

DIVINE RAYS
(*Noori Kirnan*)

A Narrative Account
Of
The Divine Sri Nabh Kanwal Raja Sahib Ji

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Rasokhana 108 Sri Nabh Kanwal Raja Sahib Ji
Majara Nau Abaad

DIVINE RAYS

LIFE STORY OF SRI NABH KANWAL RAJA SAHIB JI

Maharaj Raja Sahib Ji was the grand son of Baba Naudha Ji. Naudha Ji had two sons. The elder was named as Baba Bhola while the younger as Sibbo. Mangal Dass and Rala was the son of Bhola and Sibbo, respectively. Umar Chand was the son of Ralla. Mangal Dass was blessed with a son named, Nabh Kanwal Raja Sahib Ji , who was pious like a lotus. Baba Naudha was a *Numberdar* (Chief) of village Mannanhaana. He was the owner of one hindered twenty five acres of land. He had an influence in several adjoining villages. Mangal Dass married Sahib Dayee, the daughter of Khazana, the *Numberdar* of village Ballowal, Tehsil Nawanshehar, district Jalandhar. Like Mata Ganga Ji, for several years after they got married, they did not have any issue. The family is incomplete without any son. It is like barren land without a well, night without moon, garden without a flower, tree without any fruit, tank without water, lotus without fragrance. Similarly, the house, the temple, prosperity and mansions all are deserted without any son. Baba Mangal Dass Ji and Mata Sahib Kaur Ji started looking after saints and sadhus and performed hawans and worshipped God Almighty as the King Dashrath, the father of Lord Rama , had performed hawans and yagya to get their wish of a son, fulfilled. Meditating to realize their desire of a son, they turned out to be sadhus of high order. They became embodiments of reciting His name. Like Guru Teg Bahadur Ji, their eyes too ached with incessant flow of tears owing to wrench of separation. The eyesight became feeble. Due to the enormous rumination performed by them, their wish was fulfilled in His divine court and a declaration was pronounced, “Your rumination is accepted”. A manifestation of God will take birth in your family. He will

emancipate twenty one lineages. He will put the world on the path of righteousness, will revitalize religious fervor and enkindle your name. He will act in the welfare of one and all, including stones, trees, hills, men, women, musicians, forest dwellers. After observing celibacy for twenty five years, he chose to have a son. He started dreaming of the lucky day and his mind elated. The mind became calm and cheerful with the divine blessings of Nature. Like a handled water pot they were cool breezes while dreaming of everything so nice. The mind showed further inclination towards meditation of Almighty God. There was incidence of an ecstatic feeling in the forests, hills, cattle, men and women in the region that was destined to have the birth of His divine self and what to talk of the condition of the parents; the mother had a unique feeling with divine bliss in every inch of her body as she was to give a godly birth. She dreamt of gods every night. She experienced pleasant dreams. Her heart felt under the influence of an exclusive heavenly intoxication; the mind becoming filled with a truthful contentment. The blissful mind emitted a divine radiance.

A NARRATION OF THE HOLY BIRTH

This narration is of the holy birth of Maharaj Nabh Kanwal Raja Sahib. He was born to father Mangal Dass and mother Mata Sahib Daiyee Ji in village Manannanhaana , Tehsil Garhshanker , district Hoshiarpur on 7th Phalgun , 1862 , Sunday in the Rohini Planet with the zodiac sign of Leo in Shiv Yog , Phalgun Sudi 11, at 3 hours 25 minutes and 17 seconds AM in Ballowal , the village of his maternal parents. God Himself was reincarnated in on Earth. The gods seemed to have showered petals from Heaven. Bowed before the motherland and felicitated the newly born.

Note:

A sadhu from Ludhiana, who had met Shri Mangal Dass, the father of Raja Sahib, had predicted that the God's reincarnation will take birth in his family

The musicians danced joyfully, sang happy songs and the twinkling stars in the blue sky above expressed their delight and offered their salutations. The dry grass became green, the dead trees in the garden sprouted and water started flowing in the dry rivers. The pleasant breeze spread the gratifying fragrance from the blooming flowers. All derived joyous fulfillment from the truthful Almighty. The euphoric spring season, the queen of all seasons, made the entire ambience of land and mounts, youthfully yellow and appeared to sing in the praise of the divine soul that had taken birth on the soil of Ballowal, with blissful delight. The peacocks danced in joy. All men and women were expressively very cheerful. A serene ambience was spread everywhere. The bodies and souls seemed to be enthralled in the overcast clouds and in the cranes flew high in the sky as the amiable breezes blew; all

in the praise of the newly born. The spirits became ecstatic in the drizzle, the auspicious occasion offered delight to one and all that plunged in the divine meditation. Umri, the nurse felt great at the sight of the newly borne divine baby. She had never seen such a baby earlier. He had a dazzle that seemed to be godly. His face produced a unique radiance and glow. He was cute. He had attractive features, high forehead, sharp nose, long arms, thin round fingers, intoxicating eyes, hair golden and curly, pink feet soft like roses. He seemed to be an embodiment of God. She felt purified from within at the touch of the baby. Her mind became clear like the sky in spring season. She felt light like a petal. She experienced a rare pleasure. Her eyes were restlessly focused at him as her mind was keen to keep on looking at the baby incessantly. She felt like keeping her eyes focused on him for ages, untiringly. This was the condition of Umri, the nurse. Khazana, the village Chief was being poured with congratulatory messages for having being blessed with a grand son. Out of extreme delight, he generously offered donations to the poor and downtrodden. He distributed sweets (*mishri*) amongst the masses. Hira Faquiria, the younger brother of Khazana danced at the drum beat with *marasis*, *chowkidars* etc, out of joy. Sweets were sent to the village Mannanhara through Faquiria, to convey the news of the newly born when the divine boy was thirteen days old. Bhola, the grand father was extremely delighted at this news. He too offered alms to the poor generously. He donated 30 acres of land at village Kangrorh. The occasion was celebrated with a majestic fervour. Mangal Dass Ji, the father of the newly born lived in village Khair, those days, where he had the maternal parents. Mangal Dass had become a *sadhu*. He became greatly delighted on learning about the birth of Maharaj Ji. To immortalize this happy occasion, he dug a charity well on the path in the East of village Khair and donated 4-5

kanals of land, which is known after the name of Raja Sahib Ji. There is also a four span room. Some 5-7 plants of mango are also planted on this land. People have great faith in this place. After digging the well, Mangal Dasa Ji returned to his in-laws's village, Ballawal and had a glimpse of his divine son. It was an long due desire fulfilled. The mind was happy beyond measure. He was delighted to the brim. Congratulations poured in from all sides. Faquiria, the chowkidar asked what was the christened name for the boy. For this, the family members decided to call for Pandit Ved Prakash from village Taharpur Sarhal. The Pandit prepared the horoscope based on the time of birth and studied the planets. After studying the horoscope carefully, the Pandit declared that the planets had a favourable combination. After making the *kundli*, the Pandit said that the infant was God Himself personified as human baby and that he would have a great following. The world will be after him and his reputation will spread far and near. He is going to be known as a divine incarnation of God. The astrologer indicated that he was an incarnation of Lord Vishnu , therefore the boy should be named as Bhagwan Dass.

The baby had a fair complexion, sharp eyes, fingers pointed at tips and his wrist, shoulders, knees, ankles and chest were muscular not as much of bony. His bodily features were like those of gods. The hair were golden. There was a *Padma* mark on his right sole, and a *Sankh Charka* on his hands. The mind became sated after having his glimpse. His features and actions were but unique. Considering him to be a form of god, he was named as Bhagwan Dass. Mangal Dass hated smoking of all forms. After a brief stay of only four days at Ballawal, he left for village Khair. Mangal Dass had left doing any household work. His mind became detached after learning

that all worldly relations were false and sour. When at Khair, he occasionally used to stay with Puran Dass Ji at Mukand Pur. Sometimes he stayed in a small hut in village Lodhipur. He also spent sometime in an inn at Moro Majra. The hut of Lodhipur was destroyed in the heavy rains of 1947. Mata Sahib Daiyee lived in her parental village in the house of her father, Khazana. Khazana had only one daughter and no son. hira too had seven daughters but no son. Mata Sahib Daiyee looked after her father. She, along with her son (Maharaja Ji) stayed at her parents' house in village Ballowal. Later she left for Mannanhaana. They seldom visited Khair. Mangal Dass too lived there. Some people even consider Khair as the birth place of maharaja Ji. After conducting thorough research, it was found that the birth place of Maharaja Ji was at village Ballowal. Interviews of old women at Mannanhaana revealed that it was at Ballowal. The disclosure made by Kishan Singh, the cousin of Maharaja Ji , who belonged to Taharpur, too confirmed this version. There are two ladies of more than hundred years at Ballowal, who also endorsed ballowal as the birth place of Maharaja Ji. In the name of Wahiguru, the narrative continued further on.

Note:

Afterwards, the old people used to tell that the gracious Raja Sahib himself had uttered that he was the first as well as the tenth, all gurus are the same.

THUS BEGINS A NARRATION OF VISITING *BHUA* ATTRI AT RASOOLPUR

When Maharaj was five, his aunt (*Bhua*) Attri took him along to her village Rasoolpur. She had no issue of her own. Therefore, she looked after the boy very well. Moreover Mangal Dass ji lived at Lodhipur, those days. There was a Primary School only at a nearby village Moosapur. At the age of five, he was sent to school. Shri Shahddin , the Maulwi teacher of village Kariam used to teach him in the school. Maharaj Ji had a razor-sharp intellect that even surprised his teacher, who had never seen such a bright boy. With just a single tutoring, he used to remember his lessons perfectly well as if he had had an exposure to higher degree of knowledge already. Within a short span of time he learnt several subjects including, Persian, English, Urdu, Punjabi, Hindi, Nagri, Egyptian etc. although he used to speak in all languages, he composed the granth, *Bhagwan Bilas* in Punjabi. He was quite fluent in speaking Urdu. He completed his education at the age of thirteen. His classmate, Shri Kishan Chand, was the Chief of village Rasoolpur . Once upon a time, in rainy season, the *raasdhaaris* happened to be in the village. Owing to his good looks, they insisted to take Raja Sahib along. They succeeded him in doing so, one day. He was taken to Nawan Shehar from where, Shri Kishan Chand brought him back. He then left for village Khairr. He occasionally visited village, Mannanhaana although he used to spend maximum time in village Khairr. He imparted education to children as well as adults for a year. While teaching he used to sit in a chair and held a long stick in his hand. Maharaj Ji taught Punjabi alphabet to S. Bishan

Singh. Bishan Singh's mother had a great respect for Maharaj Ji, who used to spend more time in her house. It was Bishan Singh who had informed about the right time of birth of Maharaj Ji. Bishan Singh was of the same age group of Maharaj Ji. His mother had told Bishan Singh everything about the author's meeting with him. At that time Bishan Singh was at eighty five years of age. Still Bishan Singh is alive and enjoying a hale and hearty living. He is intensely devoted to Maharaj Ji. Those days, the Maharaj Ji used to walk like *sadhus*. He did not identify himself with any particular attire. There was a faction of Nanakshahi sect led by Shri Mangal Dass Ji. Therefore, he used to follow their outfit. He used to wear the clothes as per dictates of his will. People used to address him as Bawa Bhagwan Dass Ji and he looked like a Bawa indeed with a fair complexion, golden locks of hair, keen treading, and slim body. He used to mesmerize the listeners with his sweet utterances. Once, he got hold of a small mare. Seeing him sporting a saffron gown and a garland of red beads round his neck, Bishan Singh's mother asked Maharaj Ji, as to what had happened to him that he had dressed up like that. On this, he broke the garland and stayed in this area for a year. Once he reached the jurisdiction of village Datta where he stayed on a sand dune for four days without eating or drinking. The shepherds were astonished to see him sitting on the sand dun in the hot sunny days there for four days at a stretch that too without any food to eat or water to drink. A boy named Umar Chand who belonged to village Datta suggested other shepherds that they should ask from Raja Sahib as to why he was not taking anything and sitting consecutively for days together without food and water. Maharaj Ji told that he received food at will from heaven. Umar Chand asked that he too felt like tasting that divine food in the form of *Karah Parsad*. The Maharaj Ji stood up on the bank of a mud- filled pond . he

looked at the mud in the pond and within no time the entire mud was transformed into *Karah Parsad*. All the shepherds relished it to their utmost satisfaction. Like Giru nAnak Dev Ji had made children of village Talwandi to eat earthen balls (*ladoos*) , the same way Nabh Kanwal Raja Ji made shepherd boys to eat *Karah Parsad* made from mud. During this period, he proved mracles to the astonishment of residents of village Mannanhaana. Once an old man while grazing his cattle saw a tiger standing in the meadows in the old orchard of village Khushalpur. Afraid of the tiger, he endeavoured to climb up a tree. Then Maharaj Ji said loudly, “There is no need to be afraid”. As the old man looked behind, he saw Maharaj Ji standing there. Ulter His Name!

THUS BEGINS A NARRATION OF HIS INTERFACE WITH RESIDENTS OF VILLAGE MANNANHANA

One day, Maharaj Ji was in deep meditation in the East of village Khairr on the bank of a pond. There was an exceptional divine glow radiating from his face. A large number of people from the villagers came to him and informed him of the demise of Bhola Ji and that Maharaj Ji should himself cremate him. Since Mangal Dass Ji lived a saintly life, he should take over as a chief, they added. In spite of repeated requests Maharaj Ji did not utter any word. On the modest request of an old man, he asked to prepare for the cremation of Bhola Ji and said that he didn't want to accept any chieftom as he was linked to God Himself. He told Sibbo, the younger brother of Baba Bhola that all worldly relations are false. A faquir has neither any country nor a locality of his own. '*Eh duniya sihar mela dastgiri nahi*' and '*Kurh raja kurh parja kurh sab sansar*' and asked him to take his leave. Sibbo remained at the helm of affairs for some years. He was followed by his son Ralla. Many a times, Ralla requested him to relieve him from this responsibility or else take over the chieftom himself. Maharaj Ji did not pay any heed towards this. Once on the insistence of Mangoo, he rose up to make a statement but then returned to his seat. After the demise of Ralla, his son Umar Chand, who continues to be the *Nambardar* , was to be married, came to Maharaj Ji along with many other persons, to request him to attend his marriage. He even conveyed this to Maharaj Ji through Shri Natha Singh of Majara. The Maharaj Ji replied that if he went to attend the marriage today then he will also have to go to bereavement the other day, and that he should never be approached for any domestic function. He advised those

present there to earn by working, share the food with others, to eat only after feeding the visiting *Sadhus*, to shun stealing, conjugational relations, bad habits, hostility, habit of telling lies, and condemnation of others. He propagated the message of truthfulness, religiousness, constraint, contentment and recitation of His Name. He became quite popular in the area within two years and people started reposing their faith in him as an incarnation of God. *Bolo Waheguru!*

A NARRATION OF LEAVING MANNANHANA FOR BALLOWAL

After staying in this area for two years, one day with a feeling that the end of his maternal grand father, Khazana was approaching near, Nabh Kanwal Raja Sahib Ji , sat on the podium underneath a *peepal* tree in village Ballowal. The villagers learnt that the grandson of Khazana has arrived in their village in the form of a *Sadhu*. The teenager *Sadhu* was indeed eye-catching. He shined like a full moon. His face was captivating like the glow of moon. He was a moon among moons that dominated the scene. There was a wave of happiness in the village like that when Lord Krishna arrived in Mathura or Guru Gobind Rai Ji was born in Patna. Young and old, men and women and children – all ran towards Raja Ji as the Gokul residents, men and women had run towards the forest on hearing the melody created by Lord Krishna on his flute. The wasps were attracted towards the blooming flowers beds. The *Chakor* was attracted towards the moonlight. Likewise the charisma of *Babaji* attracted one and all devotees. The relatives were elevated with joy and dressed up well. Maharaj Ji asked all to extend their greetings from a distance. Khazana's younger brother, Heera came near Maharaj Ji and tendered a request, "The truthful gracious lord, *Nambardar* is missing you a lot. Let us go home. He is not able to get up from his bed and is missing you awfully since many days". Maharaj Ji replied," I have come here only to see my grand father (*Nana Ji*). There was a saucer full of *Prasad*. He asked Heera to dispense it among the people congregated there. The *Prasad* of *patashad* was dispensed. Heera requested him to take some milk, cream and *sardai* (= a nourishing cold drink usually made with crushed poppy seed, almond and sugar, in summer months) that was

contained in a *garhvi* (= a small brass vessel). Heera's wife had brought the sardai. Maharaj Ji himself took the *sardai* but gave milk to Fakiria, the *chowkidar* who accompanied him. Asking the congregation to leave, he himself lay on a *charpoi* when he went home to consecrate Khazana, his grandfather. It was the end time of Khazana. While being lying in a cot, he greeted Maharaj Ji with folded hands and focused his mind on the feet of Maharaj Ji. Maharaj Ji held his hands, provided him a divine touch. As he touched Khazana, the tears started flowing from eyes as a downpour of monsoon season. It was a mind purifying experience. Everything became clean and transcendent. With the divine radiance emanating from Maharaj Ji standing before him, Khazana felt an engrossment with God Himself. His mind was utterly complacent as he had a glimpse of the gracious Maharaj Ji standing in front of him. Now the mind became free of any desire, everything came to culmination, there was no fear of birth and rebirth as Maharaj Ji laid his hand on Khazana's head, he slowly closed his eyes and left this world. The messengers of death came with a beautiful palanquin. The doorways of heaven were open for him. After blessing Khazana, Maharaj Ji sat down on a sand dune in the west of the village. Khazana was cremated and people were sowing wheat. The day was getting engulfed under the dusk as Maharaj Ji was sitting there. The night covered everything with its dark blanket. The moon emerging from behind the mountains seemed to bathe the earth with its glowing radiance and scattering an elixir of life on the crops. Earth was covered with a carpet of moonlight as the sky was clear and the dew drops decorated the crops. The cotton and sun hemp fields were studded with beautiful flowers. Under this ambience natural glory a slim-looking Maharaj Ji was sitting as a hermit in deep meditation. The night was over. The dawn spread its crimson umbrella on

the entire sky. the twinkling stars were gradually vanishing. Sparrows were chirping. Ladies were churning milk as the farmers were ploughing their fields. Maharaj Ji had a bath. Heera and Mistry offered Maharaj Ji some half beaten curd to drink . Heera requested him, “ Your true honour, stay for some more days here”. But Maharaj Ji replied that as per the will of God he had to perform many duties and that he has to look after the welfare of everyone in the world amd to perform noble deeds. Saying this he occupied the place of Baba Bullan Shah Ji in village Rehpa. *Bolo Waheguru!*

THUS BEGINS A NARRATION OF LEAVING VILLAGE REHPA FOR RATTA TIBBA

From Ballawal Maharaj Ji occupied the place of Baba Bullan Shah Ji in village Rehpa. Residents of village Rehpa did not know anything about Maharaj Ji. They had no idea as to wherefrom this little Sadhu had come. People kept on looking at him as they passed that way. This young *Sadhu* , like Dhruv Bhagat detaching himself from worldly affairs remained engrossed in meditation the whole day without food and water. He became a subject of chat in the village. Someone conveyed to Baba Surmukh Singh that a *Sadhu* was occupying the place of Baba Bullan Shah. Surmukh Singh was already a dedicated person who paid due respects to *Sadhus* and saints. His father was a philanthropist. They looked after the visitors well and performed community kitchen half yearly and thus Surmukh Singh acquired similar tendency of charity. When Surmukh Singh asked Maharaj Ji as to what he would like to eat, the latter asked he could eat everything that he would offer him. Surmukh Singh took Maharaj Ji in his backyard garden. Ate well and stayed with Surmukh Singh for a night. Hari Singh, Meehaan Singh, Chhajju , the water carrier and Bir Singh , the follower of medieval saint Ravidas kept on sitting on the carpet for whole night. They took bath in the morning. Then the left for village Mazara. Those days, Mangal Dass Ji used to live in village Mazara in a *dharamsala*. He stayed there for two months in this village. Occasionally, he would go out towards the river. Once he went to village Ratta Tibba. This village is situated after two miles on the east of village Lassarra. On the bank of the river there was a hut wherein two *sadhus* used to live. One was Narain Dass, who was a psychic

faquir, who had had the holy glimpse of Maharaja Nabh Kanwal Raja Sahib Ji. At this he became overwhelmed as his innerself became soaked with the feelings of love. He modestly requested Raja Sahib to reside with them there. the Maharaja Nabh Kanwal Raja Sahib Ji treaded forwards as he being a carefree person did not want to be within anybody's dictates. Narain Dass had divine power. It is said that once the river Sutlej was overflowing and the water had eroded soil of the root zone of a peepal tree near the hut. Consequently the heavy tree tilted. At this, Narain Dass raised his hands and said, "Be bashful, withdraw yourself, we are very much here" . The river water receded and the tree stopped tilting any more. Still the tree stands there in a tilted position. After staying for some time in this area, Mangal Dasas Ji took Raja Sahib Ji to village Lodhipur.

Bolo Waheguru!

THUS BEGINS A NARRATION OF LEAVING FOR VILLAGE LODHI PUR

With his father Mangal Dass Ji, he reached village Lodhi Pur. He remained there for some time. It was winter month of January. There was a dera of Sant Ganga Dass Ji in village Mehron Pur Garcha. On the full moon day of January, there was a tradition of performing *bhog* of Sri Sadharan Path in the village wherein Sadhus of the area were invited. Maharaj Ji too reached the dera along with his father. People were keenly looking at this young Sadhu whose mobility, utterances, reading etc were uniquely wonderful. Everybody was getting blissfully intoxicated and feeling abounding with his holy glimpse. His melodious tunes mesmerized all those present there as had happened to the Dodha's wife with the melodious tunes of Guru Nanak Dev Ji. The audience didn't want anything more. They longed for the glimpses of Maharaj Ji. When he paid a visit to the dera of Ganga Dass Ji, the dera was dignified. There was a panoramic scene everywhere around. Offerings came pouring in. Ganga Dass Ji modestly requested Mangal Dass Ji to let Baba Bhagwan Dass Ji stay in their dera as the *sangat* wanted like that only. Acceding to the request, Mangal Dass Ji ordered Maharaj Ji to stay at Mehron Pur. Ganga Dass Ji advised his disciples to pay due respects to Bawa Ji and that in doing so they will be abound with prosperity. He had been exquisitely powerful as he possessed signs of *sankh*, *chakkar*, *gada* and *padam*, the signs possessed by gods only. Thereafter, Mangal Dass Ji went to the hut in village Lodhipur.

Bolo Waheguru!

THUS BEGINS A NARRATION OF LEAVING FOR VILLAGE JHINGRAN: MEETING WITH BHAI JAWAHAR SINGH

Bhai Buta Singh of Jhinger was the disciple of the same guru as that of Ganga Dass Ji. Buta Singh's son, Wariam was a devout follower of Sant Ganga Dass Ji. Buta Singh went to village Mehronpur to request Sant Ji to visit their village along with his his followers. He asked his followers to leave for Jhinger on the dawn of 25th Phalgun. It was an imposing pomp and show of huge gathering together with two camels, half a dozen horses and a cart. The procession started with the sounding of *Ransingha* and the shriek of *sankhs* that lent the sky. It was like a royal convoy that reached village Jhinger at 4'o clock in the afternoon. The stay was arranged on the East of the village. The villagers, particularly the elder ones, came forward to welcome the convoy as they used to receive a marriage party. They extended salutations and caught the reigns of the horses. Invited the saints to get down , washed eheir feet with warm water. Arranged for their seats. The other volunteers looked after their animals well. The dinner was arranged by Bhai Buta Singh. This was followed by food by other villagers in a succession. The next day, there was the beginning of *Sadaharan Path*. The religious sermons were also delivered. There was a *sadhu* of about fifteen in this convoy who sported a brass chain along with a cord called *taragi* around his waist. He had a charming fair complexion, stimulating eyes, sharp nose, upright forehead that captivated the lookers on. The Sun and the Moon felt belittled with an aura of his appearance. With his straight palms and a red crown on head he looked like a supernatural being. This young *sadhu* treaded with a difference than other *sadhus*. With

long arms, soft feet, shining forehead he was disseminating serenity to the world. He sported matted hair of golden hue that dazzled like a royal umbrella. Whosoever is seen by the *sadhu* becomes blissfully intoxicated. People used to repose their faith in him as if he be the divine concierge of the village Jhinger. Everybody had a feeling as if this *sadhu* was in some way or the other linked to them since preceding births. Every one bowed before him in reverence. They were getting attached with him. Wishes about their deeds in their previous births were set in motion. Bhai Jawahar Singh too was in search for a golden moment when the *sadhu* would visit his village so that he could relieve himself in handing over all his stockpile of wealth to the authentic proprietor. Next day, Ganga Dass Ji with a *mahant* and the young *sadhu* carrying a small brass vessel on his right when people went out of the *dera* for eating food in the community kitchen, treaded gracefully and mesmerized the onlookers. *Bhai Ji* had his sight who seemed glittering like a gem. Only a connoisseur could recognize the gem from among other stones. After taking meals when people started towards *dera*, Bhai Jawahar Singh drew near the eye-catching young *sadhu*. He took him up to the sitting room, embraced him and made him occupy the gracious seat, saying that all those assets were his and that he should look after these. Nobody knows how the cordial embrace produced its magic in triggering an affectionate feeling in each and every part of his body. Bhai Jawahar Singh's heart became intolerant to separation from him while he was utterly immersed in his love. Separation for even a moment was extremely arduous, a really difficult period. Jawahar Singh Ji made a brief expression requesting Bawa Ji to leave those who are not worthy of any trust and to stay with him. On learning that *Bawa Ji* was taken along by Jawahar Singh, Sant Ganga Dass Ji straight away went to him. *Bhai Ji* surprised the

sant saying how he got hold of the lion (*Bawaji*) who was very powerful, custodian of large jungles and that even gods salute him. Therefore, it was not appropriate for him to keep hold of him. He advised him not to get any work from the *sadhu* otherwise he will be in trouble. He told him that lions rule the jungles of their own and do not live in the herds of goats. The little *sadhu* will glorify the land of Doaba. It had to emancipate each and every corner of Punjab. he will have popularity in foreign lands as well. The river waters, the glory of thriving green forests, animals, birds, ladies and gentlemen, all are keenly waiting for the holy glimpse of the gracious and all pervasive Raja Sahib. He became utterly upset to listen to Bhai Jawahar Singh. He said that his followers were in fact with him and so he may not be forfeited of his will and that it was due to his blessings that his scholastic repute existed in the villages. At this, Bhai Ji allowed Bawa Ji to accompany Mahant Ji. Mahant Ganga Dass became pleased. After spending few days, after the *bhog* ceremony of *sadharan path*, he prepared to leave Jhinger for some other place. Mahant Ganga Das was a babbler. He was afraid lest Bawa Ji should again go to Bhai Jawahar Singh. After the completion of *bhog* the community kitchen (*langar*) was served to the poor people, for the whole day. The followers were asked to prepare to leave. The *sadhus* were packing their belongings and preparing to leave. The villagers congregated to offer good wishes to the followers. They rode their horses. The other *sadhus* too took to their duties. They asked for permission to leave from the congregation, blew the *nasingha* (trumpet) and the *mahant* after setting right the horse from behind and left after seeking blessings from the people gathered there.

Bolo Bhai Ji Waheguru!

NOW BEGINS A NARRATION OF LEAVING JHINGRAN FOR VILLAGE PASLA: VISITING DIFFERENT VILLAGES

From Jhinger the group reached dera at village Majara after passing through Mukandpur, Jagat pur and Sarhal Kaaziaan. Sant Ganga Dass had a dera at Bharo Majara as well. After staying for some time there, some left the place to go to Rurka Kalaan. This slim and handsome looking ascetic remained busy in the activities aimed at universal welfare who stayed in this area for a month. He was warmly received in terms of affectionate embrace by Bhai Jawahar Singh and reverence expressed by other devotees. People longed for his glimpses. It was forty days after Maharaj Ji had left Bhai Ji. One day, while sitting in deep meditation in the *Darbar* of Dhaba Lala Ji, Bhai Jawahar Singh imagined glittering adumbration of the region. He could have a flashing glimpse of a supernatural light that made the town (*Beghampura*) free from all sorrows . This unique and royal glory of the dwelling of his divine realm infused a real way of life among the masses. To comprehend the esteem of the divine is beyond an ordinary person. He possessed an aura that dazzled far more intensely than the luminosity of millions of suns and the human eyes can't tolerate this illumination. Any one who receives even a trace of rays from this divine glow become emancipated

. "I became besieged with the glow/ at the moment I recite songs in the praise of Raja Sahib/ he makes me self-important/ I dedicate my life to him/ he is gracious and gorgeous that is so dear to me"

There and then, Bhai Jawahar Singh had a divine communication that he should look after whom He had Himself sent to work for the welfare of one

and all. He felt blessed and blissful. He realized that God was present in everything that he could see. This was indeed very swift communication.

“Where no communication of comprehension is possible His love could arrive at/ the divine love can create wonders; can create and irrigate greenery in stones / it can also create tribulations for birds in flight/ where there is the abode of love, there is no dearth of money/ it was due to the bonds of love that Lord Vishnu constructed the hut of Nam Dev/ Lord Krishna paid due respects to friend Sudhama merely because of extreme love/ Lord Ram tasted the fruit offered by his devout Bhilni, without any hesitation/ Likewise, it was out of love for his devotee that Guru Nanak preferred to eat the chapattis of coarse grain to delicious preparations/irrespective of the social status and any discrimination, Bidar ate the unsalted saag of an average devout”

Bhai ji experienced an exclusive divine pleasure from this that provided his wholesome mind a great solace. He longed for meeting his spiritual leader to whom he saluted and expressed his gratefulness. He uttered in his praise. Bhai Jawahar Singh became happy. He narrated the entire happening to him. When all pervasive heard the details he vociferously uttered ten sawayeeas (rhyming lines) . on meeting the spiritual leader, all his problems were solved and he became devoid of the evils like lust, fury, greed, attachment and arrogance. He became free from any disease and grief as well. The Guru blessed him with an exceptional sense of fulfillment. Maharaj ji greeted Bhai Jawahar Singh the same as his own Guru and spoke in his honour. Bhai ji asked him to be seated on the bank of a small pond. He meditated intensely on the bank of the small village pond for six months near the Samadhi of Maharaj Ji Lala Ji. After the harsh summer months were over, the rains started in the month of *Sawan*. The earth became replete with new fauna and flora. The crops looked vigorously growing. The

vegetation looked green and young-looking. In all places there was gladness in the ambience. The peacocks and rain birds broke silence and the frogs croaked joyfully. With the sunset, there was a beautiful rainbow in the sky on the northern side. Every activity is coming to a stand still. The animals were settling down and people were preparing to sleep. The sky was clear at night with twinkling stars dominating the scene. The dew drops decorated the crops. The moon shining on the hilltop provided grandeur to the gardens wherein the flower beds stimulated the lovers to become absorbed in the hue of love. The rivers seemed graceful under this glorified milieu. But the lean looking ascetic saint seated on a high mound in village Hedian remained engrossed in meditation, utterly undeterred. He braved rains but did not break his meditation. He meditated under the twinkling stars in the will of God. That day, Bhai Ji become conscious of the break of dawn. Bhaiji placed a box in front of the meditating sadhu. The box contained precious items. On opening it there was the priceless treasure of three worlds. To make people to recite His name, to put them on the path of righteous living, to work for the welfare of animals, birds, all men and women, to revitalize religion was among the messages as part of this treasure. Bhai Jawahar Singh Ji handed over the keys of the box to Nabh Kanwal Raja Sahib Ji and in doing so he uttered, “ now I stand relieved. The treasure has been entrusted in safe hands now”. The throne is decorated by that who is worthy of it. He was advised to endeavour for welfare of people, to make others recite His name, to give donation, to honour faith, to bathe daily, to expand religion, to spread the message of spirituality to those who need it, to perform noble deeds, to earn by working with hands, to share the food among others, to bring out one tenth from the earning for righteous deeds, to serve and look after the guests well, to avoid doing something bad, etc. on

the bank of this pond he observed the righteous living and composed the *Bhagwan Vilaas Granth* that throws light on meaningful perceptions and propagated realistic ideas for welfare of humanity.

With this, the superstitions of all sorts were finished and discrimination came to an end. There remained no hypocrisy. With the blessings of Guru people became bold with no fear from death. The place on the bank of the pond in the *darbar* of Lala Ji became glorified with the recitals in the praise of God Almighty .

Bolo Bhai Ji Waheguru!

NOW BEGINS A NEW NARRATION OF LEAVING FOR THE PLACE OF ISHAR SINGH

After spending more than six months at the bank of the pond, Bhai Ji arranged for a small isolated room in the haweli of Ishar Singh for Maharaj Ji's sitting and deputed Baba Manna and Bhai Suba Singh to look after him. The raw material for *sardai* (a nourishing cold drink made of crushed poppy seed, almond and sugar) were placed underneath his bed for use by Maharaj Ji. The Maharaj Ji became popular far and wide. People often talked about him. Earlier, Mangu used to look after him and sooner more devotees became his followers. Many people at Musa Pur knew Maharaj Ji, since his school days. The prominent devotees were Sunder Singh, Narain Singh, Basant Singh, Ganesa, the potter, Karam Singh of Rasul Pur, Kaloo of village Majara, Sunder Singh and Babu of village Khan Khana, Gurditta Singh of village Goslan, Mangal Ram, the blacksmith, Munsha Singh of village Rehpa, Sarmukh Singh, Hari Singh, Meehaan Singh, Chhajju the water carrier, Bir Singh of village Khinger, Harnam Singh Manna, Suba Ishar Singh, Inder Singh, Moti Singh and Moola, Jwala of Majara. Those days, Maharaj Ji used to wear sheet of spotless white cloth around himself and shoes in his feet. Sahib dayal of village majara was an apt cobbler, who used to make very nice pair of shoes embroidered in gold wire for the Maharaj Ji. Maharaj Ji used to sport a plastic stick (baton) in his hand. Had a royal turn out and talked and walked in an aristocratic manner. When he passed, people gave way and respectfully greeted him with folded hands. Bhai ji used to ask the villagers to look after this great man to seek his blessings. He described him to be a person with divine power and that wherever he put his feet the larea became prosperous. He added that this

great person will enhance the status of the village in the country. To have his holy glimpse is akin to Ganga and Paryaag Darshan as he is god himself in human form.

HERE BEGINS A NARRATION OF LALA HAMIR CHAND JI

Thus people came to know about the birth of Lala Hamir Chand. He belonged to *Khattri* caste in village Fatyahbad in district Amritsar. He was sent to school for studies when he was a child. Prior to appearing in the matriculation examination, he along with some boys visited a *faqir* in village Fatyahbad. The *faqir* was an enlightened one. He possessed a unique psychic power. All the boys approached him with a request to know whether they will pass their ensuing examination. The *faqir* gazed into their eyes and said, "Hamira will pass the examination". The examination was over. When the result was declared everybody was astonished to know that Hamir Chand failed in the examination. They went to the *faqir* again and demanded that he had predicted about the success of Hamira who had actually failed badly. The *sadhu* uttered, "No, you are passed." Hamir Chand again demanded how he passed. The saint then told him that he had meditated and absorbed in His Name fairly well and in case he strived hard he would for sure come through successful. When asked how he should strive hard, the *sadhu* told Hamir Chand that his estate is in the custody of Sain Jhandi Wala, whose tomb is on the bank of river Sutlej and that he should go there to get his wish fulfilled. It was like Guru Nanak Dev Ji having told Farid Ji that his estate was with Kutubddin, the boatman. The same way, the *faqir* sent Hamir Chand to Sain Jhandi Wala. At this Hamir Chand complied with the directive. He threw his satchel and writing wooden slab (*takhti*) away and all his nears and dears and left Majha for Doaba region. He reached Phillaur to find the exact location where his destination was on the bank of river Sutlej. He started Eastwards but could

not see his destination as there was wide spread river bed here and there. His mind was swaying with indecision. He could not believe on himself when he traversed through bushes and weeds to reach near a hut in village Kandyana to see a grave on the West of the river. It was four feet high enclosed in a boundary wall. The river bed was over grown with bushes and the wind produced horrible sound. In this desolate place there were wild pigs producing a typical noise. There was a small settlement on the Eastern side. The heart was sinking as nothing was clearly discernible. Whom he should call and whom he should request were the issues that crossed his mind. The river seemed to be flowing under some one's directions. This provided him with certain level of self-assurance. After watching that the river after paying obeisance by touching the village boundary and the holy grave, he sat down in front of the grave of Sain Ji, spent whole night there. all the residents settled in the village were *gujjars*. Two houses were of blacksmiths as well. the next morning a *faqir* came there for salutation to Sain Jhandi Wala. He asked Hamir Chand who was sitting there for any service. Hamir Chand asked him that he would like to take food. For some days, Hamir Chand used to take food from the house of carpenters in the village. He used to meditate day and night sitting in front of the grave. Then an idea occurred to him that one should earn one's food by doing some work. He being a son of a *khatti* had a delicate physique that could not carry on some physical work. People of the nearby areas came to know of his meditation. People started reposing their devotion in him. He established contacts with the *Sardars* of Moron. He was appointed as a *munshi* (accountant) in their establishment. They used to hold court. He worked there for four-five years. He used to work during the day and stood in the river at night. Fakiria, the carpenter gave him a wooden *vairagan* (support) with the help of which he

used to be footing there whole night. Still the *vairagan* is lying in Jhinger in the possession of Mistri Charan Singh. It is made of wood that has two curvatures. Hakim Chand spent his six years there. Still he was not sure to hit upon his goal. One day, he brought some papers from Ludhiana. As he reached the bank of the river, the boatmen had left after anchoring the boat. The sun was about to set. He was looking this way or that way amidst uncertainty of crossing over to the other end. He longed for reaching the hut of his idol. As he was deeply absorbed thinking a miracle happened. A strong wave of blue water came into view all of a sudden from one side, the water moved quickly. It was a unique and unusual happening that made him awestruck. This made him absolutely detached from worldly affairs. He thought that for whom he had been searching for over eight years, the divine peer has ultimately given him a close foretaste. He submitted himself to His will and plunged into the river. He could cross the river without any difficulty. One day, the sardar told him that he could achieve his desire fulfilled if he continue standing in the river. At this Hamir Chand replied that he was determined to do so as he had been performing tapasya for the last twelve years but has not so far succeeded in meeting his holy being although he was reduced to a skeleton. One day he developed an apprehension that he was a Hindu and his *pir* a Muslim. He even thought of converintg into a Muslim so as to succeed in his longing for meeting his deity. He thought of doing everything that could help him achieve his goal. After this, a faquir arrived who told Hamira to not to be wavering as time of his fulfillment had arrived. He predicted that day after tomorrow Hamira will attain his divine being at midnight. His excitement got intensified. He shed tears after closing his eyes. He realized a super natural resonance and a unique illumination asking Hamira to plunge into water. When he looked

towards the river, he could see snakes and snakes everywhere. He unhesitatingly jumped into the river. At this, he became blessed and blessed with an exceptional enlightenment. People reposed faith in him and started calling him Lala Wali. He had become precious with an immeasurable divine treasure. His entire self was changed people were astonished at his transformation... he became very popular and there was no dearth of his followers. They started thronging him in large numbers. One day some boys grazing their cattle reached him. Lala Ji asked him to bring some buffalo milk. The *gujjar* boys separated the lactating (giving milk) from their herd and brought the dry buffaloes to Lala Ji. lala Ji gave them his vessel asking them to milk a dry buffalo. Surprisingly, the dry buffalo gave vessel full of milk. The boys were very much astonished at this. Similarly a devotee offered Lala Ji a mare. The mare gave birth to one male and one female calf. A girl from village Shokran was married in village Kaddiaan. Her maternal parents belonged to village Jhingran, where she spent most of her time. one day she asked her brother, Bhai Jawahar Singh Ji that he should visit village Kaddiaana where a *Sadhu* lived and to see for himself, what sort of *Sadhu* was he. Bhai Jawahar Singh became anxious to visit the *Sadhu*. He asked his sister to accompany him to the *Sadhu* without delay. The next morning he left for village Kaddiaana to meet the *Sadhu*. But Lala Ji hid behind the bushes. In spite of searching for him thoroughly, Bhai Ji could not find Lala Ji. he then came back to village Jhingraan. He again went to Kaddiaana to have a glimpse of Lala Ji but again Lala Ji vanished. When he visited the village Kaddiaana third time, he was determined not to return without having darshans of Lala Ji.

HERE BEGINS A NARRATION OF BHAJ JAWAHAR SINGH JI

Bhai Jawahar Singh was an extremely holy person. he was a *Brahm Gyani* , in spite of his family life. Elderly persons tell that he was a pious individual who earned his livelihood through hard work. He offered food to guests, enjoy the company of *sadhus*, recite His Name, offer donation, take bath daily, protect the down trodden was his routine. He was a blacksmith of village Jhingraan, Tehsil Nawan Shahar, District Jalandhar. He was a virtuous individual who led a righteous life. There are many unique stories revolving round him. People could cure themselves of a variety of incurable diseases just by having his consecrated glance. His touch on the forehead could take away ghastly premonitions, and all efforts became unproblematic. Therefore inspired by his sister, Bhai Jawahar Singh went to have Lala Ji's *darshans*. On not being able to find Lala Ji, Bhai Jawahar Singh after returning to his village, became extremely anxious. While starting for the third time, he was so determined in his mind that he had decided not to return home without having had the holy *darshans* of Lala Ji. With a great anticipation he humbly remembered him and reached village Kaddiaana . As he reached there, Lala Ji was drinking milk and Fakiria, the blacksmith was sitting near him. Seeing Bhai Jawahar Singh coming from a distance, Lala Ji uttered to his friend that another old friend was coming who was very eager to meet him and that that day his thirst would be satiated. Bhai Jawahar Singh fell on his feet and shed tears. Lala Ji lifted up his head, comforted him and as he sanctified him with his *darshans*, his entire thirst got satiated. Bhai Ji asked Lala Ji as to why he had not been blessed with his darshans although he came there twice the other day. At this Lala Ji replied, "My

dear, only today was an auspicious moments of our meeting. Had we been meeting before the right time, the get-together would not have been trouble free. Now the whole thing is good, we have been blessed with a true love only now.” Lala Ji had blessed him by now. His entire self had become pure and divine. He became intoxicated with a divine love. He felt parting from him to be a hard task. He was ordered to go home and earn his livelihood, share his earning with others as it will invite all sorts of prosperity for him. He used to work and perform Lal Ji’s *darshans* as well. After day long hard work, he would go to Lal Ji’s place. He would take food after feeding the divine Lord. He would look after his beloved, Lal Ji with devotion. This had become his daily routine and eight years passed. The vagaries of weather like storms, rains, cold, heat etc, but he would never be deterred by these.

Once it was the month of *Poh-Magh* (December January). There was biting cold and the weather was stormy. The cattle were dying. There was biting cold everywhere. He was braving all odds, traversing the mud, in the severe cold weather. Lala Ji was viewing him with his divine eye. He was overwhelmed with the exceptional devotion of Bhai Jawahar Singh for him. How should I compensate him was Lala Ji’s though going. It would be his last visit to me, he observed. Bhai Jawahar Singh fell on Lala Ji’s feet, his eyes full of tears, he became purified. Lala Ji lifted his head, comforted him and as he looked at his beloved lord, he became blissful. Lala Ji uttered, ” I will now accompany you. You have besieged me”. Soon, this was known to all. Sardar Shiv Narain Singh of Moro, who used to hold court and where he had stayed earlier, Sardar Shiv Narain Singh requested him saying that they had not committed any wrong step so he should not leave them and requested him to visit his house. Lala Ji said, ” Dear, I have been prepared by

God to do like that only. Consider me with you. Whenever you will remember me , I will be with you . Do remember my advice. Make a rightful earning and share the earning with others. Do not hurt anybody.”

After giving this guidance to Sardar Shiv Narain and the people gathered over there, Lala Ji asked Fakiria, the blacksmith to bring his mare for his ride. Two calves, a male and a female one of this mare were in the custody of Lala Ji himself. He said that he will be going to Jhingraan that day itself. Shiv Narain Singh called his servant and brought an elephant. Lala ji left for Jhingraan on the elephant. There was a scene of sorrow on account of departure of Lala Ji. all the fauna and flora were in tears as had happened when Guru Gobind Singh Ji had departed from Anandpur Sahib and the residents of Ayodhya had done when Lord Rama had departed. The same thing happened when Lord Krishna had left Vrindaban for Mathura. The condition of gujjars and gujris of village Kaddiaana was not different. They had a slight glimpse of the majestic Lala Ji riding an elephant and with a heavy heart they were following the elephant. As on reaching the river Saryu , Lord Rama had asked his followers to return back , Lala Ji too asked all his well wishers to return back. Then he reached village Jhingraan and everybody felt the delight and celebrated it. Lala Ji occupied a seat on the eastern side of the village on the bank of a large pond. He was well versed in taking vital political decisions of the panchayat court of justice. He had learnt this in village Moron and the issue on which the village panchayat could not arrive at any decision was used to be referred to Lala Ji.the villagers reposed their fullest faith in Lala Ji. Once there was a heavy incidence of locust in the village. Apprehending huge losses, the elderly people of the village approached Lala Ji and requested him to come to their rescue and do something for them. Lala Ji said,” You take my mare around

and the land where it will go will be free from locust and it will never come there again.” Even now the locust if ever it is there just passes over that area and does not settle there. If at all it settles, it does not inflict any loss. It is said that once, in the month of *Chetar*, the area received hailstorms. People requested Lala Ji again to save their crops. Lala Ji asked them to tell where he should divert the hailstorms to. There was an uncultivated land near village Bajjon. The villagers suggested him that in case the hailstorms happen to be in the uncultivated land towards village Herriaan, then the remaining crops could be protected. It happened exactly like this. The hailstorm occurred in the uncultivated land only. Still the village Jhingraan never experience hailstorms. Many such stories are connected with Lala Ji. one day, Mangu of village Majara asked him to sanctify his house with a visit as he (Mangu) was keen to get him to his house. After a pause, Lala Ji looked at Mangu and said,” Mangu, the opportune time has not yet come. After a short period, a super divine one will arrive in your own home who will be saluted yet by the scholarly. Even gods and goddesses will long for having a glimpse of this telepathic being. Your house would be akin to a heaven and it will provide deliverance to many whose desires would be fulfilled. Your home would belong to that super being. He would enkindle the name of all of us, of Bhai Jawahar Singh and me in this world. With these words he blessed Mangu. He indicated the stay of Maharaj Nabh Kanwal Raja Sahib in the house of Mangu of village Majara. Lala Ji stayed in village Jhingraan for about thirty years. One day, as he was sitting near the bank of the pond, he called Bhai Jawahar Singh Ji near him and asked him that his journey of life had come to an end, his last time had arrived, and suggested him to hand over the keys to the true keeper immediately as soon as he arrives. He told that his real place is at a place that was earmarked for

his cremation. This is the place where a domed grave is still present. As his end came near, he uttered *Nihal, Nihal, Nihal* thrice and left this world.

WATER FROM THE WELL OF KARAM SINGH BABBAR

It was scorching weather conditions of *Jeth Haar* (June-July). Maharaj Ji was living in the house of Ishar Singh. Sardar Harnam Singh, Sardar Suba Singh and Baba Mana Inder Singh were his servant. On the western side of Ratainda of Basima, Karam Singh installed a well and tried to draw water with a pipe. The water was not lifting in spite of a lot of struggle. He became greatly upset over this. He had spent four thousand rupees on this well but got nothing out of it. He sat on a side disappointed. Even the divers could not help. It was noon. All the workers stayed indoors to take rest. Karam Singh was in a state of unrest. He prayed to God Almighty to save him as Makhan Shah Lubana was saved by averting the drowning of his ship. Whenever the devotees perform a humble request then God comes to their rescue. As Lord Vishnu had come bare footed to the rescue of an elephant, similarly Maharaj Nabh Kanwal Raja Sahib Ji came to his help in the extremely hot weather that made the sand blistering, the breeze sizzling . under this weather the animals were dehydrating. The rivers and nullahs were drying up. People stayed indoors to beat the heat. To give solace to the disturbed devotee, Raja Sahib, clad in milky white clothe came to put the well on a normal footing at 10 o'clock in the afternoon. As the people staying indoors knew that Raja Sahib was standing on the bankment of the well, they immediately came out and greeted him. Karam Singh could not help weeping. He uttered, "Have pity on me, I am lost, you are the omnipotent, re-incarnation of Guru Nanak Dev Ji". This was as told by Sardar Teja Singh, who saw this happening. Maharaj Ji peeped into the well once. He ordered that the well that was like an unfilled vessel may start working. Within no time, the well started filling with water like a spring. Soon it was

completely full of water. The bullocks started moving, there was an ambience of joy. Karam Singh was replete with congratulations from here and there. There was delightful surrounding everywhere. Raja Sahib sat on a cot on one side. The news of this miracle spread like a magic. He became reknowned. This narration was shared by Sardar Teja Singh who was 125 years old. He also told that he was merely twenty five when Maharaj Ji first visited village Jhingraan. Maharaj Ji was fourteen years old then. The well of Babbar Karam Singh is still working and the water never dries therein.

Bolo Bhai Ji Waheguru!

THE NARRATION OF WITH SARMUKH SINGH

After this blessing to the well of Karam Singh, Maharaj Ji occupied the place of Ishar Singh. He stayed there for about a year. His major disciples and outside villages were as under:

Disciples in village Jhingraan
Harnam Singh Manna, Inder Singh, Natha Singh, Suba Singh

Disciples in village Rehpa
Sarmukh Singh, Hari Singh, Meehan Singh, Chhajju, the water carrier

Disciples in village Majara
Natha Singh, Mula, Waryam Singh, Jawala

Disciples in village Goslaan
Mangal Ram, Munsha Singh

Disciples in village Bharo Majara
Sundar Singh and Babboo

Disciples in village Musa Pur
Basant Singh, Narain Singh, Sundar Singh

Disciples in village Khan Khana
Gurdit Singh

These were the Darbari Sikhs of Maharaj Ji. One among these was Sarmukh Singh who was truthful and was blessed by the Maharaj Ji. he had an undying routine of going bare footed to have a glimpse of his beloved idol, Maharaj Ji, undeterred by vagaries like rain, heat, cold etc. although his domestic work or responsibilities were a hindrance in his mission yet he continued having *darshans* of his beloved for forty years at a stretch. In these forty years, one day he missed going to the Maharaj Ji as he had to go to bring a cattle from outside his village but the very next day when he

visited Maharaj ji, the latter said,” Sarmukh, why did you not come yesterday?” he replied,” Maharaj Ji, we brought a bull and since I had to take care of him , I could not turn up here.” “If somebody takes it away while your being sitting near the bull, then?” uttered Maharaj Ji. Then Sarmukh Singh begged apologies saying that while being in worldly things I forgot to have your *darshans*. All commands are yours. All fauna and flora are yours. The entire greenery and plant life in nature is your marvel only. The vision in my eyes is all due to your blessings only. Sarmukh Singh could not control his sentiments and bowed on the feet of Maharaj Ji. tears rolled over his cheeks. Maharaj Ji looked towards him with compassion, put his hand on Sarmukh’s head and offered him *sardai* (= a nourishing cold drink usually made with crushed poppy seed, almond and sugar, in summer months) as a communion of serenity. With the intake of this communion, his innerself became sanctified and he was engrossed in deep meditation. He experienced a blissful heavenly vision while being in this state.

When he opened his eyes he noticed that he was sitting close to the cradle of Maharaj Ji. his senses were still under a divine seize and he felt himself to be utterly purified. He was indeed relieved of all his tension by the grace of Maharaj Nabh Kanwal Raja Sahib Ji. Maharaj Ji asked him what he had seen? His reply was that he could see what Maharaj Ji had made him to see. Sarmukh Singh was having deep breaths as he found it too difficult to be in separation from Maharaj Ji. There was an order from the Satguru that he should leave for his home in Rehpa and that he himself would go to Rehpa as there was some property of his in Rehpa as well, that was also to be made flourishing.

Baba Ji reached village Rehpa but he would always miss his beloved Maharaj Ji. he was eagerly waiting for the auspicious day when his dear idol will visit Rehpa to bless the village . he lived in an isolated hut on the western side of the village. He had prepared a seat for the Maharaj Ji near his and was himself sitting there hopeful of the time when Maharaj Ji would come to occupy the seat. He spent entire night in meditation and in wait for his spiritual guru.

THE NARRATION OF LEAVING JHINGRAN FOR REHPA

As and when Sarmukh Singh remembered truly and longed for meeting his sovereign; whenever he prayed to have his *darshans*, then the supreme blessed his devotees even from a distance. Having pity on Sarmukh Singh, he got up at mid night from the *haveli* of Ishar Singh and to meet him started bare footed. It was a moonlight and the Moon was at its full glory. Every thing was bathed in the moon light. In this cold night of Poh-Magh, the frost was at its peak, the ponds were frozen and people felt the biting cold even while being wrapped in quilts. Treading on desolate tract on sand he straightway reached the pond of village Rehpa by following the narrow path via village Larroya and Shikara. On the western end of the village he sat near the *phalaahiyan wala khooh* (the well with plantation of Acacia nearby). It was about to dawn and the sky was red on the eastern side. The sparrows had started chirping. The silence was also broken with the churning of milk by the ladies. Some conversation was also audible from somewhere. Farmers were going to their fields for work with their heads covered with some cloth to protect them against cold. When Gurmukh Singh, an elder brother of Sarmukh Singh reached the well with a pair of bullocks, he was astonished to see a teen-aged fair-complexioned, sharp-featured *sadhu* having a slim physique, sporting golden strands of locks that were covered with frost above all, and an exclusive aura. Clad in a white sheet of cloth the ascetic was sitting on the bankment of the well. Gurmukh Singh was surprised to see that the *sadhu* was braving the extreme cold weather. He greeted the *sadhu* and asked how he could serve him. At this the *sadhu* asked Gurmukh Singh to convey to Sarmukh Singh that he was being called by Raja Sahib. The message was conveyed to Sarmukh Singh. Gurmukh

Singh asked his brother to take hot milk for Raja Sahib saying that he would arrange fire wood so that Raja Sahib could warm himself in that extreme cold. As Raja Sahib did not take hot milk, so Sarmukh Singh took the beaten curd for him. Placing the utensil before him, Sarmukh Singh greeted Raja Ji and felt elated. Many people had heard about Raja Sahib but not many had seen him. There fore on learning about his presence in the village, a large number of people from far and wide started pouring in as people had thronged towards Lord Krishna on listening to the melodious tune of his flute. Unmindful of their daily routines, they happily visited there. Even animals felt the glee.

“The pleasant breeze was blowing; the cranes flew joyfully in air”

The grandeur of Raja Ji was seen to be believed. People brought dates and milk as their offering and sat in the vicinity of Raja Sahib. Basant Kaur, the wife of the village chief, Harnam Singh , who was the daughter in law of Sarmukh Singh’s brother, thought she should prepare *Karah Prasad* as her offering as they had a newly calved buffalo . Those days it was a general tradition among the people that the first ghee of the animal’s milk was used to prepare *Karah Prasad* and offered to the Gurudwara Nanaksar in village Hakim Pur. Basant Kaur obtained ghee from one Ralli and prepared *Karah Prasad* that she offered to Raja Sahib, bowed and sat among other people sitting over there.. the gathering was impressive indeed. Everybody was keenly looking at the divine face of Raja Sahib. Then Raja Sahib pointing towards Basant Kaur uttered,” Nanaksar was blessed by Raja and the foundation of Amritsar too was laid by Raja Ji. I have come to this world in the form of gods from time to time. Tell Basant Kaur why you have used ghee brought from the water carriers (*jheers*) for preparing the *Karah*

Prasad”? Hearing this , Basant Kaur became overwhelmed and started shivering. She begged her pardon. She disclosed the entire narrative that she had prepared *Karah Prasad* with the ghee obtained from Ralli as she considered ghee that was available in her own house as not chaste. Raja Ji asked Baba Sarmukh Singh to distribute the *Karah Prasad* among the *sangat* sitting over there. After this was done, Raja Ji asked him to take him to the bed that they had arranged for his rest. After having left the village he took bath at the well (*Jhari wala khooh*). Then he relished beaten curd at the place of Sarmukh Singh, took rest for sometime and took leave of the *sangat*.

Bolo Bhai Ji Waheguru!

THE NARRATION OF INTERFACE WITH HAKAM SHAH

Now Maharaj Ji started to dwell in village Rehpa. He spent most of his time in the village though occasionally he would go to the bank of river Sutlej and when he felt like taking rest he would visit the house of Sarmukh Singh. It was the duty of Sarmukh Singh to offer him *sardai* (= a nourishing cold drink usually made with crushed poppy seed, almond and sugar, in summer months) and *Prasad* (communion) and he took these commodities in a tiffin wherever Maharaj Ji would be going. Chhajju, the water carrier used to arrange for the bath of Maharaj Ji. Mihaan Singh and Hari Singh also took interest in looking after Maharaj Ji. People came to know that Maharaj Ji was living in Rehpa. People started thronging him in large numbers. A hut was made on the side of village Ballawal for the dwelling of Maharaj Ji. People had their full faith in him. They complied what he said. Sometimes, Maharaj Ji made predictions all at once. Once upon a time Pratap Singh Khalsa of village Rehpa was married, his wife dies, he got married again and the second wife gave birth to a male child who also died. People who came to offer their condolences were sitting there. Maharaj Ji came from outside. Everyone rose to greet him. He enquired as to what was the matter, why they were sitting like that. Sarmukh Singh told that Pratap Singh's son had expired. Pratap Singh started weeping. Maharaj Ji asked him not to weep as he will have many sons and that then he will curse why they were not dying. Thus he solaced Pratap Singh and went inside. His predictions came true. Pratap Singh had nine sons and some daughters. But in spite of such a large family with nine sons, daughters, daughters in law, Pratap Singh had to cook his own food and his wife had to keep her kitchen separate. Maharaj Ji became very popular for his extra ordinary predictions. This young boy had

a unique distinction. He had a different personality that attracted people like a magnet, dressed like a *sadhu*, possessed divine power and uttered reality with precision. He had an all time great aura and dress up. He did not let women come close to him and even did not eat from the hands of women.

Hakam Shah lived in village Kariam. He was an influential Muslim. He had a good following. His grave is still there in village Kariam where people go and make their offers on the fulfillment of their wishes. His devotees lived in village Rehpa. Gujjars were friendly with him and he often visited him. One day Hakam Shah was sitting in *takia* (Muslim monastery) of village Rehpa where there were people in large number and a *quwaali* was being performed by reputed singers. It was 4'o clock in the evening. Maharaj ji came that way after a couple of days. He became besieged with the *quwaalis* and was treading joyfully often hopping. He became so overjoyed that he started jumping as high as to touch the *peepal* leaves. Everyone started looking at him. He was looking energized and at this Hakam Shah became green with envy. He had considered himself to be a *sadhu* of very high competence. He cried angrily that he will extract all power of the Maharaj Ji and challenged him to cross over three lines that he drew on the ground. At this Maharaj Ji very comfortable crossed over those three lines. Hakam Shah had no idea of the dimensions of Maharaj Ji. The steady and all-encompassing Maharaj Ji was continuing with his doings. When the *sadhu* was nervous the Maharaj Ji asked him that if he wished he would squeeze him like a lemon but will not. Then pointing towards a *keereean da bhaun* (colony of ants) he asked him that it was indeed in the *takia* (Muslim monastery) as *ummatt* (religious community) of God and that he was taking it along as per the will of god and challenged him to keep hold of it if

he could. Saying this Maharaj Ji left the place. His hut was about 20-25 steps away. Now the *takia* (Muslim monastery) has been converted into a school. Baba ji's hut was on the side of the village. Maharaj Ji entered and sat inside the hut. The ants were moving towards him as if they were paying their obeisance to him. Many people too went to Maharaj Ji leaving the *quwaali* in between.

After some time winged insects emerged from the *takia* (Muslim monastery) and they started creating trouble where Hakam Shah was sitting. The *takia* (Muslim monastery) was soon full of insects and at last he had to leave along with his four disciples. He thought of asking for apologies from Raja Sahib but was hesitating that a sixty year old could ask forgiveness from a young boy. So he thought it better to leave. He took his lock stock and barrel and left from the *takia* (Muslim monastery) and spent a night at the place of a *gujjri* named Bhulli. While going away he was repenting that he had un necessarily contradicted Raja Sahib. Insects were still after him. He discerned that wrath of a saint can be hazardous for him throughout of his life and therefore reconciliatory thoughts were crossing his mind. He went to Maharaj Ji for apologies and bent down on his feet. Maharaj Ji got up and held his hands. He said, “ Sain Ji , have a seat. You are an old person and should not worry. Those who live in the will of God should get your blessings. You should start taking *sardai*. Miracles are but a calamity. To wish for the welfare of others should be the purpose of a *sadhu*. To submit to the will of God must be the mission”. Maharaj Ji asked Baba Sarmukh Singh to offer food to the *Sain*. At this Hakam Shah submitted with folded hands that he was not aware of the magnitude of Maharaj ji who had come to the world for universal wellbeing. There was no difference between God

Himself and the Maharaj Ji. He begged apologies for the uncalled for words that he might have uttered to Raja Sahib and asked for permission to leave. Raja Sahib tenderly allowed him to go and to live wherever he wanted to. Hakam shah went the gujjar's house, spent his night and before dawn left for village Kariam. His condition was that of a businessman who had experienced loss in his ventures. He did not come to village Rehpa throughout his life and lived in village Kariam till his death. The status of Maharaj Ji became all the more greater than before.

Bolo Bhai Wahiguru

THE NARRATION OF INTERFACE WITH THE SAINTS

Maharaj Ji was staying in village Rehpa for eight months. After the summer months were over, the rainy season started and Maharaj Ji stayed for two months at the *Sarkoolan wala khooh* on the East of the village . Sant Ganga Dass Ji of Mehron Pur came to Jhingran along with his disciples, and then to Rehpa. He started to remain sad. There was not much opulence in his *dera* now.

Ganga Dass was blazing in the fire of separation. He was becoming skeleton. one day he gathered all his disciples and said, “Think of a plan. Try to bring Raja Sahib in this *dera*. Then we will shower our all love and affection and not let him go ever. Bhai Jawahar Singh is a dignified man. He is a man of vision. We should be humble.” Ganga Dass Ji’s disciples were well versed in all these tactics. As directed by Ganga Dass Ji, they left Mehron Pur and reached Bhai Buta Singh in village Jhingran and explained him everything. Buta Singh told them that Raja Sahib was in village Rehpa for the last seven eight months. The sadhu left Jhingraan, spent his night at Mukandpur where there was a *dera* of a saint. Mangal Dass , the father of Maharaj Ji was living in Mukandpur where he breathed his last also. In the morning the saint reached village Rehpa and met Sarmukh Singh, who offered them water and food and provided him an *aasan* to sit. He told Sarmukh Singh that he intended to see Raja Sahib. He agreed to take him there as he too was to visit Raja Ji. Chhajju, the water carrier informed them that langar was ready. First they kept food for Maharaj Ji , then they offered food to the visiting saint. Then they left for Raja Ji’s place. Maharaj Ji was in deep meditation while sitting atop a mound. The group greeted Raja Ji and uttered, “Maharaj Ji, Maharaj Ji”. Raja Ji told them to sit down, asked

about the welfare of one and all in the *dera*. He immediately said that as per their utterance made in the *dera*, he had to present himself before Ganga Dass and announced to go that day itself. He asked Sarmukh Singh to offer to the animals the food he had brought along. He wished to have *lassi* made by churning of yoghurt. A tiny *madhani* (churner) was in the hands of Chhajju, who also held a container full of half beaten yoghurt. Raja Ji said, “Sarmukh, let us go to meet Ganga Dass. We have some other works to do as well. I would also visit my old properties that we are to make thriving”. He made many such proposals. Baba Ji desired to know where he could have his *darshans* as he was very anxious to do that.

Comforting Sarmukh Singh, he shared that he would stay with Ganga Dass Ji for about a month and would come back to the area again afterwards. Maharaj Ji left for Mehron pur along with the saint. Ganga Dass Ji became very happy on receiving Raja Sahib. On learning this people came running. They had the opportunity to have a glimpse of Maharaj Ji after two years. Maharaj was looking eye-catching as he had clad himself in a single white sheet of cloth, a pair of nicely embroidered shoes in his feet, a thin plastic stick in his hand. When he was seen earlier Maharaj Ji had sported a brass beaded thread round his waist and a saffron colored cloth round his legs. The present dress was indeed majestic. He walked gracefully. His walk and saintly dress was unique. Everyone was glad in that Raja Sahib had come to their village. They felt now he would not go back. But these sadhus are not bound; they are free to do according to their will. They can not be tamed. He started touring neighboring villages. During the days of *saraadhs*, the entire group reached village Majara via villages Musa Pur, Karnanay. The troupe had two camels, four horses, and a bullock cart. They spent seven

days on the east of the village, on the path of village Karnanay where there was a huge banyan tree, now there is a small banyan tree. There was a small pond nearby. When they moved out for taking food, the *narsingha* (a huge trumpet) sounds rendered the air. They lived along with Ganga Dass Ji. One day, Bhai Jawahar Singh was going from village Jhingraan to Gobind Pur. On his way, he came to Jawala. A few more persons came there. Jawala Singh informed Bhai Jawahar Singh that Raja Sahib had again joined the congregation . Bhai Ji asked him to convey his message to Raja Sahib that he should leave the congregation to make him (Bhai Jawahar Singh) happy. This information was conveyed to Raja Sahib by Jawala Singh, Natha Singh, Moola Singh, Waryam Singh, and then Raja Sahib left the flock of Ganga Dass. He said:

“Zar, Zarayat, chhod jamaat/ pakarh kanayat kaam saray”

ganga Dass tried his best to take him to his people but could not. He became greatly upset. That was 1883 A.D. and he was 21 years old.

Bolo Bhai Ji Wahiguru

THE NARRATION OF INTERFACE WITH BHAI JAWAHAR SINGH

Maharaj ji was still in village Majara. He was sitting gracefully on a cot on which a rug had been spread. Villagers of Majara had their fullest trust in him. So long as Maharaj Ji remained in the company of Ganga Dass Ji, he was projected in a way so that people reposed their trust in him. A sadhu should not have a family life. To bow before a family person or to accept him as its guru is a dishonor for any saint. This type of preaching by Ganga Dass had a great effect on him. Maharaj Ji was sitting in front of the door. Bhai Jawahar Singh used to pass through Majara while coming back from Gobind Pur. He, nevertheless, did not greet Maharaj Ji who too neither got up from his seat nor exchanged pleasantries.

Bhai Ji felt it and became red with anger. A large number of people were sitting over there. He expressed that some backbiter who had spread hatred to create a breach of the fabric of good relations will not be reciprocated with goodness.

That who has not sown good will not reap good. He indicated to Maharaj Ji that in case he had been influenced by the tell-tale, there will be trouble ahead, bodily mar because whatever utterance comes from saintly persons come true.

The saintly persons are capable of transforming the epoch of time. history is replete with examples wherein it is evident that good souls have to experience trouble and tortures. The moving rivers had to stop flowing as

per the dictates of good souls. Even Sun complies with their orders. There are great might in the say and vision of the saints. Whatever a saint utters never goes waste.

Bhai Jawahar Singh left after sharing his grievance. Maharaj Ji fell ill after some days. He suffered from diabetes. The body became weak unable to move about well. Baba Sarmukh Singh went to Bhai Jawahar Singh to request him to be kind as Raja Sahib was becoming very frail. Only a *sadhu* could absolve another *sadhu* for any irregularity. Bhai Jawahar Singh suggested that if he comes to the fold of *satguru*, then he will certainly exonerate him. By some means Maharaj Ji reached village Jhingraan and requested him in the form of a *sawaayya* (a prosodic form of poem usually in four lines) . when he praised the *satguru*, Bhai Jawahar Singh Ji became very happy and blessed that he will be an all-powerful whom even the learned will salute holding him in high esteem. His all ailment was gone right there and then. Maharaj Ji started to live in Jhingran.

Bolo Bhai Ji Wahiguru

CONTACT WITH SARDAR HARNAM SINGH

Once upon a time, maharaj ji after leaving the house of Ishar Singh went to village Gunna Chaur via village Lallo Majara where he sat on the platform underneath a *peepal* tree. There was a two span hut made under the tree. He stayed there for seven days. Although, Harnam Singh used to take food for Raja Sahib on a daily basis but he would prefer to feed it to animals and dogs rather than him taking it. It happened for seven days. Harnam Singh was feeling why it was happening like that. He was astonished as to why Maharaj Ji was not taking the food taken by him. He was recollecting if he had done anything distasteful against the Maharaj Ji. on the eighth day he went with a firm determination that he himself would not take any food in case Maharaj Ji did not take it. Earlier he used to take his food before starting to take food for Maharaj Ji as he was not sure how much time it would take before he comes back home. That day he took food for the Maharaj Ji early in the morning. He had a glimpse of Raja Sahib who was in a cheerful disposition, bowed on his feet and derived a unique ease of mind. At this, Maharaj Ji, the all-encompassing, uttered, “Harnam, you should have come after taking your meals. Whether I eat or not, does not make much difference. For the one who is to remain coming and going in the *dargah* (of worldly affairs) there is definitely the difference whether he eats or not but there certainly is no difference for the one who is connected with heaven. The one who travels there is likely to become immortal. There the scene is magnificent”. Maharaj Ji elaborated about the glory of that place where he happened to be thrice and noticed that :

“There the mind remains free from any pressure or gloom, there the ambience is very comfortable, everything is hale and hearty, the flames are

burning without fuel, the breeze is pleasurable”. Therefore, he was not feeling hungry to any further extent.

“The people dwelling there do not eat anything. They are contented with His Name. They remain cheerful and without any stress or worry. There everything is illuminated with enlightenment with intensity far more than the sun rays. Every body loves another one. They are clad in clothing of love and affection. Their dresses are not like that of ours. These are of translucent illumination. People have unique complexions that throw a superb radiance. Their bodies are not of flesh and bones but of some other stuff. The place has beautiful fountains here and there. The walls are not of bricks but of some micro material. They can’t undergo any wear and tear. There is no distinction of days and nights here. Nobody takes birth or dies; neither does any one become old. None produces its silhouette here. It is perfectly a *Prem Nagar* (a township with abounding love and affection) where one can find a unique peace of mind. Every thing here is blessed with His Name”.

“There is another palace in this good-looking city whose walls are of some stuff as that of a glass studded with colorful gems. The roof is studded with millions of some glittery bits and pieces. There is a throne in this palace. The human description cannot match its grandeur. The cumulative glow of millions of lightnings cannot stand before the *joie de vivre* of the throne”.

“On the shining throne someone with a personification of God Himself is sitting whose characteristic bright impression is difficult to gaze at. He has no definite shape or form. He is omnipresent and is kind enough to bestow life to all . He is always spick and span. He provides comfort to all.

Everyone is getting attracted towards him. The bliss of his glimpse is beyond description. Whosoever gets in touch with his warmth becomes eternal”.

Thus, Maharaj Nabh Kanwal Raja Sahib Ji explained the splendor of God Almighty to Harnam Singh and said, “ Nama, *dargah* of Lala Hamir Chand is held by people in high esteem but according to Lala Ji himself , he is only a secondary in the Home of God. Harnam Singh, everything was but yours . I have been deputed by God Himself to work for the welfare of others, to mend those who became astray, to protect humanity, to disseminate the significance of truth and to spread His Name. Only good deeds can spread righteousness. This is the new instruction from God Almighty.”

Bolo Bhai Ji Wahiguru

**NOW BEGINS THE NARRATION OF THE DEMISE OF
BHAI JAWAHAR SINGH JI**