

absorbed, unseeing gaze, perfectly oblivious to all outward things passing around them. Sometimes they will have one hand thrust out straight, sometimes across the breast, or it may be behind the back; or yet, again, it may be the arm has been bent so that the closed hand rests in the axilla. At other times it may be the foot or leg is put into some unnatural position, which, long continued, must produce exquisite physical torture. The position, once taken, is never abandoned, and it is often quite sickening to see the torture, self-inflicted, these poor, deluded creatures bear, not only without, but with apparent absolute unconsciousness of bodily pain. Just fancy what determination they must be possessed of to enable them to carry the arm for years in the one position, the hand bent up into the arm pit, and held there until, from inaction, the muscles have shrunk away, leaving the joints rigid and the arm a mere shriveled incubus, while the finger nails, from being long uncut, are growing like claws through the withered palm; the body clothed in rags and covered with—well, say dirt. They never ask or seek for food, but depend entirely upon the chance dish of rice which some kind-hearted native may bring to their bowl, and drinking water for their gourd. This utter indifference is at first, of course, assumed, and maintained by the strength of will; at last, however, it becomes an acquired faculty.

This is called the impetuous system, and is not approved of in the Yoga Sutras, because it does not yield the results looked for and obtained by the true Yogi. It is, however, along the same line as those Christian orders who follow literally the advice of St. Paul: "If ye live after the flesh ye shall die; but if ye through the spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live," and who for this purpose wear sackcloth, scourge themselves and practice all manner of devices to humiliate and afflict the poor body, that they may overcome the man in themselves, and so become worthy to inherit heaven, with its house of many mansions. It is historically recorded that a certain female saint of Christian Spain boasted, "She has not washed herself for more than sixty years, and King Philip destroyed the public baths which the Moors had built, "Because," he said, "bathing is not Christian practice." But really it does not seem so bad to have Christians starve and beat themselves for Jesus' sake and to win saintly honor, as it does for the dark-skinned Hindoo to sit around under the shade of the mighty Banyan tree, nearly naked, half starved and quite oblivious to their unpleasant condition, lost in contemplating the nature and possibilities of the soul. The one is heathen and the other Christian, you know.

The class of persons above described, although great ascetics, are not the ones properly called the Yogi.

THE SANKHYA SYSTEM.

The Yogi with whom it is our present purpose to deal are a sect or school of philosophers, whose speculations have to do with the

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