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# THE WORLD'S NEW THOUGHT JOURNAL

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DECEMBER, '11

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A Year

# 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  
 MENTAL SCIENCE  
 SUGGESTION

Published by  
 HENRY HARRISON BROWN, Glenwood, California.  
 SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS

# **Santa Cruz Mountains**

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**RANCHES = ORCHARDS**  
**AND VINEYARDS**

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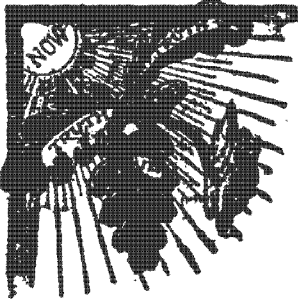
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**JOHN DUBUIS**

**SANTA CRUZ - - CALIFORNIA**

**BRANCH OFFICE, GLENWOOD, CALIF.**



From all Life's grapes I press sweet wine.

—Henry Harrison Brown

# N O W

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

VOL. VIII.

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No. 12

## Being

*That God may be All-in-All.—Paul.  
(Written after a lesson on Unity.)*

The All-in-All! Omnipotent and One!  
In Thee no here or there and naught be-  
yond!

The All! Wherever star or comet shone!  
The All whether I hold Thee stern or  
fond!

'Tis Thee! The One! The All-Enfolder!  
'Tis Thee Almighty! Scene and Beholder!

The All! No break! No lack! No vacuum!  
The Only One! Sand, grain, mountain  
tall;

The smallest moat in space; the mightiest  
sun;

Are each a facet of the All-in-All!  
From IT they come! In It all things exist!  
All things are IT! From IT no atom's  
missed!

And I? What am I? Whence and how I  
came?

If IT is ALL then IT and I are one!  
If IT is I, 'tis then I really am!

If I am not, then IT the ALL is none,  
The One that is the All-in-All is not,  
If either drop from Universal Thought!

But if I am the All-in-All, why fear?

If I am not the All then All is naught!  
If I am naught, there is then no thing!

But if I am—enough—! There is no  
Ought!

If I'm destroyed the All-in-All is gone.  
But if I am, I am the All, alone!

And that I really am full well I show!

I'm Being! This all of which I'm sure!  
No other can be, for I'm Cause I know!

As Me the Effect of All-in-All endure.  
Here's to the All-in-All! Here's to the ME!  
Hallelujah! Forever I'm TO BE!

HENRY HARRISON BROWN.

Pittsburgh, Oct. 20.



Give me simple laboring folk  
Who love their work,  
Whose virtue is a song  
To cheer God along.

—Thoreau.

## Divine Ideas Evolve Through Human Ideals

### A Visit To Our Great Manufactories

These temples grew as grows the grass!  
Art might obey but not surpass.

The passive Master lent his hand  
To the vast Soul that o'er him planned.  
Out of Thought's Interior sphere,  
These wonders rose to upper air.

—Emerson, "The Problem."

The physics of today is distinctly the science  
of energy. Henceforth every physical change  
must be regarded as conditioned upon the  
transference of the transformation of energy.  
It is from this point of view, that any new  
text-book must present the subject.—*Physics.  
Advanced Course. By George F. Baker, Pro-  
fessor of Physics, University of Penn.*

Thought is force that can be made to effect  
ponderable bodies. Thought is infinite.  
Thought is Power. It is one with all other  
forms of Power. Its source is limitless. It  
will flow through us in any required amount.  
We can direct it to any required end.

—Henry Harrison Brown in "Man's  
Greatest Discovery."

I lately had the rare privilege of visit-  
ing several great manufactories, i. e.,  
The Winchester Arms Co. of New Ha-  
ven, Conn., The American Screw Co.,  
Providence, R. I., The Allegheny Plate  
Glass Co., and the Carnegie Steel  
Works, Pittsburgh, Penn. The process  
of converting material into manufactur-  
ed product is always intensely interest-  
ing. The magnitude of these plants,  
the order and system manifest in them,  
the perfection of each part, and the  
thoughtfulness in the operation, all im-  
pressed me. But—had I stopped there,  
I would have gained but little more than  
the Indians got when in early days of  
the Union Pacific R. R. in Nebraska I  
would see them with faces pressed up-  
on window pane watch the operation of  
the telegraph. There is little to be

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

—Edith M. Thomas

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learned of Law, Mind or Power, by him who only looks upon the external. Even Paul long ago told his people that "things seen were temporal and things unseen eternal!" Nowhere is this Truth made more evident than in a manufactory. A machine that is fine today is soon in the relic room of History. Already the first flying machine purchased by the Government, for \$30,000, is placed in the museum. Temporal are all the works of Man but THAT WHICH WORKS is eternal. It is THE ETERNAL that I see and hear and feel in all these great plants. I see also a mightier, and that is THAT WHICH DIRECTS, THAT WHICH IS ETERNAL. This Director is Individual Mind. The POWER that works is the One and Only Power—Omnipotence — name it else what you will. But this Power that IS, from before the foundation of any world; never would have made a screw, a rifle, a plate of glass, or rolled a steel rail, but that it first had made IT-SELF a brain through which to think, and a Human organism through which to WILL. For all else but THOUGHT and WILL was here long before Columbus, aye, even before the pyramid was begun.

Says Emerson in "Nature"—

The useful arts are reproductions or combinations by the wit of man of the natural benefactors. He no longer waits for favoring gales, but by means of steam he realizes the winds of Eolus's bag and carries his two and thirty winds in the boiler of his boat. To diminish friction he paves the road with iron bars, and mounting a coach with a ship-load of men, animals, and merchandise behind him, he darts through the country, from town to town, like an eagle or swallow through the air. By the aggregate of these aids, how the face of the world has changed from era of Noah to that of Napoleon. The private man has his cities, ships, canals, bridges, built for him. He goes to the post-office and the human race run on his errands; to the book-shop and the human race write and read for him of all that happens; to the court-house and the nations repair his wrongs. He sets his house upon the road, and the human race go forth every morning to shovel snow and cut a path for him. . . . The catalogue is endless and the examples so obvious that I shall leave them to the reader's reflection.

. . . A man is fed not that he may be fed, but that he may work.

Here is the key—it is not an individual, but the RACE that is at work. The Race built these manufactories and the Race is working here to improve them. The safety of the workmen today is won by the vicarious suffering of their predecessors. And these men are today suffering for generations to come. If they strike, it is not for themselves but that the Race may be just; and the employers—the Great Companies are in like manner the Race working out the problem of Justice, and *greater still*, are developing the Mastery of Mind over every material condition, so that it shall be said of Man everywhere—"Behold even the wind and the waves obey him!" The Law of Justice, which is the Law of Equilibrium, of Compensation, is expressed in every wheel of each machine; in the roll of every bit of material carried by any form of Power. "It is the absolute balance of Give and Take; the doctrine that everything has its price; if that price is not paid, not that thing but something else is obtained."

All this vast stock of manufactured products Man has paid for, and now Man has a right to them. Who paid? Every individual of the human race that ever lived. Who will use? Every individual that shall live hereafter. As the ocean is composed of little drops, and the earth of small particles of matter, so each thing produced by any person or machine today is the product of the race. Every individual that lived has "had his finger in the pie."

This piece of glass—who first thought of it? Nature made the first in the glazed sides of meteors. But each individual that ever felt sand; that dug sand; that built a fire; that smelted metal; that ever wrought in wood; that ever bent a bow; that ever felt a pain; that ever knew necessity in any form: helped produced these. All these thoughts and feelings have been at work, and this screw, this rifle, this glass, this rail, are the result. Could the expressions of

**In the mud and scum of things,  
There alway, alway something sings.**

—Emerson

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the Indian, the Esquimo, the Patagonian, thereafter be taken from the One Soul "that o'er him planned," there would be a lack in these manufactories to that extent, in which the One Mind evolved into consciousness of itself through this lacking one. In like manner is the fact, that take from any individual the effect of any experience, he will be a less perfect workman in whatever is his branch of labor, because he will be a less perfect Thinker. It is God Thinking that has built all these. Civilization is the aggregate product of Human Thought. The results of Thinking are incorporated in two ways—first in the grey matter of succeeding generations, and next in the product of those brains in the materialization of Thought. "Out of Thought's interior sphere," "interior" because it was not from any individual storehouse but out of the evolved treasures of the Race, stored in the sub-conscious of each individual, even as coal and oil are stored beneath the surface of the earth. Coal and oil are accessible to him who has the diamond drill of Desire, and the Power of Will to reach it. So this sub-conscious Wisdom is accessible to him who in Trust wills and acts. While I saw these machines roll iron as a woman her pie crust; saw them take wire and make a screw as a tailor cuts cloth; saw them mix and make glass as one mixes cake, or saw them fashion a tube for a cartridge as we boys used to make a whistle from a willow twig: I saw only the ONE MIND at work. *God working through the race!* God putting his Omnipotence at work just as his isolated son had been at work; ignorant for ages that he could by thought harness this Omnipotence, which first manifests to him in weight. Weight was as sensible to the first man as to the present developed brother.

But still more wonderful is the fact that with all this harnessing of power to thought, Man is no greater than he was when he left his early records. We have not surpassed the Men who built

India's wonderful temples; Egypt's sphynx and pyramids; Athen's sculpture, or Rome's palaces. The men who wrote Veddas, Psalms, the Book of the Dead, Iliad and Eneid. The men who won in the arena laurel crowns were equal to the athletes of Yale and Harvard in physical and intellectual power. Man is no more. He can *do* more. But Man himself is no more than them. Washington and Lincoln, Emerson and Walt Whitman, the finest examples of what the one mind has done in the last one hundred years, who shall dare measure them with the worthies of two, three, and four thousand years ago! These worthies have a place in history. Will ours also have this place in that number of centuries and be numbered then among the Great? But this is true, while the Race shows no improvement, this fact is patent—individuals average better. There is an Evolution within the Race, even if the standard of the race is not improved.

This is the ONE tremendous fact that met me as I looked at the mighty columns of solid steel from the mill. The evolution of the Race is upward. We have made a gain in every direction of invention, transportation, intercommunication, between nations, and between individuals, greater from the time of Andrew Jackson to William Taft, than the Race had made from Mathusaler to President Jackson. Wonderful victory over the Non-Me. We have fast made IT Man's servant.

But how about the Victory over Self? How about the "Last Victory," the Victory over death? I believe that in the Race evolution these victories must come. What has been the material gain within a life-time was illustrated as I waited on a street of Woonsocket, R. I., for a street-car to take me to Uxbridge, Mass. I asked the policeman the direction, and receiving it, I said—"I remember when we travelled by water between these two places. Now we go by lightning!" This represents the gain of

(Continued on page 167)

Obstruction is but virtue's foil.  
The stream impeded has a song.

—Ingersoll

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\*\*\*\*\*  
\* AFFIRMATIONS \*  
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Peace

Peace is mine.  
Heavenly peace that passeth all understanding.

No more I strive for Peace—I realize that I am peace in Thee, Who art Peace.

The Father and I are One. I have taken the words of our Elder Brother into my life and found them true.

I am One with The Father.

In this realization I have found the peace I have sought so long.

After years of seeking I have found that which I have most desired within my own breast.

His Peace is my Peace.

I am Strength. Even as the miner finds the precious ore he seeks deep in the earth—so I—within myself have found strength for my every need.

His strength is my strength.

I am Love.

His Love is my Love.

I know that my redeemer liveth.

God is Love, and His love is now in my heart.

In this love I am realizing more and more deeply my oneness with my fellow-man. He in me. We are One. Blessed be the tie that binds.

This thought of God makes me thankful.

This realization awakens a love for my fellow man.

This realization gives me peace; lasting peace. I am Peace.

S. E. F.



The idea that Sunday should be a day of recreation and delight is not to be thought of as an invention of irreverent radicals or a sentimentality of the "new thought." It is, on the contrary, an idea rooted in the New Testament, as well as in science and history.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

An Autumn Flight

October 1.—Today I addressed the Unity Center in Philadelphia. The hall was not large but was filled with a sympathetic audience and I spoke well, for I felt the soulful condition. I gave six lessons during the week and all my teachings fell like summer showers upon welcome soil. I could feel the return of perfume from the baptism.

Owing to previous arrangements within the Center, I could not have their hall Sunday the 8th, and so journeyed to Harrisburg that I might stop for a two-days vacation sight seeing. I am indebted to Unity Center in Philadelphia for a very pleasant week and can only prophesy that with their efficient officials it will grow in influence and in power. It has done a fine work in a conservative city.

The Center (which has its headquarters at 1714 Chestnut St.) issues a little circular from which I take these paragraphs:

Spiritual healing includes bodily healing but it is more, it is the healing of affairs. From the spiritual standpoint there is a supply for every demand. There is a solution for every problem. "Whatever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye have it, and ye shall have it."

Spiritual healing arises from a consciousness of the Universal Mind and a recognition of the Christ Mind, from a realization that the divine self of every human being is flawless, and that the degree of its expression of perfection is proportional to the conscious recognition of spiritual truth.

Every human being is in reality seeking for fuller and completer expression—expression of the true self. Whether the thing sought is health, harmony, happiness, or prosperity, the first requisite for such expression is desire. Spiritual healing is unlimited in scope or extent, and contains within itself the satisfaction of every desire.

Our Soul Culture Philosophy while agreeing with the Principle and the Truth in this statement, nevertheless does object to the unconscious recognition of duality as expressed in "Universal," and "Christ" and to "Divine" as applied to and distinguished from human. We regard Mind as a Unit. Mind, as Man, is a whole, and is divine. There

## Truth for Authority, No Authority for Truth.

—*Lucretia Mott.*

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are not two minds; neither are there two manifestations of the One Mind. The Real Man (or Real Mind) is the Universal Mind which we call the sub-conscious and which is evolving into Consciousness of Itself. And this Consciousness is not a separate mind, nor a separate action of the One mind, but is the activity of the One Mind, the Real Self. It is this confusion of terms that troubles so many new beginners, and interferes with the development of many old students. UNITY CENTER should stick to UNITY, and not reason from DUALITY, nor from Trinity. ALL IS ONE. This is not a criticism merely of this Center. I meet it all along the line of my travels. It is so hard to outgrow the old thought which is based upon Duality, or worse yet, upon diversity, and multiplicity. "There is ONE GOD AND GOD IS ALL IN ALL!" We may use terms to denote stages of development, if we can draw any line from the merely animal to the most divine expression of the one. But it is the One Mind and the ONE manifestation of the One Mind all along the line, from babe to saint. Come, NOW Readers, help New Thought into a uniform vocabulary, in harmony with its idea of Unity.

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October 8.—I stopped over one day in Harrisburg that I might see the State Capitol. One of the finest and most costly in the U. S. It is indeed fine in architecture and no doubt well adapted for the purpose. But whenever I visit such buildings I question: "Why are such costly edifices put up for the public servants when that Public, the majority, live in unpretentious dwellings, and the most of those who go into them as public servants have never been accustomed to such luxury?" Is the money well expended? Yes! IF!! If there is about them that which stimulates to noble endeavor to make life beautiful, and inspires to more beautiful private homes and lives, leads to political honesty and sound statesmanship. Here, however, within the building, I fail to see either

wisdom or beauty displayed in the decorations. It is most costly everywhere, with a barbaric display of gold and color. It is a habit wherever public funds are expended to make a generous use of those funds. But where only the good of the real public is concerned it is niggardly. Note how hard to get appropriations for educational purposes, for good roads, and for premiums to stimulate the initiative in the people toward any upgrade lives.

Why Harrisburg has not yet a public library. Not a liberal meeting of any kind on Sunday. Not any public resort open save parks for walking and sitting. The streets were crowded on Sunday with men knowing not what to do. No games allowed. It seems to be the theological dogma. "Come to church or do nothing!" I attended church. It was the old theology that I would hear as a boy whenever I allowed myself to attend the orthodox church.

Brooklyn, N. Y., is also in throes of religious freedom. The church authorities are trying to get civil authorities to enforce the Sunday Law and prevent aviation flights that day. It is trying to dam the Mississippi of progress with pebbles. The more it is tried, the better for Liberty of individual action.

One hundred years ago my grandfather was one of the tythingmen of his town and would arrest whoever was traveling on Sunday if the traveller could not prove he was on an errand "of charity or mercy." This anecdote was told me of the last time an attempt was made to make this arrest. Unfortunately my cousin could not fix the exact date, but it was not far from 1800. The two tythingmen, while in church Sunday, heard a wagon. They rushed out and grandfather took the horse by the bit, while his companion stepped up to the driver to investigate the reason of his journey. The reply was a crack over the head with a heavy whip-stock that knocked him down. Grandfather ran to pick him up and the man drove on. No

**All outward wisdom yields to that within,  
Whereto no creed nor canon holds the key.**

—Bayard Taylor

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other attempt was made to arrest any one after that. Probably it was considered the better part of valor to yield to the growing sentiment. In that fall, down fell much of the church domination in that Massachusetts town. Soon down come all the barricades that have been erected by ecclesiasticism against the unfolding individualism of the American citizen. "The Sabbath was made for man;" for him to use his own way, and not for IT to be used to enslave man. The *N. Y. SUN* had some sensible remarks upon the Brooklyn attempt. The Episcopal Bishop of Long Island is willing to allow *certain* sports. "Permissible," he calls them. The *Sun* says: What power or what intelligence is, however, to draw the delicate line which the good Bishop desires to see established between proper and improper Sunday diversions? The difficulty has always resided just there. On the other hand, if the Church would relinquish its claim to the special ownership of Sunday, perhaps the civic power could, by simply maintaining a rigid standard of public propriety, insure what all sensible men want—a decent and orderly Sunday, and yet a recognition of wholesome recreation.

Another fact that has struck me in regard to public buildings. So much that is called ART in galleries, public buildings, libraries and grounds is untranslatable, and it seems to me that ART is so like theology, that ordinary people, with ordinary common-sense are not able to understand it. Mythologic characters, those of us who have studied mythology can understand, and find some pleasure in, but the vast amount of "allegorical" paintings that abounds, is beyond ordinary comprehension. After you have been told the artist's conception, what he has attempted to represent, you must be as pliable in imagination as was Polonius to Hamlet's cloud to see it. It seems to me time that some thought was given to the common people, whenever a public building is open for them. That they have presented to them that which is not a puzzle, and must be interpreted. If there is not an inscription on the statue or painting, I often have to inquire, "What

does that represent!" and after being told am no better off than before. *I am one of the common people.* This was so forcibly brought to my mind by two well executed groups at the entrance of the capitol. Three times I visited them, to see if it was possible for me, without an interpreter, to guess what they stood for. There were women, a lot of eunuchs (not males for they were disfigured—"Smothered nudity" Helen Keys calls it), and one boy. They might stand for the first parents and their descendants driven from Eden, a group of pioneers; a harvest scene; an allegory of history. The faces of nearly all showed no pleasant emotion. What do the masses get from it? Probably as much as I did. But perhaps I am old-fashioned. Is it true I have no love for the allegorical and the "impressionist" work of today.

Since I made this note I find in the *N. Y. Sun* a long article upon this subject. And I feel that I can do NOW readers no greater good, in the space at my disposal than to quote part of it.

However tired people may get of the allegory which characterizes most of the mural decorations in public buildings here they get little relief, for some of the painters, who have become habits with the commissions that give out such contracts, keep slapping it on.

Often, even with a motive of the plains in prairie schooner days, some diaphanous female figure in rainbow chromatics floats over an ox team or curls her train of feathery iridescence around the handle of a scythe. On the opening or unveiling day a printed description tells beholders what she means. Americans are not alone in this, England suffering so much that it has been said that public monuments and public decorations there have become of late years little better than public laughing stocks.

A lively change has been undertaken in London in the decorations of the Borough Polytechnic, where seven panels find their motives in "Amusements of London." The *Athenaeum* sounds a cheerful, almost an exultant note upon the departure and its results.

After remarking that English walls are smothered with "classical and mythological figures painted in that empty rhetorical style bequeathed by the late Renaissance," words which would require little change to apply to America, and that "a bad tradition is supreme" (the



## The deeper I drink of the cup of life the sweeter it grows.

—Julia Ward Howe

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*Athenaeum* says that therefore "the decorators of the Borough Polytechnic must prepare to be howled at as anarchists and charlatans because instead of setting themselves to copy the works of dead masters, they have dared to attempt what the masters achieved; the expression, that is, of the significance of contemporary life."

The *Athenaeum* becomes joyous over the first and greatest merit of the young artists concerned in the new work that "instead of reproducing Greek athletes and Bacchic revelers they have tried to discover what is vital in Chelsea footballers and Hampsted holiday makers."

Fancy any one making the suggestion that the colored parade on Eighth avenue or the children's May parties in Central Park be perpetuated in paint in a New York public building of any sort as distinctive bits of contemporaneous metropolitan life! A sketch submitted on such lines, no matter how good a composition or how well painted it might be expected to be, would be among the first thrown out of a competition.



Pittsburgh, Penn., Oct. 9.—Today I commenced my second engagement with the friends here. I gave twelve talks upon Emerson's philosophy as expressed in his "First Series of Essays." The class was enthusiastic over the wealth of Truth they found therein. I never enjoyed a class more, for the fee was paid by subscription, and the doors thrown open to whoever would come. We had a fine audience at each lesson. From Oct. 23 to 30, I gave my New Course on Self Mastery, condensing the twelve lessons into six. Never were lessons more beautifully received and enthusiastically appreciated.

Pittsburg enjoys the rare privilege of having had for sometime two teachers that are difficult to find in the New Thought field—Mrs. C. B. McLean and Prof. J. M. McGonnegal. These two are entirely free from the limitations that hamper the good work of so many. They have entirely outgrown any reliance upon old methods, and have no new interpretation of Bible or creed. Are not in class tied to any body—limited to no method, or to any system ancient or modern. Each has a varied experience,

understands suggestion, and psychic phenomena. Without these three as base, any teacher will lack that broad comprehension of truth upon which alone an enduring structure of philosophy can be built. Because of this preparation I could give my lessons with great freedom, and say much that I otherwise would have felt, as Jesus did when he said, "I have much that you are ready for!"

The three weeks here were enjoyable also because of the advantages of library and museum, and the varied scenery. The kindness of friends made me at home with them. I would that every city had good workers to start centers like these, then when a Missionary-at-Large came, there would be a place and a welcome for him. Many of my books and magazines were sold. Both these teachers declare that my books have no equal for practical daily work. But that I so feel, I would not write. *Today, here and now* is the only time to live, the only time to love, and the only time to think. I am Unfolding Soul to enjoy every NOW moment.

I go from here to Wheeling, W. Va., and thence into Ohio.



Yet spake yon purple mountain,

Yet said yon ancient wood,  
That Night and Day, that Love and Crime  
Lead all souls to the Good.

—Emerson.



The tendency of a recreation to be warped from its legitimate purpose when left to private adventure, is well illustrated in the development of baseball. Our national game has produced spectators in number far out of reasonable proportion to players. In England the actual participants in cricket is much more universal.

Moral development comes only through activities which are pursued with spontaneous and passionate enthusiasm. Boys must not only have sufficient opportunity to take part themselves in wholesome games, but these must have intelligent supervision which shall insure not only the highest degree of pleasure but the fullest moral profit.—Luther H. Gulick, M. D., Chairman Playground Committee Russel Sage Foundation.

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

—W. C. Henley

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### Herein Is Peace

Herein is peace. O Lord, to live Thy day  
In fullness all along a perfect way,  
Each step to see a new and perfect thing,  
A baby-smile, a glist'ning insect-wing;  
But if the way seems dark unto my eyes  
To know the road leads unto paradise.

Herein is peace. The shadows may be deep  
And unknown dangers all about me creep,  
Still to protect me is Thy wondrous hand,  
On sea and shore, or in the stranger's land;  
More near Thou art than any earthly friend,  
Thou art my life, my very being's end.

Herein is peace. To do Thy blessed will,  
When I'm afraid, to hear—Thy peace be still;  
Thy love is mine I have but to partake,  
And in Thy strength I now my heaven make;  
No more I seek Thee far from me apart,  
I feel Thee in the beating of my heart.

Herein is peace. To live in perfect trust,  
To know without Thee all of life is dust,  
And when that hour comes when I must stand

Unshod—alone, a stranger in that land;  
Child-like I'll know Thy 'biding presence near,

Stand naked, unashamed, without a fear!

—Sam Epton Foulds.

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Be capable of keeping eyes for the individual, but yet be capable of lifting them to the universal.—Helen Keys.

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What a man looks for above all in woman—and loves most deeply when he finds it—is the joy of Goodness. It is this which is made visible in all real charm, and gains its rightful victory; and only when women possess this joy of goodness, and know how to communicate it to *public life*, will their participation in this life tend to beautify it.—Helen Keys.

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It is not only the want of education, but in an equal degree half-education, that has a peculiarly shady side; such is the education provided for the majority by school and high-school; ability to pass examination without formation of personality; specialized knowledge without spiritual culture. The sign of this half-education is that it swallows up the individuality and makes the instincts shallow.—Helen Keys.

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The community must aim at attaining so far in *right-thinking* that *well-doing* will disappear.—Helen Keys.

Henry Harrison Brown announces to his friends and patrons, that he has for this season, prepared a new *Course of Lessons* in his Philosophy of Soul Culture which he calls "Self-Mastery Through the Understanding of Mental Law."

The Course consists of 12 lessons. Arrangements may be made for one or more as the conditions may demand.

Since there is One Mind, the wise man will base a true system of Metaphysics upon that knowledge which he has received by means of his senses. Mr. Brown therefore accepts Truth which material science has revealed in the lower octaves called matter, and starting from this point which the scientists have reached and where Spencer in his philosophy stopped, thus links Metaphysics to Physics giving he believes—a pure Philosophy of Universal Mind.

His intention in these Lessons is to carry the student forward to cause; to show the *within* side of Science. "Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward Creator!" is his motto.

With each Lesson will be established the Practise of using the AFFIRMATION, embodying the truth of the Lesson.

The following are the Titles of the Lessons and the Affirmations that are emphasized in them:

1. Unity, (Identity).—"I and My Father are One."
2. Attraction.—"He Leadeth Me."
3. Adaptation, (Agreement. The Power of Affirmation).—All is Good.
4. Vibration, (Motion).—All is Harmony.
5. Equilibrium, (Justice).—God is Just.
6. Evolution.—I am Unfolding Soul.
7. Heredity.—The Past Lives In Me.
8. Individuality.—I am I.
9. Life, (Power).—I am Health.
10. Love. (Is there a moral Law?) I am Happiness.
11. Thought: The Law of Suggestion. The Scientific Standard of Morals.—I am Success.
12. The Purpose of it all—Self-Consciousness. (Immortality).—I am I Forever.

Dates and terms made known upon application.

Address: Glenwood, Santa Cruz County, California.

Trust thyself! Every heart vibrates to that iron string.

—Emerson

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## The New Philosophy

My editorial in September NOW wherein I give my hypothesis of Gravity is well worth serious consideration. I believe this announcement of that Hypothesis will mark an era in scientific investigation, and will result in universal marriage of Physics and Metaphysics in all future investigation, forming a Science of Mind. Here are some of the latest opinions of Gravity from Physicists. Tait lays down what he terms the Law of Gravitation thus:

Every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle with a force whose direction is that of a line joining the two, and whose magnitude is directly as the product of their masses, and inversely as the square of their distance from each other.

Barker says: A study of other forms of attraction has resulted in concentrating attention more closely upon the medium intervening between two attracting bodies. . . . All force is of the nature of a stress. If the medium between any two bodies is in a state of stress, one aspect of the stress is toward one body and the other is toward the other.

Thus you see that Gravity is here a condition of the intervening ether.

Clerk Maxwell says: Such a stress would account for the observed effects of gravitation—this would require us to suppose to exist in the invisible medium a state of stress 3000 times greater than the strongest steel could support.

Thus physics are divided as to where the force is located—in the atom or in the ether that surrounds the atom.

There is an immense borderland between science and ignorance, and into this land where all are intensely interested the metaphysician is now moving, with the same carefulness, system and love that has lead scientists in the cruder vibrations of Mind, through past ages. A New Era enters with New Thought. But this borderland is full of Something. Science has postulated "Ether." A logical conclusion, a scientific guess, but then we all have to assume a Something, and NOW Readers will assume a something that while it is unknowable is that which manifests as Motion and Something we call MIND. It includes this term ether and we postulate thus—*There is only Mind. Its Universal*

*Manifestation is Motion. All Motion manifests in undulatory waves. And is known to us only as varying sensations.* What Science has termed Energy, is to us One Mind manifesting in Motion. We grant that Mind is an assumption equal to the assumptions of Science. Mind satisfies us better, since it does not force us to postulate anything else, as Energy does. Something manifests as energy. In our philosophy Mind is All, and energy is the manifestation of Mind as Motion, and Motion is its one and only manifestation. We thus keep true to the Principle of Unity. It is always more or less of any one mode of Motion that we have as conditions or things. All Science can tell of Gravity is that it is the logical conclusion from observing the regular phenomena of the external world. But *what* it is beyond a form of attraction, no one is presumptuous enough to attempt to define. "The ultimate nature of gravity is unknown" is the statement of science.

But in that September editorial I have dared to define it. Upon that definition I shall unfold a new Philosophy of the universe during the coming year and my editorial in January will be a "startling Hypothesis." It will waive the ordinary conceptions of Nature, Earth, and Solar System. They are all Manifestations of Mind. It is well that I here repeat my definition of Gravity which is a basic definition. I will deal with Atom, Ether, and Vibration and show the end to which all these speculations and discoveries of Science lead.

GRAVITY:—IS THE RECOGNITION OF OMNIPOTENT, OMNIPRESENT POWER. IT IS THE PRIMAL MANIFESTATION OF MIND. ALL MODES OF MOTION ARE BUT THIS ONE POWER IN VARIOUS DEGREES OF VIBRATION. HENRY HARRISON BROWN.

In a window in a barber shop in Fulton street, near Water street, New York City, is this sign:

"Straw hats cleaned  
While being shaved."

I am not fighting my fight:  
I am singing my song.

—Archie L. Black.

164

### Laugh As Life Strengtheners

There is probably not the remotest corner of the minute bloodvessels of the body that does not feel some wavelet from the great convulsion produced by hearty laughter shaking the central man. And thus it is that a good laugh lengthens a man's life by conveying a distinct and additional stimulus to the vital forces. The time may come when physicians will prescribe to a torpid patient, "so many peals of laughter, to be undergone at such and such a time," just as they now do—a pill, or an electric or galvanic shock.—*London Family Doctor.*



Often a mental cause would make him too hot, so that he would take off his coat if anything went wrong in the course of his work.—*Biography of Darwin by his son.*



### Mayor Helps the Boys

Says the Police Can "Wink" When They Play Ball in the Street,

Mayor Gaynor of New York recently took up the question of allowing boys to play in the streets. A few weeks ago he had a controversy with a citizen, who asked him to stop it, and a couple of days ago he received a letter on the same subject from Mrs. Jessie F. Stearns of 857 East 156th Street. He sent her this reply:

Office of the Mayor, Aug. 10, 1911.

Dear Madam: Your favor complaining of boys playing in the streets is at hand. You ask if a law could not be passed prohibiting boys playing in the streets, saying that it "would be a blessing to humanity." I might ask you whether if such a law were passed you think it could be enforced?

Our boys have a hard time to get along in the crowded districts of the city. They must play somewhere. I went around to the recreation piers the other night and found great numbers of them there, but they cannot all go there. We must bear with them. Have you any boys? If you had, do you think you could keep them off the streets? Very truly yours,

W. J. GAYNOR, Mayor.

Scarcely had this letter been sent when the Mayor received one from five boys who complained about the trouble they had with the police about playing ball in the streets. This is their letter:

New York City, Aug. 7, 1911.

Hon. Mayor Gaynor, New York City.

Dear Sir: The undersigned are boys living in the vicinity of West 104th Street, between Central Park West and Manhattan Avenue, who desire a place to play baseball and other boys' games without being molested by the police. When we play cat or baseball

on our block we are chased by the officer on beat, who tells us to go to the park to play. We obey his instructions, and when we start to play in the Park we are chased by the keeper there.

Will you please give this your kind attention as we know you are interested in the boys; our ages range from 8 to 12. Respectfully,

THE BOYS.

The Mayor sent them this letter:

Office of the Mayor, Aug. 10, 1911.

Dear Boys: It is too bad that you cannot play ball somewhere in peace. Of course the police cannot always let you play on the street, but now and then they can wink so hard with both eyes as not to see you when you are doing no harm to passersby and the street is not crowded. In the parks you may only play on places assigned to baseball playing. The keepers will not chase you out unless you play where baseball is not permitted. I wish we had grounds for you all to play, but, unfortunately, we have not.

So boys, do the best you can, and I will help you a little now and then if you send me word.

Sincerely yours

W. J. GAYNOR, Mayor.

It was said that Mayor is in favor of throwing open more park space for the boys to play.

—*Exchange.*



I walked on, musing with myself  
On life and art, whether after all,  
A larger metaphysics might not help our  
physics. —*Mrs. Browning.*



### "O Day Of Days"

O day of days. O singled out of time,  
Touched by God's finger, lighted with his  
flame,

Made as a star, to burn with unfading fire,  
And shed a constant beauty on men's hearts.

O day of revelation—when the veil  
Suddenly fell, and all my naked soul  
Trembled with fearful wonder, and with joy  
Like white flame shot with crimson, as I saw  
The meaning of my life made manifest,  
More great than I could dream, more beautiful!

O day of ordination, holy day!  
The spirit breathed upon me, and I felt  
Ardor invade my soul; and ancient wisdom  
Rested, a robe upon me; I became  
A priest in the temple of life; the secret  
doors

Opened before me to the inmost shrine.  
The sanctuary—and I stood before  
God's presence in a woman. And I learned  
The rite of worship, and the rite is love.

—*Shaemas O'Sheel.*

## Minute a man stops looking for trouble, happiness looks for him.

—Irving Bachelor

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### Life Is One

In the dim dawnlight of the waking world,  
when life in blindness wrought,  
And savage tribes in the uncleared land for  
food and freedom fought,  
There rose a singer among the clans, in the  
glare of the desert sun,  
And he found his home wherever he found  
the heart of the world was One.

He dwells with the tribes of the marsh and  
moor—he sat at the board of kings;  
He tasted the toil of the burdened slave, and  
the joy that triumph brings;  
But whether to jungle or palace hall or white-  
walled tent he came,  
He was brother to king and soldier and  
slave—his welcome was the same.

There has risen a singer out of the East, in  
the clatter and clash of strife;  
The babble of markets and blur of print—the  
turmoil men call Life.  
He came to the task that was set for him,  
and scarce was the work begun  
When he knew that the world is abuilding  
yet—and the power that builds is One.

He knew by spirit's countersign that Teu-  
ton and Celt and Greek,  
Kaffir and Pathan and Rajput king, the self-  
same language speak;  
Face to face he has talked with each—they  
have given of their best,  
He has made his home on the sea and the  
land, and brought the East to the West.

O singer of men and hearts of men, you have  
called the soul by name,  
You have followed its path through the  
changing world. Is it not forever the  
same?

And whether you travel to Northern snows,  
or the Southern sea and sun,  
You will find, as you found in the ages past,  
that the heart of the world is One.

—Rudyard Kipling.



There are many moods when there is heal-  
ing balm in going afield with the Almighty.  
Our ideas and our feelings need airing,  
renovating. They are feverish, enervating,  
depressing. The ozone is all out of them.  
They stifle us, make us short of breath and  
narrow of vision. The balm in Gilead is  
across the lake, over the hills toward sun-  
rise. The walk will do us good. A plunge  
in the water and then a good hill climb will  
set our nerves steady and tone us up for  
a long tramp in the world, and a strenuous  
tussle with fate.—*The Universalist Leader.*

### College Men Need Lessons In Manners

A lot of homely advice has been given  
to the young men and young women  
students of the University of Minnesota. The  
President suggested that the activities of col-  
lege life might better be devoted to more  
elevating subjects than "barbaric yells." He  
also made a plea for fairness in sport, wheth-  
er it be upon the college gridiron, or the  
professional baseball field. He deplored the  
action of baseball crowds in particular in at-  
tempting to put the visiting team at a disad-  
vantage by insulting remarks and catcalls  
hurled from grandstand and bleachers.

"University men," he said, "go out into the  
world without any money as a rule, and those  
who have not money usually serve the world  
best."

Mr. Taft suggested that American universi-  
ties might well devote a little more attention  
to a study of manners. The Anglo-Saxons,  
the Northern races, he said, prided them-  
selves on their straightforwardness, on their  
telling each other just what they thought,  
whereas they might learn a great deal from  
the politeness of the Latin races. "Heaven  
save me from a candid friend."

"Life is not made up of grandstand plays,  
and a man cannot be a hero in his family all  
the time. The truth is the hero-business  
comes only at rare intervals. It is the little  
details of kindness and attention that go to  
make up your real value as a family com-  
panion."



The old time college students would have re-  
sented where the boys of to-day seem eager-  
ly to welcome dictation by college authori-  
ties in the matter of physical "culture." We  
are probably hopelessly old fashioned; to us  
it seems a wholly unwarranted invasion of  
personal dignity.—*N. Y. Sun.*



Do beeches grow down by the sea?  
Is the chestnut a wornout joke?  
Must the plane tree's limbs quite level be?  
Are charts from the charter oak?

Do hogfish eat from the trough of the sea?  
Who makes up the river's bed?  
Do sea dogs sail over bays in barks?  
Are marooners always red?

Are thirty-six inches a lumber yard?  
Can a mile "tie" a sailor's knot?  
Do they measure fish by pole or perch?  
Are web feet the spider's lot?

Is ice weighed on a sliding scale?  
Are canes swung by a walking beams?  
Does a postman wear a coat of mail?  
Are slippers used by spanking teams?

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

—Whittier

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539 HAIGHT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Vol. 8 DECEMBER, 1911 No. 12

## NOW

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Entered as second class matter at Glenwood, California Post Office, June 21, 1910

HENRY HARRISON BROWN will pass a greater part of November in Wheeling, W. Va., and in Ohio. He will be in Boston, Mass., before the Metaphysical Club during December. This is his third engagement by that Club. They felt that they could not let him go to his Pacific Coast home without a repetition of his "New Thought Course" of Lessons and his "New Course." After that he expects now to turn his face steadily westward. He will make engagements for one or more Lecture or Lessons at places on his route. We do not expect him home before the summer months. Address: Care Metaphysical Club, 30 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

NOW FOLK HOME is open for visitors, convalescents and patients who wish a quiet California Home, with congenial company, during the winter. Address Sam Exton Foulds, Glenwood, California.

\*\*\*

The World's Champion Typewriter, Mr. Otis E. Blaisdell, of Brooklyn, N. Y., won the title in the "World's Contest" at Madison Square Garden, N. Y. City, Oct. 26, by writing 112 words a minute for one hour. He is a New Thought boy, as is his mother and brother also, and it is due to the steadiness, and self-poise developed by the demonstration of the Principles for which NOW stands that enabled him to win a year ago and to increase his record thus wonderfully this year. Next month NOW will have an article on "Concentration" by Blaisdell, worth the attention of all who seek the Principle of Success.

\*\*\*

The Assistant Editor desires to state that now is the time to send in your renewal to this Magazine. Most of our subscriptions end with the December number. We cannot send the magazine but a couple of issues after failure to renew on part of the subscriber. This is the law of the Post Office Department. Then again it is not fair to expect a publisher to do so.

Send in your subscription at once, and if this is not possible now do send us word that you will pay for the paper at a future date. Otherwise we will be forced to cut you off our list. Do it Now.

\*\*\*

The Editor is having great success in teaching. Everywhere his lessons have been received with favor. During the last part of November he will teach in Atlanta, Georgia, where a fine class has been formed for him by the new thought societies. In December he will be in Boston and will be glad to see all NOW Readers, and former students.

**I will not dream in vain despair  
The steps of progress wait for me.**

—Whittier

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**How Does This Strike You?**

The grapes in our vineyard are nearly ripe, at this writing November 18, we are just getting ready to dispose of them. It is most likely that the major portion of them will be sent to the Chicago and New York markets and be distributed through the East. Possibly some of the readers of NOW will eat grapes grown at the "NOW" Folk Mountain home and not be aware of it.

We have had fresh peaches on our tables continually since June First and at this writing we are picking from the trees.

Our vines are full of ripening tomatoes, great solid hearted fellows that slice like beef-steak. I wish that all the NOW Readers could share them. But the only way for you to get them is to come and see us. We hope that soon we will begin to see more of our friends from the East. We have an ideal place and we need you and the dollars that you would naturally spend. So next year you who are thinking of coming west to California, arrange to spend part of you time at the "NOW" Folk Mountain Home and we guarantee that you will have the time of your life. Mr. Brown will be here and those who feel like studying will find him at hand ready to give you what you need. We don't intend to let him get away for such a long trip again, we need him too badly at home. So westward let the tide of NOWITES make their way.

✽

If I had my life to live over again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once a week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature.—*Darwin in his Autobiography.*

✽

The unpardonable sin  
Is to deny the Word within.

—Whittier.

(Continued from page 157)

the Race in my lifetime! In my boyhood there was canal traffic. Now it is by electricity. But has Man himself made equal progress? He is as sensitive to ills as his brother of the jungle, and probably more so. Is hurt by weather, fire, wind, water, as he was. Even Caesar, ill, cries like a sick girl. Have we lengthened human life? Is it happier? Is it more useful to the individual himself? We have made the individual life of more use to the material wants of the Race, but is the individual of any more use to himself? Is individuality more perfect, more respected, more happy? For the test of the evolution of the Race is in its development of the individual. Toward this end—the perfect individual—the ONE MIND is tending. When IT has developed IT-SELF to that, then will the Millenium have come. Till IT does, civilizations will rise and die as they have for millions of years, leaving their accumulated wisdom in the sub-conscious Reality, and in the improved grey matter of the Coming Man. This will be repeated till the perfect expression of the One Mind is here in a Race that is Self-Reliant; that has conquered, in conquering Self, Death, and has now power over its body to lay it down, and take it up again.

The Race must accumulate enough in the way of mastery over the Non-Me to find its wants supplied in the three lines of its unfoldment, i. e., the Loves of the Good, the True and the Beautiful. With this mastery of the Non-Me, this universe gained, it will turn to Me and in Self-conquest will know itself as Mind. Will do with Itself as it wishes. Will ever as now Desire to Know Itself: It will-to-Be in manifestations that which it knows it ought to be in Reality.

We are at the beginning of the twentieth century and the question is:—Shall I today, passing away as did Assyria, Babylonia, Greece, Rome, and thousands of nations before them into oblivion? Or shall it now pass the ridge, and carry

itself forward to its own perfection? Will it, having mastered matter, no longer need to be limited to the sense of life, but will at desire and by choice lay its body down for a development in the higher octaves of Mind?

I firmly believe that the modern Meta-physical movements are "The Saviour that was to come!" That there will be a survival of the fittest, who will form the nucleus of that civilization which shall arise Phoenix-like out of this. The cry now is: "Get aboard the ark!" None not sufficiently developed in selfhood can get on board. Till each person finds Realization and knows "I and my Father are one!" no ark for him.

Only by the application of our knowledge of Man as Mind, and of Thought as Power, can the present generation escape the destruction that has come upon all past nations. They had control on the physical plane and died. Mental Control alone can save. I propose during the coming year to deal with this question in a study of the Sub-Conscious, and shall give some startling philosophy, and shall show the within side of modern science and invention. Shall help my readers to prepare for either the spiritual cataclysm that is coming, or for the evolution of the Human Consciousness into that Realization of Itself as *God thinking* and perfecting ITS universe which brought the Human Brain and Conscience It has evolved for ITSELF. This condition I prophesied is "Man's Greatest Discovery" when I said on page 13:—

The greatest gift that the nineteenth century gave the twentieth was the demonstration that Thought is a form of energy. This is the greatest gift of all centuries. It is man's Greatest Discovery, and marks the beginning of the Psychic Era—the Dawn of the Millennium. This discovery is destined to make as great an advance in human thought as fire made in the ages past. Thought will be consciously used as Power. Its possibilities are unlimited. It is as tamable as lightning and as unerring as gravity.

So I wrote in 1901. Ten years have passed and I have seen the beginning of this fulfillment. I see still more clear-

ly this philosophy, and realize the need of the Race. I shall make it a point through NOW the coming year to make this thought of the possibility of the adaptability and of the necessity of this knowledge of self as Mind that through it the Race may continue its unfoldment and be saved the retrograde process of past ages. It may seem to the uninitiated egotistical for me to say —I FEEL THE CALL AS A PROPHET OF TRUTH TO PROCLAIM THE NEEDED SAVIOUR. But every teacher has had to speak and be misunderstood that the generation coming into activity soon after mtgnt FEEL, if it does not realize, the Truth proclaimed. NOW is the messenger of this Truth: **THOUGHT IS POWER.** Only a knowledge of and the application of this Truth to Life, as it has been applied to manufactories can save present Civilization from extinction.

القرآن

A new Declaration of Independence would give expression to the popular conviction that the natural resources are not to be sacrificed to secure profits to a few individuals or corporations.—From President Eliot's Fourth of July address.

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