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But O friend! Beware! Our love for them is apt to change into an unhealthy zeal which, while trying to build the magnificent superstructure of love's and devotion's external show, digs only the grave of the whole Church of Love within.

Beware! our faith is apt to take the shape of hatred for others' beliefs.

Our gratitude to our heroes is apt to degrade into a foolish obedience to the letter of the Truth they lived, when sonship does become idle and bankrupted in the false pride of their fatherhood.

Our missionary zeal is likely to change into a morbid tendency of reforming others instead of ourselves. Instead of vindicating the Truth preached by our masters we mar and jeopardise Truth, because of our non-realisation of the Facts which came into their inner spiritual experiences. Instead of Life, we only have mockeries in the form of our prayers, and talks and boastings.

Stop these mockeries and do not *talk* but *live*. Do not be anxious to save Sikhism. Rest assured that Sikhism can take care of itself. Your only anxiety should be to save YOURSELF.

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APPLY TO—

**AMAR SINGH, MANAGER, THE KHALSA AGENCY, AMRITSAR.**

# A NOTE

ON

# THE TEACHINGS OF GURU TEGH BAHADUR.

From the large volume of Sri Guru Grantha Sahib, the writings of Guru Teg Bahadur can be at once recognised, for in them breathes a deep and sweet melancholy of a solemn and serene mind that is tired of the fictions of this seeming world. Guru Teg Bahadur sees nothing tangible in this world, with which he may make relations of love. He can depend on nothing. He can lean on nothing. Father, mother, friend, brother, wife, offspring, everything in the world is for him too slippery a ground to rest upon. Every object of this world as he approaches it whispers in his ear "I am not," but as the object slips off from his mind, there persists a reality that says "I am" in every "I am not." "Not" goes away, but "I am" remains. The world is "Not," the objects consituting it remain not, but the soul of things is real and that alone persists. In his verses pulsates the Spirit of God-realisation alternating with a spirit of deep renunciation of the Not-God, the world, as if the renunciation of the Not-God and Realisation of God were one and the same thing. Before the joy of his realisation, all the pleasures of senses pale as trembling sorrows, and as the causes of all disappointments and failures.

He looks upon the world with that far-seeing vacant eye with which a mariner, having lost his boat, looks upon the broad sea, seated on a rock in the middle dashed by the waves of the angry sea. The world to him is lost in the constant vision of the higher Reality of its soul. There is an intense spirit beating within his heart, which weeps and cries at the sight of a man who is lost in the tempest of passions and remembers not the glorious life of his beyond this little life and the glorious inheritence of his in ideals of God, Love, and Truth.

He is a high abstraction in the love of God, and whenever a single thought of the world lowers his consciousness from those ethereal heights, he at once sings of God-consciousness and soars again. "Remember thy God, remember thy Lord, this is thy one duty, thy only duty," says he.

Again and again, in his hymns, he reins in his mind and makes it soar high up to the very throne of God. As we read his verses, we realise the non-reality of the world of senses as the lines open, and without knowing it, we are wafted to the higher regions of Guru Tegh Bahadur's Realisation as we finish them.

The solemn mood of a man which looks upon the world as a dream, when some dear one of his dies, or when he is deserted by all his friends and

is alone, or when he is in danger and sees no way of escape, that solemn mood is the habitual mood of Guru Tegh Bahadur. His eyes are always moist with unshed tears. He loved all things too well, to weep on any one single object's death. Therefore he is sunk in deep melancholy, as every moment to him is the death of thousands of his beloved idols. This, his inner renunciation of the world and its objects, might drive any to raving insanity, to suicide and to death, and the grief at the sight of our dear ones dying every moment would be killing and the life would be a journey from sorrow to greater sorrow, from misery to greater misery; but to Guru Tegh Bahadur this solemn mood is the greatest means of God-realisation. Every death to him is the distinct strike of the bell of time, to remind him that it is the time of prayer and of God-contemplation. Every moment is an auspicious moment to him Every death is a reminder to him of the One Reality that persists. All objects are messages from God that are only then intelligible, when their envelopes are torn and the contents of their seeming life and death are read in the light of the love secrets of God. Every failure with its consequent suffering was to him the whip divine which awakened him to Love's embraces. His eyes were wholly dedicated to the reading of love-messages. His ears heard nothing but God's mysterious sounds We remember God in our trials and troubles only and that too, but for a moment. He kept the attitude of prayer throughout and kept

his mind fixed unwavingly on God alone, whether he was the object of worship by thousands, or an object of ridicule and torture by the Emperor. Equally in weal and in woe, he is balanced in the same Reality. We never find him smiling. He is a sigh, a tear, a moan. He weeps not as Buddha wept for seeing misery in the world, but he weeps for the joy that is in himself. He thinks life "a vale of tears" not for any amount of physical suffering that it may have to bear, but for not possessing a divine knowledge of tracing itself to its origin, and for its not living in this world from the view-point of God. He is pessimistic, in order that he may enjoy the highest optimism without interruption. He thinks it nothing short of insanity to base our optimism or happiness of life on objects that are transient and perishing. He is sorry because those who think themselves happy by enjoying this transient world, will be shortly sorrow-stricken for not knowing the Reality. Guru Tegh Bahadur is in an incessant ecstasy that is weeping in compassion for those who know him not. He is a man of iron will. Nothing can daunt him. For all the wealth of the world, he would not swerve from the path that he thought to be right. His determination to die for rescuing the oppressed Hindus from the claws of tyrannical Moslem rulers was not in the least shaken, even when he was threatened with beheadal.

Some of his exquisite poems, he has wrote with charcoal on the walls of the jail where he was incarcerated. His verses are universally liked and are sung in the sweetest tones by crowds of women in the Punjab villages and towns. In Rawalpindi, Peshawar, Pothohar, Hazara, Amritsar, Majha and Malwa when hundreds of female throats raise the notes that had their birth in the Delhi jail, it is one of the most elevating and charming scenes of religious devotion and then one cannot help sharing the Blissful Mood of Guru Tegh Bahadur. No words of mine can describe the charms of this great Guru's poetry. Its sweet sorrow, its deep purpose, its sublime music, elevates man and tones up and repairs his inner heart wherever it may be weak. His poetry casts a spell on the Hindu mind, which soothes him in the most troubled moments of his life, transports him to the Truth and fills him with the love of God even in prosperity. It forms the most valuable asset of the Vedanta philosophy which is so beautifully, realistically and popularly put forth by the out pourings of Guru Tegh Bahadur's realisation. His teachings purport to be a musical assertion of the law of life that World of senses is death, and God is Life. There is nothing Real but God To live in Him, to Love Him, is the highest aim of Life ; the Guru prescribes no other duty.

Why ? Because, it is a matter of spiritual experiences that those who wholly trust themselves to

the love of God, are served by all powers of Nature. The whole of Nature is anxious to make them comfortable, who live according to the Law that God is the only reality. Duties take care of themselves. The only true fountain, the only true source of success, power and joy and life is God. Guru Teg Bahadur strikes the fundamental note and wanders not in lengthy speeches to impress it on others. The proof of a fact is that it is always so. Let those who sympathise and agree with Guru Teg Bahadur, that the seeming world is death and it kills man, and also the sorrow-laden sinners come and be refreshed, through his gospel of Truth and real optimisim, in the fountain of true and perennial joy. I think his message is unintelligible to those who still think that there is some pleasure in the world that they have not enjoyed and is worth enjoying. For them, Guru Teg Bahadur's emphatic assertion that the world breeds sorrow and disappointment. has not yet come home and through larger experience they have yet to agree with him there. I think Guru Teg Bahadur gives utterance to real, plain-spoken straightforward and blunt truth. Much of the misery for which Buddha wept and which still exists, will disappear, if people get Guru Teg Bahadur's view-point to look at the world. When once this inner fact is realised, all goodness, and virtues and their joy man shall have all to himself.

Guru Teg Bahadur is called by his followers the Ninth King (spiritual), in the line of Guru Nanak. The spirit expressing itself through his life is the same, but the manner of its manifestation in language is all his own and we find not such intensity in the writings of any other Guru.

Poet Burns puts one part of the Guru's teachings in a nutshell :—

" Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed,
Or like the snowfall on the river
A moment white, then lost for ever,
Or like the Borealis race,
That flits ere you can find its place,
Or like the rainbow's lovely forms,
Vanishing amid the storms ."

# THE LIFE OF SRI GURU TEGH BAHADUR.

"The great words never were writ,
The great songs never were sung.
They that were greatest did their deed
Without the pen or tongue.
"The word from a heart of flame
Blazed and flickered and died;
The moving song the minstrel sang
Passed with the time and tide.
"But the words that never were writ,
And the songs that never were sung,
In the silent hearts of heroes wrought
Without the pen or tongue.
"Instead of the word, a deed
Instead of the song, a man,
The things that are greatest are fashioned thus,
Since the world began."

Guru Teg Bahadur was born in Sumbut 1662 Bikrami. He was the ninth successor of Sri Guru Nanak Dev, the founder of the Khalsa Church. He was the direct descendant of Guru Arjan Dev, the fifth Guru. On the demise of Guru Teg Bahadur Ji's father, Guru Har Gobind Ji, his brother Har Rai succeeded him, as the seventh Guru, who, in turn, conferred the honour on his young son Har Krishna as the eighth Guru. The 8th Guru was only eight years old, when he too gave up his body at Dehli. While dying, he said "*Baba Bakale*" meaning that the ninth Guru was at *Bakala*, a village of *Sodhis*. He did not mention the name. Taking the advantage of this indefinite remark, every one of the Sodhi Dynasty at *Bakala* tried to pass as the new Guru and every one did actually pose as one. There was under every Sodhi roof, a separate Guru throne set aside with great pomp, where each one of them began to receive all sorts of offerings from the Sikh devotees. resorting to all sorts of tricks required in such infamous competitions of superseding other rivals for earning oneself most.

The real Guru however was not discovered for some time, as Guru Teg Bahadur loved solitude and obscure retirement from all worldly bustle. He lived with his family in a sequestered house silently meditating on the verities of life. He had no ambitious plan or any desire to play the Guru. He was all content with the vast kingdom of his inner self.

Shutting all the windows of his soul, away away from the world, above even his own body and mind, he used to soar into the loftier regions of spirit where it is all Joy, Peace and Bliss. Untainted, pure spiritual man as he was, he was day and night absorbed in the ineffable God-inebriation, that *Nirvana*, the sweet silence of soul. The worldly-minded had nicknamed him as "*Tega Jhala*" or the "*mad Tega.*" His mind greatly abstracted as it was, appeared to others with some screws actually loose. He remained for quite a long time unnoticed.

The Sikh community thronged as usual to *Bakala*, and, as previously arranged, a group was entrapped here and a party entrapped there, a third was caught in the meshes of another, a fourth fell victim to the priestcraft of another and another duped by another and so on. Though those gentlemen were covetous enough to receive all sorts of offerings and presents with great hilarity, yet none of them had the goodness enough to bestow upon the pilgrims that grace, or those blessings, that mental calm, that spiritual temperature which a true spiritual Guru has the power to bestow. Therefore silently and slowly there rose a general discontent in the ranks. Every one was inwardly dissatisfied, but none could hit at any right method to recognise their spiritual leader. *Ram Rai*, one of the sons of the seventh Guru, was by far the most powerful and influential, because of the Royal support from Dehli

which he had on his side. *Ram Rai* succeeded in obtaining a Jagir from the Emperor of Dehli at Dehra Dun a part of which his successors are still enjoying. Thus the temporal power of Ram Rai made many a Sikh quail before him and he wielded an irresistible sway over the Sikhs for a pretty long time.

After sometime it happened, that a Sikh named *Makhan Shah* got his boat in trouble, caught in a tempest as he was. As the boat was almost sinking, he prayed from the very depths of his heart to the Guru then, and he with his boat came out of the danger. For this gracious and timely help, *Makhan Shah* promised to offer 1,500 *mohars* to the Guru's treasury. This his heartfelt offer was known to himself alone. When he reached *Bakala*, he found dozens of impostors, all *Sodhis* posing each as a Guru. He was perplexed as to whom he was to offer the amount. It occured to him that the true Guru would be he, who would ask for it himself, and for the exact number of *mohars* that he had thought in his mind to offer. He went to each and every one of them, and offered each a *mohar* or two which were of course quite eagerly accepted. Every one bestowed on *Makhan Shah* his lip-blessing. This general behaviour disappointed *Makhan Shah* and he detected all of them to be ambitious worshippers of lucre.

At last following his own inquiry, he went to pay his respects to the only remaining member of

the Guru family who lived in a neglected corner of *Bakala*. He saw the quaint man shut up in a small room. His hair was all ruffled and matted, his body bare, a picture of asceticism was he! He bowed down and offered five *mohars*, on which he was immediately reminded by this great seer that the real amount meant for the Guru was full 1,500 *mohars*.

The discovery was thus made. Makhan Shah getting to the top of the house cried out in ecstasy of faith "eureka! eureka!" "The Guru is discovered! The Guru is discovered." All the Sikhs who were longing to see their true Guru, thronged there and compelled Guru Teg Bahadur to accept the honour he was offered by Guru Harkrishna. Guru Teg Bahadur accepted the honour and changed his head quarters to Amritsar, *1721B.*, at the suggestion of Makhan Shah and other Sikhs. The opponents fearing lest he might get possession of the Amritsar golden temple shut the doors of the temple and hid themselves.

Seeing this conduct of the priests, Guru Teg Bahadur remarked that those Amritsar people were burning with the fire of jealousy. He went to the east of Amritsar to a village called *Walla*, as a mark of his indignation at the insult thus offered to the Sikh Guru. As soon as the mothers and sisters and wives of Amritsar heard about this curse pronounced by the lips of no less a personage than Guru

Teg Bahadur, they all trembled with awe and fear. They sought the presence of the Guru and solicited his favour and implored forgiveness.

The Guruji replied that he had only stated what was but a plain truth about the Amritsar men, that they were all burning in their heart with rancour and other evil passions, as their behaviour towards him clearly proved, and they thought religious matters no better than their worldly concerns. They loved money more than God. But Guru Amar Das Sahib's words that Amritsar would be the house of praise shall abide for ever. Addressing the ladies of Amritsar, Guru Teg Bahadur remarked, that they would always be the models of all womanly virtues, possessing faith in the Truth, having love and charity for the good and the poor, and devotion to the saints.

At this village, now a big annual fair is held in honor of the great Guru called *Kothe ka Mela*.

Then Guru Teg Bahadur left this place, and with all his family migrated to Kartarpur. Here he received all sorts of audiences from far and near. The Sikhs thronged to him, in great numbers. Offerings poured in. He kept an open and free kitchen which fed everyone that came to pay his respects to the Guru or any passer by that visited the place. But, here too, the *Sodhis* were burning with anger

and jealousy against him, seeing the ever-spreading influence of the Guru. So, the great Guru thought again of shifting his residence as he never liked to feel antagonism of any sort against any human being, and never cared to fight for things of the unreal and transient world He was a man of far too deep insight to have allowed himself to condescend to combat with his foes.

Buying a small plot of land from *Kahaluris* on the bank of the Sutlej, he laid the foundation of a village called Anandpore. Here he blessed hundreds and thousands with his teachings of Immortality.

After a short stay here he undertook an extensive tour in the country, visiting various places in Northern India as well as in distant Bengal and Assam. He visited *Nandpur*, *Kahlur*, *Dadu-Majra*, *Raju-Majra*, *Mulowal*, and *Seekh*. It is said, wherever he went, through the grace of the Guru; the sick were healed.

In the village *Seekh* there lived a certain rich man called Maluka who owned about twenty-two villages. He was very haughty and his treatment of his subjects was very oppressive and high-handed. People under his jurisdiction were very poor and miserable. On a general complaint reaching Guru Tég Bahadur, he in reply consoled the people and said "The wicked deeds of the tyrant shall work

his destruction in no time and all his estate shall soon be laid waste." With that higher insight into the spiritual Law of the universe that comes to every great man, Guruji saw that the tyrants knowing not the Law, strike with the axe at their own roots and only in their hallucination of ignorance think that they are striking others. Afterwards it did happen as Guruji had predicted and Maluka lost all he had. In this very tour, it is related that Guru Teg Bahadur was once highly pleased with a water-carrier named *Mihan* and blessed him with divine consciousness, that is, *Mihan* began to feel within himself all the thoughts of the Gurus, their love towards God, their attitude of ceaseless prayer, their compassion towards the poor How was this done ? People at times are led to think that Guru Teg Bahadur, or any saint for the matter of that, poured something out of himself into the initiate with an effort of will. If it were so, it would be nothing better than mesmerism and the effect produced would be temporary. At times it does happen so, that a man with a very powerful will bestows a certain amount of God inebriation on those assembled around him, but this effect is not lasting. In the case of Gurus, we find that the effect produced was always permanent, and one who was thus favoured actually became one like themselves. To me, the process adpoted by the Gurus appears to be that of the breeze. It blows, and those buds, that through inner sub-conscious activity have so developed themselves that they need but a touch

of the vernal breeze to blossom out, sprout up and they seem to have been opened by the breeze alone. The Gurus lived in God-consciousness and those that like hidden buds, through inner and sub-conscious activity of good and divine moods within, had actually come up to the blossoming point, were benefited by one look, one touch of the Guru's God-consciousness and were saved. Unless we are ready to profit by the presence of a great man, he has nothing to give us. He cannot help helping us in the same measure, in which we are ready to receive his help. The water-carrier has a heavenly duty to perform. By quenching the thirst of many a thirsty god he receives the latter's blessings. By sprinkling water on the dusty, dry and hot roads, he sends out, through his showers of cold water, rest and peace to dumb earth and she blesses him by emitting perfurmes all around and everyone is gladdened. The water-carrier in a hot country like India, whether in the daily life, or in the battlefield, is a blessing like a clowd full of rain, as one who extinguishes the fire, whether when houses are on fire or men are on fire, and is an angel by professing. Guru Teg Bahadur blossomed this angel into Godhood and Mihan enjoyed within himself, by the grace of Guru's consciousness. It is said, he began to preach the same truth in his neighbourhood and even now, his followers are met with here and there, in that part of the country.

*Trilok Das*, another ascetic living in a village named *Bahir Khaj*, was thus blessed. He too shared the exalted consciousness of the Guruji and became a very staunch adherent of the Sikh Brotherhood. After having blessed all these parts of the Malwa, he journeyed on to *Agra*, *Mathura* (where a mound is still standing in his memory). He visited Benares where also stands a Sikh temple to commemorate his visit. He then proceeded to *Prayag*, then *Gaya* and *Patna*.

Raja Ram Singh of *Jeypore*, once had occasion to listen to the sweet pursuasive and highly effective preaching of Guru Teg Bahadur. and he became his disciple. Happily, this Raja was going on a military expedition on behalf of the Emperor Aurangzeb to Assam, for the purposes of conquest. He respectfully solicited the benefit of Guru Teg Bahadur's company. Guruji accepted the invitation. Guru Teg Bahadur accompanied him all the way, through *Monghyr*, *Mhurshidabad* and all other places that lay on their way till they reached the city of Dacca, now the capital of Eastern Bengal. It is said the b d on which he slept while at Dacca is still pre e ved.

Raja Rana Rai, the Chief of *Assam*, was struck by the Guruji's spiritual majesty and power. He at once came and fell at his feet and implored Guruji to make him his disciple. Guru Teg Bahadur

granted his request and he was taken into the Sikh Brotherhood. In the presence of Guru Teg Bahadur the policy of peace prevailed, and at the bidding of their master, two hostile chiefs came to terms. In token of this victory through the Guru's grace, Raja Ram Singh offered a large sum to the Master which was declined by him, but at his bidding it was distributed among the deserving poor. On this occasion, at the suggestion of Guru Teg Bahadur, Raja Ram Singh got a very high mound made through the labours of his whole army at *Dhubri* where once, according to Sikh tradition, Guru Nanak had preached during his travels in *Assam*, and above this mound, was erected a temple which still stands there and is visible from a distance of ten miles. It is said, once as Guru Teg Bahadur was playing at chess with Raja Ram Rai of *Assam*, he was so pleased that in his joy, he blessed Ram Rai with a son, who was longing for a very long time for a child in vain. In due time,he did get a son and this happening deepened his faith in the Guru. We find valuable offerings coming from this Assam Chief even in the time of Guru Gobind Singh.

Having travelled through Bengal and Orissa, he returned to Patna where he had left the members of his family. His illustrious son Guru Gobind Singh was born in his absence at Patna, which to all Sikhs is a holy city of pilgrimage. After a short stay in

Patna, the Guru with his family returned home and settled at Anandpur. Guru Teg Bahadur was the only Guru after Guru Nanak Dev who crossed the border of the Punjab and travelled in the far Eastern Provinces of India. It is indeed a matter of spiritual significance to travel in these provinces again and to tread those paths again where our beloved Masters trod before us, and pick up the healthy influences and thoughts spiritual scattered by their consciousness in those places and in that atmosphere. These spiritual influences and thoughts do linger there, till a worthy one goes and receives them in his own consciousness and they thus being realised bear fruit. These hundreds of Sikh pilgrims that go to different places hallowed by the associations of the holy Gurus, get nothing, unless they dwell in the same consciousness which the Gurus had. Those who are on the same level, would by making pilgrimage to those places, be benefited immensely and would be the recipients of spiritual influences. Therefore, Guru Teg Bahadur was irresistibly led to Assam, for there were some thoughts of Guru Nank Dev which were to bear fruit through him in that part of the country.

Once when he was sitting in full durbar at Anandpore, there came a few Kashmiri Hindus, fair coloured, tall and white-bearded and hoary-headed Brahmins, with their hands folded and with their eyes full of tears. They were welcomed and well

received. After they were seated in a place of honor by the Guru, they related the story of their journey and the object of their visit. They said that they had come there, directed by a Yogi, who sat in a mountain cave of Kashmir meditating for a long time, to seek Guru Teg Bahadur's support and protection at that critical time of bigoted misrule and oppression. Then, on Guru Teg Bahadur's bidding, they went on relating some horrible incidents of the unbridled bigotry of the then Moslem Governors of Kashmir and how the terrible oppression made short work of the Brahmins and Hindus, poor and weak like cows and inoffensive like lambs. They said that they had appealed to that *Yogi*, who fell into a trance and after his trance told them to seek Guru Teg Bahadur's refuge as, in his opinion, the latter was then the spiritual ruler of the country. On that *Yogi's* bidding then, they, the Kashmiri Pandits had undertaken that long journey and all of them craved Guru Teg Bahadur's protection. They repeatedly beseached him to do something for the speedy end of this inhuman tyranny and oppression, in the name of the honour of the Hindu womanhood, in the name of the purity of their faith, in the name of their ancient and sacred religion, and in the name of Truth.

The tales told and facts related by these Kashmiri subjects were so blood-curdling and so heart-rending that they might move even stones to rage,

and Guru Teg Bahadur was all pity and compassion for them. He heard their account in all its details attentively and entered into deep silence.

He had already ordered the Sikhs around him to give the Kashmiri congregation all available means of comfort and rest as they were weary and sorrow laden and had himself promised them a reply to their entreaty after a short time. A few Sikhs were sitting close to him. They too were asked to leave the Guru alone. He was then all alone, but his young son, Gobind Singh, of about ten years sat besides his father. After rising from his trance, he got up and began to take turns in the enclosure of a private garden. He walked to and fro, in a deep mood. The young Gobind Singh questioned him as to what he was thinking of. No reply was vouchsafed and the boy was hushed into silence by a word or two. But, after a short pause, the worthy son entreated the father again to impart the secret to him and asked "Why are you so melancholy to-day?" The repeated question in the sweet accents of love's confidence, from the noble boy, at last drew out the reply. "O Dear one! Have you not heard the blood-curdling accounts of Moslem oppression in Kashmir, and have you not seen these Kashmir people who come with an appeal to me for aid! O what can I do for them? In what way can I help them. This is it what I am thinking upon," said Guru Teg Bahadur.

The young Gobind Singh respectfully and sweetly replied "O Father! what then is your thought about it. Which do you think is the best and the most effective way of helping them and quelling down the oppressing powers that be? How can these oppressed ones be saved ?

"Dear little one! This question has no answer. I can think nothing on the above question. I entered into silence and I have heard a call which disturbs me. It is a divine call. No profane ears can hear it. No wordly mind can understand it. No knowledge can explain it. The Call is God's and it says let the head of a spotless saint go as a sacrifice in the fire of this oppression and the people will be saved." It means, let them, the Moslem tyrants, unknowing as they are, cut, in their fury, the head of a *Brahmjnani* down, with the same sword of tyranny which is drenching the peaceful huts with blood, and this act shall retaliate so much so, in conjunction with the laws of Nature, that their power will be gone and the people made free. I understand this, but who can that saint be whom God is calling to this glorious death ? Who shall be this great martyr for the defence of these people ?

"A saint, whose life should be white and sinless like the sun, all pure, all good, all God's, such a saint is needed as a sacrifice in this great natural *yajna*. To me, this call is getting louder and louder since

I have heard it and I am thinking how it shall come to pass."

On this, Guru Gobind Singh said "O Father! You are the spiritual leader of the people. Your life is sinless, pure and immaculate. You are the knower of *Braham*. You are the highest of the high, the holiest of the holy. Why bestow more thought on this question or keep ruminating long over the divine order. The appeal is made to you. The call is heard by you. Why not now sacrifice your own body for this high purpose, in this great *yajna* ? O Father ! Go and lay down your life for the people. The problem is solved. Bestow no more care on it."

These words coming direct from the heart of Gobind Singh, at once helped to form the final decision of Guru Teg Bahadur, who there and then made up his mind to offer himself for this great *yajna*. He called in the Kashmiri *Pundits* and told them that the time had come when a great sacrifice was needed for averting the evil by generating those invisible forces in Nature, which would turn the tables against the Moghuls. He assured them that the oppression would soon be over, as he would offer himself as a sacrifice for the salvation of the people. He told them to go to the Emperor Aurangzeb and beseech him to convert their spiritual leader Guru Teg Bahadur to Islam and that they would all

follow him to the Prophet's fold, and thus spare them by one stroke from the endless torture that they suffered at the hands of the bigoted Moslem officials.

Accordingly, the Kashmiri Pundits proceeded to Dehli. Guru Teg Bahadur was summoned by the Emperor. Ram Rai had also some hand in enraging the Emperor against the ninth Guru, for whom, previously, the Emperor had some respect, having heard much about his inoffensive and pure nature from his Hindu ministers and chiefs. So feelings of hostility and friendship for Guru Teg Bahadur were militating against each other in the breast of the bigoted Emperor and he thought of allaying his hostility against a pure man by converting him to his own faith, and here was a golden opportunity.

Therefore, Guru Teg Bahadur was received in Dehli by the Emperor with the greatest show of respect and courtesy.

But when he refused to embrace Islam, as the Emperor proposed to him, he was thrown in jail. The following dialogue is said to have taken place between these two leaders of men.

Aurangzeb.—"Give up your false religion and come into the protective fold of Islam. It will lead you to Heaven and to Immortality. Moreover, I will bestow upon you what my Kingdom, power and

property can give. We will exalt you to the position of a Muhammadan *Pir* and you will have all of us at your service as your bond slaves."

Guru Teg Bahadur :—" Mere names make no religions, nor can they lead to Heaven or the Immortal Bliss. Doing good deeds and living in the true God alone can give us salvation right here in this life. There is no contractor for vending the abodes in Heaven that he would let in his own and shut out others To God, to Truth, to Law, all are alike He is no respecter of persons. That Heaven Glorious is within myself and I seek and depend on nothing outside of myself. But the tempting heaven of which you speek so highly, I have no desire to live in. It is enough for me to sing of my God and live on this earth contented and loving all. For such a man, there are no hells nor Heavens. As for bodily comforts and enjoying pleasures of sense, I do not care for them. O Emperor ! You know so well that this body is perishable and it is the Inmortal soul alone that abides. So, why seek comfort for a thing which sooner or later is to be mingled with dust ? This very kingdom, power and prestige all your father had, but where is he now? All these worldly pleasures are of perishing nature ? Death is their goal. O wise Emperor ! why do you tempt me with these ?

" To-day that I have seen you, I may take this opportunity to drop a few words of advice in your

ears. The subjects are to the King as the roots are to the tree. Like the latter, the King too draws all nourishment from the subjects; if he annoys them and oppress them, he cuts his own foundation beneath himself. Be as your grand-father Akbar was, and be just to the Hindus and the Mussalmans alike. Tyranny is suicidal."

Emperor: -"All right. Either show me some miracles to prove to me that spirituality is possible even in a Hindu, or I would compel you to be a Moslem."

Guru Teg Bahadur:—"Miracles are the manifestation of God's powers that are seen through his grace in certain unconscious or rather superconscious states of human mind. They are no conjuror's trick that I can work them up before you like a magician to save this little body. I am led by God's will. I do not know if spirituality depends on any such things as you call miracles."

Emperor:—"Obey me, or I will sentence thee to death."

Guru Teg Bahadur:--"I fear no death and I have no desire to live for any pleasures of the world. The body is to go one day, but for you can never kill my soul. Not for my sake, but your own welfare, be not cruel to your subjects. Look up, God is in

every one in the same proportion. Fear His Law and behave as is worthy of your exhalted position."

Emperor:—"If you turn a Muhammadan, all the Hindus will be saved, as they too will follow; therefore I entreat you to do so, again and again."

Guru Teg Bahadur:—"My Mission is that of Guru Nanak Dev. I am his. I will never give up my faith. Besides, I have taken hold of the Hindus and I have pledged myself to stand by them, and I can never retrace my steps or withdraw my promise for any reason. They are weak and you are strong; you oppress them and it is mine to hold the balance even and vindicate their religion."

"I am dedicated unto the lotus-feet of the Lord,

I am ever absorbed in Him,
Head may be lost, life may go,
But I will redeem my pledge at any cost,
I may be reduced to dust and be buried alive,
But I will not swerve from the path of Righteousness."

The Emperor seeing that the Guru did not heed his words, ordered his incarceration and Guru Teg

Bahadur was put in jail. The Guru suffered endless torture at the hands of the Jailors. The faithful followers who willingly went with him to jail, also suffered. Mati Rama was sawn asunder. Bhai Dyala was boiled to death in an iron pot. It was such inhuman and barbarous tortures which the followers of the Guru had to suffer at the hands of the Emperor's Jailors.

It is given, in the traditional history of the Guru, that once as Guru Teg Bahadur was standing on the roof of the jail, looking up to sky, some malicious people complained against him to the Emperor that he was up on the roof to cast impure glances on the Imperial *Harem*. When the Emperor demanded an explanation from him, he said that he was not looking at all towards his *harems*, for he was then busy gazing at the "*men of hats*". "topi wallas" who were to come and destroy your *harem* and your empire.

The Emperor insisted upon Guru's showing some miracle to him from the day he was put in jail. But the Guru was at Dehli to perform a greater miracle which no material eye could see, an act by which he meant to dethrone the Moghuls and which was to toll the death-knell of their power. He was there in pursuance of a divine order. The explanation of such hidden facts of nature no philosophy can venture. Those alone are in the secret, who

hear the divine call with prompt obedience. At times the world stands aghast at such incidents, but the ordinary eye of material vision cannot peer into the secrets of the hidden working of the Spiritual Being of the Universe. The ordinary mortals cannot see eye to eye with God owing to the limitations of their mind. As, no human mind can argue in the light of the Great Continuity, the Great Spirit who makes past of the present and unrolls out of the present, broad vistas of unthinkable future, therefore none has been able to offer any better explanation for death than a total resignation to the Will of that Power of Love, and after all, it may be nothing but our soul's response to the divine purpose. All what we call destruction and death or what the philosophy calls "the failures in life" or "the defeat of the weaker by the more strong and fitter" is to the eye of faith, some my sterious, divine dispensation.

How well does Ella Wheeler Wilcox say in her "Death's Protest."

"Why dost Thou shrink from my approach,
Oh Man?
Why dost thou ever flee in fear and cling,
To my false rival, life? I do but bring,
The Rest and Calm. Then wherefore dost thou ban,

And curse me? Since the forming of God's
plan,
I have not hurt or harmed a mortal thing,
I have bestowed sweet balm for every
sting,
And peace eternal for earth's stormy span,
The wild, mad prayers for comfort sent
in vain,
To knock at the indifferent heart of life,
I, death, have answered, knowest thou not
'tis he,
My cruel rival, who sends all thy pain,
And wears the soul out in unending
strife?
Why doest thou hold to him then, spurning
me?"

Guru Teg Bahadur alone realised in the fullest measure the significance of the great *Yajna* of martyrdom. The Hindu mind is the keenest mind and pierces through the most subtle ideas of Nature. This mind, all along, has recognised the working of a divine law, in the results produced by such a voluntary sacrifice as that of Guru Teg Bahadur.

They have gone so far as to say that there could be no manifestation, as we see before us, without the Sacrifices of Vishnu Himself. When God

sacrifices himself, the Comos is born, says the Hindu. It may or may not be so, but certainly that history is false that does not try to penetrate deep enough to see the hidden working of such minds as of Guru Teg Bahadur's, and by reading such minds does not explain to the world the real inner causes of mighty revolutions, which in fact take place through responses of such minds to the Divine will I do not pretend to understand the whole of it, but I do see that the power of Guru Gobind Singh, his noble sacrifices for the sake of awakening the people *en masse*, that rude awakening of the nation— the martyrdom of his four sons* and the cheerful death of thousands of his Sikhs,† on the scaffold. before the connon and on the horrible man-peeling wheels, and all of Sikh faith dying in the most brave fashion, ejaculating "Akal" "Akal" sporting with death, and the heroism of the Khalsa, the whole of the latter history of the Moghul Empire in the Punjab, the ascendency of the Khalsa, these all, must have passed like panoramic visions in the mind of Guru Teg Bahadur and everything must

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* "Victory of Faith" fully describes the martyrdom of the four sons of Sri Guru Gobind Singh, priced annas six.

† "Sketches from the Sikh History" containing martyrdoms of Bhai Taru Singh, Bhai Mani Singh, Bhai Sabeg Singh, Bhai Sabaj Singh and Bhai Mahan Singh, with an excellent exhaustive essay on Sikhism, price annas twelve.

"The Heroism of Sikh women and Martyrdom of a Sikh Youth." price annas four. All these can be had from the Publisher, Bhai Amar Singh, Manager, Khalsa Agency, Amritsar.

have come unfolded out of that great consciousness in due order. Though we cannot analyse the workings of Guru Teg Bahadur's mind, yet who can deny its consequences which the perpetrators of the oppression entailed and which followed his great sacrifice? The depth of that unuttered thought which came to him, as the Kashmiri *Pundits* sought his aid, may not be gauged, but how clearly and plainly, Guru Teg Bahadur himself had stated the result of that glorious act to his son Guru Gobind Singh first and to those *Pundits* again, and how wonderfully it all came to pass!

Therefore, Guru Teg Bahadur rightly refused to show any miracle to Aurangzeb. He rightly insisted on the birth-rights of a natural, simple and godly life. Good men must be able to live peacefully under good governments, unmolested and undisturbed. The test of a good government is, that the citizen is secure and can think his own thoughts and sing his own ballads. Guru Teg Bahadur rightly refused to accept the standard which the Emperor Aurangzeb had in his mind to judge the so-called non-moslem 'goodness and Guru Teg Bahadur exhibited the spirit of a true spiritual hero. when he kept steadfast in showing that he himself was the greatest miracle of all miracles. Indeed, the eyes who could not see the nobility of his character, as it was, are worthy of seeing no higher meaning in the daily occurrences of life, which are in fact when viewed in the light reflected from a face

such as that of Guru Teg Bahadur nothing but miracles.

Aurangzeb, after having tried his utmost to convert Guru Teg Bahadurji to Islam, and waiting for months in vain, ordered finally his beheadal.

As long as Guruji was in the prison, he felt not the prison bars. He lived in Ecstasy of his Soul's eternal freedom. He, as usual, told his prayers, communed with God and repeated Guru Nanak's words of wisdom and sang his most touching and thrilling *shabads*. He daily bathed ; water being very helpful in the life of the spirit, a spiritual man avails of it as many times as he can, to keep himself always in soul's ecstacy and silence. The last day came, when he was to be beheaded. He bestowed no thought on his body, so he was never distrubed on any occasion, for fear of execution and death.

On the fifth day of Moon, in *Maghar* (November) 1732. B. the Moslem's word was to give the first deadly blow to its own roots, though it seemed that it was severing the head of an innocent saint. The executioner had come within the four walls of the jail, and the scene was very solemn. Nature had suspended her breath in grief. No leaf murmurred. No winds moved. Delhi had a sorrowful and calm face. Though people were bustling as usual in the

market, yet they were wrapped in silence that was only broken by the crash of the executioner's sword that came down from his hand on the neck of Guru Teg Bahadur, as he had just finished the last word of *Japji*—the morning prayer of Sikhs—and had entered into the Great Silence of soul's ecstasy, in God. Mentally dissolved in God as he was, it was for him a happy cut that made him sleep for ever in the eternal bosom of his Divine Beloved.

It was otherwise with the world. Nature broke out into mournful lamentations. The leaves and birds and insects uttered the deep groans of sorrow. The winds blew about, like long, sorrowful moans and cries.

As Guru Gobind Singh puts it:—

"It was the day of sorrow on this earth,
And it was the day of rejoicing in Heaven."

There is a heart within everything and it is not mere poetry, but literally true in a higher sense, that just as men, women and children felt sorrowful at the culpable deicide of Guru ji, so did all objects of Nature mourn the loss For every true and great man is the man of whole Nature His heart beats in every thing. The heat of his love warms even the frost-beaten stones. His company is sweet and nourishing even to trees and grass,

birds, and winds. The loss was not only of men but a universal loss to the heart of the whole nature. The trees, flowers, birds, animals, stones, walls, dogs, all literally share our joy and sorrow, like friends and relatives. That man is frivolous, who sees not this deeper kinship.

Where Guru Teg Bahadur was beheaded, there still stands a large Bunyan tree in the court-yard of the jail, now a Sikh Shrine, a place of pilgrimage in the famous Chandni Chauk Bazar of Delhi, and it is called *Sis Gunj*. That old Bunyan tree is watching still with loyalty not yet surpassed by man, the place of that scene and is still fixing its eyes in deep sorrow and contemplation on that very spot. Whosoever goes there, has to share the sublime melancholy and sweet solemnity of the Bunyan tree. The inner but unuttered emotions of the tree, still send a tremor in the being of every Sikh, which, at least, once wake him up to the sanctity of the place and the holiness of the one that died there under such atrocious circumstances.

A Sikh lady writing on Guru Teg Bahadur's life, quotes from a Persian book, a short description of Delhi after the martyrdom of the Guru.

"When Sri Guru Teg Bahádur began to protect the religion, Aurangzeb had him killed. When

he gave his head for the Hindu faith, darkness overspread Delhi in an instant, the Stars shone forth, meteors fell on the earth which trembled, and the whole world was plunged into profound sorrow."

"The Heavens themselves blaze forth the Death of Princes."——SHAKESPEARE.

We give in the second part of this little book, a free translation of some of Guru Teg Bahadur's verses in English, but no translation can ever breathe the original spirit of this great man's thorough renunciation and complete realisation. The original verses can hardly fail to bring out tears from any eye and awaken the delusion-ridden men from their lethargy, and lift up their faces to the Light of God.

Some of the sublimest passages of Sri Guru Grantha Sahib are out from the heart of the Ninth King Spiritual. As we have said, they are perfectly musical and at the same time are bold and frank words of a man of Truth, who exposes mercilessly the deception of appearances, and establishes in the human heart, with all the force of his self-realisation, the stern and stout belief in the reality of God. The ninth Guru's teachings are identical with Guru Nanak's, for both regard self-realisation as the chief aim of life and both advocate Renunication as the means whereby to achieve that supreme end. Guru Teg Bahadur is the refuge of

afflicted men and women. He is all consolation for those who, disappointed of the world, turn to seek joy of God. He is a man of very deep realisation and his renunciation of the non-real is something marvellous especially when we consider that he lived in the thick of family ties, relations and all worldly duties. Guru Teg Bahadur lived and died as a typical genius of the Hindu race. The Hindu thought of the Great Beyond can be seen at its best in his hymns which can never be read and really felt, without a total relinquishment of all desires and passions His, is a complete spiritual isolation from the surroundings in which he lived. The path he chalked out for man is one of complete renunciation in the Love of God.

"O the terrrible deception of appearnces" is the thought of Guru Teg Bahadur echoed by Walt Whitman of America. "Live in God" is the only one Idea of the ninth Guru, as it was of the first.

To our narrative. The body of the ninth Guru was lying in jail, unattended and uncared for. Guru Gobind Singh was already informed of the final end, as Guruji had sent him a cocoanut and five pice *Bheta*, as the custom was, through *Bhai* Gurditta, signifying thereby that Guru Gobind Singh was to take his place as the Tenth Guru. The way in which the order of Guru Gobind Singh for getting out the body from the jail for cremation

was obeyed, is extraordinarily soul-stirring. Two Sikhs; the father and the son, called *Kangrettas* pledged themselves before Guru Gobind Singh to undertake the most hazardous and difficult task, and they started instantly on their dangerous enterprise. As nature would have it, they became acquainted with a Sikh charioteer of a nobleman at Delhi who promised them every possible aid for the conveyance of the Guru's body out of the city to their destination, only if they could succeed to bring it out of the Jail. It was midnight and both the sentinels at the gate were fast asleep. The young *Rangretta* scaled the back wall and jumped in the Court-yard of the jail and opened the door from within for his father to enter. Both were then in the room where the body of the ninth Guru lay. They were in tears, but they had no time to weep. They touched his feet, and offered a short prayer in a soldier-like way as follows :—

"O Great Guru ! You are lying in such a mangled state now. But you are powerful to destroy the whole of this diabolical empire with one glance of terror. We know your Immortal spirit. We believe in it and you are not dead as the body seems. Here we pray to you, O father ! Make us successful in this enterprise. May we die serving the cause of righteousness!" As they were going to take away the corpse, a thought came to them that their this act would be detected and they would be pursued in,

the morning, as soon as the sentinels who were on duty, saw the corpse missing. So *Rangrettas* thought that the body of one of them should lie there in the place of their Guru's sacred body, to escape all detection The son proposed his own body and the father his own. There was a little dispute, but the time was so critical that they could not afford to indulge in any long discussion The father who was of equal age with the Guru and who also resembled him a little took the sword and cut his own head off after having satisfied his son that it was for him to depart, and there lay he instead of the Guru The son overwhelmed with grief and other complex emotions that make one speechless, made his way out. In the calm that followed within him, he blessed his dear old father for having died for the sake of serving their Master. This young *Rangretta* succeeded in taking away the body on the chariot to some distance out of Delhi, where a merchant Sikh put the holy remains of the ninth Guru in a house full of fuel and put it on fire saying that his house might be burnt to avoid detection. The place is now known as *Rakabgunj*.

'Guru Gobind Singh having heard the story of escape from the young Sikh who brought the head of the Guru to Anandpur, while thanking him and blessing his father, shed tears, and cremated the head of his illustrious father at Anandpur. The last lines of the Sri Guru Grantha Sahib are the last words

of Guru Teg Bahadur that passed between himself and his son. Guru Teg Bahadur sent the first lines of the following couplets and Guru Gobind Singh completed them in reply. Guru Teg Bahadur, in these couplets, makes the scene very pathetic. He himself draws the picture of utter helplessness to see if his successor has life and belief enough to contrast his extremely pessimistic sayings with an infinite hope and self-reliance. Guru Teg Bahadur sends a wail of despair, to see if his son can silence it by the robust cheer of faith. Guru Teg Bahadur pictures Death to see if his son can compiete the picture of life. by throwing on it, the shining light of the Divine knowledge of the One Reality, the Immortal Self. Whether, seeing his father in the thick of overwhelming difficulties, Guru Gobind Singh would call all this suffering real or non-real, in the depth of his love divine! It seems to me, in these couplets Guru Teg Bahadur sinks his whole consciousness to raise that out in the mind of his son. In Guru Teg Bahadur here is the negative and there in Guru Gobind Sing the positive pole of life spiritual. This beautiful and solemn scene created in these couplets is very expressive of what goes on in life It describes the states of individuals as well as nations, which they have to experience in their onward march. A time comes, when nations sink down with utter helplessness to simultaneousy give rise to forces which promise hope and engender power.

Guru Teg Bahadur.—All strength is gone. I am in chains, like the elephant in the fable,* there is no refuge but Lord.

Guru Gobind Singh.—All power is within. All chains have been broken. (No prison bars can hold me.) All means come to aid you. All is in your power. You alone are the refuge (of yourself).

Guru Teg Bahadur.—All friends and companions have deserted me, none remained faithful to my last moments; in this calamity, the only refuge is God.

Guru Gobind Singh.—God's Word lives, Saints live (to bear testimony to it), Guru Gobind Singh still is.

In this world few those, who know God,

God-consciousness is all;

To live in it, "is Freedom from all bondage and all sorrows."

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*In Hindu mythology there is a beautiful story of an elephant having been caught by an alligator in a stream. The elephant prayed to God for rescue, and with pure and single hearted devotion offered him a Lotus. God came in the form of Vishnu with a *chakar* and rescued the elephant.

# TRANSLATION

OF

# SELECTIONS FROM GURU TEG BAHADUR'S SHABADS.

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## I

In worry, fear and strife,
Waste not thy precious life,
A vale of sorrow's rain,
The World is all in vain.
In objects near and dear,
No joy for thee is here.
It truth, in God, live ye!
Then Life is ecstasy;
As fishes swim in sea,
Elsewhere they cease to be,
So without God is life,
Mere sorrow, pain and strife,
In Truth, the Glory rare,
Suspend thyself in pray'r.
Be up, with all thy heart and soul,
Awake and rise, and reach thy goal.

## 2

What tickling pleasures thou art in ?
What that thou call'st thy kith and kin ?
The thick-walled worlds that shine and gleam.
Are they not all an evening dream?
The youth's wasted beyond mending,
The weary steps t'grave, are wending;
The years are pressing fast on thee;
And as it is, it will not be.
Then cut the chains of senses off,
In Sun of Love, now weep, then laugh;
In Truth, in God, that Glory rare,
Suspend thyself, in solemn prayer.
Up then, with all thy heart and soul,
Awake and rise and reach thy goal;

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## 3

Rawan, and Rama * and all are gone !
The wheel of change is rolling on.

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* Rawan is the great figure of the great Hindu epic, Ramayana, who stole the beloved wife of Rama from the Dandak forests and was finally defeated by the divine Rama, the Hero of the story.

All objects die, but God alone,
Doth not, He is the changeless one,
The friend of friendless ones is He,
Even of snake, of deer and bee,
Quasher of all my doubts and fear
The giver He of solace dear;
Bestower He of all our wealth,
Of joys and comfort, light and health?
The Happiness-Self, the Beloved Calm,
The Real Gobinda, Krishna, Ram,
Secondless One, the Sun of sun,
None else but He, the Many and One;
Dweller of every heart so kind,
The sweet, sweet love, the shaft of mind,
Thy only might all ages through,
Thy only real life and true;
The fulfilment of all desire,
In Him, the earths and Heav'ns retire!
In Truth, in God, that Glory rare,
Suspend thyself in solemn prayer.
Up then, with all thy heart and soul
Awake and rise and reach thy goal.

4

The sages say, He dwells in thee,
Love Him, then shall no suffering be!
Across the phantom worlds, above
This weal and woe, press on to Love,
Live there, not here, and thou shalt see,
Thy desires all shall fulfilled be,
Thy tongue to sing of Love divine,
Thy ears for words that burn and shine,
Thy head to wave in spheres of God,
Thy lungs to breathe no air but God.
In truth, in God and Glory rare,
Suspend thyself in solemn prayer,
Up then, with all thy heart and soul,
Awake and rise and reach thy goal.

---

5

This road leads on to Real Life,
Away from death, above from strife,
Wander no more in illusions,
Indulge not in sense-delusions,

Be one in millions, it is taught,
The Truth is Life, all else is naught.
No object for my life I find,
If God be not my inner mind.
These Maya's slaves are lifeless all,
Like pictures painted on a wall:
Away ye dreams of false, false things,
Of cities, wealth, of states, of kings.
Death is the end of things that seem,
Of tree, and bird, of moon, and beam.
O Men! stricken with Maya's darts,
On false shows, why bestow your hearts?
The truth is that nothing is thine,
In seeming worlds with me and mine
The beauty too would fade away,
The rosy youth perish in grey.
Immortal they, who see and love,
Their God, within, below, above.
Render thy heart, thy all to Him,
No clouds of doubt this faith may dim.
I see it now all through and through,
This world is false, nothing is true!
God only is in seas and lands,

All else is like the walls of sands.
Nothing like God, nothing like love,
Here, and there, beneath, above.
Of joy, a perennial rain,
In Him, I lose all grief and pain.
To Him, thy Lord, give up thy whole,
Love God, with all thy heart and soul.

---

## 6

### LOVER OR MAN OF REALISATION.

The following is the translation of all the scattered verses of Guru Teg Bahadur on this subject in his Dohas.

Lifted from all pains and pleasures,
Lifted from all narrow measures,
Lifted from all sorrow, and sin,
From praise or blame, and thick and thin,
He dwells on high in lofty sky,
Where rule no thoughts of low and high,
Lifted from earthly weal and woe,

His boats afloat in ether go.
Afraid of none nor fearful he,
Jiwan mukta, the jnani, free,
He stands above the carnal pleasures,
He stands above all earthly treasures.
Lovers don on the garb of Love,
Thus Clad in light divine of Love,
Blessed ones, these few thus retire,
With garb like sun of flaming fire,
Mingled with all and yet apart,
They are the light of human heart;
Risen above all "Me" and "Thee"
In them do roll floods of Glory,
Lifted from all limits of life,
They live in calm, free from all strife;
Casting off the screening covers,
The same to me are God and lovers,
With loftier vision of love,
They live a hundred skies above,
Yet dwell they still in human love,
These rarest stars that shine above.
In Love's ethereal sky they shine,
Shedding on dark Life light divine.

Oh ! to'throw Illusion's dreary pall,
And be that guiding star for all !
These worlds all swim and sink in thee,
Like bubbles on the foaming sea.
With fearless heart do trust thyself,
Do trust thy God, renounce all pelf.
O winging eagle fly ! Soar ! there's light
To guide thee onward in thy flight.
To Him, thy Lord, give up thy whole
Love God, with all thy heart and soul.

---

## HYMNS.

### 1

O Lovers of the good !
Give up the false pride of little self.
From sins of evil company, lust and anger
Fly away, to Freedom of the inmost Self,
The same to you, be pain and pleasure,
Unmindful of all praise or blame,
The same to you, be grief and joy,
Thus be serene and calm,

Then alone dawns on man the supersense
of Truth eternal.
Balanced well in your Self,
Indulge not in other's praise or defame,
March on straight to Nirvana's gate,
Nor casting round your wishes on this
or that.
Few alone who muster faith,
And enter this Golden Path.

---

## 2

All seeming worlds emanate from Lord
Divine.
One part is changeless, and the other keeps
changing on,
O wonderous all, it is unknowable!
Engrossed in lust and anger,
The Mind has lost its real ground,
And thus has forgotten, the Truth, the
Law of Truth.
It holds fast to false, apparent, body-self,
As a dreaming one sticks to his dreams.
All what seems, must go to death and
change,

Like the evanascent shades of clouds.
They alone attain to God,
Who deem the world as naught.

---

## 3

The body-self feels not the Relish of Love Divine,
Daily absorbed in Mayaic forms and illusory pursuits,
Tied down to the phantoms of his son and wife,
He runs after the mirage-world, hunting joy and self-satisfaction,
Not knowing the deceit of terrible pleasures
The fool forgets thus his Real Self,
The source of Love, Beauty, Freedom, Joy.
In millions, few who know the *Brahma*.

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## 4

O meek lovers of the good !
This mind cannot be fixed forever,
It can not thus attain to perfection,

Because, it associates with the changing
waves of time,
Some terrible sense steals into our chambers
of heart,
Making us all senseless through,
It steals the supersense of men,
And the delicate thoughts away.
Yogis after hard toils at concentration,
Confessed a defeat in the end,
Because the root of evil, the world, is nor
cast aside.
Through the grace of Lord alone,
It is freed from inherent disease of belief in
this world,
Thus renouncing the changing for the
changeless,
He draws no air but the Lord with every
breath, the air even to him is so divine,
Such one is the sweetest, the charming
magnet of the world.

---

5

O! the illusioned mind knows not the
path,

It cares not to know, even after listening
to *Vedas*, Puranas, and in congrega-
tions goua.
It is frittering life away, the precious life
of conscious man,
Making itself, of its own will, unconscious,
Sleeping over himself all the while,
Knowing not the infinite charms of the Real,
Knowng not the truth that permeates,
through being, as its warp and woof
and all,
Hence throw this mind off, the cause of
the seems world.
Emancipated is he, who knows thus the
Truth.

---

## 6

O Mind ! why playing the fool ?
The marching years take thee to death and
destruction,
Why keep'st thou so mute and dumb ?
Listening not to the Truth and the path
that leads to it ?

What things dearest thou holdst to thy heart,
—Thy pride of having a beautiful wife,
And having a handsome body thine,—
These shall not last with thee forever,
Following them, thou losest game of life,
Mark it pray! O walker in dreams!
None is happy, but one who knows God.
All others would fall a prey to death and fear,
Being associated with not-God.
Immortal they, who love God and live in Him,

---

## 7

The Lord, the God, the Law, the Truth,
Vedas sing His praises alone!
Puranas point his Glory too,
Follow Him, the Reality,
Fearing to commit ever an unconscious sin
(Beware of swerving from the path ever so little).
Now, with the mind of man, prepare for thy final emancipation,

From the ever-rolling wheel of birth and death.
"Fly from bondage, rebel against this sea of troubles. Be free !

---

## 8

Who shall doctor my morbid mind,
Eaten up by the sense of possession,
It runs mad after wealth ?
Now for the sake of enjoying pleasure,
It suffers the pain of thorny griefs, receiving hard knocks and bumps,
Like a dog, it roams, begging joy from door to door,
Like blind dogs hunting and running after whirlwinds for game,
Knowing not that happiness is within oneself; and nowhere else,
Unabashed still, barefacedly, it follows the disgrace and disease,
Why not seek the Brahma, the restorer of peace and Freedom's Self.

9

It is mind with all its inherent faults,
That, inspite of all the counsels good,
Inspite of all the moral admonitions,
It is still a beast, an animal.
Mad it is after Maya and world-infatuation,
Cheating the world and cheated by it, it treads, it lives,
Like the tail of a dog, it straightens not,
How long it may be pressed in a straight. ening tube,*
Only when the reform grows from within,
It knows the Brahma,
It is rectified,
It is at peace with all.

---

10

All thy business is,
All thy relations are,
As long as thy apparent mind is alive.

---

* That is, no outward pressure, no teachings, no moral dictates of do's and dont's suffice to rectify the mind.

As soon as it breathes its last,
All dread thy inanimate corpse,
They fear contagion and its imagined evil sprite,
Half an hour more and they say "No,
Now it must to cremation go."
Know this world as the mirage wrought by senses thine,
It is an optical illusion and that is all.
Know thyself, and this divine knowledge is the only true remedy of all thy maladies.

---

11

All attachments of the world are of self,
Be it wife or be it friend,
All love thee for their own sake!
"Mine! Mine!" they say and cling to thee,
After thy death none is thine!
O wonderous play of Self, indeed!
O Mind! thou understand'st not,
I am tired giving thee repeated cautions,

He alone is emancipated,
Who clings to God and sings His love.

---

## 12

None knows the working of the Divine will,
Yogis, Yatees, Tapis, know it not !
The wise men, philosophers know it not !
The lands are turned into seas,
And seas are made into lands,
Empty vessels are filled,
And those that were filled, are emptied.
(No movement in Nature is of the unconscious form).
The rich are turned poor,
Now the poor become rich,
In myriad ways, His wishes work !
This wondersons Maya, He spreads Himself,
He the Maya and Himself the witness is !
In million shapes is He !
Apart from all yet within !
Unknowable, Limitless, Infinite God,

Is He who moves the orbs.
Cast off all thy doubts,
Shoot them away out of thy heart,
God alone is, then know the Brahma,
This is the sole object of thy Love!

---

## 13

I found the treasures of Love,
Now I know the Brahma !
My mind is no more running astray,
No more unsteady like the flickering flame,
It is at rest, serene calm, rippleless, a lake
of transparent consciousness,
Maya-infatuation has left me,
As fever leaves the body,
I am at rest,
The clear Consciousness has dawned on me,
No more the sense of possession mine,
No more the world attracts me to its charms,
All desires are silenced now,
The wheel of birth and death is stopped,
I am absorbed in the joys of Self.

It is the grace of God alone,
That calls some to this rich inheritance,
Blessed he who finds the kingdom of Self !
For all the treasures of Love are his.

## 14

What evil course thou takest man ?
That runnest after evil deeds of lust,
Coveting other's wealth, thinking of other's wives,
Knowing not the freedom's path.
Mad art thou, after wealth, wine and woman,
Thou art flattering thyself, in thy imagined realities,
These suppositions would at last desert thee.
Never you thought of God,
Nor of thy perfection ever,
No knowledge of Truth, you gained,
In thy very self, is God, all joy, peace and pleasure,
Thou hast slept so long over thy treasures,

Madly running to forests, rocks and rivers
And to all outer objects of sense in vain,
To seek the joy which is within,
(Like the musk-deer that madly runs in all
the forests for the source of fragrance
hunting).
Thou hast not realised the eternal peace,
Even in this birth of man !
Desist from thy evil ways,
Know the Brahma, know thyself,
And be a saved soul, blessed and free !

---

## 15

O Mind! Know thy God, thy Real self,
Knowing whom, all sins are washed,
Knowing whom, even a courtesan of
Ganka's* type was made free from all
the bondage of sins,
By knowing whom all fear is lost.
*Dhriwa* became fearless and attained to
eternal life.

---

* In the Hindu tradition, Ganka is a well known character, who was saved, like Mary Magdelene, from her life of sin.

By knowing whom, all powers of Nature
subservient are,
As they did serve to liberate a stricken
elephant from the jaws of an alligator,
By knowing whom, all past is forgiven and
forgotten,
As Aja Mal† with a whole life of sin was
made free, by the negative knwoledge
of the Law at deathbed,
(So it happened in the case of the courtesan
*Vasudutta* to whom Buddha preached
his Law, at the time of her being
stoned to death).

---

## 16

My mind is not in my control,
All the while, it runs after senses and
pleasures,
All the while, after other's women and
treasures.
It is a mad dog, and blind, with the world's
infatuation,

---

†—Ajamal is another character who, the Hindu tradition says, was saved by remembering God in his last moments. His whole life of sin was forgiven for his realisation of the Reality.

It knows not the path.
God dwells in it, but it knows Him not.
When I sought the presence of my Guru,
And through him learnt the secrets of Divine knowledge,
All my madness was gone,
My mind became serene and calm,
Anxiety-less, worry-less, wish-less, ripple-less mind,
I have attained to perfection that nestled within me,
And now, I know no death.

---

## 17

Know this to be the Truth, O Man !
The whole Cosmos is but a dream,
The dream that vanishes in no time !
Just as building palaces of sand with great pomp,
So are worlds but walls of sand,
That come down in no time;
So are the pleasures of this world.

O Fool ! Know them to be transient,
Thou hast yet lost nothing,
Know thyself and be perfect.
This is the principle of my creed,
The corner-stone of my church,
I have declared it to thee.

---

## 18

O Mind, what matters it, if thou takest to
shaving clean the hair of thy head,
Or taking pleasure in donning the Bhagva
garb
To cheat the folks by merest appearances,
What is it ? as like animals, thou still
eatest, drinkest, sleepest all the time
unconscious of the Law.
If thou hast not realised God,
What matters all thy adumbration,
It is all in vain and after all weavest thou
like cocoon, round thee, another world.
And walkest thou from misery to misery in
shows of life.

## 19

Those who know not pain or pleasure,
Who feel not joy, nor grief, nor tear,
Who regard gold as good as mud,
Who mind not the praise nor blame,
Who indulge not in diverse vain pursuits
of the World,
Who have no sense of possession theirs,
Who have no pride, nor vanity of little
self,
(No schemes, policies or plans in their mind)
Above they from all feelings for having
honor or inviting disgrace,
Renouncing all desires and doubts,
Indifferent to the world and its working,
Untouched and unsullied by anger or by
lust,
Such alone know the Brahma,
By the grace of Guru, thus rectified, the
man knows the Brahma,
He is then made one with God,
As the dew-drop slips into the shining sea.

## 20

Why seek the Lord, in forest glen,
Why look to outer things, O men!
The all-pervading Light is He,
Alike He dwells in thee, and me,
As fragrance in the flowers sweet,
As images gay in mirrors neat,
So Lord Divine is Self in thee,
In Self, He sheds His lustre free!
The Self of whole, the self of part,
The light of eye, the beat of heart.
This is the Truth, as Gurus taught,
God only is, all else is naught,
The same within, the same without,
The same above, the same about,
Not seeing self, thy suffering, pain,
And illusions shall e'er remain,
And ne'er that Glory shall be thine.
Which doth behind the yon stars shine.

## 21

Awake O Mind! Awake!
Why lethargic and in ignorance sleeping?
Awake O Mind, Awake!
The body that is thy dearest possession,
Accompanying thee from thy very birth,
This too is a superstition,
This too, thou hast to renounce to the flaming fire,
Know thy God, all else is good like the dream,
Working well as long ás thou art asleep.
Awake O Mind! Awake!

---

## 22

Remember this, now, once for all,
Those who have no God in heart,
What matters if they go bathing in the, rivers,
What maters if they keep hundred fastst
All this *Dharma* is of no avail,
If God-mind they have not.

As pebbles remain in water untouched by
it all within,
So do these men of ritualistic formal shows
of religion,
Live in vain, untouched by God, though
talks of God may stream over them
for centuries on !
He alone is great who has faith !

---

## 23

Flock to God ! O Mind ! Flock to God !
Know Him, so that the false world be lost,
And Nirvana may be reached.
Blessed are those who live in God !
The Source of Heavens, Earths and all !
The elephant was saved,
Ajamal was forgiven,
Other sinners attained to joy and freedom,
By His Divine Grace,
Repent thou and Love him,
He is ever thine, ever thine.

## 24

O Meek lovers of the good !
How to free mind of evil ?
There is but one remedy. Know !
To steep it, to sink it, drown it in God,
To soak it, wash it, dissolve it in the Love
of Lord.

---

## 25

God is the sole source of Happiness,
It is Happiness-Self,
Ganka, the courtesan,
Ajamal the sinner,
All were saved.
Draupdi because of her God-mind
Baffled all hostile attempts to make her
nude in disgrace.
O meek lovers of the good!
The body and mind both are false,
He lives in Reality, who lives transcending
them both, . .

He is the truth,
He who makes thy eye see,
He who makes thy mind think,
He who makes thy heart throb,
He who is in thee, in me, in all,
Undivided, unportioned, whole,
Loves, resides and works in all, and yet aside
Keeps himself as witness light.
Give up the mean profession of flattering world as real
Give up under-estimation or over-estimation of things,
Know there is but One in all,
He is the truth.
This world is like the seeming mountains made of clouds.

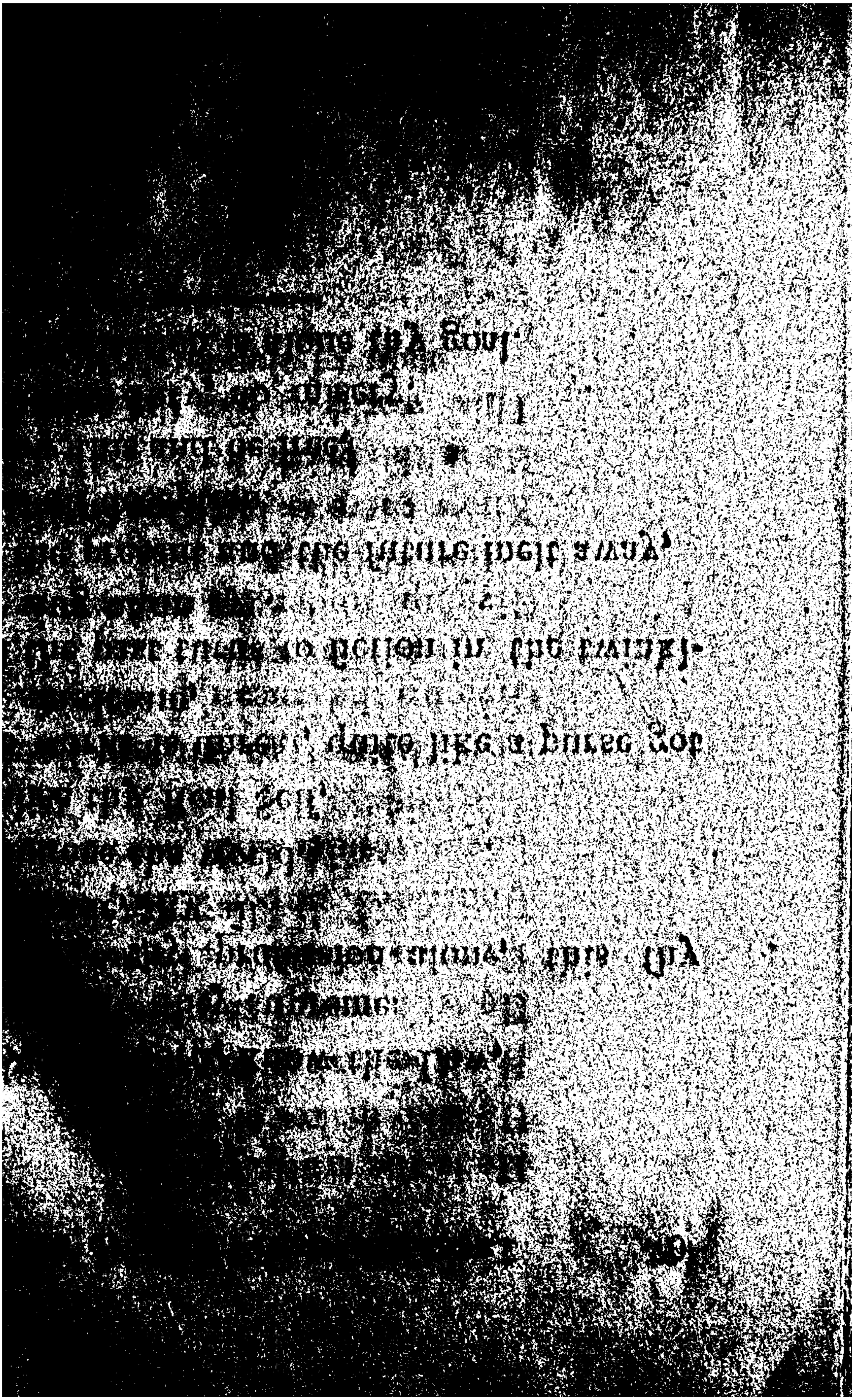
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## 26

Love thy God, with all thy heart,
Nothing else is of any consequence,
Be it wife, or friend or son,
Or brother, or mother, or father or wealth or health.

## 27

Know the Lord, know the Law,
This is thy duty supreme.
This be thy profession alone, this thy trade, thy all.
Renounce the world,
Realise thy Real Self,
The world is unreal, quite like a purse got in dream,
All the past turns to fiction in the twinkling of an eye,
So the present and the future melt away,
It is all deception.
Know this and be free,
No other duty, no misery,
Self-realisation is alone thy goal.



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