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THE WORLD'S NEW THOUGHT JOURNAL.

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JANUARY

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NOW

THOUGHT IS POWER

A Journal of Affirmation

**HENRY HARRISON BROWN,
Editor.**

Nerve us with incessant affirmatives. Don't bark against the bad, but chant the beauties of the good.—*EMERSON.*



SOUL CULTURE

ART OF LIVING

PSYCHOMETRY

INSPIRATION

SPIRITUAL HEALING

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SUGGESTION

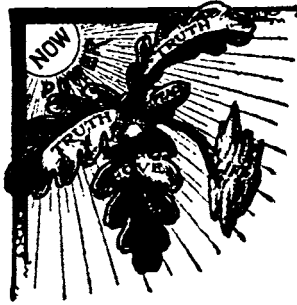
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From all Life's grapes I press sweet wine.

Henry Harrison Brown

NOW

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

Vol. VI.

JANUARY, 1906

No. 5

The Nameless!

"God has delegated his divinity to the atom!"
—Emerson

Somewhere I know this Wisdom dwells;
Somewhere Intelligence must be;
From something comes Law, Purpose, Power,
Some origin this Thought and Me.
Known or Unknown, 'tis One and the Same;
'Tis Life and Growth whate'er its name!

Not aimless do the roses bloom;
There's purpose in the snowflake's fall;
There's Order, System everywhere,
For Science cries, "There's Law in all!"
Where dwells this Great Creative Power?
From whence came Love and Thought, my
dower?

*The Teacher said, "Absurd the thought
That atoms falling aimlessly
Can make a crystal, sprig of moss,
Sparrow or animalculæ."
But since these are and Science shows
System and Purpose, SOMETHING *knows!*

"A spiritual influence," thus he said,
"They felt and responded into form."
Science thus affirms the fact—
By creative fiat they were born.
A Conscious Power, 'twixt light and shade
Dwells IT who has Creation made!

But where? Philosophers have dreamed
It dwelt in far-off realms of space;
Creative once, but resting now,
They saw not everywhere ITS face.
In everything the Indwelling God,
Who speaks to us in Soul, sun and sod.

"To every atom all his power
He delegates in Truth and Love!"
"His kingdom is within," we're told,
"And now in Him we live and move!"
He is the All-in-All! Is here!
The Indwelling and the Evernear!

Potential Power and Consciousness
Within each atom as God dwells;
He ever is the Nameless One,
No matter what our weakness spells.
One Substance! Law! One System! Plan!
And Love and Truth call it, I AM!
—Henry Harrison Brown.

*Lord Kevlin.

I would court content like a lover lonely.
—Joaquin Miller.

The Unchangeableness of the I Am.

During my trip East I visited Nebraska and Iowa, where I had not been since the early spring of 1866, forty years ago. I visited a brother's home, where I had not been for many years, and met in Chicago a brother I had not seen for twenty-nine years. And the most wonderful feature of all this is the fact that *I was unchanged*. I was the same returned soldier from the Civil War who, in 1866, went from St. Joseph to Council Bluffs by steamboat, and then rode by buckboard from that city to Sioux City, Iowa. I looked upon things that had changed, upon new features of the landscape. Trees that were just then set out along the streets, little saplings, now measure eighteen inches and two feet in diameter, broad-spreading elms and maples. Great cities have sprung up in the prairies where was not a house. Railroads have spanned, not only the space between Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, but the continent. I was with Prof. F. V. Hayden over the Union Pacific road when its terminal was Julesburg, a city of tents and shanties, but a few weeks old. Electric lights, railroads and telephones, then undreamed of, have all come into that then unsettled country. Lincoln, a capital located while I was still in Nebraska, and now a beautiful city of thousands, has arisen, and the valley of Salt Creek, that was then supposed to be of no agricultural value, has become wonderful in its productiveness of grain and fruit. All this change has come and I AM THE SAME.
I saw children of the children, and children of these, and their parents and grandparents called "old," and yet I had not changed.
I FELT the same impulses; I had the

**Obstruction is but Virtue's foil.
The Stream Impeded has a song.←**

Ingersoll

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same love of beauty, the same love of Truth and the same faith in Goodness as then.

I felt the same power of aspiration, the same subjectiveness to the inspiration of time and place as then. I was in Consciousness the same, *only more so*. I was the same person I was when I first saw these, *only more so*. The years had only intensified the sense of Being, I then was. All these forty years have done is to extend my consciousness of what I was then. I am unchanged, but I am more conscious of what I am.

Wonderful, this realization! It annihilates time. It opens up to Realization that I AM IMMORTAL, AND AM LIVING THE IMMORTAL LIFE NOW! How can anyone doubt or question when they realize that during all the years of life, that which IS is not changed? Had I no other evidence than this, I would sweetly lay off this reflection we call body, and take up anew the consciousness of this imperishable and unchangeable I, in another condition, not of life, but of unfoldment.

From California and back I went, and the same "I" returned. From cradle to grave I shall be I. I read my early school books and conned over my early compositions and reread my letters from the war, and it is the same "I" that reads that read them long ago. It is the same I that reads those old letters that wrote them. O, but you know more! Who knows? It must be that same something that did not know then, that knows now. I know? What is it to know? Where is knowledge? What is wisdom? Only to be conscious of that which I eternally am. What thinks and feels? I thought long ago. I was I, when I first showed my companions that I thought. I am the same something we call "I," or Ego, or Soul, or Spirit, or Mind, that I was then. Nothing has ever changed this consciousness of my Self.

The words of the CII Psalm were often with me with a new meaning: "Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure; yea, they shall wax old

like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them and they shall be changed; but thou art the same and thy years shall have no end!" Then, as never before, did the wonderful significance of the words, "My Father and I are," come to me as I felt the unchangeableness of the "I." I AM means hereafter. *I am eternally I! I am unchangeable!* Though the heavens roll together like a curtain, I am, and the time and the world matters of no importance to me. The wonderful reply of Emerson to the Millerite who told him "the world is coming to an end," contains all of New Thought: "I can get along very well without it!"

What are these appearances to the eternally unfolding consciousness of MAN? Let them go. I am still I, with all my possibilities yet to unfold. Osian's apostrophe to the sun, once so wondrously beautiful, has lost its chief power to charm; it is not truth.

"O, thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun? thy everlasting light? But thou art perhaps like me—for a season; thy years will have an end." "No, O, Sun!" I exclaimed, as I saw him rise over the prairie, where I saw him rise in like majesty in the years of young manhood, "thou shalt perish, but I am I forever!" I walked out upon the hills and overlooked the vast Missouri Valley at night, when the stars were brighter than in my loved Mountain Home, and this sense of unchangeableness in them was more than matched by the sense of immortality in my SELF, and the lines of a poem I wrote for an early NOW came to my lips:

Speed on, star-steeds! Rejoice awhile
As sunbright centers of the ONE!

I, Human Soul, can only smile,

For I speed on when ye are gone.

I am forever still the same!

I share with God, Creation's throne!

But sun and star ye are but a name!

I come home, and find myself still the same Henry Harrison, and though appearances have changed, my friends *in Love* have not changed. Truth in them has not changed. That which I love is in them changeless; it is not their body, it is

To a good man nothing is evil, neither when living
nor when dead.—

Socrates

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the Soul, the Everlasting, the Omnipresent, the Omniscient, the Omnipotent, that loves me through them, and that I love in them. There is no Realization that has the power of joy and peace of this. *I am changeless.* Now that beautiful hymn, "Abide with me," will have for all who read this a deeper meaning as they sing:

"Change and decay in all around I see;
O, thou that changes not, abide with me."

Affirmations.

Trust.

"Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him."
—*Psalmist.*

The ONE is All-Good, therefore I fear no evil.

The ONE is All-Love, therefore I am in His loving care.

The ONE is All-Truth, therefore I live and have my being in Truth.

The ONE is to me Father, Companion and Friend, therefore no evil can befall me.

In the ONE there is All-Power, therefore it will sustain and protect me.

The ONE abideth in me, therefore I am Protection.

Whatever befalls me comes from the All-Good in me and therefore no matter what it is I will trust the Good and wait in Love the end which I know is good.

All Expression that I have is necessary, and what is necessary is Good. Then no matter what the Expression, the Experience, I will trust and wait in Love.

If seeming evil comes, will I trust the more the Good that I know is in it for me.

If seeming disaster comes, I know it is some lesson the All-Good has for me, and I will all the more trust.

If seeming loss comes, I know it is only an added power when I shall have learned the lesson of Self-reliance, and I will trust all the more.

If seeming sorrow comes I know that it is only a lesson of courage and faith, and I will trust still.

If I am thrown into poverty, all my property taken from me, I will trust, for the ONE is my supply and "I shall not want."

If debts pile up to threaten me, I will trust the ONE in whom is ALL, and each day will do the Duty before me, in Love. Thus will I pay the debts.

If all seems failure, I will trust the ONE who is Success, and in the lowest depths I will still sing my hymn of Trust until Success crowns my aspirations.

No use for Trust until the time of trial comes.

I cannot know that I do Trust until these Lessons of seeming evil come. Then all these conditions from which I shrink are the gymnastics of my Soul in developing its Divinity into Expression.

As a child trusts its mother in its time of trial I trust the ONE, my Father. He is more than earthly parent in Power, Love and Truth.

Whatever comes, He in me sends it through Expression. It is the sign of my growth and I take it in Trust and Joy.

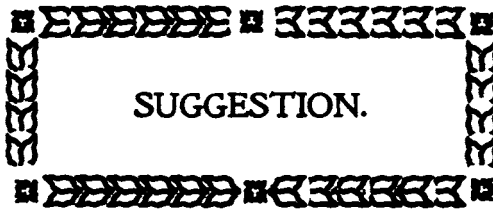
Welcome are all Life's Lessons. Though they may seem to separate Soul from body, I know that I grow strong through them. I no longer suffer, but "rejoice in Tribulation."

I am, because I can overcome the conditions of seeming. In the ONE Reality I find my SELF—an indivisible part of the Omnipresent and Omniscient ONE. Therefore I trust Him in me, and I in Him. All is Good.

There is many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did we not rehearse it
And tenderly nurse it
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow
Were we but willing to furnish the wings;
But sadly intruding,
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.
—*Exchange.*

THERE IS SOMETHING ESPECIALLY FOR YOU IN THE EDITORIAL NOTES THIS MONTH.



THE LAW OF SUGGESTION is technically stated thus: I am that which I think I am.—In Bible language it is: As a man thinketh in his heart so is he.—In metaphysical statement it is: A person is governed by his conviction of Truth.

**Suggestion in Daily Life No. 5.
Conversation.**

Since Suggestion is whatever causes a thought or an emotion, it follows that conversation is a series of Suggestions. Since the Art of Suggestion consists in *so conveying Suggestions as to cause another to think what you desire*, it will readily be understood that ordinary conversation is not an art; no more an art than the helter-skelter throwing of material together into a pile is an art; any more than the toying ignorantly with electricity is an art.

Much conversation is a mere bubbling over of the desire to be seen and heard—mere noise; much of it is a desire to kill time; much, mere words under the sense of duty—"I had to say something!"—and much, a repetition of the gossip of the world as brought to our front doors by the press.

Still very much of present conversation, because thus random, is absolutely pernicious in suggestive power. Much of ordinary conversation is worse than the emanations from the pest house—it is an emanation from mental sewerage and moral decay. Think of conversing on the latest crimes, the divorces, court trials and diseases. There is not a possible crime in the calendar of more permanent and lasting injury than such conversation when made the daily mental food in the home. What will children be when so fed? Daily gossip being nothing, is starvation for the mind. It suggests to the listener nothing. Therefore, under much of present conversation the powers of the mind are dwindled; not rare is it to find one so trained to talk and to listen with the power to

reason and to judge atrophied, and because he or she speaks by authority, "He said!" "She said!" "They said!" "The papers said!" "The Bible says!" etc. The power of original thought is destroyed. "Why can't I concentrate?" is often asked me by those who have so weakened their intellectual powers. They have played at this disease called "conversation" till they have lost power to control their own thought.

Cause and Cure are subject to the one Law. "The hair of the same dog will cure the wound" is a proverb in evidence here. This atrophied mental condition is produced by Suggestion, used ignorantly and instinctively, because it is nature's one way of communication between the outer and the inner life, between the interior and exterior universe; therefore, Suggestion used consciously, used intelligently, used as an ART, will produce a counter condition and a cure is produced.

It cannot be too often affirmed that Suggestion is the Ever-present Law controlling thought and emotion. We may allow Suggestion, like wind over prairie, or wave on stream, to carry us along by power of the Absolute, or we may, like farmer with windmill and sailor with oar, use the Law to enable us to reach a pre-determined end. In order so to direct we must understand *how* to suggest, and *what* to suggest, that we may cause others to think what we wish, because when they think what we wish they will do as we wish.

While we may not have any particular or conscious desire for our friends in conversation, we always do desire not to injure them and others through them. This desire to help, to benefit, to make people better, unconsciously lies beneath all conversation. To realize the evils of ordinary conversation is to remedy them, for no person of sane mind desires to be a moral or physical pest. Therefore, whoever realizes the power of Suggestion will at once change his manner of conversation; he taboos all unhealthful topics.

When the Law of Suggestion is under-

Whatever we have dared to think
That dare we also say.←

William Lloyd Garrison

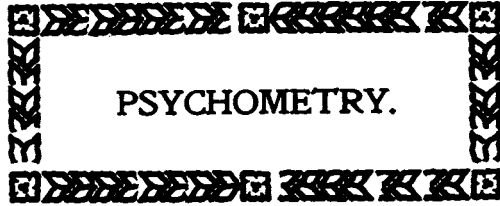
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stood in a home, that home will sooner welcome the most abandoned tramp than it will welcome the ordinary conversation of street, office or home. We naturally protect ourselves from contamination by the person of the tramp, but there is no protection from vile thoughts welcomed. They inevitably produce their ill effects.

The primal cause of all conduct lies in instinctive emotions. Not to control these emotions is to live the merely animal life. The only way of control is by thought. Right thinking directs emotions. I have in my books taught that "to control emotions is to control life!" The emotions are ever present. We must always feel. It is ever more or less feeling. Two persons meet in conversation. Life expresses itself in this meeting; that is, life flows outward, making the individual conscious of his own existence.

Now, what shall our conversation be that we may always suggest that which is helpful? The answer is easy and simple. Always hold the ideal of the Good, the Beautiful and the True before you, and let that Ideal control your thought. Never suggest anything that will not make another FEEL better. Ask yourself as any topic comes up, "Do I wish my friend to manifest this thought in his life?" For instance, you read of a crime; you are tempted to speak of it. Ask yourself, "Do I wish to sow crime seeds in my friend's mind?" This thought will close your lips on the narration. You are inclined to talk of disease. Ask, "Do I wish to sow seeds of disease in his mind?" You will immediately find another topic. To speak of anything painful is to sow thought seeds that are sure to bring pain to those who are not wise enough to neutralize your thought by ignoring it.

Therefore, to understand the art of Suggestion is to allow yourself to talk upon only pleasant things, to suggest only that which you have decided will make the world better.



PSYCHOMETRY.

PSYCHOMETRY is the Science and the Art of recognizing and interpreting sensations not recognizable by the five senses.

Second Series. Lesson 5.

"I Feel!"

It is a common thing for ladies of my acquaintance to say in relation to some person or thing, "I feel that he is not right!" or "I feel that it is not true!" and similar expressions. The fact is common, and yet it attracts little attention. Occasionally when some occurrence will bring the conversation to mind, it is remarked upon as peculiar or strange. Sometimes the remark is made: "I wish I had followed my impressions!" "I wish I had obeyed my intuition!"

What is meant by "impression" and "intuition"? What are they in reality? It is ever to be remembered that we can consciously do only that which we are doing unconsciously all the time. We can take advantage of these finer forces just as we have of the coarser ones; can use the laws of the interior life as we do those of the exterior. If these feelings have a cause outside the fancy, imagination or prejudices of the individual, we can find that Cause and by taking advantage of it, can make it practical in our daily life. This is exactly what the Art of Psychometry does. Since feeling tells me not to get too near the fire, to drop the ice, to protect myself from a fall, to follow a sound, to eat the food; in fact, since feeling is the only evidence that I live, it follows that when I *feel* not to believe a person, or not to go to a certain place, there must, providing the feeling is real, be a cause. Something causes me thus to feel.

We recognize as real all feelings that center in the senses, but we know that the deeper feelings of fraternal, conjugal, parental, filial and artistic love do

Within One's self must be the source of strength, the basis of consolation.←

Marcus Aurelius

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not so center. All our strongest and happiest emotions are not born of the senses; do not center in body. They are mental or spiritual. They are soul responses to some fine vibrations. Thus every intuition or impression is a response to some vibration in the higher octaves as really as the sense of heat, the recognition of tone, or light, is a response on the lower octaves of vibration. It took a more or less appreciable period of time for our eyes when we first opened them at birth, to become aware of light and a longer time for us to focus them, and still longer for us to attain that consciousness of perspective so that we could place our hands upon a chosen thing. We see this unfoldment in the babe. We are babes in soul-expression. Some of us have reached a larger degree of unfoldment, but all are babes. We feel, and cannot tell why or whence. We are learning, and can learn on the higher octaves only as babes learn on the octaves of the senses. We must recognize these feelings as legitimate and encourage them until we can tell whence they come and what they mean. This is developing the ART of interpreting sensations—the Art of Psychometry.

Let me illustrate. A lady came into my office and as she sat down she said, "I feel something disagreeable." "Very well, what is it?" I asked. "I don't know." "Why should you feel this if it is not for you to know?" The lady had never thought thus before. "Now understand that you have power to know the cause of every sensation. You are sensitive. You suffer from this sensitiveness. You are in ill health now from it. You have constantly run away from conditions under which you do not feel well. Consequently this sensitiveness to unpleasant conditions has grown till sensitiveness to pleasant conditions, which is equally strong, has been ignored; thus your life is miserable. You have cultivated paying attention to the unpleasant. Now reverse the process. Ignore the unpleasant and recognize the pleasant." "I would like you to tell

me how." "Refuse now to feel that unpleasant feeling and claim the recognition of the pleasant that lies behind that. For there is a most glorious feeling here. I keep it here all the time. Try now. Be passive till you feel the opposite and then learn to select out of the multitude of feelings that which you will encourage!" The lady kept quiet and soon said: "O, how peaceful I feel. It seems like a lullaby!" She soon relaxed and went off to sleep. She had been under an intense mental strain, and, coming into my room, had fallen into the vibrations left there by a patient who was suffering from nervous prostration. As I turned her attention to the pleasant, she rose from them to those pervading the room—my own. This demonstrates that we are each a magnet, and draw the feelings we choose. That we *can* decide what vibrations shall effect us, as we sensitives move among the masses that surround us. We can always have that which we seek, because in the infinity of vibrations we can have our choice.

Thus the sensing and the recognition of sensations that are not included in the range of the five senses, is the true Art of Living. It takes us from the crude animal range into the octaves of Man, the octaves of Spirit cognizant of its own existence.

But to do this, one must attain control of his, or her, emotional nature and not give up to every passing feeling. When any new feeling is sensed we must learn to keep still and let the feeling sweep over us till it tells whence it came and what it means, and to select such as we desire. In time one will learn to understand and obey without question these feelings, and thus come to live from the Soul-side. This means health, happiness and prosperity.

For practice note the peculiarity of the new sensation. Do not seek to run away from it; do not resist it. Simply let it have its way long enough to learn what you can of it; then turn to some other thought. Resistance will only intensify the unpleasant. Forget it; ignore it by taking a pleasant thought. Here lies the

**In the pure soul, whether it sing or pray,
The Christ is born anew from day to day.**

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps

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power of Self-Control. You can, at will, take a chosen thought and think it in place of one you desire to drop. New feelings come with new thoughts. Psychometry is the Science and the Art of FEELING. To know *why and what you feel*, and to feel at will anything you choose, is to be Master of Fate.

Boys.

It would be hard to tell just what we mean when we say that boys will be boys. An Eastern newspaper has been gravely discussing why the young idea abhors a bath, and yet will spend whole long Summer days in swimming. Because careless parents, says one elder, not without intimations of earliest childhood, *will* rub soap in their eyes. Quite the contrary, says another, with still more vivid recollections, the parents rub soap in their eyes only because the boys will squirm and wriggle in the loathly trial. And so a momentous question is as far as ever from solution.

MR. Howells, in his delectable "Boys' Town," remarks that he looks back on the child he once was not so much as upon an earlier self as upon a different and quite alien person. Professor William James, the psychologist, has expressed the idea scientifically, arguing that each of us, in his own person, lives through not only the seven ages of man, but all the evolutionary ages of the human race as well. He watched a child of his, he says, grow from age to age in regular sequence. It was at the stone age, it is to be presumed, that he began smashing the parlor windows. Certain it is, according to this high authority, that a boy who does not learn to fish and shoot in his nomadic age never becomes a thorough Nimrod.

The English, with their practical sense, have long recognized in their school discipline that boyhood is an alien state. The duty of laying on the rod to sweeten the child they delegate to the older boys—prefects or monitors. For a man to flog a child is degrading to both; but for one boy to flog another is only an insistence on tribal discipline.

Thus we arrive at the portentous conclusion. Boys hate to be bathed not because they love to be dirty—they are quite indifferent on the subject—but because to be toused in a tub is an infraction of the noble independence of the savage. You may note the same wild hand-shyness in certain stages of the development of kittens and puppies. And, by the same token, boys love to dive into the chilly brook and to bask in the torrid sand. Wherefore, parents, in these Spring days, when your offspring come home late of an evening with soaky locks and sand in their ears, be wisely merciful, and ask no questions.

—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Unity.

O Thou before whose onward course
The pulsing heavens rise and fall,
Encrading Space, enfolding Force,
Life and Life-giver unto all—
I may not call on Thee in prayer,
Thy majesty I dare not name,
Yet fearless through the years I fare,
For we are one thing and the same.

I count not Time an enemy,
For Time and Thou and I are one;
I sit contented here with Thee,
With Thee I mount from sun to sun.
I seek not far, I spurn not near,
For far is near and near is far;
This heart that beats so softly here
Keeps time to yonder rolling star.

I am the solvent and the solved,
I am the knowing and the known,
And the same thought in me revolved
Goes speeding on through yonder zone.
I am the singer and the sung,
The worshiped and the worshiper,
The ever old, the ever young,
The bolder and the timider.

I shall remain and I shall change,
I shall give over and shall last,
But nothing ever can estrange
This present glory from the past.
So when the final fate shall fall,
When to the mystery I bow,
What matter how the change they call—
Force, matter, death, life, I, or Thou?

Thus fearless through the years I fare,
O'er-riding doubt and mocking doom,
And Thou art with me everywhere,
And I shall cleave all earthly gloom.
O quickening Thought, O speeding Fate,
Speed, speed forever, full and free!
O Flux of all things small and great,
We're one to all eternity.
—*H. A. Warren, in the Evolutionist.*

In The Godly Ways.

I am! I dwell in the godly ways,
And my heart beats high with hope,
And the placid planets smile and shine
In my favored horoscope.

I am! I dwell in the godly ways,
Where love illumines life;
And the jubilee of joy rings out,
For there's no sin nor strife.

I am! I dwell in the godly ways,
And life is bright and brave;
And I know it is but an evil dream—
The dark, dividing grave.

—*Susie M. Best.*

I stand in the Great Forever,
I lave in the ocean of Truth.

—*Eliza Pitenger.*

Notes from Editor's Tour.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

I passed two days with my old friends, those who might well be called the sponsors for the Now Philosophy, since it was in their homes and with the friends I met there that I first gave my talks that have developed into present "NOW" Philosophy—Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Studer. I addressed a fine little gathering of people, "The Radium Center," on an afternoon. They are Dr. Sullivan's students, which is a guarantee of their liberty of thought and common sense.

CHICAGO.

The New Thought Federation had arranged for a Union Meeting the afternoon of the Sunday of my arrival. Mr. and Mrs. Fillmore and President Northrup and I divided the time. The interest manifested presages well for the next Convention.

I held a meeting in the same hall the following evening, meanwhile working up my class, which was held in the Sarah Wilder Pratt rooms. I am much indebted to Mrs. Waterloo for the success of my work in the city. She not only maintains these rooms, but has a fine liberal book store at No. 87 Washington Street, and introduced me to a large circle of friends. My class was enthusiastic and a very pleasant one. I shall some time return for a larger one as the result of this.

I addressed one evening the reorganized Prentice Mulford Club, and was much pleased with the meeting, and the meeting expressed itself much pleased with me.

I also gave two addresses before the New Thought Club, and was never in better conditions for inspiration than they furnished me. It meets, by invitation, at the Oakland Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Hutchingson, the proprietors, are New Thought people, and were most kind to me. They opened their dining room one Sunday evening for a lecture, and it was a most profitable one in every way. New Thought people visiting Chicago will find

this a congenial home—corner of Drexel Boulevard and Oakland Street.

I talked several times at the noon meetings at the Pratt Rooms and for Mr. Shaffer's noon meetings.

Mrs. Fillmore and I addressed the Truth Students one Wednesday afternoon. Everywhere I found a warm welcome for NOW, its publications and its editor. Our reputation had gone before me and made a place for me in the hearts of many who called upon me.

My host was Dr. W. H. D. Brown, who entertained me at his country home and gave me the use of his city office in the Stewart Building.

To Mr. Elmer Cary, of *Suggestion*, I am under obligations for favors extended. I was pleasantly entertained by Mr. and Mrs. See at their home. They are well fitted for the work they are doing in teaching, healing, and publishing *The Higher Thought*.

Dr. Stockham was not at home, but Mr. Beckwith, business manager of the Stockham Co., welcomed me and made me at home in his office. I saw no signs of lack of business or energy because of the action of the postal authorities in regard to some of their publications. Some time it will be safe to print for the youth that which they should know on sex matters. It is not now. Evil is only to him who thinks evil.

Editor Farrington, of the *Courier*, was of much generous assistance in my class work, and I gladly acknowledge the inspiration he was to me in starting my lessons.

I had a pleasant visit in the home of Rev. J. D. Perrin, former secretary of the Federation. He is now in business, but anticipates returning to his New Thought work when financial conditions for him change.

I enjoyed several visits with Dr. Sheldon Levett, editor of the fine little magazine, *Thought*, both in his office and at his home. The doctor was for twenty years a professor in a medical college and had a large drug practice. His professorship and drugs he has given up for the prac-

**Let's not burden our remembrance
With a heaviness that's gone.←**

Shakespeare

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tice of Suggestive Therapeutics. He told me of the rapid progress of the thought among cultured and professional people. His practice is quite large, and growing—a fine sign of the development of a public sentiment in favor of drugless healing. Mr. Caius A. Shafer, besides holding daily meetings, is teaching and healing. He is a student of *Unity*; people and reports speak well of his work.

Dr. Charles has a Metaphysical school. I met him at meetings and found him congenial and progressive. Was not able to see him at home. He is interested in the Federation work.

I am particularly interested in the work of Dr. Elbert Landone. He is a pupil of Prof. Elmer Gates; has his school in Fine Arts Building; is teaching "Scientific and Esthetic Culture by Means of Psychurgic and Esthesiurgic Methods." Psychurgy is defined as "the art of consciously using the mind." He follows Prof. Gates' method of brain-building. His thought is a fine antidote to much that goes under the New Thought name that is mere theory and vapor. Science is the only basis for our work, no matter how worshipful and reverential we may be. Truth does not interfere with true worship. To understand one's own Being seems to me to be Religion.

A friend took me to lunch at the Chicago Press Club and introduced me to many well-known authors and newspaper men—men of brains rather than men of purses, such as one meets on 'Change. A fine sense of importance swept over me as I was introduced as Literary among these, to feel that I was indeed a journalist. The press is the power that swings the lever of public opinion, and this lever controls civilization. Once awaken public opinion, and things move. "Ideas rule the world!" Out of ideas, ideals are born. The press creates these ideals. In this Club congregate men who control, more than all other factors, the public opinion of the Great Lakes and Mississippi Valleys. Their thoughts find expression through great and influential dailies and magazines and many popular books, and

from this city radiate the thoughts that help to modify the thought of the whole nation. Despite the fact that money will hire brains, and editors are expected to echo opinions held by stockholders and party managers, nevertheless the greater fact remains that ideas are more than dollars, and ideas control dollars, and rich men are poor men when measured by the standard of the Press Club and the world. Without the brains, the dollar and the dollar-men would be worthless. Blessings upon a man who, through the press, gives his ideas. Its influence reaches around the world and further, to coming generations. Thanks for this hour of inspiration and strength among them.

DETROIT.

Dr. J. C. Burrows had well advertised my coming, and I was greeted Sunday afternoon and evening with fine audiences in the Doctor's little hall. Here I held each afternoon and evening, a class. It was like my Home Folk. We had the best of times, and they disliked to have me quit. I left on a 1 a. m. train, and friends held a social for me till I left for the station. The Doctor has converted his Society into "The First Church Center," and is working under the Federation thought. He holds meetings every Sunday and has classes during the week.

The members of my class continued their studies under the name "The New Thought Readers," and are using my correspondence lessons.

The *Detroit Free Press* gave me a fine interview, entitled "No theology in New Thought."

My work was assisted by several ladies, among them Mrs. Mary A. Stein, who speaks every Sunday to a fine society, and holds Spiritual Circles during the week at her residence, No. 59 Leverette Street.

BUTTE, MONTANA.

General Harris had well advertised my lectures here, and my reception was beyond all my anticipations. Nothing on

**The dependence of liberty shall be lovers;
The continuance of equality shall be comrades. ←**

Walt Whitman

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my trip has pleased me more than when here I was introduced to an old miner, one of the early pioneers of California. He replied, upon hearing my name: "Henry Harrison? 'From all Life's grapes I press sweet wine!'" To write a line to be thus remembered is fame.

Through invitation, I visited one of the copper smelters and went hundreds of feet under ground in one of the mines. There I saw the result of Nature's alchemy and of Man's industry. His skill and courage in finding and converting to his use the mineral treasures thus stored away, is marvelous, and more like fairy tale than truth. Everything was done by NOW friends to make my stay valuable, and they are red-letter days in memory.

SEATTLE, WASH.

My stop in Seattle was in accordance with arrangements made by Walter A. Hall, president of the Spiritualistic Society. He is a gentleman of the first water, and did all any one man can do to make my visit both pleasant and profitable. He planned for me a meeting the Sunday of my arrival which was an extra one for his society, and the audience was an exceptionally large one; thus my reception was most happy. The next Sunday I had two very fine audiences. The Psychological Society adjourned their meeting that their members might attend my meeting.

The society over which Mr. Hall presides has a fine hall and a fine attendance upon its meetings. It is liberal and progressive, and puts the best talent upon its platform.

Through the courtesy of the general passenger agent of the Southern Pacific R. R. at Portland, who extended the time of my ticket, I was enabled to remain another Sunday in Seattle, and addressed the Psychological Society. Their hall was filled to its utmost, and for an extra long time I held that audience with my theme, "The Power of Affirmation." Dr. R. Strath is president of this society, which is a large and fast-growing one.

It promises to be a very important factor in moulding the public sentiment of the city.

The Doctor has a most excellent practice in Suggestive Therapeutics, and contemplates a College of Rational Methods in Healing, where all the new, and what is good in the old method, will be taught. He possesses not only necessary intellectual qualifications for this work, but he has also the perseverance, courage and experience that fit him for this work, and I guarantee he will succeed in what he undertakes. He is in full sympathy with NOW and my books, and will always keep a stock of our publications on hand for sale.

Mr. Barnes has a fine Liberal book store, where one may find not only the latest books, but obtain any information concerning the work and workers in the city. It is a sort of headquarters here, as Mrs. Waterloo's is in Chicago, for New Thought people. Both these give "NOW" Folk publications a prominent place on their shelves.

My hosts while here were Capt. and Mrs. J. C. Young, No. 2522 Second Avenue. They are Berkeley, Cal., friends. For four years they have attended my lectures and classes and often enjoyed our "NOW" Home life. This made my stay homelike. They opened their home for my classes and patients and enjoyed thus the pleasure of doing good.

I had a very fine class, large and appreciative. It so grew into the spirit of Truth that they seemed like "NOW" Folk to me.

Seattle has much in store for New Thought people. I liked the city. Though not San Francisco, it has a great future before it. I regret that time and business did not allow a visit to Tacoma and the various colonies that make this section the place of their experiments. Social and economic problems are being worked out through these methods, and they are worth the study of all philanthropists.

**I, grateful, take the good I find;
The best of now and here.→**

Whittier

Mount Rainier (known as Mount Tacoma elsewhere) showed only once through the mist. It is a very beautiful mountain and fills one with a sense of grandeur. I hope that sectional jealousies will allow the restoration of this beautiful Indian name for the Seattle one of the English captain.

PORTLAND.

Owing to the miscarriage of letters, friends in Portland were disappointed two evenings. However, Mrs. Mallory turned over her Friday afternoon meeting to me and I had the privilege of meeting fifty of the friends of Truth and some old friends. Mrs. Mallory has published her *World's Advanced Thought* and opened her parlors for meetings for many years, long before I became New Thought. I found her the same quiet power and the same social friend and looking years younger than she was thirteen years ago, when she used to come to Salem, Ore., on Saturday and stay over Sunday to hear me preach. Thus is she demonstrating that Soul has no age. I dined with an old parishioner, one who, on my advice, came from Kansas to Salem thirteen years ago and has found a most successful practice in Portland, Dr. W. T. Houser. Children have grown into parents since we met, but I was no older and the doctor declared himself not a day older than when we last met. Queer fellows these New Thought people!

I was met at the station by one of my first and continual subscribers, Mr. O. H. Muhler. He attended my first lectures and classes in San Francisco, and has grown more and more in love with the thought each day, and his wife and two little girls are living in it. He invited a few NOW subscribers in for the evening, and we had music and conversation till a late hour. Mr. Muhler was my chaperon during the day, and among other places, visited the deserted but still beautiful Fair grounds.

Nature withdrew her veil from peerless Mount Hood, and again I felt from him the old inspiration and strength I was

went to feel years ago, when weary, I would throw myself upon the ground, and looking far off at Hood, would say to him: "Give me of your strength and quietude, and rest me!" and the same old power from high came to me. All the way from Portland home, I was soul-singing:

"For the strength of the hills I bless thee,

Our God, my fathers' God."

Tacoma, St. Helens, and Mt. Adams are grand and inspiring, but none, not even our Shasta, equals the incomparable Hood. He stands first in symmetry and isolation and beauty.

It was twilight as the train wound its way past Shasta; the last beam of the sun, already below our horizon, was tipping his crest with flame, and I looked forth upon him as upon a herald of power from another world. It was a sight worth crossing a continent to see.

Though I have crossed the continent several times by different routes, and am familiar with the Atlantic and Lake regions, I know of no trip equal in scenic beauty to that from Seattle to San Francisco. The Columbia, the Willamette and Rouge River valleys are of Nature's best, but the picturesque wildness of the Siskiyou Mountains has no equal. Gorge and hillside, over which and through which the railroad winds its sinuous way, furnish a continuous panorama of ever-changing color, beauty and sublimity. There is nothing outside the New England and Middle States that equals the beauty of verdure here. The dryads of the woods are with a prodigality of verdure covering from sight the remains of the wasteful and wanton destruction of the lumberman, who in the insanity of dollars, is destroying for present gain the heritage of coming generations.

This is the one sad feature of our Pacific slope. The giant forests are fast disappearing, and barren mountains remain, the evidence of the barbarism of our civilization.

Seattle, one of the most beautiful sites

**The Soul is pilot gray on the sea of Lore,
Where barks of Touch are sent from every shore.—**

J. W. Powell

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for a city the world ever had, is thus made a picture of desolation where it might be, with its bays, its three lakes and beautiful and magnificent forests and many hills, one of the most beautiful sites on earth. The trail of the money-god is over all this West. Forests are felled and shanties and saloons stand where parks should be. Millions of dollars will not restore the landscape thus denuded of its graces.

But I am home again. I will rest under the redwood that "NOW" Folk have saved from the ax. Thanks to the Power that enabled us thus to obtain and protect. When 500 acres more of these trees shall come into our hands, then will I feel that I have done my part to protect the rights of the unborn to the glory of this earth. Home, my Rest, my Ideal. Here I am writing this. Fourteen weeks away, and this is my most important lesson. I am more content with Truth than ever, and realize that there Life is, only where LOVE reigns. That is here, it is HOME.

Never Trouble Trouble.

Look on the bright side always. It does not pay to mope;

Don't say "I fear I'm dreaming," but just "I trust and hope."

Don't look for storm and tempest while skies are bright and blue,

Just never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

Some folks are always croaking, from sunrise till sunset;

They rail against the weather, be it hot or cold or wet—

"The frost will kill the peaches," "The drought will spoil the wheat,"

"The rain will drown the harvest, and we'll have no bread to eat."

Don't dread conflagrations because the fire-flies glow;

Or dream of wild tornadoes whenever zephyrs blow;

Don't think the floods are coming when it rains a drop or two;

Oh, never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you

For half the evils dreaded will never come to pass,

And you will miss the present's brightness while you sit and sigh. "Alas."

Take a blossom bright and glowin', though a worm be at the root;

Nor let one spot upon the rind spoil all the mellow fruit.

Make the best of what is given, without looking for the ills;

So will your joys be doubled, and woes diminished still.

Rejoice in all the sunshine of the world you journey through,

And never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

—*Alice Williams Brotherton.*

The One Subject Worthy of Investigation.

One of the most important statements of the New Thought Science is that man is all mind. This means that he is a mental creature. It means that he is alive all over; that he is composed of living substance and not dead matter.

This statement, taken with a knowledge of the law of affinity, really explains the entire mystery of creation with man at its head. And with the understanding of these two truths there is no living man or woman of average intellect who cannot demonstrate his mastery over his body and his bodily surroundings.

Man's salvation depends on his powers of mastery; and his mastery does not consist in the expression of physical feats. Though he could pull down the pillars of the temple as Sampson did, and kill the lion single-handed, it will not avail to save him from the daily annoyances that are the real terrors of his existence, nor will it ever soothe or relieve the slightest pain that attacks his body. No amount of physical power gained through physical training will ever pass certain sure limitations that prove him to be on the wrong track so far as the conquest of real ills is concerned.

Real ills are those whose constant tendency is to blot man out of existence. Every form of helplessness, every negation of life such as disease, the gradual yielding of physical forces to that common enemy of mankind that we call Old Age, and eventually Death; these are the things that must be conquered, and no acquisition of physical force can conquer them. That is to say, no man can ever acquire sufficient force while developing on the physical plane to conquer these great torments and terrors. They have got to be conquered mentally. *All life and all progress begin in thought.* * * *

The hope of man is in this fact. It must be apparent that, while there is a limit to purely physical development, there is absolutely no limit to the capacity of the human mind to go on expanding and growing until all the things of life comes easily within the grasp of its power. * * *

Perhaps you are not a thinker; it is safe to assume that you are not; very few persons are; yet even the most careless, indifferent,

When'er I meet my sailing peers,
"ALL'S WELL" I to their hail reply.—

Edith M. Thomas

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indolent of people think enough to demonstrate to themselves the fact that new thoughts are almost constantly being born in their brains even without an effort on their part. To tell how the potency of these thoughts can be augmented and made to conquer all the obstacles of human life is the effort of mental science.

All power begins in thought. Thought is a thing of easy culture; and the greatest of all things is the fact that its power of expansion is unlimited.

Right here man finds his unfailling foundation of hope, and begins to concentrate his thought upon the proper method of effort that will be productive of what he most desires. * * * Man can think himself out of a condition of ignorance in which he is so helpless, so completely at the mercy of his surroundings, into a condition of intelligence that will render him positive to his surroundings and master of them.

Through the power of thought he can throw off the garb of slavery that has fettered his movements and the movements of his forefathers, and arise to a position of complete mastery over his own body and his bodily surroundings.

In order to do this he must learn the secret of how to think.

There are hundreds of teachers who will tell you what to think, and who will pocket your money for doing so, but what the student needs is to know how to think.

Perhaps I can make myself understood more easily if I introduce some of my own experience. Many of my readers know with what unwavering fidelity I have applied myself to an understanding of this matter. With an early belief in the ability of man to rise above the plane of disease and death on which he had been perishing for so many thousands of years I was encouraged both to think and experiment. I was observant; nearly all events, no matter how small, had meaning for me. My earliest difficulty was an inability to put any confidence in the conclusions to which much and inconsidered thought led me. But I got over this and began to believe in my own thought. For instance, when some new thought of mine contradicted flatly some of the long established beliefs on which the race had depended for ages I found it almost impossible to believe in it. I would waver and often yield up my conclusions and drop back into a half-hearted acceptance of the old. But I never kept this position for any length of time. Reason would come to my assistance, and again the new thought would assert itself in the face of all established opinion to the contrary; and this fight would be enacted at intervals until the new would become established permanently.

It is not possible to come firmly into a new thought position and rest there. There is no rest for the thinker. The moment the new thought has conquered an old, long estab-

lished error, there comes an added sense of power that pervades the entire body. No matter what the subject was on which the thought had been concentrating, no sooner would the conquest of the new thought be completed than strength would be added to the body.

Then, as I said, there would be no rest in this new place. The added strength of the body would give added strength to the brain and there would be increased capacity to think more forcibly than ever before. And so the world's erroneous old beliefs would be taken up, one at a time, probably, and killed in the grinding power of original thought; each conquest would add its impulse of strength to the body, effecting changes that could never have been effected in any other way.

The body, as it is now, is but the expression of error. It is the incarnation of a thousand erroneous beliefs; and these beliefs are responsible for its bodily weakness and of its other undesirable conditions. *Wrong thought has made the body what it is. Right thought can make it over into what it ought to be.* * * *

If thought acts upon the body, even purposeless as it has always been, is it not fair to infer that thought long trained on one subject and addressed to one purpose should in time produce changes in the body corresponding to its own changed character? Our thought, before it broke away from the world's old thought that recognized nothing but man's weakness, his sinfulness and his diseased condition has grown out of this way of thinking. It has gone on from one point of projection to another and higher point until it stands in a light never shed on the human brain before. It has dipped to the very dregs of the old ruinous beliefs in man's weakness and helplessness; it has traced his career from one point of his history to another, each movement marked by his increasing capacity to break that law of God which says, "So far shall thou go, but no farther," and has seen nothing in the shape of obedience to this command; nothing but man's constantly increasing power to break it: until at last he knows that his dominion, which means the principalities and potencies of the gods, is dependent upon his continuance in breaking it.

Nothing can narrow his roadway any longer, and nothing can shorten his journey through the Great Forever unless he himself by doubts of himself can cripple his forward movement. For at last he has arrived at a perception of the second division of this grand truth we are contemplating. All is mind is the first statement, from which he works slowly but surely to the second statement—that mind is the Creator. * * *

Let a man learn to think properly and his command of life is undeniable; nothing can stand against it. Nothing is standing against it now at this moment but man's ignorance of his own power. * * *

—Helen Wilmans, in *Conable's Path-Finder*.

The Arena of the new standpoint of Science is that of the pupil's own mind.←

Elmer Gates

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Two Texts.

I

Here is a text for to-day—

You may work out the sermon and preach it:

If the goal were not far, far away

Who would keep up the struggle to reach it?

If the prize might be won for the asking,

How long would its value remain?

If the work that we do were denied us

We would work, though the angels should chide us,

And gloat o'er each task we might gain.

II

Here is a text for to-day—

You may build up a sermon around it:

Leave the world, when you journey away

As rich as it was when you found it;

For that which it gives you give something;

Sit not in the byways to grieve,

And remember that great are the pleasures

And remember that rich are the treasures

The poorest among us receive!

—S. E. Kiser.

Power of the Mind.

MILWAUKEE, April 18.—“Gentlemen, I am unable to explain it; I have had the most learned professors at Yale and Harvard witness my demonstrations; some of the most noted doctors of the country have sought in vain for a solution of my powers, and I myself am unable to explain further than that my mind has absolute control over matter.”

This was all that Frank Von Braulik, a young telegraph operator in the employ of Porterfield & Co., brokers, of this city, had to say after a marvelous exhibition of what he terms psychic power, or the control of mind over matter.

To a few friends, for he says he never made a public exhibition, Von Braulik performed a few of his wonderful feats, and, though they paid the closest attention, none was able to advance any theory that would explain his methods.

His first demonstration was begun by taking a silver dollar from one of the audience and laying it on a plain, oak office table. Bending over the table, assuming a tense attitude, his head scarcely two inches above the dollar, Von Braulik tightly grasped the hands of two of the spectators. This lasted but a few seconds, when he released the grip, tightly clenched his hands and his breathing became labored. His frame shook convulsively and his face appeared drawn with pain. Suddenly the spectators saw the dollar begin moving. It traveled toward the edge of, and several times in its progress it raised a quarter of an inch clear of, the table. From the beginning of the movement it traveled faster and faster until it reached the edge, when it dropped into Von Braulik's hands.

His second experiment was even more successful than the first. Taking a stone drinking cup, four inches deep, and filling it with water, Von Braulik dropped a quarter into it. He went through the same motions as in the first demonstration, and the spectators were surprised to see the quarter rise slowly to the top of the mug and fall over the side on to the table.

His third feat amazed the audience more than the others. He took a deck of cards, placed them face downward on the table and scattered them promiscuously over an area about eighteen inches in diameter. Bending over them as he had in the other demonstrations, he told his audience to think of the ace of spades. Soon the observers saw the scattered cards begin to move. Gradually they began to separate, and from near the bottom two cards were seen to leave the others. They slid along the table until near the edge, when the top card dropped away from the other and the lower one fell over the edge into Von Braulik's hand. Turning it over the young man exhibited the ace of spades.—*Associated Press Dispatch.*

Expression.

The art of art, the glory of expression and the sunshine of the light of letters, is simplicity. Nothing is better than simplicity—nothing can make up for excess, or for lack of definiteness. To carry on the heave of impulse and pierce intellectual depths and give all subject their articulations, are powers neither common nor very uncommon. But to speak in literature with the perfect rectitude and insouciance of the movements of animals, and the unimpeachableness of the sentiment of trees in the woods and grass by the roadside, is the flawless triumph of art. If you have look'd on him who has achiev'd it you have look'd on one of the masters of the artists of all nations and times. . . . The great poet has less a mark'd style, and is more the channel of thoughts and things without increase or diminution, and is the free channel of himself. He swears to his art, I will not be meddlesome, I will not have in my writing any elegance, or effect, or originality, to hang in the way between me and the rest like curtains. I will have nothing hang in the way, not the richest curtains. What I tell I tell for precisely what it is. . . . What I experience or portray shall go from my composition without a shred of my composition. You shall stand by my side and look in the mirror with me.—*Walt Whitman.*

WE WISH TO KEEP UP TO DATE,
SO SKIP TWO MONTHS BECAUSE
THE POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT
WILL NOT LET US MAIL TWO
ISSUES A MONTH.

The Silence.

The legends of creations representing the silence which "brooded over the waters of the firmaments," are but different forms of thought attempting descriptions of the abodes of Infinite Mind. There is no word in the language that comes so near our idea of Omnipresence. Our acquaintance with, and our treatment of, the silence are correct barometers of our spirituality.

In its embrace sleep the sum of all future happenings. It is and ever has been the source and ultimate of all. From it looks Omniscience. In it the great Omnipresence stands waiting, and out of it comes every force of Omnipotence. Before it every soul stands absolutely naked, and by it every act and thought and word are measured. Within the ocean of its immensity has been dropped alike the mystician of the Orient and the confusing creeds of the Occident. It is Thought's laboratory where structural strength or weakness is discovered and applied. There Infinite Source meets mortal weakness and conveys the secret of its sympathy and power. There the broad ocean of Infinite Love, in its ceaseless ebb and flow, bathes away all scars of mortal beliefs, and lends the kiss of peace to troubled sense.

It enfolds alike the leper and the alabaster-souled applicant, and makes both as white as snow. It is our refuge when all else fails and the Heavens seem to fall. Its voices have a million echoes, each full of the music of a perfect harmony. There is found the shrine of every troubled soul, with healing balm and wholeness for any ill or wound.

It is the temple of the children of the Good. Truth stands ever beckoning at its doors to us. How many of us know the Silence by absolute use of it? How many of us reach out into it daily with our heart cry? To every one who does, these lines need no corroboration. To those who do not, let them invite the test. It offers such proof of personal support that the mind is forever at rest afterwards in the consciousness of its refuge. No storm so fierce, no trial so bitter, no temptation so subtle that this ever-present silence can not and will not cover you and shield you safely, sweetly, completely. It is the enfolding arm of Truth with all its omnipotence, that envelops. Against it all earth's weapons are harmless, before it, seeming obstacles fade away and the black cloud of disaster shows the golden lining of hope. It is verily the "City of Refuge" for the true Scientist. When we remember its ubiquity and that it is ours, why do we suffer and repine? Only think, if you go mid-ocean it is there at your service, or up into the clouds, or under the earth day or night, sunshine or shadow, always, everywhere, it is yours. Amid the din and crash of a thousand spindles, the roar and hurry of a mighty city; in a storm at sea when every element seems in pursuit of de-

struction, through all the noisy cabal of everyday life, at your very feet, inviting you to its repose and strength, is this silence waiting. Oh, how it can speak with veritable voice! Oh, how it can soothe with actual love! Oh, how it will put to sleep the myriad seemings that you say assail your nerves! Once you have entered it, you will find music enough to fill all space, and the green pastures and still waters that feed, shelter and refresh the soul! It is from this silence that we are called back from error to the good. It is out of this temple of Silence that the hand of Truth is always beckoning us back from error.

In the Silence we meet God face to face, and know ourselves in Him. "Thou art a place to hide me in. The shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Silence, thrice blessed Silence, to Thee we take all care, all temptation, all sorrow, all sin, all sickness, and the flood of Light found in Thy presence dissipates these negations of darkness, whose terrors are henceforth and forever destroyed for us.—*International Magazine of Truth.*

Had To.

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

"In his heart." Mind the phraseology. It is not what a man thinks in the circumference of his being, in the changeable, superficial part of himself, but what he thinks in the supply house of veins and arteries; what he thinks in the deepest and most alive part of himself. These thoughts are taken up in the circulation and distributed to every part of the body. They become material fibre. They petrify or loosen, according as they are bond or free.

It is a serious thing to think in the heart.

It is life more abundant or death inevitable.

It is sickness, sorrow, and distortion, or health, joy, and symmetry.

The "had to" is the thought that petrifies.

It has filled the earth with graveyards, and when dirt became scarce, invented the fiery furnace.

Release from "had to" is escape from all that hurts and binds.

You have been taught in the school of "had to" and "got to," but you are the only one in the universe who could make the personal application of the lessons.

The banishment of "had to" must be by the knowledge of "I will to."

The I is mighty and will prevail.

The I is God and his stuff and his tools are always ready to work with.

"Had to" is the child of ignorance, and must be driven out by intelligence.—*Eleanor Kirk.*

The universe is God's unfenced and all-inclusive communion table, and every act of humane ministrations, every helpful hand stretched out to the weak or fallen is as sacred a rite as the holy Eucharist.—*James Thompson Birby. Ph. D.*

The True Incentive to a useful and happy labor must be pleasure in the work itself.←

William Morris

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A Query.

"O, where is the Sea?" the fishes cried
As they swam the crystal clearness through.
"We have heard from of old of the Ocean's
tide,
And we long to look on the waters blue.
The wise ones speak of the Infinite Sea,
O, who can tell us if such there be?"

The lark flew up in the morning bright,
And sung and balanced on sunny wings.
And this was its song: "I see the light
And look o'er a world of beautiful things;
But flying and singing everywhere,
In vain I have searched to find the air."
—*Minot J. Savage.*

Physical Phases of Anesthesia.

Psychic phenomena is one of the subtlest forces in nature, and while yet but dimly discerned, we are approaching to an understanding of it, so that it may soon be directed with that precision that we guide electricity.

The subjective mind perceives by intuition, nor requires the aid of the five senses; it knows independently, and were the blind objective mind able to perceive, man would be omniscient.

The objective mind is the recollecting part; the subjective is the seat of memory.

The impressibility of the subjective is intense. When the objective is uppermost the subjective will not receive absurd suggestions. When the objective is in abeyance the subjective will adopt almost any suggestion not contrary to its moral sense. The objective is the discriminative; and the subjective, uncontrolled, may adopt suggestions that the objective would regard as silly or trivial. It is due to the inability of the subjective to reason inductively.

The power to control subjective belief inheres in the objective, even to the disgust of the objective; however, men often find themselves harboring thoughts or fears contrary to what they esteem their better judgment. They declare their inability to rid themselves of some aversion or fear or impression. It is the discord between the two senses. Even in direct contradiction to the objective mind, the subjective may adopt, in an unguarded moment, when the objective is weakened by reverie or sleep—a hurtful suggestion, which is difficult to be cast out of the mind. But harmful suggestions cannot be written upon the subjective unless the objective is first dethroned by some of the influences known to affect it; as, by hypnotism, anesthesia, or passing from natural sleep into the subjective condition of hypnosis through suggestion. This last may be done readily, and the impressions made upon the mind become quite as distinct as if the patient had yielded control during waking moments. "The subjective mind is amenable to control by sugges-

tion during natural sleep the same as it is during hypnotic, or induced sleep."

Stress is laid upon the fact that the subjective mind never sleeps, and that it is especially acute during ordinary sleep, whether induced or natural; the best possible condition for the conveyance of therapeutic suggestions is attained when both are asleep. It is not necessary, however, for both to be somnolent, for the active mental suggestions of the healer may be communicated to the percipient by the wakeful objective mind of the operator. With the operator's objective mind directing and the subjective of the patient alert during sleep, the impression sought to be conveyed is most vivid.

Here then comes the lesson I seek to convey: Under anesthesia the patient is in a state of lucid somnambulism; the objective mind is lulled to mundane conditions, and the subjective more keenly alive than when awake and controlled by the inductive objective reasoning faculty.

The surgeons, nurses and attendants generally assume the patient under anesthesia, oblivious of the entire world. They overlook the fact that an adverse prognosis is as readily known to the subconscious mind of the patient, and that it may be grasped as a suggestion of evil or coming death, as the case may be, to the certain hurt of the physical being of the sleeping patient. Nor does the objective mind of the patient ever know the cause of the conviction it possibly may have of approaching dissolution. Yet such fatal result may, and is, actually due to careless discussion of results before the sleeping case. No matter how oblivious the objective mind may be, the subjective is alert, and is defenseless against maleficent suggestions in its presence. Moreover, with telepathy an established fact, and the impressibility of the mind, being known as increased in sleep, even fear or apprehensive thoughts may be recognized and adopted by the subjective to the infinite hurt of the sick one. If suffering can be relieved by mental suggestion it can be augmented quite as readily. "He that hateth his brother is a murderer." Hate may surely kill, even though unexpressed in word or act.

Impressionable, sympathetic natures are always more or less in psychical frame of mind. Hence, the more concerned the attendants, the more promptly the patient receives good or evil telepathically.

It is of common note that some physicians cure their patients more readily than others, and in quicker time. It is because of the sympathetic communion of the subjective minds of patient and physician, through which influence the patient receives curative suggestions, even though unconsciously made by the doctor. This is true.

"There is every reason to believe that the souls, or subjective minds, of men can and do habitually hold communion with one another

**To the receptive soul the River of Life pauseeth not,
nor is diminished.←**

George Eliot

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when not the remotest perception of the fact is communicated to the objective intelligence." (Hudson.) The sympathetic physician is en rapport with his patient, and through this subtle subjective sense conveys healing more potently than by palpable drug medicament.

The nearer one is to death the more subjective the condition. Hence at that time, more may be done through suggestion than at another.

The more thoroughly suspended the objective mind's functions, the more favorable the conditions for bestowing telepathic impressions of healing.

To syllogize:

The subjective mind governs life's reparative functions.

The subjective is acted upon by suggestions. It is more active during sleep, natural or anesthetic.

It is capable of telepathic perception at all times, but especially during sleep.

Adverse words or thoughts in such condition are apt to be communicated unconsciously to the sleeping patient, and by adoption, provoke the evils feared by the attendants.

Ergo, cultivate optimism, hope, and forceful determination that the patient will and shall get well.

Avoid questionable discussions before an anesthetized, sleeping or unconscious patient. The objective mind may be dormant, but the subjective is awake while life remains.

—Ernest Crutcher, M. D., in *The Wisc-Man*.

Prophecies.

Lecture courses flourished fifty years ago, and the late Bishop Clark of Rhode Island was one of the favorite speakers. Ignoring the sage advice, "Don't prophesy unless you know," he ventured in 1855 to take as a topic, "The Next Fifty Years."

At that time there had been no thought of telephone, typewriter, uniform time, electric lighting, underground wires, beacons at sea, parlor, dining or sleeping cars, great speed in travel, while the Rocky Mountains were deemed to be an impassable barrier for railroads between the East and West. But all of these things were clearly foretold in the following extracts from the lecture, which, at the time, was received as a humorous extravaganza.

The bishop said: "We have made wonderful progress in traveling facilities during the last half century, but do you think that improvement in this respect will stop at the present point? Posterity will not be content to travel at the rate of only thirty miles an hour, seated in these narrow cars, stifled with dust and distracted by noise. It costs no great effort to imagine, fifty years hence, a splendid locomotive hotel, with spacious parlors, dining-rooms and dormitories, moving gently as the bird flies over a road carpeted by turf and bordered by shade trees and sweet shrubs through from Boston to San Francisco in four days.

"The unsightly telegraph poles which deface the landscape and obstruct the street will have disappeared, and in their place there will be a network of vibratory nerves hidden underground, quickening the bosom of the earth with messages of intelligence and affection.

"The language of telegraphic signs will be so improved that thoughts instead of syllables will be clicked off by the register and men will communicate with the wire as rapidly as with the tongue.

"The electric battery, which now in some of our cities strikes the midnight alarm in our steeples, may be made at evening to light all of our street lamps at one flash, secure perfect uniformity of time in our public clocks and kindle a beacon on those dreary rocks in the sea, where human beings now endure a melancholy and dangerous solitude.

"There is another invention which I, for one, would hail with exceeding joy. It may seem absurd to predict that the time may come when it will not be customary to teach our children how to write. It would have been thought just as absurd, fifty years ago, to have foretold that the boys of this generation would grow up not knowing how to make a pen.

"What a tedious and to some of us painful operation is this slow process of inscribing with the hand, letter by letter, the impressions of the mind on paper. How difficult it is to make the ink flow as fast as the thoughts. How many rare fancies are lost, vanishing before they can be recorded, because the writer must slowly clamber up over the steep ascent of words, syllables and letters. Why need it require six hours to write what can be spoken in one?"

"Now imagine the honored gentleman invited to address your association in the year 1900, sitting down to prepare his lectures with the last improved chirographical instrument on the table before him. He opens the keyboard and begins to think. The order of his discourse having been methodized and his subject duly digested, the inspiration comes upon him and he lays his fingers on the ivory keys. Unconsciously as the accomplished musician strikes the note which the harmony requires does his hand sweep the phonographic scale, impressing every thought in legible characters on the page, and fast as he can think are his conceptions impressed upon the paper."

—*The Churchman*.

The ear, the eye, doth make us deaf and blind;
Else should we be aware of all our dead

Who pass above us, through us, and beneath us.

—*Stephen Phillips*.

NOTE WHAT IS SAID OF NEW EDITIONS OF OUR BOOKS ON PAGE 132.

Call this God; then call this Soul; And both the only facts for me.—

Browning

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Winter Moss.

Methinks when roots are dreaming low
Of leaves to come, or long ago
Departed, Thou above their sleep
A verdant memory doth keep,
Till buried sap, awakening,
Bring back the ne'er-forgotten springs.

—John B. Tabb.

He Can Who Thinks He Can.

A single-talent man, supported by great self-confidence, will achieve more than a ten-talent man who does not believe in himself. The mind can not act with vigor in the presence of doubt. A wavering mind makes a wavering execution. There must be certainty, confidence, and assurance, or there can be no efficiency. An uneducated man who believes in himself, and who has faith that he can do the thing he undertakes, often puts to shame the average college-bred man, whose overculture and wider outlook have sometimes bred increased sensitiveness and a lessening of self-confidence, whose decision has been weakened by constant weighing of conflicting theories, and whose prejudices are always open to conviction.

Poverty and failure are self-invited. The disaster people dread often comes to them. Worry and anxiety enfeeble their force of mind and so blunt their creative and productive faculties that they are unable to exercise them properly. Fear of failure, or lack of faith in one's ability, is one of the most potent causes of failure. Many people of splendid powers have attained only mediocre success, and some are total failures because they set bounds to their achievement, beyond which they did not allow themselves to think that they could pass. They put limitations to their ability; they cast stumbling blocks in their way, by aiming only at mediocrity or predicting failure for themselves, talking their wares down instead of up, disparaging their business, and belittling their powers.

Thoughts are forces, and the constant affirmation of one's inherent right and power to succeed will change inhospitable conditions and unkind environments to favorable ones. If you resolve upon success with energy, you will very soon create a success atmosphere and things will come your way; you will make yourself a success magnet.

"If things would only change!" you cry. What is it that changes things? Wishing, or hustling?—dreaming, or working? Can you expect them to change while you merely sit down and wish them to change? How long would it take you to build a house sitting on the foundation and wishing that it would go up? Wishing does not amount to anything unless it is backed by endeavor, determination, and grit.

Webster's father was much chagrined and pained when Daniel refused a fifteen-hundred-

dollar clerkship in the court of common pleas in New Hampshire, which he had worked hard to secure for him after he left college. "Daniel," he said, "don't you mean to take that office?" "No, indeed, father; I hope I can do much better than that. I mean to use my tongue in the courts, not my pen. I mean to be an actor, not a register of other men's acts." Sublime self-faith was characteristic of this giant's career.

Every child should be taught to expect success, and to believe that he was born to achieve, as the acorn is destined to become an oak. It is cruel for parents and teachers to tell children that they are dull or stupid, or that they are not like others of their age. They should inspire them, instead, with hope and confidence and belief in their success birthright. A child should be trained to expect great things, and should believe firmly in his God-given power to accomplish something worth while in the world.

Without self-faith and an iron will man is but the plaything of chance—a puppet of circumstances. With these he is a king, and it is in childhood the seeds must be sown that will make him a conqueror in life.

If you want to reach nobility, you can never do it by holding the thought of inferiority,—the thought that you are not as good as other people,—that you are not as able,—that you can not do this,—that you can not do that. "Can't" philosophy never does anything but tear down; it never builds up. If you want to amount to anything in the world, you must hold up your head. Say to yourself, continually: "I am no beggar. I am no pauper. I am not a failure. I am a prince. I am a king. This is my birthright, and nobody shall deprive me of it."

A proper self-esteem is not a vulgar quality. It is a very sacred one. To esteem oneself justly is to get a glimpse of the Infinite's plan in us. It is to get the perfect image which the Creator had in mind when He formed us,—the complete man or woman, not the dwarfed, pinched one which lack of self-esteem, or of self-confidence sees. When we get a glimpse of our immortal selves, we shall see possibilities of which we never before dreamed. A sense of wholeness—of power and self-confidence,—will come into our lives which will transform them. When we rate ourselves properly we shall be in tune with the Infinite. Our faculties will be connected with an electric wire which carries unlimited power, and we shall no longer stumble in darkness, doubt and weakness. We shall be invincible.—Orisen *Swett Marden, in Success.*

I want to thank you most gratefully for the Reading you sent me. It is very clear and I appreciate it for it helped me. I have lived as you describe and shall take your advice and call a halt.

E. J. E.,
Hotel Flanders, Philadelphia.

A man is rich in proportion to the things he can afford to let alone.—

Thoreau

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The Secret.

I searched through strange pathways and winding
For truths that should lead me to God;
But further away seemed the finding
With every new by-road I trod.

I searched after wisdom and knowledge—
They fled me, the fiercer I sought;
For teacher and text book and college
Gave only confusion of thought.

I sat while the silence was speaking,
And chanced to look into my soul;
I found there all things I was seeking—
My spirit encompassed the whole.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Wealthy Ignoramuses.

I was recently talking with a business man who is in the midst of the great activities of New York, dresses well, and lives well, but who, every time he opens his mouth, condemns himself, betrays his shocking ignorance of almost everything outside of his own little specialty. He knows almost nothing about the great men and women who figure prominently in current history. He could not even tell the names of the candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency just before the last election. He said such things did not interest him.

It is painful to try to carry on a conversation with such a man. Think of the splendid opportunities for education, enjoyment, and culture which that man, with thousands of others, is throwing away! It does not seem possible that a man could do business in New York City and be so ignorant of everything outside of his own little groove.

One would think that some of the millionaires who try to make a show in the world would feel chagrined when they contrast their cheap, shoddy education, their narrow, limited intelligence, and their ratty minds, their stingy shriveled souls, with their mocking wealth and their display of the art works of the masters and the books of great writers in their libraries which they can not read intelligently. How this ostentatious show of the material mocks the mental poverty, the brain penury!

It is pitiable, as well as ludicrous, to see men who are rolling in wealth ignorant of the great world they live in, of the significance of all the principles and conditions which ameliorate and elevate mankind, men who know nothing of art or of science or literature, and whose mental penury is deplorable. They seem to think that a palatial residence, gorgeous furnishings, and fine carriages can be substitutes for that which makes a real man or a real woman.—*Success.*

All material things are the counterpart of spiritual realities.—*W. F. Evans.*

Think Beautiful Thoughts.

Think beautiful thoughts and set them adrift
On Eternity's boundless sea!
Let their burdens be pure, let their white
sails lift,
And bear away from you the comforting gift
Of your heartfelt sympathy.

For a beautiful thought is a beautiful thing,
And out on the infinite tide
May meet, and touch, and tenderly bring
To the sick, and the weary, and the sorrowing,
A solace so long denied.

And a soul that hath buffeted every wave
Adversity's sea hath known,
So weak, so worn, so despairing, grows brave
With that beautiful thought to succor and
save—
The thought it has made its own.

And the dull earth-senses shall hear its cry,
And the dull eyes see its gleam,
And the shipwrecked hearts, as they wander
by,
Shall catch at its promise and straightway try
To wake from their dismal dream.

And radiant now as a heavenly star,
It grows with its added good,
'Till over the waters the light gleams far
To where the desolate places are
And its lessons are understood.

And glad are the eyes that behold the ray,
And glad are the ears that hear,
The message your sweet thought has to say
To the sorrowing soul along the way,
Who needed its word to cheer.

So think good thoughts and set them adrift
On Eternity's boundless sea!
Let their burden be pure, let the white sails
lift,
And bear away from you the comforting gift
Of your heartfelt sympathy.
—*Eva Best.*

Friendship with God.

He is with me when the day breaks,
Through the long sweet hours of light,
When the evening shadows gather,
In the silent, darkening night.
The Ineffable is with me;
By his love my soul is filled
With a joy beyond expression,
And its hungering is stilled.
While he stoops to guide my footsteps,
He informs and fills the whole,
All created things controlling,—
Vast, mysterious Oversoul!"

—*Wanda West.*

I charge my Soul to hold my body,
Strengthened for the sun.

—*Mrs. Browning.*

EDITORIAL.

Principles vs. Detail.

One of our New Thought journals, in commenting on the Convention says: "A few speakers, notably President Brown, were heard to make the assertion vigorously, 'in fine frenzy rolling,' 'I am able to make this body as I will. I make it as I want it to be. I alter it to suit my desire. I make it over.' Well, plain-spoken, outside people saw gray hairs and whiskers, and they saw the sign of death in the eyes of these people with spectacles, and wondered why they they did not do as they said they could do. None of them want gray hairs, wrinkles, blind eyes, decrepitude. If they can change it, why don't they do it? We used to have a saying for blow-hards, 'All talk and no cider,' but a man has a right to say even 'I am God' if he can prove it by his works. Otherwise he is only a pitiable blow-hard who does not demonstrate what he blows about. Let us be consistent in speech with our deeds and demonstrate what we claim or else go way back and duck under." Now, lest it be deemed that I "go way back and duck under," I will consider the above not in that spirit of criticism and judgment which is evidenced in this extract, but that I may elucidate a Principle that so many who start on the New Thought road do not seem to comprehend.

I do not think I ever made the assertion credited to me. I am constantly affirming that I *can* build my body to my will, but I never have claimed that I have completed that task. I affirm the Principle and declare that it is possible when one shall fully understand and apply Mental Science, he will bring his body to his desire. The fact that we ARE healing proves the Law, and I simply state the Law, and not the fact that I *have* fully applied it. If a teacher was never to teach a Principle or expound a

Law till he had exemplified it to the end, he would never teach. Even Gravity has not yet been fully exemplified; there is yet much to learn in its application. I stand as an exponent, as do all true teachers of Principle. I let details be cared for as the intelligence of the time shall make them clear.

Again, to whom shall I "prove it by my works?" Only to *myself*. I can prove Truth to no one else. I have demonstrated every principle I teach by living it. Were I the only person in the world to know it, I would still declare it Truth. I never attempt to *prove* anything to anybody. That would be useless. I teach my students to prove it to themselves. I most thoroughly agree with Emerson, "What I must do alone concerns me, not what people think!" So let us get out of the *old* thought that depends upon proving a thing to another, into the *new* thought of helping others to prove Truth *in* themselves.

But what reason has the brother for judging me? What right has he to condemn me as a "blow-hard" when he has no knowledge of *what* I have done? How far in the *new* and out of the *old* is this judgment? I find it paralleled all along history. From the same unjust judgment martyrs were burned, witches hanged and Jesus crucified. This is the old thought. I lived in it once. NOW is a demonstration that I need not "go back and duck under," for in it I make no personal allusions and pass no judgments upon my fellow men. I would (from my point of view) feel that I was a "blow-hard" did I claim to publish a *new* thought journal and fill it with criticisms along old lines. Each person has the fullest liberty to do his best, and I am thankful for even glimpses of growth. I find them often in my brother's journal and have clipped them for NOW, but I have never barked against that in him which seemed error to me. What does he know of my demonstration? I feel that few have made the progress in bringing body to his desire in the same time that I have.

I thank whatever gods may be For my unconquerable Soul.←

W. C. Henley

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I feel that I have demonstrated the Principle of Mind over body, and I am satisfied that I can, when I unfold into the consciousness of the Power and the Wisdom that I am as "God manifest in the flesh," so improve it that I will have it a picture of the perfect image I have in my mind.

Were black hair and whiskers essential to my health, happiness and usefulness, I would turn my attention to them. They are not. I have other matters that are essential, and to them I turn my attention. Did my glasses trouble me as did physical conditions that were a few years ago taking me from my body, I would soon remove them. But they are no trouble to me: I have no pain or quarrel with them; therefore I let them alone, and at the right time they will fall off. But I did have a temper, a tendency to criticism, a faculty of finding every false note in a brother's life, a love for disputation, a joy in a logical contest, a most sarcastic tongue, a bitter sense of wrong done to me, a most intemperate denunciation for what I thought wrong, and a disposition to worry and fret, thus to make others miserable by my constant nagging of them and irritating them, when they did not do as I thought they ought—all these and more were the "little foxes" and larger wolves that destroyed the grapes in the garden of my life. For thirty years I have been demonstrating over them. I think they are tamed now. Emerson's motto I have taken as my own: "Don't bark against the bad, but chant the beauties of the good!" Brother, is not that demonstrating? Shall I take a back seat because I do not what you think I ought? I would fain see the credentials that give you power to try me! I AM! Such as I am, I have no Master. If New Thought allows one to thus criticise, to pass judgment, and to do this without allowing the defendant to be heard on his own account, then I am *not* New Thought and NOW is *not* a New Thought Journal. But I believe that the Principle for which I stand—the

Power of each individual to be whatever he shall decide to be—is Truth. That I shall advocate. I shall also try to bring others to this point of view, i. e., never to judge another, but to so LIVE that others seeing your *good* works shall seek to learn of you. He who seeks for that which another has *not* accomplished will always have so much to look for that he will never see what has been done. "What has he done?" is the question; never "What has he failed to do?" Come unto me—the Soul—my brother, and find therein the POWER that will enable you to say of any desirable thing, labor or condition, I CAN.

The Secret of Health.

Do not worry.
Do not hurry. Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.
Simplify! Simplify! Simplify!
Be regular. Be systematic. "Order is Heaven's first law."
Do not overeat. Do not starve. "Let your moderation be known to all men."
Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is "nature's sweet restorer."
Court the fresh air day and night. Learn how to breathe. The "breath of life" is in the air.
Leave a margin of nervous energy for to-morrow.
Do not spend faster than you make.
Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long."
Work like a man, but do not be worked to death.
Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's anger may cause life-long misery. "Seek peace and pursue it."
Think only healthful thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." Forget yourself in living for others.
Look for the good in everybody and everything. You will find what you habitually look for.
So live in body, soul and spirit that you will radiate health. Health is contagious as well as disease.
Do not carry the whole earth on your shoulders, still less the universe. Trust the Eternal. Finally—learn to wait in the "patience of hope."
"God is in His world."
"If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."—*Jackson Health Resort.*

I speak the pass-word primeval, I give the sign of democracy.
By God! I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms.—*Walt Whitman.*

As a matter of fact, a man's first duty is to mind his own business.—

Geo. C. Lorimer

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An Ideal Prayer.

Not more of light I ask, O God!
But eyes to see what is,
Not sweeter songs, but power to hear
The present melodies.
Not greater strength, but how to use
The power that I possess.
Not more of Love, but skill to turn
A frown to a Caress.
Not more of Joy, but power to feel
Its kindling presence near,
To give to others all I have
Of Courage and of Cheer.
No other Gift, dear God! I ask,
But only sense to see
How best the precious Gifts to use
Thou hast bestowed on me.
Give me all Fears to dominate,
All holy Joys to know,
To be the friend I wish to be
To speak the Truth I know.
To love the pure, to seek the Good,
To lift with all my might;
All souls to dwell in harmony
In freedom's perfect light.

—London Light.

Working During Sleep.

Some men have done their best mental work while "asleep." Condillac states that while writing his "Course of Studies" he was frequently compelled to leave a chapter incomplete and retire to bed, and that on awaking he found it, on more than one occasion, finished in his head. In like manner, Condorcet would sometimes leave his complicated calculations unfinished, and after retiring to rest would find their results unfolded to him in his dreams. La Fontaine and Voltaire both composed verses in their sleep which they could not repeat on awaking. Samuel Johnson relates that he once in a dream had a contest of wit with some other person, and that he was very mortified by imagining that his antagonist had the better of him. The work done partakes in many cases more of the nature of imaginative composition than of scientific calculation. Thus, a stanza of excellent verse is in print, which Sir John Herschel is said to have composed while asleep, and to have recollected when he awoke. Goethe often set down on paper during the day thoughts and ideas which had presented themselves to him during sleep on the preceding night. Coleridge is said to have composed his fragment of Kubla Khan during sleep. He had one evening been reading Purchas's Pilgrim; some of the romantic incidents struck his fancy; he went to sleep, and his busy mind composed Kubla Khan. When he awoke in the morning he wrote out what his mind had invented in sleep, until interrupted by a visitor, with whom he conversed for an hour on business matters; but, alas! he could

never again recall the thread of the story, and Kubla Khan remains a fragment. Still more curious, however, are those instances in which the sleeper, after composing or speculating, gets up in a state of somnambulism, writes the words on paper, goes to bed and to sleep again, and knows nothing about it when he awakes. Such cases, the authenticity of which is beyond dispute, point to an activity of muscles as well as of brain, and to a correctness of movement which is marvelous when we consider that the eyes are generally closed under these circumstances. The late Rev. Mr. Spurgeon in his sleep prepared a sermon which he preached the next day, and he declared that it was not inferior to his usual productions. Mr. Spurgeon's intellectual work on the night referred to was done without that particular consciousness which was suspended when he went to sleep, and which returned when he awoke. Many men have performed some of their greatest intellectual feats while they were asleep. Zeno recommended an examination of dreams as a means of acquiring knowledge of the true self. Although dreams are often, indeed in most cases probably, as Dryden says, but "a medley of disjointed things," they sometimes show evidence of intellectual capacity which surprises the waking self. Mathematicians while asleep have dreamed the correct solution of problems that had baffled them while awake, and authors have been in dreams directed to authorities which they had vainly sought to find when regularly engaged in their work. Dr. Gregory states that ideas and phraseology occurred to him in dreams which were so apt that he made use of them in giving lectures before his college classes; and Sir Thomas Browne composed comedies in his dreams, which amused him greatly when he awoke. The dreamer often sees beautiful pictures, hears melodious strains of music, and feels, as it seems, the presence of departed or distant friends, as strongly and as vividly as if the external organs were in active exercise. Taste and smell are in a like manner excited in sleep. The facts show that the activity of the organs of sense is not necessary to excite those impressions which were originally received through the senses, showing, too, that what is perceived is not the external object, but the effect which the object has produced upon the mind—a symbolical representation in consciousness, mental in its nature, of the externality. And thus, when the avenues of the body are closed, the impressions may be as vivid as when the senses are alive to the outward world; and, what is more wonderful, the imagination may, during this time, indulge in flights of fancy, the reasoning powers may be exerted in solving the most abstruse problems, or memory may be exercised in recalling from the dim past some long-forgotten incident.

The hour is not wasted that brings with it tranquillity of mind and an uplifting of the heart. ←

Bradford Torrey

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Where there is thought there is consciousness. How can the mind prepare a sermon, or work out a mathematical problem, without being conscious of the process? The fact that it does not come into the ordinary chain of mental operations would seem to imply that there is a deeper or a higher consciousness which is active even when the conscious life, as it is known to us, is suspended in sleep. The ordinary consciousness may be but a phase of a larger life, the more superficial aspects of which only come above the threshold of the "waking state" into ordinary thought and conduct.

Is not every person largely influenced by the so-called unconscious thinking that is done in sleep and in the waking state? How many great discoveries, wonderful inventions, profound conceptions, and deeds of sacrifice and heroism may be, to a considerable extent, attributable to the subliminal processes of the mind. In some cases, the individual but carries out unconsciously what was started in a conscious or semi-conscious state, as was probably the case with Mr. Spurgeon, who says that on going to the table he "felt a train of thought come back" to him with the notes, and that a "glimmering consciousness of the truth [of what had occurred] dawned upon" him.

In the depths of human consciousness are powers and potentialities of which people generally take no note. They are manifested in a way to attract attention only rarely, because, perhaps, such manifestation requires peculiar conditions that rarely exist. The conditions must be such as to admit of the exercise of a power which perhaps all men and women possess potentially, but with nearly all of whom it remains in a latent condition through life, only here and there now and then, flashing into common consciousness.—*B. E. Underwood, in Progressive Thinkers.*

Not Dismayed.

When General Grant was met by his much-discouraged chief of staff, McPherson, at the close of the first day of the Battle of Shiloh, a day of heavy Union losses, the latter said to him: "Things look bad enough, General. We have lost about half our artillery and a third of the infantry. Our line is broken in several places, and we are pushed back nearly to the river."

General Grant made no reply, and finally McPherson said, impatiently: "Well, General, what do you intend to do about it?"

Quick as a flash came the answer: "Do! Why, I shall reform the lines and attack them at daybreak. Lord! Won't they be surprised!" The outcome—the Confederates in full retreat next morning before 9 o'clock.

Every man who has succeeded has met just such crises, and has averted disaster by a prompt reforming of lines and early attack.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

Protection.

There is no wrong save that which I accept;
No evil I need fear if I reject
Its overtures and own but the control
Of the eternal, perfect Over-Soul.

—*Susie M. Best.*

Time Annihilated.

Surely all the different values attributed to time must *reside in the consciousness of the individual*. Time can be annihilated by the higher forces, and thought is one of them. It is on record that the news of the battle of Omdurman reached the native bazaars of Cairo before it was received by telegraph. General Gordon's fate was also known at the other end of the empire before the English knew. In the Waziristan Expedition of 1894-5, where the transmission of news was only possible by heliography, the natives in Sheik Budin, 75 miles distance as the crow flies, but 127 by road over mountain passes and ranges, knew of an engagement which was fought in a mist when the instruments could not be used, and there was no telegraph. This fact was elicited by one of the officers being informed of it by an officer stationed at this place, by heliograph next morning, when the mists had cleared. The engagement took place at 5:45 and the news was circulated at 7 the same evening. It would be possible to multiply these examples, many soldiers who have served abroad testifying to their frequency.—*A. O. Eaves in New Thought Journal.*

An Ancient Use of Suggestion.

Psalm 2.—Should you be exposed to danger in a storm at sea and your life threatened, then recite this Psalm without delay and with becoming reverence, and think respectfully of the holiest name contained therein, namely, Schaddei (which means Mighty God), then immediately utter the prayer belonging thereto, after which write everything together on a fragment of a pot, and in full confidence in the Omnipotent, who fixes the boundary of the sea and restrains its power, throw it into the foaming waves, and you will see marvelous wonders, for the waves will instantly cease their roaring, and the storm will be lulled.

The prayer is as follows: "Let it be, Oh, Schaddei! (Almighty God) Thy holy will that the raging of the storm and the roaring of the waves may cease, and that the proud billows may be stilled. Lead us, O All-merciful Father, to the place of our destination in safety and in good health, for only with Thee is power and might. Thou alone canst help, and Thou wilt surely help to the honor and glory of Thy name. Amen! Selah!—*Translation from the Kabala.*

Now is the only bird that lays eggs of gold.

—*Lowell.*

The power of the Higher Life Is the power of the Higher Thought.←

Francis Ellingwood Abbot

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OFFICE OF NOW
105 Steiner street, San Francisco, California.

Vol. 6 JANUARY, 1906 No. 5

NOW,

HENRY HARRISON BROWN,
EDITOR.

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It is the utterance of the Editor only. All thought not credited to others is his.

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Foreign subscribers, outside of Canada and Mexico, must add 25c to the ordinary subscription price to cover postage. Do not send foreign P. O. stamps.

Entered Jan. 6, 1903, at San Francisco, Cal. as 2d class matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

N. B.—This is No. 5 of Volume 6.

THOUGH THIS IS THE JANUARY NUMBER, IT IS THE FIFTH OF THE VOLUME. THE MONTHS OF NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER ARE SKIPPED, BUT THE SUBSCRIBERS WILL HAVE TWELVE NUMBERS. REMEMBER THAT WE COUNT THE VOLUME BY NUMBER OF ISSUE AND NOT BY ITS MONTHLY DATE.

Classes promised at Salt Lake City and Butte will probably be taken up in the spring. Necessary arrangements for them to begin in February are not complete. Let the friends continue their efforts, and I will come later. Cities in the Rocky Mountain and Coast regions can also canvass for class work, and write. Where possible, I will come to them.

Henry Harrison Brown will begin public lectures at Memorial Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, Sunday evening, December 31st, and will continue them for a few months. Announcement of topics made in daily papers, every Sunday.

Henry Harrison Brown will resume his classes in this city and in the cities around the Bay this month, and probably will visit Los Angeles and San Jose for class work soon. Our subscribers in these places can facilitate our work by corresponding with this office.

Nothing has so encouraged me, making me to realize the importance and magnitude of our work as the meeting with friends on my trip, and their reporting to me the benefits they have received. Hundreds met me with their reports of benefits in health, happiness and business. From NOW, from my books, and from my personal letters and lectures, thousands told me how they were helped. One gentleman brought wife and children to see me, so grateful was he for benefits. "Your letters are my Bible," said he. "When I first wrote you for advice I was a common laborer and never expected to get higher. In your first letter you told me of my abilities and told me the only thing that stood between me and any position I sought was my lack of confidence in myself. You told me to 'do the thing I feared. To ask for that which I wanted.' I followed that advice. I have now a salary of \$250 a month!" Another said: "I have a letter from you which I carry constantly in my pocket. It is my ten commandments. I am where I am because of it." One gentleman said: "Your Self Healing lies constantly on my desk. Whenever I am not up to par, it lifts me. It has saved me many times each week its cost in medicine." Another showed me a well-worn copy of "How to Control Fate," and said: "That came to me when business looked like swamping me. I read it and affirmed success, and I found the way out." And so they come. Is it not worth your while to invest in a business that brings such re-

Hold your Thought, your Mind, your Will in Principle and you will succeed.←

Eva C. Hulinar
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sults? A few dollars now to put into stock and printing press will be worth to us in its present use many times that amount given a year later. NOW IS THE TIME TO HELP "NOW" FOLK TO A PERMANENT BUSINESS SUCCESS. We have the perception of Truth! We have the love of our labor! We have the opportunity! We have the reputation and we have the place and the start! Now do your part to develop this World Center. It is for humanity.

Now is the season for study. Long winter evenings are full of leisure moments; why not devote them to a study of our correspondence courses? Each lesson can be ordered separately, 50c each. With each goes a personal letter. The course of twenty-five lessons, \$10. Commence with the course in "Suggestion" and follow it up with the "Art of Living" and you will be well grounded in the Principles of New Thought. These completed, you can take up "Psychometry." I have manuscripts of two other courses that will be ready, I trust, during this year. Let a few persons get together one evening a week and study the lessons and thus form a New Thought, or a "NOW" Center, and the cost will be slight for each, the benefits many. Send for circulars.

A Summer School of New Thought will be opened at the Mountain Home near Glenwood, only eight miles from the Santa Cruz Beach. Henry Harrison Brown will superintend it and other teachers are under advisement. Those who would like such an opportunity for study can correspond with Mr. Brown, and should there be enough warrant, other parties will be engaged. There are, no doubt, enough in California who will be glad to attend, could they be reached. Will those interested take the matter up and help us?

The new editions of "Man's Greatest Discovery," "How to Control Fate Through Suggestion," and "Self Heal-

ing," which we have promised, have been delayed for the same reason that the magazine has. We expected that they would be in our office before the holidays. They are promised us soon after January 1st, so we shall be able to fill orders very soon. We are out of "Not Hypnotism, But Suggestion." A new and revised edition will soon be made. I have added a chapter to "How to Control Fate," which increases its value.

The manuscript of "Concentration" is awaiting your investments to put in press.

The Federation Work.

Is progressing well under Mr. Northrup's efforts. He has interested the Chicago Federation, and occasional meetings are held to forward the work of the next Convention. Committees are already at work. Any one wishing information will receive circulars by addressing A. R. Heath, 5437 Kimbark Ave., Chicago.

The following membership blank to "The World New Thought Federation" is prepared and will be sent on application either to our most efficient Secretary, Ernest Weltmer, Nevada, Mo., or to Mr. Heath, the Assistant Secretary, at Chicago:

The *State Journal*, Eugene, Oregon, for October 21st, quotes entire the editorial in September NOW, "How I Healed Myself." I am glad my experience is thus found helpful. I am glad that editors of secular papers and magazines are awakening to the importance of mental science. In *Everybody's Magazine* for December is a fine story founded on Suggestion, entitled "Hiney Bloss," and one teaching the power of mind to injure and heal is in *The American Magazine* for December, entitled "Girl." Both are good enough for the pages of NOW. I recommend them to our readers.

NOW is one of the few pure New Thought journals and is the keenest, clearest and most practical of all that I have seen.

MRS. M. C. H.
Stanford University, Cal.

March 10, 1905.

**Whatever we have dared to think
That dare we also say.←**

William Lloyd Garrison

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Why Now is Not Regular.

"Why do you delay NOW? It is the best of all the New Thought magazines and you cannot afford to delay it. I miss it when it does not come!" Thus reads one of many similar letters. I will take my reader into my confidence. I started NOW six years ago with but a few hundred dollars, furnished by a friend, and the Government, in demanding a one-cent stamp upon every number mailed till I obtained a subscription list, took it all away from me. Since then it has been maintained by the income of my lessons, lectures and treatments. One by one friends joined me, and our *labor* has builded up this establishment. We are each overworked. Few men in the United States have worked more steadily than I have, and every dollar has gone into our business. Demands have come for new lines of work, and we have met these demands. Dollars in our hands have, like our brains and hand, been overworked. For this reason, NOW has had to wait till other important matters could be attended to, bills paid and our credit saved. We need means to carry on our work as it should be carried on. For want of funds we cannot yet complete our printing outfit, and so have to hire, and printers are not in sympathy with our thought. Because we ask credit, we are put off for cash work. For this reason this number is delayed. We expected it out before the holidays, but the printers were crowded and our work lingers. We are delayed on our new editions for the same reason, and my manuscripts are waiting. Our income is more than meeting our expenses, but there are demands for a constant increase in our stock of books, etc. I feel that having accomplished this, and having drawn about me a company of the best people, ready and anxious to work for Truth, that it is but right to now ask those who at home enjoy the magazine, to help me, in dollars, to maintain it. We have in magazine, in books, and in Mt. Home, a sure business. We need enough capital to establish for ourselves a printing plant. We have all the estimates and plans. With this plant we

can move all our business to the mountains and save the heavy expenses we are at in the city, and do our work promptly. Printers fully in our thought are ready to join us. For this reason, I make my readers this proposition: When each subscriber will invest \$5 with us in advance for goods, or anything we have to exchange for it, we will be free to carry on all our work. For every \$5 sent us we will give a certificate good for 25 per cent in addition; that is, for every \$5 we will give a certificate for \$6.25, payable at any time after six months in anything we have to sell, though a subscription for NOW and orders for books on hand may be included when the \$5 is sent. We ask each of you to help yourselves and us by this investment. If you do not desire the books for yourself, order for distribution. I have given thirty-five years to this work, and this establishment is the result of that labor; will you not each feel enough responsibility for Truth to invest \$5 in it? Many of you can invest many times this. For those who desire to invest in the stock of "NOW" Folk we have arranged a circular. We will be glad to count you as among the stockholders of "NOW" Folk. Send for the circular.

Personally I ask this, for I have patiently waited for this time to come, when I could conscientiously ask assistance. I have established a New Thought center for the world. There is every reason why we who have borne the burden and the heat of the day, should have that encouragement which we need in the way of dollars, to make in deed, that which we now have in possibility, i. e., a most beautiful Home, Sanitarium and School for those who are weary of the present complex life and would learn the simple, happy life of New Thought people. A few dollars apiece on the part of my readers, which brings them 25 per cent on the investment, will make my future work easy, and the movement here begun "a booming success." How many of you will show that you are ready in earnest for NOW to come promptly every month by sending in your dollars? Support me

thus, and the magazine will find you, as we desire, on the first of every month.

Truly your friend,
HENRY HARRISON BROWN.

NOW has received so many letters of regret and encouragement because the magazine has not been regular, that the very few complaints that have come are forgotten. Read carefully the editor's letter and see what you will do to help us to bring the magazine up to date. Several thousand dollars beyond its income have been expended to bring the magazine to its present prosperity; now that it is secure and a factor in the assets of the Folk, we expect the lovers of New Thought to help us. News-stand trade will soon be so extensive that it will secure the continual publication of the magazine. It is safe to say that no other purely New Thought journal is so rapidly increasing in popular favor. Send us at least one subscription this month and help us.—MANAGER OF "NOW" FOLK.

Our evening classes in this city and around the Bay will be on "Suggestion." The afternoon class will be upon "The Art of Living." This will probably be Mr. Brown's last course for a long time. Many have been intending to take up his work for some time. Why not *now*, when he is ready; for he has calls elsewhere and will pass much of his time soon at the Mt. Home. Send for circulars of information.

Before me is your letter of a month ago in answer to my call for help. Never before have I seemed to make such progress. *I am so much better*, and am forgetting the old fear thoughts and worry. I thank you so much for your goodness to me. I am happy now, though the conditions have not changed. I feel that I am beginning to realize the meaning of LET. I did not understand it when you wrote it first. Your letters have always helped and encouraged me.

Mrs. C. F.,
Los Angeles.

The mere pursuit of knowledge is not necessarily an emancipating thing. There is a kind of reading which is as passive as massage. There is a kind of study which fattens the mind for an examination like a prize pig for a county fair.—*Prof. Henry Van Dyke.*

Cincinnati, July 14.—Clara Hoffman's life was saved in the City Hospital by a trick. Miss Hoffman had been hurried to the hospital choking from a bone she believed she had swallowed. She was in the throes of death.

An examination failed to reveal the bone, and the X-rays were put on. It was seen that her suffering was the result of an hallucination. Dr. Charles Langdon, the alienist, and a consulting member of the hospital medical board, obtained a bone of the description Miss Hoffman thought she had swallowed. Then by a trick worthy of a professional magician he pretended to remove the obstruction from the girl's throat. When the bone was produced to her vision she was instantly cured and left the hospital happy and laughing.—*Exchange.*

I know medicine is called a science. It is nothing like a science. It is a great humbug. Doctors are mere empirics when they are not charlatans. We are as ignorant as men can be. Who knows anything in the world about medicine? Gentlemen, you have done me the honor to come here and attend my lectures and I must tell you now frankly at the beginning that I know nothing about medicine, nor do I know anyone who does know anything about it. Nature does a great deal; imagination does a great deal, and doctors do devilish little when they do not do harm. Sick people always feel neglected when they are not drugged as imbeciles.—*Prof. Magendie before the students of his class at the Allopathic College, Paris.*

Effect of Absent Treatment and the Mail Lessons.

My health is an astonishment to all my friends, especially lately when I am able to take the bulk of my housework myself and do not fail under it. It surprises me. A big house, much company, and though I am often tired, I am well.

Mrs. J. E. B., Cal.

Great good and a clear understanding has come to me from the study of Lesson 13. The thought of protection from accident and disease, from states of mind and traits of character, to be overcome, comes clear to my mind.

Mrs. J. B., Cal.

The art in life is to sit still and let things come toward you, not to go after them or even to think that they are in flight. How often I have chased some divine shadow through a whole day till evening, when, going home tired, I have found the visitor just turning away from my closed door.—*Arthur Simmons in Saturday Review.*

Time past and time to be are one,
And both are *now!*

—Whittier.

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ELLA WHEELER WILCOX is a regular contributor to *The Nautilus*. FLOYD B. WILSON, author of "Paths to Power," and ELEANOR KIRK also write regularly for the magazine. Read CHARLOTTE MARTINDALE on "Child Development," in November and December numbers. And read ELLA ADELIA FLETCHER's series of articles on "The Law of the Rhythmic Breath." And the series of travel articles by the editors, who have been journeying 10,000 miles. And the "New Thought in the Kitchen" articles, beginning soon.

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