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—EMERSON.

THOUGHT IS POWER

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POETRY

THE LEGEND OF THE SIGNET RING.
 THE WORLD OF MAKE-BELIEVE.

SAM E. FOULDS, Editor and Publisher
 589 HAIGHT ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

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THE LEGEND OF THE SIGNET RING.

This tale is told of an Eastern king,
Who a legend sought for his signet ring.
His courtly wise men failed to find
Aught to please the royal mind;
So he sought a hermit old,
Who dwelt on Mount Circassia bold,
And asked of him a legend rare,
Such as only a king might wear!

The hoary hermit with his hand
Smoothed at his feet the silver sand,
Glanced at the sun a moment, then
Wrote with his finger as with pen.
The king returned, and on onyx band,
Had graven the legend from the sand.

One night from out the desert gloom,
A robber sought the monarch's room;
The royal couch, in stealth, he found,
And would have made a fatal wound;
But glancing at the monarch's hand
He read that legend from the sand.
His hand was stayed! Away he stole
Praying Allah to guard his soul!
For before his 'wilderer eyes,
He saw the words: "*The dead shall rise!*"

Across the river deep and dark
Whence Charon plies his mystic bark
Is built a strong and mighty arch
In view of all in their onward march.
Its corner-stones are Truth and Love
But on the keystone rich above
Is graven by the Heavenly King

The legend of the signet ring,
 And whoso doubt, where'er he be,
 The reality of Immortality,
 Sees Faith before his startled eyes
 Hold the thought: "*The dead shall rise!*"

HENRY HARRISON BROWN.

IS GOD ALL GOOD?

A correspondent asks me to solve this problem for him. He asks, "Why does wrong and cruelty and greed exist among men when *God is all* and *All is good!*" The trouble lies in the person's conception of God, for God is only the mental picture the individual makes of *That-which-is*. I presume that the only definition of God which will meet with general acceptance is—God is Power!

Resting upon that, it will be seen that to power we can impute no ethical quality. Electricity, wind, wave, gravity are non-ethical. They are. Man by use and by effects declares some manifestations of these powers are good and some are bad. For whom? For himself. Some manifestations he, calls bad, others may call good. Some he calls good, others may call bad. Take an extreme case. A storm at sea wrecks a vessel on the beach. To owners and crew it is bad. But to wreckers on shore it is good. The Infinite has nothing to do with deciding the ethics of the storm. In obedience to the invincible and inviolable Law of Causation, the storm is. So with all the phenomena that come to human vision, or into human experience. It is the individual who decides upon its ethical value.

It is possible for a person to declare all events bad. The pessimist does so see them. It is possible to declare all events good. The optimist does so declare.

It is for each person to decide. When he makes a conception of God let him not make it, as is commonly the case, a contradictory one. Let him not make an arbitrary Being who is ALL good and then declare some manifestations of that God are evil. This is the prevalent theological God. And the impossibility of harmonizing the evils of earth with the Goodness of God are.

and always have been, and always will be, impossible. Dr. Albert Barnes, the great commentator on the Bible, left a manuscript when he died, in which he said he never had been able to reconcile the goodness of God with the existence of evil. "It is all, all dark!" was his exclamation.

He did not see that he had made and held to a conception of God that was not in harmony with nature. We are to look up to God through Nature. What experience and science do not find to harmonize with previous ideas of God we are to reject, and are to re-make our conception, so it will harmonize with facts.

My conception of the universe is for me. My correspondent's is for him. But since he asks me to help him, it is my duty to do so, by telling him what mine is and why. He may be able, then, to see where he can change his so that his ideal will harmonize with the facts.

God simply IS. What? *All!* What, in all? Yes! *All* I know, and *All* I may know, and *All* I may never know. He is the *ALL*, in *All!*

He has no limitations, no parts, no passions, nothing that sees, or knows details. He is every Principle; every Law; every force, that is. He is, as I best can define It—*The Power behind phenomena.*

What that Power is I may never know. I will always, however, be in midst of Its expression, in the phenomena of myself, and that which is not myself.

All I may ever know of It, which is God, is what I learn from the phenomena of Power within and without myself.

Consequently, I am learning more of God every moment, for It, being the whole Power of the Universe, It—He—is the power I am. I am merely one of the multitude of phenomena through which God as Power is manifesting Itself—Himself. Therefore, the only place where God can know Good or Evil is in me. The only place God can be Good or evil is in me. For, as Man, I am the only one of all phenomena of the Universe that can divide phenomena and events and results

into the two classes, and name one class good and the other class, evil.

Therefore, good and evil are not Nature's nor God's divisions but are man's. They are not fixed lines. For no two persons ever had like divisions. That which is good to one is often bad to another. I have given one illustration; here is another simple illustration. We are playing a game of cards, my correspondent and I. I have a good hand, but that hand being good for me is a bad one for him. So the weather that is good for the farmer is bad for the autoist. So is it through every possible condition. Each person determines the ethical quality of events for himself. Custom, law, religions, and habits, which are the results of the concurrent opinions or experiences of a majority of people, become the standards of a class, a tribe or a nation for the time being, until experiences of a more developed humanity decide upon another standard. This was more clearly wrought out in the Editorial in March NOW—"The Imperative—I Ought!"

It is time we stopped creating gods. Time we realized that God's creative power ended when the Universe became. No additional power is possible. Then all power was that ever could be, and that Power was then as now limited by Law; all Its manifestations are under the Principle of Causation. When this conception of the Universe is fixed, then it will be seen that this Universal Power began in Man to manifest something it had never before manifested, and that was Thought. With Thought began a new process of Creation, which is the Creation of *things*. Man creates *things* out of this Universal Power, and under Universal Law. Man *Thinks*. He adds nothing to, and takes nothing from Power, but he uses *Power* in its manifestations as material, under the Universal Principles and Laws. He has infinite opportunity in himself, as a Special Creator, to add to the phenomena of the universe through the forms he shall create out of the material at hand. From his own experiences he will soon decide *All* primary and the secondary phenomena of his own creation.

into two classes—one good and the other evil. It is of importance that Man learn of himself and his relations to a fixed universe. He is to let the universe remain to him merely a fixed amount of Power and Law, which he will never know save as he knows himself. Pope saw this limitation, and the impossibility of knowing any more of God or the universe than he himself was when he said:

Know thyself. Presume not God to scan!
The proper study of Mankind is Man.

HENRY HARRISON BROWN.

A PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE.

"The Legend of the Signet Ring."

The poem on the first page has a history that I think will interest my readers. It was in the early eighties; I was lecturing for a month in Springfield, Mass. I had suffered severely with a carbuncle and had done very little composing. I belonged to a little society in New York City, which met on alternate weeks. They expected me to send some composition for every meeting. The time was near when I should mail my contribution. I had nothing written. On going to bed a Sunday evening I remembered that I ought to mail next day my letter to the society. I felt badly that I could not send something. I went to sleep with this thought. Soon after midnight I awakened, so far as my mind was concerned, but my body was passive. At once a poem began to recite itself in my mind. After the first time I said, "I'll memorize that!" I repeated it several times and said, "I'll write that for my letter in the morning!" I did so. I have no remembrance of having ever read anything that could have suggested it. But my desire controlled the Subconscious, and as *it* is able to meet all demands this came from thence. Beyond this I *know* nothing. I may speculate, but I do not know. I have heard poems thus recited by some personalities I knew. But this time I seemed to be reciting it to myself. It seemed to *grow* out of that Reality which I am when I am asleep—the Sub-conscious.

H. H. B.

NEW THOUGHT AND SPIRITUALISM.

It is one of the anomalies of *New Thought* and *Christian Science* that they are both antagonistic to Hypnotism and Spiritualism, when both these movements had their rise in the practical application of the Truth demonstrated in these two ignored sources. It is evident to all students of the development of Modern Psychology that it is in the phenomena of Hypnotism and of psychic phenomena since the year 1848, that the philosophies and practices of all forms of mental treatment of untoward conditions had their birth. While Spiritualism, as a movement, has been dimmed by frauds and a devotion to the phenomenal phases, the fact remains that it has demonstrated a future life and that there is a connection between the two has established the basic principle of New Thought, which is—*All is Mind or Spirit*. The stream branched off here and the new movement took the fact of Unity as its base and developed, while Spiritualism continued to cling to the phenomena. The only additions made to Christian theology concerning the future life, since the creeds were formulated in Rome in the second century, have been added by Emanuel Swedenborg and Modern Spiritualism. The rational conceptions of the hereafter which all New Thought teachers now hold, are to be credited to Spiritualism. *Spirits live and communicate*, is the emphatic demonstration of Spiritualism. I AM SPIRIT HERE AND NOW WITH ALL POSSIBLE POWERS OF SPIRIT, is in some form the emphatic statement of New Thought and Christian Science. Why should there be any opposition to the side of phenomena, which prove the Truth of every New Thought Principle? All philosophy is based upon facts, upon phenomena. The phenomena that prove true the later facts of New Thought and Christian Science are those which antedated both; are those coming from the days of Mesmer, and which as "Animal Magnetism" gave Mrs. Eddy her idea of Christian Science, and those of Spiritualism, which, added to Hypnotism, gave birth to New Thought. Not until New Thought includes the study of Hypnotism

and Spiritualism, and until teachers shall find therein the grounds for their philosophy, will there be anything like a cohesive movement. It will continue, as is the present tendency, to divide into cliques, each following a leader who has some new method and some new explanation for phenomena—which are as old as man. The study of Psychology of man is revealing the truth in history, and making clear much that has been regarded as fraud, myth and mere legend as having a base in fact; these facts not then understood, but which modern investigation is bringing under the realm of Metaphysical Law.

The union of the Seen and Unseen life as one and their interblending is instinctively gaining possession of the public conscience and consciousness. Some time it will conquer the intellect of the race, and men will know that they live after the death of the body.

I need not mention the books recently issued that deal with inter-communication as well as inter-communion, which have become so popular. The most significant is the world-wide song, "Joan of Arc." It is as perfect an expression of the belief of Modern Spiritualism as one could formulate:

Joan of Arc, They Are Calling You.

While you are sleeping,
Your France is weeping,
Wake from your dreams,
Maid of France.

Her heart is bleeding,
Are you unheeding?
Come with the flame in your glance;
Through the Gates of Heaven,
With your sword in hand,
Come your legions to command.
(Chorus)

Joan of Arc, Joan of Arc,
Do your eyes from the skies see the foe?
Don't you see the drooping fleur-de-lis?
Can't you hear the tears of Normandy?
Joan of Arc, Joan of Arc,
Let your spirit guide us through;
Come lead your France to victory;
Joan of Arc, they are calling you.

If Joan can help soldiers, so can the mothers of soldiers help them. If they can help soldiers, they can help women and farmers, everybody. If one spirit can help, all have equal power, even as all living persons have. It is a question of intelligence, will and desire.

Had this war done nothing else than to break down this prejudice against the calling upon the so-called dead to help, it would have in a great measure compensated for its evils.

Then the wide-spread tales of the soldiers seeing armies of the dead and special cases of protection are all verifying the facts of Modern Psychic Science. That much is born of imagination, and much is merely newspaper canard, I doubt not. But all these are familiarizing the public mind with psychic possibilities. In the hysteria of war, even New Thought journals are using these evidently exaggerated stories as propaganda and are sending them broadcast. Were such teachers familiar with psychic phenomena and laws, they would hesitate before they accepted these tales as facts.

I have been familiar with all kinds of psychic manifestations for forty-seven years. Have seen as much as any person in that line. Been the personal friend of some of the most prominent psychics; have in my own person and in that of close friends reproduced much of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and knowing the genuineness of it and the necessary conditions of manifestations, I hesitate to accept much that the uninitiated accept. But, nevertheless, I am glad that the public mind is turned this way.

But I do hope that New Thought teachers will be receptive to the Truth which is in the present rejected phenomena of Spiritualism, and will become students of Suggestion, so that they may understandingly rest their teaching and practice upon facts, and not upon, as is now the growing tendency, new interpretations of the Bible. This is fast tending to make that book a fetsich, and helping to restore, to a modern, scientific age, the belief in the miraculous. To make of Scripture sentences a talisman. Let us act upon the admonition given me

when I first began investigation of Spiritualistic phenomena—*Under all conditions, Keep Common Sense uppermost!*

As a specimen of the way Truth is infiltrating the New Thought journals I quote from *The Truth*, Rev. Dr. Greer's magazine in Spokane, Wash. Telling of a visit to the widow of a man who had been killed he says: "I did not want her to look upon her husband in his bruised condition. I said: 'If the Spirit should tell you not to look upon him but to remember him as you saw him: last, I want you to follow its leading.' 'I will not see him again,' she said. 'He has come to me twice since his passing out and he was perfectly whole.'" "She had seen the real man," said Dr. Greer.

Any one who has followed the Metaphysical journals will find other incidents. My life is full of acts of equal importance. But of what use are facts? To teach us how to *live no longer as body but as Spirit*. New Thought is, therefore, Practical Spiritualism, Practical Hypnotism, and, if you wish, Practical Christianity. The first two are based upon an understanding of the Laws. The other is an application of them unconsciously, as has been found by Method, and not by Principle. "Do so, and such will be the result," is the statement in Christianity and Christian Science. "*Do so because the Law is such*, is the attitude of the New Thought teacher. This long editorial has been inspired by the letter and poem of Ella Wheeler Wilcox on other pages of this magazine.

HENRY HARRISON BROWN.

Not only has the universe one center of life, but each individual in the world has a life center. In each man there is a part of his nature where he touches the forces of the universe, and where his life force is generated, as truly as electricity is generated, in the factory. *To be conscious of this life center is the most important thing in the world—William Lawrence Tomlins.*

* * * *

"The rich man is merely one who has something to spare, and the really poor one he who has nothing over. If you can give anything, you are rich. Try it!"

THE WORLD OF MAKE-BELIEVE.

O, let your world of Make-Believe come true.
 The things you dare to dream are true,
 And waiting now for you.
 Ideals made within the mind
 Creating things Divine are true,
 All true for you.

The world of Make-Believe is fair as it can be,
 With flowers of happiness growing there for thee.
 Won't you pluck them
 And enjoy their fragrance sweet?
 O yes, this world of Make-Believe is true,
 'Tis calling, calling you.

Just be a child again
 And live with romance sweet,
 And dare to picture out a world that you desire.
 And know 'tis true, for you create;
 And from the great supply
 Then build the palaces of Joy.

Away, dull care, for you are but a sham,
 And all disasters but the night of day.
 Begone! On wings of Faith I fly in state
 To world of Make-Believe—
 New worlds that whirl in space for me.

And as I travel, I will go with you,
 O comrade true,
 That told me that if I believed
 I'd find 'twas true.
 My world of Make-Believe
 Where Love is young and new.

And now I'm but a child again,
 And all the lesser things of day—
 Old Age, and Fears,
 And all the bitter tears are past.
 For this was but the shell that held me fast
 In the prison-house I thought was real.

Escaped! No longer prison, I abound
 On Love's most holy ground,
 For, as you said,
 My dream of Make-Believe came true.

HAROLD PALMER.

THE TRUE SELF.**PART I.**

When one is to have his form and features reproduced in a photograph, it is necessary that he be surrounded by an appropriate background, but no one would mistake the background for the likeness of the sitter, when shown the finished photograph; and yet the apparent self, the false "I," which is merely a kind of background for the REAL SELF, is constantly being recognized as and taken for the TRUE "I", by the vast majority of humanity.

A separation of the two factors in consciousness, and a mental view of each, one at a time, will help us to distinguish the TRUE "I" from its background or environment,—the false self.

If you were to fix and keep your attention upon the details of the background in a photograph, you would hardly see the lineaments of the personality pictured thereon. In order to truly discern the distinguishing features, you must put your attention upon those alone, and not upon the background. In like manner, when one is to become familiar with the TRUE "I" or REAL SELF, it is necessary for one to remove his attention from the apparent self and devote it entirely to the TRUE "I." He is not to study the "background," but he is to declare that it is not the likeness of the TRUE SELF, and he is to altogether ignore it *as such*.

You are born into "the world," and there is a notice in the newspaper something like this, "—— —" are rejoicing over the advent of a little son or daughter (as the case may be). Both mother and child are doing well," etc. Pretty soon we hear, "So and so have named their baby John," or "Mary," if it happens to be a girl. After awhile you become known as John Smith or Mary Jones, and you say to the kind lady or gentleman who asks your name, "I am Johnny Smith," or "I am Mary Jones." And now you have a name, place and identity in that "world" of which Jesus Christ said, "Be in the

world, but not of it." Well, the vibrations of the Smith family or the Jones family go on filling your consciousness, and you "grow up" into a mental bundle of "Papa says, mama thinks; Aunt Sarah says, Uncle William thinks; my husband says, my wife thinks; the minister thinks, and the doctor says," etc., etc., but all this is not YOU, it is not your REAL SELF!

This apparent self, which seems so real a self to you, and which you have always believed to be yourself, is merely a walking bundle of mental conceptions of others thrust upon you in your helplessness and without your consent, and you accepted, said "yes," because you knew not otherwise; besides it seemed necessary that you should have this experience for your unfoldment into individualization in the higher sense. Identification with a family is only symbolic of your identification with the Universal. A birth into a knowledge of the TRUE SELF means a birth into TRUE individualization.

Disease and disaster, pain and poverty, fear and ignorance, anger, remorse and jealousy, and kindred things, seem to be the inheritance of the apparent self. If it ever appears to have any peace or power, that peace or power is of a very limited character, and it is dependent upon something outside itself for even that. Not only is it subject to moods arising from within itself, but it is also subject to and influenced by the moods, actions, deeds, etc., of others; as, for instance, "he made me so angry," or "what she did made me so ashamed," or "he has disgraced me by his actions," or "she is so irritating to me, I cannot stand her!" This false self is likewise always shifting the blame and responsibility for its unhappiness upon others; it is, indeed, irresponsible, subject to no law, and yet subject to everything under the sun. It is a vibration, mental, of noise and confusion, and so long as you are listening and paying attention to it, you cannot and do not hear your SELF think at all. There is no rest nor peace for a Soul under such a mental blanket or atmosphere.

Says G. E. Burnell: "Certainly, men shall be reduced to quietness by some way or another, so that they can hear

in them the sound of gentle silence that is emitted from their heavenly being."

A mental awakening, a mental vision of the TRUE SELF, the Divine "I", reduces one to quietness, and rings in a change so great that it really amounts to a new birth, a new conception of self, the beginning of regeneration. "Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind," says the great Apostle Paul. A new conception of SELF brings with it that renewed mind.

WILLIAM MORRIS NICHOLS.

A FORE-WORD.

In assuming the editorship of NOW I desire the kind thought and assistance of all the old subscribers of the journal in making it a memorial to Henry Harrison Brown. It was the ardent desire of his heart that the journal might continue after his death. NOW represents a great many sacrifices on his part. Never at any time since the San Francisco fire has the journal paid expenses. It has been published at a loss. The editor was compelled to earn money by other means to pay his bills for printing and paper.

I am pleased to state that two well known writers have promised monthly papers for NOW; they are Dr. Alex. J. McIvor-Tyndall, and Dr. Sheldon Leavitt. These two men are well known, and both have a large following. They will no doubt by their articles draw many subscribers to NOW.

I am in touch with other writers and have had partial promises of material for publication.

Henry Harrison Brown left a great deal of unfinished manuscript, that I am sure, with the help of his close friend and literary adviser, Oliver J. Thatcher, can be put into shape for publication in NOW.

As I said last month, I look for your support, and trust to prove worthy.

S. E. F.

* * * *

I file NOW and enjoy re-reading very much. I have several of your books and find no New Thought literature that I prize more highly.—Mrs. H. H. L., N. Y.

IS A RELIGIOUS SYSTEM NECESSARY?

The thought of the world today is too diversified to form any definite and positive conclusion as to the ultimate outcome of the Metaphysical Movement, variously expressed in New Thought, Christian Science, Divine Science, Mental Science, Spiritualism or Theosophy, and various other societies, sects, creeds and systems of religious worship, or quasi-religious sentiment.

A query that is often heard is: "What will be the result of it all, when these various phases of the Movement shall have blended into each other?"

Will there be formed a universal system of religion, or will the various presentations of the new Movement crystallize each into its distinct creed?

The preponderance of conjecture is upon the probability of a universal religious system, or at least a unified *ideal and purpose* in all religious practices.

This condition will doubtless be the logical outcome of this century's breadth of ideas, its tolerance and open-mindedness, as far as the majority is concerned, because the majority of human beings find it necessary to have a specific form, or system, through which to express the inborn desire for happiness,—for an enlarged area of expression.

There will also be a considerable number to whom religious system will not appeal, as either necessary or desirable.

Happily we will be given liberty of choice.

For myself I do not hesitate to say that I trust that the religious life will not be represented by "houses of worship," but by homes for the incompetent, the despairing, the irresponsible, and the world weary.

I never pass a huge elegant structure, upon which is engraved the information that the said building was erected at a tremendous cost for the purpose of "Divine worship," without feeling ashamed.

No! I am not ashamed that I did not contribute to the funds for the propagation of the insult to Deity. Nor am I ashamed that I do not take part in the alleged "Divine worship" conducted within.

I am ashamed that there are little children drifting about on the sea of this external expression of life, without the opportunity of one day, or hour, of happiness, and joy and well being.

This recalls to my mind a sad little story of a child that was not allowed to come to the Sunday school Christmas tree, because she could not manage to obtain the ten cents necessary for the contribution box. And not having the *ten cents*, this little innocent child was to be shut out of Heaven, for that was what the Christmas tree meant to her yearning and longing little heart. How many ten-cent pieces did it take to build these wonderful edifices for the so-called "Divine worship"? One little ten-cent piece would have opened wide the gates of Heaven for a little child, and to my mind that is the highest form of "Divine Worship,"—Love and Service to our fellowman.

I am ashamed that there are men and women who have grown old in service, bent and broken with the burden of existence, who have not the means to indulge in well earned rest from toil, to sit for awhile in the sunlight of ease, and drink from the fountain of joy and life, which they have missed on their pilgrimage through this life.

I am ashamed that so many, who are unfit, must toil through the weary hours, in the dust and noise of the city streets, instead of being free to breathe the pure air of the country, to lift up their eyes long enough to see that the world is beautiful, that life is good, and that God's purpose and aim is only our happiness.

I am ashamed that there are those wandering homeless, despised, avoided and condemned, because, perchance, through unselfish, reckless impulse which does not count the cost, they may have stepped aside from the prescribed Path of Tradition, and obeyed the Christ impulse within that says: Love wholly, unreservedly, for LOVE ALONE IS LIFE."

I am ashamed that the noblest impulse in human expression is so often *bought* and *sold* and labeled *Respectability*.

I am ashamed that men and women go into the arena of public life in business and politics and fight like savages over the possession of a dollar, while they meet on Sundays walking down the aisle of a grand church, which their ungodly strife has helped to erect.

I am ashamed that side by side with these "houses of worship," stand prisons and penitentiaries, where the morally weak and unfortunate are herded like wolves. I am ashamed that anyone has to suffer one moment's anxiety, one instant of pain, for lack of those things that money can buy, when the cry of "over production" is heard throughout the commercial world, and when thousands of lives are made sacrifice to sweatshop industry.

I am ashamed that I live in a time which boasts of its civilization and its enlightenment and its educational institutions and its Christianity, and yet is unable to prevent such wars as are raging at the present time. A civilization that has no higher ideals than putting millions of dollars into perishable structures and blasphemously terms them "houses of worship."

It is time that humanity awakened to the "God within." and threw away its crutches which allow it to walk lame. It is time that humanity had done away with injustice, with hypocrisy, with conformity with conventions. It is time for the resurrection of the God within man to manifest the divinity which is above, and beyond desire to be "worshipped."

Let LOVE take the place in all hearts, let it supplant the idea of "worship." LOVE IS THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW." Let us fill the law to overflowing with love for each other, with love for all, and cease the worship of greed and selfishness.

Put love in all hearts so strongly that an everlasting peace will be attained, and love for humanity will be the True Religion of the future, the True and Ideal Worship,—the divinity in our brother whom we will love and serve to the end of time, which is infinite.

DR. A. J. McIVOR-TYNDALL.

AN OPTIMIST'S PRAYER.

Oh, Unseen Power that controls the *Fate*, though not the *Destiny*, of the children of men, teach me to know myself so truly that I may realize the presence of an all-pervading spirit, and in that realization learn to know and to appreciate the part I am called upon to play in the world of men.

Teach me to discriminate between the good and bad by the powers which have been implanted within me, enabling me to understand that we all have parts to play in the great drama of life, no matter what our station.

In success, crown me with the laurels of a victor, yet make me humble in that success so that I may never forget my fellow men and women.

In failure, or apparent failure, make me strong that I may come to a knowledge of the truth, that what one moment may appear a failure, in the next may prove a stepping stone to a higher ideal of success.

In fighting, let it be with my face to the foe, and with an inward knowledge of God's kingdom. In my greatest moments may I never lose the knowledge that I am but one unit amongst many, not only on the earth plane, but also upon the planes beyond, all under the jurisdiction of the one great Oversoul.

May I never fail to recognize the silver lining to every cloud, with a knowledge that though tonight the outlook may be dark, the storm may blow, and the wind beat against the windows of my soul, tomorrow the sun will surely shine again.

May I ever be open and receptive to those heavenly messages borne upon the wings of the wind and sea; ever being able to help and uplift my fellows, showing them the true help and comfort of the soul, and bringing to them a knowledge of those ever present words:—

Not for the one or two,
But for the *crowd*;
Shall all my thinking be
Words from the Housetops.
Durance, long and loud,
To raise *Humanity*.

—O'Bryen Hoare.

WHAT IS A MAN?

Did you ever try to analyze yourself and see what you were composed of? Did you ever try to classify yourself scientifically?

Whitman did this in his "Song of Myself" and most wondrous is the insight and power of that poem. He says:

I find I incorporate gneiss, coal, long-threaded moss, fruits,
grains, esculent roots,
And am stuccoed with animals and quadrupeds and birds all
over;
And have distanced what is behind me for good reasons.

I am an acme of things accomplished and I am the encloser
of things to be.

My feet strike an apex of the apices of the stairs,
On every step bunches of ages, and larger bunches between the
steps,

All below duly travelled and still I mount and mount.

Rise after rise bow the phantoms behind me,

Afar down I see the huge first Nothing and know I was even
there;

I waited unseen and always, and slept through the lethargic
mist

And took my time, and took no hurt from the fetid carbon.

Long was I hugged close—long and long.

All forces have been steadily employed to complete and de-
light me,

Now on this spot I stand with my robust soul.

And to complete his individuality all men that ever lived have been necessary. Did you every try to compute your heredity? Your parents had parents and they had parents and so on down to primeval man. Then through him to brute and from brute to vegetable and through vegetable to that first expression of the first bit of protoplasm, the first and only germ-cell in which was God incarnated, and which cell has always been dividing so that you and I are parts of that first life-cell and are therefore a part of God's first incarnation, and an expression of Infinity, in that bit of protoplasm which contains the whole of God.

I am first of all a conscious Individuality as Henry

Harrison, a name that differentiates me from all other men. Then I belong to the families of my parents and I am Brown-Whitmore. But there are grandparents and thus I am Brown-Whitmore-Sibley-Thyin. There will others be added until I shall end in the first "huge Nothing" when there was no manifestation of God.

When I classify myself scientifically I am a member of the Genus Homo! of the Aryan species; the Anglo-Saxon branch; the American variety, and, then lastly, of the Brown-Whitmore family.

From all these I have taken something to make my individuality, for it is a composite woven from every human, animal, and vegetable life and even from every mineral. I must, as a physical being, be composed of every elemental substance. For as we travel upward from the lowest form of life we find, in each succeeding organism an increased number of elements. And when the complete organism necessary for a perfect Self-consciousness was formed it required everything in the way of hereditary development and every natural element to fit it for the conscious expression of Mind.

This is the material given me to direct and to shape to my individuality. The Conscious individual finds within himself, as his stock in life, all that the past has developed in Mind, both in its form of Soul and of body. With this he is to mould *himself*, and thus to add his quota to the race-thought for future evolution of Mind in Man. This evolution we term Human Progress. But while I AM I, still I AM THE ONE. Within the One is stored all the evolution of the past as POWER to express Itself a little more perfectly, until the Perfect is come. This Perfect dwells in Man and in Evolution through Man is limitless. In a poem of Rev. John W. Chadwick I find thought akin to Whitman's:

Upward, onward striving still
Through the elemental forms;
Cradled in the monster trees,
Rocked by earthquakes, nursed by storms;
Out of weakness growing strong,
Working still the heavenly plan,

Learning what the beast must do
 Ere he makes himself a man,
 From the plant that useless grows
 Making corn for daily bread
 From the fear of stock and stone
 Homeward to the Father led;
 Those with whom in ages gone
 Red of hand I hotly strove
 Taking to a brother's arms
 With the awful power of Love.
 Never severed from thy heart,
 Never parted from thy side,
 Still as in that later dawn
 In thy bosom I abide;
 Still as in that early dark
 Ere the worlds began to be,
 Thou and I my God are One—
 Thou in me and I in Thee!

HENRY HARRISON BROWN.

AFFIRMATIONS.

The One Life of the Universe permeates my being.
 This Life is the life of every man.
 I am that life.
 Daily my consciousness is expanding into a fuller realization of this Life.
 This Life is Immortal.
 I realize my own personal immortality.
 I am I forever.
 The One Life of the Universe manifests in me as Mind,
 Now and Forever.
 It is Omniscient, Omnipotent and Omnipresent.
 I affirm these three Divine qualities of myself.
 In my potential quality of Omnipresence I am felt in the Universe. I radiate.
 In my potential quality of Omnipotence I am Power.
 I accomplish.
 In my potential quality of Omniscience I am Wisdom.
 I do the right thing.
 I fill my place in the Universe.
 I manifest as Power.
 I am Wisdom.

S. E. F.

EVIDENCE OF A FUTURE LIFE: MRS. WILCOX'S EXPERIENCE

To the Editor of the Occult Review.

Sir,—So many letters have come to me since my communication appeared in your October number, relative to seeking proof of continuity of life beyond the grave, that I feel called upon to write again, and state that since the first of September, or rather since the tenth of that month, the most glorious and unquestionable proofs of that great fact have come to me. I am not ready to tell the details; my experience is too wonderful, too amazing, too unusual, and too extensive to permit of hasty recital.

Then, too, it is still continuing, and growing in value, and in proofs of its authenticity.

An eminent member of The Theosophical Society has twice put aside most important work, to come to my home and witness what is coming to me; and he and the two or three other friends who have taken part in it feel, as I do, that not even Sir Oliver Lodge, in his wonderful book *Raymond*, has been given such overwhelming proofs of life and memory immortal, as have been accorded me.

When the time is ripe, my experience will be made known to the world, and he that has ears will hear and understand.

That which has been given me increases my great love and reverence for the God behind this Universe, and for all His holy angels. Since this privilege has been granted me, all my sorrow over the passing out of my beloved husband has been changed to joy that he is permitted to be the messenger of such glorious truths to the world. And never again can I know loneliness, gloom or sadness. The whole Universe seems to me radiant with light, and my pathway, which I thought utterly desolate as it descended toward old age, now seems an ascended highway to Glory Infinite.

When two months ago I was rebelling at the thought of being compelled to remain on earth, I now thank God for the fact that I am allowed to stay and receive this message from my husband, and transmit it to the souls in suffering, who are ready to receive it.

At present, I can only beg these suffering ones to dry their tears, and seek serenity, and to pray without ceasing for the calm state of mind which will allow their beloved dead to say to them, "We still live and still love. Immortal life is a fact: we retain our memory of dear ones, and for those who still love us, reunion is inevitable."

That will be the message of every loving soul which has passed out of the body, and not one but will say life is better and happier there than here.

Though science sneer and church and school condemn

Your dead still live; you may commune with them.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Granite Bay, Short Beach, Conn., U. S. A.

OFFICE OF NOW,
589 Haight Street - - - - San Francisco, Calif.

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NOW

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The Editor has discontinued all lecture and class work until some time in August.

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All present subscribers can send in their renewals for 1919 at the rate of \$1.00 per year. Note change of price.

FLYERS AT THE FRONT ARE BADLY HANDICAPPED.
By FRANK A. VANDERLIP.

Hardly a day passes but there is some fresh illustration of the inability on the part of governments to buy with money something essential for war preparation. We are now discovering that there is not linen enough in the world to cover the aeroplanes that the allies are producing. The English government has just decided that at least 10,000 acres of English soil must be devoted to the production of flax, instead of food. That government is making terms with the farmers, which will lead to the planting of that crop.

The illustrations are endless of the fact that there are not labor and materials enough to produce the things that the people want and the things that the government wants. There are two ways of helping solve the problem. One is to speed up production and industry. The other is to cut down unnecessary consumption. By the latter method every one can put himself in an effective way in a front trench. Every one can make sacrifices that will be reflected in a quicker and better equipment of armies. The progress that can be made by speeding up production can be exceeded many fold by the effect which can be produced by a whole nation making up its mind really to help win the war. The difficulties of equipping the army would be easily cut in half if every individual in this country would recognize his responsibility to get on without demanding new things he can do without, and by so doing leave a greater amount of labor and material to produce the things the government must have.

Every yard of linen that is bought from today on puts the buyer in direct competition with the Aeroplane Board in equipping the fleet of aeroplanes which we hope to put over the German lines. That should be very plain to every one when it is known that the need of linen for aeroplane production exceeds the total stock there is in the world. But the same rule applies in almost every direction that we turn.

There can be only two reasons why men should not see in their personal expenditure their individual responsibility for equipping the army. One is a belief that a fully equipped American army is not going to be necessary; that the war either will be won by our allies, or it has already been won by the exhaustion of our enemies. There is little in the situation upon which to base such a belief. The other reason must be that people believe that there are labor and materials enough to produce everything that they want for their individual uses and everything that the government must have. Absolute blindness to what the total is when you add two and two is the only excuse there can be for believing there are labor and material enough for the individual comforts and military needs of the country. The man who is not prepared to econ-

omize today either believes there is no necessity for military preparedness or he will not look in the face of the plainest facts in regard to industrial capacity. The government has provided the easiest possible road for the individual to turn his personal sacrifice into patriotic aid—save and buy War Savings Stamps.

◆

THINKING.

If you think you're beaten, you are;
 If you think you dare not, you don't;
 If you'd like to win, but you think you can't
 It's almost a cinch you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you're lost,
 For out in the world we find
 Success begins with a fellow's will;
 It's all in the state of the mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are;
 You've got to think big to rise,
 You've got to be sure of yourself before
 You can ever win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go
 To the stronger or faster man;
 But soon or late the man who wins
 Is the one who thinks he can.

—W. D. Wittle.

○

A FAITH SUBLIME.

It is a faith sublime and sure
 That ever round our head
 Are hovering on noiseless wing
 The spirits of the dead.
 It is a beautiful belief
 When ended our career
 That it will be our ministry
 To watch o'er others here.

To bid the mourners cease to mourn,
 The trembling one to be forgiven,
 To guide away from ills of clay
 The deathless soul to heaven.
 Lo, now the past is bright to us,
 And all the future clear;
 For 'tis our faith that after death
 We still shall linger here.

—J. H. Perkins.

HENRY HARRISON BROWN, THE LIVING.

No one can truly say that Henry Harrison is "dead"! For to all who really knew him he is today a stronger personality than ever before. How vigorous and manly he stands before all of us who have eyes to see! The richness of his voice, filled with the passion of a live soul; the fire of his eloquence; the majesty of his mind; his written thought in thousands of homes all over the world; the magic spell of NOW, always the Liberator, the messenger of Freedom!

Why, even to think of him is an inspiration; to know him a benediction; to be his friend to prove immortality! For in his re-birth I see him clearly before me, and feel his kindly touch—still leading onward, ever upward, the soldier still! For this is the veteran who had fought for years in Freedom's war, honored by the dear Stars and Stripes that lovingly caressed the last home of the tenement of clay from which his soul, bursting forth as a mighty spiritual cyclone, demanding justice and that right should win, goes on to glory!

Now, in the silence, his power is even more greatly felt. We read and re-read his many writings with a new sense of understanding. Now he will witness what belongs to him—his genius recognized. And as years roll by more and more will his books be prized as classics—textbooks from which many shall learn and know.

The world's greatest expounder of Emerson now walks arm in arm with the master, and dear Walt Whitman joins the company! Isn't that glory enough for Henry Harrison? Don't dare to sigh or shed a tear; that would disgrace his brave memory. In his own words I say: "*How d'ye like it?*"

And now the mantle of the prophet has dropped on Sam Exton's shoulders to go straight on with powerful work of NOW. From conversations with Henry Harrison Brown I know how deeply they were attached to one another, and that for some years past Mr. Foulds has been practically editor of the magazine. And so with the many writings of Mr. Brown and the splendid articles of Mr. Foulds, whom Mr. Brown reckoned among

the ablest teachers in America. I rejoice to be one of the family still with all the other happy writers for NOW. The greatest tribute we can now pay to Henry Harrison Brown is to subscribe persistently and liberally to the dear old NOW, and see that it circulates henceforth as never before.

Au revoir, Henry Harrison! You're waiting, we're coming, still clearing the trail that we may walk the easier, and bye and bye the whole world will be in that ever-growing family of NOW! HAROLD PALMER.

WALT WHITMAN.

When Walt Whitman published his "Leaves of Grass" his work was ostracised. Only 150 copies were sold the first year. His poet contemporaries, Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow and Thoreau, were acclaimed prophets. On Walt Whitman the world turned a frowning face.

Today there is no poet, American or other, that can be so aptly quoted as Whitman. Since three-fourths of the world has declared for democracy and is fighting to make it universal. Walt Whitman's voice has a clarion call. He outranks all his contemporaries together in expressing the present feelings of mankind. Benjamin Franklin called lightning out of the clouds and his genius is keeping the world in swift motion today. His discovery has made possible the use in war of all those wonderful machines which spell success, and the lack of them, defeat.

But Walt Whitman called the lightning out of a sky far above that which Franklin saw; and his vision is as a telescope beside an opera glass to all other modern inventors and poets. Franklin's discovery is made use of by both sides alike, for good and evil. But Walt Whitman's genius is unusable but for great action in the right. Would the kaiser quote Whitman to stir the hearts of his soldiers to action? Whitman's words would have an effect opposite to the aims of aristocratic supremacy. They would fire the German heart with desires for liberty, equality, democracy.

Walt Whitman was not afraid of his own time and so becomes the inspiration of ours. Purist scoffed and stylist sneered at his methods. What matter if he gave an Indian war-whoop as he lifted himself above the sordid mass, the crude dreaming of the iconoclast into the sublime seeing of Elijah. Who would not cry "Whoop" today could it give rise to such sturdy and gloriously human thoughts as those "Drum Taps?" We are only now entering to the America of Walt Whitman.—*The Post-Intelligencer* (Seattle).

HEALING THROUGH THE MIND.

In a volume entitled "Immortality," consisting of essays by various writers, edited by Canon Streete, Dr. J. A. Hadfield (Surgeon, Royal Navy) has an essay on "The Mind and the Brain." He shows that not only does the body influence the mind, but that the mind, increasingly as it develops, influences the brain and nervous system, and through these the whole body. He has treated many patients by hypnotism and by suggestion without complete hypnosis, and has obtained very satisfactory cures. Hypnotism, he says, has demonstrated "that the mind presides over even those functions of the body which we regard as 'vegetative' — the secretions of glands, the flow of gastric and other digestive juices, the function of digestion, the peristaltic movements of the bowels, changes in the calibre of the arteries, and so forth. . . . All these effects are normally the result of reflex action, and are regulated by the so-called autonomic or sympathetic nervous system. . . . But it seems to have escaped the observation of some physiologists that the sympathetic nervous system, which normally acts reflexly, may itself be controlled and modified by mental processes."

◆

N. B. .

The critical shortage of white paper will compel NOW to drop subscribers from our mailing list on date of expiration of subscription. This is in line with the policy being adopted by other publications in order to conserve the supply of white paper. The price of practically every item entering into the making of newspaper has gone up since the European war started, the increase ranging from 1 per cent in some cases to 3,000 per cent in others. I have not raised the subscription price of NOW. Please renew and help me to keep the magazine at its present size and price. Please mail your dollar promptly so that you may not miss a single copy of NOW. I do not like to lose a name from my list. If you do not receive your NOW after this month, know it is because you have forgotten to mail your dollar. Blue pencil mark in this square shows

your subscription



has expired.

ASCENSION.

I have been down in the darkest water—
 Deep, deep down: where no light could pierce:
 Alone with the things that are bent on slaughter,
 The mindless things that are cruel and fierce.
 I have fought with fear in my wave-walled prison—
 And begged for the beautiful boon of death;
 But out of the billows my soul has risen
 To glorify God with my latest breath.

There is no potion I have not tasted
 Of all the bitters in life's large store;
 And never a drop of the gall was wasted
 That the lords of Karma saw fit to pour.
 Though I cried as my elder brother before me,
 "Father in heaven let pass this cup!"
 And the only response from the still skies o'er me
 Was the brew held close for my lips to sup.

Yet I have grown strong on the gall Elysian,
 And a courage has come that all things dares:
 And I have been given an inner vision
 Of the wonderful world where my dear one fares.
 And I have had word from the great Hereafter—
 A marvelous message that throbs with truth,
 And mournful weeping has changed to laughter,
 And grief has changed into the joy of youth.

Oh, there was a time when I supped sweet potions,
 And lightly uttered profound belief,
 Before I went down in the swirling oceans
 And fought with madness and doubt and grief.
 Now I am climbing the Hills of Knowledge,
 And I speak unfeared and say "I know,"
 Though it be not to church, or to book, or college,
 But to God Himself that my debt I owe.

For the ceaseless prayer of a soul is heeded,
 When the prayer asks only for light and faith;
 And the faith and the light and the knowledge needed
 Shall gild with glory the path to death.
 Oh, heart of the world by sorrow shaken,
 Hear ye the message I have to give;
 The seal from the lips of the dead is taken,
 And they can say to you, "Lo! we live."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in *"The Patriot, Jackson, Mich.*

RELIGIOUS DEMOCRACY.

It is a fundamental right of every man to stand upon his feet and face unafraid the Almighty. This is his right because it is his duty. It is not right for him to allow any priest, church, creed, or book to stand between him and his heavenly Father. The priest, the church, the creed, the book may help him to find his way to God; they may help him to understand God; but they should not take the place of God. God is not an absentee to be interpreted only by a messenger or a letter. He is Man's "Great Companion." The messenger and the letter may be useful only as they bring the soul into companionship with that Companion. It is the right of every man to give an account of himself to God, because it is the duty of every man to give an account of himself to God. No substitute can do it for him. The recognition of this right and the fulfillment of this duty, forbid all spiritual despotism, and are the sacred and solemn guarantees of spiritual liberty. This is Religious Democracy.—*Lyman Abbott in The Outlook.*

HEALING BY SHOCK.

Here is the case of the blind man in San Rafael, Cal., who fell forty feet, off the roof of his house, and found his eyesight restored; Aunt Ellen, who was bedridden for years, was the first person to reach safety when the house caught fire, and her bad hip has been practically all right ever since; you remember the crippled negro who beat even the dogs home when the bear charged out of the brush.

A lot of us have troubles that are only in our minds; when we are fed a little real trouble we forget the smaller ones. There is, perhaps, an opening for a sanitarium that will take a cripple or an invalid and throw him off a cliff, or crack him over the head with a brick or a crowbar—anything to wake him up, make him forget his small worries, and heal his diseased mind.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

We cannot understand the use or the meaning of an experience while passing through it. After it has become a memory because of the Unfoldment it has brought, we can see why it was necessary. It is the Light from within outward that gives us understanding. It illumines the objective mind and this we call understanding. Till this time comes, we are in Faith to trust the All-Good and be happy under all circumstances.

H. H. B.

If human reason finds the ladder of its own strength too weak to bring God down to it, is it not evident that you must find some other path to reach Him? That Path is in ourselves!

—*Balzac.*

MY COMPANY OF FRIENDS.

Lord, let me thank Thee for the rains
 And for the sunshine and the dew,
 For the grass that carpets hills and plains,
 For flowers that make glad the view,
 For snow that hides the naked trees,
 For all that in completeness blends;
 They have brought comfort, all of these—
 These, and my company of friends.

These are the things that make me rich;
 My heart whose faith still holds its place,
 My hands that have no miser-itch
 To grasp the prize before the race,
 My soul that waits its day, serene,
 A hope that falters not, nor ends
 When life seems sordid, crude and mean—
 These, and my company of friends.

As some worn pilgrim tells his beads
 I count today my scanty store
 That is sufficient for my needs,
 But deep within my being's core
 There is a truer thankfulness
 For this rare goodness that life sends.
 I would not ask for more to bless
 Than this, my company of friends.

Though I might heap up gold and gear
 And, prideful, have a ruler's sway,
 Without my friends I know my year
 Would not have held a happy day;
 Though I am grateful for what gain
 My simple toiling comprehends,
 I know my life would be in vain
 Without my company of friends.

Lord, bless them all, for I am glad
 Because today I call them mine—
 I would not give them up to add
 Unto my store of corn and wine.
 I thank Thee for this year of peace,
 But I am one who now commends
 To Thee for blessings without cease
 His goodly company of friends.

—W. D. Nesbit.

A JUST AND LASTING PEACE.

The essential principles that must underlie peace, as stated by President Wilson, should be constantly kept in mind. They show the greatness and unselfishness and justice of America's war aims. Briefly they are:

- (1) The final settlement of this war must be based upon essential justice and each particular case so adjusted as will most likely bring a permanent peace.
- (2) Peoples and provinces are not to be bartered about as if they were mere chattels and pawns in a game.
- (3) Every territorial settlement must be made in the interest of and for the benefit of the populations concerned and not by way of compromising claims of rival States.
- (4) National aspirations must be accorded all the satisfaction possible, without introducing new or perpetuating old elements of discord.

PEACE.

"Peace!" said the man who labored,
 "Such is the gem I seek;
 Calm, in a rosy cottage,
 Rest, when my frame is weak."

"Peace!" cried the one who garnered
 Gold from the toiling throng,
 "Far from the pomp of riches,
 Only for that I long."

"Peace!" prayed the King in ermine,
 "Grant to my royal reign;
 Free from a victor's vaunting,
 Or of a vanquished pain!"

"Peace!" sang the sad-eyed Poet,
 "Sweet to the soul as balm!
 Peace is Pursuit of Ideals;
 Peace is the Striver's Psalm!"

A. F. GANNON.

There must be no discrepancy in statement; no discord between theory and practice. It will never do to say there is nothing whatever ailing a patient and then proceed to take a fee for overcoming a state that never existed.—*H. J. Colville.*
 We have made the worst use of the best, instead of the best use of the worst.—*Horace Traubel.*

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The saving in doctor's and dentist's bills and the increased earning capacity, enlarged efficiency and lengthened life, will more than double life's earning capacity. Add to this the money spent for chewing gum and soft as well as hard drinks, and invest all in Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps. What does it mean? It means, if every one would do it and then eat according to the teachings of the Food Administrator, the furnishing of Uncle Sam with the means necessary to plant the world to democracy.

Save health and buy Bonds and Thrift Stamps, and give to the Red Cross all it needs, and when you have done your "bit," you will have saved yourself, which is the greatest need in the world.

Earn health by cutting out bad habits, then it will be easy to buy Stamps and Bonds; and it will make money matters easy with Uncle Sam. Do something for yourself, and indirectly save the world from the slavery of disease, SUPERSTITION, and periodic wars.