश्च वञ्चति यो निलायं चरति यः प्रतङ्कम् । द्वौ संनिषद्य यन्त्रयेते राजा तद्वैद वरुणस्तृतीयः ॥ अथर्व ॥

["If a man stands or walks or moves in secret, goes to his lying down or his uprising ;

"When two men whisper as they sit together the Sovereign Omnipresent Lord of the universe, knows : He, as the third, is present."]

he can never neglect his duty or do aught that virtue condemns.

The appointment of Amritsar as a place of pilgrimage for the *Khalsas*, was due, among other considerations of a superior nature, to the fact

that some specific locality, already held in veneration by the Sikhs universally, was wanted to permanently ensure interchange of ideas between one Singh and another.

CHAPTER XIII.

EXCLUDED FROM THE ORGANIZATION.

It might be presumed that the Khalsa organization taking its stand on a number of catholic, all-embracing principles, would receive candidates and admit converts from every portion of the Hindu society, but such was not the case. In spite of the elasticity and comprehensive character of many of these principles, in spite of all that they contained, and that was very, very much, ensuring fraternity and equality among its component units, there was something in the rules of the organization which forbade admission to certain people to the organization. These people were :—

1.—Managers of *Dharmsalas* (Sikh temples.

2.—The followers of Dhir Mal.

3.—The followers of Ram Rai.

4.—The Banias.

4.—The Jains and other kindred classes—Sargam, Saraugis, etc.

The managers of *Dharmsalas* are generally lazy and ease-loving people, selfish to a degree and incapable of self-denial and self-sacrifice. They are also very poor in physical courage, and would

rather sit at home than shine in wars. At the same time there was a circumstance of a sad and painful nature reflecting on their conduct, and the memory of which circumstance the Guru would not banish from his mind. When Guru Teg Bahadur, compelled by the machinations of his intriguing relatives, sought refuge at Amritsar, the *pujaris* (priests) of the Durbar Sahib (Golden Temple), we know, shut its doors upon him and absolutely refused to afford him shelter. This behavior was cruel in the extreme, and disappointing in the highest degree. The Guru had to leave the Punjab and to find rest in a remote province. Under these circumstances, it was no wonder that his son should cherish the memory of the ingratitude displayed and the wrong perpetrated, and should, when the occasion came, entirely wash his hands of the authors of the "black deed."

Dhirmal and Ram Rai had also, swayed by personal interest, done their utmost to injure Guru Teg Bahadur and his son. Both the latter had been successively elected as "Gurus" by the unanimous consent of the Brotherhood, for they had in them the stuff of which Gurus are made; but the selfish relatives were for setting aside the choice of the following and for being installed on the throne themselves. This probably might have been overlooked by the Gurus, but there is reason to believe that Dhirmal and Ram Rai did not keep their dispute within reasonable bounds. They entered into unholy alliances and sought the support of the powers that be in gaining their object.

That they should be so utterly forgetful of what was due to themselves as belonging to a house which the common people looked up to for example and guidance, that they should dance attendance upon the very men who were trampling under foot a weak, helpless race, and over all that it held sacred, was simply outrageous, something never to be forgotten. And hence it was that Gobind Singh would have nothing to do with the admirers of the pretenders. Of course, nobody can be absolutely sure that the fiat against the followers of the pretenders was always carried out. Some of these men—individuals of real worth and free from guile—may have, now and then, been admitted to the privileges of the organization, and may have fought for the good cause.

It is not quite clear why the Banias were excluded from the Khalsa organization. The Banias are certainly a commercial class, but they are, by no means, a craven-hearted community. Under proper discipline and training they can become good fighting men. Who does not know how bravely Hemu, the Bania, fought against Akbar. He was in the end defeated and killed, but brave men often share this fate. His conduct throughout the action was of a good leader, and marked by the possession of rare nerve. What Hemu could be, other Banias can be. Under the goad of tyranny hundreds of Banias, along with their brethren of the other classes, gave up their ancestral religion in favor of the creed of

their rulers, and these must have furnished soldiers for the service of Islam in time. If their bravery was the result of change of creed, then it would be admitting the superiority of Islam over the purer theism of Nanak to hold that the same change could not be effected by the latter creed. Gobind Singh contended that he would transform "weak sparrows" into "powerful falcons," and we are aware that this was the very reverse of an idle boast on his part: why then could not he work the transformation in the Banias? It may be that the Banias were invited to join the orgainzation and that they refused the offer with contempt, and hence the prohibition against their being admitted. Or it may be that they were guilty of some blackness towards the Guru, and were consequently cast off for good.

As regards the Jainis and Saraugis, these are essentially non-fighting races. The education and training of several centuries has so completely changed their nature that they will regard it as the sin of sins to give pain even to bugs and other such vermin. So utterly averse they are to destroying animal life that they would let dirt and foul matter accumulate on their teeth and other parts of the body, so that the insects and worms that may come to be bred in these places may have snug resting-places and run no risk of being destroyed! Some Jainis and Saraugis are said to be in the habit of hiring their poorer neighbours, and strangers, to lie on beds swarming with vermin, so that the latter may have food on which to subsist. For fear the hired man may find the

bed *too hot for him*, they securely tie his hands and feet to the bed, and leave him to sing his song through the night! The instincts of such people cannot and can never harmonize with the habits and duties of a martial race. The sight of blood would paralyze their energies, and the flash of arms would leave them bereaved of their senses.

At the same time it must not be forgotten in this connection that the Jainis, Saraugis and other kindred denominations are more or less the reverse of theists in their beliefs. They have no faith in a Supreme Deity—an almighty, all-pervading, omniscient Lord of the universe, but hold instead that certain men rise, in the fulness of time—after millions of years, to almost supreme power in the universe. This atheistic creed, which develops itself in various forms of idolatry and which is not unoften accompanied by practices, in social life, of which the less said the better, must have struck the Guru as something extremely repulsive and induced him to take in regard to its professors the step he did take.

CHAPTER XIV.

ROUGHING IT OUT ' WITH THE HILL-CHIEFS.

The neighbours of Gobind Singh watched his proceedings with indignation and alarm. They had seldom been over-friendly to him, but now they were actually in a paroxysm of rage, not unmixed with fear. Being in consequence of their short-sightedness and partiality for the state of things to which they were accustomed from their infancy, unable to appreciate the line of action which the Guru had adopted to infuse new life and vitality into the Hindu nation and to render it capable of self-defence, they once more fell foul of him and began to regard him threateningly, as if he had brought himself too low to be any longer endured. His forming a new organization after the fashion ' it had been formed, they regarded as a base and sinful attempt at confounding the castes, and thay gave it out as their belief that though the organization had been formed ostensibly for the service of the Hindu nation, it really owed its origin and formation to the secret desire in the Guru's mind to make himself great and all-powerful. In spite of his professions to the contrary, he was a man of towering ambition who would be satisfied with nothing less than climbing up to the very summit of

self-aggrandisement. His neighbours would, of course, be the first victims of his ambition. He would, with the assistance of his-recently created fanatics, who, raised from the humblest social positions to the state of Kshatryas, would be only too happy to execute his commands whatever they were, would hasten to overthrow the hill-chiefs and to build a kingdom upon the ruins of their principalities. It was, therefore, their first concern that they should check the upstart, should cripple him while he had not yet gone too far, should nip the evil in the bud !

The work of hostility commenced. Nothing could be farther from the Guru's intentions than to waste his energy and resources in fighting with the children of the soil, when the same could be utilized more nobly and more in consonance with the dictates of patriotism,—in fighting with the enemies of the Hindu race and the Hindu religion. But those whose co-operation he sought, had not his patriotism and his far-sightedness. They could not, puffed up with their small vanities and distracted with their petty jealousies, share the lofty feelings which stirred in his breast. He had invited them to cast in their lot with him, to place within reach of their followers the blessings of his pure, uplifting theism, but they had considered the proposal an insult, and declared that he was no longer in his right senses. Hence, there was no other alternative left to him than that he should place his dependence upon his own followers, and should resist all attempts directed against him.

The Rajas, as might be expected, were the aggressors. They called upon the Guru to leave Anandpur, and to betake himself to some other place, if possible, to the plains They further demanded that he should furnish indemnity for the losses his followers had caused in their territories. The Guru refused to accede to their demand, saying that Anandpur was his by right. For the spot on which it stood had been fairly purchased from the owners, and the money expended on the buildings and fortifications had been contributed by the Sikhs. As for indemnity, the loss which the Guru or his followers were alleged to have caused was purely imaginary, and if it had been actually caused, the Rajas knew how to put up with it !

The first time there was clash of arms between Gobind Singh and his neighbours after the Khalsa organisation had been formed, was when, on one fine day, the Guru was out on a hunting excursion at the foot of a hill. Raja Alam Chand and Raja Balya seeing that he was but scantily attended and that a surprise on the present occasion would be accompanied with the most desirable results in their favor, suddenly swept down upon him with their retainers. But the proverb goes, that it is generally the unexpected that happens, and in this case at least it proved true. The small party of the Guru behaved with such conspicuous bravery that the enemy had to seek safety in flight, leaving behind one of their leaders, Raja Balya, and some few men dead on the battle-field if at all it deserves that name.

The second attack on the Guru was by the Rajas and a representative of the Governor of Sirhind combined. With a view to preclude the possibility of a second failure, the chiefs had appealed to the Muslim satrap of Sirhind for assistance, and he had sent a detachment of his troops to co-operate with the chiefs. The battle lasted for three days, and this time also the result was favorable to the Guru. Pende Khan, a Mussalman commander, fell to rise no more, pierced with an arrow in his ear. Din Beg cleared off from the field and the Sikhs pursued the fugitives as far as Rohtak.

In this engagement Ajeet Singh, the eldest son of the Guru, acquitted himself with exceptional credit. Raja Kesri Chand was another of the leaders on the opposite side who was found among the slain on the termination of the action.

One Vichittar Singh, a Lubana by caste, who fought under the banner of the Singhs, may be selected as a typical example of the kind of men which the true revolutionary process adopted by the Guru was intended to produce. While an elephant of the enemy was advancing to batter down the gate of Anandgarh, Vichittar Singh, at a sign from the Guru, rushed forward and dealt the beast such fierce blows, with the rapidity of lightning, that it turned and fled, trumpetting woefully.

After this victory, the Guru left Anandpur, and went and settled at Kirtipur,* situated on a lofty

* Commonly called 'Keerutpur.'

hill. The rage of the hill-chiefs at this second defeat knew no bounds. The Mussalmans also, so utterly routed and humiliated in the recent struggle, were beside themselves with passion, and thirsting for vengeance. The combined army of the Rajas and the Governor of Sirhind met the Guru's troops yet a third time at Kirtipur in Maghar, 1758. The Singhs fought with their accustomed bravery, but though they worked a terrible havoc in the enemy's ranks, yet the numbers ultimately prevailed. The Guru managed to reach Anandpur, and to shut himself up in his fort there, but the enemy pressed hard and finally succeeded in capturing the stronghold, the Guru and his few followers skilfully effecting their escape and reaching the Sohli principality in safety. Among other interesting incidents associated with the third engagement,—incidents which every true Hindu must love to recall as perpetuating the memory of true patriots and, as such, a source of just pride to himself, there is the incident of which one Jog Singh, a young man of Peshawar, was the hero. Before the hostile armies had time to come into collision this time, Jog Singh received a letter from home, informing him that the date of his marriage had been fixed, and requiring him to immediately repair to his native town, so that his nuptails might be solemnized. Jog Singh showed the letter to the Guru, and begged to know what was best for him to do. The Guru cheerfully gave him permission to go home, but told him to set out for Anandpur the moment the ceremonies in connection with the marriage had been finished, as the Khalsa had occasion for his

services. The young man humbly bowed in token of submission and assent, and proceeded to Peshawar. In a few days he was married, but no sooner had the "hallowed fire" been gone round by himself and his bride the required number of times than he bade farewell to his friends and relatives, and in spite of the remonstrances of his parents, turned his back upon his beloved birth-place, that he might be with the Guru in time!

Of course, the black sheep too were not wanting in the Sikh ranks. Many of the Guru's followers proved faithless and arrant cowards in the present engagement, and deserted his banner. The Guru was so indignant at their meanness and treachery that he had nothing for them but the reverse of a blessing. These traitors never prospered. They perished, sooner or later, ignominiously, and racked with mental and bodily suffering. Such is generally the end of all traitors!

CHAPTER XV.

THE IMPERIALISTS AND THE HILL-CHIEFS BEATEN.

For some time after this battle the Guru was wandering about in different places, meditating upon his situation and sore at heart at the contemplation of his country's wrongs. His great object, during this period, was to recoup his strength, to once more assemble, under his standard, an army that would dare try conclusions with the enemies of his nation. After staying a while with the Raja of Sohli, he accepted an invitation from the Raja of Bhanbhor, and repaired into his dominions, and after he had passed some months there, he took himself to Rawal, where he was present at the Baisakhi fair. From Rawal he passed into the territory of Dohar Sain, the Ruler of Mandi, and having built a fort there, took up his abode in it, preparatory to embarking upon a career of greater activity. While he was yet living here, some Sikhs came with presents to him. But before they had time to deliver the offerings, the Raja of Kalmota had the bearers seized and stripped of everything. The Sikhs complained to the Guru, who was justly indignant at the behavior of the Kalmota

chief, and sent some troops under his son, Ajeet Singh,, to punish the culprit. The Kalmota chief also made preparations for a fight, with all the greater confidence in a favorable issue of the approaching struggle because of the help he was to receive from the Mahant of Jwalamukhi. This priest was at daggers drawn with the Guru for what he called his "new-fangled" creed, and he had been doing his utmost to poison the minds of the hill-chiefs against him, denouncing him as a heretic in their presence. Now that the chief of Kalmota had dared to defy Gobind Singh, the Mahant felt bound to assist him to the best of his power, and he advanced to join him with five hundred troops. The Guru seeing that the strength of the enemy was greater than he had expected it would be, thought it advisable to be personally present at the fight, and he joined Ajeet Singh with reinforcements. The conflict was sharp and fierce, but eventually the Raja of Kalmota and his ally were utterly routed and sent about their business. The Mahant had reason to repent his zeal, for his village was given up to plunder. He had deliberately courted ruin and disgrace, and he alone was to blame for what he got for his pains !

When, at last, the Guru returned to Anandpur, he found the fort in a very dilapidated condition,—almost entirely bereft of all that gives an edifice military appearance, and he had, of course, to spend a considerable amount of money and labour on the repairing and rebuilding of it. The *pahul*

was now administered to his four sons, and they formally became part and parcel of the Khalsa organisation. Hearing that a grand fair at Kurukshetra was coming off in a few days, the Guru, ever on the look-out for a chance to make his grand and glorious mission known far and wide and to thereby enlist the sympathies and co-operation of the natives of every part of India in the cause of that mission, resolved to attend it. He went to Kurukshetra, and is said to have been very liberal to the Brahmans in his largesses. As to the measure of success he achieved, the records are silent about that. The fair over, he returned to his village and set about putting his affairs in order.

The hill-chiefs had not forgotten the advantage they had obtained over the Guru in the recent conflicts, nor the humiliations which they had, from time to time, suffered at his hands and the remembrance of which constantly urged and incited them to vengeance. Finding that their victories had completely failed to disturb the calmness of the Guru's mind, and that instead of falling in the esteem of his followers on account of his reverses, he was acquiring a deeper hold on their regard, they determined to open a great campaign against him, not on the strength of their own resources and might, but precisely on the plan on which their previous operations had been conducted. A messenger accordingly waited upon Aurangzeb on their behalf, and poured into a willing ear the story which he had been sent

with—a story the most suited for the object in view. He informed the Emperor how the son of the traitor Teg Bahadur, who had expiated his crimes against Government by dying by the hand of the royal executioner, had again raised his head; how, by inventing a false religion, he was working upon the minds of the unwary and credulous, to the prejudice of the ruling powers; how, as the effect of this, his ranks were constantly swelling and becoming a danger to the peace and safety of the empire; how, in his vanity and conceit, he had actually gone to the length of calling himself the true *Padshah*, thus insinuating that His Majesty, the Indian Emperor himself, was a pretender and a usurper, and deserved to be pulled down from his throne; how he declared daily, by beat of drum, that his one object was to exterminate Islam, root and branch, from India, and that he would never rest till he had blotted it out of existence: this and much more he said and finished his representation by a prayer from the hill-chiefs that the "Protector of the poor" would come to their assistance and sweep into eternity this *chief of bandits*. The messenger's words had the effect they were intended to produce. Aurangzeb dismissed him with the assurance that the prayer of the hill-chiefs should be attended to, and that the blasphemous traitor and his band should ere long get their deserts.

The promise was soon fulfilled. Bayazid Khan, the Governor of Sirhind, received a peremptory order from his royal master to seize Gobind Singh

and produce him at Court as early as possible. That the Governor might have no reason to complain that the number of fighting men at his disposal was insufficient, Amir Khan, a commander of ten thousand and the captains. Najabat Khan and Wahid Khan, stationed at Delhi, were instructed to proceed at once to his assistance. The huge force was placed at the disposal of Raja Ajmer Chand, who, coalescing with the troops of the hill-chiefs, beseiged the Anandpur fort on the 17th of Phagan, 1759. The Guru, knowing the garrison was out-numbered and how the majority of his followers were but indifferent fighters, resolved to remain inside the fort till circumstances should enable him to decide otherwise. The beseigers stormed the fort over and over again, but were repulsed each time bravely and with heavy loss. The Singhs, too, fell in considerable numbers. On the sixth day, however, the Guru perceived that he could venture out with advantage. He sallied out at the head of his troops and attacked the foe, and the onset was so fierce and terrible that the beseigers left the field and fled. Two of the famous Muslim commanders fell by the Guru's own hand, while Raja Hari Chand Jassuwala, perished by the hand of Mammu Khan, a Muhammadan servant of the Guru. Ajmer Chand received a severe wound. The victory declared itself in favor of the Sikhs, and they pursued the figutives as far as Ropar.

CHAPTER XVI.

REVERSES.—THE DEATH OF THE GURU'S TWO ELDER SONS.

Aurangzeb was not long in hearing what had been the issue of the struggle. He had not counted upon such a result, and his feelings at what had been may be better imagined than described. In his heart he cursed the infidel who had proved himself more than a match for his generals, and registered a secret vow that he would not rest till he had utterly destroyed the heathen and his brood. He immediately sent an order to the Governor of Lahore, and there is reason to believe, to the Governor of Kashmere also, to join their forces with those of the Governor of Sirhind, to advance upon Gobind Singh, and to annihilate him and his family and every person that followed his standard. The Guru heard of the approach of the army, and, nothing daunted by its immense proportions, set about making preparations for its reception. He was barely able to collect ten thousand men and, parcelling these out into four or five parts, he located the different sections in the various forts, under the command of his son and his generals. When, however, the fight commenced, it was deemed advisable to concentrate the troops at one point, *viz.*, at Anandgarh, to be able to cope all the better with the enemy who had chosen to invest the

principal fort. The resistance of the Sikhs was terrible, but the imperial army seemed to be bearing down upon them and getting the upper hand simply by force of numbers. At last when it appeared that Anandgarh would pass into the hands of the Muslims, the Guru and his son, Ajeet Singh, rushed upon the advancing lines and attacked them with such fury that they were compelled to retire, leaving Azim Khan and Dilawar Khan killed on the battle-field.

This was the first day's work. On the following day, the imperial troops once more advanced to the attack, and this time they made such good use of the guns at their disposal that the Guru finally thought it best to shut himself up in his fort once more. The fort was, however, short of provisions, and the Guru finding that the enemy had cut off all supplies, determined upon making a night attack as soon as this could be done with advantage. The opportunity came, and the attack was made, and with success, for the enemy shifted their position and fell back, intending to defer hostile operations till reinforcements had been received. Of those killed in this night-sally on the enemy's side, two were princes—one of them being the Raja of Dadwal.

In Chait, 1761, the reinforced imperial forces had recovered the advantage they had lost. Anandgarh was again closely invested, and the garrison condemned to all the horrors of starvation. Unlike their master, the Sikhs were in despair

and impatient to rush forth and reckon with the enemy as best they might. The Guru advised them to hold out a few days longer, but they were sullen and gloomy and but little disposed to follow his counsel. The Guru felt annoyed at this want of confidence on the part of his followers, and he had it proclaimed that every Sikh was free to do as he chose, but that if he acted contrary to *his* wishes, he was no longer a member of his organisation. The declaration brought many to their senses, and they took solemn oaths that they would stand by the Guru through thick and thin, but many chose to follow their own inclination and went so far as put it in black and white that they were no Sikhs of the Guru! The hill-chiefs, uneasy and impatient at this delay on the part of Gobind Singh in coming out and facing the enemy, or in making a surrender, resolved to crush him by a foul stratagem. They sent a Brahman to him, with the assurance, ratified by swearing on the cow, that they would immediately raise the seige and cease to press their advantage if he would but vacate the fort and depart whither he liked. The Guru suspected no guile, and gladly closed with the offer. He had, however, scarcely had time to emerge from the fort with his family and his children and followers and to turn his face to Kirtipur when the imperial army gave Anandpur up to shot and shell and to plunder, and rushed after the man who, they had pledged their word, should be permitted to depart in peace. The Guru pushed on with vigour, and hurrying through Kirtipur, reached Kanwalsar, on the banks of the Sarsa

river. The river was in flood and dangerous to cross, and the Guru was at a loss what to do. In the meantime the imperial army came up, and a skirmish seemed inevitable. In the confusion of the moment, a few Sikhs made a shift, at the risk of being drowned with their charge, to convey the Guru's two younger sons with their grandmother, as also his wives, across the swollen stream, and the rest, with their master at their head, turned upon the pursuers. But how could they make their position good in an open plain against such fearful odds? They were utterly routed and had to take to flight. When the Guru found himself at last within the walls of Chamkor, he had only forty Sikhs with him, besides his two elder sons. The enemy was soon at the spot, investing the fort closely. As it was the dearest wish of the Rajas, as well as of the Muslims, who were co-operating with them, to capture Gobind Singh alive and to make him over to their imperial master, Aurangzeb, they now sent him another message to the effect that they would immediately stop all hostile operations if he would come out and peacefully accompany them back to their dominions. As the message was delivered in rather haughty and stinging language, and with unpleasant alterations and additions, it was extremely distasteful to the Guru's followers, and the Guru's eldest son, Ajeet Singh, in particular, was so moved by its insulting character, that he rose, livid with anger, and after demanding from the audacious man how he durst speak in this fashion to "their chief," struck off his head with a single blow of

his sword ! The reply was then sent to the army without, and that too by Ajeet Singh, that it was Heaven's wish that Singhs should fight, and they could never be false to the Khalsa Faith, come what might. The imperial troops, on hearing the reply and on hearing how their man had been dealt with, resumed the work of destruction in a spirit more savage than ever, and though the Sikhs defended themselves bravely, yet thirty-eight of them had fallen by the time the shadows of night had enveloped everything in gloom. This number included the Guru's two sons also. The manner in which they died was truly heroic. After the eldest, Ajeet Singh, had perished, the younger, Jajhar Singh, a boy of fourteen or fifteen, prepared to sally out and to do as his brother had done before him. For, as he told his father, his brother should not go *unavenged !* But before throwing himself into the thick of the enemy, he asked for a drink of water. "Beloved child," replied the Guru, "You need other water than this common one. Go and die bravely, and quaff the *sherbat* of martyrdom," and the son obeyed, and fell a martyr on the heap of the slain ! The death of two good and grown-up children on one and the same day would have utterly crushed a common man, but the Guru was no common man. He could feel and think like the great ones of old—even after the fashion of Krishna and other sages. Ajeet Singh and Jajhar Singh had died like true Kashtryas, in the discharge of their duty on the field of battle, and what more could be desired ? What is inevitable must come

to pass, sooner or later : the wise grieve not when any one is no more except when the deceased went out of the world with his duty unattended to or badly performed, and they cannot but feel satisfaction in contemplating the end of those who perished heroically, standing at their post !

The imperialists were now sure of their game. For although they could not positively say how many fighting men were still at the disposal of Gobind Singh, yet they could make no doubt that these could not be many, considering that a stripling of fourteen or fifteen years, and that a son of Gobind Singh, had to come into the field to fight for the Sikhs. What could the few survivors and their leader, though the latter might possess the strength of twenty men, do against such fearful odds ? Yet were the Rajas and their allies hasty and mistaken in their calculations, and they were destined to be sadly disappointed even now. While the imperialists posted round the fort were moving to and fro on their beat and congratulating themselves on the success which the morrow must bring them, they were startled by the shout, "The Sikh Peer is escaping ! the Sikh Peer is escaping !" They rushed in the direction of the shout, to pursue the fugitive, but although they penetrated far into the jungle, and in considerable numbers, they utterly failed to get a sight of their quarry. And well they might ! For the Guru had taken the path diametrically opposite the one which they had followed. And it was the three or four surviving Sikhs that had set the imperialsits on the wrong track.

They felt that nothing but stratagem could be of service to them in their present predicament. If the noble mis-ion of the Guru's life was to be ever accomplished, it was indispensable that he should esc ıpe, and cunning alone could enable them to frustrate the plans of their enemies and to secure their leader freedom. They held a consultation, and the result of their deliberations was the decision that they should throw open one of the gates of the fort, and shout out that the Guru had escaped. The guards must, as a matter of course, dash towards the gate, and take the path which one who had made his escape through that gate might naturally be expected to have followed. While they were concentrating towards one definite point, the Guru might sally forth from the other side of the fort, from a point offering the greatest chance of escape.

They acted up to the decision, and the *ruse* succeeded. When, after all, the mistake was discovered, the imperialists gave chase in the right direction, but the Guru was far ahead. and the darkness of the night impeding their progress through the thorny hedges and thickets they postponed pushing on their operations till morning.

For all this the Guru pressed on. He knew the advantage which his enemies possessed, and he was sure that if he did not make the most of the time at his disposal, they would be ere long at his heels. He was foot-sore, and the flesh was torn from his legs and feet by the stones and thorns which lined and blocked the way, but he cared not for physical suffering and he had

done a good many miles by the time the morning dawned. But now was the real time of danger, for the trees and stories could no longer be as serviceable as they had been under cover of night. And the danger actually came. Two Gujjars, named Ramzoo and Kalu, recognising him from a distance, raised the hue and cry: "There is Gobind Singh, catch the traitor, friends! catch him!" The Guru perceiving their fell design, made towards them to prevent mischief, and coming up bade them be silent, offering them, at the same time, the few gold pieces he had with him. But the miscreants knew their power, and refused to be silent. Seeing that gentle means were of no avail, the Guru drew his sword from his scabbard, and before the fellows could resume their hue and cry, he had chopped off their heads by a couple of blows. To avoid, if he could help it, being exposed to similar danger again, as also to take a little rest, to be all the better able to meet such danger if it should come again, he sought a retired spot and, making a pillow of clods and stones, lay down to ease his aching limbs and to muse over his situation.* But he had scarcely lain a few minutes when his eyes closed, and he dropped into a profound slumber, which lasted the whole day and part of the night. Exhausted nature *will* recoup itself when it finds a chance, indeed if does not *make* one, and on occasions it will transform the hard, flinty ground into a downy bed!

* On this spot a temple commemorates the Guru's halt.

CHAPTER XVII.

ESCAPING INTO MALWA.—A FRESH VICTORY.

When about a quarter of the night was left, the Guru thought it was high time that he should set forward on his journey. Reaching the vicinity of the town of Machhiwara, he found a place of concealment in a garden, evidently the property of some rich man of the place. While he was seated here lost in thought, two Muslims, Pathan-brothers and owners of the garden, came upon him, promenading and chatting together. The Guru looked up, the recognition was mutual. Ghani Khan and Bani Khan were horse-merchants and had often sold horses to the Guru. They at once perceived from the Guru's appearance that he was a fugitive, but though Muslims, they scorned to take advantage of his situation, if only for the reason that they had, in a manner, shared his hospitality. They assured the Guru that he had absolutely nothing to fear from them, and as a redemption of their pledge, they had him safely escorted to Bahlolpur by trusty men. Here the Guru was met by his surviving Sikhs, who effecting their escape after him from the Chamkor fort, had been searching for him high and low in the disguise of Mussalmans, and had at last traced him to Bahlolpur. Gulaba Singh,

a Sikh, offered the shelter of his roof to the flying little party, but his fears ultimately got the better of his zeal and his patriotism, and he thought it prudent to conduct his guests to the house of one Mir Muhammad, a Qazi, and a class-fellow of the Guru. The Qazi received the Guru kindly and discharged towards him and his men all the obligations of hospitality. The Guru did not object to eating at his table, ruling from that moment that in times of distress a Singh may lawfully eat what has been cooked by a Mussalman. The question now was, how the Guru was to escape the imperial army, part of which had found its way to Bahlolpur and was diligently searching for him. The Qazi and Ghani Khan at last decided that he should assume the dress of a Muhammadan *peer* and that his followers and themselves seating him, according to custom, in a litter, should convey him into Malwa, giving out on the way that he was the spiritual head of the Muslim community of Ooch. The plan was acted up, and the Guru, dressed in blue and reposing on a *charpai*, was borne on the shoulders of his followers towards his destination. The whole thing was managed with such consummate skill and prudence that no suspicion was aroused, and the Guru at last found himself safe and sound in Malwa. Reaching the village of Ghangrala, and without throwing off their disguise, the party bought arms from one Jhanda, Mistri. Leaving Ghangrala, they set off towards the village Heer, and on arriving there sought the house of Mahant Kirpal Das, an important man of the

place, but the Mahant refused the Guru the shelter of his temple, on the ground that he was a rebel and that harbouring such persons in his dwelling would involve him in ruin and destruction. Possibly, his fears were not wholly unfounded, but, for all that, he was as great a paltroon as ever lived. The Guru found himself compelled to set forward, and to make for Raekote, the next village. Here they put up in the house of Rae Kala, of Jatpura, a Muhammdan noble. This good Mussalman behaved most admirably, entertaining the Guru and his followers and doing all in his power to enable them to get over the fatigue of their recent wanderings. The Sikhs living in the neighbourhood flocked round the Guru with offerings of horses, arms, etc. Turning his back upon this village, the Guru and his party passed through various hamlets one after another—through Shekhupura, Danhola, Namgarh, and so forth, and finally reached Dina, in the Maghar of 1761. In this place he stayed some days, reviewing his affairs and collecting fighting men for the good cause. At last he bade farewell to Dina, and proceeded to Kote Kapura. The chief of this village gave a cordial reception to the Guru, presented him with a number of horses and weapons, also with some money in cash; but he refused to accede to the Guru's wish, that he should be permitted to stay some days in the locality to complete his preparations against the next encounter with the implacable imperialists and that the chief's men should actively co-operate with him in completing those preparations. A little disappointed and dissatisfied,

the Guru advanced towards Dailwan, and found in Sodhi Kalwal (a descendant of Pirthi Chand), who was an influential native of the village, a warm friend. He suggested to the Guru that he should now lay aside his blue dress, and the Guru followed the suggestion with pleasure. Taking off his Muslim garments, he threw them into the fire, exclaiming :—

" From this moment I cast off the blue clothes and with that discard the Pathan dress, usages, etc.'

The Guru displayed his characteristic foresight and his knowledge of human nature when he consigned his clothes to the flames. He knew how superstition is ever passionately fond of relics, and he was afraid that his cast-off suit might help the ends of that very spiritual darkness which it was the aim of his life to dispel and destroy.

It was at Dailwan that the Guru was waited upon by the Sikhs, now utterly humiliated and repentent, who had shown their reluctance to implicitly obey his orders in Anandgarh and had been cast off by the Guru as men unworthy of his notice and company. They craved forgiveness for their past conduct and begged to be again taken into favor. The Guru yielded to the pressing need of the hour and granted their prayers. These men, it would seem, had been severely taken to task by their relatives for their desertion of their spirituat head, and unable to bear the shame of being sel down for good as craven-hearted and disloyal, as

also the reproaches of their own consciences for what they had done they had sought the Guru's presence once more, to secure his pardon, and to be re-granted the privilege of serving him.

Although the imperialists had left off pursuit and retired, yet nothing was farther from their intentions than that they should for the future leave Gobind Singh alone. The Guru was fully conscious of this, and he was taking his measures accordingly. He soon learnt that Wazir Khan, Governor of Sirhind, was on his track, and as he had never learnt to disappoint a foe when he could be resisted, though but feebly, he betook himself, at the head of his scanty force, to the plains of Khundrana, and there entrenching himself waited for the invader. Wazir Khan advanced with a large army, sure of an easy victory. On the first of Magh 1762, a fierce battle took place between the hostile armies. The Singhs behaved with their usual bravery, and the Muslims also proved worthy of such an enemy. But the Sikhs soon got the advantage. For they became absolute masters of the spring which the Muslims expected their supplies of water from, and this reduced the latter to great straits. The sufferings of his followers compelled Wazir Khan to break up his camp and beat a retreat. The Sikhs harassed the retiring troops and cut off many a straggler, but they did not think it advisable to follow them for more than five or six miles. As might be expected, the Governor of Sirhind had not come unaccompanied by Hindu nobles and chiefs. Rai Kapura, who had refused to assist the Guru, had

come in the Governor's train, and was now flying at the heels of his patron!

The pursuit over, the Guru walked over the field of battle to have a look at the heap of the slain. Wherever he saw the dead body of a Sikh, he would stop, gaze at the face of the dead warrior long and lovingly, and even stoop down to wipe the blood from his disfigured features with his handkerchief, exclaiming, "Glorious has been thy fate. With thy bravery thou hast gained heaven!" While thus engaged, he came upon Mán Singh, of Manjha, who was not quite dead yet, and as before, bent down to do the usual honor. At the touch and on hearing the well-known voice of the Guru, the dying man opened his eyes and in a faint voice said that he had to ask a boon of the Guru. On the Guru's assuring him that it should be readily granted him, the expiring hero said: "I should die in peace if Your Holiness would destroy the paper containing the signatures of those Manjha Sikhs who played you false in the battle of Anandpur." The Guru gave him his word it should be done, and Mán Singh's eyes were soon closed in death! Such fidelity and such patriotism are anything but common!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE YOUTHFUL MARTYRS.

Before we trace the further movements of Gobind Singh, we may be permitted to say a word or two, as our humble tribute of praise, to the sacred memory of the two youngest sons of the Guru—the noble pair who suffered martyrdom at the hands of Wazir Khan, the cruel Governor of Sirhind. We have already said that in the din and confusion of the skirmish between the imperialists and the handful of Sikhs, on the bank of the Sirsa stream, the Guru's family and children got separated from him and that, thanks to the zeal and devotion of some Sikhs, they managed, as they thought, to be out of harm's way. But while the wives of the Guru set off one way, the mother of the Guru with her two beloved boys—her grandsons, found herself, by the advice of an old servant, going another. This old servant was no other than a Brahman, who had for years served in the Guru's family and had, by his honesty and diligence, won the regard and confidence of every member of his household. The Brahman, taking advantage of the panic, counselled Mother Gujri to make for *his* village, where she (the man assured her) would be perfectly safe from harm. The old lady not having much time

for thought and not at all doubting that the servant, in giving her such counsel, meant well towards his master's family, readily closed with his offer and proceeded in the direction of the village. Little, however, did she dream that dark thoughts had already commenced surging in the avaricious servitor's brain, and that under the influence of temptation, he was prepared to go to any lengths—to play *traitor*, if need be. There are some weak or paltry natures which keep pretty straight so long as there is danger of their being roughly handled—perchance of being made to pay dearly for their misconduct in case of detection; but the moment they discover that their hide is no longer in danger, and that they may perpetrate evil without running risk of being called upon to atone for it, they suddenly develop from lambs into wolves and proceed to rend to pieces the very persons to whom they are bound by every tie of gratitude and whom they should guard at the peril of their own lives. This Brahman servant was, no doubt, of this stamp. Why, indeed, call him a *Brahman*? A Brahman and a butcher are things poles asunder. A Brahman, according to the Shastras, is one who knows Brahm, a man who, by virtue of his communion with the Supreme Being and his study of His Word, is affluent in wisdom and knowledge, and whose one object in life is to share with his fellow-creatures these divine gifts and to thereby promote their well-being in every way. This servant had not one single quality of a Brahman, he was a menial—a Shudra, and as such

might well behave as he intended to, and as he ultimately did.

It was dark when the party reached the village.* The servant forthwith conducted them to his dwelling and led them into the apartment which was to be their bed-room for the night. After the two brothers had had something in the way of supper, they felt an irresistible longing to lie down and to rest their aching limbs. A rude bed was made for them, and they had scarcely lain down when their eyes closed, and they fell into a profound slumber. The old lady sat up by them, for she had some valuables with her, and also because she wanted to be on her guard against traitors ; but she had not long been awake when she, too, worn out with the fatigue of the day, was overwhelmed with drowsiness and dropped asleep. Had not she in her Brahman attendant a faithful servant, and had not he assured her a score of times that he would watch them while they slept ? Where was the necessity for her to keep awake all night ? Certainly not, lady, if the servant had been what he was looked upon to be !

As soon as it was midnight, the fellow approached the door of his guests on tip-toe, and was glad to find that everything was favorable to the execution of his design. The lady and her grandsons were snoring heavily, and the valuables, far from being secure under the lady's head, were lying apart, removable with ease. Entering the room with the noiseless tread of a member of the feline

* Kheri.

race, he seized the casket containing the jewels, stole out again, and having buried his booty in a safe place, raised the cry—"Thieves! Thieves! Oh! we are robbed."

The cry awoke Mother Gujri. Her first act was to reach her hand to her bundle, but it was nowhere to be found. Her suspicions were aroused, and she guessed the meaning of the cry. The dishonest servant had stolen the casket and, to divert suspicion from himself, had raised a false alarm. Summoning him into her presence, she ordered him to produce the missing casket. The miscreant had played a desperate game. Perceiving that the old lady was not to be deceived, he put on a bold front and warned her to be careful how she called his honesty in question. "Is it for this," added he in an injured tone, "that I risked my life for you? If I am to be branded thief and robber for my fidelity, then I had better atone for the mistake I have made while there is yet time!" Mother Gujri understood the terrible threat which lurked in his words, and not knowing to what lengths the villain might go, she said in a gentle and conciliatory tone: "It does not follow from my words that you *stole* the casket. I thought you had removed it to a safer place, and, under this impression, I merely asked you to restore it to me. If the thieves have really taken it away, why, we must bear the loss as best as we can. Heaven only knows when we shall reach our destination, but His will be done!" The servant perceived the effect his words had produced, and without making any reply to the appealing accents of the

lady, left the apartment, now resolved upon betraying the fugitives, in order that he might be all the more sure of the precious stones and gold he had deprived them of.

As soon as the morning broke, the perfidious wretch repaired to a village close by, and having sought the two most influential Muslims of the place —both real brothers, he imparted to them the secret he had come to divulge. The Muslims received the intelligence with great satisfaction, for they had nothing but hatred for Gobind Singh and his race, and having accompanied the informer to his house at once, placed the boys under arrest. Mother Gujri fainted away when she saw her children in the grasp of Muhammadans, but the captors, without bestowing a thought upon her, hurried out with their prize and sent the boys under a strong guard to the Governor of Sirhind.

When the boys appeared before the Governor, Wazir Khan informed them that their fate was sealed unless they accepted Islam. The elder was hardly twelve years old, whilst the younger was scarcely above eight, but both of them were remarkably intelligent and in a position to thoroughly understand the nature of the demand. And this was the answer which the elder, speaking for both, made to the Governor: "We believe in the pure faith which Guru Nanak promulgated in this land for the guidance of the impure and ignorance-ridden; we come of the race of Guru Teg Bahadur, who willingly and of his own accord laid down

his life that truth might flourish and the Hindu nation might live; we are the sons of Guru Gobind Singh, who has staked his all that believers in the true religion might have freedom and an oppressed community might be redeemed, and being placed so high, can *we*, the scions of a princely house, accept thy faith? It would be going against Heaven's own wishes for us to embrace Islam; it would be bringing eternal disgrace upon the glorious name of our ancestors and our family to do it. We may have life and riches by becoming Muslims, but these cannot keep off death: it must come sooner, or later, and, if so, why should we be false to the noble traditions of our race?" The Governor was scarcely prepared for such an answer, and, in a voice choked with passion, he said: "Let these brats of infidels be executed!" The boys heard the announcement with composure, though the by-standers were appalled by the nature of the sentence pronounced. Nawab Sher Muhammad Khan, of Malerkotla, who was at the time sitting by, could not help observing, "How are these children to blame? It is their father who is waging war against the Imperial Government, and why should they suffer for him? Does the law of our Prophet allow the perpetration of such a piece of injustice?" The bold words of the humane and just Nawab appeared to have produced some impression on the Governor, and it is possible he would have desisted from his fell purpose but for the Governor's Secretary, Dewan Suchanand, a Hindu of Hindus, who burst out with the sage observation: "It does not become the wise to kill

the snake and to spare its young, for there must in time develop into deadly reptiles!" This observation stifled the humane impulse rising in the Governor's bosom, and he presently repeated his offer to the boys, with the alternative which they must accept in case they refused it. But the answer of the little heroes was the same as before. Having sprung from the loins of Guru Gobind Singh, they did not fear to die, and consequently they defied the Governor to do his worst. This second refusal maddened the Governor, and in a voice of thunder he shouted out: "Let the infidels be entombed alive!" "*Wahguru's* will be done," exclaimed the brothers in one breath, and they were forthwith led out to die. Part of the city wall, where it adjoined the Governor's house, was pulled down, and the work of entombment commenced. The Governor, who gloated over scenes of torture, was soon on the spot. When the legs of the boys had disappeared under brick and mortar, he, turning to his victims, said: "Will ye now accept Islam? Do misguided boys, and ye shall yet be free." "Away thou monster in human form," was the rejoinder. "We will not accept thy conditions. Give us our lives if thou wilt to follow in the footsteps of our father: we will not ask the same of thee on *thy* conditions. For alive we shall do what our sire has done and is doing!" "Then perish, ye devils," hissed forth the Governor, and the work of entombment proceeded. When the wall had reached the breasts of the boys, the agony was unbearable, and the younger of the two began to show signs as if he were in pain. The elder,

observing this, shouted out: "Fateh Singh say—*Wah Guruji ki Fateh!* Do not break down. Remember whose blood courses in our veins. Forget not to make thy mother's milk resplendent." Zorawar Singh's appeal was not in vain. Fateh Singh was himself again: "*Wah Guruji ki Fateh,*" he shouted out in response, and the expression of his face was resolute and his eyes bright as before. In a few minutes more the wall had reached their heads, and they were perfectly unconscious, and in another few minutes they had completely disappeared from view!

One may ransack the world's annals in vain to find instances of children *of tender years* having behaved as Zorawar Singh and Fateh Singh behaved when confronted with death. The French admiral's child was, undoubtedly, one of the noblest that ever lived, but we doubt if he is entitled to all that glory which Gobind Singh's children may rightfully claim. Perhaps Aryavarta alone furnishes a parallel, and that in Hakikat, though Hakikat was seventeen or eighteen years old when he put on the crown of martyrdom. If the Prophet's grandsons have a right to the honors which are annually bestowed on them by thousands of Muhammadans in every Muslim country, then we may safely venture to affirm that Zorawar Singh and Fateh Singh have as much right, if not a considerably stronger one, to similar honors at the hands of those for whom they *willingly and of their own accord* drank the bitter cup of death.

When Mother Gujri heard of the fate of her darlings, she gave one heart-rending scream and then fell down into a swoon, and when she came to herself, she wept till her eyes seemed to have been sucked dry of their moisture. Stupefied with grief, she eventually ended her life by dashing her head against a wall, exclaiming as she expired: "Stay darlings of my soul, I come to nurse you!"

The Guru was at Jatpura when the news of the martyrdom reached him. He did not shed a tear but his great soul burst forth into the following song:—

ਮਿਤ੍ਰ ਪਿਆਰੇ ਨੂ ਹਾਲ ਮੁਰੀਦਾਂ ਦਾ ਕਹਨਾ।
ਤਦ ਥਿਨ ਰੋਹ ਰਸਾਈਆਂ ਦਾ ਓਡਨ ਨਾਹ ਨਢਾਮਾਂ
ਦੇ ਰਹਨਾ। ਸੂਲ ਸੁਰਾਹੀ ਖੰਜਰ ਪਿਆਲਾ ਬਿੰਗ
ਕਸਾਈਆਂ ਦਾ ਸਹਨਾ। ਯਾਰੜੇ ਦਾ ਸਾਨੂ ਸਥਰ
ਚੰਗੇਰਾ ਭਠ ਖੇੜਿਆਂ ਦਾ ਰਹਨਾ॥

The purport of this is:—

"Do ye, little saints, describe to the Friend Supreme the condition of the poor. Say that the coarsest piece of matting, bristling with thorns, furnished from the household of that Friend, is better to us than a residence in the best furnished room of the wicked and unrighteous. The goblet belonging to these latter (though filled with the richest wine) is like a cross to us, and their most beautiful cup, a dagger—yet, it is like

the torture which the butcher inflicts on the sheep. The straw-bed from our Friend is better than living in luxury with the enemy."

The Guru addresses God in the foregoing as his Beloved. Just as a woman, in love, will suffer anything for the sake of her lover, and will scorn to share the good fortune of those who are enemies of that lover, even so the Guru being in love with God, would have nothing to do with the enemies of God, though they might be rich and powerful.

CHAPTER XIX

Literary Work.

The Guru spent some days in cremating the remains of the Sikhs who had fallen in the last engagement, and then having laid the foundation of a town which he called Muktisar (the tank of immortality) in commemoration of the departed warriors, he advanced on his journey. He visited various villages on his way, receiving a cold reception at some and a hearty welcome at others. Of the hamlets which refused to receive him, the name of Wazirpur is particularly mentioned. But it was not only the strangers from whom he now and then experienced rough treatment: his own followers, those of the inferior type, often caused him annoyance. While traversing these wastes, they importuned him for arrears of pay, and were loud in their complaints because sometimes food in sufficient quantity was not forthcoming to feed them. Not that it was the Guru's fault that his followers were not paid regularly. He set the least possible value on money, and when he had it, he distributed it among his retainers with a liberal hand. This time too, as soon as he had money, he cheerfully met the demands of those who were entitled to it. Dewan Singh was among those who refused to receive pay, saying that in being permitted

to serve the Guru, he had more than his pay. In his progress the Guru came across a Muslim *faqir*, and finding that he was desirous of entering the organisation of the pure, he baptised him and gave him the name of Ajmer Singh. When eventually the Guru reached Talwandi, he made a halt there, and during this period of rest he was joined by his family. Bhatinda, at present one of our emporiums, was the next place visited, and on the breaking up of his camp here, he set off towards Damdama. According to some, Damdama was no old name, but one which was given to the village by the Guru himself. Damdama may be translated as a *place of rest*, and since the village which came to be so designated was the place where the Guru made a rather prolonged halt, it came to be fitly so designated.

It was here, according to some biographers of the Guru, that the epistle to Aurangzeb was indited. The Emperor had, through imperial messengers, invited the Guru to Delhi; but the Guru, though he was at first inclined to accept the invitation, at last declined to have anything to do with him, for, as he expressed himself in his poetical epistle, written half in Persian and half in Panjabee, he had no faith in the royal word. He had found, by experience, that the sole surviving son of Shah Jehan did not in the least scruple to violate his pledges, and that in his zeal for his faith there were no lengths to which he would not go against the Hindus. The Guru further said that being childless now, the world had no attraction for him, that

he was calmly awaiting his end, and that so long as it was given him to see Aurangzeb wielding sovereign power in India, he and his followers would leave no stone unturned to undermine his power and that of his minions. Aurangzeb might commit enormities in the wantonness of his power. but a day must come when he must stand before the tribunal of the Most High to answer for his actions, and what answer could he hope to make then ?* As for the Guru, he feared none, because he feared the "deathless One."

In this strain did the Guru write to Aurangzeb, and the wily monarch, instead of openly showing his displeasure, only sent him a second invitation, but the Guru was not to be entrapped, and he declined the invitation, as before, in his fearless, straightforward fashion.

Zafar Namah (the poetical epistle) was not the only production of the Guru's leisure-hours at Damdama. Far more important things were done in this interval. He had the entire Granth re-copied here (from memory; it is asserted), inserting in it the utterances of his father, Guru Teg Bahadur. The necessity of his transcribing the Granth arose, it is affirmed, from the fact that the descendants of Dhir Mal at Kartarpur would not part with the original to any one, even temporarily, and

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*"I carry with me the fruits of my sins and imperfections, Surprising Providence ! I came here alone, and alone I depart... Wherever I look, I see nothing but an offended Divinity."

as it was indispensable in the interests of the religious upheaval which the Gurus had all along sought to bring about that the Book should be more accessible to the people, the Guru had it transcribed.

It is asserted, though the assertion is supported only by a particular section of the followers of the Guru, that the whole of the *Daswin Padshahi ka Granth* (the Granth of the Tenth Guru) was composed at Damdama. There is a strong presumption, as regards this assertion, being based on fact ; but even if it be that the entire Granth was not composed here, there is not the slightest doubt that the Vichitra Natak owes its birth to this period of repose. The book is, like all other compositions of the Guru, worded in spirited and inspiring language. It embodies an account of the lives of the Guru's nine predecessors, and chronicles the events of Gobind Singh's own life.

That the Guru was indefatigable in preaching his doctrine to all he came in contact with during his stay at Damdama, we need have no doubt about.

CHAPTER XX.

SETTING OUT FOR THE DECCAN.

While engaged in literary work at Damdama, the Guru was all the time profoundly mindful of his immediate interests as well. If it was necessary, now that he had breathing time, that the Granth should be transcribed, anew, and some additional literature be produced which should permanently influence and mould, in the required direction, the mind of the Khalsa, it was equally necessary that, in view of the present requirements, no efforts should be spared to strengthen the hands of the Khalsa by an augmentation of their number and their resources. The Guru bestirred himself to the best of his power in this latter respect, but he could no longer disguise from himself the fact that his exertions were bearing but little fruit. However determined and daring might be the Khalsas at his back and call, however devoted might they be to his cause, they were yet but a handful of men and could not, in the nature of things, be expected to make good their position against the reigning sovereign's armies. Perceiving, therefore, that not much could be counted upon in the Punjab, the Guru resolved to proceed to the Deccan, to see if something favorable would turn up there, or in any of those parts of the country through which he

might pass on his way to the Deccan. It might be that the Guru had heard something of the Marhattas, and had entertained a hope that he might be able to enlist the sympathies of these people in his cause.

Accordingly, he set off towards the Deccan *via* Rajputana. He chose this route for obvious reasons. The Rajputs, in spite of their want of strategy and that lofty feeling of patriotism which in times of national distress makes petty, independent principalities merge their distinctive interests into the interests of the commonwealth, had for years fought with Muhammadan kings with more than the courage and self-sacrificing instincts of the heroes of Thermopylæ, and who could say but they might make the Guru's grievances their own? And the Guru sounded this martial race in various places, but they were too much taken up with their own concerns and occupied with their own troubles to thoroughly understand and appreciate the Guru's message. Not that they were lacking in sympathy and hospitality to him, but what they could not spare for his use was just what he stood in sore need of—men and money. This might be disappointing, but there was no reason to grieve over what was beyond the Guru's power to mend or improve.

During his wanderings through Rajputana, the Guru one day fell in with a follower of Dadu, a well-known Mahant, called Chet Ram. The Mahant accorded the Guru a cordial reception, and after the

usual enquiries on both sides, a friendly conversation ensued between the two. With a view to winning Gobind Singh over to his own views, the Mahant said:—

ਦਾਦੂ ਦਾਵਾ ਦੂਰ ਕਰ ਖਿਨ ਦਾਵੇ ਦਿਨ ਨਟ।
ਕੇਤੇ ਸੌਦਾ ਕਰ ਗਏ ਇਸ ਪੈਸਾਰੀ ਦੇ ਹਟ ॥

"Leave off, O Dadu! thy vain pretensions and live out thy days in humility!

"Many and many have passed away after having dealt with the keeper of this shop (world)."

To this the Guru is said to have made answer in this wise:—

ਦਾਦੂ ਦਾਵਾ ਬਨਹ ਕੈਂ ਸਬ ਨੂ ਲਈਏ ਲੂਟ। ਏਕੋ ਰਹਸੀ ਖਾਲਸਾ ਹੋਰ ਮਰਸੀ ਸਬ ਠੁਟ॥

"Having immutably resolved, O Dadu! we should plunder all;

"The Khalsa alone shall survive, all the rest shall be shorn of their pomp and pride."

Again, the Mahant said:—

ਦਾਦੂ ਸਮਾ ਬਿਚਾਰ ਕੇ ਕਲ ਕਾਕੀਜੀਏ ਭਾਉ। ਜੋ ਕੋ ਮਾਰੇ ਛੀਮ ਈਂਟ ਲੀਜੀਏ ਸੀਸ ਨਿਵਾਇ॥

"Having carefully considered the character of the times, O Dadu! we should strike a bargain for to-morrow;

"Whenever anyone shies a stone or a brick towards us, we should bow down our head in submission."

To this the Guru replied :—

ਦਾਦੂ ਸਮਾ ਬਿਚਾਰ ਕੈ ਕਲਕਾ ਕੀਜੀਏ ਭਾਉ। ਜੋ ਕੋ ਮਾਰੈ ਢੀਮ ਈਂਟ ਪਾਥਰ ਮਨਹੋ ਰਸਾਇ ॥

"Having considered the character of the times, O Dadu ! we should strike a bargain for the morrow ;

"He who shies stones and bricks at us, at *his* head we should shie larger stones and bricks!"

The Mahant, as the personation of humiliation spoke after the fashion of his tribe, and the Guru, the founder of a church militant—the apostle of action, aggressive, forward action, if need be, expressed himself after the manner of his race.

At the same time it may be that the replies of the Guru were a protest against the confusion of *Varnas* and *Ashramas* chararteristic of the *times*, as they are of the present day; for the state and constitution of Hindu Society in the age in which the Guru's lot was cast did not, as already observed, materially differ from what it is in the times in which ours is cast. There was no *Brahmacharya Ashrama* then, nor the *Banprast*, and as for the *Grihast* and *Sanyas*, these were interchangeable at one's will and pleasure. Indeed they were considered as combinable, and were

combined. Do not we see in our own day hundreds and thousands of men who, though professing to be Sadhus and Sanyasis and clad in ochre-colored garments, are, as far as stern facts show, nothing but householders? Many of them own lands and houses, and are men of large families. They may occasionally chant a passage from the Granth Sahib or a *Shloka* from a Purana, they may now and then talk of the transitory character of the things of this world; but in their mode of life and in their dealings with their fellow-creatures they are as worldly as any of their neighbours. They spend and save after the manner of the laity and often die worth thousands; and when they are bent on enjoying themselves, they put in the shade the excesses of the most abandoned layman. Nor have those Sadhus and Sanyasis, who wander about from place to place, a greater claim to be regarded what they pretend to be. Many of these also go about with women and children at their heels, dressed in yellow garments like themselves, and are as much solicitous of their welfare as any householder of the welfare of those who are dependent upon him. Though despising wealth and the luxuries which it commands, they levy black-mail from both the rich and poor all the year round, eat their fill of everything nice and good daily, put on layer after layer of fat at regular intervals, and move about with an insolent air. What are such men worth? They are parasites that feed upon the vitals of the nation, they are like some insects which eat into the bowels of their own mothers! Whenever they are in a humor to preach, they preach what is

false and enervating, what fills the mind with delusion, and, by enfeebling the soul, makes the individual lose in energy and strength of the body. The Guru had abundant opportunities to come in contact with the so-called Sadhus and Sanyasis—these sham householders and these mock itinerant missionaries, and he was conscious of their utter worthlessness generally. It was, therefore, no wonder that he should speak to the Mahant in the strain he did, should repudiate with scorn the teaching which he had to offer to his countrymen, should give clear hints as to what is the principal duty of the householder in times of national catastrophies, brought about by an unscrupulous ruler. And really it is imperative on all those who, in our own times, are interested in the well-being of their nation, to lodge an emphatic protest against the inculcation of ideas which Guru Gobind Singh had to denounce. The society which permits its members to ride rough-shod over the requirements of different Ashramas, which permits of their being confounded one with the other, to blend in hopeless and fatal confusion the duties and responsibilities of a particular period of life with those of a totally different period of life, is culpable in the extreme. In doing so, it cuts the ground from under its own feet, and must ultimately completely ruin itself.

For some time the Guru lived in the dominions of the Maharana of Oodeypur, now and then passing a day in hunting and in seeing the sights and memorials in which they abounded, but he met

with little or no success in the direction he sought it, and at length resumed his journey to the south, to make known his mission to another martial race. He was at Pushkar Raj when the fair of *Pooran Mashi* was held at that place (Kartak, 1763.)

The Guru lay encamped at the town of Phagaur when the news of the death of Aurangzeb reached him. (1764.) He heard it with his characteristic composure, showing neither joy nor sorrow at what had transpired.

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* Several places in Rajputana commemorate the Guru's visits to them. Ajmere, for instance, has a *ghat* which is called the *Gobind Ghat*.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE GURU AND BAHADUR SHAH.

The death of Aurangzeb was a signal for the commencement of a death-struggle among his sons for the sovereignty of India. We should say *between* his sons, for Azam Shah, the prototype of his father, following a course of policy which his sire had followed before him, got his brother, Karm Bakhsh, into his power and had him made away with like his uncle, the unhappy Murad. And thus the contest for supremacy was between himself and his eldest brother, Bahadur Shah, who at the time of Aurangzeb's death was in Kabul. Having the fate of Dara Shikoh before his eyes, Bahadur Shah determined to be on his guard against Azam Shah, and to be fully prepared for the approaching tussle. To strengthen his hands, he thought, among others, of Guru Gobind Singh, and well aware of the extent of his influence and the value of his co-operation, he sent two Hindu Dewans to wait upon him with his proposals. It may be that in making the proposals he did, Bahadur Shah wanted to kill two birds with one stone. He was aware that Gobind Singh had suffered unheard-of wrongs at the hands of his father, Aurangzeb, and he felt that it was not unlikely that, in the present crisis, he would, if left to himself, find some means of wreaking his

vengeance upon one or the other of his survivors. What if he should put himself in opposition to himself, what if he should, in pursuance of his revenge, cast in his lot with Azam Shah, and through the instrumentality of an enemy destroy one who was no better to him than that enemy, and whom he had equal cause to hate? By timely overtures, the daring Sikh leader might be converted into an ally who, even if he could not be of material service to the heir-apparent, would at least do him no harm and might do a great deal to his adversary by the mere force of his presence in the ranks opposed to that adversary. Unquestionably the blow would still fall on a son of the late Emperor, and on an individual who was among Bahadur Shah's own nearest kith and kin; but what signified this? Those who rightfully claim or aspire to a throne, disclaim all relationship except with those who befriend their cause!

The Guru did not consider it politic to refuse Bahadur Shah's offer. Perhaps he was desirous of studying Bahadur Shah's character, to know its weaknesses and foibles, so as to take advantage of the same when the occasion should arise. At the same time, it was better that the Sikhs should keep in trim and learn something of the ways and habits of Muslim soldiers whom they might be at any time called upon to deal with than brood over the unpleasant past and waste their time in doing little or nothing. And, after all, where could be the harm in strengthening the hand of the dead tyrant's one son against another? In any case it

would end in the extinction of a life which the Sikhs had no reason to wish should continue.

When the Guru appeared before Bahadur Shah, the latter received him with marked respect and thanked him for his assistance. Shortly after this, a fierce battle was fought between the brothers at Agra. The Guru with his contingent was present and did much to decide the fate of the war in Bahadur Shah's favor. We are assured that it was no other than Gobind Singh* whose fatal arrow brought his brother down from the elephant, seated on which he was urging his men to fight. When the prince fell, of course the battle was at an end. His followers were panic-struck and fled in disorder. The victorious Bahadur Shah expressed his gratitude to the Guru for the service rendered and, accompanied by him, he came to Delhi. Here he made much of the Sikh leader, and offered him a large *jagir* and a principality, which however the Guru refused† He was not given to accept *jagirs* and lands, but to *win* them (if possible) for himself. If Bahadur Shah wanted to oblige him, (the Guru

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* Some, ascribe the prince's death to the missiles discharged by other hands.

† It asserted that the Guru accepted service with Bahadur Shah. Elphinstone holds this opinion on the authority of Khaki Khan. But there could hardly be any truth in Khaki Khan's assertion. Gobind Singh could never have stooped so low. The kind of life he had lived from the very beginning, and that lofty independence of spirit he had shown all along, could never have permitted him to become the servant of a Muslim Sovereign. If the Guru ever helped Bahadur Shah, he did so indepedently d nin no other capacity.

declared), he might make over to him the persons of the Governor of Sirhind and the Hill Chiefs who had dyed their hands in innocent blood. Bahadur Shah, it is said, promised to comply with his wishes after a year, and the Guru waited for the fulfilment of the promise. But the promise was not fulfilled. Why should Bahadur Shah fulfil it now? He had no need for the Guru's services any longer!

The Guru accompanied Bahadur Shah in his expedition against the Deccan through various places,—Mathura, Bhartpur, Jaipur, etc., hoping no doubt that the king would redeem his pledge, but nothing came of the hope. Ultimately when Bahadur Shah proposed that the Guru should go and fight with the Marhattas at the head of an Imperial force, the Guru declined to do any such thing. He knew what Bahadur Shah aimed at, to destroy one manly race through the agency of another manly race, descended from one and the same common ancestor! Bahadur Shah finally offered the Guru a large sum of money to indemnify him for his losses, but even this the Guru excused himself from accepting, and presently parted company with the man for good.

CHAPTER XXII.

BANDA.

As the Guru was pursuing his way towards the Deccan, he happened to put up at a town called **Nadar**. The town situated in the vicinity of Gadavri proved a great attraction for him, and he made up his mind to stay here for some time. Subsequently finding that his liking for the place grew stronger as the days went by, the Guru bought a piece of land in the neighbourhood of the town, and having built some houses on it, named it *Abchal Nagar* (Afzál Nagar). It was here, in this city, that had attracted him so much, that the Guru came across a man—a Bairagi Sadhu, who appeared to feel deeply for the Hindu religion and to possess the instincts and qualities of a Kshatrya. When the Guru unfolded to him the story of the nation's wrongs, the Bairagi declared that he would avenge these to the best of his power, and the Guru accepted his services, and having bestowed the name of Banda upon him, though without giving him the baptism, for he did not, for obvious reasons, want to leave behind a *successor*, he sent him off to the Punjab, with letters addressed to the Sikhs, calling upon them to co-operate with him with all their heart and soul in the accomplishment of the work entrusted to

him. At parting the Guru gave Banda the following injunctions:—

"1. Remain always chaste and self-controlled.

"2. Never indulge in falsehood.

"3. Do not invent a creed of your own.

"4. Do not sit on the Gaddi after the fashion of the Gurus.

"5. Consider every Sikh your brother and your equal."

Promising implicit compliance, Banda set out towards the north and erelong found himself in the Punjab at the head of a determined band of Sikhs. He made directly for Sirhind, which was the scene of the murder of the innocents, and which he was resolved upon destroying. On reaching the place, he gave the city up to fire and sword, hacking to pieces whoever fell into his hands and dealing with the Muslims especially in a manner which brought to their minds vividly the scenes in which they had themselves figured as torturers of helpless Hindus. When Banda eventually left the city, it was a heap of smoking ruins. And whatever had escaped fire, was razed to the ground by the avenging hand of the Sikhs.

Sirhind disposed of, Banda crossed the Sutlej and resumed his work of destruction. His progress none dared to impede; indeed such was the terror of his name that the inhabttants of the places which lay in his

way fled at the tidings of his approach in the utmost consternation in whatsoever direction they thought they could be secure from his vengeance. Having marched in triumph to the bank of the river Beas and crossed the stream, he made for Batala, and, in spite of all that Sheikh-Ulhud could do to defend the city, he succeeded in capturing the town and exacting a terrible retribution from it for the doings of the Sheikh. The Mussalman himself fell in the battle, fighting bravely. The first structure that was seen wrapped in flames in Batala was the house of Qazi Abdulla, and this is sufficient to enable us to form an idea of Banda's attitude towards the Muslims.

Lahore was the next place on which Banda wreaked his vengeance. After this he crossed the Ravi and set off towards Jammu: Furrukh Syyar, who now occupied the Imperial throne in place of Bahadar Shah, hearing of the doings of the Sikh Bairagi sent Abdul Summad, Governor of the Punjab, to stamp him and his followers out of existence. On reaching Lahore the Governor hurried after Banda at the head of a large force, and came up with him at the foot of the hills. Banda turned upon his pursuers with the ferocity of a tiger, and the opposing hosts met in a desperate struggle. Fortune at last declared in favor of the Governor and Banda was compelled to shut himself up in a fort. The Musalmans laid a close seige, starving the beseiged out and compelling them to give battle. There could be but one issue of such a battle. Banda's handful of men was utterly routed and nearly

exterminated, while he himself and a few others were taken prisoners. Abul Summad sent him to Delhi without delay, where he was tortured to death.

The Musalman historians speak of Banda as nothing less than an absolute and unexampled monster of cruelty. But they have to confess that he was one of the bravest and most daring men that ever existed. When he was produced for execution, his mien was calm and haughty in the extreme, like that of an individual who challenges his enemies to do their *worst*. When he was ordered to cut his son's throat, he did it without uttering a word and without exhibiting the slightest emotion, and when the executioners, in obedience to the orders of the Magistrates, fiercely set about tearing his flesh with red-hot pincers and practising other equally unbearable cruelties upon his person, he bore all these without uttering a groan and without asking for mercy! Men who can suffer in this heroic manner, are not seen every day in the world, and Banda was certainly no ordinary man.*

It may be readily allowed that Banda dealt cruelly barbarously by the Hindus also, but in the accomplishment of the sort of work which he had undertaken, the innocent will often suffer along with the guilty. The chief aim of Banda was to exterminate

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* Speaking of the Sikhs who suffered with Banda, a Muhammadan historian writes: "It is singular that these people not ould behaved firmly during the execution, but they would dispute any wrangle with each other who should suffer first; and they made nterest with the executioner to obtain preference."

Muslims, but in the outbursts of his frenzy he went to the length of dooming the Hindus also to a fate which, it was his original intention, the followers of Islam should exclusively share. At the same time, it may be that far from possessing the patriotic lofty-mindedness of the Guru, who had deputed him to avenge the wrongs of the nation, he felt that he had grievances against Hinduism also. The story of the Brahman who had betrayed the Guru's children might have inflamed him, and when he came to act, he frequently permitted himself to go to extremes which the Guru would never have approved of and to which he himself under no circumstances would have gone. Whatever Muslim chroniclers may say and whatever European writers, receiving their cue from these Muslim writers, may say about Banda, there can be no question in this, that the Bairagi was a man capable of the greatest self-sacrifices, and in no case more heartless and cruel than the kith and kin of those who curse his name.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Last Days.

The news as to the treatment which Sirhind had experienced at the hands of Banda duly reached the Guru, but he received it in his characteristic fashion, being unmoved in the slightest degree. He had done all he could to redeem the community in which he was born, to secure its deliverance from the pain and suffering which an irresponsible foreign race had inflicted and was inflicting on it, and if his efforts had been crowned with but partial success, it was no fault of his. He who had vouchsafed partial success, would, in the fulness of time, make up the deficiency, for He was the fountain-head of goodness and the eternal helper of the distressed!

The life of the Guru on the banks of the Gadavri was in character with the life he had all along led. The morning was devoted to prayers and to singing of sacred songs, the noon to partaking of food and the distribution of the same amongst the poor, the afternoon to teaching and preaching and occasionally to hunting, and the evening, of course, to meditation and contemplation. much like the morning. People from the neighbourhood gathered round him daily and derived great benefit from his conversation and society.

While passing his time here in this manner, a young Pathan, named Gul Khan, who was in the Guru's service and rather a favourite with him, assaulted the Guru with his dagger, inflicting a severe but not a fatal wound in the abdomen. Accounts as to the motive which prompted him to the deed differ. Some say that the Pathan was put up to the deed by Bahadur Shah, who, hearing of the terrible work of Banda in the Punjab, wanted to get Gobind Singh out of the way, being afraid that if he lived, he might conjure up into existence and let loose more Bandas after the Muhammadans; while others assert that the Guru himself, tired of life, *compelled* the Pathan, by constant taunts, to do the deed he committed. Those who support the latter version, relate the following story in support of their view :—

"One day a Pathan brought a horse for sale to Guru Gobind Singh, and asked 7,000 rupees for it. The Guru liking the animal bought it of him, promising to pay the money shortly, but delayed doing so from day to day. At length the Pathan seeing that smooth words had no effect, began to use intemperate and offensive language to the Guru, and drawing his sword attacked him. The Guru, however, was always a match for such men. Wresting the Pathan's sword out of his hand, he severed his head from his body.

"The Guru speedily repented of this act, and sending for the son of the murdered Pathan, bestowed money and presents on him.

"Being tired of life he one day addressed the Pathan thus: 'I am the murderer of your father, and if you do not avenge his death, you are a rascal and a coward.' The lad, however, respected the Guru and would not lift his hand against him.

"Subsequently it happened that the Guru and the Pathan were one day playing chess together, and the Guru began taunting his adversary as usual, till at length the lad grew enraged, and drawing a dagger plunged it into Gobind Singh."

It appears not unlikely that the young Pathan was instigated to the deed by Bahadur Shah's emissaries, for the new Emperor would very much wish to be rid of a dangerous man; but whatever the fact—whether the Pathan acted only as a tool in the hands of those interested in the removal of the Guru, or whether he was urged to proceed as he did maddened by the Guru's reproaches, certain it is that the Guru received his death-wound on the banks of the Gadavri, and that at the hands of one whose 'nearest and dearest' had suffered at his hands.*

As soon as it was known what had happened, there was a rush in all directions in pursuit of the murderer for the purpose of killing him, but this the Guru forbade, saying that the man was only avenging an injury and that it was by his own advice that he had committed the deed which had removed the old Pathan's blood from his (the Guru's) hands.

* Those who hold to the first version say that Gul Khan belonged to the family of Painda Khan.

"Permit him to go where he pleases," added the Guru.*

The wound was sewed up without delay, and to all appearance seemed to be slowly healing; but ere he was out of danger, the Guru taking up a bow began to bend it. Under the force exerted the stitches gave way, and the recovery became a matter of impossibility. The Sikhs around were plunged in grief, and in their despair asked: "Who shall be our Guru after your Holiness is no more?" "No mortal man," was the reply; "the Granth shall be Guru unto you." To observe the form and to make thereby his words all the more impressive, the Guru sent for a cocoanut and five pice, and duly consecrated the Granth as the *final* Guru. Then once more turning to the Khalsas, he said: "This will be your Guru for good and will preach to you always. Do not bow your heads in homage to a human being, but worship the one Supreme Being only."

It was the 6th of Kartak,† Samvat 1765 (A. D 1708), on which Guru Gobind Singh's spirit shook off the mortal coil. He had himself thoroughly washed before stretching himself on the death-bed, and it was his best dress in which he was clothed on this occasion, and he was, moreover, fully armed. While he himself muttered prayers, his followers sang

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* Some say that the murderous young Pathan was killed by the wounded Guru there and then on the spot, before anybody knew what had happened.

† According to some it was *Sawan*.

bhajans, and listening to and repeating the Lord's name, the great soul passed away into eternity, to bask in the sunshine of the Eternal's presence!

In this connection it ought to be mentioned that the Guru's biographers are far from being agreed as to the place where he breathed his last. Some assert that it was Nadir where the Guru expired, while others maintain that the sad event took place at Patna. There is reason to believe that the Guru was at Nadir* in his last moments, and that it was there that his spirit found its final rest with his Maker. The tomb or *smadh* is about half-a mile from the city, at Apphullnagar (*Afzalnagar*) and attracts large crowds of devotees from far and near. These are said to be fed by the "Nawab of Hyderabad!"

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* Spelt also *Nander* or *Nadshur*.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHARACTER.

What manner of man was Guru Gobind Singh? The foregoing pages ought to furnish an answer, not a complete answer perhaps but sufficiently full to make appreciators of real greatness admire in the Guru a man of the very first order. Gobind Singh was a patriot and that of the ideal type—ready to sacrifice all and everything at the national altar and who did actually make this sacrifice during the years of his struggle with the oppressors of his race. His four sons—the flesh of his flesh, and the bone of his bone, perished in the struggle, meeting their end nobly, and were no doubt among the most precious victims in the sacrifice. It was of course natural that such a man should be an embodiment of disinterestedness. Riches had no value in the Guru's eyes except as a means of relieving the wants of those who had elected to follow in his footsteps, and whenever any sums of money came into his hands, he gave them away to the needy or threw them away (this was no doubt rare), so as to be beyond the reach of himself and others. The following story will afford an interesting illustration of the truth of the latter part of our assertion :—

"One day a Sikh arrived from Scind, bringing with him a couple of handsome bracelets, worth Rs. 50,000

for the Guru, and requested permission to fasten them on his wrists. Gobind Singh at first refused; but the man continuing to urge his request, he at length complied. The Guru then went immediately to the river, and threw one of the bracelets into the water. The Sikh inquired what had become of it, and Gobind said it had fallen into the river. On hearing this, the man procured a diver, and offered him Rs. 500 if he would bring it up; the diver agreed, provided the place could be pointed out. On referring to Gobind on this point, the Guru took off the other bracelet, and threw it into the river, adding, 'That is the place!' The Sikh was astonished and gave up the search."

The meaning of the action is clear. The Guru wanted to show to the Sikhs and his other followers the comparative worthlessness of riches when prized for their own sake, and that he himself was after things *higher* than riches.

The Guru was one of the bravest and most independent men the world has ever seen. Wherever there was danger, there he was foremost, making his commanding person conspicuous both to friend and foe, and inviting the last to try conclusions with him if he dared. It was this absolute indifference to danger, his scornful defiance of it, and his fearlessly grappling with it when necessary, that co-operated with religion and other uplifting elements and forces to make his men the peers of the fierce Mussalmans. As regards his independence, we know how he behaved to the hill Chiefs, to the Muslim Governors

and to their lord 'paramount'. "You make Hindus, Mohammedans," wrote he to Aurangzeb, "but I shall make Muhammadans, Hindus. You may rest in fancied security, but beware, for I will teach the sparrow to strike the eagle to the ground!" And he wrote to the Emperor in stronger language, for he knew not what it was to depend upon man or fear him. It was God alone on whom he depended and whom he feared.

Being an accomplished horseman and passionately fond of hunting, he would engage in combats with the fiercest denizens of the forest and slay them.

He was a statesman, and his skill for organiza-tion was simply extraordinary. By following a course of policy thoroughly in accordance with the traditions and teaching of old and in utter defiance of the arbitrary social system prevalent in his day, he brought into existence a class of warriors united together by the ties of social equality, intensified by the consciousness that one and all were believers in the same monotheistic creed. How splendidly the organization he founded served its purpose, both in his life and after he was no more, is known to all. It possessed the elements of cohesion, ex-pansion and continuity. No hereditary class of warriors around the Guru could have achieved the success which the composite Khasa organization did. Referring to the Guru Mata or the National Counsel which the Guru is said to have founded, Malcolm says that the institution of this Association furnishes a fresh proof "of the comprehensive and

able mind of this bold reformer who gave, by its foundation, that form of a federative republic to the commonwealth of the Sikhs, which was most calculated to rouse his followers from their indolent habits and deep-rooted prejudices, by giving them a personal share in the government, and placing within the reach of every individual the attainment of rank and influence in the State."

The Guru was a reformer *par excellence*—a religious and social reformer. He preached the theism of Nanak to the Hindus in his peculiarly spirited and inspiring language, and, by drawing some of his finest and most heroic soldiers from among the outcaste tribes, sought to bring home to the minds of the so-called "twice-born" sections of the Hindu community, the danger of permitting a universally beneficial principle to degenerate into an unjust, artificial rule, narrow in its application and doing (practically) good to nobody. The thousands and thousands of Sikhs we see in the Punjab are mostly of the last Guru's making, They are certainly no longer the pure thing they ought to be, but neither the Guru nor the religious and social creed which he preached is really responsible for that.

All this and more the Guru was. He shone in many other ways also strong and bright, and was worthy of all praise. He was upright and truthful, hating all kind of chicanery and underhand dealing, and putting down sham with a strong hand. Though gifted with an impetuous and ardent temperament, he could exercise wonderful control

over himself, and would embark in an undertaking only after he had carefully thought over what he was going to do.* He was liberal to extreme, and patronized men of worth and learning wherever he came across them. People in need never applied to him unsuccessfully, though no doubt his givings varied with time, for while he had plenty of money in hand one day, he had little or nothing to boast of in that direction on the following. No man could be more persevering or possess a more indomitable will than he. This is fully apparent in the work he did.

As a purely social man, the Guru had a smile for everybody, and his doors were open to every stranger. The charitable Boarding-houses (*langars*) which are found attached to Sikh Temples and Dharmsalas, are but the manifestations of that hospitable instinct which the Guru's own love of sharing his board with all classes of persons was instrumental in planting in the hearts of his followers. The Guru's favourite company consisted principally of men in whom either the religious or the martial spirit was predominent, or, better still, both,—of those who had a special liking for manly sports, of literary men, poets and bards. He was himself a poet, and his verse is remarkable for its vigour and piquancy. He could express himself

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* The Guru is said to have killed Musands (a tribe of sham beggars) by casting them into caldrons of boiling oil! One cannot believe he could have been so cruel.

vernacular (Hindi) was unlimited, the reason being that he was acquainted with Sanskrit and constantly moved in the society of Sanskrit-knowing individuals, who delighted him with their stirring and racy compositions, generally, in their mother-tongue, largely interspersed with Sanskrit words. His greatest pleasure, when surrounded by Pandits, was to hear the Mahabharta, the Ramayana and other similar works which chronicle the deeds of great generals and heroes. Occasionally, he made these Pandits read out and explain to him passages from the Vedas, the Upanishads, the Smritis and so on. He is even said to have sent some Pandits to Benares, to acquire a knowledge of Vedic Literature, so that the Pandits, on their return, might read the Vedas to the Sikh Congregations, regardless of the fact that they contained men not "twice-born" by *birth*. None *is* "twice-born" by birth. The Shastras say :—

जन्मना जायते शूद्रः ।

And the Vedas themselves declare that they are for all men—even for the lowest :—

यथेमां वाचं कल्याणीमावदानि जनेभ्यः । ब्रह्मराजन्याभ्यां शूद्रायचार्याय च स्वायचारणाय ॥ यजु. अ. २६ ।२।

He loved festivals. When the Diwali, or the Holi or the Baisakhi or some other important festival came round, he would celebrate it with a zest. His friends and followers would gather round him, sing *bhajans* and enjoy and feast.

The Guru was fond of a joke. One day a Sikh, having killed a tiger, presented the Guru with the animal's skin, entire and perfect. The Guru

thought he would get a capital joke out of it. Procuring a donkey, he had it dressed in the skin and let loose in the village. The news spread like wildfire in the rural population, that a tiger had appeared in the Settlement. Every one was in a mortal fright. Some locked themselves in, some got upon tops of their houses, and some sought refuge on trees. While they were yet at their wit's end what to do, the dreadful cat—wonder of wonders! commenced—braying! The truth was at once apparent, and now the people did look brave, and as if they had enjoyed the joke!

Playing chess was one of his favourite diversions, and few could beat him in that game.

In the home, he was all that one should be—kind and loving but firm. He had three wives—Mai Sundri, Mai Jetu and Mai Sahib Devi, and by the first and second, he had four sons—Ajit Singh, Jajjhar Singh,* Zorawar Singh, and Fateh Singh. The last three were the children of Mai Jetu, born, respectively, in the years 1747, 1753 and 1755. Ajit Singh and Jajjhar Singh were almost of the same age. We know how all the four, the noble sons of a truly noble father—perished before the Guru departed this world. In spite of the lofty, all-embracing patriotism which filled the Guru's heart, there is reason to believe that the death of his children did create a void in his heart. In the home the greatest man will miss these, for nature will assert itself. It may be mentioned here that in forcible Persian, while his command over

*By some pronounced *Jujjhár Singh*.

before the Guru left for the Deccan, he permitted Mai Sundri to adopt a son.

In his diet, the Guru was almost the reverse of a vegetarian. *Mahaparshad* or flesh-meat was his favourite dish, and he seldom missed partaking of it. But he would eat no flesh that had not been obtained by hunting. The wild boar was his favourite game.

It is said that he was not averse to the use of opium and of *bhang*. Both these things were supplied to his soldiers when engaged in war. There is reason to believe that he had no liking for ardent spirits.

As regards his personal appearance, the Guru was fair in complexion, possessing pre-possessing features. He, though rather stoutish, had a well-knit and compact body—yea, an iron constitution.

Before we close this chapter, we should like to cite a line or two from the works of European historians as to what they have to say of him in the main :—

"In the character of this reformer of Sikhs," says Malcolm, "it is impossible not to recognize many of those features which have distinguished the most celebrated founders of political communities. The object he attempted was great and laudable. It was the emancipation of his tribe from oppression and persecution; and the means which he adopted

were such as a comprehensive mind alone could have suggested."*

"If we consider the work which Gobind accomplished," says M'Greggor, "both in reforming his religion and instituting a new code of laws for his followers; his personal bravery under all circumstances, his persevering endurance amidst difficulties, which would have disheartened others and overwhelmed them in inextricable distress; and lastly, his final victories over his powerful enemies by the very men who had previously forsaken him, we need not be surprised that the Sikhs venerate his memory."†

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* *Sketch of the Sikhs.*

† *History of the Sikhs.*

The Teachings of Nanak's Successors.

The successors of Guru Nanak taught essentially what the founder of Sikhism had taught before them. We shall quote from their writings :—

Says Guru Angad, the second Guru :—

ਬ੍ਰਹਮਾ ਬਿਸਨ ਮਹੇਸਦੇਵ ਉਪਾਇਆ। ਬ੍ਰਹਮੇ ਦਿਤੇ ਬੇਦ ਪੂਜਾ ਲਾਇਆ ॥

"God created *devtas* or the wise men like *Brahma*, *Vishnu* and *Shiva*, and that God gave to sages like *Brahma* the Vedas and enabled them to fix their minds in contemplation."

Says the third Guru :—

ਸਪਤਦੀਪ ਸਪਤ ਸਾਗਰ ਨਵ ਖੰਡ ਚਾਰਿ ਵੇਦ ਦਸ ਅਸਟ ਪੁਰਾਣਾ । ਹਰਿ ਸਭਨਾ ਵਿਚਿ ਓਹੁ ਵਰਤਦਾ ਹਰਿ ਸਭਨਾ ਭਾਣਾ ॥

"Thou, O Lord! pervadest the seven *islands*, the nine *regions*, the seven seas, the four *Vedas*, the *Puranas*, etc."

Again :

ਸਾਸਤ੍ਰ ਬੇਦਪੁਰਾਣ ਪੁਕਾਰਹਿ ਧਰਮ ਕਰਹੁਖਟੁਕਰਮ ਦ੍ਰਿੜਈਆ । ਮਨਮੁਖ ਪਾਖੰਡਿ ਭਰਮਿ ਵਿਗੁਤੇ ਲੋਭ ਲਹਰਿ ਨਾਵ ਡਾਰਿ ਬੁਡਈਆ ॥

"The *Shastras*, the *Smritis*, and the *Vedua*

teach and exclaim, "Do ye, O men, do deeds of righteousness, do ye do excellent works."

Again:

ਚਾਰੇ ਵਦ ਬ੍ਰਹਮੇ ਕਉ ਦੀਏ ਪੜ੍ਹਿ ਪੜ੍ਹਿ ਕਰੇ ਵਿਚਾਰੁ ਜੀ। ਤੁਮਰਾ ਹੁਕਮੁ ਨ ਬੂਝੈ ਬਪੁੜਾ ਨਰਕਿ ਸੁਰਗਿ ਅਵਤਾਰੁ ॥

"O Lord, thou gavest the four *Vedas* to Brahma, who ponders their teaching. He that does not obey Thy order, goes again and again to heaven and hell, and takes birth."*

The 4th Guru says:—

ਹਰਿ ਪਹਿਲੜੀ ਲਾਵ ਪਰਵਿਰਤੀ ਕਰਮੁ ਦ੍ਰਿੜਾਇਆ ਬਲਰਾਮ ਜੀਉ। ਬਾਣੀ ਬ੍ਰਹਮਾ ਵੇਦੁ ਧਰਮੁ ਦ੍ਰਿੜੁ ਪਾਪ ਤੁਜਾਇਆ ਬਲਰਾਮ ਜੀਉ ॥

What is the first *law*? To this the fourth Guru replies: "A man should, first of all, love and

*The close association of the word *Purana* with the word *Vedas* in these quotations might be regarded by some people as detracting from the importance of the Vedas. But in reality it is not so, no detraction is intended. The quotation last in order clearly reflects the Guru's opinion regarding the Vedas. At the same time, as elsewhere observed, the fact must not be lost sight of that the word *Purana* is not at all applicable to the mythological literature going under the name: it is essentially applicable to what is known as the ancient, the primeval literature—the *Brahmanas*, the *Upanishads*, and so on. The *Brahmanas* and the *Upanishads* being commentaries on the Vedas, it is perfectly reasonable to associate them with the Vedas, and to speak of God as taught by them.

practise virtue and righteousness, and he should constantly study the Veda-*bání* which was promulgated among the sages through *Brahma*, which teaches only what is virtuous and righteous, and by studying and hearing which one's sins are destroyed;" etc.

The fourth Guru, like his predecessors, recognizes, in clear and plain terms, the Divine origin of the Vedas and declares that they are the repository of all that can morally and spiritually elevate man. To give a further quotation from his utterances :—

ਅਗਮ ਅਨੰਤ ਅਨਾਦ ਆਦ ਜਿਸ ਕੋਇ ਨ ਜਾਣੈ । ਸਿਵ ਬਿਰੰਚ ਧਰ ਧਿਆਨ ਨਿਤਹ ਜਿਸ ਬੇਦ ਬਖਾਣੈ ॥

"He who is incomprehensible and without beginning, on whom *Shiva*, *Brahma* and other devotees fix their minds—of Him the *Vedas* speaks."

The fifth Guru says :—

ਵੇਦੁ ਪੜਹਿ ਮੁਖ ਮੀਠੀ ਬਾਨੀ ।

"Thou, O mortal, recitest with thy lips the sweet words of the *Vedas*."

Again :

ਬੇਦ ਪੁਰਾਨ ਸਿੰਮ੍ਰਿਤ ਸੁਧਾਖਰ । ਕੀਨੇ ਰਾਮ ਨਾਮ ਇਕ ਆਖਰ ॥

"The *Vedas*, the *Puranas*, the *Smritis*, etc. come from God, who is immortal."

Again :

ਬੇਦ ਪੁਰਾਨ ਸਿੰਮ੍ਰਿਤ ਬੂਝੈ ਮੂਲ । ਸੂਖਮ ਮਹਿ ਜਾਨ ਹਿ ਅਸਥੂਲ ॥

ਚਹੁ ਵਰਨਾ ਕਉ ਦੇ ਉਪਦੇਸ । ਨਾਨਕ ਉਸੁ ਪੰਡਿਤ ਕਉ ਸਦਾ ਅਦੇਸ ॥

"He who understands the essence of the *Vedas*, the *Puranas* and the *Smritis*, and realizes the *containedness* of the visible, tangible universe in the subtle Supreme Being, who preaches truth to men of all the four *varnas* —unto him we shall ever do homage."

Again :

ਗੁਨ ਗੋਬਿੰਦ ਨਾਮ ਧੁਣ ਬਾਨੀ । ਸਿੰਮ੍ਰਿਤਿ ਸਾਸਤ੍ਰ ਬੇਦ ਬਖਾਣੀ ॥

"The language which sings of the glorious attributes of the Divinity is the language which is embodied in the *Shastras*, the *Smritis* and the *Vedas*."

Again :

ਬੇਦ ਪੁਰਾਨ ਸਿੰਮ੍ਰਿਤ ਸੁਨੇ ਬਹੁ ਬਿਧ ਕਰਉ ਬਿਚਾਰ। ਪਾਤ੍ਰਿਤ ਉਧਾਰਨ ਭੇ ਹਰਨ ਸਭ ਸਾਗਰ ਨਿਰੰਕਾਰ ॥

"Having deeply pondered the teaching of the *Vedas*, the *Puranas* and the *Smritis*, I came to the conclusion that He, the Formless One, is alone the saviour of the fallen, and He alone the ocean of bliss."

Again :

ਚਤੁਰਥਿ ਚਾਰੇ ਬੇਦ ਸਨਿ ਸੋਧਿਓ ਤਤੁ ਬੀਚਾਰ॥ ਸਰਬ ਖੇਮ ਕਲਿਆਣ ਨਿਧਿ ਰਾਮ ਨਾਮ ਜਪਸਾਰ॥

"Having heard and pondered the teaching of the Four *Vedas*, we have come to recognize the great central truth—that the giver of bliss and prosperity is the Divine name alone."

Again :

ਪਤਿਤ ਉਧਾਰਣ ਪਾਰਬ੍ਰਹਮ ਮੰਞ ਬੇਦ ਕਹੰ। ਭਗਤ ਵਛਲ ਤੇਰਾ ਬਿਰਦੁਹੈ ਸੁਗਿ ਸੁਗਿ ਵਰਤੰਦ

"O Lord! the *Vedas* and the pious people declare that Thou art the elevator of the fallen, and in Thy worshippers and the cycles Thou alone art present."

Again :

ਬੇਦ ਸਾਸਤ੍ਰ ਕਉ ਤਰਕਨਿ ਲਾਗਾ । ਤਤੁ ਸੋਗੁ ਨ ਪਛਾਨੈ ॥

"Thou hast not followed the commandments of the *Vedas* and the *Shastras*; hence thou can'st not know the essence of *Yoga*."

Again:

ਵਰਤ ਨੇਮ ਮਜਨ ਤ੍ਰਿਸੁ ਪੁਸਾ । ਬੇਦ ਪੁਰਾਨ ਸਿੰਮ੍ਰਿਤ ਸੁਨੀਸਾ ॥

"Those who bathe regularly and in faith, who hear the *Vedas*, etc., recited,—these same people are *pure*."

Again:

ਬੇਦ ਸਾਸਤ੍ਰ ਜਨ ਪੁਕਾਰਹਿ ਸੁਨੈ ਨਾਹੀ ਡੋਰਾ । ਨਿਪ ਟ ਬਾਜੀ ਹਾਰਿ ਮੂਕਾ ਪਛਤਾਇਓ ਮਨਿ ਭੋਰਾ ॥

"He whom the *Vedas* and the *Shastras* and the wise people teach and declare—*Him*, O thou fool! thou won't hear. Thou shalt lose the stake and repent."

Again:

ਸਾਸਤ੍ਰ ਬੇਦ ਸਿੰਮ੍ਰਿਤ ਸਭਿ ਸੋਧੇ ਸਭ ਏਕਾਬਾਤ ਪੁਕਾਰੀ ।

"We have pondered the teaching of the *Vedas* and the *Shastras* in its entirety, and they unanimously declare one thing—*viz.*, *the name (glory) of the Lord.*"

Again :

ਤੁਧੁ ਧਿਆਇਨਿ ਬੇਦ ਕਤੇਬਾ ਸਣ ਖੜੇ । ਗਣਤੀ ਗਣੀ ਨ ਜਾਇ ਤੇਰੇ ਦਰਿ ਪੜੇ । ਬ੍ਰਹਮੇ ਤੁਧੁ ਧਿਆਇਨਿ ਇੰਦ੍ ਇੰਦ੍ਰਾਸਣਾ । ਸੰਕਰ ਬਿਸਨ ਅਵਤਾਰ ਹਰਿ ਜਸੁ ਮੁਖਿ ਭਣਾ ॥

"To Thee, O Lord, the *Vedas* and other works sing. Thousands of people are standing at Thy door—yea, their number is past all counting. *Brahma, Vishnu, Indra*—all these *Avtaras* sing to Thee."

Again :

ਚਤਰ ਬੇਦ ਉਚਰਤ ਦਿਨ ਰਾਤ । ਅਗਮ ਅਗਮ ਠਾਕਰ ਆਗਾਧ ।

"All the *Four Vedas* declare, day and night, that the Supreme is incomprehensible, that He is vast, unfathomable—one whose end cannot be found,—verily, the endless."

Again :

ਸਿੰਮ੍ਰਿਤ ਬੇਦ ਪੁਰਾਣ ਪੁਕਾਰਣ ਪੋਥੀਆਂ । ਨਾਮ ਬਿਨਾ ਸਭ ਕੂੜ ਗਾਲੀ ਹੋਛੀਆਂ ॥

"The *Smritis*, the *Shastras* and the *Vedas* all proclaim that all things are vain when the Lord's name is not recited."

Again:

ਸਿੰਮ੍ਰਿਤਿ ਸਾਸਤ੍ਰ ਬੇਦ ਬੀਚਾਰੇ । ਜਪੀਏ ਨਾਮੁ ਜਿਤੁ ਪਾਰਿ ਉਤਾਰੇ ॥

"By pondering the teaching of the *Smritis*, the *Shastras* and the *Vedas* we have come to understand that the name of the Lord should be repeated, that we may, by means thereof, cross the (ocean of) the world."

Again:

ਪਤਿਤ ਪਾਵਨ ਪ੍ਰਭ ਬਿਰਦੁ ਬੇਦਿ ਲੇਖਿਆ । ਪਾਰਬ੍ਰਹਮੁ ਸੋ ਨੈਨਹੁ ਪੇਖਿਆ ॥

"The *Vedas* proclaim Thee, O Lord, to be the elevator of the fallen; Thou art the Highest God. Thee the worshippers see with their mental eye."

Again:

ਬੇਦ ਸਾਸਤ੍ਰ ਸਿੰਮ੍ਰਿਤਿ ਪੁਰਾਨ । ਪਾਰਬ੍ਰਹਮ ਕਾ ਕਹੇ ਵਖਿਆਣ ॥

"The *Vedas*, the *Shastras* and the *Smritis* declare the glory of the Supreme Being."

Again:

ਚਾਰ ਪੁਕਾਰਹਿ ਨੈ ਤੂੰ ਮਾਨੈ। ਖਟ ਭੀ ਏਕਾ ਬਾਤ ਬਖਾਨੈ।

"The *Four Vedas* declare the Lord, but still thou knowest Him not. Know that Him only the six *Shastras* also declare."

Again:

ਸੰਤ ਸਭਾ ਮਿਲ ਕਰਹਿ ਵਖਿਆ ਨ । ਸਿੰਮ੍ਰਿਤਿ ਸਾਸਤ੍ ਬੇਦ ਪੁਰਾਣ ॥

"Having mixed in the society of the pious do ye talk of what the *Shastras*, the *Smritis* and the *Vedas* declare."

Again:

ਓਅੰਕਾਰਿ ਉਤਪਾਤੀ। ਕੀਆ ਦਿਨਸੁ ਸਭ ਰਾਤੀ।
ਵਟੁ ਤ੍ਰਿਣੁ ਤ੍ਰਿਭਵਣੁ ਪਾਣੀ। ਚਾਰਿ ਬੇਦ ਚਾਰੇ ਖਾਣੀ।

"*Omkara*, the Lord, created day and night. He created the vegetables, the three worlds and the

waters. Even He, the Supreme Being, manifested the four Vedas, and He it is that created the four-fold creation."

Again:

ਸਿਧ ਸਾਧਕ ਦੇਵ ਮੁਨਸਨ ਬੇਦ ਕਰਹਿ ਉਚਾਰ। ਸਿਮਰ ਸੁਆਮੀ ਸੁਖ ਸਹਜ ਛੁਟੇ ਨਹੀਂ ਅੰਤ ਪਾਰਾਵਾਰ ॥

"The God whose name is recited by men of austere life and the sages, who is sung by the Vedas—even His name do ye recite, and enjoy bliss."

Again:

ਜਾਪਰੇ ਮਨਾ ਜਾਪ ਜੋ ਕੁਛ ਸੈਤ ਬੇਦ। ਕਹਤ ਗਾਖਰੋ ਮੋਹਰ ਮਗਨ ਅਹੰਛਾਪ।

"O soul of mine! do thou meditate on the name of the Supreme Being. Whatever the *Sahdus* (pious devotees) declare, by the *Vedas* instructed, even that do thou sing, and in that do thou become absorbed. (By doing this) all thy sins shall be destroyed."

Again:

ਬੇਦ ਪੁਰਾਨ ਸਾਸਤ੍ਰ ਬੀਚਾਰੈ ਏਕ ਓਅੰਕਾਰ ਨਾਮੁ ਉਰਧਾਰਿ। ਕੁਲ ਸਮੂਹ ਸਗਲ ਉਧਾਰੈ। ਬਡਭਾਗੀ ਨਾਨਕ ਕੋ ਤਾਰੈ।

"He who ponders the teaching of the *Vedas*, the *Puranas* and the *Shastras*, and who meditates on the one God—the *Omkara*, he, by means of the same, elevates (saves) all along with his own family!"

We can see from the quotations we have given from the fifth Guru's utterances how profound was his belief in the Divine origin of the Vedas, and how he was never tried of giving this fact all the prominence and all the publicity he could. If it be true that "Guru Nanak was one with Guru Angad," and if "Guru Angad was one with Guru Amar Das," if Guru Amar Das was one with Ram Das," and if, according to the *Khalsa* belief, each of the remaining six Gurus was one with each of the four preceding, then the conclusion is clear that, even if some of the Gurus (Haragobind, etc.), wrote little or nothing regarding the Vedas, the utterances of Guru Nanak and Guru Arjan are the utterances of the remaining Gurus as well,—that when Guru Nanak or Guru Arjan tells us, in the clearest possible language, that the Vedas are the Word of God, he speaks the thoughts and sentiments and convictions of *each* Guru on the point. The teaching of the tenth and last Guru, whose scholarship was of the same high order as that of the fifth Guru, we shall specially notice. First as to his attitude towards the Vedas. Says he in his *Vichitra Natak*:—

ਜਿਨੈ ਬੇਦ ਪਠਿਯੋ ਸੁ ਬੇਦੀ ਕਹਾਏ। ਤਿਨੈਂ ਧਰਮ ਕੋ ਕਰਮ ਨੀਕੇ ਚਲਾਏ ॥

"Those who studied the *Vedas* they came to be called the 'Vedis,' and it is *they* who enforced (in the world) laws of virtue and righteousness."

The above occurs in the commencing lines of a tradition chronicled in the pages of the *Vichitra Natak*. The tradition is as follows:—

"The descendents of the royal *Kushu*, who, afte their career of conquest was finished, had gone and settled in *Madhar Desh*, wrote to the descendants of *Lav*, who by their residence in Kashi (Benares) had become *Vedapathis* (adepts in Veda-recitation), a letter to the effect that they no longer entertained a feeling of hostility towards them and that they should be happy to see them in *Madhar Desh*. On the arrival of this message, which had been conveyed by the princes in person, all the *Vedapathis* set out for *Madhar Desh*. When they arrived there, the king received them with cordiality and respect, and on taking their seat in the assembly of the Court-sages and statesmen, he humbly requested them to sing the *Veda*. The *Vichitra Natak* says:

ਪੜੇ ਸਾਮ ਵੇਦੰ ਸੁਸਰ ਬੇਦ ਕਥੰ। ਚਿਰਗ ਬੇਦ ਪਠਿਜੰ ਕਰੇ ਭ੍ਰਾਵ ਹਥੰ ॥

"They chanted the *Sama Veda* and they expounded (the *Mantras*) of the *Yajur Veda* and they sang the *Rig Veda*, in melodious tones and with perfect rythm.'

Again :

ਅਥਰ ਬੇਦ ਪਠਿਯੈ । ਸੁਣੇ ਪਾਪ ਨਠਿਯੈ ॥

"And they chanted the *Atharva Veda*, by singing which all sins are destroyed."

When the *Vedapathis* had thus chanted the Vedas, the king was pleased beyond measure, and having abdicated the throne in their favor he himself prepared to retire to the forest, to devote the remainder of his life to worship and contemplation and to thereby wash away from his soul every tinge of unrighteousness and sin. The chief of the *Vedapathis* was pleased at the conduct of the king, and he granted unto him a boon, namely, that when in the *Kali Yuga* he should appear on the stage of the world as *Nanak*, he should preach to him and save him. In this connection Guru Gobind Singh's own words in the *Vichitra Natak* are :

ਬੇਦੀ ਭਯੋ ਪ੍ਰਸੰਨ ਰਾਸ ਕਹ ਪਾਇਕੈ । ਦੇਤ ਭਇਓ ਬਰਦਾਨ.ਹੀਐ ਹੁਲਸਾਇਕੈ । ਸਭ ਨਾਨਕ ਕਲ ਮੈ ਹਮ ਆਨ ਕਹਾਇ ਹੈਂ । ਹੋ ਸਗਤ ਪੁਸ ਕਰ ਤੋਹਿ ਪਰਮ ਪਦ ਪਾਇ ਹੈਂ ॥

Further on the *Vichitra Natak* says that when the chief of the *Vedapathis* had received the kingdom from the monarch, he said: 'O King! since thou hast, after hearing the three Vedas chanted and sung, surrendered thy territory to me when hearing the *fourth*, we shall, after thou hast passed through three more births, confer on thee the status of *guru* in the fourth." Guru Gobind Singh tells us that after this promise had been made, Guru Nanak took birth in the family of the *Vedis*, in the fulness of time, and ministered unto the spiritual wants of people everywhere. To quote the Guru's own words:

ਤਿਨ ਬੇਦੀਯਨ ਕੇ ਕੁਲ ਬਿਖੈ ਪ੍ਰਗਟੇ ਨਾਨਕ ਰਾਇ । ਸਭ ਸਿਖਨ ਕੋ ਸੁਖ ਦਏ ਸਹ ਤੁਹ ਭਏ ਸਹਾਇ ॥

After Guru Nanak had lived as Guru Angad and Guru Angad had lived as Guru Amar Das, the status or rank of *guru* was conferred on Ram Das, who consequently became *Guru* Ram Das. This 4th Guru was no other than the very king who had abdicated his throne in favor of the *Vedapthis*. The lines in the *Vichitra Natak* are:

ਸਭ ਬਰਦਾਨ ਸਮੈ ਚਹੁ ਆਵਾ । ਰਾਮਦਾਸ ਤੁਹ ਗੁਰੂ ਕਹਾਵਾ ॥ ਤਿਹਿ ਬਰਦਾਨਿ ਪੁਰਾਤੰਨ ਦੀਆ । ਅਮਰਦਾਸ ਸੁਰ ਪੁਰਿ ਮਗੁ ਲੀਆ ॥

"When the time to fulfil the boon granted came, even the boon granted by the chief of the *Veda-pathis* to the king, the boon was fulfilled in respect of or in the person of Ram Das, who came to be called *Guru*."

The foregoing tradition, when analyzed, amounts to this that Guru Gobind Singh and his followers the *Khalsas*, hold and believe that *Guru Nanak*, in his previous births, read and studied the *Vedas* in Kashi and having preached the truth of the same to the ruler of *Madhar Desh*, obtained the sovereignty of that territory from him, and that, as a recompense for the king's large-heartedness and generosity and love of righteousness, he promised to show him the way to salvation at some subsequent period, and to make him the saviour of others. The tradition also thus bears out the truth of our position that Guru Nanak as well as Guru Gobind Singh was a firm believer in the supreme worth and Divine origin of the Vedas.

The teachings of Guru Gobind Singh, as the reader is well aware by this time, are embodied in what is termed the *Daswin Padshahi ka Granth* or the Utterances of the tenth Guru. This Granth is a fairly large volume, comprising over a thousand pages of Gurmukhi. The book, however, is not the exclusive production of the Guru: it contains contributions from the pens of the learned Pandits and poets who were almost always about the person of the Guru. The compositions of the Guru invariably begin with the heading "From the mouth of His

Holiness," and thus can easily be distinguished from the writings of his companions. No less than some sixteen distinct productions make up what the Guru wrote or uttered, some of the prominent ones being—*The Japji* (or Recitation); the *Akal Ustat* (or Praise of the Deathless One); the *Vichitra Natak* (or the Wonderful Drama); *Gyan Prabodh* (Divine Knowledge); *Chandi Chritra* (Deeds of the Goddess Chandi); *Hazare ke Shabad* (Praises of God), etc.* The *Vichitra Natak*, as remarked before, is a biographical work embodying accounts of the achievements of the preceding Gurus and taking a brief survey of his own career.

Guru Gobind Singh preached the pure Theism promulgated by his first predecessor, as will be fully evident from the translation of *Rahi-Ras*, which we append to this "Sketch," and, like the Founder, he condemned what was repugnant to the spirit of that Theism. He believed in an eternal, immutable, almighty, formless God, and had no faith in idolatry, incarnation, etc. The following are some of his utterances on the subject:—

ਕਈ ਕ੍ਰਿਸ਼ਨ ਸੇ ਕੀਟ ਕੋਟੈ ਉਪਾਏ । ਉਸਾਰੇ ਘੜੇ ਫੇਰ ਮੈਟੇ ਬਨਾਏ ॥

"He created worms like unto Krishna, in millions,

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* Some of the sixteen books are the productions of the Guru *in part* only. Like the *Rahi-Ras*, they contain the utterances of other Gurus also.

"Again He made them and again did He resolve them into dust."

ਕਾਹੂਲੈ ਠੋਂਕ ਬਧੇ ਉਰ ਠਾਕੁਰ ਕਾਹੂ ਮਹੇਸ਼ ਕੋ ਏਸ ਬਖਾਨਿਯੋ। ਕਾਹੂ ਕਹਿਯੋ ਹਰ ਮੰਦਿਰ ਮੇਂ ਹਰ ਕਾਹੂ ਮਸੀਤ ਕੇ ਬੀਚ ਪ੍ਰਮਾਨਿਯੋ। ਕਾਹੂ ਨੇ ਰਾਮ ਕਹਿਓ ਕ੍ਰਿਸ਼ਨਾ ਕਹੂੰ ਕਾਹੂ ਮਨੇ ਅਵਤਾਰਨ ਮਾਨਿਯੋ। ਛੋਕਟ ਧਰਮ ਬਿਸਾਰ ਸਬੈ ਕਰਤਾਰ ਹੀ ਕੋ ਕਰਤਾ ਜੀਅ ਜਾਨਿਯੋ॥

"Some have tied stone-made gods round their necks, and some give Shiva the name of God;

"Some assert that God is to be found within temples, and others that He is to be found within mosques;

"Some affirm that Rama and Krishna are the incarnations of God, but I have no faith in *incarnations*;

"I have forgotten all these false doctrines, and I believe in the one only God of the universe."

ਸੋ ਕਹੋ ਰਾਮ ਅਸੁਨੀ ਅਸਾਡ ਕਾਹੋ ਕੋ ਕੋਸ਼ਕ ਕੂਧ ਸਜੋਸੁ ?

ਕ ਲਪੁ ਕਾਨ ਕ ਹੈ ਸਹਿ ਕੋ ਕਹਿ ਕਾਰਣ ਕਾਲ ਤੇ
ਦੀਨ ਭਯੋ ?

"If you affirm that Rama is unborn and incorporeal, then why was he born of Kaushalya's womb?

"Him whom death cannot destroy—how came *he* to be humbled and subjected to the agonies of death?"

ਕਜੋਂ ਕਹੁ ਕ੍ਰਿਸ਼ਨ ਕ੍ਰਿਪਾਨਿਧ ਹੈ ਕਿਹ ਕਾਜ ਤੇ
ਬਧਕ ਬ ਣ ਲਗਾਯੋ। ਅਉਰ ਕੁਲੀਨ ਉਧਾਰਤ ਸੋ
ਕਿਹ ਤੇ ਅਪਨੋ ਕੁਲ ਨਾਸ ਕਰਾਯੋ। ਆਦਿ ਅਸੋਨਿ
ਕਹਾਇ ਕਹੋ ਕਿਮ ਦੇਵਕ ਕ ਰੇ ਸਠ ਰੰਤਰ ਆਇਯੋ।
ਤਾਤ ਨ ਮਾਤ ਕਹੈ ਸਿਹ ਕੋ ਤਿਹ ਕਜੋਂ ਬਸੁ ਦੇਵ
ਹੀ ਬ ਪ ਕਹਾਯੋ ॥

"You give Krishna the epithet of the 'Ocean of Mercy,' but why was he killed by the hand of an archer?

"If he was the elevator of other families, why did he destroy his own?

"He who has no beginning or end, how did he come into the womb of Devki?

"He who has neither father nor mother, how did Vasdev come to be called his father?"

ਜਾਲ ਬਧੇ ਸਭ ਹੀ ਮ੍ਰਿਤ ਕੈ ਕੋਊ ਰਾਮ ਰਸੂਲ
ਨ ਬਾਚਨ ਪਾਏ । ਦਾਨਵ ਦੇਵ ਫਨਿੰਦ੍ ਧਰਾ ਧਰ
ਭੂਤ ਭਵਿਖ ਉਪਾਇ ਮਿਟਾਏ । ਅੰਤ ਮਰੈ ਪਛੁਤਾਇ
ਪ੍ਰਿਥੀ ਪਰ ਜੇ ਜਗ ਮੈਂ ਅਵਤਾਰ ਕਹਾਏ । ਰੇ ਮਨ
ਲੇ ਲਖਿ ਕੀਲ ਹੀ ਕਾਲਕੇ ਲਾਗੁ ਕਾਹਿ ਨ ਪਾਇ-
ਨ ਧਾਇ ।

"All are entangled in Death's snare, and neither Rama nor Rasul (Muhammadan and other prophets) can escape ?

"Thousands of *devas*, etc., did the Supreme Being create (as He will create in future), and ultimately destroyed them.

"Those who claimed to be incarnations of God had finally to repent and die ;

"O soul of mine ! thou art alone ; why dost thou not go and fall at the feet of the Imperishable One ?"

ਮੈਂ ਨ ਗਨੇਸ ਹਿ ਪ੍ਰਥਮ ਮਨਾਊਂ ॥ਕਿਸ਼ਨ ਬਿਸ਼ਨ
ਕਬਹੂੰ ਨ ਧਿਆਊਂ ॥ ਕਾਨ ਸੁਨੈ ਪਹਿਚਾਨਿ ਨ ਤਿਨ
ਸੋ ॥ ਲਿਵ ਲਾਗੀ ਮੋਰੀ ਪਗ ਇਨ ਸੋ॥ ਮਹਾ ਕਾਲ
ਰਖ੍ਵਾਰ ਹਮਾਰੋ ॥ ਮਹਾਲੋਹ ਮਹਿ ਕਿੰਕਰ ਥਾਰੋ ॥

"I will not commence by worshipping Ganesha, and I shall never worship Krishna and Vishnu ;

"He whom the ear hears not, nor the eye seeth —on Him are my affections fixed.

"The Eternal is my protector: He guards me in greatest danger."

Another utterance of the Guru translated runs as follows:—

"Krishna destroyed the Rakshas, and he did other wonderful deeds. He also declared himself to be Brahma (the Supreme Being). But for all this he cannot be the Supreme Being. When he himself was a morsel for Death, how can he save those who should believe in him? How can one sinking himself save others from drowning?

"God has neither a friend nor a foe. He does not stand in need of praise, nor is he displeased at being spoken of in harsh terms. How can He be regarded as having incarnated Himself in Krishna? He who has neither father and mother nor children —how can He come into the womb of Devki?"

Speaking of himself the Guru says:—

ਜੇ ਹਮ ਕੌ ਪਰਮੇਸ਼ਰ ਉਚਰਹੈਂ ਤੌ ਸਭ ਨਰਕ ਕੁੰਡ ਮਹਿਂ ਪਰਹੈਂ ॥ ਮੋ ਕਉ ਦਾਸ ਤੁਵਨ ਕਾ ਜਾਨੋ।

ਯਾ ਮੈਂ ਭੇਦ ਨ ਰੰਚ ਪਛਾਨੋ ॥ ਮੈਂ ਹੋਂ ਪਰਮ ਪੁਰਖ
ਕੋ ਦਾਸਾ । ਦੇਖਨ ਆਇਓ ਜਗਤ ਤਮਾਸਾ ॥

"Those who call me 'God'—they shall all fall into the hell-pit;

"Know me as a servant of the Supreme, nor have the slightest doubt on the subject;

"I am a slave of the Supreme Person, and I have come into the world to see its sights."

If the Guru did not believe in the doctrine of incarnation, he had no faith in idolatry also. We read in his works:—

ਹੋਰਟ ਧਰਮ ਭੁਯੇ ਫਲ ਹੀਨ ਜੁ ਪੂਜ ਸਿਲਾ
ਜੁਗ ਕੋਟਿ ਗਹਾਈ । ਸਿਧ ਕਟਾਂ ਸਿਲਕੇ ਪਰਸੰ ਥਲ
ਥਿਧ ਘਟੀ ਨਵ ਨਿਧ ਨ ਪਈ ॥

ਆਸੁ ਹੀ ਆਸੁ ਸਮੋ ਜੋ ਥਿਜੋ ਨ ਹਿ ਕਾਸ
ਸਰਿਧੋ ਕਛੁ ਲਾਸ ਨ ਆਈ । ਸ੍ਰੀ ਭਗਵੰਤ ਭਜੋ
ਨ ਅਰੇ ਸਠ ਐਸੇ ਹੀ ਐਸ ਸੁ ਥੈਸ ਗਵਾਈ ॥

"The false religion bears no fruit. If one worships a stone even for millions of years, he only wastes his time.

"No good comes from worshipping stones; on the contrary, the practice destroys one's strength and checks one's advancement, and keeps one away from supreme bliss.

"O fool! thou hast wasted thy days. Art thou not ashamed to worship images and idols?

"O blockhead! thou did'st not worship the Supreme, and wastedst thy invaluable years for nothing at all."

ਕਾਹੇ ਕੋ ਪੂਜਤ ਪਾਹਨ ਕੋ ਕਛੁ ਪਾਹਨ ਮੈਂ ਪਰਮੇਸਰ ਨਾਹੀਂ। ਤਾਹੀ ਕੋ ਪੂਜ ਪ੍ਰਭੂ ਕਰਕੈ ਜਿਹ ਪਜ ਤੁਹੀ ਅਘ ਓਘ ਮਿਟਾਹੀ॥
=

'Why dost thou worship stones, etc.?— there is no God in stones and idols. Worship the Supreme Being, by adoring whom thy sufferings may be destroyed. Repeat God's name alone. No good comes of following these false creeds."

ਜੋ ਜਗਤੇ ਕਰ ਹੈ ਤੁਪਸਾ ਕਛੁ ਤੋਹੇ ਪ੍ਰਸੰਨ ਨ ਪਾਹਨ ਕੈ ਹੈ। ਹਾਥ ਉਠਾਇ ਭਲੀ ਬਿਧਿ ਸੋ ਸਰ ਤੋਹੇ ਕਛੁ ਵਰ ਦਾਨ ਨ ਦੈ ਹੈ। ਕਉਨ ਭਰੋਸ ਭਜੈ ਇਹ ਕੋ ਕਹੁ ਛੀਰ ਪਰੀ ਨਹੀ ਆਨ ਥਦੇ ਹੈ। ਜਾਨ ਰੇ ਜਾਨ ਅਜਾਨ ਹਠੀ ਇਹ ਫੋਟਕ ਧਰਮ ਸੁ ਭਰਮ ਗਵੈ ਹੈ॥

"If thou go on worshipping stones till the end of a *yúgá*, they will not make thee happy.

"O fool! they will not raise their hands and bless thee.

"O bereft of understanding! what is this false idea that has taken possession of thy heart?—namely, that the idols and images will guard thee from misfortune.

"O thou foolish creature! bear this in mind that by following such a false doctrine, thou wilt destroy thy honour."

ਪਖਾਨ ਪੂਜਹੋ ਨਹੀਂ। ਨ ਭੇਖ ਭੀਜਹੋ ਕਬਹੀਂ।
ਅਨੰਤ ਨਾਮ ਗਾਇ ਹੋਂ ਪਰਮ ਪਰਖ ਪਾਇ ਹੋਂ॥

"I am no worshipper of images, nor do I follow any creed.

"I sing the name of the Infinite, and I shall obtain the Supreme Person."

In the *Rahi-Ras* it is said:—

"They call Mahadeva—Shiva, and they know not the Incorporeal One. The people worship Him in stone-images, and are, for this reason, egregious fools. They will not worship the Supreme Being.

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*See for similar other passages, the translation of the *Rahi-Ras* apponded.

There are numerous other passages in which the Guru condemns idol-worship, as also the worship of gods and goddesses. There is much in his writings to warrant the conclusion that he did believe in the *existence* of deities, but it is also fully evident from the same that he did not think that worship was due to them or that such worship could bear any good fruit.

It is scarcely necessary to dwell on everything the tenth Guru taught: suffice it to say, and this is but a reiteration of the remark already made more than once, that he followed in the footsteps of Guru Nanak in his teachings, and like Nanak he taught in the main what was ancient and primeval. When he said that God was free from birth and death, ancient, eternal, omniscient; when he denounced idolatry and incarnation; when he sets his face against *shraddhs* of the dead; when he cried down *tirathe* in their modern sense; when he protested against the artificial *varna*-system of the later times; when he upheld the doctrine of transmigration; when he inculcated the distinctive existence of the Soul as distinguished from the Supreme, and so on;—he taught only what the sages of old had taught on the authority of the Vedas before him.

THE RAHI-RAS.

Shloka, Mahalla I.

Om ! By the grace of the Lord.

1. The pain-antidote, which is *pleasure*, has become to me a source of misery and suffering: real pleasure is that alone which is mental and spiritual (and of God's giving) ;

Thou alone, O Lord, art the director and disposer of things : My doing availeth not, that which Thou dost, even *that* alone cometh to pass.

Unto Thee I am a sacrifice. Thou pervadest, O Lord, the creation, and none can comprehend Thy infinity.

Pause.

2. Thou art the light in the visible universe and in the light art Thou manifest : the entire universe Thou permeatest ;

Thou art the true Lord ! Whosoever praised and adored Thee, he crossed the ocean (of pain).

Do thou, O Nanak, talk of the wonderful deeds of the Creator. He is unceasingly doing that which is proper to be done.

Om! By the grace of the true Lord!

Asa, Mahalla I.

What sort of gate is that, and what sort of mansion, where seated (on Thy throne) Thou takest care of all?

Countless are the musical instruments and countless the players, in Thy mansion;

Countless are the songs sung there in tune, and countless are the singers there who unto Thee sing:

Wind, Water and Fire and Dharmaraj sing unto Thee at Thy gate;

Unto Thee the recording angels sing, perpetually engaged in writing the deed-rolls of mortals and in weighing their merits and demerits;

Unto Thee sing Shivas, Brahmas and Devis, shining by the light Thou clothest them in;

Unto Thee sing, at Thy gate, Indras, seated on their thrones and in company with the lesser gods;

Unto the sing *Siddhas* absorbed in meditation, and the devotees lost in thought;

Unto Thee sing the virtuous, the truthful, the contented, and the hardy heroes sing unto Thee;

Unto Thee sing, from age to age, the Pandits and the exalted divine sages with the hymns of the Vedas;

Unto the sing the lovely females who enchant the heart in heaven, in the mortal world, and in the nether regions;

Unto Thee sing the gems and precious stones Thou hast created, as also the sixty-eight places of pilgrimage;

Unto Thee sing the mighty warriors and heroes, and the four quarters sing unto Thee;

Unto Thee sing the different habitable regions of the world and the universe, fashioned and supported by Thee;

Unto Thee sing those who are acceptable in Thy sight—even Thy saints who are surcharged with Thy love, and whose hearts are overflowing with bliss;

Unto Thee sing many and many others whose names I cannot remember; how far, indeed, can Nanak think?

He is the one Lord, eternally true and of true name;

He is and He shall be for ever, and He shall not be destroyed—the Being who created this universe—

Even the Lord who brought into existence the material universe with its diverse colors, species and orders.

Having made all, He contemplates His work, which bears witness to His greatness.

He will do what pleases Him, and none can overrule His pleasure;

He is king, the Sovereign of sovereigns, and His will, O Nanak, abideth for over.

Asa, Mahalla 1.

1. Everybody calls Him *great*, on hearsay;

How great He really is,—this can only be known by being face to face with Him.

His worth cannot be declared, nor His glory made known ;

Those that speak of Thee, O Lord, are absorbed in contemplation of Thee (and are thus mute and tongue-tied.)

1. My exalted Lord ! Thou deep and profound Existence—the repository of all virtues ! No one can form an idea of the immensity of Thy creation.

Pause.

2. All the highest intelligences began to meditate on Thee, in council assembled ;

All the richest men of the world, coming together, began to estimate Thy value ;

The sage and the saint, the spiritual preceptors and the teachers of these spiritual preceptors themselves exerted themselves to the utmost (to arrive at an idea of Thy worth) ;

But not a fraction of Thy greatness could all these declare!

3. All truths, all austerities and all excellences ;

All those perfections which reside in possessors of high spiritual powers ;—

Of these desirable things naught can be had without Thy grace.

What Thou decreest—that cometh to man in *spite of every obstacle.*

4. How far can Thy worshipper think ?

There are store-houses upon store-houses full of Thy eulogy.

Upon whomsoever Thou bestowest Thy gifts,—how can *he* help receiving them?

The Lord, O Nanak, is the Vindicator of truth.

Asa, Mahalla 1.

1. If I take the Lord's name, I live; but I die if I forget it;

It is hard to repeat the Lord's true name,

The soul hungers after the true name;

And the hungry soul that tastes of it, finds its (pain of) hunger removed.

1. Why should I be forgetful of it (name), O Mother Divine?

Thou art the true Lord, and true is Thy name.

Pause.

2. Of not even a fraction of the glory of the Divine name

Have the saints been able to find the worth, though they have got tired singing its praises.

If all the saints and sages were to eulogise the Lord together,

The eulogy would neither belittle Him nor make Him appear greater.

3. He dieth not, nor is He subject to sorrow;

He is ever giving, and the supply to the creatures faileth not.

His greatest attribute, not to be found in others is—

That He is, unlike others, from ever incomparable, and incomparable shall He remain.

4. Even as Thou art great, O Lord ! even so are Thy gifts ;

Thou hast ordained Day, and Thou hast decreed that Night shall follow it.

The woman that is forgetful of her lord, is a wanton ;

The devotee, O Nanak, that sings not the glory of the Divine name, is like a female fiend.

Rág Gujri, Mahalla 4.

1. Devotees of the Lord ! ye true followers of the true One, do ye pray unto Him ;

For we are like unto worms, low at the feet of the Lord. Do Thou, O Lord, manifest Thy grace and Thy name unto us.

1. My revered spiritual preceptor—my friend, do thou declare the Divine name unto me ;

The Divine name, as understood and appreciated by my preceptor's understanding, is my vital breath, my friend, and the singing of the Lord's praises is my worship.

Pause.

2. The luck of the devotees of the Lord is great, for they have faith in the Lord, and they thirst for His companionship.

The Lord's name I long to have unto satiation, and I long for the society of the saints to hear the Divine attributes set forth.

3. Those who have not tasted of sweets of the Divine name—these fruitless individuals shall find themselves in Death's grasp!

Those who have not sought shelter with the Lord, and have not held communion with Him—their life is accursed, and accursed is their desire to live.

4. The devotees of the Lord who have obtained the society of the Lord,—they are those who have come predestined to enjoy the privilege, bearing the Divine decree on their foreheads.

Blessed is the society of the saints, by means of which the bliss of communion with the Supreme is tasted, and the glory of the Divine name manifested.

Rág Gaṛi, Mahalla 5.

1. Why dost thou, O my Mind, think of making an effort?

For the creatures which the Divinity has created —He has supplied with food—yea, even those He has created in stones and stones!

1. O, Thou Lord of wealth! whosoever obtaineth Thy society, the same crosses the Ocean of Death!

By the Grace of the Lord the highest station (beatitude) is obtained: the withered trees, as it were, become fruitful again.

Pause.

2. Father and mother in general, son, wife, etc., are not dependent one upon the other;

For every individual the Lord decrees a portion; why should any one be anxious (as to how he shall live ?)

3. The birds fly hundreds of miles, leaving behind them their young ones;

Who feeds them and who helps them to pick up grain ? They think of the Lord in their minds.

4—5. The support of the entire universe and the accomplisher of all the highest spiritual undertakings for His devotees—even the Lord props all in His hands;

A thousand times would Nanak, O Lord, sacrifice himself on Thee, for Thou art infinite—without beginning or end !

Rág Asa, Mahálla 4.

Om ! By the grace of the Lord !

THE PURSHA :—

The Pursha or the All-pervading Being is uninfluenceable by Matter in its various forms,—even the all-permeating Destroyer of evil, the Incomprehensible Existence, the Infinite ;

All, all meditate on Thee, O Lord ! Thou the true fashioner of the universe.

All creatures are Thine, and unto them Thou art bounteous.

Repeat the name of the Lord, ye saints ! for He is the remover of pain.

The Lord himself is the Master and himself the

Servant. What can the poor creature, O Nanak, count for?

2. Thou art in all forms and in the inmost recesses of all hearts: Thou, O Lord, pervadest all.

Some are donors and some suppliants—all this is Thy doing, in playful sport

Thou art the Bestower and Thou the Enjoyer; except Thee I know of none.

Thou art the most exalted Lord! What attributes and glories of Thine can I declare?

Those that meditate on Thee and serve Thee—on them would Nanak sacrifice himself.

3. Whosoever worship and adore Thee, O Lord! only they are happy in the world;

They are saved, they are saved, who think of the Lord: they burst free from the Yama's noose.

They that worship the fearless One, they that worship the fearless Lord, all their fear, through His grace, is destroyed.

Those who serve the (Lord), Those who serve the Supreme, they become one with and are absorbed into Him;

Blessed are they, blessed are they who repeat the name of the Lord. On them doth Nanak sacrifice himself.

4. Thine store-houses of devotion—of devotion rendered unto Thee (by the creatures), are full, and they are immense, and past counting;

Thy devotees, Thy devotees worship and glorify Thee, in numbers that baffle calculation.

Millions and millions offer worship unto Thee, O Lord ! and millions perform austerities, and think of Thee, Thou Infinite Being !

Millions and millions read Smritis and Shastras speaking of Thee, performing the six-fold duties (mentioned in these works !)

Those devotees are good, those devotees are good who are pleasing in Thy sight, O Lord !

5—I. Thou art the Primeval Being, beyond all, the Creator, and no one is great like Thyself ;

Thou art the same in every age, Thou art uniform in all times—Thou art immutable, the Progenitor.

Whatever pleaseth Thee that cometh to pass ; whatever Thou dost, even that transpires ;

Thou Thyself didst create the entire universe, Thou gavest it gross form and development;

Nanak sings the praises and attributes of the Creator, who knows the property of all things.

Asa, Mahalla 4.

1. Thou art the true Creator, and my Lord and Master ;

Whatever pleaseth Thee, even that happens whatever Thou givest, even that I receive.

Pause.

I. Everything is Thine, and all medidate on Thee ;

To whomsoever Thou art gracious, even he obtains the pearl of Thy name.

The righteous obtain Thee, but the wicked and worldly lose Thee.

Thou Thyself abandoneth the worldly, and Thyself Thou unitest (with Thyself) the righteous.

2. Thou art like unto the ocean; and all are comprehended in Thee; except Thee there is naught else.

The creatures and all living beings are the product of Thy sportive energy;

Those that turn their faces from Thee, are isolated and separated from bliss; but those that seek communion with Thee, are united with Thy blissful Individuality.

3. He to whom Thou revealest Thyself, only he knows Thee,—

He alone can declare Thy numberless attributes and glory.

He who serves the Lord,—*he* enjoys bliss;

Easily doth he become absorbed in the contemplation and the repetition of Divine name.

4. Thou Thyself, O Lord, art the Creator, and what Thou ordainest, the same cometh to pass;

Except Thee there is naught else.

Thou workest wonders in Thy creation, and Thou only comprehendest Thy wonderful work;

Thou revealest Thyself (says Nanak) to the righteous.

Asa, Mahalla I.

1. We were born in this universe-wilderness,—an evolution of water, fire and other elements;

It is like a miry ocean, in which the foot is arrested and in which we find thousands sinking.

1. Thou wilt not, O ignorant Mind of mine, think of the One Incomparable Being;

And it is this thy forgetfulness of the Lord, that hath robbed thee of thy virtues and excellences!

Pause. 1.

2. I am neither a celebate, nor one living *in* truth, nor a learned man: I came into this world one wholly and absolutely illiterate;

O Lord—Thou exalted Brahm! whom Om represents, I fall at the feet of those who are not forgetful of Thee.

Asa, Mahalla 5.

1. Thou did'st obtain the body of a human being;

This is the time for thee to obtain union with the Supreme Being.

Activities of other kinds will be of no service to thee;

Do thou seek the company of the saints and repeat the Divine name.

1. Do thou put forth all thy energies to the end, that thou mayst cross the ocean of the world;

For if thou surrenderest thyself to the influence of the attractions of Matter, thy life will be blasted.

Pause.

2—4. Thou did'st not repeat the Divine name, nor perform austerities, nor practise self-restraint, nor collect virtue;

Nor did'st thou serve the saints and, by their means, know the Sovereign Lord of the universe.

I (says Nanak) am the doer of unworthy deeds;

Do Thou, O Lord, keep me in countenance, if only for my throwing myself entirely on Thy mercy.

Om ! by the grace of the Lord !

The Tenth King (Chaupai.)

1. Again did He cut off the head of the demon.
Even He, the sword-weilder, the Lord of the universe.
A shower of flowers came down from heaven ;
All came and offered their congratulations.

2. Saying "Blessed, blessed art Thou, the King of creatures!
" The destroyer of the wicked, and the upholder of the gentle (virtuous)!
Thou, the fashioner of all the worlds,
" Do Thou look upon me as Thy slave, and protect and exalt me !

The prayer of the Poet (Chaupai).

3. Do Thou, O Lord,—extend Thy protecting arm over me,
So that the holy longing of my mind be satisfied.
Let my heart remain ever clinging to Thy feet ;
Do Thou, looking upon me as Thy own, sustain and uphold me.

4. Do Thou destroy all my wicked enemies ;
And do Thou, extending Thy protecting arm over me, be my rescuer.
May happiness, by Thy grace, reign in my family,
And in the entire assemblage of my followers and disciples, O Lord !

5.—Do Thou preserve me, by vouchsafing to me Thy protection,

And do Thou cut down all my foes this very day—

So that the desire of my heart be satisfied,

And my thirst for meditation on Thy nature and attributes increase.

6.—Except Thee I shall not think of any one;

And whatever boon I desire, I shall crave the same of Thee only.

Do Thou bring my followers and disciples out safe from the ordeal,

And do Thou hunt down my foes, one after another.

7.—Do Thou come to my rescue Thyself,

And make me wholly fearless of death.

Do Thou be ever my backer;

Do Thou, O Weilder of the Sword, be my protector.

8.—Preserve me, Thou preserver of all—

Thou my Lord, the helper of the saints—thou my beloved.

The refuge of the weak and helpless, Thou art the destroyer of the wicked;

Thou art the Lord of the fourteen worlds.

9.—In the fulness of *time* did Brahma assume a body;

In the fulness of *time* was Shiva incarnated.

In the fulness of *time* came Vishnu;

All this is but the play of *time*.

The all-powerful *time* created the sages and

saints. That adept in the Veda—Brahma, did it bring on the scene.

10.—The all-powerful *time* put into order the entire world ;

To this *time* (even to Him who made it) we bow in homage.

11.—The all powerful *time* fashioned the universe ;

It created the Devas, the Daityas and the Yakshas ;

Without beginning and without end is this existence—Time.

And, verily, It should be looked upon as our Guru.

12.—To this Guru we bend in homage ;

Even to Him who gave perfection to the entire creation.

To His servants He gave the gift of serving, and happiness ;

But His enemies He hacked to pieces in the twinkling of an eye.

13.—He knows the state and secrets of every heart ;

And He is cognizant of the pain and pleasure which the virtuous and wicked are suffering or enjoying.

From the huge elephant down to the tiny ant—

He is gracious unto all, rejoicing in His goodness.

14.—He is uneasy when His saints are in pain ;

And He is happy when His servants are joyful.

He knows the joys and sorrows of one and all ;

Yea, He is privy to the inmost thoughts and feelings of everyone.

15.—When the Lord put forth His energy,
Then His subjects put on bodies of multifarious kinds.
When He will draw in His energies,
All that is embodied shall be swallowed up in Him—the Lord.

16.—All organic creatures that have come to be in the universe,
All think and speak of Thee, O Lord, according to their different lights.
Thou art aloof from all ;
The Vedas and the wise alone understand Thy mysterious nature.

17.—Thou art formless, unchangeable and self-dependent,
Primeval, without darkness, without beginning and *Absolute* art Thou.
The ignorant speak of the mysteries of the Lord,
In the description of whose inmost nature even the Veda has to be obscure.

18.—Him do they adore as a *stone* ;
Embodiments of ignorance ! they understand not His nature.
The idol of Mahadeva they call the Ever-blissful ;
Verily, they know not the true nature of the Formless !

19.—According as is the measure of every one's intelligence,
Even according to that doth every one speak of Thee, O Lord.

Thy creation cannot be comprehended ;

Yea, no one can say how Thou originally brought this universe into being.

20—Thou art *one* and yet Thou hast brought into existence creatures of matchless diversity ;

Here Thou hast created the pauper, and there nobles and princes.

The birds, etc., (born from eggs), the mammalia, the vermin (born from perspiration), the tree, etc.,—this four kinds of creation hast Thou brought into existence.

21.—In one place there is the prince sitting, swelling with joy ;

In another, there is the victim of indigence squatted down, all huddled up.

The entire universe which Thou, O Lord, hast brought into being is a marvel ;

Thou art primeval, ever-lasting, and self-existing in Thy nature.

22.—Do Thou now preserve me ;

Do Thou exalt my disciples, and cut down the unbelievers.

The villains that are working mischief,

Do Thou cut down, everyone of them—the impure barbarians, on the field of battle.

23.—Whoever, O Thou Wielder of the Sword, takes refuge at Thy feet,

All his enemies perish, writhing with pain.

The individual who throws himself on Thy mercy,

From him Thou wardest off all dangers.

24.—Whosoever, in this age of Kaliyuga,

meditates on Thee but once,

Him Death approacheth not!

He is watched over and guarded at all times;

But the wicked, mischievous persons (wishing him harm) are destroyed in the twinkling of an eye.

25.—Those on whom Thou lookest with the eye of mercy,

Their sorrows vanish forthwith.

Prosperity begins to reign in their families;

Not even the shadow of the villainous can touch them.

26.—He who falls back upon Thee but once,

He is beyond the reach of Death's noose once and forever.

The person who speaks out Thy name,

He is beyond the reach of poverty, of the wicked and of workers of harm.

27.—Thou Wielder of the Sword! I take refuge in Thee;

Do Thou energize and exalt me by stretching over me Thy protecting arm.

Do Thou be my helper in all places;

And do Thou preserve me from the wicked and workers of harm.

Chaupayi.

28. The Mother of the Universe has been merciful to me,

In that I have been enabled to complete this blessed work of mine.

Thou, O Lord, art the destroyer of the sins of all creatures, in the twinkling of an eye,

And Thou art the smiter of the wicked and the ill-wishers.

29.—When the Wielder of the Sword became gracious unto me,

Forthwith did I complete this work.

Whoever reads it in faith, shall have the desired fruit;

And no harm shall ever befall him.

Arhal.

30. The dumb that hears this book read, shall gain the gift of speech.

The obtuse that shall hear it with concentrated attention, shall acquire intelligence.

Pain and suffering and fear shall never approach the man

Who recites but a single *chaupayi* of this work once.

Chaupayi:—

31. In the Samvat seventeen hundred and fifty-three—

In the bright half of Bhadron, on Sunday, the eighth, did I correct and complete this book on the bank of the Sutluj.

1.—Here ends the Essay (in the form of questions and answers between a king and his minister) on the tricks of women: four hundred and four tricks, comprehensively described, the description terminating happily.

Dohira.

Considering me as Thy slave, do Thou, O Lord, show Thy infinite mercy to me;

Do Thou, extending Thy protecting arm over me, be my protector,—yea, do Thou protect me in my actions, my speech, my thoughts, and my deliberations.

Chaupayi.

2.—I will not commence (like others) with the adoration and worship of Ganesha;

And I will not bend in homage to Krishna and Vishnu (for they are not the Supreme Being).

He whom the ear can't hear, nor the eye sees,—

On *His* feet are my affections placed.

3.—O Thou Time-Sovereign! Thou my preserver Thou Supreme Source of light! I am Thy slave.

Regarding me as Thy own, do Thou, O Lord, accord me Thy protection!

He who throws himself on Thy protection,—him do Thou protect in consideration of the act.

4.—Looking upon me as Thy own, do Thou support and uphold me;

And do Thou hunt down my enemies, one after another.

Let my sword have ever play, and let my resources of hospitality be ever abundant;

Do Thou preserve me and don't let any one humiliate and crush me.

5.—Do Thou ever feed and sustain me;

Thou art the Master and I am Thy servant.

Knowing me as Thy own, do Thou favor me;

And do Thou accomplish all my undertakings for me.

6.—Thou art the King of kings;

Being Absolute and Supreme, Thou art the cherisher of the Poor.

Thinking me to be Thy Slave, have Thou mercy on me ;

Being helpless and worn out, I have sought Thy threshold.

Chaupayi.

7.—Believing me to be Thy own, do Thou cherish me ;

Thou art the Lord, and I am Thy slave.

Regarding me as Thy servant, do Thou give me shelter and raise me up ;

And do Thou make an end of all my foes.

8.—Let me first fix my mind on the Lord,

So that I may produce beautiful verse, of diverse kinds.

I shall now describe the achievements of Krishna according to my information and lights ;

And should I make a slip in any place, the reader can correct it for himself.

The poet says :—

Dohira.

1.—That which the Lord communicated to me, that have I communicated to the world ;

He that adores and worships the Lord, he shall obtain beatitude in the end.

Dohira.

2.—The Lord and his servants are one and the same, between them there is no difference.

The waves rise out of the sea and into the sea they are ultimately swallowed up.

Dohira.

3.—When the Divine fiat went forth, then did I put on a body, and appeared in the world ;

Now shall I relate the entire story briefly.

The poet says :—

Dohira.

4.—Stood I in the Divine presence with folded hands, and with my eyes cast down did I utter the prayer—

"This doctrine (of Theism) will spread in the world only, if Thou, O Lord, vouchsafe me Thy help."

Dohira.

5.—Whatever saints meditate on Thee daily, O Lord !

In the end they shall have salvation, and shall be united with Thee.

6.—In the Divine Existence, there are millions of Vishnus and Maheshas (Shivas) ;

There are in it millions of Indras, Brahmas, Suns, Moons and Oceans.

7.—The story of Rama uniformly respeats itself in every cycle, and constantly doth every one ponder it.

Raghvara (Rama) went into heaven in company with the population of the entire city (Ajodhya).

Chaupayi.

8.—Whosoever hears and sings this story, him sin and suffering shall not touch.

The fruit of the worship of the Saint Vishnu is,

That neither mental nor physical pain ever afflicts the worshipper.

9.—In the year seventeen hundred and fifty-five;
On the first of the blessed dark half of the month of Har,
Did I revise this work for thy benefit, O Reader.
If there be any error in the book, thou wilt kindly correct it for thyself.

Dohira.

10.—At the foot of the Netratunga hill and on the bank of the wave-shaken Satluj,
Did I, by the grace of God, complete the story of Raghvara's life.

Dohira.

11.—Literary excellence, etc., I have not been particular about, nor have I cared for discussion and debate;
I have only minded the work before me, and completed the work by the grace of God.

Sawayya.

12.—Ever since I sang at Thy feet, O Lord. I have never riveted my eye on aught else;
The Puranas and the Koran speak of diverse creeds—of Ramas and Rahims, but have I faith in none of these.
The Smritis, the Shastras, and the Vedas speak of different doctrines, but I am not concerned with any of these.
O Thou, Wielder of the Sword! Thou hast been gracious unto me; it is Thou that hast spoken through me, and not I.

Dohira.

I have left all other doors and sought Thine ;

I have thrown myself on Thy protection, and do Thou, in consideration thereof, accord me Thy protection—to me, O Lord, who am Thy Slave.

Om ! By the grace of the true Lord !

(Ramkali, Mahalla 3).

THE SONG OF JOY.

1.—My soul rejoiceth, O mother mine, for I have obtained the true Lord ;

The true Lord have I obtained easily, and oh ! the happiness that fills my heart.

The celestial maids (saints) are in attendance, equipped with their store of heavenly music, and they will sing unto the Lord.

Sing unto the Lord ye men, unto Him who has filled the mind with happiness.

My soul rejoiceth, O Nanak, for I have obtained the true Lord !

2.—O Mind of mine, do thou remain ever with the Lord ;

Yea, do Thou, O Mind of mine, remain with the Lord, for He will destroy all Thy sufferings ;

He will receive thee, O my Soul ! and realize all thy aspirations.

The Lord is perfect in His might and can do everything : why should the Mind be forgetful of Him, then ?

Do thou, O mind of mine (saith Nanak) ever remain with the Lord.

3.—Thou true Lord ! what is there that is not to be found in Thy mansions ?

In Thy mansions is to be found everything, and they alone receive Thy gifts on whom Thou bestowest the same.

And they are those who sing Thy praise, and fix Thy name perpetually in their minds,

They who have become devotedly attached to Thy name, they hear the *anhad shabad* (Om) constantly in their minds ;

What is there, (asketh Nanak), that is not to be found in Thy mansions, O Lord ?

4.—'Do ye meditate on My Divine name, O mortals !

Yea, do ye meditate on this true name, that destroyeth all hunger.'

By the repetition of this name peace ineffable has come and filled my heart, and all aspirations have been realized.

I sacrifice myself perpetually on the true Lord, whose are all these glories ;

Saith Nanak : Do ye, O saints, hear the words of the true teacher and illustrate his teachings in your lives.

Do ye (saith the Lord !) repeat My true name.

5.—Every description of soul-entrancing instrumental music is heard in that blessed, favoured house

Wherein, O Lord, Thy Divine energy is assimilated.

Thou hast subdued (for Thy saints) the five evil powers, and disarmed Death of its sting.

Those Thou hast sent into the world pre-destined

(on account of their previous actions) to repeat Thy name,—only *they* have sought Thy feet, O Lord!

That man alone, O Nanak, enjoys bliss and in his house alone is the *anhad shabad* heard (who comes into the world possessed of Divine favour.)

1. Hear this song of joy, ye blessed saints, and all your desires shall be fulfilled;

It helps the devotee to realize the Brahma, by knowing whom all doubts are removed.

All pains, sufferings and afflictions disappear when speech about the true Lord is heard;

And the saints and good men experience indescribable joy on their realizing the Perfect Being.

Those who hear this song of joy are purified; those who repeat it are purified—even on hearing the song of the true Lord who is all pervading.

Prayerful doth Nanak seek the feet of the Lord, and simultaneously do heavenly instruments, playing the *anhad shabad* (tune), strike up.

Om! By the grace of the true Lord!

(Mundavli Mahalla 5.)

1 There lie on the plate (for the inquirer's acceptance) three things—truth, contentment and reflection;

And there is yet a fourth thing on the plate—the ambrosial name of the Lord, who is the stay and support of all.

Whosoever gets these (four) things, whoever assimilates them into his spiritual system, the same shall be saved.

These things are not to be slighted or thrown away : on the contrary, ye should constantly cherish them.

This ocean of darkness (the universe of the Supreme) is crossed by seeking the feet of the Lord.

Shloka, Mahalla 5.

Thy gifts I have but little appreciated, but hast Thou, notwithstanding, united me unto Thyself purely out of Thy mercy!

I am destitute of virtues and excellences, but yet did Thy goodness come to my rescue!

Thou hadst compassion on me, and Thy goodness came to my help, *in consequence of which* I obtained Thee, O beneficent Lord!

I can (saith Nanak, live only if I get the Divine name; *then* will my body and mind grow and have peace.

Pauri:

Thou, O Lord, art mighty where others are powerless;

In the mother's heated womb Thy hand alone preserveth the embryo.

The messengers of Death, hearing Thy name, will leave off their victim;

The world's fathomless, dangerous ocean can be crossed only by the assistance of the magic power of Thy name, O Thou Supreme Teacher!

Those alone drink the *amrita* who thirst for it.

The most meritorious work which one can accomplish in this *Kaliyuga*, is the singing the praise of the Lord.

He, the great Giver, the King of kings, takes care of all ;

Whosoever comes to Him, returneth not disappointed.

Shloka, Mahalla 5.

1.—Think of the Lord, O mortal, in thy heart, and speak His name with thy tongue ;

See the Supreme Teacher with thy eyes, and hear His name with thy ears ;

By being imbued with the spirit of the Lord, honor is gained in His Court.

He unto whom the Lord is gracious, O Nanak, on him doth He confer the privilege (of repeating His name, etc.)

Such exalted men are but few and far between in the world.

Mahalla 5.

He, the Saviour, saves whomsoever He liketh, by His might ;

The man who obtains Him, the Supreme Teacher, has all his undertakings brought to a successful termination.

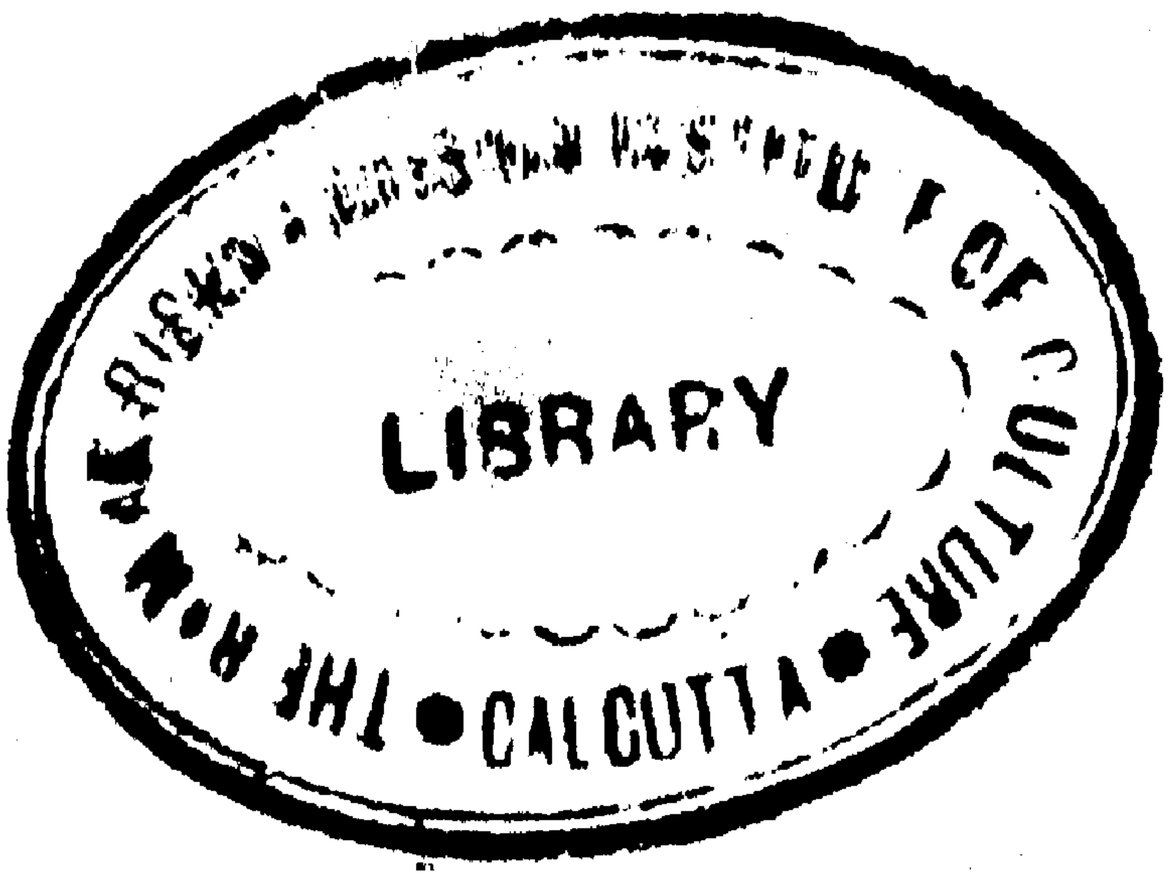
Unto whomsoever He is gracious, they are never forgetful of Him ;

And by the assistance of such exalted men, the ordinary men are enabled to cross the ocean of the world.

The creatures of darkness, the calumniators, the wicked and men of evil deeds, doth He, the Lord, smite and destroy in no time.

Nanak places his dependence on the Lord,
By thinking of whom happiness comes and all sufferings are destroyed.

Finis.



SWAPNA
CALCUTTA