

THE SIKH NATION

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Guru Nanak embodied in himself a revolution -*religious, social, and political*. The years from A.D. 1469 until 1708 saw in the world of the Punjab the unique succession of the Ten Masters whose lives gave a pattern for the ideal type of man -*The Khalsa*.

The title Sikh, *the Disciple*, was first given to us by 'Guru' Nanak, with which he linked us with himself for ever. We were mere corpses, he poured life into us. We were thus created anew by his love of us.

Rejoice! for the race of Disciples is created by the Guru.--- Bhai Gurdas

The Sikhs are the creation of the Guru's universal love. They are, by their birth of His Spirit, citizens of the world. He did knit us with the universe and he wove tile design of the Infinite into the texture of our soul. He gave us then the Universal Song to sing; birds and animals to be our confidants, woods and rivers and hills to sing with us. Guru called the Commune of his Disciples *a Panth*, a Path or the Way, and it was no more a sect. It is the common road for all humanity to perfection.

All the people are the people of God,

Guru Nanak makes all the castes one caste of man!

The rich and the poor combine in one brotherhood,

From this Founder of Humanity, a new race of Love goes forth!

-- Bhai Gurdas

It is remarkable that all the Nine Followers of Nanak kept his central idea of '*Spiritual Humanity*' - its formation, its love, and its service, as the chief passion of their daily life, till this idea is seen emerging in perfect clearness in the time of Guru Gobind Singh, as *Khalsa*.

I come singing of His Nam,

and I go sowing the Seeds of Eternity.

-- The Tenth Master

It was in 1699 A.D., that Guru Gobind Singh, the Tenth Master, inaugurated the *Khalsa* Brotherhood as his Nam-dyed Commune of Saint-Soldiers. The inspired personality of this Brotherhood is song-strung, love-strung, strong and gentle, fearless, death despising, selfless — seeking no reward for self-sacrifice in the name of the Master, living like heroes, sweetly exhilarated, elevated above sorry details of things, wishing well to the whole universe of life, and desiring nothing but the lyrical repetition of His Name. The Name -Nam, breath by breath, is the Truth, the Personal Truth, and the Whole Truth for the Brothers of the Tress-Knot of Guru Gobind Singh.

The sweet spirit of Comradeship, in this Country of Castes, differences, duality, and morbid and sick imitations of the 'Great Renunciation' inspired by the Guru is unique. The state and society became one in Him as the individual made Infinite. And the Guru dwells in this Spirit-born Humanity, The Sikh Panth. (Assuredly, we are yet far away from the Golden Temple that sings of the Beautiful, and how disgraceful for us that we call a mere assemblage of uninspired men as Sadh Sangat).

This ideal group of Spirit-born people, which has been the dream and art creation of Guru Nanak, was named *Khalsa* by Guru Gobind Singh, who he declared as his Son, his own image, the reflection of the Guru-personality, born of his blood. The Commune was named the '*Khalsa Panth*', which the Guru planted as the Root of the '*Kingdom of Righteousness*' in the garden of *Anandpur*, the City of Joy, to be the Ideal future International State of man.

By creating the *Khalsa*, the Guru has given birth to a New Race, with a universal religion of faith in man and fired it with the spiritual passion for progress.

Our Master, Guru Gobind Singh, has not been understood in the land of his birth by the modern Hindu intellectuals, poets, historians or statesmen, because they were too much of the old Hindu. The ignorant depreciation of our Liberator by the eminent Hindus of the past and the present shows their own effeteness and bankruptcy of the spirit. Without the cleaving Sword, the Guru found no way to get the Indian masses out of the Maya-meshes of the Hindu stupor and stupidities, and eternal slavery.

Hinduism was once intolerant to Buddhism; it is now intolerant to *Sikhism* because it threatens to change Hinduism vitally. The Hindus failed Guru Gobind Singh. The Guru has not failed them. As they have gone so apathetic, almost antagonistic to the message of the Guru, it is essential that the basic unique character of 'the Sikh Culture' should

now be expressed. Such isolated expression is essential for its flourishing.

Sikhism primarily is the Culture of Divine Humanity whose fundamental principle is unity that shall be realizable in feeling and action, not in mere thinking and pious intentions. Unlike the Muslim religion, Sikhism is not alien in this land - India. We are born in India; we have the glorious heritage of Indian Culture; we cannot be without Prahlad and Mira. But, we differ with Brahmanism and its social inequalities. We are more Buddhistic than Brahmanical, more Artistic than Speculative.

Our past begins from Guru Nanak and our future lies in the progress of His Ideals. The Guru gave new birth to the people _ the Sikh people _ from his own self. Our Masters did cut off a portion from the dead stock of Hindus and inspired a new life into it. They isolated the Sikhs from the disintegrating people around who were self-hypnotized slaves of a peculiar theological tyranny of complex intrigue of Brahmanism. The Sikh Gurus thus moulded a fine strong Nation out of the terror-stricken masses of India. All historians admit the worth of this great experiment of the Gurus.

In the Sikh people, the world has seen a new Nation of men in India who were welded together by the genius of the Guru into a spiritual brotherhood whose ideals of art, religion, life and labour, were different from all those that had passed. The Sikh people, unlike other people of India, are a race of straightforward men of action, whose simple minds, informed of the Eternal by the Guru, shrink from the idle speculation of the Brahminical mind, and also shrink from the too theological law of the Muslim, at least of the empire-building Islam so hungry of conquering people (perhaps not the true Islam of the Prophet), and who live the simple, austere life of incessant labour that characterizes the tiller of soil everywhere. They have an inventive genius and love the practical pursuits of life _ agriculture, tool-making, and engineering. They are, as a people, fond of colonization. Given opportunities and modern education, this nation has potentialities of progress which no other set of people in India possesses in so remarkable a degree.

Four hundred years ago the inhabitants of the Punjab were all slaves. The invaders that came by the Khyber Pass, destroyed by the sword all Indian hopes of ever becoming a self-governing nation. Foreign invasions showed the hollowness of the creed that was holding the people of India in its clutches of caste and colour and dual differences. What could the invaders have achieved if the will to die for freedom were there in the soul of India? Then the Moghuls settled down, Akbar became a Brahmin, Aurangzeb a mere dreamer of a Muslim Empire, and

Bahadur Shah a singer of rhymes that the dancing girls sang. Islam with its sword, found its grave in India. What is the Indian Mussalman today but a Hindu who hates `others'? Perhaps in the whole of India today, one cannot find a group of people that can so continuously suffer for an ideal as the Sikhs.

The Sikh believes in one great culture of man which is yet to come. Although, he has not yet understood his own inner culture fully, but he is alive to it. This is hopeful. He loves his Gurus, *the Masters*. As the song of *Marseilles* thrills the whole French nation, so do the tunes that come out of the Guru's soul thrill the Sikh people; this response is the sign of life. If a whole people were ever fired by the vital spirituality of a Prophet's Song, here is the example of the Sikhs of the Punjab. They never enquire into the meaning of the poetry of the Guru, to them it is music in which words mean the `blessed mood' of inspiration.

Out of the down-trodden, oppressed, lifeless slaves of the Punjab, Guru Gobind Singh moulded a nation which has in it the potentialities of a progressive nation of men. In the whole of India, the Sikh Nation is the brightest spot still which has an inexhaustible will to die for the love of its ideals. It is remarkable that this burning idealism is not based on land, or country or clan pride, but on the personal love of the Guru. When they are called upon, the Sikhs seek death as moths seek light. Guru Gobind Singh cut the mooring of this nation from its racial past, and *a Nation wholly modern in spirit and mind* sprang up out of the Guru's mind, with a highly inspiring and most deeply reactive tradition and history of its own.

Their inheritance from the Guru of the spontaneous practice of *goodness, self-sacrifice and love* for all creation, for the sake of the Guru, and their natural courtesies resulting from spontaneous manly love, not by a discipline of vows and penances, are the essential humanities of the *Khalsa*. Their preaching is not abstractions but life. They believe in developing a magnetic presence which should proclaim them and not mere lip-philosophies. Religiosity is not what appeals to them.

One can understand that their shrines, with the song of the Guru enthroned therein, could not tolerate any pageant merely of academic and empty-hearted worship. Worship of the Song (*Shabad*) is filling to one's throat, heart and head. It is impregnating oneself with the spirit of the Holy Ghost. One can understand their bowing down their heads in the sacred memory of the Guru to the `Song Enthroned'. And they are right in calling their book `Guru' Granth. It is this voice that rings in their soul. It is the Person of the Guru transformed into the living seed of song. Guru Nanak is still with us, a *Song, a Book. I still am here, my children,*

awake and say, Hail, Master, says the Guru.

The Sikh himself, due to the ancient philosophy in his blood and bone, has not yet understood the immortal significance of Word-worship. *Song-worship* as worship of the Guru.

With us, the Sikhs, Guru Granth is that *Book* to which there is no equal from the oldest *Vedas* to the latest Scriptures. For, no one in India ever has been so cosmic in the quality of his mind as Guru Nanak. The Sikh has Hari Mandir _ *The Golden Temple* _ as the abode of Supreme Spirituality and the Akal Takhat symbolic of Guru's Glorious Kingship. Our so-called *Symbols* are the Love Gifts from the Bridegroom _ the Guru _ and are the signs of our being 'wedded' to Him. They are Sacred. However, mere Symbolism is dead, if the genuine *religious feeling* is missing.

The Gurus, the Masters, started their religion with a casteless kitchen-bread being the foremost need of man. What is spiritual life in the Temple of Flesh, without a full meal first! The very first temple made by Guru Nanak, therefore, was *the Temple of Bread*, or Guru's *Langar*. In this Common Temple of Bread, the Bread of God was made free to the children of man. Let none be hungry where the spirit of God prevails. As the body was well fed, the mind and the soul of man were nourished with the Divine Song, flowing perennially from the Guru to the Disciples. A new Temple of Song and Teaching _ *Sadh Sangat* _ was thus created. The Sikh was made to be a feast-giver on the roadside. The more creative a Sikh is, the greater is his distribution on the roadsides of life, and as long as he has anything in hand, all must come, and those who need, bear it away. His giving away of his labour and love is like the lamp distributing light, like the rose distributing its fragrance. A Sikh's spontaneous and natural function of life is such; otherwise he is not a true Sikh.

Behold! I do not give lectures or a little charity;

When I give, I give Myself.

Walt Whitman The Guru showed that the true sympathy of man for man is only an effect of a high and true spiritual culture, an inward lyrical silence of love, an inspired inward elevation of the soul, and it would be the natural state of society where his Sikhs are. Inward elevation is all; both intellect and will must be the agencies to continue that state of elevation from the spiritual to the physical. The culture of mere intellect and will is of the Valley, *the Nam Culture* of the Guru is a thing of the high snow-peaks and low lands. The Sikh culture is recognition of the perpetual Divine Gift and perennial creativeness. The

joy of a true Sikh is a kind deed done, a tear shed, a loaf of bread baked for another, and once even in twenty-four hours, the face turned upward, bathing in the light of the Guru's Grace. And all truth is self-realized in the inspired spontaneity of the feelings for the beloved beautiful, in a lyrical repetition of the Guru's Song and Name, with a sweet aching caused by the Disciple's personal love for the Guru, who is his gateway to God - who is his God.

As usual, the world is too inert, too late, to welcome its prophets who bring an altogether new message. So it has been with the Sikh Gurus. The Hindus just condescended with a superior air to say that the Sikhs were of them - 'born out of them'. Culturally and academically, and even racially this was not wrong, but inspirationally, it was an attempt to thwart all the potentialities of the Guru's universal message. The Mussalmans of the times benefitted more by the great Guru's contact; a great Sikh-Muslim school of spiritual culture had its birth in the Punjab. This school sang in *Punjabi*, the mother-tongue of the people, and gave up the Persian and Arabic foreignness of accent and alienness of idea. For, Guru Nanak told Mussalmans of the times that they were false to the original spirit of Islam of the Prophet. He pitched himself against the Hindu *Yogis* who passed off a drunken stupor of mind as true religion. He condemned the ethical theatricality of the Jains. The religion and politics of the land were adapted to wolves, not men (so today). Guru Nanak stood as one man against the hosts of darkness, unafraid of ought, blowing his horn of freedom, and shaking all the old foundations of society. A new creation, a new life, a new awakening in Humanity took its birth with Guru Nanak. He vitalized decaying centres of human consciousness with his lyrical presence. He gave the Song to the people which cured their souls with the music of the Infinite. He was the embodied Truth to the masses and he emancipated the mind of the masses who were so long oppressed by impossible creeds. "*The people are more than myself*", says the Guru.

After the Buddha, it was the Guru who for the first time championed the cause of the masses in caste-ridden India. The rich aristocracy and the degraded priests of the Hindus and the Muslims did not listen to him, but the oppressed and the down-trodden people followed him with *joy*. He made a whole people throb with love and life. For two hundred years his message was secretly flaming in the bosom of the people when the genius of Guru Gobind Singh gave them the eternal shape of the Disciples - *The Khalsa*.

Humble labourers while digging the earth, while ploughing, while on horse-back, were in deep unison with the God of Humanity. A new spiritual culture was being nurtured in the homes of the dust-laden peasantry of the Punjab. It was the culture of simple humanity with a

Godward tendency; it was the culture of spontaneous God-head flowering in essential humanity. The God ward tendency _ being *Gurmukh*, with face turned to the Guru -was the simple religion of the Sikh masses. And those who were full of the Guru, His Truth, His Fire, were the true representatives of *the Sikh People* -the Sikh Nation.

A silent, gradual effortless effort to seek its own perfection through love and labour became the ideal of a whole race. The whole race moved round the central figure of the Guru. The Guru on this earth was the nucleus of the life of the spirit to grow around it. The Guru is the Word-in-flesh, God-in-man; so it is no man, yet a man, a point where the materiality of the human body and the pure divinity of God did coalesce inextricably and indescribably in the Guru's personality. The Ten Gurus are Suns round which many earths revolve. Seeing the Guru, it became impossible to distinguish man from man.

The presence of the Sikh in the Punjab suggested a hundred known types, because he was so wholly fresh. Some thought he was a Muslim, some a Hindu, some a blend of the Hindu, some a blend of the Hindu and Mussalman. But none saw that here was after all one who combined the pristine and the modern, come to the world in hundreds and thousands. Here was a new race with a new life, a spiritual fervour, a fresh vision, with the worship of the Live Word-deity living within their hearts; here was a New Nation with infinite potentialities. It was a nation that was set on voyaging into the oceans of its future. The Hindu or Muslim past was abolished for the Sikh.

The passionate personal fealty of the Guru, the inspirer, was the secret of the power. Here came a Nation of Disciples in India who did after all cut clear all the tangled jungles of ancient theology, the rank and poisonous weeds of rites and castes, and lived in simple huts of their own fashioning, with their minds wholly emancipated, with their labour and love wholly freed. They produced their own literature which sustained their souls. They sang while harvesting their crops; they sang while marrying away their sons and daughters, the great lyrics of Guru Nanak and Guru Arjun Dev. The Divine Hymns, in their new language given by the Guru, rose from their throats as notes of the Music of Love, as thrills of prayer, as the voices of the Unseen to bless, to console and to guide them.

The Khalsa was thus made invincible by the joy of their Guru's song. Even today when they sing his Hymns in chorus of thousands of men, women, girls and boys together, one stands breathless at the immensity of the Guru's powers which put so much life in dead stones that have moved to sing of the highest liberty. They did thus successfully cut themselves off from all the past systems of thought and life. "I am neither Muslim, nor

Hindu, nor Jain, nor Jew, nor Gentile. I am the man with no Caste, no separate colour. My life is Love. My vision is of the worlds of Souls. I am bodiless. I am the Soul. My religion is the Person of the Guru. My tendency is Godward," said the Sikh.

Guru Gobind Singh made the *Khalsa a State*. The *Khalsa-State* is an Ideal; the Sikhs may die, it does not. It is immortal. And only the future perfection of the State will make clear the significance of the Guru's *Khalsa*. The Guru speaks of the land and the State where love reigns supreme; where Angels gather in holy songs; where beauty is all the music and truth and life; where service is gladness of soul as intoxicating as drinking of wine, as exhilarating as love come to a beautiful maiden for the first time, as her pure divine, budding, rosy youth; where there is no oppression, no compulsion, where each has an unlimited kingdom, whose sovereignty is eternal.

The Guru brought forth from his soul a new language for the sustenance of his Disciples -the *Khalsa*. The word '*Akali*' was coined for them by the Tenth Master. "*Sat Sri Akal*" is the communal cry also given by the Guru. His compositions are the eternal companions of the *Khalsa*, they have the deep sound of victory over death. The word '*Akali*' is no name or title, but the spirit of this whole race -the *Khalsa*. The *Khalsa* means 'of God'. '*Akali*' signifies the '*Immortal Man*' who has completely subjugated matter to soul. It is a flame of inspiration burning in the Disciple's breast, which leaps over death and dissolution and passes on to the future of a whole people. The Guru composed his eternal Salutation for the *Khalsa*: *Wah Guru ji ka Khalsa Wah Guru ji ki Fateh*.

(Thine O Lord! Are we; Thine the Khalsa,

Thine the Victory, Thine the Glory,

Glory to Him - the Guru.)

The very sound of these great *Mantras* (Aphorisms) of life coined by the Guru transmuted the flesh of man. The Baptism of the *Khalsa* as initiated by Guru Gobind Singh is the lending of the Spiritual Personality of the Guru's Chosen Five to the Initiates, for them to start on the path of Discipleship with power and courage. This baptism of fire and steel inaugurated by the Guru is the inspiration that remoulds man to a new faith and a new death in love. It is emancipation by the touch of the Adepts, who have the Guru's authority to give the Gift of Personality. It is the miracle of man-making, angel-making by a Divine Touch. (It will be a pity if it ever becomes an empty Ceremony in the hands of men devoid of that Nucleus of Life of the Spirit). The Sikh was renamed by Guru Gobind Singh as '*Singh*', the lion. And it is this suffix to every Sikh name,

in which it was proposed by the Birth-giver of the Akalis to drown all differences of caste and colour in one large family of the Guru - *the Khalsa*. For the *Khalsa*, it was freedom won with the Guru's life- blood. It is freedom still in His Name, in His Remembrance.

The Guru did not eschew politics - in fact he made the liberation of the people the cause of assertion of his heroism; but surely, if the Sikh lives on the surface only, for mere politics, votes and such inanities, one straying from the Guru's path forthwith becomes a traitor to his cause. All freedom is but a spiritual tradition of the life of the *Khalsa*; if the *Khalsa* Spirit is dead, all freedom fails.

The Guru's Commandment in asking the Disciples to preserve their hair unshorn has in it an abiding depth of truth, giving man some deeper concerns of the Soul. The hair seems redundant to the modern man (and woman) of the barber-made civilization, but to Guru Gobind Singh, the hair, *Keshas*, was essential for protecting and continuing an antique worthiness of man, and for bringing on of a great moral and spiritual civilization. Atleast, for the isolation of his Living People from the dead mass of Brahmanism and for starting man afresh on his pilgrimage to God and freedom and the joys of life, this was essential in India.

The clean-shaven Hindu, claiming the Guru as one of his race, has cast the Guru's work away. The Guru's thought had, according to their supine opinion, nothing new for the Hindu. But the low castes, the sweepers, the labourers, the carpenters, the masons, the farmers of the Punjab, found everything new in the Guru, and they realized the new dignity of their manhood; they found freedom, they found their lost soul, they became their selves. By the Guru's touch, they became great, noble, alive. In Guru Gobind Singh they saw their Personal God face to face before them, and as the infant just born knows naught, so they knew not death, nor tyranny of matter and man. They had found His Love, his vision, his life, his genius. And for them this was enough, and for eternity, it would be enough.

Assuredly, without the hair-idea of Guru Gobind Singh, there would have been no Sikh Song and Life today, except that Guru Granth would possibly have been another *Purana* to a dead mass. Where are those so-called *Sahaj- dharis* of the Punjab, who had resolved that they would be the Guru's? Swallowed up by such movements as the Arya Samaj in the Punjab, and others by the sound of the ringing bells around the Shiva-lingam. Of late, some spurious imitations of the Guru's *Banis* and of Sikh sacred literature have appeared. Such imitations do no one any good. If the Guru is of the Hindu, why this mockery of making a travesty of His Word ? The Hindus in the Punjab have much to answer

for. They love Hindi more than their mother-tongue. For the Sikh, the hair on his head is always a source of inspiration; so too for all other people of the Punjab. Taking away the Sikh's hair is to cut him off from his intensely reactive inspiration which has been so far a source of strength to the Hindu also. The Gurus have shown to Hindus the way to freedom of body, mind and soul, and also to political freedom.

No kingdom of this earth was ever claimed by the Guru. No honour of caste, clan or blood or ancestry was prized by the Guru. Religious fanaticism was that the Guru never allowed to enter his court. Religious superstition was eradicated from the very blood of the Sikh. The Guru cleaved with his sword the darkness that clung and still clings to the endless philosophical hair-splitting of the Hindu and the Jain. The liberation of the human mind was the first and foremost thought of the Guru. He liberated man from the slavery of the *Devas*, *the-Vedas*, and put him to work. Most of his Disciples are even today but farmers, masons, carpenters, mechanics, and of course, the saviour soldiers. Those who have taken to be great capitalists and chiefs have already excluded themselves from the Guru's great brotherhood of the creative labour and love and death. If the Sikh, as he was born, had ever been afforded opportunities of spiritual isolation from the rest of the world, to develop his powers of self-realization, and his instincts of art and agriculture and colonization, his would have been by now, one of the best societies of divinely inspired labourers, of saints living by the sweat of their brow.

But Brahminism was there to engulf it from within. His political temper, the result of his complete mental liberation, and his passionate love of liberty pitched him against the Moghuls from the time of its birth. Out of the jaws of death, if the *Khalsa* has still come out, there is much hope for it yet. No sword can cut the rays of light; what steel can touch, what fire can burn the Truth *-the Khalsa*.

The Sikh has nothing to give but his life. He is a simple, rustic, but sincere individual. Intellect he does not value, nor its exciting flashes. He is ignorant, but gives away fearlessly his body, which the erudite scholars and the so-called saints love to preserve in cotton-wool. No man or society that has risen from the dead into the life of the spirit can tolerate political subjugation or social slavery to unjust laws and rules. Politics, in the sense of fighting against all social injustice, all tyranny, all wrong taxation of the poor, and all subjugation of man to man, were the 'politics' of the Guru. Our democracy is of the spirit that is realized in religion, in the love of the Lord, not in votes and all that nonsense. Without freedom, no true religion or art can flourish anywhere. Human love, too, degenerates if freedom fails. Liberty is the very breath of true Culture. The Sikhs raised by the Guru fought for freedom, and they

continue to do so in the love of the Master. Their fighting for liberty is the mark of the New Soul-Consciousness that the Guru awakened in them.

Walt Whitman said, "*I announce uncompromising Liberty and Equality.*"

We, the Sikhs, had our resurrection *en-masse* at the Master's Word, sung in our ears on the battlefield.

The songs of the Ten Gurus and the lives of unparalleled martyrdom have created a new race-emotion in the Punjab; the Sikhs are a new Nation in its inspiration and its remarkable cohesion of the masses. The brief Sikh history and tradition inspire the Punjab peasants as no manner of religious fervour did before, which goes to show that the Sikh has a tradition and culture of his own which the Hindu has been unwilling to accept. The Hindus, so far, have not seen the significance of the Guru's creation -*the Khalsa*. His genius is to be understood by man after centuries when he has realized the Guru's spiritual brotherhood. Assuredly, the slaves of India have not understood Him yet. If they cannot see Guru Gobind Singh as the highest, brightest culmination of Guru Nanak, surely they do not at all understand that King of Revolution of religious thought, the great Guru Nanak.

The present-day Hindus believe that the Sikhs are only a section of Hindus. The Indian environment has always been hostile to the Sikh, and there have been deliberate attempts of the Hindu Society to obliterate the Sikh Ideals. If the Hindus had understood Guru Gobind Singh, the political destiny of India would have been different. But that was not to be. The Hindu mind being deeply conservative, shuns whatever is new and goes against a certain kind of encrusted orthodoxy. This was challenged by Guru Nanak and Guru Gobind Singh. Let the *Khalsa* hold on confidently to the message of the Gurus and follow it. From that, miracles unforeseen will follow.

The Gospel of Guru Nanak has yet to be taken out of its ecclesiastical and theological atmosphere, to be used as a text-book of the Science and Art of life and worked into the daily life of the whole world. The human spirit it invokes is universal. The English, the Americans, black and white, all must receive it in full measure. Guru Nanak and Guru Gobind Singh are theirs, the Sikhs may adore them as they choose, but they are truly the Prophets of the Future. Men gathering on the banks of the Ganges, the Mississippi, the Thames, and the Seine, will be reborn in the spirit of the Guru, with no past history to recount, but with the new and future *Glory of the Nam* inspiring them.

The Guru had actually shaped humanity for the world in *the Khalsa Commune*. The Guru's Ideal of the *Khalsa* is pregnant with that fount of power of the Deep Repose, which the modern world is seeking.

All mankind is one,

though people appear to be different.

Guru Gobind Singh, Akal Ustat