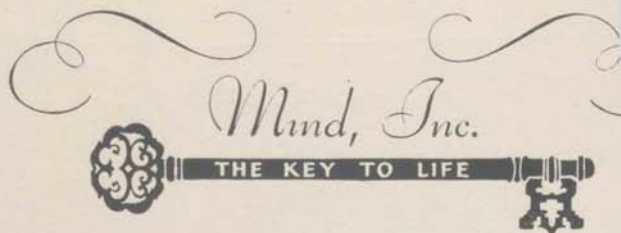


# *Mind, Inc.*

DECEMBER, 1930



FEATURING  
THE SPIRIT WITHIN YOU



LESSON VI-A

OF THE COURSE IN  
THE HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS  
"THE SPIRIT WITHIN YOU"



DEC 27 1930 ✓



VOL. III

DECEMBER, 1930

No. VI

C O N T E N T S

THE SPIRIT WITHIN YOU	<i>Robert Collier</i>	7
BY THE WATERS OF PARADISE	<i>F. Marion Crawford</i>	31
THE BROWN HAND	<i>Sir A. Conan Doyle</i>	62
MIND CENTRE	<i>Mrs. James Madison Bass</i>	84

ROBERT COLLIER, *Editor* D. C. PECK, *Asso. Editor*

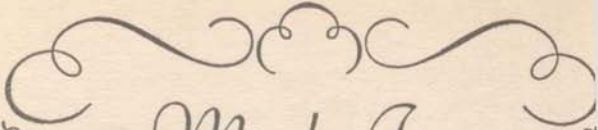
Office of Publication, 19th and Federal Streets, Camden, N. J.  
Editorial Offices, Mind, Inc., 599 Fifth Avenue, New York.  
Statutory Corporate Address, 15 Exchange Pl., Jersey City, N.J.  
Copyright, 1930, by Mind, Inc. All rights reserved.  
Printed in the United States of America. Published monthly.  
Subscription price, \$4.85 a year in advance. Single copies, 50c.  
Entered as second-class matter November 18, 1929, at the Post  
Office at Camden, N. J., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Additional application at Glens Falls, N. Y., for second class  
matter is now pending.

MIND, INC., *Publishers*

Robert Collier, *President*

H. R. Sekwood, *Treasurer*



## Mind, Inc.

---

*Dear Subscriber:*

Some weeks ago, I reached the office late on a Tuesday afternoon after a several days' trip, and found a woman camped out in the waiting room, vowing she was not going to leave until she had seen me. My assistants had explained that I was out of town and would be gone for several days, so couldn't they do something? But no, no one would serve but me. So, of course, I asked her in.

It seems she had come down the previous Saturday from a little town some distance away, solely to see me, so she wasn't going back until she had seen me, no matter if she had to wait all week! And the reason for her coming was this:



She had been through dire trouble. And the clouds still hung heavily over her. For weeks she had been praying for power over certain conditions which seemed to hold the key to all her difficulties. But pray as she might, she seemed no nearer their solution. She went to her minister and unburdened her soul, and he pointed out to her what Jesus had said: "Whatsoever ye ask for when ye pray, believe that ye RECEIVE, and ye shall *have* it."

"Believe that you *have* this power," the minister told her, "and you *will* have it!" Easy enough to say, she thought, as she walked homeward, but how can I get such faith?

Seeking enlightenment, she turned to her Bible, opening it at random. And the first words that met her eyes were those of Gideon when he asked the Lord — "If now I have found grace in thy sight, then show me a sign that thou talkest with me." And she read how Gideon

had put out the fleece one night, and the dew had fallen upon it as a sign, while all about was dry, and how he put it out the next night, and the dew had fallen upon everything about, but the fleece was dry.

So she prayed for a sign—a sign that should convince her she *had* the power to overcome the conditions which were troubling her. That night she dreamed that she was digging at the base of a tree in a little wood nearby, and that what she unearthed was her earnestly-sought symbol of power. But what it was she could not see.

Immediately upon awaking, she hastened to the wood and dug beneath the tree. Sure enough, she found a package there, wrapped in heavy brown paper, but imagine her disappointment when, upon untying the bundle, she found nothing but half a dozen sticks some six inches long of what looked to be soft putty. She started to throw them back in the hole, but the idea persisted that

someway they were connected with her search for a symbol of power, so she carefully re-wrapped them and took them to her house.

Followed another week of prayerful effort, then something occurred which led her to believe that I possessed the key to her enigma. So she put her package into a brief case and came to New York to see me.

With this explanation, she brought forth the package. It looked hardly worth all the time and trouble she had spent upon it—just some old brown wrapping paper, tied with heavy twine. Then she opened it, and her proof rolled out on to my desk.

Six weather-stained, soggy *sticks of dynamite!* Six symbols that to all the world have stood for power since first nitro-glycerin was discovered! Six proofs of the efficacy of prayer! To her they were so many lumps of putty, but to anyone who had once been a mining engineer (as I have), it needed not the “40%”



stamped at one end, or the figure of Atlas bearing the world stamped in the middle, to identify them at a glance as high explosives.

I told her she had her sign, the symbol she had asked for to prove that she *had* the power to overcome every untoward circumstance, every wrong condition, and I explained what that sign was. She went away satisfied, serenely confident of the power in her. Within two weeks, the condition that had troubled her for so long had entirely disappeared!

You have that same power in you. All you need is belief in it, serene confidence in it, to overcome any adverse condition, to meet any danger, any difficulty, to surmount any obstacle.

How are you to acquire that belief, that serene confidence? Perhaps the following Lesson will be of help in pointing the way.



LESSON VI-A

*The Spirit Within You*

**I**N olden days, it was thought that the world rested upon the shoulders of a great Titan named Atlas. Day in and day out he was supposed to bear that enormous burden, and when tremors occasionally shook the earth, as in earthquakes, it was believed that this was because he was easing the burden a bit from one shoulder to the other, of heaving a few convulsive sighs at the weight of his load.

Today we know that the world—our world at least—rests not upon some other man's shoulders, but upon our own! As far as our lives, our well-being, our circumstances and surroundings are concerned, we are each of us our own Atlas, bearing our whole world upon our shoulders. Others may help to make that burden easier or heavier, but in the final analysis, it is we who must bear it.

God gave us dominion—not indeed over the whole universe—but over the world as it affects us. Storms and pestilence, floods and famines—

they may ravage the world beyond our ken, but they need never enter our little universe. There we are lords over all. There we have full sway. Why? Because we are offshoots of God, each with all the power of the parent tree to create whatever conditions we desire.

You see, the point so few people seem to grasp is that inside each one of us is a creative seed of God, and just as the shoot of the oak tree has all the properties of the parent oak, so has the shoot of the tree of God in us all the properties of our Father God. That tiny shoot is constantly at work, reaching out for means and channels of expression, daily increasing in size and contour, but forced to take on whatever guise we give it with our molds of fear and worry, poverty and disease.

You remember the old story of how the ocean became salty. Someone invented a machine that made salt from air or water or whatever element happened to be around it. One day he took his machine on shipboard to transport it to another town. Thinking to have a good cargo by the time of his arrival, he put his machine in the hold of the ship and started it making salt. But a storm came up and the ship sank, so the machine has been working away ever since!

The Seed of Life in you, the shoot from the Tree of God, is like that fabled machine in that it is constantly drawing upon every element around it

for growth, for expression. It is shooting forth branches in all directions, reaching out through every available channel, in its efforts to emulate the parent Tree of God.

You cannot stop that continuous up-reaching of the soul in you for better and higher expression. You cannot shut it off entirely, but most people do manage to restrict it, most give it molds of fear and limitation through which to express itself—then wonder why their lot is cast in such hard places.

You have in your nerve ends billions of servants which take shape beneath your thoughts like wet sand in the molder's hands. They form the molds for your body, your circumstances. And not only do they form the molds, but they hold the images in shape as long as your belief lies in them. They are like cement running between grains of sand and holding them in place.

So when you blame outside forces for any of the evils that afflict you, you are foolish, because it was you who gave those evils life and power. And it is your belief that keeps them alive. The elements that make up the conditions have no life in themselves. It is some of your nerve ends that are holding them together. Withdraw them, by taking away your belief in those conditions, and you take all the life out of the evil that afflicts you, so that it collapses like a structure of sand from which the moisture or cement has been withdrawn.



Imagine, if you can, an octopus with billions of tentacles, its body encased in a protecting shell, its tentacles covered with tough, heavy hide. Imagine that, and you have some idea of what your own nervous system is like.

Perhaps a better simile would be a power house. The boilers are the stomach into which fuel is continually fed to keep up the steam. The engine is the heart, which pumps the necessary energy to turn the dynamo and generate electricity. The generator is the nerve center, with its thousands of wires leading to every part of the system, carrying to them the electric power capable of doing any work. Cut one of these wires, and the particular tool or appliance to which it gives life, is to all intents dead. Until a new connection is made, the tool is useless. And if you cut the nerve leading to any part of your body, that part is just as "dead" and useless as the tool.

Mankind has made the mistake of regarding the nerves as mere working parts of the body. On the contrary, *they are the body!* At least, they are the only parts that have real life. Skeleton and bones are mere framework to support the nerves; flesh and skin so much insulation to protect them. You might as well call the brick walls of your power house alive, the boilers and engines the essential parts, as regard your body, your stomach and other organs as the real YOU. They



are necessary, of course, but the power and life and energy come from the dynamo.

If you doubt that, think what happens when a nerve is injured. The working parts of the body beyond that nerve no longer function—that is all! There is no more feeling in them, no more life or power, than in a disconnected tool. They are merely so much inert matter. Let a man's spinal cord be injured, for instance, and the lower part of his body and limbs will have no more feeling in them. You can stick a pin in them, cut them, burn them, all without pain. Kill the nerve in a tooth, and you can drill it, break it, do anything you like with it—without feeling. What is more, as long as it stays in place it will have no life in it, and presently it will begin to chip and crack and break in pieces.

The nerve centers are the centers of life in your body, and the only parts you need to pay real attention to. If you owned a power house, you wouldn't worry because the insulation wore off some of your wires, or the tools with which they were connected got broken or out of order. You'd re-wrap the wires, of course, and you'd repair or get new tools, but you'd regard these as mere incidents in the day's work. Wire is cheap, and you can always get new tools.

The place you'd give your real attention would be the power house—especially the generator. You'd see that the bearings were well oiled, the commutator clean, every point of contact free

from dirt. You'd make sure that everything ran freely, smoothly, and nothing interfered with the perfect flow of power.

Just so it is with your body. The power is in your nerve centers. Your brain is merely the engineer. It can say what the power shall be used for, it can pick the channels through which it is to flow. But it cannot make power. It can only direct it.

The nerve centers form the body of your octopus. From that body, there are billions of tentacles reaching forth to every part, insulated by flesh, supported by a framework of bone, but furnishing the life and the feeling for that flesh and bone. Without these tentacles, the body would be merely so much inert matter, without life, without real substance, soon disintegrating and dissolving into its original elements. It would be like so much sand, with no cement to hold it together. The nerves (tentacles) are the cement that holds all the tiny little body cells together. They are the central mind that animates the whole, the seat of the subconscious that takes care of all the complicated functions of the body, from the assimilating of food to the eliminating of every left-over particle and waste matter.

That mind knows more about heat than all the engineers in the world, more about chemistry than any chemist, more about mathematics and all the sciences than is to be found in the textbooks of the entire world. It knows all this, and it uses it every

minute of every day in building, heating, energizing our bodies. Yet most of us go our ways, ignoring it as completely as though it had no more to do with us than the latest discovered planet.

Suppose, for instance, you had to figure out with your conscious mind how much salt, how much phosphorus, how much water and each of the other elements your blood requires to maintain its proper specific gravity when you are working at your desk — how much and how quickly these proportions need be changed when you play a fast game of tennis, run for a car, dance, or indulge in any other violent form of exercise. Or suppose you had to figure how much sugar your liver should release into your blood to keep your bodily temperature at 98 degrees when you are sitting in a room heated to 70 degrees, how much more is required when you go out into a driving gale 10 below zero!

Suppose you had to find the answer to such problems. You'd be dead long before you could work them, wouldn't you? All the chemists and all the mathematicians in the universe couldn't work them in a hundred lifetimes, yet your subconscious mind works a dozen such problems every minute! It is your part of Divinity, your shoot from the parent Tree of God. It has the answer to *every* problem, the remedy for *every* difficulty.

You hear occasionally of some child of five or six who, on paper, can scarcely figure the result of



seven times nine, yet ask him the cube root of 268,336,125, and he will give you the answer as 645 almost before the words are out of your mouth! You hear of others who can take one good look at a poem, close their eyes and recite it word for word, or who can listen to a piece of music, go to a piano and play it perfectly. How do they do it? Certainly not with their conscious minds. Somehow, somehow, they shunt their conscious minds out of the way, and make connections direct with their subconscious. We could all do the same, if only we would be still long enough to hear the God in us speak. But no—we must *do* something. We must set our conscious minds to work trying to figure the answer, and get so worked up worrying over it that we have no time to listen to the still small voice of the God in us. Why, even when some prodigy is born with the ability to reach naturally to the Divine in him for the answer to his problems, we train that gift out of him! In his "Law of Psychic Phenomena," Dr. Hudson tells of several such cases. Whately, for instance, when between five and six years old and knowing nothing of numeration, could do the most difficult sums in his head without the slightest hesitation and with never an error. That kept up until he went to school and was taught he must do his sums in the usual way. He lost his ability then to do them in any way, and was a perfect dunce at figuring!

Professor Safford, at the age of ten, worked



multiplication sums in 36 figures, entirely in his head. After thorough schooling, he could do no such feat. Benjamin Blyth, Zerah Colburn and a number of others could do even more difficult problems — *until the faculty was trained out of them!*

You see, the conscious mind knows nothing beyond its own limited experience. The subconscious is our shoot of the Tree of God, and has latent in it the sum of all knowledge. When you think, what happens? If you do it consciously, your nerve ends go peering into this compartment and that of your brain file, seeking some past experience or fragment of knowledge that will answer your purpose. If it happens to be readily available, fine! If not, you goad them on until they get more and more excited, and madly grab anything that bears any semblance to the idea they are seeking. Is it any wonder that "snap judgment" is so often wrong judgment?

When you give a problem to your subconscious, on the other hand, and forget it in the serene confidence that it *has* the answer, it sets its nerve ends leisurely going through the records of your past knowledge and experience, and if it cannot find what it wants there, it seeks elsewhere for it. That is why, when you are earnestly but serenely seeking something, it so often comes to you from entirely unexpected sources. That is why writers frequently have material they greatly need, actually thrust upon them! That is how those who

pray, believing, get answers from quarters they had never even heard of.

Contrast that with the case of the man who spends his time worrying, fearful, imagining all manner of dire things. He keeps his whole nervous system stirred up, on edge, his billions of tentacles waving madly in every direction, seeking for something, anything that will satisfy that goading creature behind them. Is it any wonder that, with an image of dreadful things held ever before them, they should reach out for the very elements to make that image real? "The thing that I greatly feared has come upon me," wailed Job. Of course it did. If you were with a lot of madly frightened children in a runaway bus, and kept jumping up and down and wailing—"Oh! Oh! I'm afraid someone will jump and get hurt!" what would you expect those children to do? Jump, of course! It is the one suggestion that is held before their minds. On the other hand, if you could manage to look serenely confident, and laugh and make your eyes sparkle with enjoyment as though this were really the grandest adventure, and then turn to the kids and say—"Here's the way to ride the bumps! And this is the way we take the curves!"—before you knew it, they'd be in the spirit of it and getting as much of a thrill as though they were on the roller-coaster at Coney Island.

Fear and worry stir up the tentacles or nerve ends, and set them reaching frantically in all

directions for anything that will relieve the urge back of them. Faith sets them working purposefully in one direction, reaching for the particular thing they want. It is as different as ordinary radio broadcasting is from the Marconi beam system. You *may* reach the point you are trying for in England or India or South America by broadcasting your message in all directions over an ordinary radio, but the chances are a thousand to one against you. With the Marconi beam system, on the other hand, you can concentrate all your power in the one beam, and send it speeding to any point of the globe you may select!

It requires emotion, strong feeling, to stir your tentacles into action. But where the fearful man stirs them up and then lets them dissipate all their energy in frantic and purposeless reaching out in all directions, the man of strong faith gives them a definite objective, and then keeps them centered on that one goal.

It matters not whether the thing you want be in your body or out of it. The same principle holds true. You see, while your nerves are in your body and encased by the flesh, they are not confined to the body. They are like invisible antennae that can reach out in all directions. And they do reach! Like the tentacles of the octopus, they can fasten themselves about what they want and bring it to them. All this requires is a strongly held purpose—*and faith!*

Do you want anything badly enough—can you



stir up feeling enough—and have you strong enough faith in the God inside you—to manifest the answer to *your* prayers?

Suppose a man were pointing a gun at you. Could you call up faith enough in the God inside you to imagine Him holding a shield before you, to believe more in the invulnerability of His shield than in the menace of the gun? You couldn't? Yet in the 91st Psalm, we are promised that—"He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust; his truth shall be thy shield and buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day. A thousand shall fall at thy side; and ten thousand on thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee."

If you were afflicted with some dread disease, or badly injured in an accident, could you disregard these conditions? Could you remember that the flesh is merely so much insulation, with no life in it but what is given it by the nerve tentacles, directed by the God inside you? Could you imagine that God taking his life out of the damaged or diseased tissues, disregarding them, and forming that life anew in His perfect image? Again the Psalms promise us this: "He shall deliver thee from the noisome pestilence. There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honour him."

But how about money? If you were bankrupt, creditors pressing you from every side, no money even to buy food and necessities, could you still have faith enough in the God in you to imagine in your mind's eye great stacks of gold pieces, heaps of yellow bills, on your desk, your table, the dressers in your home, in your pockets — *all yours?* Could you hold your faith steady enough, serene enough to keep your nerve tentacles from wavering, to make them form that mold and hold it until they had attracted to them whatever elements were needed to fill it? The Bible assures us in many places that the mold will be filled. Just listen: "If they obey and serve him, they shall spend their days in prosperity and their years in pleasure." "The Lord giveth thee power to get wealth." "Riches and honour are with me; yea, durable riches and righteousness." "This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but observe all that is written therein; for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success."

Let us go back again to the first forms of life upon this planet, for the same principles that animated them, apply just as truly to us. The principle of life is exactly the same. Then we had only single cells. Today, our bodies are made up of billions of cells. But the principles animating them, even the means of subsistence, are exactly the same. Each cell in our vast organism gets its nourishment and grows and propagates in the

same way as did the first living cell. So let us see how things were done when forms of life were simpler.

To begin with, the first multicellular forms of life had no brain. They had nerve centers, with antennae leading from them to every cell. These guided them in their wanderings, sought out their food, regulated their growth and propagation.

As the forms of life increased, and one preyed upon another, there was brought urgently to these nerve centers the need for protection. To an organization of a sluggish turn, a shell seemed the ideal means; to one of stronger life, speed; to a third, wings; to another, fierce teeth and claws. And here is the marvelous part: to each form of organism, its nerve centers brought that means of escape or protection which seemed best to suit its need! There was no uniformity, no one to say that all the amoeba has is so-and-so, and if he can get along with more, you ought to be able to, too. No, indeed! Each form of life had only to specify what it conceived to be its urgent deed, and its nerve centers straightway proceeded to develop the means of satisfying it.

That property of your nerve centers has in no way been lost. You have only to notice how it works with your body to be convinced of it. Suppose your hands are soft and tender as a baby's, and you suddenly take up rowing a boat. What happens? The skin on your palms chafes, wears off, blisters come and you can hardly bear to



touch the oar. But despite all this, you keep up your rowing. Every day you spend an hour at it. Does the skin wear off your hands? On the contrary, you find that the palms of your hands have developed extra thicknesses of skin—callouses, we call them—so that in a little while they can stand any amount of rowing without harm, for as fast as the outermost layer wears off, a new one grows inside to replace it. The same is true of the muscles. Take up some new form of violent exercise, and the unused muscles which it brings into play will be sore and weak for a few days. But keep it up, and they not only quickly replace those used and damaged parts, but grow bigger and more powerful with each day of use.

To go back to the idea of your nerves as a great octopus, your flesh merely insulation for the tentacles. When you wear off some of the insulation, it exposes the nerves and they hasten to draw upon the central supply stations of the body for new insulation. When they find you are going to keep up that wearing process, they put in a regular order upon the central supply station for a certain amount of new insulation each day. That is why people accustomed to heavy exercise usually run to fat if they give up their work. The nerve ends have got so in the habit of sending them additional quantities of material, that they keep on for some time after the need has passed.

The same is true even of harmful activities. The narcotic addict, for instance, the tobacco

user, the drunkard, have their nerve centers so accustomed to certain stimulation that they look for it, expect it, clamor for it when it is not forthcoming. But these nerve centers are intelligent, they have in them something that far transcends the physical, and they can be reached with the proper mental appeal when "cures" that deal only with the physical reactions leave them cold.

You see, the nerve centers are primarily interested in expression. And just as an electrician will readily discard a tool when you convince him it is no longer of any use, so will your nerve centers discard any part of this body of theirs that you convince them is not doing its part properly, and replace it with a perfect part. You crush the end of your finger, for instance. What is your remedy? Direct your nerve centers to take their tentacles out of the injured parts, to let go of them and slough them off, just as you would throw off a broken connection from the end of a wire. Then to form themselves in the shape of the mold of the perfect image of the finger, and draw upon the heart for every element needed to build that perfect image.

The same principle holds true if it is riches you want, or love, or success, or any other good thing of life. Your tentacles must first form the mold, then you can draw upon whatever elements are needed to fill out the image.

The beauty of this method is that you don't need to worry about providing the elements.

Your nerve centers will attend to that. All you have to do is to form the mold clearly, serenely, then hold your tentacles steadfast in that image with perfect faith until it becomes manifest for all to see.

Suppose, for instance, that like some of the earlier forms of life, you decide that you need a protective shell to sustain life—a shell, let us say, of gold. For that is all that many people want riches for—to protect themselves from the pricks and the terrors and the vicissitudes of life. Suppose life has terrified you so that you feel you cannot carry on without that protective shell of riches. Will you get it? Yes—if you make your mental image clearly enough, if you hold to it strongly enough, and if you put your entire dependence for it—NOT in material means, but in the God inside you.

“Whatsoever thing ye ask for when ye pray, believe that ye *receive* it, and ye shall *have* it.” The belief provides the mold, and the mold draws to itself every necessary element. With these, whatsoever thing you ask for will be yours!



EXERCISE FOR LESSON VI-A

YEARS ago I read a story by Erminie Rives called "The Kingdom of Slender Swords." The plot, as I recall it, was built around the discovery by an able scientist but even greater rascal, of a means for reversing the cohesion between the atoms in solid objects, the gravitation which holds them together. In other words, when this particular bit of electrical energy was allowed to play upon a piece of steel, the billions of protons and electrons of which that steel was composed would fly violently apart, and disintegrate into thin air.

His idea was to focus his ray upon certain battleships in the harbor, and thus precipitate a war from which he planned to profit enormously.

The plot failed, as such plots should in all well-arranged stories, but his electrical ray makes a good simile for the power that is in you. Suppose you have a growth in your nose, or a tumor, or cancer. Is the knife your only remedy? By no means! How did you get that growth in the first place? Somehow, somehow, you induced your nerve ends to form that mold, and they drew to them the elements needed to make it manifest.

BUT—that growth is just as dependent upon those nerve ends now as it was when it was being formed. They are the only life there is in it. The other elements have no more of life or intelligence in them than so many grains of sand. Take away the cement that holds them together, and they disintegrate at once. And your nerve ends, your tentacles, form the cement. Turn the electrical ray of your faith and understanding upon the growth, and it disintegrates like iron before the storied ray of Mrs. Rives.

How can you do that? How did Jesus cure the sick? He commanded the "devil" to come out of them. You must command your nerve ends to come out of those wrong growths, to let go of them and forget them, then you must form them into the perfect mold and hold them to it with unswerving faith until they have gathered together the elements necessary to make it manifest.

That is the whole secret of life—that *you are lord of your own little world, creator of your own body and circumstances*. Whatever of good is there, exists because of your belief and abiding faith. Whatever of evil is in it, is there because of your fears and worries. Don't blame fate or luck when things go wrong. "There ain't no sech animile!" You are your own fate. You have all the luck there is. That fate and that luck lie in your conscious mind. We call them your power to make mental images, and the amount of faith you can put into them.

Like the fabled salt machine mentioned in the beginning of this lesson, you are expressing the life in you all the time. But unlike that machine, you can dictate the forms in which it shall take shape. Some of your nerves end tentacles are continually shaping themselves into molds dictated by your fears or beliefs, others are as constantly seeking the materials to fill those molds. Both are most laudable workers. But when our fears have set them to producing something evil, we call them devils. When our faith has made it possible for them to build something good, we name them angels. When all the time, both angel and devil was our own conscious mind.

What do you want of life? Health, strength, a perfect body, vibrant with the joy of living? Get yourself a picture—or better still a statuette—of the perfect body you would have. Let your mind dwell upon it with desire, with pleasure, with belief. Make it the mental image of your body—set your tentacles to forming the perfect mold of it—*believe that you have it!* When you can *feel* that you have that perfect mold, when you can lose all fear for or worry about the old body in the belief that the new image is yours, *you will have it!*

The same holds true of any part of your body, any organ, any limb. In his *The Law and the Word*, Judge Troward recounts the case of a woman whose leg had been amputated above the knee, yet who frequently felt pains in the (ampu-



tated) knee and the lower part of the leg and foot. (I have been told that this is a common experience with those who have lost a limb.) One day her practitioner, accidentally putting his hand where the amputated foot should have been, thought he felt something there! He asked the woman to imagine she was making various movements with the amputated limb, and he felt every one of them and was able to tell her what each movement was! To carry the experiment further, he reversed the process and with his hand moved the invisible leg and foot in various ways, all of which the woman felt and described. He determined to treat the invisible leg as though it were a real one, and through successive mental treatments, the limb was entirely restored!

When the treatments started, the material limb was certainly missing. Yet the practitioner felt something. What was it? Wasn't it the nerve ends from the woman's nerve centers, shaping themselves at her intense desire into the form of the lost limb, and needing only sufficient faith to fill in that mold and make the perfect limb manifest!

If one can grow a lost limb—and Judge Troward's reputation for veracity has never been questioned—what organ can you not renew? Certain it is that when Peter cut off the ear of the High Priest's servant, the Bible states that Jesus touched the place, and immediately the ear was made whole. If that can be done with an ear, it

can be done with a limb or any other part, just as a lobster grows a new claw when he loses or breaks an old one. Once the principle is proved, the rest is a mere matter of detail.

Interesting experiments along these lines were made by De Rochas, an eminent French scientist. They showed that under certain magnetic conditions, the sensation of physical touch can be experienced at some distance from the body. The person experimented upon could feel the prick of a needle at a distance of as much as seven or eight inches from his body! In this condition, however, his skin itself had no sensation. You could stick a needle into it and he experienced no pain. The zone of sensation had moved out from the body! Doesn't this tend to prove that the material body itself has no life or sensation? It is made up of so many particles of energy, just as sand is. It is held together by the molds of our nerves, it is animated by them, and they are the only thing in us that is alive and intelligent and real. And they are, in the last analysis, MIND—shoots from the parent Tree of God. They take the form that Mind directs. They make the molds, they draw to them the sands necessary to fill those molds, they permeate and hold them together and animate them—all at the direction of MIND. So in the last analysis, Mind is all. Your thoughts, your mental images, while perhaps not things in themselves, form the mold for things, and if held to in perfect faith, presently materialize as things.

So nothing matters but Mind and its images. Conditions? Pouf! Take your life out of them and they crumble away like so much dried mud. Disease? Accident? Imperfections? Let go of them like you would of rotting insulation around your electric wires. Take the life of your belief out of them. Make new mental images of your perfect body, perfect organs, and then proceed to draw to them the elements to make them manifest by holding those images steadfastly, *by believing that you HAVE them!* And to get that belief, you must put your heart into those perfect mental images so strongly that you can actually FEEL your nerve ends taking form in the new mold, feel the throb of life in them, feel the sense of relief and gratitude that comes with an answered prayer.

All is Mind and its manifestations. So forget your worries. Forget your losses. Forget all evil of every kind. Dwelling upon troubles re-creates them in a hundred new forms, as well as keeps the life in the original ones. Laugh at troubles! They are not yours. You don't have to keep them one minute longer than you wish. The moment you take the life of your belief out of them, they will cease to bother you. More, they will cease to be!

God gave you domination over your world. He made you a creator, like unto Himself. He gave you power to make your world what you will. He put in you a shoot of his own Tree of Life, with power for unlimited expansion. *Use it!* Decide



now what you want most. Form your molds in that image. Then put all your life, all your faith, all your mental imagening power, into that mold. Do that—and *you will HAVE it!*

There is no life, power or intelligence in any circumstance or condition. All is Mind, its images and beliefs. Mind forms the molds. Faith fills them. Mind is the creator. Faith is the builder. Therefore the only things that matter are your mental images and your belief in them.

---

## *By the Waters of Paradise*

F. MARION CRAWFORD

### I

I REMEMBER my childhood very distinctly. Perhaps I am too imaginative, and the earliest impressions I received were of a kind to stimulate the imagination abnormally. A long series of little misfortunes, so connected with each other as to suggest a sort of weird fatality, so worked upon my melancholy temperament when I was a boy that I sincerely believed myself to be under a curse, and not only myself, but my whole family and every individual who bore by name.

I was born in the old place where my father, and his father, and all his predecessors had been born, beyond the memory of man. It was a very old house, and the greater part of it was originally a castle, strongly fortified, and surrounded by a deep moat supplied with abundant water from the hills of a hidden aqueduct. Many of the fortifications have been destroyed, and the moat has been filled up. The water from the aqueduct supplies great fountains, and runs down into huge oblong basins in the terraced gardens, one below the

other, each surrounded by a broad pavement of marble between the water and the flower-beds. The waste surplus finally escapes through an artificial grotto, some thirty yards long, into a stream, flowing down through the park to the meadows beyond, and thence to the distant river.

In the gardens there are terraces and huge hedges of box and evergreen, some of which used to be clipped into shapes of animals, in the Italian style. I can remember when I was a lad how I used to try to make out what the trees were cut to represent, and how I used to appeal for explanations to Judith, my Welsh nurse. She dealt in a strange mythology of her own, and peopled the gardens with griffins, dragons, good genii and bad, and filled my mind with them at the same time. My nursery window afforded a view of the great fountains at the head of the upper basin, and on moonlight nights the Welshwoman would hold me up to the glass and bid me look at the mist and spray rising into mysterious shapes, moving mystically in the white light like living things.

"It's the Woman of the Water," she used to say; and sometimes she would threaten that if I did not go to sleep the Woman of the Water would steal up to the high window and carry me away in her wet arms.

The place was gloomy. The gray and weather-beaten walls and towers without, the dark and massively furnished rooms within, the deep, mysterious recesses and the heavy curtains, all affected



my spirits. I was silent and sad from my childhood. There was a great clock tower above, from which the hours rang dismally during the day, and tolled like a knell in the dead of night. There was no light nor life in the house, for my mother was a helpless invalid, and my father had grown melancholy in his long task of caring for her. He was a thin, dark man, with sad eyes; kind, I think, but silent and unhappy. Next to my mother, I believe he loved me better than anything on earth, for he took immense pains and trouble in teaching me, and what he taught me I have never forgotten.

One night, when I was just six years old, I lay awake in the nursery. The door was not quite shut, and the Welsh nurse was sitting sewing in the next room. Suddenly I heard her groan, and say in a strange voice, "One—two—one—two!" I was frightened, and I jumped up and ran to the door, barefooted as I was.

"What is it, Judith?" I cried, clinging to her skirts. I can remember the look in her strange dark eyes as she answered:

"One—two leaden coffins, fallen from the ceiling!" she crooned, working herself in her chair. "One—two—a light coffin and a heavy coffin, falling to the floor!"

I do not know how it was, but the impression got hold of me that she had meant that my father and mother were going to die very soon. They died in the very room where she had been sitting that night. It was a great room, my day nursery,

full of sun when there was any; and when the days were dark it was the most cheerful place in the house. My mother grew rapidly worse, and I was transferred to another part of the building to make a place for her. They thought my nursery was gayer for her, but she could not live.

"The light one, the light one—the heavy one to come," crooned the Welshwoman. And she was right. My father took the room after my mother was gone, and day by day he grew thinner and paler and sadder.

"The heavy one, the heavy one—all of lead," moaned my nurse, one night in December, standing still, just as she was going to take away the light after putting me to bed. Then she took me up again and wrapped me in a little gown, and led me away to my father's room. She knocked, but no one answered. She opened the door, and we found him in his easy chair quite dead.

So I was alone with the Welshwoman till strange people came, and relations whom I had never seen; and then I heard them saying that I must be taken away to some more cheerful place.

Among the lads of my age I was never last, or even among the last, in anything; but I was never first. If I trained for a race, I was sure to sprain my ankle on the day when I was to run. If I pulled an oar with others, my oar was sure to break. If I competed for a prize, some unforeseen accident prevented my winning it at the last moment. Nothing to which I put my hand succeeded, and I

got the reputation of being unlucky, until my companions felt it was always safe to bet against me, no matter what the appearances might be. I became discouraged and listless in everything. I gave up the idea of competing for any distinction at the University, comforting myself with the thought that I could not fail in the examination for the ordinary degree. The day before the examination began I fell ill; and when at last I recovered, after a narrow escape from death, I turned my back upon Oxford, and went down alone to visit the old place where I had been born, feeble in health and profoundly disgusted and discouraged.

I had never shown any wish to return to my own home since I had been taken away as a little boy, and no one had ever pressed me to do so. The place had been kept in order after a fashion, and did not seem to have suffered during the fifteen years or more of my absence. The garden was more wild than I remembered it; the marble causeways about the pools looked more yellow and damp than of old, and the whole place at first looked smaller. It was not until I had wandered about the house and grounds for many hours that I realized the huge size of the home where I was to live in solitude. Then I began to delight in it, and my resolution to live alone grew stronger.

The people had turned out to welcome me, of course, and I tried to recognize the strange faces of the old gardener and the old housekeeper, and to call them by name. My old nurse I knew at



once. She had grown very gray, but her strange eyes were the same, and the look in them awoke all my old memories.

"And how is the Woman of the Water?" I asked. "Does she still play in the moonlight?"

"She is hungry," answered the Welshwoman, in a low voice.

"Hungry? Then we will feed her." I laughed. But old Judith turned very pale.

"Feed her? Aye—you will feed her well," she muttered.

I did not think much of her words. She had always talked oddly, as Welshwomen will, and though I was very melancholy I am sure I was not superstitious, and I was certainly not timid. So we went over the house, and I chose the rooms where I would live; and the servants I had brought with me ordered and arranged everything, and I had no more trouble.

I dined in solitary state, and the melancholy grandeur of the vast old dining-room pleased me. Then I went to the room I had selected for my study, and sat down in a deep chair, under a bright light, to think, or to let my thoughts meander through labyrinths of their own choosing, indifferent to the course they might take.

The tall windows of the room opened to the level of the ground upon the terrace at the head of the garden. It was in the end of July, and everything was open, for the weather was warm. As I sat alone I heard the unceasing splash of the

great fountains, and I fell to thinking of the Woman of the Water. I rose and went out into the still night, and sat down upon a seat on the terrace, between two gigantic Italian flower pots. The air was deliciously soft and sweet with the smell of the flowers, and the garden was more congenial to me than the house. Sad people always like running water and the sound of it at night, though I cannot tell why. I sat and listened in the gloom, for it was dark below, and the pale moon had not yet climbed over the hills in front of me, though all the air above was light with her rising beams. Slowly the white halo in the eastern sky ascended in an arch above the wooded crests, making the outlines of the mountains more intensely black by contrast, as though the head of some great white saint were rising from behind a screen in a vast cathedral, throwing misty glories from below. I longed to see the moon herself, and I tried to reckon the seconds before she must appear. Then she sprang up quickly, and in a moment more hung round and perfect in the sky. I gazed at her, and then at the floating spray of the tall fountains, and down at the pools, where the water lilies were rocking softly in their sleep on the velvet surface of the moonlit water. Just then a great swan floated out silently into the midst of the basin, and wreathed his long neck, catching the water in his broad bill, and scattering showers of diamonds around him.

Suddenly, as I gazed, something came between

me and the light. I looked up instantly. Between me and the round disk of the moon rose a luminous face of a woman, with great strange eyes, and a woman's mouth, full and soft, but not smiling, hooded in black, staring at me as I sat still upon my bench. She was close to me—so close that I could have touched her with my hand. But I was transfixed and helpless. She stood still for a moment, but her expression did not change. Then she passed swiftly away, and my hair stood up on my head, while the cold breeze from her white dress was wafted to my temples as she moved. The moonlight, shining through the tossing spray of the fountain, made traceries of shadow on the gleaming folds of her garments. In an instant she was gone and I was alone.

I was strangely shaken by the vision, and some time passed before I could rise to my feet, for I was still weak from my illness, and the sight I had seen would have startled anyone. I did not reason with myself, for I was certain that I had looked on the unearthly, and no argument could have destroyed that belief. At last I got up and stood unsteadily, gazing in the direction in which I thought the face had gone; but there was nothing to be seen—nothing but the broad paths, the tall, dark evergreen hedges, the tossing water of the fountains and the smooth pool below. I fell back upon the seat and recalled the face I had seen. Strange to say, now that the first impression had passed, there was nothing startling in the recollec-



tion; on the contrary, I felt that I was fascinated by the face, and would give anything to see it again. I could retrace the beautiful straight features, the long dark eyes, and the wonderful mouth most exactly in my mind, and when I had reconstructed every detail from memory I knew that the whole was beautiful, and that I should love a woman with such a face.

"I wonder whether she is the Woman of the Water!" I said to myself. Then rising once more, I wandered down the garden, descending one short flight of steps after another from terrace to terrace by the edge of the marble basins, through the shadows and through the moonlight; and I crossed the water by the rustic bridge above the artificial grotto, and climbed slowly up again to the highest terrace by the other side. The air seemed sweeter, and I was very calm, so that I think I smiled to myself as I walked, as though a new happiness had come to me. The woman's face seemed always before me, and the thought of it gave me an unwonted thrill of pleasure, unlike anything I had ever felt before.

I turned as I reached the house, and looked back upon the scene. It had certainly changed in the short hour since I had come out, and my mood had changed with it. Just like my luck, I thought, to fall in love with a ghost! But in old times I would have sighed, and gone to bed more sad than ever, at such a melancholy conclusion. To-night I felt happy, almost for the first time in my life.

The gloomy old study seemed cheerful when I went in. The old pictures on the walls smiled at me, and I sat down in my deep chair with a new and delightful sensation that I was not alone.

That impression did not wear off. I slept peacefully, and in the morning I threw open my windows to the summer air and looked down at the garden, at the stretches of green and at the colored flower-beds, at the circling swallows and at the bright water.

"A man might make a paradise of this place," I exclaimed. "A man and a woman together!"

From that day the old Castle no longer seemed gloomy, and I think I ceased to be sad; for some time, too, I began to take an interest in the place, and to try and make it more alive. I went out every evening and wandered through the walks and paths; but, try as I might, I did not see my vision again. At last, after many days, the memory grew more faint, and my old moody nature gradually overcame the temporary sense of lightness I had experienced. The summer turned to autumn, and I grew restless.

I went to Paris. I went farther, and wandered about Germany. I tried to amuse myself, and failed miserably. With the aimless whims of an idle and useless man come all sorts of suggestions for good resolutions. One day I made up my mind that I would go and bury myself in a German university for a time, and live simply like a poor student. I started with the intention of going to

Leipzig, determined to stay there until some event should direct my life or change my humor, or make an end of me altogether. The express train stopped at some station which I did not know by name. It was dusk on a winter's afternoon, and I peered through the thick glass from my seat. Suddenly another train came gliding in from the opposite direction, and stopped alongside of ours. I looked at the carriage which chanced to be abreast of mine, and idly read the black letters painted on a white board swinging from the brass handrail: BERLIN—COLOGNE—PARIS. Then I looked up at the window above. I started violently, and the cold perspiration broke out upon my forehead. In the dim light, not six feet from where I sat, I saw the face of a woman, the face I loved, the straight, fine features, the strange eyes, the wonderful mouth, the pale skin. Her head-dress was a dark veil which seemed to be tied about her head and passed over the shoulders under her chin. As I threw down the window and knelt on the cushioned seat, leaning far out to get a better view, a long whistle screamed through the station, followed by a quick series of dull, clanking sounds; then there was a slight jerk, and my train moved on.

For a quarter of an hour I lay back in my place, stunned by the suddenness of the apparition. At last one of the two other passengers, a large and gorgeous captain of the White Königsberg Cuirassiers, civilly but firmly suggested that I might



shut my window, as the evening was cold. I did so, with an apology, and relapsed into silence. The train ran swiftly on for a long time, and it was already beginning to slacken speed before entering another station, when I roused myself and made a sudden resolution. As the carriage stopped before the brilliantly lighted platform, I seized my belongings, saluted my fellow-passengers, and got out, determined to take the first express back to Paris.

This time the circumstance of the vision had been so natural that it did not strike me that there was anything unreal about the face, or about the woman to whom it belonged. I did not try to explain to myself how the face, and the woman, could be traveling by a fast train from Berlin to Paris on a winter's afternoon, when both were in my mind indelibly associated with the moonlight and the fountains in my own English home. I certainly would not have admitted that I had been mistaken in the dusk, attributing to what I had seen a resemblance to my former vision which did not really exist. There was not the slightest doubt in my mind, and I was positively sure that I had again seen the face I loved. I did not hesitate, and in a few hours I was on my way back to Paris.

I searched Paris for several days. I dined at the principal hotels; I went to the theaters; I rode in the Bois de Boulogne in the morning, and picked up an acquaintance, whom I forced to drive with me in the afternoon. I went to mass at

the Madeleine, and I attended the services at the English Church. I hung about the Louvre and Notre Dame. I went to Versailles. I spent hours in parading the Rue de Rivoli, in the neighborhood of Meurice's corner, where foreigners pass and repass from morning till night. At last I received an invitation to a reception at the English Embassy. I went, and I found what I sought.

There she was, sitting by an old lady in gray satin and diamonds, who had a wrinkled but kindly face and keen gray eyes that seemed to take in everything they saw, with very little inclination to give much in return. But I did not notice the chaperon. I saw only the face that had haunted me for months, and in the excitement of the moment I walked quickly toward the pair, forgetting such a trifle as the necessity for an introduction.

She was far more beautiful than I had thought, but I never doubted that it was she herself and no other. Vision or no vision before, this was the reality, and I knew it. Twice her hair had been covered, now at last I saw it, and the added beauty of its magnificence glorified the whole woman. It was rich hair, fine and abundant, golden, with deep ruddy tints in it like red bronze spun fine. There was no ornament in it, not a rose, not a thread of gold, and I felt that it needed nothing to enhance its splendor; nothing but her pale face, her dark strange eyes, and her heavy eyebrows. I could see that she was slender too, but strong withal, as she sat there quietly gazing at the mov-

ing scene in the midst of the brilliant lights and the hum of perpetual conversation.

I recollected the detail of introduction in time, and turned aside to look for my host. I found him at last. I begged him to present me to the two ladies, pointing them out to him at the same time.

"Yes—uh—by all means—uh," replied his Excellency with a pleasant smile. He evidently had no idea of my name.

"I am Lord Cairngorm," I observed.

"Oh—by all means," answered the Ambassador with the same hospitable smile. "Yes—uh—the fact is, I must try and find out who they are; such lots of people, you know."

"Oh, if you will present me, I will try and find out for you," said I, laughing.

"Ah, yes—so kind of you—come along," said my host. We threaded the crowd, and in a few minutes we stood before the two ladies.

"Lowmintrduce L'd Cairngorm," he said; then, adding quickly to me, "Come and dine to-morrow, won't you?" he glided away in the crowd.

I sat down beside the beautiful girl, conscious that the eyes of the duenna were upon me.

"I think we have been very near meeting before," I remarked, opening the conversation.

My companion turned her eyes full upon me with an air of inquiry.

"Really—I cannot remember," she observed, in a low and musical voice. "When?"

"In the first place, you came down from Berlin



by the express ten days ago. I was going the other way, and our carriages stopped opposite each other. I saw you at the window."

"Yes—we came that way, but I do not remember——" She hesitated.

"Secondly," I continued, "I was sitting alone in my garden last summer—near the end of July—do you remember? You must have wandered in there through the park; you came up to the house and looked at me——"

"Was that you?" she asked, in evident surprise. Then she broke into a laugh. "I told everybody I had seen a ghost; there had never been any cairngorms in the place since the memory of man. We left the next day, and never heard that you had come there.

"Where were you staying?" I asked.

"Where? Why, with my aunt, where I always stay. She is your neighbor, since it is you."

"I—beg your pardon—but then—is your aunt Lady Bluebell? I did not quite catch——"

"Don't be afraid. She is amazingly deaf. Yes. She is the relict of my beloved uncle, the sixteenth or seventeenth Baron Bluebell—I forget exactly how many of them there have been. And I—do you know who I am?" She laughed, well knowing that I did not.

"No," I answered frankly. "I have not the least idea. I asked to be introduced because I recognized you. Perhaps you are a Miss Bluebell?"

"Considering that you are a neighbor, I will tell

you who I am," she answered. "No; I am of the tribe of Bluebells, but my name is Lammas, and I have been given to understand that I was christened Margaret. Being a floral family, they call me Daisy. A dreadful American man once told me that my aunt was a Bluebell and that I was a Harebell—with two l's and an e—because my hair is so thick. I warn you, so that you may avoid making such a bad pun."

"Do I look like a man who makes puns?" I asked, being very conscious of my melancholy face and sad looks.

Miss Lammas eyed me critically.

"No; you have a mournful temperament. I think I can trust you," she answered. "Do you think you could communicate to my aunt the fact that you are a Cairngorm and a neighbor? I am sure she would like to know."

I leaned toward the old lady, inflating my lungs for a yell. But Miss Lammas stopped me.

"That is not of the slightest use," she remarked. "You can write it on a bit of paper. She is utterly deaf."

"I have a pencil," I answered; "but I have no paper. Would my cuff do, do you think?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Miss Lammas, with alacrity; "men often do that."

I wrote on my cuff: "Miss Lammas wishes me to explain that I am your neighbor, Cairngorm." Then I held out my arm before the old lady's nose. She seemed perfectly accustomed to the proceed-

ing, put up her glasses, read the words, smiled, nodded, and addressed me in the unearthly voice peculiar to people who hear nothing.

"I knew your grandfather very well," she said. Then she smiled and nodded to me again, and to her niece, and relapsed into silence.

"It is all right," remarked Miss Lammas. "Aunt Bluebell knows she is deaf, and does not say much, like the parrot. You see, she knew your grandfather.

"If you had told me you knew my grandfather when you appeared in the garden, I should not have been in the least surprised," I answered rather irrelevantly. "I really thought you were the ghost of the old fountain. How in the world did you come there at that hour?"

"We were a large party and we went out for a walk. Then we thought we should like to see what your park was like in the moonlight, and so we trespassed. I got separated from the rest, and came upon you by accident, just as I was admiring the extremely ghostly look of your house, and wondering whether anybody would ever come and live there again. It looks like the castle of Macbeth, or a scene from the opera. Do you know anybody here?"

"Hardly a soul! Do you?"

"No. Aunt Bluebell said it was our duty to come. It is easy for her to go out; she does not bear the burden of the conversation."



"I am sorry you find it a burden," said I. "Shall I go away?"

Miss Lammas looked at me with a sudden gravity in her beautiful eyes, and there was a sort of hesitation about the lines of her full, soft mouth.

"No," she said at last, quite simply, "don't go away. We may like each other, if you stay a little longer—and we ought to, because we are neighbors in the country."

I suppose I ought to have thought Miss Lammas a very odd girl. There is, indeed, a sort of freemasonry between people who discover that they live near each other and that they ought to have known each other before. But there was a sort of unexpected frankness and simplicity in the girl's amusing manner which would have struck anyone else as being singular, to say the least of it. To me, however, it all seemed natural enough. I had dreamed of her face too long not to be utterly happy when I met her at last and could talk to her as much as I pleased. To me, the man of ill luck in everything, the whole meeting seemed too good to be true. I felt again that strange sensation of lightness which I had experienced after I had seen her face in the garden. The great rooms seemed brighter, life seemed worth living; my sluggish, melancholy blood ran faster, and filled me with a new sense of strength. I said to myself that without this woman I was but an imperfect being, but that with her I could accomplish everything to which I should set my hand.

"Are you always gay?" I asked, suddenly.  
"How happy you must be!"

"The days would sometimes seem very long if I were gloomy," she answered, thoughtfully. "Yes, I think I find life very pleasant, and tell it so."

"How can you 'tell life' anything?" I inquired.  
"If I could catch my life and talk to it, I would abuse it prodigiously, I assure you."

"I dare say. You have a melancholy temper. You ought to live out-of-doors, dig potatoes, make hay, shoot, hunt, tumble into ditches, and come home muddy and hungry for dinner. It would be much better for you than moping in your rook tower and hating everything."

"It is rather lonely down there," I murmured, apologetically, feeling that Miss Lammas was quite right.

"Then marry, and quarrel with your wife," she laughed. "Anything is better than being alone."

"I am a very peaceable person. I never quarrel with anybody. You can try it. You will find it quite impossible."

"Will you let me try?" she asked, still smiling.

"By all means—especially if it is to be only a preliminary canter," I answered, rashly.

"What do you mean?" she inquired, turning quickly upon me.

"Oh—nothing. You might try my paces with a view to quarreling in the future. I cannot imagine how you are going to do it. You will have to resort to immediate and direct abuse."

"No. I will only say that if you do not like your life, it is your own fault. How can a man of your age talk of being melancholy, or of the hollowness of existence? Are you consumptive? Are you subject to hereditary insanity? Are you deaf, like Aunt Bluebell? Are you poor, like—lots of people? Have you been crossed in love? Have you lost the world for a woman, or any particular woman for the sake of the world? Are you feeble-minded, a cripple, an outcast? Are you—repulsively ugly?" She laughed again. "Is there any reason in the world why you should not enjoy all you have got in life?"

"No. There is no reason whatever, except that I am dreadfully unlucky, especially in small things."

"Then try big things, just for a change," suggested Miss Lammas. "Try and get married, for instance, and see how it turns out."

"If it turned out badly it would be serious."

"Not half so serious as it is to abuse everything unreasonably. If abuse is your particular talent, abuse something that ought to be abused. Abuse the Conservatives—or the Liberals—it does not matter which, since they are always abusing each other. Make yourself felt by other people. You will like it, if they don't. It will make a man of you. Fill your mouth with pebbles, and howl at the sea, if you cannot do anything else. It did Demosthenes no end of good, you know. You will have the satisfaction of imitating a great man."



"Really, Miss Lammas, I think the list of innocent exercises you propose——"

"Very well—if you don't care for that sort of thing, care for some other sort of thing. Care for something, or hate something. Don't be idle. Life is short, and though art may be long, plenty of noise answers nearly as well."

"I do care for something—I mean, somebody," I said.

"A woman? Then marry her. Don't hesitate."

"I do not know whether she would marry me," I replied. "I have never asked her."

"Then ask her at once," answered Miss Lammas. "I shall die happy if I feel I have persuaded a melancholy fellow creature to rouse himself to action. Ask her, by all means, and see what she says. If she does not accept you at once, she may take you the next time. Meanwhile, you will have entered for the race. If you lose, there are the 'All-aged Trail,' and the 'Consolation Race.'"

"And plenty of selling races into the bargain. Shall I take you at your word, Miss Lammas?"

"I hope you will," she answered.

"Since you yourself advise me, I will. Miss Lammas, will you do me the honor to marry me?"

For the first time in my life the blood rushed to my head and my sight swam. I cannot tell why I said it. It would be useless to try to explain the extraordinary fascination the girl exercised over me, or the still more extraordinary feeling of intimacy with her which had grown in me during

that half hour. Lonely, sad, unlucky as I had been all my life, I was certainly not timid, nor even shy. But to propose to marry a woman after half an hour's acquaintance was a piece of madness of which I never believed myself capable, and of which I should never be capable again, could I be placed in the same situation. It was as though my whole being had been changed in a moment by magic—by the white magic of her nature brought into contact with mine. The blood sank back to my heart, and a moment later I found myself staring at her with anxious eyes. To my amazement she was as calm as ever, but her beautiful mouth smiled, and there was a mischevious light in her dark-brown eyes.

"Fairly caught," she answered. "For an individual who pretends to be listless and sad you are not lacking in humor. I had really not the least idea what you were going to say. Wouldn't it be singularly awkward for you if I had said 'Yes'? I never saw anybody begin to practice so sharply what was preached to him—with so very little loss of time!"

"You probably never met a man who had dreamed of you for seven months before being introduced."

"No, I never did," she answered gayly. "It smacks of the romantic. Perhaps you are a romantic character, after all. I should think you were if I believed you. Very well; you have taken my advice, entered for a Stranger's Race and lost

it. Try the All-aged Trial Stakes. You have another cuff and a pencil. Propose to Aunt Bluebell; she would dance with astonishment, and she might recover her hearing."

THAT was how I first asked Margaret Lammas to be my wife, and I will agree with anyone who says I behaved very foolishly. But I have not repented it, and never shall. I have long ago understood that I was out of my mind that evening, but I think my temporary insanity on that occasion has had the effect of making me a saner man ever since. Her manner turned by head, for it was so different from what I expected. To hear this lovely creature, who, in my imagination, was a heroine of romance, if not of tragedy, talking familiarly and laughing readily was more than my equanimity could bear, and I lost my head as well as my heart. But when I went back to England in the spring, I went to make certain arrangements at the Castle—certain changes and improvements which would be absolutely necessary. I had won the race for which I had entered myself, and we were to be married in June.

Whether the change was due to the orders I had left with the gardener and the rest of the servants, or to my own state of mind, I cannot tell. At all events, the old place did not look the same to me when I opened my window on the morning after my arrival. There were the gray walls below me and the gray turrets flanking the huge building;



there were the fountains, the marble causeways, the smooth basins, the tall box hedges, the water lilies and the swans, just as of old. But there was something else there, too—something in the air, in the water, and in the greenness that I did not recognize—a light over everything by which everything was transfigured. The clock in the tower struck seven, and the strokes of the ancient bell sounded like a wedding chime. The air sang with the thrilling treble of the song-birds, with the silvery music of the splashing water and the softer harmony of the leaves stirred by the fresh morning wind. There was a smell of new-mown hay from the distant meadows, and of blooming roses from the beds below, wafted up together to my window. I stood in the pure sunshine and drank the air and all the sounds and the odors that were in it; and I looked down at my garden and said: "It is Paradise, after all." I think the men of old were right when they called heaven a garden, and Eden a garden inhabited by one man and one woman, the Earthly Paradise.

I turned away, wondering what had become of the gloomy memories I had always associated with my home. I tried to recall the impression of my nurse's horrible prophecy before the death of my parents—an impression which hitherto had been vivid enough. I tried to remember my old self, my dejection, my listlessness, my bad luck, my petty disappointments. I endeavored to force myself to think as I used to think, if only to sat-

isfy myself that I had not lost my individuality. But I succeeded in none of these efforts. I was a different man, a changed being, incapable of sorrow, of ill luck, or of sadness. My life had been a dream, not evil, but infinitely gloomy and hopeless. It was now a reality, full of hope, gladness, and all manner of good. My home had been like a tomb; to-day it was Paradise.

Here, I thought, we will live and live for years. There we will sit by the fountain toward evening and in the deep moonlight. Down those paths we will wander together. On those benches we will rest and talk. Among those eastern hills we will ride through the soft twilight, and in the old house we will tell tales on winter nights, when the logs burn high, and the holly berries are red, and the old chock tolls out the dying year. On these old steps, in these dark passages and stately rooms, there will one day be the sound of little pattering feet, and laughing child voices will ring up to the vaults of the ancient hall. Those tiny footsteps shall not be slow and sad as mine were, nor shall the childish words be spoken in an awed whisper. No gloomy Welshwoman shall people the dusky corners with weird horrors, nor utter horrid prophecies of death and ghastly things. All shall be young, and fresh, and joyful, and happy, and we will turn the old luck again, and forget that there was ever any sadness.

At last the time came near for the wedding. Lady Bluebell and all the tribe of Bluebells, as

Margaret called them, were at Bluebell Grange, for we had determined to be married in the country, and to come straight to the Castle afterwards. We cared little for traveling, and not at all for a crowded ceremony at St. George's in Hanover Square, with all the tiresome formalities afterwards. I used to ride over to the Grange every day, and very often Margaret would come with her aunt and some of her cousins to the Castle. I was suspicious of my own taste, and was only too glad to let her have her way about the alterations and improvements in our home.

We were to be married on the thirtieth of July, and on the evening of the twenty-eighth Margaret drove over with some of the Bluebell party. In the long summer twilight we all went out into the garden. Naturally enough, Margaret and I were left to ourselves, and we wandered down by the marble basins.

"It is an odd coincidence," I said; "It was on this very night last year that I first saw you."

"Considering that it is the month of July," answered Margaret with a laugh, "and that we have been here almost every day, I don't think the coincidence is so extraordinary, after all."

"No, dear," said I, "I suppose not. I don't know why it struck me. We shall very likely be here a year from to-day, and a year from that. The odd thing, when I think of it, is that you should be here at all. But my luck has turned. I ought not



to think anything odd that happens now that I have you. It is all sure to be good."

"A slight change in your ideas since that remarkable performance of yours in Paris," said Margaret. "Do you know, I thought you were the most extraordinary man I had ever met."

"I thought you were the most charming woman I had ever seen. I naturally did not want to lose any time in frivolities. I took you at your word, I followed your advice, I asked you to marry me, and this is the delightful result—what's the matter?"

Margaret had started suddenly, and her hand tightened on my arm. An old woman was coming up the path, and was close to us before we saw her.

"It's only Judith, dear—don't be frightened," I said. Then I spoke to the Welshwoman: "What are you about, Judith? Have you been feeding the Woman of the Water?"

"Aye—when the clock strikes, Willie—my Lord, I mean," muttered the old creature.

"What does she mean?" asked Margaret, when we had gone by.

"Nothing, darling. The old thing is mildly crazy, but she is a good soul."

We went on in silence for a few moments, and came to the rustic bridge just above the artificial grotto through which the water ran out into the park, dark and swift in its narrow channel. We stopped, and leaned on the wooden rail. The moon

was now behind us, and shone full upon the long vista of basins and on the huge walls and towers of the Castle above.

"How proud you ought to be of such a grand old place!" said Margaret, softly.

"It is yours now, darling," I answered. "You have as good a right to love it as I—but I only love it because you are to live in it, dear."

Her hand stole out and lay on mine, and we were both silent. Just then the clock began to strike far off in the tower. I counted—eight—nine—ten—eleven—I looked at my watch—twelve—thirteen—I laughed. The bell went on striking.

"The old clock has gone crazy, like Judith," I exclaimed. Still it went on, note after note ringing out monotonously through the still air. We leaned over the rail, instinctively looking in the direction whence the sound came. On and on it went. I counted nearly a hundred, out of sheer curiosity, for I understood that something had broken and that the thing was running itself down.

Suddenly there was a crack as of breaking wood, a cry and a heavy splash, and I was alone, clinging to the broken end of the rail of the rustic bridge.

I do not think I hesitated while my pulse beat twice. I sprang clear of the bridge into the black rushing water, dived to the bottom, came up again with empty hands, turned and swam downward through the grotto in the thick darkness, plunging

and diving at every stroke, striking my head and hands against jagged stones and sharp corners, clutching at last something in my fingers and dragging it up with all my might. I spoke, I cried aloud, but there was no answer. I was alone in the pitchy darkness with my burden, and the house was five hundred yards away. Struggling still, I felt the ground beneath my feet, I saw a ray of moonlight—the grotto widened, and the deep water became a broad and shallow brook as I stumbled over the stones and at last laid Margaret's body on the bank in the park beyond.

"Aye, Willie, as the clock struck!" said the voice of Judith, the Welsh nurse, as she bent down and looked at the white face. The old woman must have turned back and followed us, seen the accident, and slipped out by the lower gate.

I scarcely heard her as I knelt beside the lifeless body of the woman I loved, chafing the wet white temples and gazing wildly into the wide-staring eyes. I remember only the first returning look of consciousness, the first heaving breath, the first movement of those dear hands stretching out toward me.

That is not much of a story, you say. It is the story of my life. That is all. It does not pretend to be anything else. Old Judith says my luck turned on that summer's night when I was struggling in the water to save all that was worth living for. A month later there was a stone bridge



above the grotto, and Margaret and I stood on it and looked up at the moonlit Castle, as we had done once before, and as we have done many times since. For all those things happened ten years ago last summer, and this is the tenth Christmas Eve we have spent together by the roaring logs in the old hall, talking of old times; and every year there are more old times to talk of. There are curly-headed boys, too, with red-gold hair and dark-brown eyes like their mother's, and a little Margaret, with solemn black eyes like mine. Why could not she look like her mother, too, as well as the rest of them?

The world is very bright at this glorious Christmas time, and perhaps there is little use in calling up the sadness of long ago, unless it be to make the jolly firelight seem more cheerful, the good wife's face look gladder, and to give the children's laughter a merrier ring, by contrast with all that is gone. Perhaps, too, some sad-faced, listless, melancholy youth, who feels that the world is very hollow, and that life is like a perpetual funeral service, just as I used to feel myself, may take courage from my example, and having found the woman of his heart, ask her to marry him after half an hour's acquaintance.

Margaret always said that the old place was beautiful, and that I ought to be proud of it. I dare say she is right. She has even more imagination than I. But I have a good answer and a plain one, which is this,—that all the beauty of the

Castle comes from her. She has breathed upon it all, as the children blow upon the cold glass window panes in winter; and as their warm breath crystallizes into landscapes from fairyland, full of exquisite shapes and traversies upon the blank surface, so her spirit has transformed every gray stone of the old towers, every ancient tree and hedge in the gardens, every thought in my once melancholy self. All that was old is young, and all that was sad is glad, and I am the gladdest of all. Whatever heaven may be, there is no earthly paradise without woman, nor is there anywhere a place so desolate, so dreary, so unutterably miserable that a woman cannot make it seem heaven to the man she loves and who loves her.

I hear certain cynics laugh, and cry that all that has been said before. Do not laugh, my good cynic. You are too small a man to laugh at such a great thing as love. Prayers have been said before now by many, and perhaps you say yours, too. I do not think they lose anything by being repeated, nor you by repeating them. You say the world is bitter, and full of the Waters of Bitterness. Love, and so live that you may be loved—the world will turn sweet for you, and you shall rest like me by the Waters of Paradise.

---

## *The Brown Hand*

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE

EVERYONE knows that Sir Dominick Holden, the famous Indian surgeon, made me his heir, and that his death changed me in an hour from a hard-working and impecunious medical man to a well-to-do landed proprietor. Many know also that there were at least five people between the inheritance and me, and that Sir Dominick's selection appeared to be altogether arbitrary and whimsical. I can assure them, however, that they are quite mistaken, and that although I only knew Sir Dominick in the closing years of his life, there were none the less very real reasons why he should show his good will towards me. As a matter of fact, though I say it myself, no man ever did more for another than I did for my Indian uncle. I cannot expect the story to be believed, but it is so singular that I should feel that it was a breach of duty if I did not put it upon record—so here it is, and your belief or incredulity is your own affair.

Sir Dominick Holden, C. B., K. C. S. I., and I



don't know what besides, was the most distinguished Indian surgeon of his day. In the Army originally, he afterwards settled down into civil practice in Bombay, and visited as a consultant every part of India. His name is best remembered in connection with the Oriental Hospital, which he founded and supported. The time came, however, when his iron constitution began to show signs of the long strain to which he had subjected it, and his brother practitioners (who were not, perhaps, entirely disinterested upon the point) were unanimous in recommending him to return to England. He held on so long as he could, but at last he developed nervous symptoms of a very pronounced character, and so came back, a broken man, to his native county of Wiltshire.

We of the family were, as may be imagined, much excited by the news of the return of this rich and childless uncle to England. On his part, although by no means exuberant in his hospitality, he showed some sense of his duty to his relations, and each of us in turn had an invitation to visit him. From the accounts of my cousins it appeared to be a melancholy business, and it was with mixed feelings that I at last received my own summons to appear at Rodenhurst. My wife was so carefully excluded in the invitation that my first impulse was to refuse it, but the interests of the children had to be considered, and so, with her consent, I set out one October afternoon upon my visit to Wiltshire.

My uncle's estate was situated where the arable land of the plains begins to swell upwards into the rounded chalk hills which are characteristic of the county. As I drove from Dinton Station in the waning light of that autumn day, I was impressed by the weird nature of the scenery. The few scattered cottages of the peasants were so dwarfed by the huge evidences of prehistoric life, that the present appeared to be a dream and the past to be the obtrusive and masterful reality. The road wound through the valleys, formed by a succession of grassy hills, and the summit of each was cut and carved into the most elaborate fortifications, some circular and some square, but all on a scale which has defied the winds and the rains of many centuries. Some call them Roman and some British, but their true origin and the reasons for this particular tract of country being so interlaced with entrenchments have never been finally made clear.

It was through this weird country that I approached my uncle's residence of Rodenhurst, and the house was, as I found, in due keeping with its surroundings. Two broken and weather-stained pillars, each surmounted by a mutilated heraldic emblem, flanked the entrance to a neglected drive. A cold wind whistled through the elms which lined it, and the air was full of the drifting leaves. At the far end, under the gloomy arch of trees, a single yellow lamp burned steadily. In the dim half-light of the coming night I saw a long, low

building stretching out two irregular wings, with deep eaves, a sloping gambrel roof, and walls which were criss-crossed with timber balks in the fashion of the Tudors. The cheery light of a fire flickered in the broad, latticed window to the left of the low-porched door, and this, as it proved, marked the study of my uncle, for it was thither that I was led by his butler.

He was cowering over his fire, for the moist chill of an English autumn had set him quivering. His lamp was unlit, and I only saw the red glow of the embers beating upon a huge, craggy face, with a Red Indian nose and cheek, and deep furrows and seams from eye to chin, the sinister marks of hidden volcanic fires. He sprang up at my entrance with something of an old-world courtesy and welcomed me warmly to Rodenhurst. At the same time I was conscious, as the lamp was carried in, that it was a very critical pair of light blue eyes which looked out at me from under shaggy eyebrows, like scouts beneath a bush, and that this outlandish uncle of mine was carefully reading off my character with all the ease of a practiced observer and an experienced man of the world.

For my part I looked at him, and looked again, for I had never seen a man whose appearance was more fitted to hold one's attention. His figure was the framework of a giant, but he had fallen away until his coat dangled straight down in a shocking fashion from a pair of broad and bony shoulders. All his limbs were huge and yet emaciated, and I



could not take my gaze from his knobby wrists, and long, gnarled hands. But his eyes—those peering light blue eyes—they were the most arresting of any of his peculiarities. It was not their color alone, nor was it the ambush of hair in which they lurked; but it was the expression which I read in them. For the appearance and bearing of the man were masterful, and one expected a certain corresponding arrogance in his eyes, but instead of that I read the look which tells of a spirit cowed and crushed, the furtive, expectant look of the dog whose master has taken the whip from the rack.

My uncle's welcome was, as I have said, a courteous one, and in an hour or so I found myself seated between him and his wife at a comfortable dinner, with curious pungent delicacies upon the table, and a stealthy, quick-eyed Oriental waiter behind his chair. The old couple had come round to that tragic imitation of the dawn of life when husband and wife, having lost or scattered all those who were their intimates, find themselves face to face and alone once more, their work done, and the end nearing fast. Those who have reached that stage in sweetness and love, who can change their winter into a gentle Indian summer, have come as victors through the ordeal of life. Lady Holden was a small, alert woman, with a kindly eye, and her expression as she glanced at him was a certificate of character to her husband. And yet, though I read a mutual love in their

glances, I read also a mutual horror, and recognized in her face some reflection of that stealthy fear which I detected in his. Their talk was sometimes merry and sometimes sad, but there was a forced note in their merriment and a naturalness in their sadness which told me that a heavy heart beat upon either side of me.

We were sitting over our first glass of wine, and the servants had left the room, when the conversation took a turn which produced a remarkable effect upon my host and hostess. I cannot recall what it was which started the topic of the supernatural, but it ended in my showing them that the abnormal in psysical experiences was a subject to which I had, like many neurologists, devoted a great deal of attention. I concluded by narrating my experiences when, as a member of the Psychical Research Society, I had formed one of a committee of three who spent the night in a haunted house. Our adventures were neither exciting nor convincing, but, such as it was, the story appeared to interest my auditors in a remarkable degree. They listened with an eager silence, and I caught a look of intelligence between them which I could not understand. Lady Holden immediately afterwards left the room.

Sir Dominick pushed the cigar-box over to me, and we smoked for some little time in silence. That huge bony hand of his was twitching as he raised it with his cheroot to his lips, and I felt that the man's nerves were vibrating like fiddle-

strings. My instincts told me that he was on the verge of some intimate confidence, and I feared to speak lest I should interrupt it. At last he turned towards me with a spasmodic gesture like a man who throws his last scruple to the winds.

"From the little that I have seen of you it appears to me, Dr. Hardacre," said he, "that you are the very man I have wanted to meet."

"I am delighted to hear it, sir."

"Your head seems to be cool and steady. You will acquit me of any desire to flatter you, for the circumstances are too serious to permit of insinuerities. You have some special knowledge upon these subjects, and you evidently view them from that philosophical standpoint which robs them of all vulgar terror. I presume that the sight of an apparition would not seriously discompose you?"

"I think not, sir."

"Would even interest you, perhaps?"

"Most intensely."

"As a psysical observer, you would probably investigate it in as impersonal a fashion as an astronomer investigating a wandering comet?"

"Precisely."

He gave a heavy sigh.

"Believe me, Dr. Hardacre, there was a time when I could have spoken as you do now. My nerve was a by-word in India. Even the Mutiny never shook it for an instant. And yet you see what I am reduced to—the most timorous man, perhaps, in all this county of Wiltshire. Do not



“speak too bravely upon this subject, or you may find yourself subjected to as long-drawn a test as I am—a test which can only end in the madhouse or the grave.”

I waited patiently until he should see fit to go farther in his confidence. His preamble had, I need not say, filled me with interest.

“For some years, Dr. Hardacre,” he continued, “my life and that of my wife have been made miserable by a cause which is so grotesque that it borders upon the ludicrous. And yet familiarity has never made it more easy to bear—on the contrary, as time passes my nerves become more worn and shattered by the constant attrition. If you have no physical fears, Dr. Hardacre, I should very much value your opinion upon this phenomenon which troubles us so.”

“For that it is worth my opinion is entirely at your service. May I ask the nature of the phenomenon?”

“I think that your experiences will have a higher evidential value if you are not told in advance what you may expect to encounter. You are yourself aware of the quibbles of unconscious cerebration and subjective impressions with which a scientific sceptic may throw a doubt upon your statement. It would be as well to guard against them in advance.”

“What shall I do, then?”

“I will tell you. Would you mind following me this way?” He led me out of the dining-room and

down a long passage until we came to a terminal door. Inside there was a large bare room fitted as a laboratory, with numerous scientific instruments and bottles. A shelf ran along one side, upon which there stood a long line of glass jars containing pathological and anatomical specimens.

"You see that I still dabble in some of my old studies," said Sir Dominick. "These jars are the remains of what was once a most excellent collection, but unfortunately I lost the greater part of them when my house was burned down in Bombay.

I glanced over them, and saw that they really were of a very great value and rarity from a pathological point of view: bloated organs, gaping cysts, distorted bones, odious parasites—a singular exhibition of the products of India.

"There is, as you see, a small settee here," said my host. "It was far from our intention to offer a guest so meager an accommodation, but since affairs have taken this turn, it would be a great kindness upon your part if you would consent to spend the night in this apartment. I beg that you will not hesitate to let me know if the idea should be at all repugnant to you."

"On the contrary," I said, "it is most acceptable."

"My own room is the second on the left, so that if you should feel that you are in need of company a call would always bring me to your side."

"I trust that I shall not disturb you."

"It is unlikely that I shall be asleep. I do not sleep much. Do not hesitate to summon me."

And so with this agreement we joined Lady Holden in the drawing-room and talked of lighter things.

It was no affectation upon my part to say that the prospect of my night's adventure was an agreeable one. I have no pretense to greater physical courage than my neighbors, but familiarity with a subject robs it of those vague and undefined terrors which are the most appalling to the imaginative mind. The human brain is capable of only one strong emotion at a time, and if it be filled with curiosity or scientific enthusiasm, there is no room for fear. It is true that I had my uncle's assurance that he had himself originally taken this point of view, but I reflected that the breakdown of his nervous system might be due to his forty years in India as much as to any psychical experiences which had befallen him. I at least was sound in nerve and brain, and it was with something of the pleasurable thrill of anticipation with which the sportsman takes his position beside the haunt of his game that I shut the laboratory door behind me, and partially undressing, lay down upon the rug-covered settee.

It was not an ideal atmosphere for a bedroom. The air was heavy with many chemical odors, that of methylated spirit predominating. Nor were the decorations of my chamber very sedative. The odious line of glass jars with their relics



of disease and suffering stretched in front of my very eyes. There was no blind to the window, and a three-quarter moon streamed its white light into the room, tracing a silver square with filigree lattices upon the opposite wall. It may have been the result of my tiring day, but after many doings and many efforts to regain my clearness of perception, I fell at last into a deep and dreamless sleep.

I was awakened by some sound in the room, and I instantly raised myself upon my elbow on the couch. Some hours had passed, for the square patch upon the wall had slid downwards and sideways until it lay obliquely at the end of my bed. The rest of the room was in deep shadow. At first I could see nothing; presently, as my eyes became accustomed to the faint light, I was aware, with a thrill which all my scientific absorption could not entirely prevent, that something was moving slowly along the line of the wall. A gentle, shuffling sound, as of soft slippers, came to my ears, and I dimly discerned a human figure walking stealthily from the direction of the door. As it emerged into the patch of moonlight I saw very clearly what it was and how it was employed. It was a man, short and squat, dressed in some sort of dark gray gown, which hung straight from his shoulders to his feet. The moon shone upon the side of his face, and I saw that it was chocolate brown in color, with a ball of black hair like a woman's at the back of his head. He

walked slowly, and his eyes were cast upwards towards the line of bottles which contained those gruesome remnants of humanity. He seemed to examine each jar with attention, and then to pass on to the next. When he had come to the end of the line, immediately opposite my bed, he stopped, faced me, threw up his hands with a gesture of despair, and vanished from my sight.

"I have said that he threw up his hands, but I should have said his arms, for as he assumed that attitude of despair, I observed a singular peculiarity about his appearance. He had only one hand! As the sleeves drooped down from the upflung arms I saw the left plainly, but the right ended in a knobby and unsightly stump. In every other way his appearance was so natural, and I had both seen and heard him so clearly, that I could easily have believed that he was an Indian servant of Sir Dominick's who had come into my room in search of something. It was only his sudden disappearance which suggested anything more sinister to me. As it was I sprang from my couch, lit a candle, and examined the whole room carefully. There were no signs of my visitor, and I was forced to conclude that there had really been something outside the normal laws of Nature in his appearance. I lay awake for the remainder of the night, but nothing else occurred.

I am an early riser, but my uncle was an even earlier one, for I found him pacing up and down the lawn at the side of the house. He ran towards

me in his eagerness when he saw me come out from the door.

"Well, well!" he cried. "Did you see him?"

"An Indian with one hand?"

"Precisely."

"Yes, I saw him"—and I told him all that occurred. When I had finished, he led the way into his study.

"We have a little time before breakfast," said he. "It will suffice to give you an explanation of this extraordinary affair—so far as I can explain that which is essentially inexplicable. In the first place, when I tell you that for four years I have never passed one single night, either in Bombay, aboard ship, or here in England without my sleep being broken by this fellow, you will understand why it is that I am a wreck of my former self. His programme is always the same. He appears by my bedside, shakes me roughly by the shoulder, passes from my room into the laboratory, walks slowly along the line of my bottles, and then vanishes."

"What does he want?"

"He wants his hand."

"His hand?"

"Yes, it came about in this way. I was summoned to Peshawur for a consultation some ten years ago, and while there I was asked to look at the hand of a native who was passing through with an Afghan caravan. The fellow came from some mountain tribe living away at the back of



beyond somewhere on the other side of Kaffiristan. He talked a bastard Pushtoo, and it was all I could do to understand him. He was suffering from a soft sarcomatous swelling of one of the metacarpal joints, and I made him realize that it was only by losing his hand that he could hope to save his life. After much persuasion he consented to the operation, and he asked me, when it was over, what fee I demanded. The poor fellow was almost a beggar, so that the idea of a fee was absurd, but I answered in jest that my fee should be his hand, and that I proposed to add it to my pathological collection.

"To my surprise he demurred very much to the suggestion, and he explained that according to his religion it was an all-important matter that the body should be reunited after death, and so make a perfect dwelling for the spirit. The belief is, of course, an old one, and the mummies of the Egyptians arose from an analogous superstition. I answered him that his hand was already off, and asked him how he intended to preserve it. He replied that he would pickle it in salt and carry it about with him. I suggested that it might be safer in my keeping than in his, and that I had better means than salt for preserving it. On realizing that I really intended to carefully keep it, his opposition vanished instantly, 'But remember, sahib,' said he, 'I shall want it back when I am dead.' I laughed at the remark, and so the matter ended.

"Well, as I told you last night, I had a bad fire in my house at Bombay. Half of it was burned down, and, among other things, my pathological collection was largely destroyed. What you see are the poor remains of it. The hand of the hill-man went with the rest, but I gave the matter no particular thought at the time. That was six years ago.

"Four years ago—two years after the fire—I was awakened one night by a furious tugging at my sleeve. I sat up under the impression that my favorite mastiff was trying to arouse me. Instead of this, I saw my Indian patient of long ago, dressed in the long gray gown which was the badge of his people. He was holding up his stump and looking reproachfully at me. He then went over to my bottles, which at the time I kept in my room, and he examined them carefully, after which he gave a gesture of anger and vanished. I realized that he had just died, and that he had come to claim my promise that I should keep his limb in safety for him.

"Well, there you have it all, Dr. Hardacre. Every night at the same hour for four years this performance has been repeated. It is a simple thing in itself, but it has worn me out like water dropping on a stone. It has brought a vile insomnia with it, for I cannot sleep now for the expectation of his coming. It has poisoned my old age and that of my wife, who has been the sharer in this great trouble.

This was the curious narrative which Sir Dominick confided to me—a story which to many would have appeared to be a grotesque impossibility, but which, after my experience of the night before, and my previous knowledge of such things, I was prepared to accept as an absolute fact. I thought deeply over the matter, and brought the whole range of my reading and experience to bear upon it. After breakfast, I announced that I was returning to London by the next train.

"My dear doctor," cried Sir Dominick in great distress, "you make me feel that I have been guilty of a gross breach of hospitality in intruding this unfortunate matter upon you."

"It is, indeed, that matter which is taking me to London," I answered; "but you are mistaken, I assure you, if you think that my experience of last night was an unpleasant one to me. On the contrary, I am about to ask your permission to return in the evening and spend the night in your laboratory. I am eager to see this visitor again."

My uncle was exceedingly anxious to know what I was about to do, but my fears of raising false hopes prevented me from telling him. I was back in my own consulting-room a little after luncheon, and was confirming my memory of a passage in a recent book upon occultism which had arrested my attention when I read it.

"In the case of earth-bound spirits," said my authority, "some one dominant idea obsessing them at the hour of death is sufficient to hold them to



this material world. They are the amphibia of this life and of the next, capable of passing from one to the other as the turtle passes from land to water. The causes which may bind a soul so strongly to a life which its body has abandoned are any violent emotion. Avarice, revenge, anxiety, love, and pity have all been known to have this effect. As a rule it springs from some unfulfilled wish, and when the wish has been fulfilled the material bond relaxes. There are many cases upon record which show the singular persistence of these visitors, and also their disappearance when their wishes have been fulfilled, or in some cases when a reasonable compromise has been effected."

"*A reasonable compromise effected*"—those were the words which I had brooded over all the morning, and which I now verified in the original. No actual atonement could be made here—but a reasonable compromise! I made my way as fast as a train could take me to the Shadwell Seamen's Hospital, where my old friend Jack Hewitt was house-surgeon. Without explaining the situation I made him understand what I wanted.

"A brown man's hand!" said he, in amazement. "What in the world do you want that for?"

"Never mind. I'll tell you some day. I know that your wards are full of Indians."

"I should think so. But a hand—" He thought a little and then struck a bell.

"Travers," said he to a student-dresser, "what

became of the hands of the Lascar which we took off yesterday? I mean the fellow from the East India Dock who got caught in the steam winch."

"They are in the *post-mortem* room, sir."

"Just pack one of them in antiseptics and give it to Dr. Hardacre."

And so I found myself back at Rohenhurst before dinner with this curious outcome of my day in town. I still said nothing to Sir Dominick, but I slept that night in the laboratory, and I placed the Lascar's hand in one of the glass jars at the end of my couch.

So interested was I in the result of my experiment that sleep was out of the question. I sat with a shaded lamp beside me and waited patiently for my visitor. This time I saw him clearly from the first. He appeared beside the door, nebulous for an instant, and then hardening into as distinct an outline as any living man. The slippers beneath his gray gown were red and heelless, which accounted for the low, shuffling sound which he made as he walked. As on the previous night he passed slowly along the line of bottles until he paused before that which contained the hand. He reached up to it, his whole figure quivering with expectation, took it down, examined it eagerly, and then, with a face which was convulsed with fury and disappointment, he hurled it down on the floor. There was a crash which resounded through the house, and when I looked up the

Indian had disappeared. A moment later my door flew open and Sir Dominick rushed in.

"You are not hurt?" he cried.

"No—but deeply disappointed."

He looked in astonishment at the splinters of glass, and the brown hand lying upon the floor.

"Good God!" he cried. "What is this?"

I told him my idea and its wretched sequel. He listened intently, but shook his head.

"It was well thought of," said he, "but I fear that there is no such easy end to my sufferings. But one thing I now insist upon. It is that you shall never again upon any pretext occupy this room. My fears that something might have happened to you—when I heard that crash—have been the most acute of all the agonies which I have undergone."

He allowed me, however, to spend the remainder of that night where I was, and I lay there worrying over the problem and lamenting my own failure. With the first light of morning there was the Lascar's hand still lying upon the floor to remind me of my fiasco. I lay looking at it—and as I lay suddenly an idea flew like a bullet through my head and brought me quivering with excitement out of my couch. I raised the grim relic from where it had fallen. Yes, it was indeed so. The hand was the *left* hand of the Lascar.

By the first train I was on my way to town, and hurried at once to the Seamen's Hospital. I remembered that both hands of the Lascar had been



amputated, but I was terrified lest the precious organ which I was in search of might have been already consumed in the crematory. My suspense was soon ended. It had still been preserved in the *post-mortem* room. And so I returned to Rodenhurst in the evening with my mission accomplished and the material for a fresh experiment.

But Sir Dominick Holden would not hear of my occupying the laboratory again. To all my entreaties he turned a deaf ear. It offended his sense of hospitality, and he could no longer permit it. I left the hand, therefore, as I had done its fellow the night before, and I occupied a comfortable bedroom in another portion of the house.

But in spite of that my sleep was not destined to be uninterrupted. In the dead of night my host burst into my room, a lamp in his hand. His huge gaunt figure was enveloped in a loose dressing-gown, and his whole appearance might certainly have seemed more formidable to a weak-nerved man than that of the Indian of the night before. But it was not his entrance so much as his expression which amazed me. He had turned suddenly younger by twenty years at the least. His eyes were shining, his features radiant, and he waved one hand in triumph over his head.

"We have done it! We have succeeded!" he shouted. "My dear Hardacre, how can I ever in this world repay you?"

"You don't mean to say that it is all right?"

"Indeed I do. I was sure that you would not

mind being awakened to hear such blessed news."

"Mind! I should think not indeed. But is it really certain?"

"I have no doubt whatever upon the point. I owe you such a debt, my dear nephew, as I have never owed a man before, and never expected to. What can I possibly do for you that is commensurate? Providence must have sent you to my rescue. You have saved both my reason and my life, for another six months of this must have seen me either in a cell or a coffin. And my wife—it was wearing her out before my eyes. Never could I have believed that any human being could have lifted this burden off me." He seized my hand and wrung it in his bony grip.

"It was only an experiment—a forlorn hope—but I am delighted from my heart that it has succeeded. But how do you know that it is all right? Have you seen something?"

He seated himself at the foot of my bed.

"I have seen enough," said he. "It satisfies me that I shall be troubled no more. What has passed is easily told. You know that at a certain hour this creature always comes to me. To-night he arrived at the usual time, and aroused me with even more violence than is his custom. I can only surmise that his disappointment of last night increased the bitterness of his anger against me. He looked angrily at me, and then went on his usual round. But in a few minutes I saw him, for the first time since this persecution began, return to

my chamber. He was smiling. I saw the gleam of his white teeth through the dim light. He stood facing me at the end of my bed, and three times he made the low Eastern salaam which is their solemn leave-taking. And the third time that he bowed he raised his arms over his head, and I saw his *two* hands outstretched in the air. So he vanished, and, as I believe, for ever."

So that is the curious experience which won me the affection and the gratitude of my celebrated uncle, the famous Indian surgeon. His anticipations were realized and never again was he disturbed by the visits of the restless hillman in search of his lost member. Sir Dominick and Lady Holden spent a very happy old age, unclouded, so far as I know, by any trouble, and they finally died during the great influenza epidemic within a few weeks of each other. In his lifetime he always turned to me for advice in everything which concerned that English life of which he knew so little; and I aided him also in the purchase and development of his estates. It was no great surprise to me, therefore, that I found myself eventually promoted over the heads of five exasperated cousins, and changed in a single day from a hard-working country doctor into the head of an important Wiltshire family. I at least have reason to bless the memory of the man with the brown hand, and the day when I was fortunate enough to relieve Rodenhurst of his unwelcome presence.



.....

## Mind Centre

MRS. JAMES MADISON BASS  
Chief Counsellor

We Acknowledge and Proclaim:

THE KINGDOM of HEAVEN AT HAND—  
HERE AND NOW.

"There hath not failed one word of all His good promise." II Kings 8:56.

THE BIBLE gives some startling promises. It tells us, that if we pass through the waters they shall not overflow us, fire shall not burn us even though we walk through it. Yea the valley of the shadow of death causeth no fear for *Thou art with me.*

"Behold I give you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy; and nothing shall by any means hurt you."

Baird T. Spalding in Masters of the Far East gives a wonderful example of how these promises work for those who claim them. The expedition of explorers were on their way to the great Gobi Desert. They had contacted some of the masters,

who were with them on the journey. They had proceeded on their way for seven days, and had left the trail to make camp for the night. Mr. Spalding says:

"At this time someone remarked that it was going to storm. We looked and saw a heavy bank of clouds gathering in the northwest and fog was drifting in from every direction. At that moment the storm broke upon us with all the fury of a blizzard. Our apprehension became intense as we had experienced the fury of a blizzard in that mountain fastness before. For a few moments the wind lashed and roared and drove the fine particles of snow around us with the fury of a seventy-mile gale and it looked as if we would be obliged to move our camp to escape the falling limbs that were being broken by the storm from the trees.

"Then everything became calm where we were and we thought that it was a squall, such as often happens in that country that soon blows over. There was a dim half light which enables us to see and we turned to and set the camp in order. We were occupied with this work for about half an hour. As we stopped for a moment, our chief walked to the entrance of the tent and looked out, then turned and said, "The storm seems to be raging a short distance away, but where we are there is scarcely a breath of air stirring. Just look the tents and trees around are hardly moving and the air seems warm and balmy." A number of our party followed him outside and we stood

wondering. The blizzard was raging with all its fury within a hundred feet of us, and we knew, from our former experience that out there the cold was intense and pierced one through and through, while the wind drove the icy needle-like particles of snow around and along with it in blinding fury until one was nearly suffocated.

*But in the circle in which we were the air was still and warm.*

"Suddenly the circle lighted up as if by magic. Supper was announced; we went in and sat down. Jast (one of the Masters) turned to us and said: "The Father's house is where you are abiding, for if you are within that house and do there abide, you are in the glad spirit of the Father. But of what avail is the warmth and cheer within the house if you are not of the house or know not the warmth and cheer therein. You may invite those that remain just without and they will not enter for they know not where you abide. Within the snow, or cold, or heaviest storm, the Father abides and those who abide in Him cannot be harmed. It is only when you are out of contact with God that the winds, the storms, and tides sweep over you.

When one can stand steadfastly and unwaveringly with his eyes fixed directly on God, knowing and seeing no other, he can accomplish what you now see."

Our Mind Centres, no matter how small they are, can be made true circles of Light, which afford



protection to all that abide therein, and these Centres reflect and radiate the Life, Truth and Love which lighteth the whole world.

In this issue of Mind, Inc., Robert Collier tells us how to realize this great truth. When we make the lesson our own, we will learn to contact this Spirit within, and with Mind the creator and faith the builder, we can move upon the all-enfolding substance of God and bring into visible manifestation every ideal we hold in thought. "Thou openest thine hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing."

#### REPORTS FROM THE CENTRES

"And they helped everyone his neighbor: and everyone said to his brother, Be of *good* courage."

Reports coming to us show increasing good results. Some of the groups are starting with the two or three gathered together in His name. In this one accord, having the Mind of Christ, beautiful and effectual demonstrations are being made.

From one of our newest Centres, George Johnston writes:

"Friday, 24th of October, I started a Mind Centre in my home. We have only four members for the beginning, but let me tell you of our results. We selected a member who was out of work, had been for two months. He went to work Monday, 27th. Naturally, I am delighted with such a marvellous beginning and am anxious for the next meeting night."

Dr. Jacobson says: "We are working with renewed interest now that we feel that we have something back of us in our cause for the Kingdom." Alene Hardin says: "We are reorganizing, beginning in a small way where we

can be of one accord in one place. We were particularly interested in the rules, as this will be valuable to enable those who may desire to become members to determine their own wishes in the matter. With this idea in mind we are inviting others to meet with us. I am learning a little more about how to 'shine upon my brother and not for him.'

M. M. Clark is working out a fine idea in organization which we are planning to use as a pattern. John Seaman Garns has the large Centre divided into groups for prayer Circles, and will give us ideas in our Board work. G. F. Cassedy sees things so clearly that we are claiming him also on our advisory committee. Lora French Jenks is now in California and plans some special organization work out there. Lucile O'Neill has compiled a little booklet of inspirational thoughts for class work which is entitled "Your Power Plant." Elizabeth Holm has an excellent idea which she has embodied in a story called "A Doctor of Affairs." F. W. Jacques is working out very excellent plans on the group idea. Homer C. Debo is co-operating with the advisory committee. We will give more detailed account of these and others in our next issue.

First Mind Centre of Mind, Inc., will gladly give information and advice to those desiring to form centres or prayer groups. Write us for particulars.

## Mind Centres

- Mrs. E. B. Jones, Evergreen, Ala.
- Dr. Cyril Dadswell, Sulphur Springs, Ark.
- Marguerite A. Travis, Atascadero, Calif.
- Mrs. Annie D. Frazier, 2024 Parker St., Berkley, Calif.
- F. W. Jacques, 10533 Hawthorne Blvd., Inglewood, Calif.
- Lora French Jenks, 439 Olive Ave., Long Beach, Calif.
- Homar C. Debo, 1601 Wilshire, Los Angeles, Calif.
- Isis B. Charlesworth, Mission Cliff Hotel, San Diego, Calif.
- W. E. Smith, 3575 31st St., San Diego, Calif.
- Karen Faler, 20 Tay St., San Francisco, Calif.
- Mrs. Alice M. Bradenburg, 1732 11th St., Santa Monica, Ont., Can.
- Mrs. D. C. Eplett, Coldwater, Ont., Can.
- Mrs. Clara K. Price, 5805 Victoria Rd., Vancouver, B. C.
- Frederick Babcock, 2665 Dahlia St., Denver, Colo.
- F. D. Wooton, 4976 Raleigh St., Denver, Colo.
- T. E. Adams, So. Fork, Colo.
- A. H. Borlamd, Wray, Colo.
- D. C. Peck, Plainville, Conn.
- Fred A. Berlin, 1319 F St., N.W., Washington, D. C.
- M. M. Clark, 1421 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
- Dr. Cora Jacobson, 1631 Euclid St., N.W., Wash., D. C.
- Lula Scharffetter, 1302 Park Rd., Washington, D. C.
- Clara Bristoe Douglas, Lakeland, Fla.
- Alene Hardin, 205 Georgia Casualty Bldg., Macon, Ga.
- Mrs. Clara Abram, 4752 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- Anna Brainard, 225 W. 61st St., Chicago, Ill.
- Mrs. Abbye B. Dison, 5938 S. Parkway, Chicago, Ill.
- Ernest E. Huffman, Ionla, Iowa.
- C. M. Crossett, Wellman, Iowa.
- Mrs. Gertrude Dean, 33 Lincoln St., Malden, Mass.
- F. H. Belden, 39 North St., Pittsfield, Mass.
- W. D. Fraser, So. Lancaster, Mass.
- L. W. Ewell, 44 Pearl St., Worcester, Mass.
- Foster G. Hibbard, Woodland, Maine.
- Roman Jedlicki, Jr., 7530 Do-bel St., Detroit, Mich.
- C. F. Von dem Bussche, 3160 2nd Blvd., Detroit, Mich.
- Dr. Elmer McMullen, 7 Main St., E., Fremont, Mich.
- John Seaman Garns, LaSalle St., Minneapolis, Minn.
- Mrs. Marie C. Romelser, 2004 Spanish Dr., Brentwood, Mo.
- Louis R. Mills, 321 Ilgenfritz Bldg., Sedalia, Mo.
- George Johnston, 28 Liberty Ave., Bellevue, N. J.
- James G. Roger, 721 Cooper St., Camden, N. J.
- Miss Mabel A. McCoy, 6 Park Pl., Newark, N. J.
- Allen L. Guilford, Richland, N. J.
- Frederick G. Cauer, 3007 B'way, Astoria, N. Y.
- Miss Belle M. Benson, 169 81st St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Mrs. King Whitney, 175 North St., Buffalo, N. Y.



G. F. Cassedy, 802 Maple Ave., Elmira, N. Y.  
 Mrs. David W. Jones, 8 Walnut St., Binghamton, N. Y.  
 H. G. Heckman, Grand Ave., Johnson City, N. Y.  
 Dr. Robt. Strader, 274 W. Girard Blvd., Kenmore, N.Y.  
 Frederick E. Andrews, 28 E. 6th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.  
 R. Arthur Helser, 1517 Olive-wood Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.  
 Compton's Health Centre, 2311 Linden Ave., Columbus, O.  
 Frank P. Donnelly, Home Sav-ings & Loan Bldg., Youngs-town, Ohio.  
 Mrs. C. E. Farr, Delaware, Okla.  
 W. H. Nolte, Gen. Del., Bart-kesville, Okla.  
 Albert G. Thomas, 508 Plum St., Klamath Falls, Oregon.  
 Fred C. Fygard, 2819 Crosby Ave., Dormont, Pa.  
 Mrs. Nellie Barrett, 544 N. Washington Ave., Scranton, Pa.

Mrs. George S. Jenkins, 201 E. Marthart Ave., Upper Darby, Pa.  
 Arthur Chapman, Elizabeth-ton, Tenn.  
 Margaret Love Odom, 2080 E. LaSalle Pl., Memphis, Tenn.  
 E. P. Bickenbach, 207½ E. San Antonio St., El Pasco, Tex.  
 G. I. Huffman, 406 San Jacinto Trust Bldg., Houston, Tex.  
 Elizabeth M. Holm, San An-tonio, Tex.  
 Mrs. L. McCulloch, 2606 Sum-mer Ave., Hoquiam, Wash.  
 J. J. Patterson, 910 Republic Bldg., Seattle, Wash.  
 Mrs. Lucile O'Neil, 706 Eitel Bldg., Seattle, Wash.  
 Miss Jean Adkins, 1428 W. 7th Ave., Spokane, Wash.  
 Mr. W. H. Kurtz, Box 432, Columbus, Wis.  
 W. H. Pritchard, Box 4117, Johannesburg, S. Africa.  
 Jas. L. Martin, 68 Vivian St., New Plymouth, New Zealand.

---

"THE WHITE SATIN DRESS" by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews was published in Schribner's Magazine for August 1929, and printed in book form by Charles Schribner's Sons, and copyrighted by them. Mind, Inc., had no authority to use this story in any form, and the printing of it in Mind, Inc., for October 1930 was an unintentional violation of the copy-right. For this we express our sincere regrets. No one has the right to reproduce this story or any part of it.

---

Copyright Notices. By the Waters of Paradise by F. Marion Crawford. Copyright 1896, by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The Brown Hand, by Sir A. Conan Doyle. Copyright 1902 by S. S. McClure Co., and 1908 by The McClure Co.

# MIND OR MATTER



## Which Controls You?

The scientists claim that the chemical elements composing man's physical being can be purchased in any pharmacy shop for sixty cents.

These same scientists admit, however, that the real part of man is neither chemical nor visible matter. It is a priceless gift from God, a power beyond human duplication.

## Your Infinite Mind a Creative Power

The invisible part of YOU is a part of the creative power of the universe. It is UNLIMITED IN ITS CAPABILITIES when released from its sleeping dormancy.

YOU CAN CONTROL the FATE of your CAREER, the destiny of your course in life by the USE of this infinite power. BRING INTO REALIZATION YOUR FONDEST DREAMS.

## This Free Book Tells You How

The Rosicrucians will show you how to use your majestic mental powers. They will send sincere seekers a FREE, fascinating book telling what they are doing for thinking men and women throughout the world. Here is an opportunity to learn of the helpful and practical infinite laws of life. An hour a week of study may mean the unfoldment of a NEW LIFE to YOU.

LIBRARIAN E.X.S.  
ROSICRUCIAN BROTHERHOOD  
San Jose (AMORC) California  
(Perpetuating the Original and only Rosicrucian  
Fraternity.)

# The Kingdom of the Blind

**W**HAT was it enabled the first primitive savage to triumph over his fellows and set himself at their head as Chief?

Not brute strength. Not courage. But a REASONING MIND.

The first man to use his reasoning mind to fashion bow or sling became king of his kind. The first tribe to use their reasoning minds to draw upon the power of fire swept all before them. Why? Because—

## In the Country of the Blind, The One-Eyed Are KINGS!

Today, from depending upon numbers or armaments, man has advanced until the battle is one of minds.

And now there has come into this battle a new factor, as decisive in its effects as when primitive man first threw into the scale against the animals the weight of his reasoning mind.

That factor is the Subconscious Mind—and the ones who learn first to use it are going to be the Leaders of tomorrow.

### Use the Coupon

*Mind, Inc.*, opens the eyes of your mind to the giant power within you, and shows you how to harness that power. Send for it!

----- Copy this Coupon and mail! -----

Robert Collier, 599 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

On the distinct understanding that I get my money back at once if I return the lessons, you may send me the twelve Lessons of MIND, Inc., containing the following:

- Lesson I—The Kingdom of the Blind
- Lesson II—The Three Laws of Life
- Lesson III—The Open Door
- Lesson IV—The Soul of Riches
- Lesson V—The Law of the Higher Potential
- Lesson VI—"Old Man Gravity"
- Lesson VII—Primary Causes
- Lesson VIII—The Greatest Commandment
- Lesson IX—WANTED: Leaders!
- Lesson X—What Are We Here For?
- Lesson XI—Heaven
- Lesson XII—Hell

I enclose \$4.85 in full payment.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....



# The Secret of the Ages

**\$2.85** Regularly  
\$7.85

200,000 sets of The Secret of the Ages have been sold in the past three years at \$7.85 to \$15 each.

From that great edition, we have left a few sets slightly scuffed from stock room handling—not enough to hurt, but still, they cannot be sold as new books.

## *Fine Bindings at the Price of Paper!*

Rather than send these sets back to the bindery, we have decided to let the advantage go to our customers, and sell these complete sets in their fine bindings for what they would bring in the paper covers only.

## **Send No Money**

Just mail the attached coupon, and the 7 volumes of the Secret of the Ages will be mailed you at once. When the Postman delivers them, you can deposit your \$2.85 (and the postage) with him. If then you are not more than pleased, send them back and we will refund both your \$2.85 and the postage.

-----*Tear off here and mail*-----

**Robert Collier, 599 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.**

You may send me the 7 volumes of The Secret of the Ages in the fine Artcraft binding (the regular \$7.85 edition).

When the Postman delivers them, I will deposit with him \$2.85, plus the postage.\* If I should return the books within 30 days, you are to refund my \$2.85 and the postage.

Name .....

City .....State .....

Address .....

(\*We pay postage when \$2.85 is mailed with order.)

# THE AFTERMATH

to

## "Seven Minutes in Eternity"

By Wm. Dudley Pelley

EVERY one who read Mr. Pelley's startling experience in *Seven Minutes in Eternity* will want to know the Aftermath of that extraordinary episode.

At last, Mr. Pelley has consented to tell this. Not only that, but he has added to his original article certain particulars which he feared sounded too unbelievable for the readers of a magazine.

This complete story of the original episode, with the Aftermath, and an interesting biographical sketch of Mr. Pelley and his latest photograph, have been put into a little gift book, beautifully bound in flexible "Spanish Leather".

### A Few Autographed Copies

Mr. Pelley has promised to autograph the first thousand copies of this Gift Edition. While they last, you can get these Autographed copies for only \$1 each.

-----Tear Off Coupon and Mail-----

Robert Collier, Inc., 599 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

You may send me, postpaid,.....copies of Wm. Dudley Pelley's *Seven Minutes in Eternity* with their Aftermath—the Autographed edition—at \$1 each.

I enclose \$..... in full payment.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State .....

# THE PROSPERITY LEAGUE OF AMERICA

*Incorporated—Not for Profit.*

SOCIAL STABILITY DEPENDS UPON  
ECONOMIC STABILITY

The Prosperity League of America has been incorporated to work for the welfare and prosperity of its members and to do any and all proper things, to increase the circulation of money, stimulate trade, enhance the value of land, and lessen the terrible sense of insecurity which rests upon the majority of people.

There are thousands and tens of thousands of people, who have been caught in a financial trap, from which they are finding great difficulty in extricating themselves. It was John A. Logan who said:

"I can see our business operations crippled and wages for labor reduced to a mere pittance.—I can see the pathway to improvements again sinking into idleness. I can see the mortgage fiends at their hellish work.—I can see the hopes of industrious farmers blasted.—I can see dividends of millions of dollars on fictitious stocks and bonds.—I can see our people groaning under taxation to pay debts of States, Cities and Corporations.—I can see producers reduced to the condition of serfs who pay interest on public and private debts to the money sharks of Wall Street."

What prediction has been more fully verified?

The booklet which I enclose will be of interest to you. As surely as night follows day, just so surely are the means of production and distribution being centralized in the hands of a comparatively small number of men.

You cannot prevent this!

But you can protect your home and your income by returning the following coupon.

But you must do it at once! There is no time to lose!

---

## PROSPERITY LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Inc.,

704 North Ninth Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation send me the first Prosperity Degree, then if you do not hear from me within two weeks, you may send the rest, for which I agree to pay \$2.00 per month for three months.

Name .....

Address .....

Post Office ..... State.....

NOTE: If you prefer to send remittance with your order, you may deduct 10% and send \$5.40 only. In this case all of the 12 degrees will be packed in one box and sent to you by Parcel Post.



# The Old Man of the Sea

40,000,000 wage earners in the United States lose 10% of their time on account of sickness. 500,000 die each year from diseases which the medical fraternity regards as easily preventable or curable. The annual cost of medical and hospital treatment in this country is estimated at \$2,000,000,000.00!

That is the Old Man of the Sea who is a-straddle of our necks. That is the fearful burden we must shake off.

Can it be done? Thousands have proved that it can! Thousands of sick and halt and blind and fevered and lame. It not only CAN be done—it IS being done every day.

Not through any quack preparation. Not through blind "faith cures." But through that hidden power in each one of us which can work miracles—the power which points the way to success, which can bring you riches, which can cure you and keep you cured of any ill.

The few principles underlying that power are given simply, clearly, unmistakably in—

## "THE LIFE MAGNET"

Send for it. The attached coupon brings it to you without risk and without obligation.

You can't lose. You CAN win—happiness and riches and health. Are they worth trying for—to you? Especially when that trial requires no labor other than mastering a few principles which are ever new, yet thousands of years old?

-----Tear off here and mail-----

Robert Collier, 599 5th Ave., New York

You may send me the 7 volumes of The Life Magnet, in the fine Airtcraft binding postpaid, for a week's FREE EXAMINATION.

I will either return the books at the end of the week, or else I will send you \$7.85 in full payment.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State .....

FEB-1935

# Mind, Inc. Memberships

THE purpose of *Mind, Inc.*, is to acquaint those in sorrow or need with the God in them, to the end that they may attain, here and now, the dominion over circumstances and conditions so often promised us in the Bible.

More than eight hundred share-holders already have a part with us in this worthy task—not for profit, but to the end that they might “give, and it shall be given unto them—good measure, pressed down and running over. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again.”

The common stock of *Mind, Inc.*, has all been subscribed, but for those who wish to have a share in this great work, we will ourselves give back to *Mind, Inc.* (without cost of any kind), as many shares as are needed. Whatever money you send will go entirely to *Mind, Inc.*, to be used in spreading the word to more and more hungry hearts.

Each share subscribed for on the basis outlined below will carry with it a year's subscription to *Mind, Inc.* The names of Patrons, Benefactors and Directors will be carried in each issue. The names of Life Members will be published in every third issue of Sustaining Members once a year.

## MEMBERSHIPS

Sustaining Member..	1 share of stock....	\$ 10
Life Member.....	5 “ “ “ .....	50
Patron .....	10 “ “ “ .....	100
Benefactor .....	50 “ “ “ .....	500
Director .....	100 “ “ “ .....	1000

Please make checks payable to *Mind, Inc.*

ROBERT COLLIER

599 Fifth Avenue

New York, N. Y.

## How the Word was made Flesh

**T**URN to the Scriptural account of the creation. What is the outstanding fact you find there?

*In everything God created, first came the "Word"—then the material form!*

What is this "Word" that has such power? Scientists tell us that words denote ideas, mental concepts—that you can always judge how far a race has advanced in the mental scale by the number of words it uses. Its vocabulary is the measure of its ideas. Few words—few mental images.

So when God said—"Let the earth bring forth grass," He had a clear mental picture of what grass was like. In other words, He had already formed the mold. It needed only to draw upon the energy about Him to fill that mold and give it material form.

That is all you, too, need do to give your word of power material form—make the mental image, the mold, then pour into it the elements necessary to make that image manifest for all to see.

How to do this is clearly explained in the 12 Lessons in *The Higher Consciousness*. Send for them!

—Copy This Coupon and Mail—

Robert Collier, 599 Fifth Ave., New York

On the distinct understanding that I get my money back at once if I return the Lessons, you may enter my subscription for the 12 Lessons in *The Higher Consciousness*.  
I enclose \$4.85 in full payment.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

McMullen