

THE YOGI

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EDITORIAL NOTES

By SYDNEY FLOWER

[*The editor of THE YOGI was arrested in Chicago, Jan. 15, 1910, on a charge of misuse of the mails in connection with mining stock. His experiences in a Chicago jail were given in the July number of THE YOGI.*]

JAIL NOTES—Carson City in the springtime: an emerald set in silver. Not much of the beauty of the outside world filters through the bars of a jail, but I have known this little town in all seasons for five years, and it is always beautiful to me. The Carson jail was built long ago to serve the purpose of a storage cellar for a hotel. The hotel was later converted into an office building, and the cellar, which is upon the ground floor, makes a cool, but not commodious, jail. Here I

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have passed five serene and meditative months; that is to say, from Feb. 7th to the beginning of July, the date of this writing. Rumors of sun-strokes and heat prostrations in Chicago and New York have drifted in to us, and we have united in a wave of sympathy for those heat-ridden unfortunates who have suffered from the caprices of climate. In jail—in the Carson Jail—it is always cool. We know neither wind nor rain, nor heat nor cold, nor storm nor tempest. But so unreasonable is man that we loudly and often desired to encounter hardships with freedom rather than to experience immunity from all care with imprisonment. Is it not highly illogical that a man will groan at his labor to secure three meals a day by the sweat of his brow, and will groan yet louder when those meals are brought to him by a paternal government without cost or effort on his part? But man is not reasonable. He is not a reasoning being.

JAIL LIFE—Our jail population varied in numbers from five to twenty-seven. There are three double cells, four single cells, and a dungeon. The cells form the two sides of a room, lit by an electric light, having a space of about twenty feet by twelve in the center, sufficient for a table, benches, and a stove. After the Chicago jail this Carson prison, limited as it is in its space and accommodations, seemed like a home. To be able to sit at a table—an actual, positive wooden table—was a

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great advance. To have a meal brought from a hotel in a basket and served at a table instead of eating this meal in a cell while sitting upon a cot, in solitary state—this, too, was pleasant. And to know that what you ate was clean, decent food, good enough for anybody, this was a grateful thought. For breakfast we had beef-steaks, potatoes, coffee and bread; or veal cutlets, potatoes, coffee and bread. For dinner, sliced roast beef, potatoes, bread, pie, cake, tea! Did you ever hear of anything like that in a jail? The meals are sent over to the jail from the Park Hotel, and for Federal prisoners the government pays the Sheriff, and the Sheriff pays the hotel twenty-five cents a meal, and for city or county prisoners the local authorities pay the Sheriff the same sum, twenty-five cents for each meal. This is very decent treatment, and I never heard a man "kick" about the food in the Carson jail.

A MEAN GRAFT—A very different state of things obtains at the County Jail in Reno, Nevada. During the session of the Federal Court at Carson, which happens twice yearly, the Carson jail is crowded with men who are transferred here from Reno to stand trial, chiefly on the charge of selling whiskey to Indians, which is an offense against the government. Not less than twenty of these men were brought from the Reno jail to Carson, and I had ample time and opportunity to get their views. There was not a man

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of the twenty who had a good word to say for the Reno jail management. From their story, which was a unanimous story, the prisoners are fed upon the slops collected from the Riverside Hotel at Reno,—the left-over scraps of meat and bread taken from the plates of the hotel's guests—so that it was a common event for a prisoner to come upon half an egg, or some dainty trifle of that kind, in his allowance of "stew"! It is said that the hotel receives fourteen cents a meal from the Reno authorities for each prisoner. But the government pays the authorities twenty-five cents for each meal! Who gets the difference? Who is guilty of this detestable form of graft—surely the meanest, the filthiest, the most despicable that was ever dragged into the light? Who is getting this dirty money? Is it Sheriff Ferrel of Washoe County, or the County Commissioners? Are these prisoners not miserable enough—are they not harassed enough—but they must be given unclean food by the very men who should protect them from injustice? Who is doing this accursed thing? It is the duty of Marshal Humphries to protect these men, and see that they get fair treatment. He is remiss in his duty, and should be removed from office. But whether he does his duty or not, this abuse shall stop, believe me, or my pen has lost its power. And it shall stop suddenly. The government of the United States always means to do the right thing. It will correct any abuse or evil that has crept into the adminis-

tration of its mandates and provisions, whenever it is satisfied that such evils exist. I have the proofs. If Sheriff Ferrel, or Marshal Humphries, or the Commissioners of Washoe County, feel aggrieved and hurt in their feelings by anything here said they have a possible redress in the Courts. But I think the Sheriff's discretion will be more evident than his courage here and that the only effect of this revelation will be a sudden improvement in the quality of the food served to the prisoners in the Reno jail. This improvement will date from about August 1, 1910. Yes.

AND YET ANOTHER—And this matter of accusing men of selling whiskey to Indians, and convicting them upon the testimony of Indian witnesses, backed by officers of the law, also demands investigation. There is an organized band of Indians in Reno, of the Piute tribe, who are nothing but "stool pigeons" for the police. The government of the United States has innocently fostered this abuse by offering a bonus in money to the officer who causes the arrest and conviction of a white man for selling or giving whiskey to an Indian. And there are also mileage fees for the officer. The game is played as follows:

Officer to Piute: Here, Charlie, here's a dollar. See that fellow over there? Take him down to Chinatown and tell him to get you a flask of whiskey. (Exit Charlie with dollar).

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Sheriff of Ormsby County, in charge of the Carson jail, and his staff. The spirit of goodwill existing between these officers and the men behind the bars is the fruit of kindness, justice, and courtesy on the part of the jail officials. If it lay in my power to sway an election these men should never leave office. Sheriff Regan, Deputy Sheriff Ellis, and Constable Grant constitute the day-force. Deputy Sheriff Epstine and Night Watchman J. Dobson are on duty from night to morning. Consider for a moment, Sheriff Regan will help any man, even an old offender, to a light sentence, if a word from him to the Justice of the Peace will secure it. John Ellis, the deputy, who was most constantly in touch with us, will leave the front door of the office building open half the day, which gives us a view of the Park, trees and grass,—by no means a slight favor. He is, I suppose, the only jailer on earth who never omits to say, "Well, good night, boys"! when he locks up the cells at night. Constable Grant will do a dozen favors a day for the men behind the bars, and has kept us supplied with lettuce two or three times a week all through the summer. If we want anything at night Charlie Epstine or Johnny Dobson will get it, and do it without any fuss or ill-nature. I have seen all these men do a hundred kind things—I never saw them do a mean one. If you think that this seed fell on barren soil you know nothing of the heart of a prisoner. They are certainly "white" men.

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A RACONTEUR—Constable Grant, having the Celt in his blood, tells a good story, with a sufficient flavoring of romance to impart a relish to dry fact. I recall one, which is a sort of classic in its completeness. It runs something like this: "Well, sir, I mind one time I was after an Indian about two miles out of town. We run him—there was four of us after him—out near the hills, and the road was awful heavy with sand. I'm pretty fast on my feet for an old man, and I was twenty rods in the lead of the rest when I come up with him. Well, sir, I just drawed back my right hand—I didn't stop running—and I caught him a crack with the heel of my hand on the back of his head—just with my open hand—and he shot right into the sand like a duck diving under water. There must have been a terrible force to that blow, because it buried the fellow three feet deep in the sand, and when the rest of the boys came up to me, blamed if they didn't run right over him, and didn't see him. Yes, sir, he was clean buried out of sight with the force of that blow,"—and the Constable regarded the knuckles of that good right hand reflectively. Pretty neat—what?

DISCOVERIES—We found out two strange and valuable facts in jail. One is an absolute cure for rheumatism in its acute or inflammatory stage, and requires almost a whole number of **THE YOGI** for its detail; the other is a cure for dyspepsia; both are of surpassing simplicity, quite

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new, and completely effective. These and much other matter of interest relating to my fellow prisoners I must leave for the September number.

WESTERN HUMOR—My friend Ram Dass, the Hindu Adept, who was to have written an article for this number upon the Training of a Yogi, has met with some lively experiences in Seattle at the hands of an element opposed to his race. Mr. Dass is not an immigrant, nor is he a laborer, but in moments of excitement a light hearted mob is not apt to discriminate in such small matters. I hear that he was ridden on a rail with a bunch of fire crackers exploding in his turban, and was then advised by the leaders of the exuberant throng to move along to some other town. Mr. Dass writes me that it is difficult for a native of the East to appreciate the lively play of the Western fancy. He will send in his article later, but asks for a little quiet first. Excellent man, he will like us better when he knows us better.

FROM SCRIBE TO SCRIBE—The following from the Goldfield Tribune of June 5 is part of an editorial written by one Martin, a resident of Goldfield, and editor of the Goldfield Tribune:

"Sydney Flower, editor, author, and erstwhile mining promoter, is irrepressible. He cannot overcome the writer's itch, even if he is reposing placidly within prison walls at Carson City. * * The Yogi is the name of the new monthly. * *

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The name of the monthly is well chosen when the enforced penal conditions are considered for it refers to a species of Hindoo asceticism that implies complete abstraction from the world."

And so forth. Martin is both bold and bitter when he writes of a man in jail, but I remember when he was not so bold. I remember, Martin, when the I. W. W. had your rotten rag of a paper so badly scared that you dared not open your lips about the murder of John Silva, and it was left for my little paper, the Goldfield Gossip, to denounce the murderers, and break the power of the I. W. W. in Goldfield. But it's all right. There are no hard feelings, Martin. It must be horrible for you to go to bed at night knowing yourself to be a coward, and to rise in the morning knowing yourself to be a sneak. Yours is a pitiable lot in life Martin; you are more to be pitied than censured, as the song says. And, Martin, you'd better not go for any walks about the sagebrush alone and unattended; a jack rabbit might tear you to pieces.

HARMONY—This magazine is unique in that there exists no jealousy between the Editorial and Business Departments. This harmony, this tuneful vibration, is the tone always eagerly sought by the great periodicals; seldom attained. That we achieve it, as it were at a bound, is perhaps due less to our superior sympathy and breadth than

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to the fact that we grasp in one hand, Jove-like, the duties of both Departments. A sublime thought, friends, thus to let loose the lightnings and to sweep the hearth; to be at once the eagle and the domestic hen; the Martha and the Mary.

CARNIVAL ECHOES—Carson City meant to plunge itself into a riot of mad excitement on July 2, 3, and 5,—the Carnival Week. There was to be an Aviation Meet on the last day, the 5th, and the business manager of the Carnival, Ex-Senator Wils Brougher, was a happy man. He was ironically referred to as "The Brains of the Carnival." Possibly the heat addled those brains a little, because it is lamentable to state the fact that this Carnival celebration was the feeblest thing that ever happened in the history of the town. The flying machine did not fly; the side-shows did not show; and the fireworks did not work. The crowd arrived with money to spend, but there was nothing to spend it on. An amazing fiasco. The next time Carson plans a Carnival it will leave "Brains" outside.

Senator Brougher is the man who said of a prisoner in the Carson jail, who was trying to get bail: "Jail is good enough for him. He owes me some money." All right, senator; all right, "Brains." Brains and Brougher have a pleasantly alliterative sound. But the affinity goes no deeper than the sound. It's your next move, Senator.

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JUSTICE AND EQUITY—Not until one has had actual experience of the operation of law in the United States does he realize all the drollery, the infinite humor, secreted in the phrase "American Justice." For example, there is at present in the Carson jail, one C. N. Murdoch, who was indicted for alleged misuse of the mails in Goldfield something over a year ago. There is no case whatsoever against Murdoch, as will be apparent when he is brought to trial, but the entertaining thing is that, though innocent, he is compelled to stay in jail until September next—because he has not means to procure his liberty on bail, and cannot sooner secure a trial of his case. Therefore he stays in jail because he is poor. Therefore poverty in the United States is crime.

As a matter of fact among a hundred who were intentionally crooked, there were three people in Goldfield who played the mining-stock game honestly; Murdoch, myself and another. Murdoch went through bankruptcy in Goldfield, and is now in jail. I was "broke" when I left Goldfield, and the third man avoided all unpleasant future complications, due to his simplicity and the folly of good intentions, by dying of starvation in the desert.

EVOLUTION—If there are today any thinking people who seriously despair of human progress, is not the best refutation of their pessimism to be found in a look backward to our beginnings? The

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brightest coloring of the future of man by the idealist is none too bright in view of the amazing history of the development of the race. Granting that animal life was in existence on this earth at least a hundred million years ago, as Haeckel computes it, let us go back years behind that, and we touch the age when the universal waters had cooled to the point at which life could maintain itself and reproduce itself in its depths. The huge sea-monsters thus evolved, themselves the product of an evolution of ages, were the only living things upon this globe. Amphibious life was the only life because water was the only element. Man even yet bears traces of his fishy origin. It is not unprofitable today to bear in mind that our first ancestors rolled out of the sea upon the land which here and there showed its surface above the water, and bellowed their greetings to the new element, Earth. From that to this:—from the fish to the man—is something of a progress. It is such an advance as leaves pessimism no dart to fling at humanity's future.

THE LAW OF POSSESSION—We all admit that Happiness is an end that is worth attaining, and we most of us recognize now that there is a Law for this, as there is a Law for Health. Furthermore, we admit that Health is Harmony, and that Harmony is literally Happiness, and we deduce that Health and Happiness are very closely related to each other. It gives one a more satisfied

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feeling to know that all things move by Law in this world. The mind revolts at the idea of endowing the haphazard with power, of making obeisance to luck, and propitiating chance. We tread more firmly in this good world of Cause and Effect. We know that ignorance breeds error, and that error is followed by calamity, and we know that in nine cases out of ten the punishments that have overtaken us are the logical and inevitable result of our own mistakes, wilfully made or ignorantly made. The Law is the Law, and ignorance is punished as swiftly as perversity; and this is just, because we must somehow learn our lesson that the Moral Law must be obeyed, and cannot be cajoled or evaded.

The first grand principle to grasp in relation to the Law of Possession is this: **GOD NEVER GIVES** There is not a quotable example of a gift in all of human experience. **MAN EARNS HIS POSSESSIONS** Apply this thought to yourself or your friends, and consider it in all its bearings. Has this man health? He earns it in order to keep it. He knows what he should eat and what he should avoid. He masticates his food thoroughly. He drinks not less than two quarts of water daily. He knows how to breath for health, filling the lungs with oxygen frequently. He avoids ill-ventilated rooms. He exercises his brain and his muscles. He is well in body because he earns his well being. He earns it by obeying the Law of Health. Has this woman

beauty of feature? You will say she was given beauty. She was not. **THERE ARE NO GIFTS.** If she is beautiful either her father or her mother earned and she herself must continue to earn this beauty that she possesses. This is a world of Cause and Effect. It is a logical world. Has this man a happy home? He is earning his right to grasp Happiness by obeying the Law of Happiness. He is serving others. He is paying the price for Happiness and getting what he pays for. Has this man piled up millions in money? He has earned it. He has paid the price. Has this man inherited millions? He must pay the price if he would keep his millions. There is no possible exception to this Law. There is no unearned increment in human life. Our beloved Emerson puts the matter in a sentence, thus: "What will you have? quoth God. 'Pay for it and take it!'"



The Heart of Maeterlinck

Maurice Maeterlinck, Born 1864

If we had applied to the removal of various necessities that crush us, such as pain, old age, and death, one-half of the energy displayed by any little flower in our gardens, we may well believe that our lot would be very different from what it is.

Every seed that falls at the foot of the tree or plant is either lost or doomed to sprout in wretchedness. Hence the immense effort to throw off the yoke and conquer space. For there is not, so to speak, a single seed but has invented for its sole use a complete method of escaping from the maternal shade. To mention, in passing, but a few of the most curious, the aerial screw or samara of the Maple; the bract of the Lime tree; the flying machines of the Thistle; the Dandelion and the Salsify; the detonating springs of the Spurge; the extraordinary squirt of the Momordica; the hooks of the criophilous plants; and a thousand other unexpected and astounding pieces of mechanism.

Following chiefly the translation of Teixeira de Maltos

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The most touching side of this great effort is its futility. The poor red and yellow Lucerns have blundered. Their remarkable screws are of no use to them; they could act only if they fell from a certain height, from the top of some lofty tree or tall Graminea; but, constructed as they are on the level of the grass, they have hardly taken a quarter of a turn before already they touch the ground. We have here a curious instance of the mistakes, the gropings, the experiments and the frequent little miscalculations of nature; for only those who have studied nature but very little will maintain that she never errs.

It is not only in the seed or the flower, but in the whole plant, leaves, stalks and roots, that we discover * * * many traces of a prudent and quick intelligence.

I shall never forget the admirable example of heroism given me the other day in Provence by a huge centenarian Laurel tree. It was easy to read on its twisted, and, so to speak, writhing trunk the whole drama of its hard and tenacious life. A bird, or the wind, masters of destiny both, had carried the seed to the flank of the rock, which was as perpendicular as an iron curtain; and the tree was born there; two hundred yards above the Torrent, inaccessible and solitary. Among the burning and barren stones. From the first hour, it had sent its blind roots on a long and

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painful search for precarious water and soil. But this was only the hereditary care of a species that knows the aridity of the South. The young stem had to solve a much graver and more unexpected problem; it started from a vertical plane, so that its top, instead of rising towards the sky, bent down over the gulf. It was obliged, therefore, notwithstanding the increasing weight of its branches, to correct the first flight, stubbornly to bend its disconcerted trunk in the form of an elbow close to the rock, and thus, like a swimmer who throws back his head, by means of an incessant will, tension and contraction to hold its heavy crown of leaves straight up into the sky. Thenceforward, all the preoccupations, all the energy, all the free and conscious genius of the plant had centered around that vital knot. The monstrous, hypertrophied elbow revealed, one by one, the successive solitudes of a kind of thought that knew how to profit by the warnings which it received from the rains and the storms. Year by year, the leafy dome grew heavier, with no other care than to spread itself out in the light and heat, while a hidden canker gnawed deep into the tragic arm that supported it in space. Then, obeying I know not what order of the instinct, two stout roots, two fibrous cables, issuing from the trunk at more than two feet above the elbow, had come to moor it to the granite wall. Had they really been evoked by the tree's distress or were they perhaps waiting providently, from the

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first day, for the acute hour of danger, in order to increase the value of their assistance? What human eye will ever assist at these silent dramas, which are all too long for our short lives?

The *Vallisneria* is a rather insignificant herb * * but it seems as though nature had delighted in giving it a beautiful idea. Its whole existence is spent at the bottom of the water, in a sort of half slumber, until the moment of the wedding-hour comes, when it aspires to a new life. Then the female plant slowly uncoils the long spiral of its peduncle, rises, emerges and floats and blossoms on the surface of the pond. From a neighboring stem, the male flowers, which see it through the sunlit water, rise in their turn full of hope, towards the one that rocks, that awaits them, that calls them to a fairer world. But, when they have come halfway, they feel themselves suddenly held back; their stalk, the very source of life, is too short; they will never reach the abode of light, the only spot in which the union of the stamen and the pistil can be achieved! * * Is there any more cruel inadvertence or ordeal in nature? Picture the tragedy of that longing, the inaccessible so nearly attained, the transparent fatality, the impossible with not a visible obstacle! It would be insoluble, like our own tragedy upon this earth, were it not that an unexpected element is mingled with it. Did the males foresee the disillusion to which they would be subjected? One thing is certain, that they have locked up in their

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hearts a bubble of air, even as we lock up in our souls a thought of desperate deliverance. It is as though they hesitated for a moment; then, with a magnificent effort, the finest, the most supernatural that I know of in all the pageantry of the insects and the flowers in order to rise to happiness they deliberately break the bond that attaches them to life. They tear themselves from their peduncle and, with an incomparable flight, amid bubbles of gladness, their petals dart up and break the surface of the water. Wounded to death, but radiant and free, they float for a moment beside their heedless brides and the union is accomplished, whereupon the victims drift away to perish, while the wife, already a mother, closes her corolla, in which lives their last breath, rolls up her spiral and descends to the depths, there to ripen the fruit of the heroic kiss

We here once more establish the fact that all genius lies in the species, in life or in nature, whereas the individual is nearly always stupid. In man alone does a real emulation exist between the two intelligences, a more and more precise, more and more active tendency towards a sort of equilibrium which is the great secret of our future.

But the most original and fantastic system is that of the Rue, a rather evil-smelling medicinal herb of the ill famed emmenagogic tribe. The peaceful and docile stamens drawn up in a circle around

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the fat, squat pistil, wait expectant in the yellow corolla. At the conjugal hour, obeying the command of the female, which apparently gives a sort of call by name, one of the males approaches and touches the stigma. Then come the third, the fifth, the seventh, the ninth male, until the whole row of odd numbers has rendered service. Next, in the even ranks, comes the turn of the second, the fourth, the sixth, and so on. Here in verity is love to order! This flower, which knows how to count, appears to me so extraordinary that I at first refused to believe the botanists; and I was determined more than once to test its numerical sense before accepting it. I have ascertained positively, that it but seldom makes a mistake.

There is no denying that the flower appears to be provided with reason and will.

It would really seem as though ideas came to the flowers in the same way as to us. The flowers grope in the same darkness, encounter the same obstacles. The same ill-will, in the same unknown. They have the same laws, the same disillusion, the same slow and difficult triumphs. They would appear to possess our patience, our perseverance, our self-love, the same varied and diversified intelligence, almost the same hopes and the same ideals. They struggle, like ourselves, against a great indifferent force that ends by assisting them

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The genius of the earth, which is probably that of the whole world, acts, in the vital struggle, exactly as a man would act. It employs the same methods, the same logic. It attains its aim by the same means that we would use; it gropes, it hesitates, it corrects itself time after time; it adds, it suppresses, it recognizes, and repairs its errors, as we should do in its place. It makes great efforts, it invents with difficulty and little by little, after the manner of the workmen and engineers in our workshops. It fights like ourselves against the heavy, huge and obscure mass of its being. It knows no more than we do whither it is going; it seeks and finds itself gradually. It has an ideal that is often confused, but one in which, nevertheless, we distinguish a host of great lines that rise towards a more ardent, complex, nervous and spiritual form of existence. Materially, it disposes of infinite resources, it knows the secret of prodigious forces of which we know nothing; but, intellectually, it appears strictly to occupy our sphere; we cannot prove that hitherto, it has exceeded its limits; and, if it does not endeavor to take anything from beyond that sphere, does this not mean that there is nothing beyond it? Does it not mean that the methods of the human mind are the only possible methods, that man has not erred, that he is neither an exception nor a monster, but the being through whom pass, in whom are most intensely manifested, the great volitions the great desires of the universe?

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If nature knew everything, if she were never mistaken, if, everywhere, in all her undertakings, she showed herself, at the first onset, perfect, impeccable, infallible, if she revealed in all things an intelligence immeasurably superior to our own, then there would be cause to fear and to lose courage. We should feel ourselves the victims and the prey of an extraneous power, which we should have no hope of knowing or measuring. It is much better to be convinced that this power, at least from the intellectual point of view, is closely akin to our own. Our intelligence draws upon the same reserve as does that of nature. We belong to the same world, we are almost equals. We are associating not with inaccessible gods; but with veiled, yet fraternal, volitions which it is our business to surprise and to direct.

We know that some of them, the roses, for instance, are accommodating and willing, and give up their aroma with simplicity. They are heaped into huge boilers, tall as those of our locomotive engines, through which steam is made to pass. Little by little, their essential oil, more costly than a jelly of pearls, oozes drop by drop into a glass tube, no wider than a goose-quill at the bottom of the monstrous still, which resembles some mountain painfully giving birth to a tear of amber.

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The torturer coats large plates of glass with a white fat of the thickness of two fingers and spreads on this bed of humiliating pain the flowers to be questioned. As the result of what hypocritical manoeuvres, of what unctuous promises, does the fat obtain their irrevocable confidences? None can tell; but the fact remains that soon the too-trusting flowers have nothing more to lose. Forthwith, they are removed and flung away as rubbish; and, each morning, a new ingenious heap takes their place on the insidious couch. These yield in their turn and undergo the same fate; others and yet others follow them; and it is not until the end of three months, that is after devouring ninety successive layers of flowers, that the unctuous ogre is completely surfeited and refuses to absorb the life and soul of any further victims. It now becomes a matter of making the wan miser disgorge. * * * This is achieved, not without difficulty. The fat has base passions which are its undoing. It is plied with alcohol, is intoxicated, and ends by quitting its hold. The alcohol now possesses the mystery. No sooner has it the secrets in its custody than it too claims the right to impart them to none other, to keep them for itself alone. It is attacked in its turn, tortured, evaporated, condensed; and, after all these adventures, the liquid pearl, pure essential, inexhaustible and almost imperishable, is at last gathered on a crystal blade.

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Nothing is contemptible in this world save only scorn.

Let us wait till the hour of sacrifice sounds—till then, each man to his work. The hour will sound at last—let us not waste our time in seeking it on the dial of life.

God, who must be at least as high as the highest thoughts He has implanted in the best of men, will withhold His smile from those whose sole desire has been to please Him; and they only who have done good for the sake of good, and as though He existed not; they only who have loved virtue more than they loved God Himself, shall be allowed to stand by His side.

Let us not think virtue will crumble, though God Himself seem unjust. Where could the virtue of man find more everlasting foundation than in the seeming injustice of God?

God, who sits smiling on a mountain, and to whom our gravest offenses are only as the naughtiness of puppies playing on the hearth-rug.

Above all, let us never forget that an act of goodness is in itself an act of happiness. It is the flower of a long inner life of joy and contentment; it tells of peaceful hours and days on the sunniest heights of the soul.

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There comes a moment in life when moral beauty seems more urgent, more penetrating, than intellectual beauty; when all that the mind has treasured must be bathed in the greatness of soul, lest it perish in the sandy desert, forlorn as the river that seeks in vain for the sea.

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Today misery is the disease of mankind, as disease is the misery of man.

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It is only the lofty idea, the untiring, courageous, human idea, that separates gladness from sorrow.

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Be false, and falsehoods will haste to you; love, and adventures will flock to you, throbbing with love. They seem to be all on the watch for the signal we hoist from within

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Side by side with those whom men and events oppress there are others who have within them some kind of inner force, which has its will not only with men, but even with the events that surround them. Of this force they are fully aware and indeed it is nothing more than a knowledge of self that has far overstepped the ordinary limits of consciousness

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It might almost be said that there happens to men only that they desire

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If you have been deceived, it is not the deception that matters, but the forgiveness whereto it gave birth in your soul, and the loftiness, wisdom, completeness of this forgiveness—by these shall your life be steered to destiny's haven of brightness and peace; by these shall your eyes see more clearly than if all men had ever been faithful.

It is wise to think and to act as though all that happened to man were all that man most required.

No great inner event befalls those who summon it not.

We become that which we discover in the sorrows and joys that befall us.

It is in our past that Destiny finds all her weapons, her vestments, her jewels.

For indeed if our tears can flow because of our enemies' malice, it is only because we ourselves would fain make our enemies weep. If the shafts of envy can wound and draw blood, it is only because we ourselves have shafts that we wish to throw; if treachery can wring a groan from us, we must be disloyal ourselves. Only those weapons can wound the soul that it has not yet sacrificed on the altar of love.