

Rash'aat-Ul-Ans

Named as

Lamhaat-ul-Quddas

Written by:

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Foreword

If I am nothing before your sight

Though I'm faithful figure in the world of love

The desire to be important in view of beloved has impacts on a man and he becomes other than himself. He becomes fully prepared to scarify his all possession. The pleasure of beloved is the only goal of their lives and sing ever:

I have bond to your door and have nothing but your grief

I want a little attention of your compassionate sight

Sarkar Hazoor Alam Panah Syedina Haji Waris Ali Shah Quddus Sirrahu was true lover of Allah. He gave away all his longings for the pleasure of Allah and in His love he left all worldly possession and relations. He even forgot his existence to find Him. He often used to say, "Hear! Hear! I'm nothing."

Allah made his love immortal and started a line of Sufism from him which is based on only pure love for Allah. Sarkar Alam Panah has said that Faqar and love are inevitable for each other. He says, "Faqeer is a lover." So all of the Ahram Posh Warsi faqeers continued the love chain. Hazrat Haji Aoughat shah Warsi and Faqeer "Kamil o Akmal" Haji Hafiz Akmal Shah Warsi

are among the lovers of Allah and the same time lovers of their spiritual leader Hazrat Haji Waris Ali shah. They served best to

spread the Warsia line of Sufism.

Another prominent celebrity which was brought up among them is Alhaaj Faqeer Izzat Shah Warsi, a thinker of knowledge and recognition and an illuminated reflection of the beauty of Sarkar Alam Panah. His services for the Warsi line are unique and valuable. He not only established the Masajid, Madaris, Tombs and welfare institutions but also paid full attention to the printing and publishing the Warsi literature and he republished many old and rare valuable books.

During his last visit to Britain in June 2003 he wished to his dear ones that to spread the Warsia Line of Sufism the old Urdu books should be translated and published in English so that the people who understand English language may get advantage of that treasure of knowledge. His conversation was pointing towards Brother Yousaf Warsi at that time and when he asked details and explanation he mentioned the names of "Hayat-E-Waris By Mirza Ibraheem Baig Shaida Warsi" and "Rash'aat-Ul-Ans by Hazrat Haji Aoughat Shah Warsi."

So Yousaf Warsi kept it in his mind and got ready to accomplish the task. His son Raja Ibrar Yousaf showed more interest and stepped forward with passion and took the responsibility to print and publish those books. Hayat-E-Waris Has been published and "Rash'aat-Ul- Ans is in your hands.

How many task were started by Hazrat Alhaaj

Faqeer Izzat Shah Warsi and who were appointed for those works and responsibilities and who are doing with accordance is the point for thinking for those who have a soft heart.

Yousaf Warsi and his son Ibrar Yousaf are among the fortunate and lucky people who understand the words of their spiritual leader, understood and then set to accomplish. On my request my kind and dear friend Anjum Sultan Shahbaz translated the book with care and commitment.

May Allah, Holy Prophet and Sarkar Alam Panah accept their service and blessed them with the blessings, comforts and bliss of both of the worlds and may they be successful ever. May Allah increase their passion of love and determination. May Allah enable all of us to understand the teachings of our religious and spiritual leader and bless so that we may act upon the golden teachings and may inform others about his teachings. Ameen, Summa Ameen for the sake of the leader of the prophets.

Khaak-E-Dar-E-Habib(Peace be upon him)

Rashid Aziz Warsi

***IN THE NAME OF ALLAH THE BENEFICANT
THE MERCIFUL***

Allah is great who with the word KUN FAYAKUN, Be and seventy thousands worlds came into existence. He is the creator of everything.

He is such a creator who made me to exist from nothing

The existence is nothing but the reflection of his Being

All the signs are from his powers

The whole universe is collection of his masterpieces and the mirror of His qualities. His powers can be seen from earth to the sky and everything points towards him.

All names points to Him

All things are from His names

He is unique. The man is a complete form of the Allah, "Allah created the man in best way" so the man is super in His creature. The man is a masterpiece of his creation and he favored Adam as.

Your existence is not alike me

Your limits are beyond the limits of my wisdom

Adam was blessed by you

You gave a rank to the clay

The only man was created directly by his powers and he created a completed figure in a unique and beautiful style. No doubt that man has been created by dark clay but he is full of the illuminating rays

and with sacred like in it.

He showed himself in darkness

Filled the treasure with the secrets

Unveiled the form in him

He sat behind the curtain

Even He blew his spirit in him and called Fi Anfusikum Afla Tubsirun. He blessed the man in all aspects and on the day of promise he granted him the title of His Naib, Khalifa and successor. The man shows the qualities of Allah.

He gave him life and wisdom

He put and hid His secrets in that clay

All meanings poured out from the man

He looked him self by looking on him

He was unknown and veiled in oneness. He was nameless and had no signs then he appeared in the form of Adam.

O the western the friend who was nameless

Came namelessly and without signs

but then had the name and signs too

His colorlessness was revealed in the color that:

The tree of His height grew from the garden of life

The man became his branches and flowers

For the qualities man is superior to other creatures. His grandness and dignity was announced at the day of promise when Allah ordered the angels to prostrate before Adam.

He showed his spaceless existence in such a way

Tree of his height came out from the garden of life

His branches and flowers are human beings.

For these qualities Adam is superior and complete model of the nature. His rule and honour was declared on the day of promise. Allah ordered his angels to prostrate before Adam.

The moment when Adam did appear

The secrets of the sun and time got their object.

If the man had not been the mirror of secrets of reality, if it would not be a treasure of knowledge, the angels might not have prostrated before Adam.

Hazrat Fareed -Ud -Din Attar says:

If there would be no God in the body of Adam the angels would not prostrate before the elements of water and clay.

Even the man is weak but he had accepted the burden of more than his capacity only to get Divine love.

For this Allah honored him declaring superior than all other creatures.

Allah's grandeur became in the form of Adam

His merci revealed in the shape of man.

The study of biographies shows that since Adam to these moments no century passed without a famous man from the offspring of Adam. His fame spread. Each time man showed high splendor. That's why man is a complete model of good qualities. W h e n he is caught and entangled in the evils. He looks helpless in that

situation. However when with Allah's will returns to his reality, again he is granted with his inherit honour and particular values.

The age of such perfect man becomes memorial and his people recognize him well and admire him proudly. His acts and role is highly respected by them. The people feel pleasure to follow him and write his sayings and deeds for guidance and true path. These writings are beneficial for others.

Some sacred personalities have penned their auto-biographies in detail and their golden instructions are a complete code for the followers. it is also a good medium of getting inner blessings.

Hafiz Sherazi says:

*With blessings of Allah,
your pen is effective
in the land and the religious.
Hundreds of the springs of eternal life pour
from mere a one drop of ink.*

But this quality is only in the biographies of those who have got eternal life and who have the honour to be very close with Allah. Who are perfect men as they help and favour the people in their worldly life same they help them in the next life. They get eternal life from Allah.

Hazrat Jami says:

Who keeps the love alive, never dies

His life is endless in this and that world

Such people deserve and worthy to be written in biographies. Their life patterns and golden sayings have such impact that mere study of their biographies even after centuries has succeeded the readers. The common people are not worthy to be written down in such biographies and the study of such biographies can't benefit the readers.

A number of companions insisted and asked faqeer (The auto-biographer) to write down his auto biography and stressed that it would be a guidance and recognition for them. I always replied that the biographies of saints are beneficial and good but only those saints can impress and have impacts on the readers whose deeds and sayings are full of truth and righteousness. Their biographies have impact to impress and favour the readers. The readers become polite and thoughtful after reading and going through such biographies. It is right and true to say that the biographies of saints have powers and blessings.

My life events are not notable or admirable. "I knew much and better about me." I couldn't benefit with my life so how my biography would be beneficial.

Continues insistence of my companions made me to change my mind and I thought that it is true that formal and common events of my life have no such value that I should write them down. However the portion of my life that has been spent with my spiritual

guide is not only attractive but also precious. I can write it easily because I'm a disciple of such spiritual guide whose fame, greatness and splendor have spread all over the world.

If I relate about my submission and how I became a Tehband Posh (wearing a piece of cloth), it will be more appropriate. It would be the biography of my spiritual guide Hazrat Waris Pak. I will relate about his showering blessings and spiritual powers.

It is worthy to take the name of beloved

While conversing about others

so I relate the events of my life which I witnessed in the sacred place of Warsia. Formally I will start from my past as prelude.

Who said that he heard my story

from my own lips

Today faqeer hasn't his own house but I am inhabitant of Bichrayon in the district of Muradabad. Whenever I come to this town stay in the mosque Suhrab Shah, where lies the tomb of my father. I also stay there to fulfill the commandment of my spiritual guide.

I was born on 8th Muharram-ul-Haram 1291 Hijra and name as Badar Ud Din. My father's name is Shah Shamas Ud Din Qadri Chishti. He was attached to service and then cultivation but later when he became a devotee of Haji Ghulam Rasool Sajjada Nasheen of Godhna in the district of Buland Shehr, was commanded to visit the land. He remained traveling for 12 years and during this met a

great number of Sufis and saints. He was blessed by them. He also met and remained with the faqeers of Hind as it was way of free and broad mind men.

Tulsi, you have come to world so meet all

you don't know in which guise you may meet your Lord

He learnt the art of yoga from Hindi faqeers that was essential for way of Sufis. He didn't contradict and oppose any of the sects or ways of different people. He used to meet everybody equally and same way. He didn't make distinction in friends or strangers.

When after a set and fixed period of time he returned to home, his Murshid, the spiritual guide taught him the secrets of oneness of Allah. He granted him the Khilafat Nama that was connected with the spiritual-line of Qutub Ul Iqtaab Hazrat Akhwand Sahib of Swat Boneer.

He was selected his khaleefa Majaaz and successor. He also ordered him to enter in the circle of Peer Ali Shah Chishti as disciple, who was among the Piran Clair Shariff. So he entered the line of Sabiria House.

According to the proverb, "Pour the wine on your seat if you are called the Pir Mughan."

He traveled towards piran-e- Klair Shariff . Hazrat Pir Ali Shah accepted him warmly and included him in the Sabiria House of saints. He also hounered him with Khilafat and handed him the Shajra, the family tree that was connected with Shah Khamosh

Quddis Sirra hul Aziz and asked to go to Ajmir Shariff.

Same night, my father, wrote a poem in his excitement. Its first verse is as under:

How the highest rank of the Ala Ud Din can be measured

Everyone, you see, is lover of Ala Ud Din Sabir

Next day he journeyed to Ajmir Shariff and on the sacred place of Hazrat Ghreeb Nawaz and stayed in a little hut for meditation.

While he was at Ajmir Shariff an incident took place in Bichrayon and I slipped and fell down from the roof . Fortunately I was not hurt. I imagined and saw that an old lady caught me in her arms. I was completely safe and sound in her lap. Even it was amazing, no one can imagine that it was possible to remain alive after falling from such height. That was all due to the blessings of religious guides.

The saints have powers from Allah

Even they have power to return

the shot out arrow

Five days after this incident my father came from Ajmir Shariff to Bichrayon and said:

"I was informed through the spiritual powers of Khwaja Ghreeb Nawaz that Badar Ud Din had fallen down from the roof accidentally, so I was ordered to reach here.

When he saw and found me safe and sound he prostrated before

Allah and after this he used to keep me all the time along with him.

At that time a Durvaish Mohan Shah and a lady Banno were famous for their sainthood. The people took them as having inner spiritual powers. The both of them visited my father often. I was mere a child and there usual presence had made me so bold that I got up Mohan Shah's Shoulders and he used to ignore my behavior.

I remember that when I had fallen down from the roof I was reciting Surah Kafirun Chapter 30 from the Holy Quran.

After completing the Quran I was sent to a Government school. I also got education from Madrisa Ashfaqia and attended some other schools too.

The time when I showed my interest in reading the Meelad, My father sent me to Choudhary Muhammad Ahsan Khan who was well known for his sweet tone. I was sent to take exercise to the arena of Budhoo the blacksmith.

As my father again didn't set out for visit the land so the faqeers and saints came frequently in Bichrayon to see him. When some Hindu faqeer came from Punjab to clear their doubts and satisfy themselves. They stayed at Mohan Dev's temple and my father used to sit on Sheetal pond. He talked about invoking Allah's name and sometimes monotheism was discussed. He told them the rules and benefits of yoga and yogism. As I remained with all the time those meetings became memorable for me. The film of those days is still before my eyes.

One day S.I Umrao Singh and Munshi Asad Khan inspector, who were devotees of my father came to see him. My father gave them some useful advices. I was present so my father facing towards me said:

"Listen! The great orators say every thing with their experience. O, My son! Whoever listens carefully becomes great. So Badar ud Din I advise you and these two are my witnesses. If you will disobey me, I will be unhappy. I hope that you will not make me unhappy. With God's blessings you will act upon my advice as the poet Hafiz Shiraz says:

Give an ear to the advisors as it is precious than life

Obedient youths keep the advice of wise elders

I said. speak and say, with Allah's blessings and will I will obey your orders.

He Said:

"It will be better for you to live free and not to marry."

I said: "Why did you get marry then yourself?"

"I obeyed my father; you should obey your father. My father did not forbid me but he himself arranged my marriage but I advise you don't get married." My father said.

"I will do as your command." I replied.

He paid full attention towards my training. He has precious advices even in his common things. He spoke a lot about the saints and Sufism. He delivered impressive speeches about the important

aspects of spirituality and sainthood. Then I was too young to understand those points. Alas! I couldn't get much portion from the treasure which had glimmering pearls of knowledge. I couldn't get much knowledge from him because when I reached my youth he seriously fell ill and the illness proved as his last illness.

The doctors from Bichrayon treated him but he was not discovered, so, he moved to Amroha with me. After a few days my younger brother Dr. Qamar Ud din also reached there.

One day my father said to me, "I feel better now, so you can move to Deva Shariff in the district of Bara Banki and can submit you as a devotee to Haji Syed Waris Ali Shah."

I should have to obey without any excuse but I didn't want to leave my father in such condition and at the moment his separation was unbearable to me, so, I humbly requested, "I will not leave till you are fully recovered."

My father insisted, "You better go now. I will soon get well. Listen! Haji Sahib Remains traveling, so, if you don't find him at Deva Shariff, asked the people about him that where is he staying at present and go there and become his devotee. Go and become his devotee wherever you find him. He wears a coloured Ahram (un-sewn yellowish cloth). He accepts Laddu (A kind of sweet) and perfume of hina as gift. You should take these gifts to present him."

I again requested to stay and said. " In few days later when you will be better, Inshah Allah, I will obey your command and will

go to Deva Shariff."

On this my father became silent.

After giving me this golden and life making command a few hours later he breathed his last. His soul departed from his body after the Zohar Prayer on 11 Dulqaad 1313 Hijri.

He also had willed before death that his grave should be near the tomb of his religious guide. His tomb was in Mohalla Batwala (Amroha). He also added that if it would not be possible then it would be better to burry him in the courtyard of Mosque Suhrab Shah.

Brother Qamar Ud Din decided to take the body to Bichrayon and set to Bichrayon from Amroha in hired tonga.

I hurriedly went and informed at home and arrangements for funeral were done. At midnight his holy body was buried in Suhrab Shah Mosque to fulfill his wish.

When my father left this mortal world forever and his cool and kind shade disappeared from my head. I set to serve my old age mother and her service didn't let me to move toward Deva Shariff.

I was unable to do as my father had commanded me for the reason. The reason was that my mother was also ill and I couldn't leave her alone. However when she got a little better her weakness stopped me and again couldn't left for Deva Shariff. Her poor health and ailment caused her weaker and weaker. Only a few months after the death of my father she also left this mortal world in Rabi U1 Awal

1314 Hijri and her soul flew to immortal world.

After chehlum ceremonies I dreamed that a man was saying,
" Your father has come back. He is alive and calls for you."

On hearing these words I rushed speedily and observed an unusual crowd in the way. When I got close, I spotted a big snake. Its head and tail was in the ground and remaining body was out. People were trying to pull it out but failed to do so. I also tried to take the snake out by pulling it but like others couldn't do that. Someone suggested cutting the snake with a knife. I did so and both pieces of the snake came out easily. When I proceeded, saw Haji Ashfaq Hussain sitting on stool and reciting the Holy Quran.

I was impatience to see my father therefore I didn't stop to see my uncle. I reached south-east of the town and came up a pond, "Kund" and saw my father in the garden wearing Tehband. He was sitting across the pond. He was reciting Kalima Tayyiba in loud voice. I tried hard to cross the pond but powerful waves stopped me. I asked at the top of my voice that how I could reach to him. My father replied from other bank, " come from the east and you will reach to me."

I stepped towards the said direction and found a high strip but before getting on it I awoke and the dream was over.

I took the message out from this dream that until I will not enter in the circle of Haji Sahib, will not be able to cross the deepest pond of the world.

You can't recognize even a point from the secrets of body

If you keep away from the circle of the possibilities

I became anxious to enter in the circle of Hazrat Haji Sahib. I had no means or expenses for journey so it delayed for few days more. I was well aware of the importance of this journey. Often I became distressed and unrest. Then again my courage was recovered and my heart would say:

Hafiz don't be sad as your destined beloved

At last will be unveiled and you will see his face

Amazingly it happened so that an old lady, a devotee to my father appeared and gave me 50 rupees telling that it was her Pir's Command which she had fulfilled. She then asked me to go to Haji Sahib.

I thought that 50 rupees were too much for the journey so I according to a proverb, Whatever you have, have a little, returned 25 rupees to the old lady and headed to Haji Sahib from Bichrayon saying:

I'm going to the place of my beloved

So I have said good-bye to the protected home

On reaching Lakhnau, my memory detracted me and instead of Bara Banki I got the ticket for Faiz Abad. I stayed at a hotel at night. In the morning I inquired the address of Hazrat Haji Sahib from a chef.

He told that he was also his devotee and said. " you have left

your destination behind you at Bara Banki."

I returned at once and reached Bara Banki and easily got a tonga.

After traveling the distance of 8 miles, the driver announced in pleasure that we had reached Deva Shariff.

It was afternoon of 28 Rabi Us Sani 1314 Hijri. My excited heart was overjoyed.

It uttered the verse.

This is beautiful place where air of meeting with beloved is blowing

Be safe! All hoses of the city, be safe all inhabitants of this place

As I was stranger, the driver guided me through the streets. I saw some mud houses with cattle and farming tools at the doors. Some buildings were very beautiful and their dwellers were well to do. Some signs showed that the town was ancient. There would have been lived riches in the past. I saw a mound and heap of bricks. The man told that there was a fort during royal period. In front of that ruined fort also a broken inn could be seen.

The language of the people was different than of the Rohail Khand's language.

There was also a difference in their tone However Will say that language of Odh is sweet, soft, polite and attractive.

When after walking while I reached at the gate of Hazrat

Haji Sahib. It was an old style concrete house and its simplicity had such beauty which can't be relate in worlds. Its grandeur impressed and forced me to say:

The palace had foundations on earth

But in rank was toughing the Skies

I saw its gate facing to the east. The Aastana Warsia had great magnificence. There was a vast courtyard and towards and towards the north from the gate there was a bricked well. To south is a room with a shade and a room was built up on that room. Some people were sitting in that room and some were standing in the courtyard. Some seemed villagers and they were in village dress dhoti and kurta. Perhaps they were farmers or land-owners. A few people were wearing precious robes and they looked persons. However among them some were in odd dresses as Angrakha and pajama and some wearing sherwani and Turkish cap. They seemed well aware of western civilization. The people belonged to different places.

I was astonished to see a saint like celebrity whose appearance was different and outstanding among others. He had a wide cloth-sheet, has tied its half as Tehband and with remaining half he had covered his upper body.

Being bare headed and bare footed it seemed that the pious man had no worldly connection and was a free man. I took him as a faqeer of Hazrat Haji Sahib.

As a stranger in hesitation but with slow pace I moved to

the door. The people standing there looked at me and my traveling luggage and found me a stranger. I greeted them and they replied me in a polite manner. They kindly asked me purpose of coming there.

Hastily I only could say:

"I've come only to touch hi feet."

On this, a man entered that room and returned after few minutes and said:

"Come on! He has called for you."

This short sentence overjoyed me and my heart spoke in it beats.

"Present"

I was sure that my long time desire was going be satisfied.

I walked along with him and entered in covered entrance and saw two more gates in it, one in middle and the second was at the end. I entered in the court yard and found a room to the north side. There was a bricked courtyard where a simple but unique carpet was spread there.

A pious saint wearing colorful Ahram was sitting there. His gleaming face

and bright eyes assured my heart that:

By God, Resembling God, this is the shape.

I was fascinated by his greatness but his handsomeness pushed me forward and I leaned and touch his feet with respect and love.

"Wherefrom you have come?" he asked.

I replied humbly, " from Bichrayon district Murad Abad."

"Yes, it situates 15 miles from Amroha and 30 miles from Sambhal."

I confirmed and then he turned to an old Tehband posh and said. " Raheem Shah! Inhabitants of that village fear none."

And then turned to me and said. " Alright! Stay, I will meet you again."

He ordered a servant, " Faizu Shah! Accommodate him at shrine."

Faizu Shah came along with me to the place where my belongings were left by me . I took out sweet Laddu and perfume and went to present Hazrat Waris Pak. He ate half Laddu and remaining half gave to me. The other laddus were divided among the men present there . I've took these gifts due to commands of my father.

Then Faizu Shah showed me the home that called the shrine as there was a tomb of Shah Walayat Hazrat Muhammad Abdul Munam Qadri Ganj Al Maarfat (treasure of spiritual and divine knowledge).

At that Hazrat Fazal Hussain Shah was Sajjada Nasheen and a true devotee of Hazrat Haji Sahib.

When I had put down my baggage, told Faizu Shah about my aspiration to enter among the slaves of Warsia. He at that brought me back and when I reached close I heard Hazrat Sarkar Alam Panah

asking a Khadim (later his name was known to me as Qazi Bakhshash Ali).

" This Khan has come from Bichrayon to be my devotee."

When he looked at me Qazi said:

"lo! He has come himself."

Faizu Shah said. " Hajoor! Ye Mureed honey ko keht hain."

He with kindness accepted me and said. " Say, I hold hand of Pir, of Panjtan, of Rasool, and Allah. O, Allah forgive my sins and wrong doings, I repent and promise.."

I said all words after him and when he ended said to me, " Go now, stay there, you have become my follower."

I kissed his feet , returned to room and stretched myself on the bed.

I had become his devotee as my father had commanded me but then was wondering that he didn't know the way and proper manner that how should take oath from a follower. He had made me his follower in public. I'd seen other saints taking oath in isolation and in my opinion that was perfect manner.

I was just in that situation when all of a sudden Shah Fazal Hussain called for me. (he was talking with a Moulvi) when I presented myself before him he said. " Khan Sahib! You haven't seen the faqeers but your father knew well who sent you here. Khan Sahib! Here is pure Sufism and the right way to take promise from a devotee."

His speech left good impression and wondering thoughts were removed from my mind and I was thinking that when a devotee and disciple has such powers. How wonderful and excellent will be the Guide. How perfectly he would correct his devotees. It was all due to Allah's blessings that I've entered among his salves. He is perfect faqeer and unique guide. I was ashamed of my thoughts and then I thought that as he knows about my inner feelings and thoughts.

" How can I will face him?"

When he found me surprised, he said. " Khan Sahib! The snake of your dream was nothing but your wavering thoughts and knife was my advice.

Hearing that, my faith became more firm.

I thought this spiritual center is important and the slaves of the shrine are looking and looking after me since I just have decided to be his follower. They became my helpers. I was still feeling sorry for that false doubts but event repenting I've no way to make up that.

I lowered my head feeling shame. I returned and laid on my bed. I wanted to see my spiritual guide but couldn't dare due to humiliation. I remained in this condition till evening. I was hopeful and thought that he will forgive me for me such thoughts.

*O, great king of the kings,
for God sake give me courage
So that, I may kiss the dust of your place,
that is like heavens*

In the evening Shah Sahib again asked me that why had you not go to his presence?

I said. " I am ashamed of my thoughts and have no courage to face him.

He said. " don't be disappointed, we are just like sand grains and he is like a sun.

We are like overflowing ponds and he is limitless vast sea. We disobey but he forgives with compassion. You have washed away the patches of your wrong feelings with the water of your tears of repentance. Don't fear and go, I hope he will ignore your mistake."

I took courage and went trembling to him, kissed his feet as a slave who had committed something wrong.

He smiled and said. " You may leave in the morning."

I said reverentially, " I don't want to go now. I will obey your next orders."

He kept silent and I stayed there for five days. When I was leaving he ordered me, " Come in the Urs of Shah Walayat in Shawal."

I knew that the fair of Katak which held and started with his orders was not far more than 15 days. I wanted to see him again as soon as possible so, I requested to allow me to come on that occasion.

Perhaps he better knew about my economic state, he said. " Come in Shawal."

I could not keep patience and again requested to let me come in the fair. He with sweet smile said. " Ok, leave now, and come in the fair. I bowed to his feet and kissed them. Then returned to Bichrayon on 2nd of Jamadi ul Awal.

I was anxious and impatience to see him soon, each moment seemed a day and a day seemed like a year.

I've come from his city last week

but my eyes feel it a one year

You don't know that how

difficult is the time of separation

At last the day came, with common things, I left for Deva Shariff. I reached there on 14 Jamdi ul Awal 1315 Hijri.

I met my spiritual guide and was ordered to stay at shrine. He always kept manners and these things are related in his biography in detail. His devotees were also ordered to keep manners. Whoever followed him in some way he pleased with him and gave him a special title for that. He him self put up with the ways and used to make those rules as a routine. If he visited a city and stayed at a home, next during his all visits he used to stay at the same house and place. During the visits of the villages it was noted that if he drank water from a well, made ablution or stayed under a shady tree in the next visit it became his routine. If he blessed someone it was done each time in the future. When a guest came and was stayed at a particular palace, in the future

he was always stayed there.

As I was first stayed at shrine, so for next, I always had right to stay there.

When I reached there arranged my bed at shrine and saw some faith brothers also have reached and some came later. Fair was on its full bloom. On 15th people from all walks of life gathered there. Landowners and farmers were among them. There were riches, officers, faqeers, durvaishes, learned men, Advocates, Judges, Barristers, poor and wealthy were present there. They had come in groups and they seemed different flowers in a vase.

As they were different in their figures and forms, they also would be different in their inner situation and nature. In spite of those they all were united at one point. That was a unique example. All of them were devotees of Warsia House and had no longings for world and worldly comforts. Everyone was eager to serve him to get his pleasure.

I'd no heard that the all followers of a guide were such lovers as devotees of Hazrat Waris Pak.

I was astonished to see such passion of Warsi followers and devotees. I was anxious and too much inspired. My heart became excited and was filled with his handsomeness. I'd nothing except him.

I came out from dream but I witnessed

Your shinning rays on my tear wet face

He was handsome as Yousaf and I wished that if I were enlisted among the slaves of him. It would be my great success. It was impossible for my heart to become fully last as other lovers but it wasn't a less honour that I would be a Jarooob Kash at his house and the dust of his feet would become eye-powder for my sight.

If I've the dust of my beloved's feet

There would be no dust in my eyes

The situation also made me to show some activities that were shameful for me. I loved everything that had a connection with him. I went to see the fair of Shah Awais on 15th Jamadi Ul Awal. The place lies two furlongs from Aastana Warsi. There I saw a group of Qawals (religious Singers) with musical instruments, leading by a devotee, who was going to present a Tehband. I also mingle with them as they were going to Waris Pak. When I reached near Aastana, I thought that I claim to be his slave, I claim to be his lover and according a poet:

I've straighten the direction towards my beloved

The bare head like a moon and bare footed

I thought that it was serious mistake to wear shoes and cap. I threw away cap and took off shoes.

The Warsi blessings were along with me. When I reached there and saw the ceremony of presenting the Tehband. I returned at shrine in that surprising and funny condition. There I told my

condition and said that I was unable to wait for any more. My anxious was insisting as:

*Hit your honour
with the stone of disgrace*

*Pure down the water
of your purity in the city of love*

I wished already to be a faqeer of Hazrat Waris Pak according to the advice of my father but now I myself strongly desired to be a true faqeer of Sarkar Alam Panah.

Age wise I was inexperienced but the daily routines showed that the world is mortal and worldly longings are not only futile and worthless but also are harmful.

I've researched the point thousand times

That the world and all worldly matters are nothing

Shah Sahib said. " you're young, don't decide to be a Tehband posh. I insisted and shah Sahib called for Raheem Shah and told him that I desired too be the Tehband posh. He went to Sarkar Alam and returned and said. " He says, not yet, he's too young for that."

This was Friday when my request was not accepted. I was disappointed and anxiety awoke me. I saw the soul of my father and said:

I, a mean one, couldn't act upon your advice

I'm helpless as he doesn't accept my request

Again I uttered in deep passion.

I'm waiting for you and my last breath is on my lips

I request you, you can reply my request

O, king! You are successor and significance of Panjtan Pak. Your name is Waris e Alam. Common and special are blessed and benefited by you. Alas! I've bad luck till this moment I am failure.

Great thanks you provided intoxicated and your eyes quenched the drinkers.

I, sad, neither here, nor there

On Friday I wandered here and there in disgusted but at 8,0 clock my fortune breathed again and Raheem Shah came and asked to Shah Fazal Hussain , " Brother, where is the Khan Sahib? Sarkar has called for him."

I was studying a book in southern courtyard. I heard the good news and I said to myself that I was a lucky as my spiritual guide had called for me.

Thanks god that with his help my luck retrieved to success

That my friend's all business has turned according his wishes

Fazal Hussain Shah called for me and asked to go with a Tehband. I took Tehband with handkerchief and underwear and presented myself before him. I saw that Raheem Shah, Noor Muhammad Shah, Qazi Bakhshash Ali and Badsha Hussain Khan were also present there.

I presented him the Tehband. He wore the Tehband and his used Tehband and langot gave to me and said. " wear it."

He said to Noor Muhammad Shah tell him about knot of the Tehband."

I wore the Tehband and langot and while lowering to his feet with fear my body was wet in perspiration.

He smiled and said. " Badshah Hussain he is son of faqeer, if he would haven't come here till last day he used to wander. Since today his name is Aoughat Shah."

Then he ordered me not to question, not to sit on couch, chair or stool. He asked me to stay at my father's grave in Bichrayon. He forbade me to go anywhere except Deva Shariff. He forbade me to stay long in some one's house.

Then he said to Raheem Shah, "educate him." Raheem Shah apologized saying that he was not able to do so. Hazoor said to me, "Go, you need no education. you are son of faqeer and now have become my faqeer yourself.

You have become my faqeer now he turned to Shah Hussain then and said he is son of faqeer and have become faqeer. he hasn't need to be educated. he will not make mistake.

he than said

"Go keep love there are much devotees there." I bowed before him on his feet and returned to shrine. Fazal Hussian shah was much pleased to see me as Tehband posh. in the morning I met

him and said the grave of my father is in a lonely Masjid. There is no room and no one comes there.

Sarkar Alam Panah said. "it doesn't matter" either someone comes or not, you will live there" there is room for you when a room will be built, no one will be able to stop the construction. A room will be built. Then after a few moments he said. "Go now and visit the land"

I understand that it means to get knowledge by observing the nature. That day I met old Warsi faqeers and watched their life style. I got their advices and came to know about the life patterns and memorable events of Hazrat Waris pak these patterns were role model and code of life for me.

I also met some old fellows who were present there. I learned from them the useful rules of Aastana. they told me the times of meeting and names of special servants. They also told me the ways of getting his pleasure. they informed me about the prohibited things. Exchanging thoughts I got more knowledge and information about the Warsia House. I came to know that the Warsi way is only love and warsis have only treasure of love. Other devotees also have warm loves according to their strength.

They can improve them with sincerity. Their improvement depends on sincerity. Their hardships are delivered from love.

On 17th I spend my whole day among the brothers of the house. I noticed unusual light in Aastana after Maghrib and saw the particular devotee's congregation. In next few moments Sarkar sat on his bed. A

qawali was presented for few minutes and then Qul of Syed Qurban Ali Shah was read. Then with the fire works the fair ended at night. I returned to Shrine and went to sleep. Next morning I went to Aastana and saw another scene.

Someone was packing his luggage and someone was looking for conveyance. The Warsi devotees were returning in groups after meeting Hazrat Waris Pak . They were saying goodbye to each other. Even I was allowed to leave after Noor Muhammad Shah took me before him . He said. "Give him some money for Kharaon (Wooden slippers)"

Then again said. "Give money also for handkerchief."

The Khadim gave me 4 Ana for wooden slippers and 4Ana for handkerchief.

He inquired then, "How much distance lies between your village and station."

"30miles" I replied and also have to travel by camel cart.

"Give him the fare for the cart ." He said and 9 Ana were granted to me. I bowed and kissed his feet and left for Bichrayon.

I bought handkerchief and kharaon from Muradabad but no money was given for food. I remained hungry for three days .On reaching ,Bichrayon ,I went to the Mosque Suhrab shah as I was commanded . The Mosque was wrecked and was outside the village .Its walls were broken and had no door. The courtyard was full with grass and shrubs. No one used to come for prayer in the Mosque .

The call for prayer had been stopped since long. First of all I read the Adhan in loud voice and then began to clean the courtyard.

Someone may have doubts here, that I was given money more than one Rupee for wooden slippers and fare of the camel-cart but for the food that is most essential for life even a single paisa was not given. It seems that it was not essential to buy the wooden clogs at once. I could remain bare footed for some days. Even for camel-cart the fare was not essential and faqeer could travel on foot, as later on often it happened so. Same the handkerchief was not important. He arranged for these formal things but the basic need of food and nutrition was not given a little importance.

It resulted in continuous starvation. Three days passed during journey with out food and four days passed at Bichrayon in hunger. If it is said that it was a mistake it would be against our faith. If say that it was done in responsiveness then we will have to see that what cause was behind it.

In my opinion it is impossible to know fully about the causes of Warsi faith. It seems that first condition of our way is to fully trust in Allah. Who have trust in Allah, his needs are satisfied by Allah. Need are of many kind, some needs are basic and essential, but if they are not provided one may not Be anxious. The provision is important thing for life. Everyman needs it daily and this need is so important that it can disperse and scatter the thoughts. Someone may seek the help other than Allah for this and this takes him out of the

people who have their trust in Allah. If Allah blesses one he remains firm in this situation then he is true believer and has firm faith. As Allah has said

"Have trust if you are the believers."

That is why the true religious guide advised his Tehband posh true trust and said that don't bother for your provision and don't arrange food for yourself .Be pleased with your destined provision.

It is penned in his golden words collection that he ordered his devotees to trust only in Allah.

He said that eat the food which is given to you without asking. This will be mentioned in next pages in detail.

The real teacher, at the very first day ,taught me the lesson which is the beginning chapter of the book of love and I had to remember the lesson through out my life and it was my duty.

It means that I should not buy anything for food and to satisfy my hunger.

Because it was first condition of the faith so I was ordered to act upon it from the first day when I was allowed to leave from Deva Shariff after granting the Tehband.

I'm thankful for this first favour of the thousand of thousand favors. He taught me very nicely that to arrange food and provision was against the way of Tehband Posh.

My lord always provided me the food of feasts and if there was not invitation I remained hungry. It is great blessing in the mess

of Allah.

Alhamdu Lillah that till to day I have not made a hearth. I also thank that the first invitation was given by an outsider and not by my companions or relatives. Even my relatives knew that I had come as faqeer but a weaver invited me and feed me the food. It showed that the thinking about the help of relatives is mere obvious deception.

Its detail is this that I had been staying at Mosque for four days. Neither I went out the Mosque nor did some one come in. So I could not see anybody. It was seventh day of my starvation when a weaver Ala Bakhsh came there on hearing the Adhan for prayer.

He asked, "Mian sahib! where is your house?"

" In the east" I replied.

But after prayer when he observed me closely he excused and immediately went to my uncle Ashfaq Hussain and told him about me. He sent my brother Dr. Qamar ud Din. I was cleaning the courtyard off the grass. when he entered the Mosque. He said. "What appearance you have made? If this is your faqeer then leave the Bichrayon."

I kept silence but when he insisted I replied, "You better leave. I don't care for honor or disgrace. I have nothing to do with you.

Alhamdu lillah! I am free of relations and free of honor and disgrace.

The honor of few years of my forefathers

I have forgot in goblet and for beautiful server

My brother said. "Don't you feel blush. Uncle is calling for you, go right to home living in this ruined Mosque is miserable and you will earn bad name. I said. "O, my brother! I prefer begging in his city that becoming monarch. I don't care for comfort or hardships and same have no feeling for your person. I don't like to take advantages of the wealth of my uncle.

I don't claim the Faqar nor am I Mutawakal. Only my life has revolutionized. Last week I was Badar-Ud. Din and today I am granted the title of Aoughat Shah from the Warsi Shrine. I hope you will not mind it. I am sorry. To rely on the wealth of my uncle is against my belief and faith.

I am low in Faqar and ashamed to have courage

If my clothes are wet with the watery spring of sun

I have a treasure of King's Faqar

I can't have longings for the world

When my brother saw me firm in my opinion, he returned disappointedly. The weaver invited me that night and then it became the routine that five days in a week I was invited by some one and for two days I had to starve. The Lord provided me livelihood in that Mosque. People would come to see me, invited me at their homes and served me with food.

As a poet says:

No spider remains without a fly

My Lord has given the wings to the food

Since I had been staying in the Mosque and courtyard was swept off the grass and shrubs. Call for prayer was being offered five times regularly. I had arranged the water for ablution. Some weavers began to come for prayer in the Mosque but I didn't go to the village to see some one. I spent most time in Masque, busy in cleaning it.

Whenever I felt strange I went to the jungle and visited the tombs of Chandey pir, Latif shah and Chari Pir.

sometimes I visited the Aastana Shah Walayat and returned to the Mosque. I used to sleep in front of southern door at night.

Five months passed, the Urs of Hazrat shah walayat was not far, and I headed from Bichrayon on foot, only having trust in Allah.

O, holy bird make the courage

your source of flight

The way to the destination is long

so you should fly

On, Shwal 14, 1314 Hijri I reached Deva Shariff. At first I went to Aastana to pay my homage to my Murshid. I Kissed his feet. As usual I was asked to stay at shrine. I went to the shrine and met Shah Fazal Hussain He accepted me with great love as his guest.

He was Raees and Numberdar of the village and had Cultivating land. He was among the well to do and well known

Celebrities. He used to do every thing splendidly but on the occasion of Urs of Hazrat Shah Walayat he spent a lot with open heart.

The arrangements for langar were made at high level. Besides his own guests he also had and entertained the guests of Aastana Warsia. I stayed there till the end of Urs ceremonies.

Moreover Rifaee and Sohrwardi faqeers were attracted there in large number.

All guests were given the meals regularly, Even the shopkeepers were provided the food.

As a blessing rice was divided among the villagers. On 16 Bhandara (Free Food for All) was prepared only for the faqeers. They all have their share one was given 5 and other 10 portions of food. Qawals also visited and a big amount was spend on them.

I have come for Urs but my real object was only to see Sarkar Alam Panah Hazrat Waris Pak. I met also the companions whom I had not seen before. I also observe that people of all religions visited him and entered in his circle of faith.

They all were asked to per form the duties according to their capacity and ability. If someone was given a zikr the other was asked to learn the times.

Someone was asked to remain alone some were was asked to visit the Arabia. Each was directed to love.

When Urs ceremonies were over, Sarkar Alam Panah Hazrat Waris allowed me to leave saying. "Come in fair"

I left for Bichrayon from Deva and as usual stayed in the Mosque. Six months passed and I reached Deva Shariff on foot on 14 Jamadi ul Awal 13 15 Hijri.

I was astonished to see some devotees who belonged to Christianity, Jews and one named Dusa was fire worshipper Zoroastrian but their faith and message was love. The all devotees were united as Muslims were fascinated by Warsi magnificence. Some Jews, Hindus, Christians and Zoroastrians were his true devotees.

Hindus, Muslims and other people became officers

When they came to his door

As the perfume spreads far and wide in all places, As the fragrance overwhelms the minds same he showed kindness over all. He was such spiritual physician that wrote a prescription for a special one and that was given to him.

On 17th I was asked. "Don't move to Bichrayon, but go to Ottawa and stay on the river bank. You had no letters for some one."

I bowed my head. The next day for some cause on 18th he asked me to leave for Bichrayon saying. "Go to Bichrayon, your father was faqeer, Go and stay at his grave."

I kissed his feet and returned to Bichrayon in shawal 13 15 Hijri. Again I went to participate the Urs of Hazrat Walayat Shah.

I returned on 18th of shawl and again when I went on 14 Rabi-us-Sani 1316 Hijri for Katak fair, he with some annotations and

advices sent me back on 18th.

I came to Bichrayon, but a sudden need took me unusually on 25 Jamadi ul awal 1316 to him. I reached there on foot. On getting Shah Jehanpur I was informed that at that time Sarkar Alam Panah was staying at Babupur village in the district of Saptapur. I presented myself there before him. He stayed there for five days.

One night I wept bitterly in distress condition and said.

I am in need and beggar of your street

Don't turn face that I may go away deprived from your place

When, in the morning I met him and bowed to kiss his feet, he asked. "What do you do?"

"Invoke your name"

He said. "Keep the zikr that I'm going to tell you then he taught me with complete manners."

From Babupur He moved to the house of Badshah Hussain taaluqdar in the village of Kibra. I was also in his company and Brother Neamat Ali Shah and Brother Ahad Shah were with us in that journey.

At noon Sarkar Alam Panah said to Ahad Shah. " Go to Darjling and stay in the jungle," and said to me. " Go to Nepal and you will find your other brother on the hill and the Raja will provide you pulses and rice. You can make your temporary home by placing stones on each other."

We obeyed and hardly had reached about two furlong from

the village when man came running and said. " Sarkar Alam Panah is calling you back."

We returned and came before him.

" have you taken lunch?" He asked and we said. " not yet."

" OK. Do it" he ordered. We did our lunch and again come to him.

"Stay now and move tomorrow." He said.

In the morning Noor Muhammad Shah handed me Nain Sukh a fabric and six rupees. I asked him that why I was given those things. He said the he didn't know better you might ask Sarkar Alam Panah. I went the same time before him and those things put before him.

" what's that?" he said.

I said. "why these things have been given to me.?"

He said. "the amount is fare for Bichrayon." "Fare is six rupees and six paisa." I said.

He asked the Khadim. "Give him six paisa more. This white cloth was not for him give him a color Tehband."

When Khadim gave six paisa and Tehband. Sarkar Alam Panah said. "Don't go anywhere except Bichrayon. stay there. your father was faqeer and if you wish you may meet a faqeer. You also may go to an Urs."

Brother Ahad Shah came at same time and he was ordered to move towards Darjling. then he allowed to leave both of us. When I

bowed before him. He said. "Go through Peeli Bheit," and he said to brother Ahad shah. " you will go through Lakhnau.

We reached the station on foot and the train for Lakhnau was leaving first so brother Ahad Shah got on and I got the train at night and reached Peeli Bheit. I thought that Perhaps I was sent to Peeli Bheit to meet Mian Muhammad Sher, so, at first I met him and stayed in a nearby Mosque. A saint was staying there before me. He told me that he was sent there by my father. He was very kind to me and he advised me with unique examples and told that I was only sent to see him. Next day I reached Braili from Peeli Bheit and then moved to Bichrayon. My brother Qutab Alam told me that my father had met him in dream and said. "Ask Badar Ud Din to establish my Urs."

This repeated command made me to think seriously as a female devotee of my father had told me the same command before that. I thought that financially I was not able to perform the duty. Even if I didn't establish the Urs ceremony It will make the soul of my father displeased.

As: Allah Himself provides those who trust completely in Him.

So many days before the date of Urs My real Lord provided me enough and I established the first Urs of my father on 11 Dulqaad 1316 Hijri. Some memorial ceremonies were carried on low level but the gathering was satisfactory and after the Qawali all of my friends and relatives insisted me to continue the Urs in forthcoming years.

I agreed and said that if Allah wishes so I will do it and if my spiritual guide also blessed me then the Urs will be held continuously. The Urs restored the splendor of that mosque and many people were coming for prayer. Some people would come to meet me. I was allowed to visit the places by my Spiritual guide so I participated in the Urs of many saints and also met some famous Sufis.

I knew the reality very well that those Sufis were among the signs of Allah and they had observed many secrets of the heavens. I had nothing from the visit of the garden but only I want to see you through the eyes of the people.

I, for the purpose visited the Punjab and reached Anbala to see Saeen Tawakkal Shah. I left my luggage and blanked at an inn and went to his residence. I found a servant standing at the door. He told me on inquiring about him that Saeen is ill and he will not see you at this time.

"I have come from a far distance, please, only inform him about me.

I requested the servant but he didn't go to inform him. I had to return. While I was passing through a market someone called me from a shop. I went near him and it was my bad luck that he burst in anger. Even he was stranger for me he didn't hesitate to call me as a cunning one and bad habit man. I said me a bad character and I was astonished at that hospitality.

I kept quiet and heard his hot and abusing words.

I obey, receive harshness and am pleased,

As in my way to make unhappy others is infidelity.

But when he exceeded the limits and began to curse other men of my line and he used harsh words for them I could not bear. It would be unnatural to bear the mean words for my companions.

If I am impure, there is no surprise,

But the whole world witnesses his chastity.

I didn't mind whatever he had said about me. I thought that he was saying just for me but when I saw that my brethren was blamed due to my ashamed deeds and the man is increasing in his excitement and he is not hesitating to blame a Tehband Posh Faqeer. He didn't pause doing so for a long, when he had crossed the limits. the owner of that shop became anger and replied him in same coin and used such slang language as he was using against me. The first man gave up and came into senses and then left the shop.

Then shopkeeper asked:

" Mian Sahib! Where do you live and for what you have come here?"

" I am from Murad Abad and have come to see Saeen Tawakkal Shah."

When he heard his name, became more polite and told that he was also his devotee. He invited me with love I accepted his invitation and at that night I did my dinner their and returned to sleep in the inn.

I visited the famous places of the city next day and also visited the tombs of saints and religious guides. At noon I returned and took rest for some time. I was awakened by a man who told me that Saeen Sahib had called for me.

As I had presented myself there and the man at door taking me as a stranger didn't inform him.

"In fact I had come only to see him and that was the first job which I did, but when I saw the door my hope closed hard and the guard was so strict and harsh that he had not even informed him about me. I took it as that Saeen Sahib disliked to meet the people who have indulged in the world. Now I think that there is no need to go there."

I could not say no when he insisted. I stepped with him and while walking towards him he halted near a mosque and said:

"Here a blind Qari Abdur Rehman dwells and he is Mureed of Saeen Sahib. He also wants to meet you. If you don't mind see him for few moments."

I agreed gladly and entered the mosque to meet him. As I greeted he stood and embraced me. He felt me with his hands and said:

"Is this dress belongs to Haji Sahib?"

"Yes, My Spiritual Leader always use color dress." I replied.

"I was eager to see him for a long time and today my desire has come true. I met you and it seems that I have met Haji Sahib As '

the ring is his sign and sign is ring.'

"Now you should see Saeen Sahib he is asking about you."
he allowed me to leave.

I reached at his house and found him sitting, eyes closed, under a shed. A disciple was also present and had lowered his head in Muraqiba.

I stood for few minutes and thought that if he gave me his hand as Hazrat Sarkar Alam Panah, I will kiss his feet and if he didn't I will only say salaam and will sit before him.

He opened his eye, I said Salaam, He observed me and my dress and then with his wet eyes he pushed his hand towards me. I kissed his hand and sat in before him.

He then said excitedly: "The blessings of Prophet and Haji sahib comes with me."

Then he sighed and said: "Who has sent you?"

"My God"

"How did you come?" He asked again.

"By train"

"Where are you staying?"

"In your town"

Then he asked to his Khaleefa to dine with me. he brought me out and we both ate together. When I met him again. he ordered me to leave for Sarhand Shareef on same day. I said good bye him and returned to the inn, fetched my blanket and to the evening train

for Sarhand Shariff.

By chance that was Urs time and visitors had come from far places. All the time recitation could be heard. I met many durvaishes and when the Urs was over I came to Lahore and visit the sacred tomb of Hazrat Data Ganj Bakhsh and for few days stayed at the shrine. I also visited the ancient monuments of the city and also went to other tombs. Even I visited the grave of Raja Ranjeet Singh.

From Lahore I moved to Amratsar and visited the place of Baba Guru Nanak. I visited some tombs in Saharanpur and went to Hardawar and sat on the bank of Ganga.

A Sadhu asked." Who are you and what your problem is and wish?"

"I have left it." I said.

"Who are you?" He inquired again.

"A simple human being." I replied briefly.

"Muslim or Hindu." He wanted explanation.

"Separate from the both." As I answered his question, he stood up and moved away but mean while few more Sadhu came and among them was a former Judge, who had left the post and turned into Faqeer.

He asked me," To whom do you watch and see?"

"Whatever comes before my eyes." I said plainly.

He smiled and said: "I mean that to which house you are linke d."

"With the line of love." I replied as before.

"I want to know that to whom you are devotee."

"I'm Warsi."

He seemed astonished and said:" There's no Warsi line of Sufism."

I made it clear to him that the real house line of Sufis is Warsia."

He agreed and the Sadhu also accepted my argument and all became my friends. The whole day I visited with them.

After Hardawar I moved to Rakhi Kaish and met there many Hindu faqeers who were well aware of there path and were Sadhu. I didn't came across a true lover who would be the ardent follower and had no longings for the benefit of loss of the world. Who might be only the observer of God.

I saw Pundits, Sadhu, Jogis, Sannat, Saad and Malnag

But O, Aoughat, I found no where a devotee of true love

From Rakhi Kaish I went to Jawala pur and Kankhal. Then at the time of Urs Piran Klair I reached there and found a gathering of people. There were so many durvaishes. I chanced to meet some high rank faqeers,

My father often used to say that Changa Shah, Miran Shah and Jafar Shah were faqeers and they used to meet him.

I remembered that saying and was looking for them. With my utmost try I was unable to see them. By chance a Shah Sahib mentioned Jafar Shah. I inquired about his lodging.

He told you will see him outside the court near the High gate. I went there and saw a faqeer who was sitting with a smoky hearth on a rug.

When I came close to him he said. "Come on! You the son of Shamas Ud Din. He was my friend. You will no see such faqeer today."

Then he asked, "Are you Haji Sahib's faqeer?"

" Yes I'm and he is at the time like sun in Hindustan."

" have you meet Miran Shah?" he himself asked and I replied, " Not yet."

"Ok, Stay"

Then took a small Hubble- Bubble which had Hashish and asked me to puff .

I denied and he insisted.

I said. " Ok, order me in the form that I have recognize. I will puff hookah then."

He laughed and said. "Indeed your Shamas Ud Din's son, ok, go, there is sitting Miran Shah."

He pointed towards a man. I looked at him. He was in Punjabi Kurta and four coroner velvet cap was on his head. He was wearing Punjabi Lunggi. His beard was upwards and he was sitting in such way on bed that no one can judge him as a faqeer.

I greeted and he responded kindly and after formal exchange of the greeting he said. " the day when Shamas Ud Din wrote down

the poem, 'How the highest rank of the Ala Ud Din can be measured' I was present here."

He was among the Mashaikh but with blessings of Hazrat Sabir he became a faqeer. Then he talked about worship and said that it was best way to recognize God through invoke Allah's name. The traveler who, becomes the companion of desire. O dear, the Faqar is a different thing and doesn't rely and depend on hard worships but is acquired through the guidance of a true religious guide. You know well and much being a son of faqeer. Moreover you're a devotee and follower of a unique faqeer."

Then after a pause he said. " Go, and see Changa Shah too, he was also a friend of your father. He is sitting there.

I reached there and as he was blind I greeted loudly. He asked that who it was.

I said. " Aoughat Shah."

" where do you live?" he asked another question.

" From Bichrayon."

" Do you know Shamas Ud Din?" he asked.

I said. " I am his humble son."

" whose follower are you?" he asked about my Murshid.

I mentioned the name of Sarkar Alam Panah.

" Have got a great leader. First a Syed and then distinctive and unequaled."

Today the king of lovers is only one

Lovers are in thousand but their beloved is only one

Then I asked his permission to bring the sweet. He said. " Alright! But bring hookah too."

I brought sweet and hookah and gave to him. He took a laddoo and remaining divided. He then divided that laddoo in two pieces and one offered me and one ate himself.

He let me leave after advising many things. I returned Bichrayon after ending the Urs.

The travel proved not only interesting but also beneficial. I visited different palaces and observed ancient signs. The memory of past kings and there grandeur was freshen.

I got lessons when I looked their tombs and found the world mortal.

I met many people from hilly areas and observed their customs and way of life. I looked the green forests in spring and their natural beauty.

The sweet and cool breeze of the mountains had good effect on my health.

These gains were nothing but unreal. The true cause of the journey was for religion and for my sect and with God's blessings I achieved them too.

I visited the sacred tombs of the followers of Tareeqat and if I say that I got much blessings and benedictions it would not be wrong. I thought that those favour are a proud-able treasure.

Moreover the Mashaikhs of present day encouraged my thoughts and made my belief more firm. The wealth of blessings which I got through those meeting can't be measured.

*A time in the company of the saints
Is, better than the hundred years
of greedless pure worship*

To dwell of some Hindu faqeers in mountains and jungles without basic necessities of life and to be content and happy, to live a pious life with patience and firmness was a such thing that can teach a new faqeer the lesson of content and determination.

The particular advantage that I got through the journey was that when all of the men confirmed the magnitude, greatness and enormity of my Murshid and said that the king of the kingdom of Faqar and only knower of the secrets of love was only Sarkar Waris Pak.

They all were true and Allah's chosen durvaishes and they all collectively admitted and acknowledged his majesty and magnificence. Whoever listened his name he bowed and lowered his head in his respect. At that time their faces reflect that those pious faqeer are devotee to my Murshid Pak. Even the many faqeers who were inebriated in love of Allah respected me for my robe and I think I wasn't worthy of that. Their humiliation and humble way showed that they were also subservient to the Bargah -E- Warsi.

The journey proved excellent for me but as well later on my

enthusiasm was growing day by day. It seemed unbearable to leave separate from my spiritual guide and my heart was anxious. I wanted to reach his Aastana without any delay. I was busy in the service of the Masjid but my heart was not at rest. Whenever the sorrow made me sad I began to weep and in envision I request my Murshid.

All of my friends have gone away from me

Only place for me is your lodging

O, you who bless the fellow men, your slave is at far place for the cause of separation from you is in grief and misery. The loneliness of the night is much severe because I have no friend, no mentor, and no companion.

Your new dejected lover wants nothing but only your favors.

I'm burning in the fire of separation

O my Lord! Save me from the worse thing

But the situation was that here I was anxious and according to his command I was allowed to come in Shawal. The day was at the length of three months. I had not able to do this or that.

Anxiety doesn't allow me to sit a place

Waiting for you doesn't allow my to stand away

But Allah showed His mercy and I received letter from Shah Fazal Hussain he had written,

O, my heart keep alive yourself

with water of life spring

An ocean of the blessings

is heading to you

"Sarkar Alam Panah will visit the home of Nawab Abdul Shakoor Khan at Dhrampur. It will be better for you to see him there."

I reached Murad Abad two days early and via Chandoosi reached the Kaseer Station and waited for Hazrat Waris Pak. He reached at fixed time accompanied by Noor Muhammad Shah, Faizu Shah and Thakar Pancham Singh Warsi Raees Malouli District Mainpur. The same time a train came from Aligarh and Babu Kuniya Lal got down. Later he was named as Ghulam Waris (Slave of Waris) and he is secretary of Trust committee of the tomb. Masoom Shah Warsi of Delhi also got there from the same train.

Nawab Sahib had fixed a tent near the station and Hazrat Waris Pak took rest for a while there and his followers met him one after other.

When Masoom Shah went before him he said. " Why did you come?"

He explained, " I was going to Delhi and got down here only to see you."

" you better go just now." He happily bowed his head and came out the tent to obey the order. He set to arrange his baggage and his condition showed that it is the rule of love to come to meet beloved and when he is disgraced there and asked to move away. He

should feel honour in the dishonor. Hazrat Jami says:

*I was much pleased the day
when he asked to my rivals
The poor
why wanders he always in my street*

As no train was steaming off that time, the Nawab excused that he could leave at night. Sarkar accepted his request and said. "Ok. You must leave at night."

Nawab sahib asked me to see him and hoped that might I have to go with him.

When I lowered to his feet he asked who that is.

"Aoughat Shah." I replied.

"you live at your father's grave?"

I said yes and said that Bichrayon is not far from here.

He said. " then it's your territory. Ok. Stay."

After taking rest when the tiresome was over Sarkar Alam Panah sat in a Palki and all the slaves walked behind the procession from Kaseer to Ghalibpur.

*When he decided to set out
thousands of his lovers
Became the dust of his way*

The Ghalibpur was close to the town of Diyai. The Nawab had named that Shakoor Ganj and had decided to dwell there. He had

built a beautiful bungalow there. Its one roof always collapsed and some said that might be a giant was responsible for that.

Nawab Sahib bring Sarkar Alam Panah in the newly build house and thane wanted to take hi in Dharampur as he had arranged a great feast there. But Sarkar Alam Panah said in anger, " I'll stay here."

The slaves asked Sarkar Alam Panah to change his mind but he didn't accepted the request and said. " No, I'll stay here."

He said the words twice. Nawab was distressed at this so Thakar Pancham Singh dared and went to request again. Sarkar Alam Panah said , " Thakar! I'll stay here now."

Thakar said. " Alright! You may stay here but it would be difficult for Nawab to arrange the feast here as he will have to fetch all the things from Dhrampur to ease the Sarkar Alam Panah and his slaves.

As he was soft hearted and couldn't see anyone in misery so he said. " Ok, Move there, either the guests will in unhappiness."

At this at once the Palki was brought. Sarkar Alam Panah got up and with in an hour reached Dharmpur. Nawab Sahib was so happy and saying:

He steps in my house,

it is the elegance of Allah

Once I see at my home and once see him

I remember well that was Friday of Ramdhan Ul Mubarik, when his Palki reached Dharmpur. At night he said to Nawab Sahib, " Tomorrow is Friday, who leads the prayer?"

He alleged that Moulvi Parwarash Ali leads the Friday prayer. At this Sarkar Alam Panah asked to Hafiz Khuda Bakhsh who was entitled as Ahmed Shah, " Moulvi has not bound in contractual arrangement, to morrow you will lead the prayer and deliver a short sermon."

He then ordered to Babu Kuniya Lal, " You also must keep fast tomorrow and will offer the prayer with us."

He set to learn the way of prayer whole night and Hafiz Sahib prepared a brief address. At noon Sarkar Alam Panah walked towards the Masjid and the followers were behind him as an army. There were unusual crowd in the Masjid. Hafiz Sahib delivered the same address and recited short Surahs during the prayer. Sarkar Alam Panah was in first row and in rear rows were Babu Kuniya Lal, Thakar Pancham Singh and other Warsi slaves. After prayer meelad was read and sweet was divided. Sarkar Alam Panah got up the Palki (A wooden litter carried on two poles by the bearers) and reached the home.

When I see him at night he said to Pancham Singh, " Thakar you must not be owed to others for lending their things and if you borrow you should give something in barter."

When he came out he asked me, " Tell me rightly why he has said so, I think that he has pointed towards you as it is his style of speaking. He talks to one and actually is telling the other. So I think that he was even speaking to me but no one present there other than you, it

must be you then to whom he was saying that."

I thought and found my mistake and understand that:

He pointed towards me in such style

While he was conversing to another

No doubt that he has warned me and I told Thakar Sahib that the Qawals have taken my blanket so my friend Khwaja Hassan have given me his quilt for the reason of cold weather.

I was in the same quilt at that time and Sarkar Alam Panah not wanted his slave to owing some one other.

He satisfied but I was so ashamed that whole night I remain in anxiety. I was feeling repentance and was asking for his forgiveness and I would say in humble tone:

O, King forgive my sins

No doubt I'm sinful and you the forgiver

Even in the morning I was ashamed and feeling guilty but I went to see him fervently than Sarkar Alam Panah was in Kabli Dhussa (A kind of blanket) he took off and gave to me I took as a royal robe and kept away the quilt. I took that precious Dhussa and was wandering happy.

After Zohar when I went to see him he said. " Aoughat Shah! Listen! Fi Anfusikum Afa la tubsirun. Understand?"

The miraculous blessings of Warsi all of a sudden changed the condition of my heart. I can't describe that condition in words. It is not only difficult but also forbidden. As:

The private secrets of the kings

Shouldn't tell to others

They can't stand with them easily

I said. "Hazoor, I understand."

If someone asks that what have you understand then I only can say that in that condition I understand that whatever I understand before was forgotten and this advice was so effective and revolutionized that my heart became contented and I came to know that in the abundance is the oneness, reflecting fully. That's the spirit of the worlds and perfect faith as Moulana says:

The meeting without zeal is nothing

It doesn't make the differ

Among the Lord and creature

I had recited that verse with translation and explanation. I remember the points that was described by the learned ones and scholars. I have seen the meanings and the secrets that were written by well-known Sufis. I was limited only to the speech and written words. It had no contact with reality or spirituality. as:

Information is no more than sayings

It can't improve the insight of a man

On the other hand when Sarkar Alam Panah recited the verse and as he was well aware of the secret aspects and it was a proof of his complete grip on the subject that only with hearing the words even I confirmed that the verse is a clear sign of the creator.

It was not surprising if he had related the meanings and other points but it was amusing that he even didn't translate the verse and only asked, "Understand" and said it with such way that I forgot every thing that I understand before and my mind was clean as, "his blessings removed all from the heart what was read or written".

The impact is impossible without true love and as the way of Sarkar Alam Panah is only love and true love. He had a such impact and effect in his words and deeds that when he said a thing, was saturated with real effect. He could impress anyone before him. The effect was such great which burnt everything except the beloved. Everything was removed from the heart with the exception of Allah as Moulana Room says:

Love is such a flame when it wavers

Burn down everything except beloved

Such effect of the love is pure monotheism that in the grains of the universe a real witness is confirmed who is everywhere.

Sarkar Alam Panah the king of the love Kingdome with his inner powers mere with in a moment brushed out the defilement of the plenty of the wondering thoughts from my un-satisfied heart and filled it with the oneness of Allah. He confirmed the oneness and purified my heart.

Often I have observed that such was his way and style. He trained many of his followers just saying a few words and no wonder that only recitation of a verse changed me completely. After this I

reaming sitting as an idol for sometime.

As usual at Asar I again went to see him he looked at me compassionately and said. " Aoughat Shah! You will find Allah one day in these idols."

He smiled and slightly turned his face. The good news satisfied me but the style of turning face made me more anxious and before I could say something he knowing my inner situation said. " Go, and stay."

I came out the room and thanked God with pleasure:

The moment was so nice and sweet

when I gave an ear to him

And he whispered sweet words to me

At the occasion uncle Hafiz Abdul Majeed, brother Hafiz Zafar Ud Din and Choudhary Tajamal Hussain had come to see him. While Sarkar Alam Panah was leaving from Dharampur they meet and bowed before him. Sarkar Alam Panah after a pause said. " I have got a letter that Aoughat Shah uses to sit on the cot."

The all of three said that the information was not true.

Then Sarkar Alam Panah said. " A letter has been received from Bichrayon that Aoughta Shah not only sits on the cot but also wears a Kurta."

They all again denied it and said that someone has informed him wrongly.

Sarkar Alam Panah said. " It must be wrong. Aoughat Shah

is not a such person. He has said that one who leaves a way and again have that is cursed."

He ordered to Khadim and sent for me. I presented myself before him.

He said. " Look! Aoughat Shah! You should live at Bichrayon with grace and fearless."

"I can't understand it" I wanted clarification. He said.

"Live without voracity. Live without any fear."

I touched his feet and he said. " come along me."

Sarkar Alam Panah got on Palki and left for Sandal. We all followed but my uncle , my brother and others returned to Bichrayon from there.

A well of a huge diameter was seen in the way. Eight water puller were working at the same time. Noor Muhammad Shah said. " Look! eight puller are working at once."

Sarkar Alam Panah stepped down from the Palki, looked and again sat in the Palki and said. "I have seen a well of greater parameter than this one."

We couldn't understand that why he had got down to see an ordinary thing but after that we got know that he neither wanted to see a big well or eight working shafts but only for the pleasure of an old servant. It is true that in the day of promise Allah had filled the hearts of the lovers with love and passion:

The king granted me

the love a treasure of grief

So that I may found

At the destination a wasteland

It is also true that the spiritual leaders have guided some people in spiritual world and they ever look after them. When those people came to the physical world they too have devotion and connection with their leaders and their natural excitement utters:

My Saqi broadened

My heart and the sip

That have made me intoxicated

Still is in the goblet

The leader also proves helpful for them even in the world and leads them to the will of Allah and blessed them with his inner favours. He according to a verse from the Holy Quran, " everything has its time" and when such time came for an old devotee he stepped down from the Palki and chose a labor working on the well and kept him with him. That wise man with excitement of love turned towards his true leader.

I witnessed his wondrous powers that the men who were working on the well remained working but one of them who was a Rajput left the work and joined with us. He followed the Palki and reached the Sandol. There he in excited tone said to me, " Mian Sahib! Please also make me his follower and devotee."

I brought him in his presence and told about his request.

Sarkar Alam Panah smiled and at the same time entered him among the devotees and said. " Ok, go. You've become follower."

The people who wanted to see him gathered in great number and many were entering the Warsi line so I stood at the main gate and began to handed Shajra to each devotee. Babu Kuniya Lal also joined me in this duty. At the same time the new devotee Hindu Rajput approached to me and asked for shajra. I asked, "What will do of this?"

The true follower said. "In the hereafter when Allah will ask me that you were also his devotee then I will show him the Shajra.

Babu Kuniya took all the papers and handed to him and said with pleasure that such devotee is worthy to keep the shajra.

At dharampur thousands of the people entered in the creed and hundred became his devotee at Sandol. At last Sarkar Alam Panah boarded on the train from Atroli station and reached Aligarh and stayed at the house of Hafiz Hassan khan upward the fort and there also people and devotees gathered even those couldn't see him at Dharampur and Sandol also came from Atroli, Dubai, oont Ghar,Chandeera and Qadrey Bagh. They all entered in the Warsi creed.

He stayed there for three years and blessed the people with his favours.

When he decided to go to Hatras he also allowed me to leave. I kissed his feet and returned to the Masjid of Bichrayon. The

pleasant memories of that journey became the companions of my loneliness at night. Whenever I thought about his amazing spiritual powers I remained still for hours.

After that my eyes were not interested in other things. All the time reel and movie of that scene remained before the eyes which I had observed at Dharmpur. I went to see some suits but my heart was not at ease:

*Whoever has taken
a drink of tenderness from you*

*Never seeks for a curer
in that state*

The night was passed in restless and the thoughts were so powerful that my heart was not at ease at any time. When the day of Urs of my father got closer I engaged myself in its arrangements. The day was also changed and I adopted the solar month instead of the lunar. So the Urs of 1319 started on first Chait according to 14 Muharram and with unseen help the Urs developed than last. It had now such fame that some Mashaikh was also participating and my friends and relatives were also taking interest. At this occasion the Urs remained for three days and Qawali was also offered. On 3rd Chait and 16 Muharram the ceremony of Urs was over.

Meanwhile I was informed that Noor Muhammad was dismissed from his service and his second Faizu Shah was appointed

and the reason for his dismissing was he had become bitterly voracious and instead of continues warning he did not give up and nor he thought:

The world and all its matters are mortal

The treasure and wealth is of no use

At last one day Sarkar Alam Panah said to him, " Noor Muhammad listen, it is a famous proverb that:

Deceit with friend and theft with leader make a man either blind or leper"

But he was caught in greed in such way that he didn't give an ear to the advice. His blood became hot and his face was being spoiled day after day. He repented then and dreamed the same night that Sarkar Alam Panah dipped him in a river and when take out his sore and disease was removed. His swollen hands and feet became in right position.

The dream came true and within two weeks he was healthy but as it is said that greed is no satisfied he again returned to his bad routine and again he was punished. In few days he was diseased again and then no cure had effect. His feet swelled and the fingers were badly wounded. He earned bad name and have neither wealth nor God.

Put aside the expectations from the world

Greed for this has nothing but vain

As it was routine that Khadim Khas served him the food so

Noor Muhammad used to spread the carpet. He touched the food and it was unbearable for others. Mirza Ibraheem Baig Shaida and Qazi Bakhshash Ali requested Sarkar Alam Panah to remove him from the service and said that if he do the other job and things they haven't any objection but they can't see him touching the food and edible things which are served to Sarkar Alam Panah .

For their satisfaction he said. " that don't take the disease serious and dangerous for others. Moreover an old man is not affected by such disease."

Sometimes he would say that he will not serve the food but the orders were not carried and he Noor Muhammad remained still on his service.

At last, one day the both devotee went before him and with tears they said. " Hazoor we request you that let Noor Muhammad do all other things but prevent him getting close to your meals."

The request was sincere and full of love so Sarkar Alam Panah at once removed Noor Muhammad shah from his service but he didn't appoint an other servant at his place. The both were pleased with that but Noor Muhammad was sitting outside the door as criminal and crook.

At Asar he suddenly called for him. All were taken aback but Noor Muhammad who was sitting as a crook came in and took his job. Shaida Mian and Qazi thought that their request was not to be rejected so perhaps he has allowed him for other duties and he will

not be at dinner but when at night supper was fetched, Noor Muhammad serve it as usual. The both kept silent at that time.

It was routine that at night two more servants were called for and they were said to relate a historical episode or answer his questions. They lived as servant there at night and knew a lot about his behavior and manners.

Only few Khadims were chosen as night duty other than two permanent Khadims.

That night they were on duty they decided that in the morning it would be resolved that Noor Muhammad will never touch the food or come closer to the dinner carpet.

In the morning when Sarkar Alam Panah has taken his breakfast the both stood reverentially before him and said. " We request leave."

" Where will you go?." He asked.

"To our homes." They replied.

" For what and why." Sarkar Alam Panah said.

They said. "We are common man of the world and being common human beings we can't see that the food you eat is touched by a leper's hand. Noor Muhammad should also be cautious about the matter but he doesn't take care for his selfishness and we can bear no more this situation so even unwillingly we leave for our homes. We will be not here and will not see his corruption."

Sarkar Alam Panah thought for while and then stood up and

embraced them and said. "You left world for us and it is your love that you ask to prevent him . Ok he will not serve the food next."

Then asked to Faizu Shah to take the bag from Noor Muhammad Shah and remove him from the service. Faizu shah without any delay obeyed.

In that bag were his things as a comb, a wooden stick for eye-powder, antimony, a few mud lumps and tooth pick, a herbal powder medicine. The Khadim who had the bag was called as Khadim Khas. Faizu Shah had the bag then but another servant was required and different names were selected.

Shah Fazal Hussain Sahib and Shaida Mian requested and sought his permission to call Aoughat Shah. Sarkar Alam Panah said. "he lives at the grave of his father and moreover doesn't know the language of this vicinity. They suggested Abu Al Hassan and Bigray Dil Shah but Sarkar Alam Panah also disliked that.

As Faizu Shah was alone so Shaida Mian and Qazi Sahib were lending him a hand in his duties. Sarkar Alam Panah hadn't selected a new servant. Thus Special Khadim remained only Faizu Shah and Neamat Ali Shah was appointed at the gate but he was not disposed for other duties or services.

During that period of time Shah Fazal Hussain wrote all about that situation and called for me for his service. I wrote him back that it was a saying of the holy persons that , " the closer ones have more surprise." Second I've heard that Sarkar Alam Panah made

his servants as blinds. So I fear to be a servant and request that as he has enslaved me, keep me same forever. Inshah Allah I will come on Karthik Mela and will say verbally.

I went to participate in fair on 16 1320 Hijri and observed startlingly that Noor Muhammad shah who was in high air was dwelling in the house of a poor oil ma. He has been wretched and no one asked about his condition.

His horrific and hideous condition I thought that it was not easy to serve being a particular servant. I warmheartedly went in his presence. I also wanted to set my eyes on the sacred Aastana in the morning and in the evening. I wanted to end my life there As Jami says:

Don't have dwelling

The lovers but in my street

The nightingale stays

Only in the gardens

Sarkar Alam Panah have kindness and compassion and called for me in 1320 for Urs Shah Walayat. I stayed for six days and when time for setting of came Sarkar Alam Panah allowed me to stay for more days. It was a great reward for me.

I was in the seventh sky

When you looked to me with kindness

I was also ordered to place me bed at Aastana. The same day I shifted my bed in first porch of the gate. Raheem Shah lived in the

southern room and Neamat Ali shah had his bed towards north side from my bed.

There was no grief and I was fully contented.

He accepted me at his door and let me stay

Other than there was no dwelling for Aoughat.

First I was asked to make arrangements for the guests and to arrange their lodging and take care for their necessities. I was also asked to see that the drinking water and food was giving to them regularly.

I took the newcomers before him who wanted to enter the circle of his devotion.

The grain that was divided among the needy people was also my duty. I stayed on all the day for that service. I was proud of my luck.

One day it rained and night became darker under the shadows of clouds. The guest were feeling it hard to move toward and get back from Aastana. There were no light arrangements in the courtyard and the main gate. The next they complained and Sarkar Alam Panah ordered me to solve the problem. I erected two wooden poles on in the courtyard and other close to the main gate near wash-room. The lanterns were fixed on these poles and

When at night the lanterns were lighten up all well-liked the arrangement but Faizu Shah complained that a new thing is done which had never done before. New organizer has placed the poles with lamps. Sarkar Alam Panah called for me and asked about the

matter. I explicated the need for that and showed him the lantern that was lighted up in the courtyard. It was raining slightly and in the dark that light look so nice. Sarkar Alam Panah asked, " Is it your establishment?"

" One is outside the gate also has been set." I replied.

" I will see that too." He said and the Khudam hesitated for the rain but Sarkar Alam Panah stepped to the gate and when saw the light said. " The guest will feel ease and comfort now."

After his acceptance no one objected again. I made arrangement for light where it needed.

One day Sarkar Alam Panah asked me, "Have the letters received?"

I said. " Harprashad the post man has not come yet."

"Go, and carry from the post office." He ordered me.

I went and collected the letters. Sarkar Alam Panah took them in hands and said. "Many letters have received."

In those days it was routine that Zahoor Ahsraf Mian after collecting the letters from postman used to read aloud before him but without sequence. He came for the purpose and when tried to take the letters Sarkar Alam Panah handed those to me and began to see one by one.

This service was also added in my duties and I fetched the letters and wrote the replies according him. The routine continued for a period of time and then he asked me to read only the briefly. This routine also last for few days and dictated me and replied the letters.

Then he asked me to write the replies. I wrote and read aloud before him.

The Khadims ever tried to make him pleased and when he used to smile they thought it their great success. His smile was a great wealth for them. I also used to tell him interesting things while I carried the lamp during his supper. I used to mentioned the light jokes of some majzooob saint or same like. It meant that Sarkar Alam Panah may eat a little more as he had lessen his food. He had become weak and felt difficult while walking on foot.

I also sit before him at noon when no one was allowed to see him and used to read romantic verses from the collections of Mashaikh. One day I read a poem of my father. Its first verse was:

*I the infidel of love
Have no other things to do
I don't care for infidelity
or for Islam*

When he heard the verse raised his hand and said. " who has written this poem?"

" My father" I replied and he said. " He was a faqeer."

He liked the poetry of Khwaja Amir Khusrau and often said. " A devotee should be such". He said that Amir Khusrau was true devotee of his Pir and Pir should to coach his disciple in such a way that the both become one.

The guide and the devotee, the Pir and Mureed are like a

father and son or teacher and student or husband and wife who are united and are well wisher to each other.

The same state of affairs lies between a guide and his devotee. Guide curves his love and passion of obedience in the heart of his disciple through his compassion and kindness. The submission makes a devotee successful.

If we consider the Pir and Mureed as father and son then we should know that the father is physical father and the Pir is spiritual father.

The father nourishes his son with delicious food and religious guide provides him the foods of meanings for his upraising.

The father protects his son from physical diseases and on the other hand his Pir or Murshid protects him from the attacks of the devil.

The son is inheritor of his father's worldly things and Mureed is successor of the spiritual and inner knowledge of his guide.

As the son is sign of his father same the disciple is live memory of his guide.

If we take Pir as a teacher and Mureed as a pupil then imagine that a teacher gives knowledge of the world to his pupil and Pir conferred the inner blessings upon his Mureed. The teacher is physical guide and trained his student in worldly affairs but the Pir is real teacher and he trained his Mureed meaningful aspects. The common teacher

guides to different dictionaries and real teacher guides to the real points and secrets of the spiritualism. The common or formal teacher made a student broad and bright minded and real teacher illuminates the rusty heart of his Mureed. A teacher looks after his student and Pir is guardian and protector of his Mureed.

The hand of spiritual guide

is not shorten than unseen

As his hands is nothing

But Allah's powers

If we think that Pir and Mureed are just like husband and wife. It is true. As the couple recognizes well each other and acquainted with each other same the Pir knows the condition of his Mureed and the keep secrets of each other.

The marriage bond is of no use if they live separate and in veils from each other. Same like till the Mureed is cloaked and covered away he can't get the full blessings of his Pir.

The veil is nothing but self likeness which is only can be removed with the hand of love. When it is unveiled the Mureed confirms the truth and say in his excitement.

I have seen him in sure certainty

I'm free of any doubts

It is recognized that it results in unity and Khwaja Amir Khusrau's condition is a clear evidence for that. His sincerity elevated his rank and today only he is considered as the believer of his Pir and

he also has got the title of true disciple.

This privilege can't be get through force

Till it is not granted by the Gracious God

One day as I was busy in my daily routine Sarkar Alam Panah looked at me and with compassion said. " Establish Urs of your father."

I said in humble tone that I had decided that till I would be at Bichrayon I will establish Urs.

As I am no more there so I shouldn't have concern with that.

Sarkar Alam Panah insisted, "He was faqeer, Go, and make arrangements."

Then he said to Khadim Khas, "If you have a printed cloth sheet, bring to me."

Faizu Shah brought few cloth sheets. Sarkar Alam Panah took three sheets, two of them were pink and one was maroon, handed to me and said. "Spread on the graves from me."

On Dulqaad 17 I set off from Deva Shariff and reached Bichrayon. I made preparations for Urs and as usual on 14 Zul Hajja on the opening ceremony the cloth sheets were spread on the graves of Suhrab Shah and my father. One pink sheet was spare. I put it aside thinking that it must be for a purpose and perhaps it has a secret.

The Urs ended successful with the compassion of my true leader and as the more guests had come so I had to make extra

arrangements for them.

The people of that town also took warm interest. Qul was read on 16 Zulhajja and I returned back to Deva Shariff on 20 Zulhajja and began to perform my duties.

By chance I had to set out for Bichrayon on 28 Jamadi Ul Awal 1321 Hijri. Hafiz Ali Bakhshash who lived near the Masjid Suhrab Shah told me about his dream that he saw as one night he wanted to enter the mosque through the broken wall of eastern side, A Tehband posh , having long hair locks was resting against a lion, between the tombs under a tree. The lion attacked me and I ran backwards and again tried to enter through the door and saw that same Tehband posh sitting there. I called out you. You came out from the mosque and the lion and the person disappeared under the tree. You said me not to fear and told that was the tomb of Shah Sahib and the lion was his pet for riding.

On this dream next day I ordered to dig up three feet at that place. Signs of a grave appeared and I call at once my maternal grand father Choudhary Habib Ullah Khan and uncle Haji Ahsfaq Hussain Khan, brother Choudhary Zafar Ud Din Khan and uncle Choudhary Hafiz Abdul Majeed Sahib, showed them the grave. The all suggested to rebuilt and uplift it. The grave was rebuilt and the expenses were borne by Moulvi Qiam Ud Din and a platform was also built around the graves and the third sheet was spread on new discovered grave. The secret unveiled and the grave that was hidden away from our

eyes was before his eyes. As hafiz says:

*It is not procedure that
secret should be exposed
The company of the kings
doesn't know that was not*

After this the sources proved that even Suhrab Shah belonged to Qadria House and was Mureed of Rahmat Ullah shah but the grave of his Murshid was here and the mosque was also built by him.

In short, on 6 Jamadi Us Sani I returned to Deva Shariff and told Sarkar Alam Panah about the new discovery of that grave and next Urs was arranged also for that tomb. I with the permission of Sarkar Alam Panah went on 4 Dulqaad and after Urs returned Deva Shariff on 19 Zulhajja.

For the Urs again I went to Bichrayon on 13 Zilhajja and Urs started from 14 Muharram and ended on 16 and on 18th I set out for Deva Shariff accompanied by a few of my relatives and their women and reached on 19th there. I met Sarkar Alam Panah and found that he was caught cold and his tone was coarse due to the cold. Even it was a minor ailment and of no worry but when I saw the servants in great worry I found that he was not enough well.

I considered that it would be difficult to see the guest. It was almost impossible for ladies to see him so next day I sent back my relatives and the ladies due to his illness.

Shaida Mian had gone to Bichrayon with me so Sarkar Alam Panah asked, " Where is Shaida?"

" He stayed at Lakhnau." I said.

" Call him by telegram." He ordered and I telegraphed him the same time and he reached by the train at night. He was much worried for his illness and when saw that his sickness was increasing on Muharram 21 he telegraphed to devotees on different places. On 22 and 23 Moulvi Muhammad Yahya from Patna, Justice Sharaf Ud Din from Patna, Nawab Abdul Shakoor Khan, Babu Kuniya Lal and Hafiz Hassan Khan from Aligarh, Raja Dousat Muhammad Khan from the district of Sultanpur. Haji Warsi Al Zaman from Zamania reached at Deva Shariff. The other devotees who heard the news of his illness hurried to Deva Shariff. With in two days a great and huge gathering could be seen at Deva Shariff. The Warsi devotees suggested collectively Hakeem Abdul Hafeez and he was called on 23 Muharram from Lakhnau and the regular treatment started.

The physician said that was Zat Ul Janab disease. He prescribed Kheesanda and Qeeroti and Nawab Abdul Shakoor prepared the medicine under his management and pharmacologists were appointed to prepare the medicines. He examined all prescriptions and prescribed drugs. He served the duty till last. Kheesanda was used regularly and his body was massaged with qerooti but no improvement was observed.

Even his ailment increased on 24 and his body weakened

more. The physician changed the prescription and added Jwahir Mohra that was used at afternoon. At night the fever was still and he was coughing and spitting continuously. Even on 25th the disease was severe. The physician again wrote down the new prescription of Kheesanada and used some other techniques but as it is said that, "Almond oil can't be dried" and the disease increased consciously.

On Muharram 26, the devotees and followers gathered in a great number at Aastana. 10 well qualified and proficient physician were also among them. They suggested that no doubt Hakeem Abdul Aziz is an experience and expert physician but even after passing four days he remained unable curing the disease. This situation is dangerous and shocking therefore an other physician should be appointed. If we wasted the time then we will have no chance after that,

The other devotees also liked the suggestion and Warsi brethren said that Hakeem Abdul Hayyi of Mahona Town who was specialist and he had come to see him should be appointed as his physician.

The treatment was changed and the Warsi followers with great thanks Hakeem Abdul Aziz and see off him. Hakeem Abdul Hayyi prescribed with great care and he joined some other Warsi devotees who had knowledge about the Tib and were expert physicians. He prepared a medicine which had good impact and he felt ease and relief. On 28 he had only light fever and all devotees

prostrated before Allah in thanks. They expected that he would recover soon.

The treatment was prolonged with great care and it was also managed that no people can gather around him except Khadim and the people who had come to see him. It was also made out that the people wouldn't talk aloud as it was painful for him.

the people had gathered at the gate and wanted to see him impatiently. They were staying there for two days. When he felt well the were allowed to see him and many of them entered in his devotees. Meanwhile an inhabitant of Khaibar Pass (Afghanistan) fell on his feet as:

*The lovers rush to him
with excitement
They don't hear the mind
and don't care the life*

He said tearfully something in Pashto language and Sarkar Alam Panah gave him Tehband and gave him the title of Nadir Shah and said. " Go, Visit and abstain to see other face."

He again touched his feet and said amusingly:

*How can I thank your favours
That a royal robe
has been given to the mendicant*

Old servants told that he had presented before and wanted to leave the worldly relations. Sarkar Alam Panah made him his

follower but he didn't give him the robe and asked him to come after three years. He promised then to make him his Tehband posh. The fixed day has reached to day and he has come here. Our truthful leader fulfilled his promise and also gave him the title.

His other occurrence and first coming are also strange things but due to the fear of length I will only say that his an unusual incident is that when he took Tehband and left the Aastana everybody saw him proceeding towards the gate but after this he was not seen by any one on the gate, in the town or at the station. The way was flooded with people who were coming to see Sarkar Alam Panah. Even till today no one knows that if he is alive or have passed away. The verse of Saadi portrays his condition.

Those people

come to get virtue

He doesn't know

If even his news returns or not

On 29 Muharram the same prescription of Hakeem Abdul hayyi was given and Sarkar Alam Panah seemed better and devotees were coming to see him. He favoured them all. In the same time an old Sadhu Nanak Shahi came there and he articulated an Ashlok in Sanskrit and with that he himself became inebriated. Even then Sarkar Alam Panah was so weak he made him to believe in oneness and he entered in the succession of Warsi. He asked his name and he said. " O, my leader this humble faqeer is called Neem Das but the

title is temporary , my real name would be suggested by you.

I have no my own name

Whatever my name you will suggest I will be that

Sarkar Alam Panah blessed him more and wished to change his outer look too. He ordered Faizu Shah to give him the Tehband and Langot and in feeble voice, " Now your name is Rasool Shah, do nothing for the world and you must die in Allah's love."

The same year he went to Makka Mukarma and offered pilgrimage:

The poor ant wanted to go to Kaaba

She put her hand in the paw

of a pigeon and

all of sudden was there

He also got the blessings after that Hajj that his fixed time reached and he died and flew to the immortal world. Praise to be Allah! The company of a moment filled the dust with purity. He was buried there and was succeeded. Saadi says:

Follow the true men and don't be fear

One who has got on the boat of Noah shouldn't afraid of the storm

Other devotees also came and entered among his followers. He again fell ill at afternoon and his fever was high. Hakeem Sahib tried his best to bring down the temperature but no attempt was succeeded. In the evening he remained in the same condition. On 30 Hakeem sahib added more few things with Kheesanda but it was of

no use. Hakeem Sahib was disappointed and said that he is too weak that no medicine has effect on him.

Hakeem Naseer Ud Din Sahib Warsi of Ottawa spoke to the addressees and said. " I am here since evening and think again and again that for what time I have got the knowledge of the medicine and if I can't serve my leader then my knowledge is nothing and of no use. I request you all to allow me that I also may try to cure his disease and write a prescription and if you allowed I will use that. If you don't tear it away."

His sincere speech impressed all those who were present there and said together that they all had the equal right for his treatment and they are ready to do anything for his health. They allowed him to try. They said might be his medicine is useful for him. They allowed him gladly and said that as he has spoken sincerely he should do prescribed without any delay:

The moment when the heart gets the love is a precious moment

To do a virtue and good deed one need no take omen

Hakeem Sahib prescribed a prescription for Jawahirish, Syrup, Pills, Qerooti and a Lakhlakha and Hakeem Yaqub Baig, Hakeem Abdul Hayyi, Hakeem Mansab Ali and Hakeem Jameel ul Haq thought and they suggested minor changes. After that immediately the medicine was prepared and at Asar first doze was given to Sarkar Alam Panah.

All were waiting the good news about his health and that the

treatment of Hakeem Nasir Ud Din was successful but our bad luck showed the opposite result and the sickness increased at once. The weakness made him silent and if he uttered a few words no one could understand. The condition made grieved all of us.

Other things were done but of no use. Even the illness was insufferable but he showed great patience that was his splendor of love and the particular quality of his creed . he was silent and patience. No worry or anxiety were observed and when the doctors asked about his condition he said contentedly that he was good. If someone asked about the pain or throbbing of the tissues he didn't mentioned any pain. He never uttered a word of complain.

Besides this illness he ever showed surrender and submission before Allah. He was a true model of obedience. He never complained the disease and never felt unease. If the servants came to known about a pain he allowed treatment after their persistence.

The same situation was observed at this occasion and he didn't tell anyone about his disease.

It shows that as he had not told anyone about the disease so the last prescription also failed. The temperature raised and the hope for his health was wavering.

After Asar due to weakness his breath changed and become hard. He spoke a few such things that it seemed even before the midnight the candles of our hope will blew off. His condition was not good after Maghrib and the signs of our ill-fate increased at a furious

pace.

After midnight the doctors allowed him the water that was not allowed since last week. That care was unnecessary then. Water was given to him and it was surprising that his breath was fast but now instead of weakness his breath was invoking the name of Allah. All men who were present there were much impressed. Everyone was blessed with that Warsi blessing. After 3 o' clock Hakeem Yaqub felt his pulse and burst in tears. Faizu Shah mixed water in pomegranate drink and gave in a spoon. Second spoon dropped out.

I was there and with one hand was feeling the temperature of his head and with other I was examining his heart-beat. Faizu Shah was sitting near. Shaida Mian and Babu Kuniya Lal were sitting in front of his face and Ahmed Shah was standing towards his feet. About 60 devotees were standing around quietly. At once he inhaled a hard breathe and when after 15 or 20 minutes he exhaled we all saw very clearly a green delicate figure resembling him coming out from the body and flew to immortal world. He at Friday night on 4:15 met his lord.

No doubt all things are from Allah and will retrieve to Him.

*Alas, within a blink of eye
the company of beloved was over
I couldn't see the face of flower
and the spring was over.*

After this heartbreaking incident the situation of the present

men was surprisingly eccentric. The separation of friend is backbreaking and there was no a common friend but a true beloved leader. His departure for ever was not a little thing but a shocking incident and if the incident killed all the men there was no wonder. The center of their expectations have destroyed for ever. The house, which was treasure of the pleasure till yesterday, today that was house of grief and mourn. It was an unseen force who had bewildered the devotees and all were motionless and standstill. They were Quiet and if it is thought that the sudden grief and shock had made them immobile and silent, we can't say it also because who remained at that palace was cool but when he stepped out the gate the same person began to weep bitterly. Whatever was that but it is fact that all remained tranquil for some time and when this state was over they became grieved and sad. All sat around his bed till dawn and then it was discussed that where he should be buried. A group including some Raaes said that his tomb should be in graveyard of Shah Awais either the concrete house would turn to of no use. The other group in which faqeers were present wanted to make his grave at the same place where he had breathed his last. Moreover Hazrat had continually said. " Bury the faqeer where he dies."

They also mentioned the incident when Badnam Shah who was Khadim Khas and later was residing alone at Village Kheoli. When he died Sarkar Alam Panah ordered to Shaida Mian and Qazi Bakhshash Ali and said. " Go and bury Badnam Shah after bathing

the body where he has died."

He also gave them a color Tehband and langot for his Kaffan (Burial dress).

He had died on second story and the order was that where had died there should be buried. Qazi Bakhshash Ali said , " How is grave will be dug in roof?"

He take it as that perhaps he didn't understand said again, " No , where he has died bury him there."

They were in dilemma and after sometime Shaida Mian said that they should dug the grave at ground floor and a hole of same size should be make in the roof and after they should drop the body of Badnam Shah in the grave.

Sarkar Alam Panah said. " Don't trouble the dead, why should have you drop the body, bring it down and bury there."

So the order was carried. So when our real and true leader made the grave of his devotee at the same spot then it was necessary to make his grave on the sacred piece of land where remained till his last day.

Even the first group also knew the will and command but they didn't changed their opinion and they didn't like that his grave should be at Khanqah. They were in power and the other have trust in Allah and the set to complete the task. They determined to fulfill the command of Sarkar Alam Panah. We believed that if we were right and our decision was not for world we will be successful. Sarkar

Alam Panah will like to live in peace there forever where he is witnessing the Allah's beauty.

At once all stood up and they brought his bed near the eastern courtyard and drew lines for grave and ordered to dig up. At the same time a sub inspector from Kursi town reached there with few constables and forbade to dig the grave there and said that Syed Muhammad Ibraheem has reported that you wanted to destroy the house of Haji Sahib which is now his inherit.

They convinced him that according to his faith and way he ever refrained the worldly connections. He never arranged for his personal needs. He ate the food which was provided by others. He used the cloth that was exchanged by his followers and even he didn't keep the Tehband and changed with the one that was brought by a new Tehband posh. He stayed with others and didn't built a home for himself. The house is built by the followers for his comfort and the flowers are going to make it his eternal place of resting. His simple life will be memorable for ever and history will keep it in its pages that he was one he completely disconnected with worldly comforts and relations.

Sub Inspector returned back but again appeared and said , " What will you say about the matter that graves are prohibited in the village?"

Babu Kuniya Lal said. " No doubt that it is prohibited in the limits of municipality to made the graves but there is no

municipality."

He had to return but it is said that an application was forwarded to the district ruler and when it was rejected the dominant people stopped the workers to dig up the grave.

When laborers went away the follower came forward and the completed the task themselves. After bathing the holy body it was tried to line up the people for funeral prayer butt thick crowd at that small place was unmovable so they were taken as in lines and Hafiz Abdul Qayyum Karnali leaded the prayer and at 5'0 clock the body illuminated with Allah's light was buried.

The earth opened vast its heart

That divine light entered in

When the tomb was built at the same place the first group tried select his successor and next day a resolution was passed by them in a meeting and they suggested Syed Muhammad Ibraheem as Sajjada Nasheen. There suggestion was not acceptable because they have asked for a formal Sajjada Nasheen as other Aastanas. They forgot that their suggestion was against the doctrine of the Warsi. Again most of the followers including Tehband posh and old servants controvert and said that the matter was against the teachings and advice of Sarkar Alam Panah. They said that he had often spoken that, " Love is our destination therefore no one can be our Khaleefa or Sajjada Nasheen. Who loves us is ours."

They said that this was recorded and that writing was safe

with Justice Syed Sharaf Ud Din and it was mentioned in the book "Ain Ul Yaqeen" published 1311 Hijri. So no one can be his Sajjada Nasheen. However if someone is appointed for the supervision and management of the Aastana and he is called Deewan, Mutawalli, Sahibzada, manager, Organizer or with other title we will not object but if he is called Sajjada Nasheen the followers will not accept the title. You can chose for management and there will be no objection.

When it was cleared through the opinion that Sajjada Nasheen was not fit but against the Warsi faith and belief. The followers will not accept the Sajjada Nasheen collectively. They wished that Syed Muhammad Ibraheem should be a Ahram Posh in some way but it would be respected only when an old faqeer of Sarkar Alam Panah would change his dress.

Maroof Shah Sahib was selected for the purpose and the convinced him that they have chosen Syed Muhammad Ibraheem for management so he should be a Tehband Posh. They expected him that he would change his dress. He accepted the request and after Qul Maroof Shah spoke to the gathering and followers and said that according to the command of Sarkar Alam Panah no can be Sajjada Nasheen but as we need someone for the management so we appoint Syed Muhammad Ibraheem as organizer and manger. He has no concern with ceremonies and rituals of the Aastana. He will not change the old organization who is doing something will remain same.

Alas! It was never done and even Syed Muhammad Ibraheem used and wrote the title of Sajjada Nasheen with his name. servants and Khadim were removed from their posts. He forgot the commands of the faith and when the followers saw destroying their expectations they were unrest. Some accept exile and some give up their relations. Some were ruined badly. Some headed to the deserts. Servants were scattered. All were crying and mourning bitterly. Sadness spread in all directions and dwellings. Someone wrote his grief in verses. I also said some verses that depict also his departure date.

Haji Waris Ali King of times

Syed and leader of the all worlds

Sun of Faqar and religion the candle of guidance

Eastern and western were blessed by him

*He the ruler of the Kingdome of submission and
obedience*

He had the splendor of Hazrat Ali

He had no contact with world except Allah

Unique lover and unique beloved was he

He tautened the belief of beginners

Made successful in a moment to the old ones

His qualities can't be described in words

Sun only can be compared with sun

On Friday morning first of Saffar

*He the full of qualities put a veil on his face
The world fell in gloom with his departure
The system of the world spoiled when he set off
There were cries and noise every where
As it would be on dooms day
The angels in heavens and human beings on earth
Both were drowned in grief and fretfulness
The beautiful faces withered with grief
The lovers were being ruined in his separation
When Aoughat asked for the date of his departure
Why the sun has hidden behind the blind*

When the Warsi followers began to leave for their homes I also requested to Shah Fazal Hussain that what should I do?

He said it would be better for you to stay on the grave of your father according to his command and protect your robe even you have to face unbearable situation. Stand firm . I got his advice and the same day I left the holy tomb of Sarkar Alam Panah and on 5 of the Saffar 1323 Hijri returned to Bichrayon and stayed in the Masjid Suhrab Shah.

When my dear ones came to know that I had come to staying permanently there. They built a small Hujra for me. On the occasion of Urs I added a day for Sarkar Alam Panah and performed Qul on 17 for him and the ceremony developed than the past and more guests were coming. There was much razzle-dazzle. I also

managed easily the things of need for the guests.

Innovatory changes at Aastana, the construction of Mausoleum, how we the spot of Sajjadgi was painted out and how Aastana Warsi made great strides and how the devotees did their best for that and how I went to Hijaz Muqadas, if Allah wants I will relate the details in second volume of the book.

Faqeer stayed on for four years at Aastana it was not due to my good deeds but it was only compassionateness of my spiritual leader. I was good for nothing that might be placed at high post. I hadn't dared to even being a meek servant of the holy place, that might be proved highly creditable for me and my forefathers. The time that I spend there is not less than a precious thing.

If each pore of my body had a tongue

I would tell a distinguish story from each one

Till today I wish to serve the Aastana and want be demised there.

That is such holy place

that I can give my life there

The dust of your house is better

to put on the head

I have written the days I spent there and during what miraculous things were witnessed can't be written in detail as they require a big volume. I also can't write down his countless sayings and advices. Many things have been brought out in different books.

Some things are concerned with our faith and can't be brought out openly.

I will relate a few of the things that I bear out his amazing powers.

I will describe with the request that I can't relate all things with detail for my little acquaintance and alike I can't relate the causes of his spiritual amazing powers due to my limited approach.

People used to call at Aastana and got the recompenses from him but some among them were who came for spiritual and heavenly . they can't be expressed easily. Those mysterious things which are full of secrets and those sayings have hidden meanings can't be write down. It is impossible for me.

I only can tell the dealings that are fit for my standard of wisdom. I have witnessed secretes and incredible and startling things even in the simple actions. Our knowledge and insight is help less there. Often lovers of Allah came who were saying anxiously.

*We want nothing
but only this
if you don't meet
life is not required*

It is not wrong if say that even common things had great importance in the Warsi Aastana. For instance a person came from Peeli Bheit and stayed at Dargah Shah Walayat with his permission. He entered the Warsi faith after Zohar prayer but when he was asked to pray the Asar prayer he replied innocently.

" I have become his follower then what does it mean for prayer."

Who have fell in love with an idol

in gambling house

They have left the two kaabas

and have gone to only one

" Why will you not offer the prayer after becoming a follower?," Shah Sahib inquired. "that is true duty."

" I've heard the whoever enters among his followers is freed from offering the prayers," he said in surprised way. " For the reason I'd come here."

Shah sahib called for me and said. " His thoughts are wandering and impure, for God sake tell him to offer the prayer."

" Have you sought the permission from your Murshid?," I asked.

" No, I've not yet," he replied.

" If he says you to leave you can, but not yourself," I told him and he got the point and the same time along with me went to see him. I related the whole story.

" Offer your prayers for more three years and after this you will be spared," he smiled and said to him. He also asked him to read the Darood Shariff in a special way.

He was very happy and returned and offered the prayer with great care.

" My prayer will be ended after three years," he told to Shah Fazal Hussain.

He appeared there in Mela Katic and was observed having ablution all the time and reading Drood Shariff. He also offered his prayers regularly. It happened that on the occasion of third fair he didn't come and when Wali Gohar Khan Warsi came from Peeli Bheit, told that he had died and Shah Fazal Hussain after counting the days declared that he had died on the last day of 3rd year. It means that Sarkar Alam Panah had ordered him to offer his prayers till his last day. Life ended and prayer ended too. It shows that Sarkar Alam Panah knew his conditions and he said nothing but due to Allah's powers.

Allah had spoken through his words

Though the words were spoken by his man

Same like Munshi Syed Najam Ud Din Raees of Banke Pur was a pious man

Once he appeared devotionally at Deva Shariff. After that Sarkar Alam Panah went to Banke Pur he requested to eliminate his prayers.

" Munshi, Prayer are not to be missed or left, as Quran says, I didn't create Jinn and human beings but for my worship," Sarkar Alam Panah advised him.

" I don't offer they for worship but as a habit," He replied. " such prayer is of no use."

" Munshi Sahib! It is better to kept on the routine, keep on

offering prayers till your last day." Sarkar Alam Panah said.

He died after three days during Asar prayer in third Rakaat.

A Moulvi came from Punjab in 1320 Hijri and was stayed with Deputy Syed Muhayy Ud Dina Warsi and Deputy Latif Alam Warsi in upper story.

Next day Moulvi sahib asked them to offered the prayer.

"Don't you know, Who left the Prayer committed the infidelity perceptively," he then added after saying the Hadith which warns the people who don't prayer. " I've heard that even Sarkar Alam Panah doesn't offer his prayers and have come to dialogue with him."

When they heard such things, requested to replace their lodging to some other place.

"What's your name, wherefrom and for what have you come here." I inquired Moulvi.

" I am Abdullah, from Multan," he replied in Punjabi accent.

" I have come to talk with Sarkar Alam Panah about the prayer. The prayer is the pillar of the religion and faith and in hereafter it will be questioned first. Who leaves the prayer is out of the faith," then he added a verse. " who acts against the Prophet surely will not reach to his destination."

I took him the same time to Sarkar Alam Panah but kept silent there and when returned again asked me to take him before his presence.

" Where is he?" he asked.

" You have come back after seeing him just now," I said. " Ok, come on again."

I took him again there and Sarkar Alam Panah asked. " Who is that?"

"Has come from Multan." I said.

"Stay," he said. "Will see you later."

In short I took Moulvi for three times in his presence and each time after returning Moulvi asked that where was he? He wanted to talk with him.

Fourth time Sarkar Alam Panah said. "sit here," Moulvi at once leaned and kissed his feet. "The faith is continuous from Moulvi and he is convener of Islam," he looked at him and said. " when I began to learn the Kafia, the teacher said. Alkalma, is the word," I said. " If the Kalma is word then to learn it is of no use," then continued. " I dipped the library of my father into the pound," he proceeding said. " Moulvi ! do you know the meanings of Fi Anfusukum Afala Tubsiroon?"

They Moulvi kept quiet. He seemed in a deep thought. Sarkar Alam Panah inquired. "who was reading the Muthnavi of Moulana Rum at night?"

" Moulvi sahib was reading that." I said and Sarkar Alam Panah with harsh tone said. " Moulvi! Read understandingly either keep away. If you don't know the gist don't read."

He then asked Moulvi to go. He returned and sat stunned for some

time then uttered the first verse of the Muthnavi and began to dance in excitement. The audience were astonished to such dance. He first kept on dancing in upper room and then came down and before the gate of his house danced for a long time. He moved then in the streets of the town dancing and was saying again and again. " Now understand."

Eight days had gone and Moulvi was still dancing. He even didn't care for his dress, for food or water and even he forgot his prayers.

*How the flute tells the tale
and complains of being separate*

He was reading the above verse again and again then would say. " I really understand."

If someone asked him to offer pray he would say. " you better offer your prayer I've offered and my prayer is,

*"I don't prostrate everywhere
Have no Qibla other than this one"*

When he became more anxious he shed tears and would say,

*" O, the powerful!
To illustrate your beauty
expose your face
and unveil it
so that I may see
myself in the existence*

here bend before you

and there be happy in prostrating

Even all were aware of his condition but Raja Doust Muhammad Warsi felt regret on his condition and went to Sarkar Alam Panah and requested that the Universe was illuminated through his light and that makes a Sheikh to abide the faith Islam and the same form makes a Brahman to utter Ram Ram as.

Your drunkenness and your piety

Causes the dance

at drinking place

and even in the shrine

" I request humbly and hope that you will not reject the sinful. I don't wish to live more.

My dream is nothing but your eyes

I see the dream through them

Your locks of the hair

make me more anxious

" I want the robe of Faqar and want to disconnect all worldly connections."

" Return to your home and establish a religious Madrisa."

When he Moulvi he said. " If you want to be blemished then visit the East."

Moulvi at once leaned to his feet and set out to the East.

It is also strange thing that once a herbalist Punjab Durveish came

and sat near my bed.

" Wherefrom have you come O, Sadhu?" I said.

" I've come from Amratsar," He replied. " For twelve yeas I'm looking the answer that if the God is in our body or outside it. Many saints told me but I'm not satisfied. I heard name of Sarkar Alam Panah and came here as mendicant."

I guided him in. it chanced that that his bed was in the court yard and Sarkar Alam Panah was standing. As the Sadhu entered through the door, looking his appearance he bent down at the spot and kissed the earth then he staggered and lurched to him and getting close he threw his head on his feet.

Sarkar Alam Panah articulated me to arrange his lodging and nosh.

Outside the door I inquired. " Sadhu G! You asked nothing from him."

" I got my answers without questioning," He said. " when the door was wide opened I observed a light of his body from Earth to the Sky and when bent down found a human body. I became calm and tranquil and what hadn't understood, got at once."

I also witnessed that he rejected many who wanted to be Tehband posh and later it was cleared that they didn't want to be faqeer with true passion but had urged for some other reason.

Once a man from Nepal came and asked for Tehband.

" Make happy your spouse first." Sarkar Alam Panah said instantaneously.

He came out and acknowledged that he had clashed with his wife and so he wanted to become a faqeer but our true leader looked insight him and didn't grant him the Tehband because that was his family problem which had moved him come and ask for Tehband.

He didn't have true passion or urge. Many others have come for their timely and temporary reason or grief for Tehband but he didn't accept them. It was observed that when that state was over the again set to their routine businesses.

An old man of the Sabiria faith came from district of Aita. He was just like a durvesh. He was stayed under the tent outside the room of Raheem Shah but He stayed their for four or five days and didn't appear before Sarkar Alam Panah . Raheem Shah said me to ask him that who was and what had come and stayed for.

I went to his bed and observed that he had a printed book of Urdu in his hand and few common countrymen were sitting around him and he was teaching them the rules of Sufism and was also challenging that no one other than him knows those point and no knows the ranks and placement of those things. He said. " I've completed all phases of the spirituality with the blessings of my Murshid and even I visit the place of Lahoot."

I am the bird

who sits on the tree of Lahoot

I am the pearl

from the treasure of secrets

I kept on listening his spiritual education with patience for some time and then it was clear that he is showing of his insight powers to impress the common people for his personal needs. He remained busy from morning to evening in such activities and thus had no time to meet Sarkar Alam Panah.

" If you don't mind kindly tell me the names of those placements which you have got in spirituality." I asked and said. " O, son, even you haven't new the names of the placements of the Faqar in Tareeqat. I tell you, the first is Nasoot, second Malkoot, third Jabroot and the fourth is Lahoot. I have completed these phases and in this book the explanation of these phase has been written down. You can study it for your satisfaction."

" Alas! Shah Sahib you have missed an important thing," I said. " no one can be perfect without completing that phase. You missed that either you may such illumination and power that you may fly in the air."

" What's that?" he asked in hurried and worried voice.

" That's Kahawat," I said. " whoever passed the stage he can get other objects easily. His illuminated face is first gloomed with mortality at the stage of Kahawat but then he gets immortality . stayed with calm and peace and puffs at hookah and sings with content in Bahairvein tone:

*What is mortality
and what is eternity*

When he is our friend

We stay either in this or that home

He said surprisingly. " I hadn't heard the name of this phase from anyone," and continued. " It hasn't mentioned the Kahwat in this book too."

" The secrets are not written down but are kept in the hearts," I said. " They can't be gotten without serving"

as:

whoever serves

becomes the lord and noble

who praises himself gets nothing

I wandered and after facing many hardships got the Kahawat. Nelly shelly can't dare to step forward to the destination of the Kahawat. Your miserliness shows that even to step in that area is possible for you. However serve a true leader and if Allah has bounty may you enter the desert of the Kahawat. Otherwise it is very difficult to cross the trembling ocean which has huge stormy waves. Haven't you heard the famous proverb?"

In this sea thousands of the boats sunk forever

But a single board hasn't appeared to the shore

After this I returned to my bed but the Shah Sahib was impatient and curious to reach that stage. He again and again requested to Shah Fazal Hussain, Maroof Shah and Shaida Mian and sought their recommendation and said. " Please ask Aoughat Shah to

help me to the destination of the Kahawat."

They replied him amusingly. " Go to Sarkar Alam Panah and request him. Surely he will order to Aoughat Shah and he will have to help you in acquiring the Kahawat. You will be successful then."

He has become mad after kahawat so he immediately presented himself before Sarkar Alam Panah and said. " For God sake! Order Aoughat Shah to help me in Kahawat."

He called for me and after hearing the whole story, smiled and said. " If you know well lead him to the Kahawat destination"

I came out and forced Shah Sahib to make the promise that will obey my instructions. He lover of the Kahawat accepted the terms and I said. " You will eat half loaf in the morning and half in the evening."

He did so and I also myself began to take half loaf since that day. The exercise made him weak with in a week and he felt difficulty in moving around. I thought that before it results in a miserable situation should take him to Sarkar Alam Panah. I took him and said. " Hazoor! He has completed the Kahawat."

Sarkar Alam Panah taught him the Zikr and said. " Shah G! you must go now."

He went the same and after that I was told by the visitors from district Aita that Shah Sahib has disconnected with all worldly affairs and used to invoke Allah's name in the lonely jungle.

I got a lesson through the incident that even it was nothing

but a joke and object was to present him before Sarkar Alam Panah.

He will go to Sarkar Alam Panah and will ask for Kahawat and Sarkar Alam Panah will be amused. The things happened in the same way and Sarkar Alam Panah smiled and was amused by his wish but the joke finished in his presence and became a reality and with the powers of Warsi he succeeded in his mission as, " The company of a virtue and pious make you also pious."

I had the virtue to be

your devotee since ever

So Eid came

after fasting for one month

He advised him Kahawat and also it happened as " went to fetch the fire and returned with prophet hood."

He , the simple fellow, was not deprived and our Spiritual emperor disliked to send him back despair and in hopelessness. He not only advised him a Zikr but also with inner powers made him to leave the worldly connections and he who was stranger entered in the Faqar and dwelled in a jungle after breaking the golden chains of the world. Allah blesses whom He wishes.

One day at Asar a Faqeer resembling Hindu faqeer chanced there with a little holdings.

I was present there. He asked me. " I want to meet him at once and will be back soon."

I asked the cause of his hurry. He said in stammering voice.

" I've herd that the shares are being divide and I've come to get my own, so I shouldn't be late."

I brought him in the Bargah-E-Warsi and he hadn't reached to the yard when Sarkar Alam Panah looked at him and said. " Ok. Go."

He heard the command and bowed to kiss the earth and returned took his baggage and moved towards the dargah.

Thakar Pancham Singh came and on hearing about him desired to see him. We went to dargah and saw that he was just leaving after prayer. Thakar Sahib tried to stop him but he apologized and said. " I am from middle countries and my lord had given me my portion and in this situation I can't dare to stay for more." And he left.

My uncle Haji Ashfaq Hussain was a devotee to Haji Imdad Ullah Mahajr. He followed the Ulma-E-Deoband and never follow the Sufis and didn't have respect for the great faqeers. Qadir Shah Warsi was staying at Bichrayon and when he fell ill, he allowed his cure in his house but as he was dead against him he didn't go to see him. He also gave him room where he had forming tools.

Qadir Shah was at the eleventh hour of his life so no treatment worked. Uncle Ahsfaq says. " I went to see him as he was a guest of few moments and saw that even his bed was tedious his face was bright and a fragrance had filled the room. He was invoking Allah's name with each breath. I thought that his dark fire lit face and other qualities was only for being a slave of Haji Sahib."

He said that he asked him. " Do you want to say something?"
" What should to say to you," he said. " I'm saying to him to whom I want to, who is hearing me. You can only burry me wherever you wish when my spirit leaves the body. I will stay with Haji sahib."

After these words he died and my uncle deeply moved and disquieting effect changed him completely and came to a devotee and asked me to help me in the matter.

I said. " you're Mureed of Haji Imdad Ullah and have no need to become Mureed again here."

He was such impatient that he kept on insisting and I took him before Sarkar Alam Panah and said. " He's my uncle, Mureed of Haji Imdad Ullah and wants to become your Mureed today."

" I and Haji Imdad Ullah are not apart or two, we are one."
" I want to hold fast the hand again." Uncle said in wishful tone and Sarkar Alam Panah put hand on his and said. " Look! The hand is of Imdad Ullah, Keep love me too."

My uncle was asked that why he became a follower again. He said. " Firstly I witnessed with my eyes that end of Warsi salve is so pleasant as Qadir Shah. I was dead against him but his end burnt me in shame. Even till today I'm surprised that why his room had filled with light and fragrance at the time of his death. Why people gathered in his burial ceremony in such number and wherefrom they had come. It was nothing but the effect of being a salve of Sarkar Alam Panah and it was passed off at his end," He continued. " Second

Sarkar Alam Panah completed the phase of submission in such lovely way that I came to Deva and witnessed the true and unique example of firmness and piety. He even had no wearing cloth of his own and if someone offered a Tehband he accepted and that was wearing handed to him. Same is for the bed, one comes and other goes. The house is not his own. The food brings someone else.

In short, he has nothing in, no house, no accounts, no relatives, no longings or other things. This is the real detachment and extrication that has no contact except Allah the one."

After that my uncle served the faqeers and look at them with love. He was rewarded and at his end he read the Kalima Tayyiba. Sarkar Alam Panah said continuously that. " The Mureed of a lover doesn't in disbelief."

During that time a youth came around from the Jaipur and Sarkar Alam Panah gave him the Tehband and named him Nabi Shah. I thought that he was a determined faqeer so I requested Sarkar Alam Panah. " If he stays at the thatched hut of Qadir Shah and his grave that will be good."

He accepted my request and asked Nabi Shah. " Go and stay at the grave of Qadir Shah."

Till today whenever he returns from his visit of the land stays there with patience and determination. He's also cares for Warsi style.

Sometimes he didn't advise someone but he was made to

hear the words from another person and he was satisfied.

An old, sacred and learned man came to be his devotee from Meerath. His knowledge covered his eyes and he could not observe and recognize the facts. The wall of doubts and irrational fear didn't allow him to enter among the salves and he also had not courage to deny the devotion obviously. He was in dilemma and he was hesitating to become a devotee.

Sarkar Alam Panah was well aware of his condition so when he came to see him on fourth day. Sarkar Alam Panah to him. " Moulvi Sahib sit here." He then asked to Shaida Mian to relate a historical event. The servants were astonished at this unusual thing. They were wondering that for what Moulvi had asked to sit. They didn't know that that the rusty heart of the Moulvi was being cleaned.

Shaida Mian related about the rich man during the reign of Sultan Mehmood Ghaznavi and told about the command of his Murshid to get real love. He started with the Hadith that the sleep is brother of the death. He explained things with verses from the Holy Quran and Hadiths. He also added the sayings of the saints. He read some verses from Muthnavi Moulana Rum.

His speech lasted for two hours and he concluded that, " One should die before his death." He then read the verse of Moulana Rum.

He is better that

in the company of beloveds

He is mentioned

in the story of the others

" Moulvi Sahib! Go now." When he stopped Sarkar Alam Panah asked to him.

He sighed and began to shudder and quiver as a fish out of water and uttered in sad tone.

how can one get a good name

if he isn't received a bad name in love

and he stood respectfully with hand caressed and said.

One who has seen your face doesn't talk about the flower

One who is drunken by you never wishes for drink

I remained deprived for my bad luck for three days. You are the descendants of the Holy Prophet (S.A.W), his son and successor.

Oh Syed, and blessed one by birth

Every mirror admires your handsomeness

The eucalyptus stands in humble

Before your amazing height

The sun has taken light from you

All are saying same in the world

It is right that from the locks of your hair

The morning breeze catch the fragrance

" Please forgive me and accept me in among your devotees.

He made him his follower and with a sweet smile said. " Don't sleep at night." Next day was allowed to leave.

Qazi Bakhshash Ali relates his story of being a devotee as.

"in 1303 Hijri I was going to Sihali from Barabanki with Moulvi Muzaffar Hussain. He was old devotee of Sarkar Alam Panah so when our tonga reached Deva Shariff . he eagerly got down and with me went see Sarkar Alam Panah. He bowed before him and sat down on the ground. At the same time ten or twelve men came and became his Mureed simply. I thought that he had not seen anyone of them ardently how he will recognize them on the last day. There devotion is of no use. He then allowed Moulvi to leave and said to me. 'you will come again.' I didn't noticed it and said to myself . ' I don't need to come again.'

We set out for Deva Shariff and reached Sihali in the evening and after staying for three days there returned and walked towards Majgawan Shariff and reached metal road of Fatehpur. We waited for many hours but couldn't get any conveyance.

Moulvi Sahib said. " in the Jungle of Peend my faith brother Khuda Bakhsh shah lives, even I've not met him before but as we've come should meet him.

We happened there and asked his address, on getting there found a man puffing at hookah under a tree in cultivator's dress. Moulvi greeted him and he stood up with pleasure. He met warmly to him and formally to me.

I didn't like his distinctive attitude and said. " Shah Sahib you claim to be a faqeer and are unaware of the manners of the Prophet. Who taught you this differentiation to meet one with warm and to ignore there. So sad."

I complained but thought that my harsh words will make him unrest and unhappy but he responded against it and said laughing. " Don't feel it so bad, he's my brother and you are outsider. He's alive sign of my lord and you have no contact with Darbar-E- Warsi."

I was astonished at his words and said. " How do you know that I'm outsider and he's your brother? We are alike and you recognize none of us. We've come to you at first time."

" How can I make it clear it Baba," He said. " You don't believe that our Murshid will recognize his followers on the last day of judgment but think it that when his humble slaves can recognize each other then our Murshid has very high rank."

His speech cured my inner disease. I admitted my ignorance and the splendor of Warsi had such impact that I lowered my head with humiliation and shame. I kept silent and after one hour when Moulvi Sahib asked his permission to leave he wept in tears and asked to stay for that day but Moulvi Sahib made an apology due to me and we again walked out from there.

When we reached on the road I told him about my inner situation and requested him to take me Deva Shariff to enter me in his slaves. He agreed and we reached at Asar and he asked Sarkar Alam Panah to make me his follower. Sarkar Alam Panah smiled and said. " Have come, you were far then and will stay near us." Then he make the oath of devotion.

The incident clears that how Warsi blessings guide the

human beings and how perfectly remove their doubts and purified their hearts. He can convince Qazi Bakhshash Ali by any other technique but he cured him and removed the causes of inner disease for ever and his doubt that how he would recognize his follower on the day of judgment was removed by a slave who decided the difference and Qazi Sahib was satisfied.

It also teaches a lesson that the followers of a faith should love in such way, warmly and passionately as Khuda Bakhsh showed during meeting Moulvi Muzaffar Hussain Sahib and even being a stranger he welcomed him with great love and kindness. If we think it seems that it was a basic quality of the warsis of that time. They were united, pious and have solidarity among them. There episodes will be memorable always.

They recognized the faith and did according to the advice and guidance of Sarkar Alam Panah. Love was there ultimate doctrine. Sarkar Alam Panah continually had said. " Love among the brothers' shows that they love their father."

This is a strict rule for the flowers and if we see it with deep look then it proves that it is the wordy meaning of the instruction of the Holy Prophet. The Muhadthin say that the Prophet has stressed on brethren and when Ansaar and Muhajrin were preferred the brothers of each other, is a unique example. It resulted in their magnificence from east to west and they did great deeds and Islam spread throughout the world. Thirteen hundred years later the warsis again

showed the such brethren and affectionate. They told the world that son is the sign of his father and the Mureed is the memory is Pir. They set a such standard which can't be changed or opposed. If someone loves his forefathers definitely he would have to follow and make a connection with them.

The wound of the heart is dear to me

Because it is mark of his arrow

Qazi Sahib after being impressed by Khuda Bakhsh shah not only promised faith of Warsia but the blessing made him to leave the village Gadia forever and he remained in the service of Sarkar Alam Panah. He built his house at Deva Shariff and he was among the prominent Khudam of Darbar Warsia. It seems the impact of Khuda Bakhsh but he played a role as flute and player was another force which showed its miraculous power. Hafiz Shiraz says:

Behind the mirror he had kept a parrot like

Whatever the real teacher says it repeats

Some other were taught without any medium and mere a poem made them successful. It is true that the poem had obvious meanings but the inner impact was different. Ahad Shah who was his old follower as his forefathers and was old Tehband posh was granted a Muthnavi (Poem) and was asked to read daily. He kept on reading for some time and it changed his inner condition. I don't know about his condition but it is clear that he disconnected all relation and had nothing except Sarkar Alam Panah. He was firm according to the

verse of Hafiz Shiraz.

*I haven't shelter
but your home in the world
My head doesn't bent anywhere
but here only*

He fell ill, suffered much but neither he treated nor complained. He sought only the pleasure of Allah in all his deeds and till he is firmly doing so.

*I have handed my all wealth to you
You know the best
about the credit
Or loss of the account*

Hafiz Khuda Bakhsh was also blessed in same style. He was an old follower and had entered among his followers at early age by his parents. He often used to come but have only formal knowledge and didn't pay a little attention to words of the Faqar.

Once as he appeared before him Sarkar Alam Panah read a stanza before him which depicted the passions of love.

Hafiz Sahib remained plain and didn't feel that but thought why the stanza was read rather than verse from Holy Quran or Hadiths to him.

Next day while seeing off him he gave him the stanza and said. " Hafiz G! read it for and then."

He describes that yet he had read it for twice or thrice when

the events took place as were described in that stanza. His life changed and he left all relations and kindred. He felt utmost unrest and he rushed to Sarkar Alam Panah and asked for Tehband. Sarkar Alam Panah said. " Don't spoil your piousness."

When the next day came he was ready to leave his piousness and piety and was going to act as a passionate lover. He was ready to be condemned by the masses. Some wise try to stop him but his excitement was pouring out. He said. " No doubt! You all are my well-wishers but fact is that as Hafiz Shiraz says.

*Hafiz don't wrapped
yourself in this cloak
O Pious Sheikh make me
incapacitated for that*

He in the same form of distress entered in his presence. He looked at him and smiled and offered him the Tehband. He gave him the name of Ahmad Shah and said. " Hafiz keep this form till your death."

If we thought that the stanza had such impacts which made Ahmad Shah successful and the verses were full of secrets and the effect of those verses made him unrest. Answer would be simply No. those verses mentioned about the love but a great number of people have studied them and only two mentioned are succeeded. It shows that it was due to another powerful person. He showed the way to his followers and gave them eyes full of sight. The things which can't be acquired even after the hardships and hardworking of the years were

granted to them so easily that they disconnected the world after that.

There are many events when Sarkar Alam Panah helped his followers and granted them more than their capacity and I'm sure that those followers who are still waiting surely get their shares but on their times. They will not be deprived of the blessings of their religious leader. Sarkar Alam Panah continually said. " One will get his destined and fixed share, if he doesn't have it in the life will find at the time of his death. Even if it is not given to him at that time would be stuffed in his grave."

"The follower of a lover doesn't die in disbelief." He often had said.

Congratulations to the Warsi followers that Sarkar Alam Panah has surely promised to help them and when the time came he did help and surely he will keep his words in coming days as well.

Besides the inner blessings he didn't deprive us from worldly things. These things can solve the problems of the people in world and also religion.

*The spring of the garden of his beauty
freshen the life and heart
He comes in the form of companion
but in fact is contributor
of fragrance of the meanings*

Some brothers have recorded his words and sayings and that's enough for our guidance but it seems fit that those sayings, I heard with my ears in those days, should be written down briefly.

Sarkar Alam Panah said.

- ☆ Faqeer should be happy in all conditions and should live patiently. If he faces hard ships he should never complain and if he has comforts should grateful to Allah.
- ☆ The faqeer shouldn't complaint the hardships. It is against love to feel uneasy with what has been given by beloved and to complain is infidelity.
- ☆ Faqar is that die but don't extend your hand to beg.
- ☆ The faqeer should not see a thing which belongs to other with greedy eye.
- ☆ Faqeer lives with grace.
- ☆ Faqeer shouldn't depend on his relatives while living in his village.
- ☆ Faqeer shouldn't rely and trust but Allah.
- ☆ Faqeer should live moderate and greedless.
- ☆ It is a great thing if faqeer is admired in his own village.
- ☆ Faqar is a great rank and place.
- ☆ Faqar starts from the descendants of the Prophet.
- ☆ Faqeer is through Hazrat Fatima and the blessings continued through Hazrat Imam Hussain.
- ☆ Faqeer remains apart from the administration.
- ☆ Faqeer is who has nothing with himself.
- ☆ Faqeer is who is lord of none but slave of someone.
- ☆ Faqeer shouldn't pray or make spells for someone.
- ☆ Faqeer is who breathes no but with Allah's name.
- ☆ Faqeer shouldn't do for the world and he should lay his life down for Allah.

- ☆ Who tries to do something himself Allah leaves him alone and who have trust in Allah, He makes him successful. So it is necessary to work by entrusting Him.
- ☆ Believe that Allah is your helper and he is enough.
- ☆ Allah is owner and Lord of everything and has power and control over all things.
- ☆ Virtue and evil is from Him but it is difficult to confirm it.
- ☆ Allah is in you but you can't see him.
- ☆ Faith is name of the love for Allah.
- ☆ If the wrangle of I and You is over you can see the powers of Allah.
- ☆ To finish with one's existence is faqeer.
- ☆ It is difficult to be a monotheist.
- ☆ Monotheism is for sale today on cheaper prices.
- ☆ Love is God gifted it can't be get with efforts.
- ☆ If there is love there is every thing and if there is no love the hard worship is of no use.
- ☆ If you do love I'm with you even being at hindered of hundreds miles.
- ☆ Follow a single form that will live with you in the world, in the grave and on the day of judgment.
- ☆ Loves differs no between king and beggar as the story of Mehmood and Ayyaz.

Image of the friend

is life for the lover

The will of the beloved

is faith of the lover

- ☆ Love has no arrangements.
 - ☆ Who is aware of his longings is unaware of the love.
 - ☆ Lover remains well aware of his beloved but doesn't know about the surroundings and present things.
 - ☆ The tyranny of beloved is a reward for the lover.
 - ☆ Love makes a man blind.
 - ☆ Faith is nothing but name for true love.
 - ☆ The love is to leave things.
 - ☆ The lover is one who lays his life down for the beloved.
 - ☆ Self-praise is great veil from Pir.
 - ☆ Self-praise covers and places a veil and keeps away from the object.
 - ☆ Heedlessness removes the veil.
 - ☆ Mureed should meet his Pir as a drop merges in the river and becomes the river and is no more called drop.
 - ☆ Love converts the disbelief into belief.
 - ☆ Lord is unveiled in the form of Pir.
- When I accepted the Pir*
- In him came Allah and His Prophet*
- ☆ One who loves someone will be raised at the last day with him.
 - ☆ The form which is with you in this world, will remain in the grave and will be with you on the day of judgment.
 - ☆ With the image one deceased is raised with that.
 - ☆ Who has no verification has no faith.

- ☆ The figure which overwhelms you will last even after death.
- ☆ The Mureed who realizes the Pir at far distance is imperfect and the Pir who keeps away from the Mureed is imperfect too.
- ☆ Envious lives in humiliation.
- ☆ Envy spoils the faith.
- ☆ Don't let the enmity dwell in the heart.
- ☆ Don't revenge from enemy.
- ☆ Treat the enemy in well manner as it is way of Hazrat Ali.
- ☆ The heart filled with love has no space for enmity.
- ☆ Love is our destination and it has no successor and Khilafat. Who loves us is ours.

It is known by reliable sources and also written in the magazine Ain-Al- Yaqeen (27 November 1889) that. " Our destination is love. Who claims to be our Jansheen is false and whoever loves us is ours whether he is a mean and humble one."

Sarkar Alam Panah had guided us with perfection and if we observe deeply can see the particular and common things at the same time and as a freed slave may be successful acting upon those teachings same a man who is still entangled in the chains of the world may be succeeded. We can say at the top of our vice the sayings of enough for religious and social welfare and progress. The collection of his sayings is a code and complete set of laws for all of the Warsis. We can become complete human being acting upon it. Those who acknowledged his teachings they succeeded to achieve the real goals of the life and in real they only are worthy to be called as

Warsis.

May Allah Subhanahu Taala, the real Lord makes to do as his obedient servants and may we act upon the Warsi commands with eager and make us firm and steady that we may not be affected by the inadvertent things of the world and may say in order to meet the ultimate beloved as.

My life is existence for other elements

I have no other physical environment except that

I end this treatise with the supplication that when the commands of Sarkar Alam Panah, the sole king of the love kingdom are not without qualities of love then it is difficult to relate the secrets of the love even in minor details.

The words of love don't come

to the tip of the tongue

Oh sweet tender give me the drink

so that it may cut short my conversation

Ended with the help of Allah and assistance of the virtue people.

Even this portion has been ended

but the story remains to be told

Hundreds of the volumes

wouldn't be enough and sufficient

for the full details

Prolusion

By narrator and perfect orator, speaker, meaningful and
knowledgeable

Hakeem Moulvi Syed Ahmad Warsi

The sound of Al Waris are pours

into my ears from all directions

So I myself with boldness say aloud

Al Waris Al Waris

All praise to be Allah who blessed us by the Prophet
Muhammad Mustafa.

In those days when brother Hazrat Aoughat Shah Warsi
Bichrayoni besides other books, compiled the treatise Rash'aat-Ul-
Ans in which he wrote the eye witnessed events of Hazoor Murshid
Pak son of the Prophet, Qutab-E-Alam, Ghous-E-Azam, Haji
Harmain Shreefain, Sarkar Alam Panah Waris Pak. He related his
biography from this life and till he left the mortal world and even
about his hidden powers, illuminating rays and whatever he observed
wrote down briefly but in complete manner. Thus the treatise will be
memorable for coming generations. At end he wrote some golden
sayings of Sarkar Alam Panah. I hope that if other devotees step
forward and help a complete book of his golden sayings can be
compiled. In short I have written the date of its publishing. May Allah

have mercy on all of you.

*When Aoughat Shah wrote the events
He tried to write the history of Waris
Even he talked more about himself
But it doesn't reduce the history of Waris
With the blessings of Waris Pak I the Ahmad
Take out the year of compiling from
" Tareekh-E-Waris"*

1926 A.D