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TRANSLATION OF A TALK
 DELIVERED ON THE BIRTH ANNIVERSARY OF HAZOOR MAHARAJ
 by
 HIS HOLINESS, SANT KIRPAL SINGH JI MARARAJ.
 SAWAN ASHRAM - GUR MANDI,
 DELHI 6, INDIA.

The prime factor and the chief aid in the Art of Love is the constant remembrance of the Master. Love neither grows in fields nor can it be purchased from the grocer's shop. If you want to have a first-hand experience of love, you can have glimpses by looking into the eyes of a lover. As God is love, the person who loses his separate entity in Him becomes identified with Him, becomes as it were, love personified.

Swamiji therefore says "Ai vidiya tu bari avidiya, santan ki tn gadr na jani." "O all learning, thou art but deep ignorance; for thou knowest not the worth of Saints." They are love personified. (For one possessed with too much learning grows imperviously blind to everything else.)

Again it is said, "Tum ne dekhi hai kabbi yar ki masti bhari ankh
 Milti julti hai chhalakte hue paimane se."

"Have you ever looked into the love-laden and bewitchingly intoxicating eyes of the beloved. They resemble over-flowing cups, bubbling over with the wine of love."

Saints are the sea of love and when tides rise in it, even the people sitting on the seashore get drenched. If you want to cultivate love, you must associate with one who has had an opportunity to come into close contact with a Master-soul, for then you will both see and experience the great over-bearing tides of love in their eyes.

Bhai Nand Lal saith in this context, "Yak nigahe jan fazaish bas baud dar kare me." ("A single animating lyrical glance of Thee is all I need, O Master to quicken me with life.")

Some who have experienced this intoxication have tried to describe it, and though there are many indeed who see the Satguru (The Master), it is but rarely that someone has the good fortune to taste the intoxicating liquor of His Divine Love. Hence it is said,

"Khum do hazar bada na rasad ba yak jura to." ("Thousands of flagons of wine have not in them so much of intoxication, as a draught from Thee.")

"Se kuja sharabe khaki wa kuja sharabe janan." ("A side glance from Thee is much more ravishing than thousands of cups bubbling over with deep delved wine"), for there is a world of difference between the wine of the earth and the wine of the Beloved (Master.) There is indeed no comparison between the two. Blessed are they who have had an opportunity to contact Perfected Beings and to taste the Elixir of Life, welling out of their eyes."

Shri Guru Ram Dassje tells us as to how the Master-soul narrated to him his personal experiences and the true romances of God. He is even prepared to make a holocaust of himself for those, who have had the good fortune to see his

to see his Master, but for those who came to obey the Master, he is anxious to make a sacrifice of himself thousands of times. No words can describe the exuberance of joy in him, for such persons who are always immersed in Master's love, who go to bed with his love in their hearts and wake up in the morning, with Master's name on their lips. He would like to wash off the dust of such persons' feet and drink the washings like a nectar from God. Just as the bellows help in lighting up the fire, so does the sweet remembrance of the Master light up the fire of love. Sir Mohd Iqbal saith in this behalf,

"Kabhi ai haqiqat muntazir nazar aa libase majaz me - Ke hazar sajde tarap rahe bain, meri ik jabin niaz men." ("O hidden Reality, for once come into the world in human form. Thousands of devotions in me are restless, waiting and vieing with each other to express themselves. O God, come before me in human form so that I may see Thee with my own eyes. I have thousands of yearnings within me and pray for just a visit from Thee.")

It is therefore said, "Mana ke tu dil ke khilwat kade men hai makin - Zara samne ake baith ja ke nazar ko khui majaz hai." ("Doubtlessly Thou dwellest in the innermost recesses of my heart. Wouldst Thou for once come out and sit before me as I am given to seeing things physically.")

The eyes are thirsting for a sight of Him. We want to see Him with our physical eyes. Hazoor is now concealed from our physical eyes. How to see Hazoor again? Those who have seen Him cannot be at ease without Him. Once Hazoor spoke of Babaji (Baba Jaimal Singhji, His Master) in this strain, "Though Babaji is in the heart of my heart and I am never for a moment separated from Him, yet what a blessing would it be if I were to see Him once again moving amongst us as before. For such a sight I would part with all I possess. (i.e. my very life itself.)"

The true import and significance of a talk like this can only be understood by those who have a spark of love in them but the others will consider it just nonsense.

Once Lord Krishna deputed Udhav to Brinhaban and asked him to console the Gopias with his words of wisdom as they were suffering tremendously from the pangs of separation. When the torments of the lacerated mind are so painful to bear, the torments of the soul are worse still. These heart-aches have many a time turned kings into beggars, made them wander homelessly in trackless forests, or burning desert sands, and in short have even made some of them sacrifice their very lives. In circumstances like these the condition of the tormented soul can better be imagined than described.

Udhav went to the Gopias and spoke to them of Jnana Yoga. They listened to him quietly and at last said, "O Udhav, whatsoever thou sayest is doubtlessly true, but tell us as to how one who is mad after the physical charm of his beloved can have solace by mere empty words?"

One who wants to see the form of his beloved cannot feel satiated by a meaningless chat. After all, what is the end of Jnana Yoga - a union or meeting with the beloved. How then can we see God is the question of questions. This we can do only when we are able to rise up to His level. He knows that we cannot possibly do it, so then out of sheer compassion He manifests in a human form, full of impurities as it is. But for whom does He do all this? For those alone who in silence suffer untold miseries, and who pine to see Him in a human form. The keen eyes of the lover, unmistakably spot the beloved, while the rest call him a "Kurahia", or one with a perverted intellect. When Guru Nanak in his wanderings reached Kasur (a town in the Punjab) the people addressed him as such and closed the very gates of the town of Kasur in his face.

Sri Guru Amardass searched Him far and near for full 70 years. Every year he would go out on a pilgrimage to the sacred Ganges. But when he once saw Guru Angad, he became his bondsman. The companions of Guru Amardass still continued going on their annual round of pilgrimage. They would occasionally come to meet Guru Amar Dass as a friend, for they always regarded him as one of

themselves. What else after all could they do? Their inner vision had not yet developed.

A hen hatches along with her own eggs those of a duck. The chicks of the two are just alike, and for some time they feed about together, but when the hen takes them to a pond, the ducklings at once jumps into the water. The poor hen on the land begins cackling as if they are going to be drowned, but the ducklings feel that they have come to their own element and recognised their own real nature, as fowls of the water, quite distinct from the birds of the land. Exactly the same is the case with the people of the world. One who escapes from the clutches of the world, is looked upon by the worldly wise as a lunatic and as one lost.

In short the friends and companions of Guru Amar Dass would argue with him and beseech him to accompany them on the usual round of pilgrmiage as before, but he having drunk the elixir of Divine Love and life from the Chalice of Guru Angad, could not leave his Master. The object of pilgrimage, of course, is no other than the purification of the mind. The high souls have a unique way to explain these things. He (Guru Amardass) sent for a bitter pumpkin and asked his friends to take it along with them on their round of pilgrimage and to dip it in all the Holy waters, wherever they themselves would have a dip.

When these people returned, Guru Amar Das enquired of them if they had followed his bidding and asked them to bring forth the pumpkin. He then cut it in two, and putting water in the hollow asked them to drink from it. The water was found to be bitter. They looked surprised, as he pointed out to them that the natal bitterness in the gourd could not be washed off with all the dips in the Holy waters of the sacred rivers. In this way he brought home to them that water could only wash off and take away physical impurities and not the impurities of the mind. The Master-soul is however, such a spring of water, a dip in which can cleanse the very soul through and through. The very spot where He sits becomes Holy. His presence sanctifies the very atmosphere around Him. How, after all, did the sacred places come into being? Amritsar (or the pool of nectar) was founded by Guru Ram Dass. Govindwal acquired its importance from Guru Amar Dass. Nankana Sahib got its sanctity from Guru Nanak. Mohannad the Prophet of the desert cast his spell on Kaaba, while Christ raised Jerusalem in the eyes of the world. All these places no doubt were in existence long before, but the subsequent religious merit was attached to them by the feet of such Holy Saints alone.

Guru Nanak was born at Talwandi and it became a sacred place. He wandered from place to place, and undertook long journeys each of which lasted for twelve long years: one towards Burma and China, another towards Iran (Persia) and Mecca (in Arabia), a third towards Pryag and Benares, etc., and the fourth on the side of Sangladip (modern Ceylon) etc. We have accounts of his travels in far-off places in China and Africa. Thus wherever he sat in devotion that became a place of reverence. In fact, wheresoever devotion kneels that becomes a Holy place, worthy of love and respect. Should you engage in devotion at a place like this, it is well and good, but if, on the other hand, you engage in sensual pursuits, what is the good of going on a pilgrimage. The fault does not lie with the place, but with the pilgrims who visit it.

Arsenic used in a small quantity for medical pruposes under the direction of a physician, does good, but if taken in a large dose, it causes death. Everything must therefore be used with discrimination. The perfected souls thus form the sum and substances of the sub-strata of such holy places, which with the lapse of time, will go on accumulating. In fact the whole world is nothing but a place of pilgrimage for the High Souled persons have always appeared at all times and in all climes. Just as electric energy pervades everywhere in the Universe and there is no place without it; yet we feel indebted to the switch that gives us contact with it. All such links and points of contact whether in the past or in the present are blessed indeed, for they bring us close to the powerhouse, the great reservoir of all energy and vitality, which is God.

Once the audience questioned Guru Nanak about the way one could contact God, who is the very soul of our souls, and he replied, "wheresoever you can have Nam, go and get it. This you will be able to have only through the grace of the perfect Master." Thus Guru Nanak laid no limitations and restrictions in this behalf. In the wide world one can search for the Pole, the switch, which would establish contact with the All-prevading Power. He could not possibly bind down an individual by means of attachment to an idol, or a shrine, or a sacred river, or a tree and the like; for every place is holy where there is a talk or a discourse of the Lord. Go to a place where you can get a contact or a link with God for in this lies salvation.

These words are of that Master-Soul in whose loving memory we have congregated today. I am simply telling you whatever little I have gained at His feet. The true import of all religions is kept up before the public by the High-Souled Saints, but after they pass away, there remains behind them mere tracks of forms and rituals devoid of substance, and people in course of time get attached to empty words of little wisdom which lead nowhere. This causes social disintegration instead of fusion and adhesion; narrow petty-mindedness in place of all-embracing love and concord. The Sages come to unite man with God, but those who follow them wean the people away from Him and each tries to raise a band of votaries for himself.

There is the selfsame Reality behind both Islam and in what Islamites call Infidelity. The differences found in various observances of religious creeds are man-made, but their purpose is the same. The difficulties, if there be any, are generally born of ignorance of each other. All religions are founded on one, and only one fundamental, viz. God, but our personal prejudices and predilections have created so many intriguing complexities and complications. As our inner eyes are yet closed to the "One Reality" that lies hidden underneath all forms, we simply see the shadowy forms and nothing else and are thus at loggerheads with each other, ready to clutch and cut throats and tear limb from limb. It is therefore said, "Az taasub kasai Sheikh-o-Brahman shud juda, Warna dar maikhana yak saqi-o-yak jam-o-bas." ("It is through narrowmindedness that the Sheikhs (Muslim Heads) and the Brahman (Hindu Heads) have come to possess separate drinking vessels. Yet in the tavern it is the same barman (The Master-Soul) who serves the wine (of God's Love) to all alike.")

The wine of Divine Love is the same for all. The serving bearer (The Master-Soul) is also the same for all. The rest are all tipplers. Use a little commonsense and look at the various religions with a discerning eye. The Master-Soul is one who is linked with the Over-Soul. He comes into the world in order to unite people to that Over-Soul or God. The rare individuals who understand Him, keep up the traditions safely for the time, but when such souls endowed with power of discrimination pass away, the Reality also fades and vanishes and is ultimately lost to the ignorant multitude, each one of whom, through petty-mindedness, sets up a different school of thought, (if all groups deserves this name.) The Master-Soul used to collect all His numerous following at one centre, as He was a great centripetal force; while His followers, after He leaves the physical body, are split asunder, one from the other by the centrifugal forces that operate.

Once the people asked Hazoor as to which religious denomination He belonged. He replied that He was a Christian if God were so and a Muslim, or a Hindu if God could be called as such. This human body is a combination of five elements (earth, water, fire, air and ether); but the great power that is working in and through it is that of God - and the same pervades everywhere and is found in all living creatures, irrespective of caste or creed, and regardless of color or form.

Whosoever constantly remembers this great Power, one day identifies himself with it. Thought alone is the ruling force, and as you think so you will become. It was the chief characteristic of Hazoor that He would unite together all types of persons in one congregation. His Sangat or brotherhood consisted of

people of various faiths and nationalities. The Satguru or the Master-Soul always stands for this central and cardinal principle.

"Satguru aisa janiae jo sab se lai milai jio." ("Satguru or the Master is one who can gather all persons into one fold.")

Satguru is Sat (Truth or God) personified. He would, therefore, unite all the children of God in one common brotherhood. Spirituality knows no differences and no distinctions, for the two cannot exist at one and the same time. Where there is no spirituality, ethical life too gradually decays.

I still remember that forty years back Mohammadans would attend the discourses in Gurdawaras. They participated in Hindu weddings and joined their nuptial processions. Like true brothers they attended their rituals and knew not in the least that they were in any way different from their Hindu brethren. But see today the depth of degredation to which things have sunk. Let religious differences apart, a brother does not like to talk with a brother. The followers of Hazoor should make a special note of this, because Hazoor used to sit amongst thousands, while we cannot sit together. When we are co-tippers at the same tavern and drink the same wine of God's love, why should we not congregate at one place? It is with painful feelings that I am obliged to utter these sad words. Such of the audience who are listening to these woeful words, should at least act on what I say. In whatever direction we may go, we find the same earth and the same sky; in the same way we have one Master and only One, who is everlasting and immortal. It is said, "Janam Naran dou men nahin, - Jan parupkari aie - Jai dan de bhakti lain - Har sion den milai." ("Far removed are they from the cycle of births and deaths, They come into the world for a selfless service, By a trans-fusion of their life impulse the seeds of devotion are sown, And the individuals are linked up with God.")

The Master through all-embracing compassion infuses in us His love and thus gathers the soul at its centre behind the two eyebrows. What a great blessing this is. As we go through the teachings of Swamji, Tulsi Sahib, Daduji, Kabir Sahib and Hazoor, we find that they all talk on one and the same thing. The life of one who has had an opportunity to meet any high-souled personage becomes transformed and the very purpose of his life is fulfilled.

Hazoor belonged to that high order as described above. In fact all Mahatmas are imbued with the same colour. Just as one bulb of a thousand watts, when fused, is exchanged for another, so, too, is the case with these Master-Souls and the selfsame Light continually shines through Them without an end.

Once when in Ferozepur, I met a Satsangi. Though Sat (Truth) pervades everywhere and is constantly at work just behind the iron curtain of the mind, yet one who has by a process of withdrawal freed his spirit (of ignorance that separates the physical and subtle planes) he alone can claim to be Satsangi in the true sense of the word. On the other hand one who has not even joined the school of spirituality has hardly any claim to style himself a Satsangi. But in sheer delusion of the self, we fall a victim of narrowminded and petty jealousies and prejudices.

A person got an offering from a Gurdawara in one hand. He held this hand behind his back and extended the other to avail of another turn of the offering, but found to his dismay that the offering already received was snatched away by a dog from behind. Naturally the distributor in front refused to offer the Parsad offering once again. We are exactly in a similar plight. We have no moorings at all and are continuously adrift. In the common man abstract principles come first, and hence most of us are rogues and cheats. The fault lies neither with the Satsang (or the spiritual discourse) nor with the spiritual personalities but with the lack of discrimination in us. The great Soul in whose memory we have congregated together this day, had the ideal of uniting the people of different religious beliefs and creeds in bonds of fellowship.

Hazoor, during His last illness once called me and said "Kirpal Singh, set up such a common platform on which persons of different religious denominations might find a meeting place for the Love of the Lord. Never follow or use any one set of speech or else the people will once again degenerate into narrow circles or groups. I have always told the Satsangis (followers) that I was well pleased with all forms of salutation, such as, Ram Ram, Salaam and Namaskar, but they never understood me correctly." He ordered me to name the very spot where you are sitting just now as "Ruhani Satsang". (A College of Spirituality) and intoxication is alike for one and all, no matter whether one be a Hindu or a Mohammedan or a Christian. If in a tavern, tipplers of all types sit together in a common drinking bout, regardless of casts and creeds, why then should there be any thought of such differences amongst the tipplers of God's wine. The truth of the matter is that we have not yet tasted a drop of the Divine Liquor or else there could be no such talk, or even thought, of such differences. All these denominational distinctions vanish into thin air, the moment one sits in the company of Saints and sips this wine.

"Jab se sadh sangat mohe bhai - Na koi bairi nahin begana - Sagal sang ham ko ban aai." ("With the blessings of the Saints I have now no enemy or even one who may be said to be an alien. All are now friends to me.")

The association of the Saints works out all distinctions and differences. Most of us have had an opportunity to attend the spiritual discourses of Hazoor and at these none even know or felt as to who sat next to him, whether it was a cobbler or a wealthy person. A kind of "kindling" atmosphere prevailed and time seemed to stand still. It was all due to His blessing and that blessing of His still continues even to this day.

"Dar-i-janan ki khak lainge - Apna kaaba juda banainge." ("We shall bring dust from the portals of the beloved, and with it shall set up a separate Kaaba (a place of worship) of our own.")

That which helps in building a Kaaba (or a place of devotion) is just within you, and is to be drawn out. One who has been able to realize this, can help you to do likewise; and the hidden treasure will become manifest.

Iqbal and Swami Ram Givtha were great friends. While one learnt Persian, the other did Sanskrit. After the death of Swami Ram Givtha, his son went to England to learn Mining Engineering. On his return to India, Iqbal greeted him with the words, "Your father died in excavating the mysteries of heaven and you would now excavate the mysteries of earth (as a Mining Engineer.)" We, too, are in the same condition. We are tied to the dust and dirt of the earth and unless we are able to leave the plane of senses by withdrawing the spirit - we cannot look heavenwards.

"Tera dham adhar men piari, - Tu dhar sang raht bandhani." ("Thy abode, O beloved, is in heaven, but thou art bound to the earth.")

You belong to a region which is non-material, but you are tied down to the material earth. It is said, "Dila ta ke darin khake majazi - Kuni hamchn tiflan khak bazi." ("How long, O man, wilt thou play with the dust just like a child.")

Before you leave the body, you must learn to unravel the mysteries of heaven. The mysteries of heaven can be solved by penetrating into Gagan (the Astral plane), i.e., by withdrawing the spirit from the physical body and going into the astral, and from there on to Brahmmand or the causal plane, and further on to Sach Khand, the abode of Bliss. This you can only learn from the person who has already traversed all these realms, and the journey can only be undertaken with the help and guidance of such a Being. It is impossible otherwise to withdraw the soul from the plane of senses. This physical raiment is just like a magic box and we cannot possibly get out of it. One who has succeeded in breaking through this house of wonder, can teach you how to do likewise. Blessed are those who have already achieved this, whether they be Hindus or Muslims. If this

thing has not been accomplished the very purport of life is defeated. Do not deceive yourself in the belief that you will get salvation simply because you are a Hindu or a Sikh or a Christian. The outer religion is of no avail in this matter. It is only a stepping stone which everyone has to step on in order to proceed further, and enables one to lead a life of piety and good conduct. The moment this is achieved religion has fulfilled its purpose. You have now just to take the next step: Seek instructions from some Master of the Path, and under His guidance tap Within and go up into the astral or subtle world.

"Aan toi ke be badan dari badan, - Pas matras az jisam-o-jan beroon shudan." ("Thou art one who possessed a body quite distinct and apart from this physical form (meaning thereby astral and causal bodies). Fear not then to leave this body and escape from this prison house.")

Once an initiate in his daily devotions, came to the verge of taking a great leap into the world beyond, but he cried out, "O, I am about to die." When death is the end of life, is not it a good fortune to know the way to the other side of the grave, while one lives. This physical body has ten portals or orifices (Viz. two eyes, two ears, two nostrils, mouth, urinary organ and the rectum) nine of which are physical, while the tenth is an invisible outlet or exit and is known as Nukt-i-Sawaida by the Mohammadans, Shiv Netre by the Hindus, or the Third Eye as distinct from the two physical eyes.

"Andhe dar ki khabar na pai." ("O, thou art really blind as thou knowest not the exit.")

This grand exit, the tenth portal, connects the physical body with the astral or subtle body and thus enables the soul or the spirit to extend its consciousness or vision to that region and on to the causal world, and even beyond to the abode or seat of the Great God; but alas, we know not of this great and grand portal leading to the realms within. We can know of it only from some High Soul or Saint and it is through His blessings that we can have admission to it and traverse, or switch over, from this physical world to the spiritual world. Such Beings are met with rarely - like a lion in the forest or the rare jewel in the depths of granite rock beds. A person of this calibre stands like a firm rock unshaken by the winds that blow, for the mighty power of the great God is at His beck and call. Whomsoever He contacts with that great Power, sings eulogies and paeans in praise of Him; but alas, by far the greater number in utter ignorance, get inimical towards Him (for those who stand to lose their living talk ill of Him and concoct false stories about Him and His deeds.)

Just as children get wild with excitement when they see an elephant coming, but when it reaches them, make way for it - in the same way, the people first scoff and laugh at the High Souled Saint; but when they find their jeers and pin-pricks are in vain and have no effect on Him, and that in spite of these He grows in influence and power, they begin to hurl abuses on Him, and lastly greedy for a fight. But in the end they have to acknowledge His greatness and bow down in shame. This indeed is the way of the world.

Guru Nanak for instance was dubbed a Kurahia or one with a perverted intellect who went about leading people astray. What after all was at the bottom of it? He had forsaken his wife and children, his family and household and undertook four long and arduous journeys, each covering a period of twelve years. In his wanderings of about half a century he preached truth to stumbling humanity steeped in utter ignorance. Accursed was the tongue that dared call such a selfless and High Souled Saint, a Kurahia. But the people, too, are not to be blamed, for their discriminative eye - the third eye that alone sees the truth, is closed and they see not and distinguish not the chaff from the grain. These were the folk who crucified Christ - the living Son of the living God. But knowing all this, these exalted Beings utter no words of complaint, keep their lips sealed in the service of God; suffer untold miseries, and smilingly meet tortuous deaths at His bidding just to fulfill His purpose.

Once Jesus, while lunching with His disciples, said, "From amongst thee who are sitting around me, one shall betray me and get me crucified." In the fullness of time one of His very disciples reported against Him and got Him crucified. When His end came near, He prayed - "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Once Hazrat Ibrahim was sitting in a boat and amongst the voyagers was a rich merchant with a few of his companions. To amuse the rich man, his friends began to play pranks. As Ibrahim, the man of God, sat absorbed in his own thoughts, they began to jest and jeer at him. Ibrahim, however, kept his peace. He heard within him the voice of God saying, "O, Ibrahim! these people are trying to be-little thee and degrade thee and I cannot stand this nonsense. If thou so wishest, I would like to overturn this boat and drown them all." Hazrat replied, "O, God, why doest thou not topple down their perverted understanding, that their eyes (inner vision) may open and they should know Thee."

The blessings and munificence of God are coming down continuously, do not feel disappointed but adjust yourself towards Him to feel all His gifts.

The greatness of a Mahatma does not consist in this that he should possess a palace to live in, or have a large following. On the contrary it lies in his grace. He forgives even the heinousness of sinners. He has compassion for those who come even to murder him.

The mother will never thrust away a child even though he may have soiled himself with dirt. She will rather clean him all over and embrace him to her breast. In the same way the High Souled Saints cleanse the downtrodden jivas, or the embodied souls, stuck up in the quagmire of the worldly dirt and make them turn over a new leaf.

All these things that I am telling you, I found reflected in the nature of Hazoor. The greatest thing that I found in Him was that He would try to liberate people from the rigours of religious forms and rituals, and to understand the true profit of life. He never asked a person to leave off his code of religious morals nor to die in them bound hand and foot. He simply opened his eyes to the truth within. Man by nature is gregarious and lives in society, and has of necessity to make social rules and regulations so that he may live at peace with his brethren.

All codes of morals serve like a nurse to the Dame Reality and help in the birth of a child - the regeneration of man.

No religion permits the immolation of women or the killing of persons; but alas! what man has done with man is so scandalous to be put on record. After the partition of this country the people in the name of religion polluted the chastity of women and killed hundreds of thousands of innocent persons. If all this gruesome and ghastly dance of death cannot serve to open our eyes; we cannot possibly mend ourselves. If we had a grain of feeling in us we ought to hang our heads in shame. There are, however, a few awakened souls among us but these are very rare, and such rendered a valuable yeoman's service in those most trying and troubled times.

I would like to relate a couple of instances of Hazoor in those days. Hazoor was physically ailing - for body alone is subject to diseases and the great souls very often vicariously take upon themselves the people's burden of karmic action. During partition days, when passions were running high, some Muslims came to Hazoor for protection. He lovingly kept them in the Dera. In September 1947 Hazoor planned to go to Amritsar. When I went to see Him with the hope of accompanying Him to Amritsar, Hazoor bade me remain at Dera and look after the comforts of the Dera people and the Muslims, according to the exigencies at the moment. A Muslim caravan was to leave that day for Pakistan. Hazoor therefore enjoined me to escort the Muslims of the Dera to that caravan. It so happened that a torrential down pour of rain came on that day. Hazoor felt a deep agony and said, "Our Muslim brethren are in a very poor plight, but we have no sympathy for them in our heart."

As Hazoor started for Amritsar, He saw a huge crowd of Muslims near Beas Railway Station. A Jamadar with a loaded gun was in the car with Him and in spite of his remonstrances, Hazoor ordered the car to be taken right towards the Muslim Horde and pulled it up just in their midst. He called for the leader of the Muslim caravan and with tears in his eyes said, "I have in the Dera a few Muslim brethren, and would very much like to see them safely escorted across the border." Such indeed are the acts of High Souled Saints. His heart was full of compassion and pity for the suffering humanity.

In the evening a truck load of Muslims prepared to join the evacuees on the march, when all of a sudden I heard the news that a band of armed Akalis had gathered near Dera and intended to raid it and massacre the Muslims. All alone I went to them full of confidence in Hazoor's munificence and greatness. A few of the Akalis with spears and spades blocked my way. I said to them, "These helpless brethren have come to Hazoor for protection. It behoves the Khalsas to extend the protection that they seek. The spirit of the Khalsa requires no demands, that those who seek mercy must be given mercy. You had better hug them to your bosom." Hearing these words a couple of aged Akalis came forward and said, "You have this day saved the Kalsas from what would otherwise have been a great sacrilege and a heinous crime of taking away the life of so many of these poor souls. We shall not now touch a hair of these people." All this transformation from a blood-thirsty mood to that of sympathy and fellow-feeling came through the grace of Hazoor.

As the truck was about to pass by the Akalis I stopped it and said, "These brethren of ours are today quitting their hearths and homes not because of any hatred towards us but are being driven to it by sheer necessity. We have all these years been living together in peace and concord. Will it not be good if we bid good-bye to them with loving embraces." This touched them to the core. In an instant I found the two (i.e. Akalis and Muslims) hugging each other with tears streaming down their cheeks - the two who a short while before were anxious to cut each other's throats. No religion permits man-slaughter or genocide. We indulge in these things because we are taught the wrong way and religion is used as a smoke screen for the perpetration of dastardly deeds to serve selfish ends. There are instances on record wherein the Muslims also saved the lives of Hindus and vice versa.

A friend of mine narrated to me an instance which he witnessed at Lahore after the partition. One day he was standing near Nila Gumbad when a Muslim came to him and asked him to go to the top storey of a nearby building. At first he felt hesitant, but when he did go there, he found a Sikh preparing his meal. The latter told him how, since the communal disturbances, he was being looked after by the Muslims, who supplied him with ration and had assured him that after the passions cooled down, he would be escorted to safety to wheresoever he wanted to go. Then that Muslim took him to another room where the Holy Granth was lying in state. The fact remains that whosoever has learnt the true import of his religion, has an all embracing love for the entire humanity, and is not torn by sectional and communal love. It is said, "Tu barai wasal kardan amdi - Nai barai fasal kardan amdi." ("O man of wisdom (Moses) thou wert sent to knit people unto me (God) - And not to lead my people away from me.")

Once a shepherd boy leaving his goats to pasture in a meadow sat under a tree and lovingly began to commune with God in this wise, "O God! I wish that both of us should live side by side. I shall not make Thee uncomfortable. Should Thou fall ill, I shall attend Thee day and night. Should Thou get tired I shall massage Thy hands and feet. I shall bring Thee a barley bread and spinach to eat and give Thee goats' fresh milk to drink. I shall pick up lice from Thy hair and give Thee a hair-wash with milk and curd."

The shepherd boy was deeply absorbed in these thoughts when the Prophet Moses passed that way. He shouted at the boy and said, "O, fool why art thou

blaspheming. God is altogether unlike thee and shall not eat thy barley bread and spinach nor shall he ever fall ill or get lice in his head." The boy was stunned to hear this, and began to tingle in every nerve and inquired, "Perhaps I am wrong. . . . I ought not to have talked like this. . . . Will the great God be annoyed with me?" With these thoughts within him, he began to cry. As he sobbed he felt comforted and in harmony with the higher power. In that blissful state he had a vision of God. The celestial Visitant consoled him with the words, "I shall accept all thy offerings, for I am well pleased with thee." In the meanwhile Moses having reached the heights of Mt. Sinai, sat in meditation and felt within him the voice of God, saying, "O Moses! I am thoroughly annoyed with thee. Thou art guilty of breaking the heart of that shepherd boy, who was communing with me, with all love and affection." The Prophet was surprised and said, "O God, his words were not of love but were blasphemous." The great God replied, "Thou knowest that the world of that boy contained nothing else but barley bread, spinach, goats' milk and lice. I gave thee wisdom and had thou utilized it, thou wouldst not have spoken like this. I sent thee into the world, that thou mayest knit me to those who are separated from me and not that thou shouldst rent asunder loving hearts that are one with me."

Hazoor possessed this attribute in great abundance. He would unite thousands of people in one common brotherhood. All of us that are assembled here, belong to that great fraternity into which Hazoor bound us together. We must not only live in peace and harmony, but have love and affection for all humanity. This would only be possible when one understands the true import of Hazoor's teachings. Generally when such High Souls pass away, the following degenerates; petty-mindedness creeps in and we begin worshipping mammon and sin.

Hazoor used to tell us that when a High Soul comes into the world, the worshippers of wealth and women also gather round Him. Hence He said, "Whatever a person asked of me, I granted. He who wanted riches got riches. He who wished for lands, was given lands. Those who wanted me alone, got me in abundance."

If today as we sit to commemorate the anniversary of Hazoor, we could learn one lesson - viz to love all and to entertain no evil thoughts for others - this memorial service would not be in vain. In case you have already learnt this lesson, it is well and good, but if not, we must learn it now. We must purify our minds, for God loves the man who is pure in heart and makes such a heart alone His resting place. Christ has said, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." God does not live in high heavens. He is just within us. But our minds, impure as they are, fail to reflect His Holy Presence.

Always carry the sweet memory of Hazoor with you. As you think so shall you become.

"Hari ke gun hari bhanvde so guru te apie." ("God is enamoured of His own attributes and these one can know from a Godman (The Master)".) What then are these virtues? He blesses everyone with sustenance, and it does not matter if the person be a robber of a dacoit. He loves all. You, too, should therefore, love His creation. You have not yet seen God, but have seen the Godman alone. If you were to contact the Godman and merge your identity in Him, you will automatically acquire His merits and attributes because of the well-known aphorism - as you think so you shall become. The result will be that you will become a Guruman, and the Guru (The Master) being Godman will himself dye you in the colour of God. In this way you will realise the presence of God within you and that indeed is the Summum Bonum of life. In the association of a Godman, we can get a real life impulse and this life impulse can be developed by constant dwelling on Him and by literal obedience to His behests. That alone is the way to salvation. (January 1, 1952.)