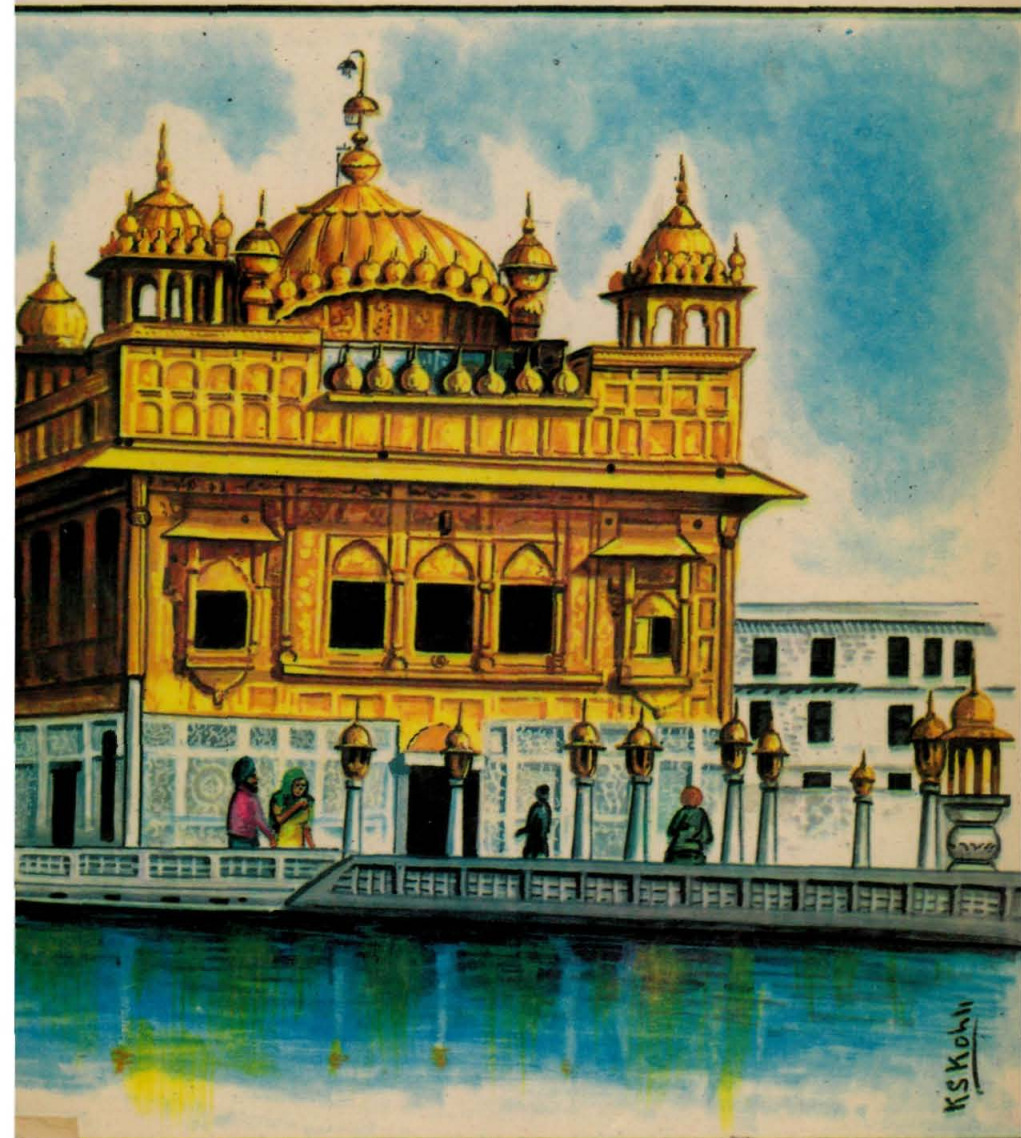
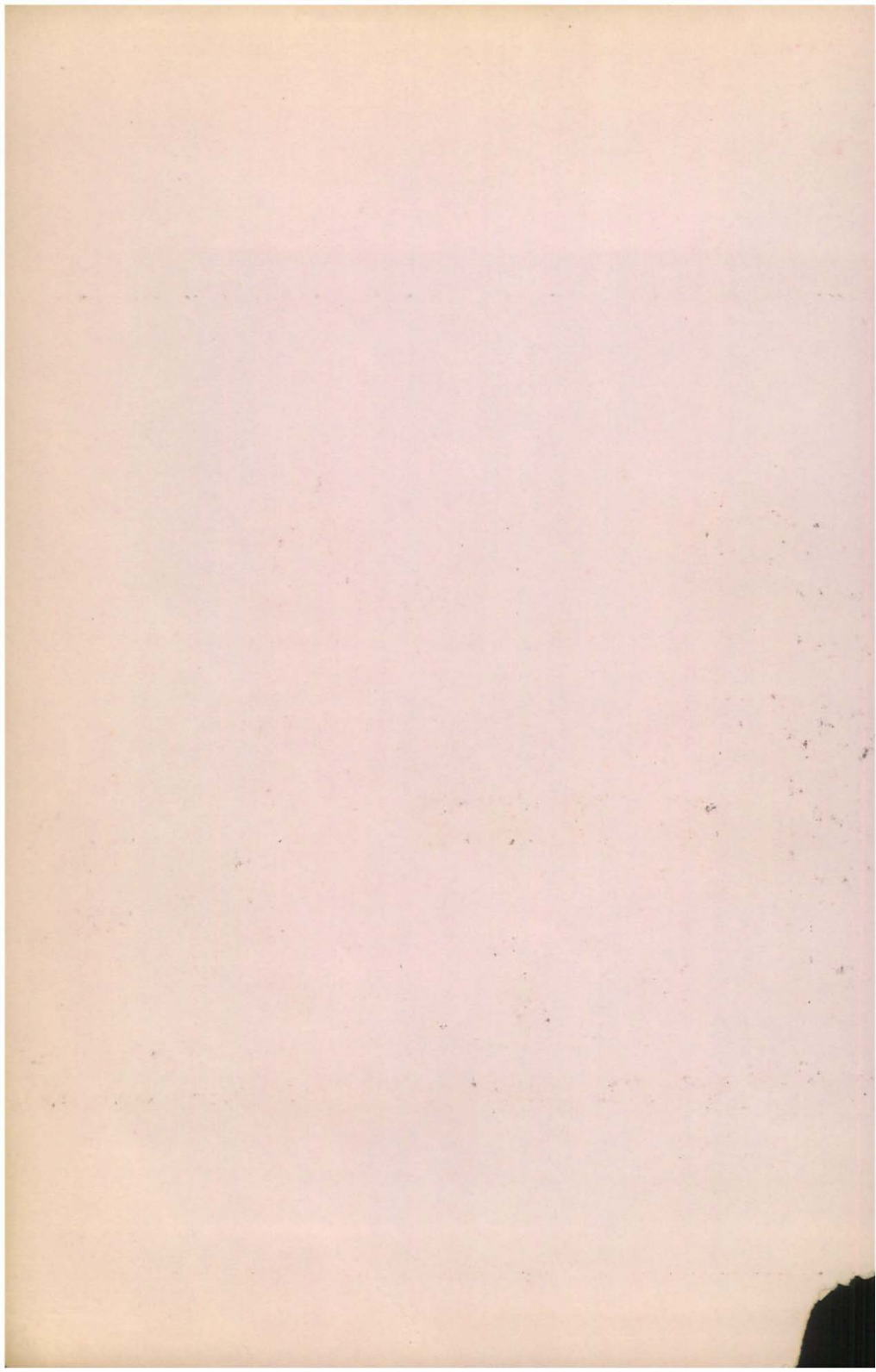


Stories from SIKH HISTORY

Book-I



Hemkunt



STORIES FROM
SIKH HISTORY

BOOK—I
(Guru Nanak Dev)

By
KARTAR SINGH
and
GURDIAL SINGH DHILLON
Edited by
P. M. MACORMACK



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Book I (Guru Nanak Dev)

Book II (Guru Angad to Guru Arjun Dev)

Book III (Guru Hargobind to Guru Teg Bahadur)

Book IV (Guru Gobind Singh)

Book V (Sikh Martyrs)

Book VI (Banda Singh Bahadur)

Book VII (Maharaja Ranjit Singh) and thereafter till 1989)

FOREWORD

Moral and religious instruction, I am glad to find, is now being rehabilitated in our schools. Our country is secular, it is true, but there is no denying the fact that religious and moral education has a very useful function to serve.

Modern psychology has emphasized that, if the child is given proper guidance at his formative stages, it will greatly help integrate his personality. The example of the teacher and his relations with students leave a deep impression on the minds of students. Moral instruction, I feel, is better given by example than by precept.

The great figures of the past, specially the heroes of history, have shown mankind how to fight successfully against evil and face the challenges, from time to time. One of the great saviours of Indian history is Guru Nanak. Through his example, he challenged superstition, inertia, tyranny and bigotry. His life is a beacon-light which gives inspiration to all who seek guidance in the path of truth and righteous action.

The youth of today, more than any other section of society, is at the cross-roads. School students are dazed by the march of exciting events and the great tensions of the modern world. Science may throw light on the physical world, but it is only the teachings of great saints and sages which offer a glimpse into the spiritual world. Any educational system which does not take into account the moral development of the students will remain inadequate and ineffective. In this book for children, are presented a number of stories from the life of Guru Nanak in a broad and vivid manner. The pictures and sketches given therein, I am sure, will create a lasting impression on their minds. I sincerely hope that this series of Sikh History books which they have planned, will go a long way in moulding the lives of the young Indian students.

Ganda Singh
Ph.D., D. Litt.

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GURU NANAK DEV

1

Talwandi

Guru Nanak Dev was the first Guru of the Sikhs. He was born over five hundred years ago. His father's name was Mehta Kalu. His mother's name was Mata Tripta. He had one sister named Nanki. She was about five years elder to him

Guru Nanak was born in a village named Talwandi. It was later called Nankana Sahib. It was given this name in memory of Guru Nanak. A beautiful Gurdwara stands at the place of his birth. It is called *Janam Asthan* or the sacred birthplace.

Nankana Sahib is now in Pakistan. No one from India can go there freely. It is very sad that we are not free to

visit and see our dear and sacred place.

The village of Talwandi was the property of a Muslim landlord. His name was Rai Bular. Baba Kalu was Bular's *patwari* or manager. He looked after his master's lands. He was honest and hardworking. Rai Bular liked and trusted him.

Rai Bular was a good and kind man. To him the non-Muslims were as dear as the Muslims. He grew very fond of Guru Nanak. He showed his love for Guru Nanak in many ways as we shall learn later in this book.

The Child

Guru Nanak was not like other children. He did not waste his time in idle talk. He never did anything bad or naughty. He was not fond of costly clothes. He liked simple food and simple dress. He was good and kind. He spent his time in doing good to others. He loved everybody and he loved the poor most of all. He helped them whenever he could. He often gave them food, clothes and money. Above all, he gave them his love. This always made him happy.

Guru Nanak was a very active and healthy child. He was always smiling and cheerful. He liked to run about and play with other children. He had quite a number of playmates. All of them were fond of him. They looked



Giving sweets to playmates

upon him as their leader. He, too, was very fond of his playmates. Sometimes he used to take them to his house. There he would ask his mother to give them sweets. Mata Tripta was a kind lady. She readily brought out sweets for her dear son's playmates. He himself gave the sweets to his friends. He took pleasure in serving others in this way.

He often played games with his

friends. But he did not play such games as hockey, cricket, football or tennis. Such games were not known in those days. He used to play games like *kabaddi* (tip-cat) and hide and seek. He also ran races with his playmates. None could beat him at these games.

He was the best player. He ran faster than all his playmates and he was the fastest runner.

Sometimes, he played a strange new game. It showed his love for God. For that game he chose a green and grassy place near a pond. The pond was quite near his home.

He took his seat at the chosen grassy place. He made his comrades sit before him in a half circle. Then he said to them, 'Brothers, let us play a new, good, and useful game. Let us sing the name of God. I shall lead you with my song. You will all sing after



Praying with his friends

me as I do. Do you agree, my brothers ?

‘Yes, yes,’ they said in one voice.

Then he began singing, ‘*Dhann Nirankar Sat Kartar!*’ This means God’s formless & He is Truth. All his comrades sang after him as he did.

His voice was clear and sweet. Soon, he began to sing louder and louder. His comrades also raised their voices louder and louder.

This song was heard by all who

passed that way. Many people would stop to listen. Some of them would go near the singing party. Sometimes they would also start singing with the children.

Rai Bular had often watched this game with pleasure. He began to love Guru Nanak. Later, he built a room there in memory of Guru Nanak's sacred game. He also changed the pond into a tank.

Long afterwards, a beautiful gurdwara was built at that place. The gurdwara is called *Bal Lila*.

3

At School

Mehta Kalu decided to send his only son to school. Guru Nanak was then about six years old. He was taken to the village school. In that school he was to learn reading, writing, and arithmetic.

Guru Nanak was very happy. He was keen to learn. He was a very able and clever child. He proved to be a quick learner. In a short time he learnt all that the teacher could teach him. The teacher was filled with wonder. No child had ever been so quick to learn so much and so well.

On day Guru Nanak said to his teacher, 'Every man has to die. No one can live forever. After death every man has to give an account of his life. He is punished for his evil actions. He

is rewarded for his good deeds. What you teach can be of no use at that time. You should teach your pupils to give a good account of their lives. You should teach them to be good and truthful. You should teach them to do good to others. You should teach them to keep away from bad people. You should teach them to do no evil. You should teach them to love and remember God. Only in this way will they become



Guru Nanak with his teacher

truly learned. Only in this way can you become a truly good teacher.

The teacher was filled with wonder all the more. 'Dear Nanak', he said, 'You have taught me a good and useful lesson. You are my teacher. I am your pupil. I have learnt much from you. I shall always remember your words. I shall always follow your advice.'

The child-Guru then gave up going to the village school.

For some time Guru Nanak was free to do what he pleased. He ran about and played with his comrades. Sometimes he wandered about in the forest near the village. Sometimes he sat under a shady tree for hours. Sitting there, he used to think of God.

After some time his father decided to put him under a Muslim teacher. He was to learn Persian from that teacher. Guru Nanak gladly agreed to that.

Here, again, he proved to be a quick learner. In a short time he learnt as much as the teacher could teach him. He then gave up going to that school. But before doing so, he taught his Muslim teacher to love and remember God. He taught him to be good, honest, and truthful. He taught him to love and serve all men. He taught him to teach his pupils in the right way. He said to him, 'Always remember one thing: God is the father of us all. We are all His children. We should all love one another. We should all live together like a good family.'

The Muslim teacher bowed before his pupil. He said, 'Dear Nanak, you have taught me a good and useful lesson. You are my teacher. I am your pupil. I shall ever remember your words. I shall ever follow your advice.'

The Cattle-Grazer

For some time again Guru Nanak was free to do what he pleased. But his father did not like this. He said to his wife, 'Our only son is wasting his time. He does not do anything useful. He must make better use of his time. He must be made to do something good and useful. Let us make him graze the cattle.'

Mata Tripta replied, 'That is a good idea. Let us make him a cattle-grazer. He loves to walk in the forest. As a cattle-grazer, he can spend his day in the forest. He will be doing something useful at the same time.'

Mehta Kalu told his son what he wanted him to do. Guru Nanak readily agreed to obey his father. He became a cattle-grazer. Every morning he took

his father's cattle into the forest. He looked after them with great care. He took them to places where there was plenty of good green grass. They ate their fill of the green grass. All the time Guru Nanak kept his mind fixed on God.

At noon he took the cattle to a grove of shady trees. The cattle rested there during the hot after-noon. Guru Nanak sat near them in silence. He kept thinking of God. Sometimes he lay down on the soft, green grass and went to sleep.

One day he sat under a tree to watch the grazing cattle. He began to think of God. He soon forgot all about the cattle. His mind was totally occupied with thoughts of God. The cattle went on grazing as they liked. They went into a farmer's field. There was a good green crop in that field. They liked it very much. They had a hearty meal.



Cattle grazing in a farmer's field while Nanak slept

The farmer saw the cattle destroying his crop. He got angry. He went running to that place. He drove the cattle out of his field. He drove them to the shady tree under which Guru Nanak sat thinking of God. He shook him by the shoulder. He spoke very angrily to him. Guru Nanak kept quiet and cool.

The farmer then went to Rai Bular. He said to him, 'Sir, Mehta Kalu's

cattle have eaten up my good green crop. His son allowed them to enter my field. He slept while the cattle ate my crop. I have suffered a heavy loss. I am a poor man. Kindly order my loss to be made good. Order Mehta Kalu to pay for my loss.'

Rai Bular sent for Mehta Kalu. He also sent for Guru Nanak. He told them the farmer's story. He told Mehta Kalu to pay for the farmer's loss.

Mehta Kalu was very sad to hear this. He was angry with his son. He spoke harsh words to him. Guru Nanak kept cool and quiet. Then Guru Nanak said to Rai Bular, 'Please send some body to see the field. Let him see what damage has been done by my cattle. Then tell us how much to pay.'

Rai Bular sent one of his men to the field. The farmer went with him. The two soon reached the field. The crop



'Please send somebody to see the field.'

was perfectly all right. None of it had been eaten up. The farmer was filled with wonder.

The two went back to Rai Bular. The man said to him. 'Sir, the farmer has told a lie. His crop is all right. No damage has been done.'

The farmer said, 'Great Sir, I did not tell a lie. I spoke the truth. The cattle did eat up my crop. But now it is all right. Nay, it is even greener and better than before. I don't know how it has happened.'

Rai Bular said, 'Our Nanak loves God. He always keeps thinking of Him. God loves him. God has shown His love for Nanak. He has made the crop green and whole again. I bow my head before him. He is a great one. Mehta Kalu, be kind to him at all times. If he causes you any loss, I shall make it good to you.'

A gurdwara was later built on the field. It is called *Kiara Sahib* or the Sacred Field.

A Cobra Serves

For some years Guru Nanak went on working as a cattle-grazer. Every morning he drove his father's cattle into the forest to graze. At noon he used to drive them to a shady place. The cattle lay and rested under the shady trees. He sat on the grassy ground thinking of God. After a time, he laid himself on the soft, grassy ground and went to sleep.

One summer day a strange thing came to pass. He was asleep under a shady tree. The cattle were resting near him. After some time, the rays of the hot summer sun began to fall on his face. Soon, a large snake came out of its hole nearby. It was a cobra. A cobra is a very poisonous snake. Its bite kills a man at once. This cobra

was very big and black. It spread its hood. The hood was large and wide. How wide? It was more than thirty centimetres wide. It was a sort of small umbrella. The cobra placed its hood between the sun and Guru Nanak's face. The sun's rays fell on the cobra's hood. They no longer fell on Guru Nanak's face. He did not feel the heat. He remained sound asleep.

By chance, Rai Bular came that way. He was on horseback. He saw Guru Nanak lying on the grassy ground. Near him he saw a big black cobra



Rai Bular thought.....

with its large, wide hood. He was filled with fear. He thought, "Perhaps the cobra has bitten and killed dear Nanak." He went up quickly to the place. The cobra saw him coming. It folded its hood. It quickly ran away.

On going near, Rai Bular found that Guru Nanak was fast asleep. The sun's rays were falling upon his face. He was alive. The big, black cobra had not bitten him. It had placed its large, wide hood between the hot summer sun and the Guru's face. It had thus shaded his face from the sun. It had



The cobra had bitten him.

done him no harm. It had done a service to him.

Rai Bular was filled with joy and wonder. He said to himself, 'Nanak is very dear to God. Therefore, He made the cobra shade his face from the hot sun. How wonderful !'

He got down from his horse. He woke up the sleeping lad. He bowed his head before him. He touched his feet. He took him up in his arms and kissed his forehead. From that day he began to hold Guru Nanak in great respect.

The Good Bargain

Guru Nanak worked as a cattle-grazer for some time. Then he gave up that work. He was again free to do what he liked and to go where he pleased. He walked about in the forest for a good part of the day. Sometimes, he met there *sadhus* and *fakirs*. (holymen). He held talks with them. His talks were about God.

Mehta Kalu did not like this at all. He thought that his son was wasting his time. He wanted him to do some useful work. He wanted him to earn money.

So, one day he said to him, 'Nanak, you are now a lad of fifteen. Soon you will have to marry. You will have a family. You will need money to support that family. But you do nothing to earn

money. You should begin to earn. I shall tell you what to do. I shall give you some money. You must go to another town and use the money to make a good bargain. Next time, I shall give you a much bigger sum. Don't lose it. Spend it in making some good bargains. Do you like the idea? Will you obey me ?

Guru Nanak replied, 'Dear father, I like the idea. I shall obey you. I shall make a good bargain with the money.' Mehta Kalu gave him a sum of twenty rupees. It was not at all a small sum. Twenty silver rupees of those days would be equal to more than a thousand rupees of today. So Guru Nanak was given quite a large sum.

Guru Nanak got ready to start. A servant, named Bhai Bala, was to go with him. The two set out towards a town nearby. Its name was Chuharkana. In three or four hours they reached the



Guru Nanak serving the sadhus.

town. They noticed a group of sadhus sitting in a grove of shady trees. Guru Nanak was fond of sadhus. He liked to meet and talk with one of the sadhus in the grove. He learnt that they were hungry. For four long days they had eaten no food at all.

Guru Nanak had a kind heart. He felt pity for them. He said to himself, 'To feed these hungry men of God will be a very good bargain.' So he decided to feed them. Bala advised him not to do so. He said, 'Your father will not like this. He did not give you the money for this purpose. He will be angry with you, if you spend his money in this way.'

'But,' said Guru Nanak, 'he told me to make a good bargain with the money. I shall spend it in feeding these hungry holy men. That will be a good bargain. God will be pleased with it. My father,

too, will like it very much. I feel sure of that.'

So, he and Bala went to Chuharkana nearby. There he bought flour, pulses, salt, ghee and other articles of food. He spent the whole sum of twenty rupees in that way.

Those articles of food had to be taken to the shady grove. Guru Nanak hired a cart for that purpose. The articles of food were loaded in that hired cart. They were taken to the grove of shady trees. There they were handed over to the hungry holy men. They were sufficient to feed them for many days.

The holy men made a hearty meal. They broke their four days' fast. 'God bless you, dear child,' said they. 'You have been kind to us. May God be kind to you ! May He make you happy and great.'

He then started homewards. Bala was with him. By sunset they had almost reached Talwandi. Guru Nanak thought of his father. He said to himself, 'Father loves money. He might not like my good bargain. He might be angry with me. I should keep away from him for some time.'

Near the village there was a big, tall, shady tree. Its branches touched the ground on all sides. It thus formed a sort of tent. Guru Nanak decided to pass the night under that tent. That tree is still there. It is called *Tambu Sahib* or the Sacred Tent. There is a Gurdwara at the place. It is called *Tambu Sahib*.

Guru Nanak told Bala to go home. The following morning, Baba Kalu heard of Bala's return. He sent for him. Bala told him the whole story. Baba Kalu became very angry. He went out in haste. He soon reached the



Nanki placed herself between Guru Nanak
and her father

tree under which his son was hiding. He dragged him out from under the tree. He began to slap him, right and left. 'You have wasted my money,' he said, again and again, in great anger.

Guru Nanak's cheeks became red because of the hard slaps. He bore the beating bravely and calmly. Soon his sister, Nanki, came running to the place. She placed herself between her

father and her brother. Thus she made her father stop beating her brother.

But the beating did not make Guru Nanak angry or sad. He was quite happy in spite of the beating. He had done a good deed. He had fed the hungry. He had helped the poor. He had done this in the name of God. What if he was beaten for it? He was happy at the good bargain which he had made.

We should always remember the good bargain made by Guru Nanak. We, too, should try to do good to others. We should all help those who need our help. We should be kind to the poor. We should feed the hungry. We should clothe the naked. We should look after those who are ill. This good work may cause some trouble to us, but we should not lose heart. We should not be sad over it. We should think of Guru Nanak and his good bargain.

Three Golden Rules

Mehta Kalu wanted his son to do some useful work. So it was decided to send him to Sultanpur Lodhi. His sister Nanki's husband, Diwan Jai Ram, was a servant of Nawab Daulat Khan, governor of Sultanpur. Jai Ram was able to find a job for Guru Nanak. He was appointed the Nawab's *modi* or storekeeper. He was put incharge of the Nawab's *modikhana* or storehouse.

Now you may ask, 'What was a *modikhana* ? What was a *modi's* duty or work ?'

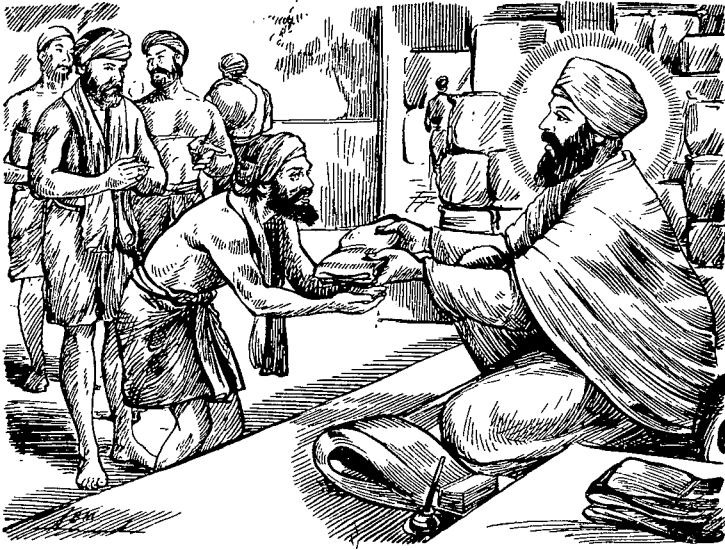
Owners of land had to pay land-tax to the government. In these days, this tax is paid in cash. But, in those days, the land-owners gave a part of their crops as the land-tax. They gave all

types of grain, cotton, chillies and *gur* or brown sugar. All these things were stored in a place called a *modikhana*.

Some of these things were given for use in the Nawab's house. Some of them were given to his army, police, and servants. The rest of them were sold to the public.

The *modi* had to keep an account of these things. He had to weigh them as they came in. He had to weigh them when they were given out. He had to keep an account also of the money made by selling those things. The money had to be deposited in the Nawab's treasury. For this work, he was given some pay and some rations.

Guru Nanak did this work very well. He was fair and gentle to everybody. All who came to the *modikhana* went away satisfied and pleased. He was specially sweet and



Guru Nanak serving the poor.

kind to the poor. To them he gave away a part of his own rations.

The Nawab's servants and the common people began to love and honour him. He became very popular with them all. But some bad people did not like this. Some of them went to the Nawab and said, 'Your *modi* is dishonest and careless. Your *modikhana* will soon become empty. He will then run away.'

The Nawab had Guru Nanak's accounts checked a number of times. Once, the Guru was shut in a room during the checking. But everything was found to be all right. Rather, some balance was found in his favour. The Nawab was satisfied. The evil persons were put to shame.

While doing his duties so well, Guru Nanak kept his mind fixed on God. He repeated God's Name at all times. He made others do the same. Every morning, he got up about three hours before sunrise. He went to the Bein river and after bathing in the river, he sat near the bank. He fixed his mind on God and sang songs in His praise until it was day.

At Sultanpur, Guru Nanak showed to all how a man of religion should live and act. He wanted the people to live and act like him. He used to tell them, 'A man of religion should do three

things. One, he should earn his living with honest labour. He should not lead an idle life. Secondly, he should share his earnings with others. He should help the weak. He should give food to the hungry. He should give clothes to the naked poor. Thirdly, he should always remember God. He should ask others to do likewise. Such are the three main golden rules of my religion. live and act according to them. You will become truly religious. You will be happy, really happy.”

All Men Are Brothers

Guru Nanak worked as Nawab Daulat Khan's *modi* for about twelve years. Then he decided to give up the Nawab's service. The Nawab had become very fond of him. He urged him to stay on in his service. But the Guru shook his head and said, 'No, friend, I cannot serve you any longer. I have now to serve God and His children. I must go.'

So Guru Nanak gave up the Nawab's service. Under the Nawab's orders, the Guru's accounts were cleared. He was given what was found due to him. He gave away to the poor all that he had. Then he put on the dress of an *udasi*. He took leave of his family. He bade farewell to his friends. He went out of the town. Sitting under a tree, he

thought of God. He made plans for his work.

He remained silent for one day. Then he broke his silence on the next day. He began to say, "There is no Hindu and no Musalman."

These words of the Guru were soon on everybody's lips. They also reached the ears of the Nawab's Qazi. He was red with anger. He went to the Nawab. He complained to him about Guru Nanak. The Nawab sent for the Guru.

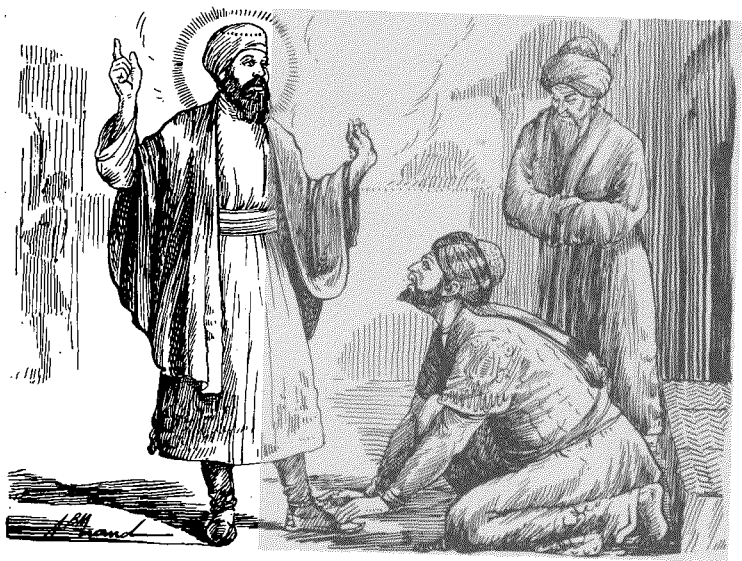
Guru Nanak went to the Nawab's court. The Nawab seated him by his side. He said to the Qazi, 'Put to him any questions that you like.'

The Qazi said to the Guru, "Why do you say, 'There is no Hindu and no Muslim?' About the Hindus I shall not say anything. But there are hundreds of Muslims in this very town. There are thousands of them in the country.

What you say is not true.”

Guru Nanak replied, “It is true that there are thousands who call themselves Muslims. There are thousands who call themselves Hindus. All the same, there is no Hindu. There is no Muslim. The Hindus have forgotten the rules of their religion. The Muslims have forgotten the rules of their religion. All Hindus and Muslims are sons of the same Father. They are brothers. They should live together like brothers. But they are not doing so. A true Hindu and a true Muslim should do nothing that may displease God. He should do such acts as may please God. Some such acts are: to be kind and merciful to all His children; to do no harm to any one; to be just, humble, and truthful; to avoid anger, greed, and pride; not to take what belongs to another by right; ever to think of God; to earn a living by honest labour; to share one’s earnings

with the poor and the needy; to try to make others live and act in this way. Now, look around, and tell me how many people do all this. How many people can be called true Hindus or Muslims ?”



The Nawab fell at Guru's feet

The Qazi could say nothing in reply. The Nawab fell at the Guru's feet and said, "You are right. God has spoken through your mouth. You have taught

us a good lesson. We thank you for it.
We shall try to become true Muslims.”

All present in the Nawab's court
bent their heads before the Guru.
Even the Qazi had to do so.

The True Prayer

After having satisfied the Nawab and his Qazi, the Guru got ready to leave. By then it was time for the afternoon *Namaz* or the Muslim prayer. The Nawab said to the Guru, 'You have said that Hindus and Muslims, all, are sons of the same Father. We are going to the mosque for *Namaz*. Will you join us in our prayers to that common Father of us all?'

The Guru agreed readily. All went to the mosque. The Qazi stood up and began the *Namaz*. All present joined him. Only Guru Nanak remained sitting and watching. The prayer was over after a time. The Nawab said to him, 'You had promised to join us in our *Namaz*. But you have not done so. Why not?'

The Guru said, 'Yes, I did promise to join you in your prayer. But you were not saying the prayer. You were not even present at the *Namaz*. How could I join you, Nawab Sahib ?'

The Nawab said, 'No, I was here, before your eyes. I was busy saying the prayer.' 'No,' said the Guru. 'You were not here. Your body was here, no doubt. But you yourself were in Kabul. You were busy buying horses there. That was no *Namaz*. It was a mere show, a false show.'

The Nawab bowed his head. He said, 'You are right. I was not here at the prayers. But our Qazi is a deeply religious man. He must have said the prayers in the right way. You could have joined him.'

The Guru replied, 'The Qazi too, was not here. His body was here, of course. He has a new-born colt at home. Before coming here, he forgot to



The Qazi was thinking of his new-born colt

tie it properly. There is a well in the compound of his house. He feared that the new-born colt might fall into the well. All the time he was busy, in thinking of the colt.'

The Qazi also bowed his head and said, 'You are right, O man of God. You have taught us a good lesson.'

Guru Nanak said, 'Always remember this lesson. When we say our prayers, our minds and hearts must be really

busy in the prayers. We should not let them run about after other things. Only such prayer is useful. God hears it.'

Bhai Lalo

Guru Nanak now started on his travels or tours. Bhai Mardana was with him. The latter was a low-caste Muslim. He was a very good singer. Leaving Sultanpur, they travelled to the west. They went from village to village. In every place, the Guru taught people how to live and act as truly religious men. He explained to them his three golden rules of religion. In due course, they reached Eminabad. This town lies in the district of Gujranwala in Pakistan.

There were many rich people in the town. But he did not go to the house of any of the rich men. Instead, he went to the house of a poor man named Bhai Lalo. The latter was a carpenter. In those days, carpenters were looked

upon as Hindus of a low caste. They were called *Shudras*. The high-caste Hindus—*Brahmins* and *Khatri*s—kept away from them. They did not accept food or drink from a low-caste man like Bhai Lalo.

Guru Nanak was a *Khatri* by caste. He was thus a high-caste man. But he had no pride of caste. He did not think and act like other high-caste people. He loved people of all castes. To him all men were dear as brothers.

Bhai Lalo was a poor, low-caste man. But he was good and kind-hearted. He took pleasure in helping and serving others. He did this because he loved God. Lovers of God are always kind to all. He never sat idle. He was always busy in doing some useful work. He worked for his daily bread. He shared his earnings with others.

Guru Nanak was very fond of good men like Bhai Lalo. That was the reason why he went to that poor carpenter's house. He knocked at his door. Bhai Lalo looked up. He saw the Guru and his companion. He rose to welcome them. He took them into the humble cottage which was his home. He seated the Guru on a little cot or *charpai*, covered with a clean sheet. That was the only cot in his cottage. He seated Mardana on a straw mat.



Bhai Lalo's guests

He gave them fresh, cool water to drink. Then he began to cook food for his holy guests. He had no wife. Hence he had to do the cooking himself.

Soon, the food was ready. It consisted of coarse dry bread and *sag* (spinach). He placed it before the guests. At the sight of the coarse bread, Mardana felt uneasy. He said to himself. 'I fear this coarse dry bread will be too hard for my teeth. I shall not be able to chew and swallow it. My stomach will not like it either.'

He looked at the Guru. He saw that he was eating and enjoying the food. Bhai Mardana put a morsel to his own mouth. To his wonder, the food was soft, nice, and sweet. It tasted better than any sort of food he had ever taken before. He ate his fill.

Guru Nanak stayed with Bhai Lalo for some days. During the day he used

to go out to a shady place outside the town. There he used to pray and think of God. Bhai Mardana used to sing sacred songs or *shabads* made by the Guru. He was a very good singer. He had a very sweet voice. He knew a large number of *shabads* by heart.

Soon, people began to gather around the Guru. They liked to hear his sacred songs. He taught them the three golden rules of his religion. He taught them to remember God and to be good, honest and truthful men. He became very popular. More and more people gathered around him, day by day. Many Hindus and Muslims accepted him as their religious teacher or Guru. They became his Sikhs. Of course, Bhai Lalo was the first among them.

Bhai Lalo learnt by heart many of the Guru's sacred songs. He understood the Guru's teachings better than

all others. They accepted him as their leader.

After the Guru's departure, Bhai Lalo's house became, for them, a *dharamshala*. Every morning and evening, they gathered there. They sang the Guru's sacred songs. They said prayers together. Everyone of them tried his best to follow Guru Nanak's three golden rules of life. This gave them peace and happiness.

Malik Bhago

In a short time, the Guru's stay at Bhai Lalo's house became the talk of the whole town. *Brahmins* and *Khattris* did not like the Guru's act. They said, 'This holyman (*sadhu*) is a *Khatri* by caste. He has a low-caste Muslim as his companion. He lives and dines with a low-caste Hindu. He is doing something which no Hindu should do. He has taken the wrong path.'

Some of them went to the Guru. They advised him to give up living with the low-caste carpenter. They said, 'You are doing what no high-caste Hindu should do.'

The Guru replied, 'I am not a Hindu. I am not a Muslim. I have a religion of my own. I have no caste. In my view all men are equal. A man who



They said, "You are doing what no high-Caste Hindu should do."

does good, noble deeds is a high-caste man. One who does low, evil deeds is a low-caste man. In my view, therefore, Bhai Lalo is a high-caste man.'

They had no reply to make. They went away.

Eminabad, then, belonged to a Muslim sardar or chief, named Zalim Khan. Malik Bhago was his manager. This man was greedy, proud and cruel. One day, he gave a feast to Brahmins and *sadhus* (holymen). He invited Guru Nanak, too. But the Guru did not accept the invitation. This made the Malik very angry. He sent his servants to bring the Guru.

Malik Bhago's men went to the Guru. They asked him to go with them. He agreed. He wanted to teach a lesson to Malik Bhago. So, he went with them to their master's house. Many people went with him. They wanted to see what would happen.

The Guru reached Malik Bhago's house. The Malik looked angrily at him, and said, 'You are a *Khatri*. You live and dine with a *Shudra*. You refused to come to my house and dine. Why?'

The Guru replied, 'I eat what I like. I refuse to eat what I do not like. I like the food given by Bhai Lalo. I do not like the food given by you.'

'But why?' said Malik Bhago, angrily.

The Guru replied, 'I shall tell you. Let some food be brought from your kitchen.'

The Malik's men brought a dish of rich food. The Guru had with him a piece of Bhai Lalo's bread. He held that piece of bread in his right hand. He held a piece of Malik Bhago's bread in his left hand. Lifting his arms, he pressed the two pieces. Drops of

milk came out from Bhai Lalo's bread.
Drops of blood came from Malik
Bhago's bread.



Drops of blood came out from Malik Bhago's bread

The Guru said, 'You have seen the difference between Bhai Lalo's food and yours. Bhai Lalo is a good, God-fearing man. He earns his bread with honest labour. He shares his earnings with others. Such a person's food is pure. It is sweet like milk and honey. But you are a different kind of man.'

Others work for you. You take away most of what they earn. You do not let them have enough to eat. They are ill-fed and hungry. What you eat is full of their blood. You are proud, cruel, and greedy. You never think of God. How could I agree to eat your food full of poor people's blood ?'

The Guru's words went deep into Malik Bhago's heart. He fell at the Guru's feet, and said, 'Tell me, O holy man, how I may get pardon for my sins.'

The Guru replied, 'Give all your wealth to the poor. Do honest work to earn your living. Be good and kind to all. Give up your pride. Be humble. Always remember God. Love all men as your brothers. Help everyone who needs your help. Serve all who need your service. That is the way to win God's forgiveness and love.'

Malik Bhago again fell at the Guru's feet. He promised to live and act as advised by the Guru.

Sajjan, The Robber

Guru Nanak and Bhai Mardana continued their travels. They travelled by short stages. In every place the Guru explained to the people the three golden rules of his religion. He taught them the lessons of truth, love, labour, service and worship of God.

Once, during these travels, the Guru and his companion arrived at a place called Tulamba. That place is now in the district of Multan in Pakistan. A well-known man lived there. His name was Sajjan. He dressed himself like a pious man. But he was a very cruel at heart. Looking at him, nobody could imagine that he was a cruel robber.

He had built for himself a large house at some distance from the village. It was by the side of a road. At one

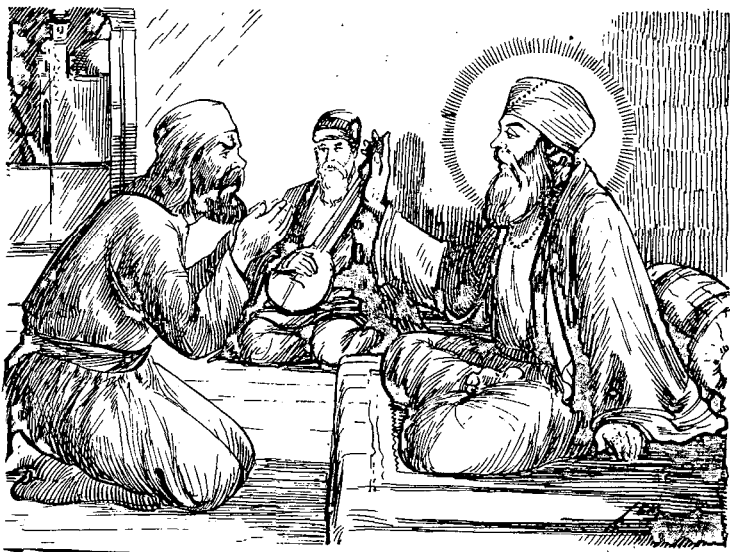
corner of the house, he had built a mosque. At the other end of his house, he had built a Hindu temple. He had also built a *serai* or a rest-house. Travellers were given food and lodging there free of cost.

All travellers were welcomed at the rest-house. Sajjan's men gave them good food to eat. They gave the travellers soft, clean beds to sleep in. After the travellers had fallen asleep they were killed. Their bodies were thrown into a well. All their goods were taken by Sajjan. A very large number of travellers had been killed and looted in that way. Sajjan had become very rich.

Guru Nanak had heard much about Sajjan. He had decided to change him into a good man. It was for that purpose he had come to Sajjan's house.

Sajjan and his men welcomed the Guru and his companion. Sajjan came to the Guru and began to talk. The

Guru asked him his name. Sajjan replied, 'My name is Sajjan. The Hindus call me Sajjan Mal. The Muslims call me Sajjan Shah. But I am neither a Hindu, nor a Muslim. I am a *sajjan* or friend and servant of all.'



Sajjan with Guru Nanak

The Guru said, 'But do you really act like a *sajjan* or friend?'

Sajjan said, 'Yes, holy Sir, I welcome and serve all who come here.'

In my *serai* all guests are given food and lodging free. I have built a mosque for my Muslim guests, and a temple for my Hindu guests. Every visitor is served with care and kindness. Don't I act like *sajjan* or friend ?

The Guru said, 'But what happens to them afterwards ? Are they not killed and looted ? You may deceive people; but you cannot deceive God. He watches and knows all your deeds. You are gathering wealth by killing and robbing people. When you die, this wealth will remain here. The sins which you do for it, will go with you. You will be punished for them. Take heed, my *sajjan*. It is never too late to mend. There is still time for you to become a good man. There is still time for you to wash away your sins. There is time, still, to win God's forgiveness and love. Will you try, dear Sajjan ?'

Sajjan began to weep. He fell at the

Guru's feet and said, 'I will obey you. I will do all that you tell me to do. Tell me how I may earn God's forgiveness and love.'

The Guru replied, 'Confess all your evil deeds. Be sorry for them from the bottom of your heart. Pray to God for His forgiveness and love. Give away all your wealth to the poor. Begin to live and act like a good and honest man. Help all who need your help. God will forgive you. I shall pray for you.'

The Guru then explained to him the three golden rules of his religion. Sajjan listened with attention and deep respect.

Sajjan again fell at the Guru's feet. He promised to live and act as advised by the Guru. He gave away his wealth to the poor. He changed his house into a *dharamshala* (A religious Commune). He began to preach the Sikh religion. He was the first Sikh preacher.

At Hardwar

Once, during his travels, Guru Nanak reached Hardwar. A religious fair was being held there at that time. Thousands of Hindus had gathered there. The Guru saw a large number of people bathing in the sacred river. Standing in the river, they were throwing water to the east. They believed that the water would reach their dead forefathers.

The Guru did not believe in such things. He believed that what they did was wrong. He decided to make them see this. So, he stepped into the Ganga. He began to throw water to the west. He did it with both his hands. This act was very strange. Nobody had ever done such a thing before.

People began to gather around him.

They all laughed and shouted at him.
He paid no heed to them. He went on



They all laughed at him

throwing water to the west. One of
them held him by the arm, and said

‘Why are you throwing water to the west?’

The Guru said, ‘Why do you throw water to the east?’

‘Don’t you know that?’ shouted many of them at once. ‘We throw water to our dead forefathers. It will reach them. They need it very much.’

The Guru said, ‘Where do your forefathers live? How far off is the place from here?’

They replied, ‘They are millions of kilometers away. The water thrown towards the rising sun will reach them.’

‘That is good news,’ said the Guru. ‘Let me complete my work. Let me water my crops. They must be drying for want of water.’

Saying this, he began to throw water to the west more eagerly and more

quickly. The people began to laugh and shout still more loudly. They said, 'Where are your crops? Where are your fields?'

The Guru replied, 'They are in the Punjab. They need water while I am away. I felt sad to think that they might dry and die. But then I saw you throwing water to the east with one hand. I was told that it would reach your forefathers, living millions of kilometers, away. This gave me an idea. Let me water my fields, I thought. I began to throw water in their direction. I used both hands. Two hands can throw more water than one. It will reach them. They will become green. You have shown me a very good way of watering my fields. Thank you! Let me complete my work, please.'

He was about to begin again. But they all shouted, 'How simple you

are ! The water thrown by you falls back into the river. Don't you see that ? How can it reach your fields ?'

The Guru replied, 'How wise you are ! Your forefathers are millions of kilometers away. They are not even on this earth. The water thrown by you also falls back into the river. Yet you say that it will reach your forefathers. My fields are on this very earth, in this very country. They are only a few hundred kilometres away. Why should not the water thrown by me reach those fields ? If your water can reach your forefathers, my water can surely reach my fields.'

The people had nothing more to say. They felt that the Guru was right. They admitted their error. They begged him to give them more good advice. He explained to them the three golden rules of his religion. He told them how to live and act as good, honest, truthful

and God-fearing men. Then he said, 'What you give to the poor, out of your honest earnings, will go with you to the next world.'

They all bowed their heads. They promised to live and act as advised by him.

Duni Chand of Lahore

Guru Nanak and Bhai Mardana continued to travel, on and on. One day, they arrived near Lahore. The Guru decided to stay outside the city. He sat on a green, grassy spot near the river Ravi. Sitting there, he fixed his thoughts on God. Bhai Mardana sang the Guru's sacred songs or hymns. Sometimes, the Guru himself would begin to sing them.

Soon, people began to gather around the Guru. They liked to hear the sacred songs. They liked to hear the Guru's talks. One day, a rich man of Lahore came to the Guru. He asked him to go with him to his house. The Guru said, 'I am all right here. I am not fond of grand houses. Moreover, my

visit to your house might cause you some trouble.'

But Duni Chand repeated his request, again and again. The Guru agreed, at last, to go with him to his house. On reaching there, the Guru saw a number of flags flying on Duni Chand's house. He smiled on seeing the flags.

Duni Chand took the Guru and his companion inside the house. He gave them good food to eat. He gave them cool water to drink. Then he sat near the Guru, with folded hands. After a time, the Guru said, 'A number of flags are lying on your roof. What are they for? What do they mean?'

Duni Chand replied, 'They are to show how much wealth I have. Every flag is a sign of one crore rupees (one crore is ten millions). The seven flags show that I possess seven crore rupees.'

The Guru said, 'Then you are a very

rich man. But are you happy and satisfied ?

Duni Chand replied, 'Holy man, I must not lie to you. Some people are much richer than I. This makes me desire more and more. I want to be the richest man in the city. I cannot feel happy and satisfied until my desire is fulfilled.'

The Guru said, 'But the people richer than you must also be trying to become richer and richer. Thus, there is a race between them and you. Perhaps, you may not be able to beat them in this race for wealth. You may, therefore, never be happy. Have you ever thought of that ?'

Duni Chand said, 'Holy Sir, I have no time to think such thoughts.'

Guru Nanak smiled and said, 'Will you have time to do a small thing for me ?'

Duni Chand replied, 'Most gladly, my holy Sir. What can I do for you?'

The Guru took out a needle, and said, 'Please keep it with you. Give it



The Guru took out a needle

to me, when I ask for it, in the next world.'

Duni Chand took the needle to his wife. He gave it to her and said. 'The holy man wants us to keep the needle for him. He will take it back from us in

the next world.' She said, 'Are you mad ? How can a needle go to the next world ? How can we carry it with us there ? Go back, and return it to the holy man.' Duni Chand went back to the Guru and said, 'Holy Sir, take back your needle. It cannot go to the next world. We cannot carry it there.'

The Guru smiled and said, 'The needle is small and light. You say that it cannot go with you to the next world. How can the seven or more crores of rupees go there with you ? What good can this wealth do to you there ?'

Duni Chand fell at the Guru's feet and said, 'Tell me how my wealth may go with me to the next world.'

The Guru said, 'Give it to the poor in the name of God. Feed the hungry. Clothe the naked. Help the needy. What you spend thus will go with you to the next world.'

Duni Chand accepted this advice. He gave away all his wealth to the poor.

The Guru explained to him his golden rules of life. Duni Chand became the Guru's Sikh. He began to live and act as advised by the Guru.

Kauda, The Man-eater

Guru Nanak was still on his travels. Now he was going towards the Deccan. He wanted to go as far as Ceylon, now named Sri Lanka. Two *jat* Sikhs were with him. Their names were Saido and Siho. As usual he travelled by short stages. Everywhere he taught the people his golden rules of life and religion.

At one place, the Guru heard something painful and strange. In a jungle, nearby, there lived a tribe of man-eaters. They ate up every man, woman or child whom they could catch. Sometimes they entered villages. They took away men, women and children into the jungle. There they killed them and ate them for food.

On hearing this, the Guru became sad and thoughtful. He decided to act

at once. He must meet the man-eaters. He must make them give up their cruel way of life. He must end the unhappiness of the people. He must free them from fear of being eaten by the man-eaters.

He got ready to go. His two companions readily agreed to go with him. But the people said, 'Don't go, holy Sir. They will kill you and eat your flesh.' The Guru replied, 'No, I must do my duty. I must make them give up their cruel way of life. I want to make them live like good and Godfearing men. I have no fear. God is always with me. He will help me in this work. It is His work. He will save me from the man-eaters. Have no fear. Pray to God for my success. My success will bring joy to your people. It will teach the man-eaters a new and better way of life.'

Accordingly, the Guru, along with

his two companions, started towards the jungle. He had been told that the chief or head of the man-eaters was Kauda. He had also learnt where that chief man-eater lived. He decided to meet and reform him. If he succeeded there, then Kauda would reform others of his tribe.

With this end in view, the Guru started towards Kauda's place. Soon, he and his two companions were quite near it. Kauda saw three men coming. He was highly pleased. He used to go far to catch men for food. That day, three of them were coming to him of their own free will. That was lucky, indeed. He would have enough meat for many days.

He had a large, deep, frying pan full of oil. He lit fire under it, in order to make the oil boil. The three men had come very near. He felt the oil. It was as cool as before. The fire had lost the

power to heat the oil. He could not understand what had happened to the fire. He decided to roast one of the three on the fire direct. He would keep the other two safely bound. He would eat them later.



The Guru was, then, very near

The Guru and his companions were then just near. The Guru was in front. Kauda caught him in his arms. Guru Nanak smiled and said, '*Sat Kartar!*' Kauda was puzzled. He had caught

and eaten many men before. None of them had behaved in this manner. He threw the Guru into the fire. The Guru stood up in the fire. He was smiling at Kauda. Saido and Siho were saying aloud, '*Sat Kartar ! Sat Kartar !*'

Kauda began to tremble. The Guru stepped out of the fire. Kauda did not push him back. He seemed to have lost his mind. He had lost the power to move. The Guru sat on the ground near the fire. He began to sing a sacred song. Kauda stood listening. His head was bowed. His hands were folded before him.

After a time, the Guru stopped singing. He looked at Kauda with a kind smile. Kauda fell at his feet. The Guru said, 'Rise, brother Kauda ! Give up your cruel way of life. Take a vow to harm no one. Be kind and merciful. Help and serve. Always remember God. Repeat His name. Earn your

bread with honest work. Share your earnings with others. Do all this yourself and teach others of your tribe to do the same.

Kauda promised to live and act as advised by the Guru. From a killer and eater of men he became a servant and teacher of men.

God is Everywhere

For over twenty years, Guru Nanak had been on his travels. He had visited all parts of India. He had been to the east as far as Assam and Burma. To the South he had gone as far as Ceylon. To the north he had gone even to places outside India. Crossing the Himalayas, he had visited Tibet and China. He had travelled on foot. What a tireless traveller he was !

He had travelled so long and so far, but he was not yet satisfied. He now decided to go towards the west. His aim was to visit Muslim countries. He wanted to visit also, the Muslim mosques in those countries.

He chose Mecca as the first such place to visit. Mecca is in Arabia. It contains the most sacred Muslim

mosque that muslim mosque is called the Kaaba or the House of God. A visit to Mecca by a Muslim is called *haj*. A Muslim visitor to Mecca is called a *haji*. Guru Nanak decided to go on *haj*.

He put on the blue dress, worn by *hajis*. He took a fakir's staff, or stick in his hand. *Hajis* carry under their arms their sacred Book, the Quran. In place of that, the Guru carried a book of his sacred songs or hymns. Like the *hajis*, he had with him a *lota* or jug. He also carried a mat like the *hajis*. Dressed thus, he looked like a typical *haji*. All along, he acted in every way as *hajis* did. Bhai Mardana was with him. He, too, was dressed as a *haji*.

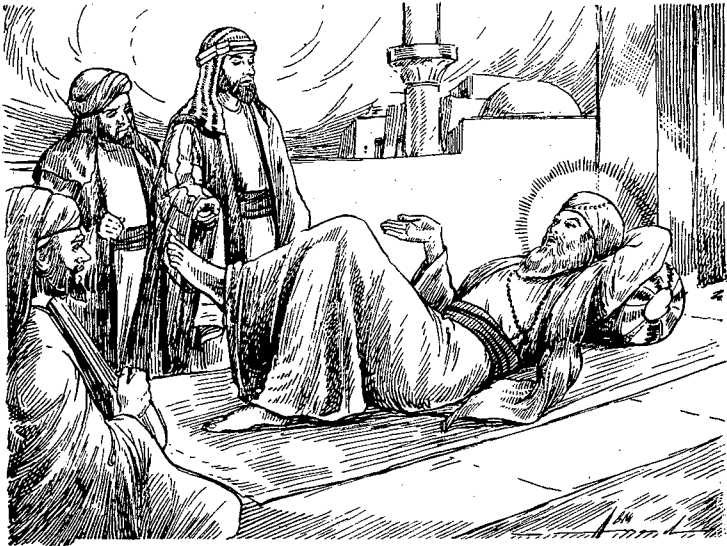
Boarding a ship at Surat, he reached the Arabian coast. From there, he walked on foot. He reached Mecca in due course.

By the time he arrived in Mecca, he was very tired. His feet were sore. He

needed rest. So he lay down to rest himself. He knew quite well that no Muslim would lie with his feet towards the Kaaba. But he wanted to draw the attention of the *hajis*, so that he could teach them his wisdom.

So, he lay down with his feet towards the Kaaba. All who saw him lying thus, began to shout and cry in anger. They gathered around him. They shouted at him. They threatened him. One of them was more angry than the others. His name was Jiwan. He kicked the Guru and said, 'Who are you? Why do you lie with your feet towards the House of God?'

The Guru did not show any anger. In fact, he was never angry with anybody. He smiled at Jiwan. In a calm, sweet voice he said to him, 'Brother, don't be angry. I am very tired. I need rest. I respect the House of God as much as any one. Please turn my feet in a



“Please turn my feet in a direction in which
God is not.

direction in which God or the House
of God is not.’

Jiwan took hold of the Guru’s feet. He dragged them in the opposite direction. Then he lifted his eyes. He saw the Kaaba standing in the direction of the Guru’s feet. He turned the Guru’s feet in another direction. The Kaaba was seen standing in that direction. Jiwan dragged the Guru’s feet to this side and that. He dragged,

them round and round. The Kaaba was seen to be going round and round. It was always, in the direction of the Guru's feet. His feet were always towards the Kaaba.

Jiwan and the other *hajis* were all filled with wonder. Jiwan let go of the Guru's feet. The Guru got up and said, 'Don't you see that God's House is in every direction ? I tell you He dwells in every place, in every heart. He is in your hearts. He is also in mine.'

In the morning, a number of learned *hajis* gathered around the Guru. They held religious discussions with him. He satisfied every one of them. He explained to them his golden rules of life and religion. They listened to him with utmost attention. They agreed to live and act as advised by him. One of them said to the Guru, 'Holy Sir, give me something which will always remind me of you.' The Guru gave him his

pair of sandals. They were respectfully kept in the Kaaba for some time. That Muslim fakir then returned to India. He brought the sandals with him. He kept them in his temple at Uch in Bahawalpur, now in Pakistan.

A Haughty Fakir

After travelling through Arabia and many other countries, the Guru returned to the Punjab. In due course, he reached a place called Hasan Abdal. It is about fifty kilometres from Rawalpindi in Pakistan.

He halted there at the foot of a hill. Soon, people began to gather around him. He talked to them of God. He told them of their duty to Him and to His children. More and more people began to gather around him every day.

On the top of that hill, there lived a Muslim fakir. His name was Bawa Wali Qandhari. His house was near a spring of fresh water. The water collected there in a small tank. From there it flowed down to the town. It was used by the people for all their needs. The

people had no water from any other place.

Wali Qandhari was a proud man. He saw people gathering around Guru Nanak. Very few people came to him on the hill now. This made him angry with the people. He made up his mind to punish them. He stopped the spring water from flowing down to the town.

The people became sad. How could they and their cattle live without water ! A group of them went to Bawa Wali Qandhari. They begged him to let the water flow down as before. But he paid no heed to their request. He said angrily, 'Go to him. Ask him to give you water.'

They went to the Guru. They told the whole story to him. He said to them, 'Don't lose heart. Trust in God. He will not let you die of thirst. Bawa Wali Qandhari's anger will cool. He will feel pity for you all.'

The Guru then said to Bhai Mardana, 'Go and appeal to Bawa Wali Qandhari in the name of God. Request him to let the water flow down to the town.'

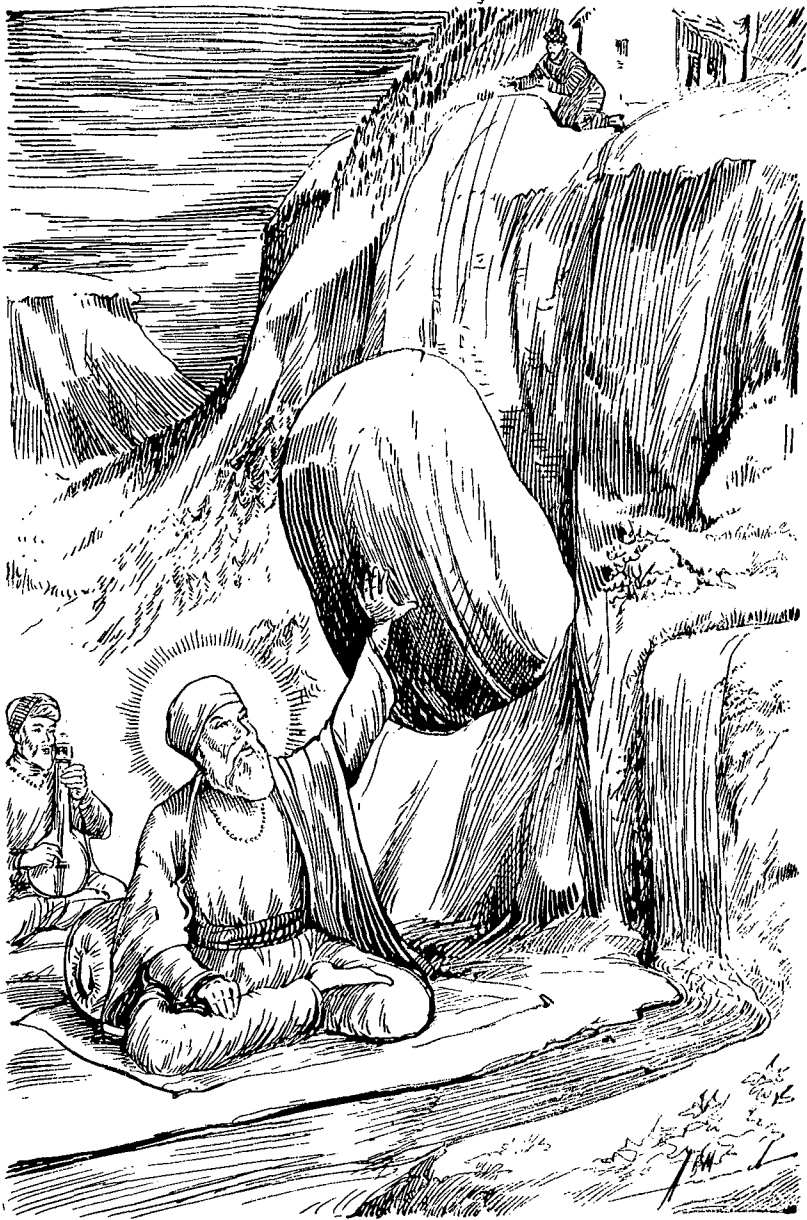
Bhai Mardana went to Bawa Wali Qandhari. He repeated the Guru's request to him. He appealed to him in the name of God. But Wali Qandhari shouted angrily, 'Go back to him. Ask him to give water to the people there.'

Bhai Mardana returned to the Guru. He told him the whole story. The Guru told him to go to the fakir once again. 'Beg him,' he said, 'in the name of God to have pity on the people.'

Bhai Mardana obeyed. But the fakir paid no attention to his appeals. Bhai Mardana returned to the Guru. He told him of his failure. The Guru sent him once again. But again he came back with the same story.

The people became very worried. The Guru said to them, 'Don't lose heart, good people. God is great and merciful. He can make springs flow where He likes. Let us all pray to Him.' They all prayed to God. The Guru also prayed with them. Then he lifted a stone. At once, a stream of cool, clean water began to flow. It washed the Guru's feet. It then flowed towards the town. The people were filled with joy.

At the same time, Bawa Wali Qandhari's spring dried up. He was red with anger. He pushed a large rock towards the Guru. He thought that it would fall on the Guru. It would crush him to death. It came rolling down towards the Guru. He quietly raised his hand. The rock struck it and stopped. A print of the Guru's hand was made on the rock. The rock still exists. There is a beautiful gurdwara at that



The rock struck the hand and stopped

place. It is called Panja Sahib or the Holy Hand Print.

Bawa Wali Qandhari's pride was broken. He came down and fell at the Guru's feet. The Guru said to him, 'Rise, brother fakir. Live as lovers of God should live. Be kind to all.' He then explained to him his golden rules of life. Bawa Wali Qandhari agreed to live and act according to those rules.

With Babar

Guru Nanak and Bhai Mardana continued their travels. During these travels, the Guru visited Eminabad, once more. This time also he went to Bhai Lalo's house. He lived and dined with him as before.

After some time, Babar fell upon Eminabad. He wanted to become emperor of India. He had conquered many places already. He wanted to conquer Eminabad also. The rulers and the people of that place fought well. But they were defeated. Many of them were killed. Others were taken prisoners. Their houses were looted. The poor, unhappy people were made to carry their own looted property to Babar's camp.

Guru Nanak and Bhai Mardana

were also taken prisoner. The Guru was given a load to carry. Bhai Mardan was told to take care of a horse.

Guru Nanak's heart was filled with sadness. He was sad not because he had to carry a heavy load. He was sad to see the condition of the people around him. They were unhappy. He wanted to make them a little less unhappy. He began to sing a sweet, holy song in praise of God. All who heard the song became a little less unhappy. They began to think of God. A large number of them forgot their sorrow. They dried their tears. They became calm. They thanked the holy man for his sweet, holy song.

On reaching the camp, all were made to grind corn. Guru Nanak was also given a handmill and some corn to grind. He saw the unhappy people around him. His heart was filled with

pity. He began to sing again. The prisoners forgot their sorrow. They forgot their handmills. They sat with folded hands, listening to the Guru's sweet, holy songs of God. The handmills went on working as before.

Babar's men saw this strange thing. They were filled with wonder. They ran to Babar. They told him what they had seen.



“What were you singing, O holy fakir?”

Babar went to the prison at once. He saw Guru Nanak sitting with closed eyes, singing in a sweet voice. All other prisoners were sitting with folded hands. They were listening to his song. Babar also stood listening. He did not understand the meaning of the song. But he liked it. The Guru stopped singing after a time. He opened his eyes. Babar said to him, 'What were you singing, O holy fakir?'

Guru Nanak replied, 'I was calling upon God to see what you have done. You have killed innocent men, women and children. You have looted their homes. Now you make them do hard work for you. They did you no harm. Why should you be so cruel to them? God is the Father of all. He is your Father as well as theirs. I am calling upon Him to see what you are doing to His innocent children.'

Guru Nanak's words touched Babar's

heart. He felt ashamed. He felt sad. He felt sorry for what he had done. He bowed to the Guru. He wanted to please the Guru. He said, 'O holy man, what can I do for you?' Guru Nanak replied, 'Set all you prisoners free. Return their property to them.'

Babar did all this. Then he said to the Guru, 'Do one act of kindness for me. I wish to become emperor of India. Pray for me.'

The Guru replied, 'Your wish shall be fulfilled. But you must be a just and kind ruler. You should do your best to make your people happy. Be a good man. Do not drink wine. Do not gamble. Respect holy men. Be merciful to those whom you defeat. Be specially kind to women and children. Above all, always remember God. Do nothing that might displease Him.'

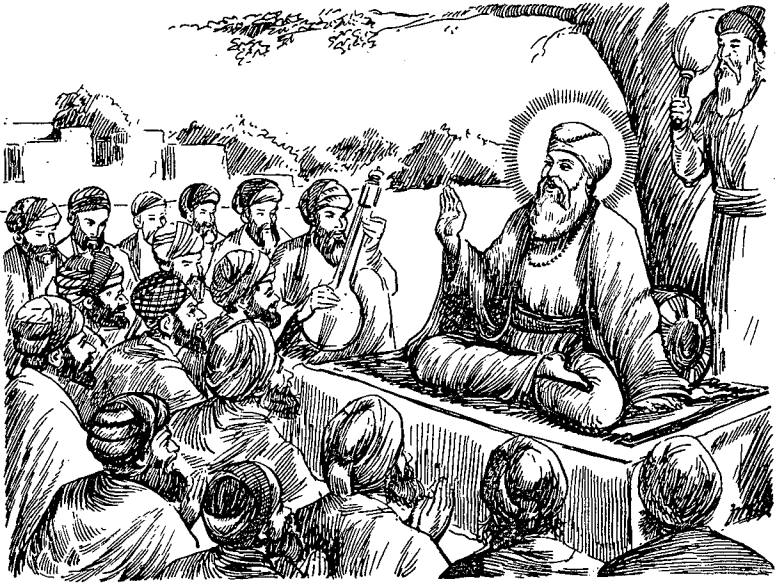
Babar agreed to act as advised by the Guru.

A Happy Family

After completing his four great tours, Guru Nanak returned to Kartarpur. He decided to spend the remaining days of his life there. During his tours, he had dressed himself like a *sadhu* or fakir. Now he took off that dress. Instead of that, he put on clothes worn by ordinary Punjabis.

Once more he began to show everyone how a man of religion should live and act. He was over sixty years of age. He had spent a very busy and active life. It was time for him to take a rest. But he did not like to sit idle. He wanted to be active to the last day of his life. He wanted to be a useful member of society.

His daily programme started three hours before sunrise. He got up at that



The sikhs gathered to listen to his talks

early hour. After taking his bath, he fixed his mind on God. He recited and sang the sacred hymns. At daybreak, he went to the place where his Sikhs had gathered. They gathered there in order to listen to his talks on life and religion.

After that, he spent his time as a good man of the world should do. Guru Nanak was over sixty years old. Still, his body was healthy and strong.

It had to be so. He took plenty of exercise all through the day. He took exercise by doing hard useful work. He worked in his fields regularly, every day, like a good, active farmer. In the fields he raised crops for the use of his big family. All who gathered at Kartarpur were members of his family. He also worked in his *langar*, or free kitchen for all. He took simple but good and wholesome food. His rule regarding food was, 'Don't eat or drink anything which might harm your body or mind.' He was always calm and cheerful. He loved to have a hearty laugh sometimes. He spent most of his time in the company of his people. The rest of his time was spent in the company of God. He was always actively busy in doing good to others. He expected his Sikhs to follow his example.

Guru Nanak's *langar*, or free kitchen,

was open to all who needed food. But there was no place in it for mere idlers or people who did not do any work.

All who lived there had to do some useful work.

In this *langar*, people of all castes ate their food together. They all sat side by side. They lived and worked like members of one good family. Guru Nanak was the Chief or Head of that family. He was the dear Father of all his people.

Guru Nanak's family at Kartarpur was a mixed family. In it there were people who had been Hindus before they joined it. There were those who had been Muslims before joining Guru Nanak's family. There were those who had belonged to low castes. There were those who had belonged to high castes. There were those who had been treated as untouchables. Here, in this family, all were equal. They formed

a brotherhood of saints and workers. There were no idlers. All had to work. Some worked in the fields. Some did service in the common kitchen. Everyone worked for the good of all.

Guru Nanak's was, indeed, a lucky, happy family. He wanted his Sikhs to live together like one family. We should all remember his wishes in this matter. We Should all live in peace and friendship, like members of one good family. If we do so, he will be pleased with us.

