

# THE WORLD'S NEW THOUGHT JOURNAL

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A Year

# NOW

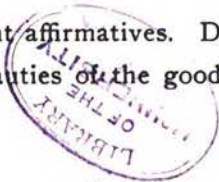
THOUGHT IS POWER

## 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

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SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS

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**AND VINEYARDS**

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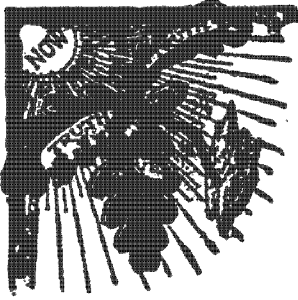
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**JOHN DUBUIS**

**SANTA CRUZ = = CALIFORNIA**

**BRANCH OFFICE, GLENWOOD, CALIF.**



From all Life's grapes I press sweet wine.

—Henry Harrison Brown

# NOW

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

VOL. VIII.

FEBRUARY, 1911

No. 2

## WAITING AT RAILROAD STATION.

A surging mass, a constant flow  
Of Life and Love here hurrying go.  
Ay, Life is here in all its forms;  
Its passions, fears; its calms and storms.  
In faces harsh, or mild I know,  
Life's vices and its virtue's show.  
Yet in this tide of surging Whole  
I am one with every soul.

All tints of skin pass in review!  
The blond Teuton and swath Hindoo;  
And all the tints that grade between  
Express their birth in face and mien.  
The polygot language here intoned.  
Babel's story here is owned.

Greed, lust and hunger pass by me,  
But all is Human! ONE I see!  
The sins are naught! They're but a lack!  
They draw from me no answer back.  
I sense the virtue, love and trust.  
Mother I see in every bust.  
I feel the man in every dress.  
I know there's Truth in every stress.

Should need arise, quick every one  
To a brother's aid would gladly run.  
Did earthquake shock, or field of flame  
Endanger life, true to its name,  
Love conquers Fear. Race is forgot.  
Christ makes sacred then this spot.  
Each hand pours forth its healing balm.  
A common need each heart doth warm.

Why not, O Christ, assert thy sway  
And holy make this place and day?  
But in the crowd around me spread  
Love is entombed, like Lazarus—dead!  
Could Love come forth from this, its tomb,  
This station then with heaven would bloom.

O stop, my Soul! Amid it all  
One flame I see! Love's potent call  
I've heard and from the dead I wake!  
Fetters of Self triumphant break!  
Heaven I feel around me move—  
For Love is Heaven and Heaven is Love!

HENRY HARRISON BROWN.

Talk health, The dreary, never-ending tale  
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale;  
You cannot charm or interest or please  
By harping on that minor chord, disease.  
Say you are well, or all is well with you,  
And God shall hear your words and make  
them true.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## NATURE'S FINER FORCES.

Man's search ever has been for Power.  
The one desire has been to Create!  
Creative Power has been the stimulant  
to all Human Expression. It is man's  
highest goal. "Man is then most likeliest  
God," not when he shows mercy, but  
when from brain, through hand he cre-  
ates his Ideal in wood, stone, or bronze;  
with pencil on canvas; or with pen up-  
on paper. The Soul is Wisdom and is  
demanding expression. Creation is a  
necessity. Man must unfold his latent  
powers. He senses Power. He looks  
for it. Seeing power in wind and wave,  
in gravity and lightning, he learns to  
use, and thinks, foolish man, that the  
power is in them. No! Man is Power.  
Were he not the greatest power he  
could not command these lesser forces.  
Therefore MAN IS POWER. He is  
Human, and being so is all the Power  
there is. He may use all the forces  
of nature to do his will. He can com-  
mand all nature and she will obey his  
commands.

How? By using the finer forces which he  
IS; by using the higher pitched vibra-  
tions to control the lower ones. As  
electricity controls the vibrations of  
sound, so will the higher vibrations of  
Man, which are thought, control all the  
vibrations he calls Nature. MAN will  
do this when he comes. The present  
something, that is not Man, but is the  
promise of Man. This present being  
calling himself Man, that is half brute  
and half man; the real centaur of bi-  
ological evolution of Life; this being,  
that is a mixture of all the different  
manifestations of Life that preceded  
him, full of ape and tiger, full of ant  
and wasp, full of bee and bird, full of  
snake and dog; this being so full of ani-

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

—Edith M. Thomas

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mal, and yet so full of the aspiration of an angel; the dream of seraphim and the power of gods; this being has at last awakened and found him-Self, HIS Self. That Self is but nature's finer forces. Man is Life on a higher octave; is one with all the universe. Because of his knowledge of Self, he is the master of the universe, when he wills to be.

This awakening came though his sensitiveness to the finer vibrations, those from without himself. This awakening is increasing his sensitiveness, and when Man comes, he will have no use for the present crude manifestations of Life in his external self, but will live in that world of finer forces that has ever surrounded him, but to which he has been blind and deaf. He is finding out that he can feel, see, and hear, as well as use, these finer forces and the result is that until he learns to use them with proper regard to their place and power, he will suffer in body and mind. Therefore, because MAN is coming, the animal in the present being suffers, and nervous diseases, insanity, crime and weakness, are on the increase. Good! Let them come. It is God's way. It is Life's way of unfoldment.

But the way in, is always the way out. That the present man, the man with the small "m", suffers is evidence that the way in is also blessed when he looks in the right direction. Cause and effect, demand and supply, are ever only the opposite sides of one fact. To suffer is to demand the remedy, and this demand has caused SUPPLY to come in many forms of Magnetic, Mental, and Suggestive, healing. They relieve the body by the use of Nature's finer forces. The same forces that have caused the sensitive to suffer, to be more sensitive to pain, makes him also more sensitive to pleasure. The person most sensitive to slight vibrations that harm is also most sensitive to those that cure.

When men were undeveloped and used to torture, the remedies that tortured the bodies were needed. To try today fine remedies on the coarse brutal man

is, in a large degree, wasted. Stir him by some physical suggestion. The law of nature is the survival of those fittest to live under the conditions. Two classes only are fitted. The most sensitive who live in the world of the finer, and the most hardened, the most undeveloped, who live in the lower octaves. Between these extremes the links will die off and become the "missing links" of the future biologist.

Here is the place of the healer. Under whatever name he works there is but one thing that cures, that is the mind. Mind is One, it has millions of vibrations too fine to be received through this crude flesh as sensations; they must be sensed by the soul. Soul is building body to sense them. We lump all these sensations under terms that have so little meaning, "Animal Magnetism," "Personal Influence." Better than these is the term, "MENTAL POWER." And better yet are Thought and Love.

No matter what the method through which help comes, it is the one Life, the one Mind that we are using, and that we are receiving, what we are sensing. As we develop and recognize the sensations made by these finer forces we heal, we become intuitive, inspirational, clairvoyant, telepathic and psychometric. We grow to live the spiritual life here and now.

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New Thought people of Omaha have set a good example in establishing a Fellowship. They maintain lecture courses, lesson courses, and print a little paper called "The Fellowship Messenger." Many of the leading teachers along the many lines of New Thought have lectured before them. They have been building this for two years and judging by their reports have made a success. What Omaha has done all cities should do, and will do. If dates can be arranged the Editor of NOW will give a course of Lessons and Lectures before them. Those who would learn of this Fellowship, address Alfred Thomson, Lyric Theater, Omaha, Nebraska.

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

—Emerson

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AN AGNOSTIC'S FAITH.

No coward soul is mine,  
No trembler in the world's storm troubled  
sphere;  
I see heaven's glories shine,  
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,  
Almighty, ever-present Deity!  
Life—that in me has rest,  
As I—undying Life—have power in Thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds  
That move men's hearts; unutterably vain;  
Worthless as withered weeds,  
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main.

To awaken doubt in one,  
Holding so fast to thine infinity;  
So surely anchored on  
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love  
Thy spirit animates eternal years  
Pervades and broods above,  
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,  
And suns and universes cease to be,  
And Thou were left alone  
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,  
Nor atom that his might could render void;  
Thou—THOU art Being and Breath  
And where THOU art may never be de-  
stroyed. —Emily Bronte.

The Biographer of Miss Bronte, Theodore Watson-Dunton, says of this poem, to which I have added a title, "It may confidently be affirmed that no poem written by the acknowledged master singers of the nineteenth century has had such an effect upon certain subsequent poets as this. The poet's stoicism breathed through every line, it has had an extraordinary and wide-spread influence upon some of the most noticeable work of the later poets of our own time. Over and over again has its peculiar accent been caught up and repeated, because they found the grand and startling temper of the lines irresistible. So irresistible that their own feeble and pale personalities sunk before it. I will mention only one of them, and this the most striking of them all, W. E. Henley's poem, 'Invictus,' a poem so good and deservedly known that the original poem by Emily Bronte seems among critics to be forgotten. It will be remembered that Mr. Henley's poem has this stanza:

'Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.'

EDISON AND HIS MOTHER.

I was always a careless boy, and with a mother of different mental caliber, I should probably have turned out badly. But her firmness, her sweetness, her goodness, were potent powers to keep me in the right path. I remember I used never to be able to get along at school. I don't know now what it was, but I was always at the foot of the class. I used to feel that the teachers never used to sympathize with me, and that my father thought that I was stupid, and at last I almost decided that I must really be a dunce. My mother was always kind, always sympathetic, and she never misunderstood nor misjudged me. But I was afraid to tell her all my difficulties at school, for fear she, too, might lose her confidence in me.

One day I overheard the teacher tell the inspector that I was "addled," and it would not be worth while keeping me in school any longer.

I was so hurt by this last straw that I burst out crying, and went home and told my mother about it. Then I found out what a good thing a good mother was. She came out as my strong defender. Mother-love was aroused—mother-pride wounded to the quick. She brought me back to the school and angrily told the teacher that he didn't know what he was talking about, that I had more brains than he himself, and a lot more talk like that. In fact, she was the most enthusiastic champion a boy ever had, and I determined right then that I would be worthy of her, and show her that her confidence was not misplaced. My mother was the making of me. She was so true, so sure of me; and I felt that I had someone to live for, someone I must not disappoint. The memory of her will always be a blessing to me.—T. A. Edison.

It seems to me that December NOW is the culmination of your efforts for the whole year—as though you gathered strength and means for the coming year. May NOW live many years to give the world its bread in due season. I am on my fifth lesson which calls for a study of Emerson's "Self Reliance." And this has brought to me satisfaction with the place Providence has found for me. I accept it cheerfully and in the vanishing of disappointment I feel that I am a new manifestation of Being. The Principle works also in my surroundings. Husband has agreed to my having a gasoline stove which he opposed in fear of explosion. But I treated him for fear and now he only says, "Be careful with it." And my heart trouble which I had when I began the lesson has disappeared.

MRS. ———, Oakland.

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

—Ingersoll

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\* **AFFIRMATIONS** \*  
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I AM POWER.

The Universe is first of all to me a sense of Power.

In that Power I live.

Of that Power I am a part.

In that Universal Power lie infinite possibilities.

I as that Power possess Infinite possibilities.

This Power manifests universally to sense as forms of motion.

These forms differ only in their rates of vibration.

This variation we call pitch.

Every known manifestation in the Universe is but one of the infinite variations in the rate of vibration.

Among these modes of Motion are light, sound, heat and motive power.

These vary only in their pitch.

In these are still more potent forms of power.

Among these are Life, Thought, Love. These are forms of Universal Power.

I am Life! I am Thought! I am Love!

As Life, Thought and Love, I am Power.

As these forms of Power, I have an infinite storage in the Universal from which to draw.

As Power I am limitless.

As Power I can do whatever I think to do.

As Power I can do whatever I love to do.

Life is the form of Power which I direct as Love and Thought.

I think of myself as Power.

As limitless Power I may do and be whatever I choose.

In choosing I direct the Power Universal in me, by myself as Will.

As Will I am limitless.

I am Will whenever I direct myself to do.

I am Power to be and to do whatever I will to be and to do.

This is my Affirmation whenever opportunity comes for action.

I individually as Will, direct Infinite power in its expression.

I AM POWER IN CONSCIOUS ACTIVITY.

As Conscious Power the unconscious and the subconscious obey me.

I will that I manifest in Health and Happiness.

In this willing, I find peace.

*The Kalapaka* of Tinnevely, Madras, India, knows a good thing, and in this knowledge copies the Editorial "Why Use Affirmations?" from NOW. I am aware of the necessity of that article and so have it in a slip which I will mail in any quantity to all who will send postage therefor. *The Kalapaka* is well worth study as it reveals the progressive side of the Hindu. These sentences are from its "Notes of the Month." "It is only when one loses interest in the real good of existence that death begins in earnest. The average man trains his mind and body in a particular direction—mostly towards selfishness and sensualism—and when he fails, his interest in life ceases. Interest is the invigorator of life; interest in your growth and your surroundings exhilarates you. But interest should not be confined to physical objects only, as when the body breaks down, all interest in life fades away; such a one clings to life simply because he does not know what happens to him after the dissolution of his physical body. Death is nothing but change. Life can be realized only at the present moment. The past is only a memory; but future is only anticipation. When we have attained the immortal taste of consciousness, the past and the future are emerged in Now." Note well the statement at the head of editorial column of NOW and follow its teachings and you will see that NOW and its editor have but one purpose, viz., to awaken *the Consciousness of Present Immortality*. Its possibility is clearly set forth in "Essay VI" of

## Truth for Authority, No Authority for Truth.

—*Lucretia Mott.*

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"Man's Greatest Discovery." Prof. Hensoldt (formerly Professor for ten years in Columbia University and later for ten years in India, where he studied with the foremost teachers, and has written much upon Hindoo Philosophy) says of "Man's Greatest Discovery": "*It is the greatest book yet put out in the western world!*" No thought can assist the nation and through it the race more in its unfoldment toward Conscious Immortality *now* than "Thought is Power" and the affirmation is, I AM THOUGHT-POWER AND CAN BE WHATEVER I WILL, TO BE AND BE THAT NOW.

NOW. A magazine of affirmation. Edited and published by Henry Harrison Brown, San Francisco, Calif. \$1.00 per annum.

If you have never before made up your mind you probably will after reading this magazine. The stuff in it works better than medicine.—*Federation Bulletin* (Chicago).

A critic of my "What to Eat" articles asks, "Is not your preference or your choice of food because you love it a selection?" Certainly. It makes all possible difference what thought guides the choice. In my case it is because I love Graham gems. In his, it is because he gains health by his selection. Now I hold that food that is eaten *because* it produces health creates a condition of subservency that will end in disease. Food that is eaten because it is selected, because the appetite craves it, and is eaten because it tastes good will never create disease. Because one has eaten a food for health for years does not prove anything in favor of health foods. If one loves, as does one at NOW Home table, the so-called health foods, then it is well for him; but to eat it because it is recommended, because it is wholesome, by every law of mind and physiology, creates disease. I cannot possibly carry out the details of individual cases. Come up into the principle and see where that leads. Mind either controls the body, or it does not. If it has some action where does it begin or end? Every person knows mind effects body, that emotions create blushes, paleness, nausea, hunger; start kidneys and bowels into activity. The only difference between me and the mass is that they make the law universal, and my critics limit and eat because "Father did so and I must." I deny the *must*.

### LOFTIER GOOD.

O hungering earth, in these aspiring years  
Which build new faiths like blossoms  
from the sod,  
Still seeking higher heaven and higher  
God,—  
What mightier hopes are thine, transforming  
fears!  
What vaster sight! No cause for grief or  
tears,  
But loftier good than any when men trod  
With fixed stern faces fearing threaten-  
ing rod,—  
Since now a manlier onset charms our ears:  
High onset for the Truth what e'er it be,  
For only in the Truth can rest be found,  
Or Brotherhood, or knowledge of The  
Way.  
Rejoice, O world, long drugged with fantasy!  
Through Truth shall every ill at last be  
bound,  
And good increasingly hold earth in sway.  
—*James H. West in Unity (Unitarian),*  
*Chicago.*

### EXCELLENT ADVICE.

"I have had my horoscope cast, and I was told that the spring months of each year would be trying to my health, and also that the next two months would be poor ones for me financially, as evil planets were now against me. Now, can you do anything against this?" You bet I can do things against this and all such rot. Mind controls matter and I am telling those planets to get out of your way. I AM just telling them to curl up and go on about their own business. There is no trouble about spanking a planet if you know how to do it. Say, if you stay in the Circle of Christians long enough you will get out of that horoscope foolishness. Of course, as long as you believe this stuff your belief will affect your mind. Your own thought will help to fulfill the direful predictions. They have made a forecast of you and you are following it. It is beneath the mind of a Christian and I advise you to stick that horoscope into the fire. We are not in the psychic atmosphere to be ruled by it, but to rule it. Jesus is our teacher and he commanded everything in his environment. The winds and the waves and all of the elements had to obey his mind. He didn't care anything about the planets or their influences.—*Christian.*

So men dream of a far-off heaven, of power  
and knowledge and endless joy,  
Asleep to the moment's fine elation, dull to  
the day's divine employ,  
Musing over a phantom image born, of fantas-  
tic hope and fear,  
Of the very happiness life engenders and earth  
provides—our privilege here.

—*Bliss Carman.*

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

—Bayard Taylor

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**THE GOAL OF UNFOLDMENT.  
THE GREAT ANNOUNCEMENT OF  
TRUTH.**

This is the sanest, most practical, and at the same time the most philanthropic, humanitarian and spiritual age in the world's history. Its inspiration is Truth. For at least two centuries the Love of Truth has been developing. I mean Truth for its own sake. "Truth for authority" and not the authority of tradition, custom or church, for truth. The martyrs, who in love of Truth gave their life for Truth, gave it to make thought-conditions for you and I.

"When thinking was a crime  
Men leaped to life from scaffolds gory.  
They passed nor saw the work they wrought.  
Now the crowned hopes of centuries blossom,  
And the live lightening of their thought  
Is flashing through us brain and bosom."

The present is the accumulation of past efforts. And today, beyond the love of past, or church, of tradition, is the Love of Truth itself. Emerson says, "When we have broken our god of tradition and ceased from our god of rhetoric, then may God fire the heart with his presence." Tradition and rhetoric had little force during the last half of the nineteenth century. They are now well relegated to limbo.

Freedom is the one and only condition for Truth. Investigation, the only way to find it. Demonstration its only evidence. Living it, its only application. Led by, inspired by, and urged on by, this love, Man has made wonderful strides during the last hundred years. In this love civilization is moving now forward, fast, materially. Science, and its practical application, invention, are fast leaving little more on the material plane to conquer. Even air is now yielding to his control, as has water, wind, and electricity. He is even invading the realm of silent forces.

The gulf that heretofore has seemed to separate physics from metaphysics is disappearing. Radiant matter and radium, with many other discoveries, are lifting science from matter to force, and lifting philosophy from duality to unity.

Not as once is this power sought for tyranny. Today its province is to bless. Despite the exploiting of invention, and production for accumulation of great fortunes, these fortunes are not as in feudal times sought for the making of serfs, but for the expression of the Power of Mind—the Power of Man. Serfs are not made today by physical power. The mild slavery of today is the Power of a System which is hereditary and is the result of the thought and direction of the serfs themselves. The "System" is more merciful than ever was church or State till the modern love of Truth brought Freedom from Institutional Authority. Monopoly is merciful compared with ecclesiasticism.

Great as has been the progress in all material lines, it is small beside the progress in the Realm of Cause. These are but the effects of Humanity's unfoldment in consciousness of Itself as Power. Before invention, discovery, philanthropy or arbitration, there has been Thought. The primal Cause is Thought. MAN THINKING is the glory of the nineteenth century, and the crown of the twentieth. Among the marked eras in civilization, the most important to primitive man was that one in which he discovered and learned the use of fire. From that, we can date civilization. Imagine what it would mean were today all fires to go out and never another lighted. Could Man, with all his intellectual development maintain for a century his present position? Back again toward brutedom would he travel. Eons have passed since then. Fire gave opportunity for thought. Leisure must be for intellectual development. In conquering fire, he conquered animals, metals, cold. He soon enslaved part of himself as Man to labor, that another part of himself might study, think. Greece was developed by enslaving her captives. Leisure thus gained by her citizens gave time for sculpture, drama, epic and philosophy. Such is the history of all progress. Before a greater advance still more leisure must be had



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

—Julia Ward Howe

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for the masses. Egyptian pyramids were build by thousands of slaves. Modern pyramids built by the chained Jove of the skies, and the released forces of the laboratory. Result: The elevation of the mass. Not a few great men towering like peaks above the millions, but the millions towering upward toward the peaks.

What has done this? The Unchained Force of Mind. "Unchain the Truth!" is the shiboleth of a teacher who has done and is still doing much good in metaphysics. But Truth is free. Man has been chained. Chained by his fears, chained to authority. Freedom to think is the only demand and is the only freedom.

And as fast as he became free he learned of Power. Through his power of thought he has controlled the external world. MAN IS FREE! Never mind the remnants of Authority that cling, in his reverence for old customs, laws, habits and forms. Never mind the fact that millions of timid and weak cry, "Give us a leader," and follow in crowds the newest fad, sect, or fashion. These are only those who, in the struggle for life, always fall by the wayside. Church and state are weakening. Self-Government is the tendency of the "Divine Urge."

"I am Priest! I am king!" says Soul. No institution can stop this trend. Book and stole must go. Bible and "Science and Health" are but the staff of the weaklings, and such will soon become the missing links between Reason and Rome. The authority of Truth, or the Authority of Institution! This is now the Twentieth century field. It has been the field of conquest for centuries. Now the field is clear. The smoke of past conflicts has arisen. In the smokeless powder of today we see the end clearly defined. It is—Freedom to think!

Never were customs, beliefs, opinions questioned as now. "Be not dismayed by the name of goodness," says Emerson. "Test and see if it be goodness." Forced on by the Divinity within, men and women are testing by the supreme

test of conduct, the old. Despite the cries of the weak and conservative, Truth is marching on. Battles no less important than Waterloo and Gettysburg are fought daily in the industrial, financial, social and marital field. To the timid it seems as if the whole structure of society was tottering. No! It is settling down upon Truth. Is finding bed-rock. And in a greater discovery than that of Fire, and with a more vital announcement than that of "Matter is indestructible!" the New City of Man is rising. That discovery is not that Man thinks, but that *MAN is Thought!* and *Thought is power!* And the announcement is:—All is Force and Force is indestructible. I AM THOUGHT. THOUGHT IS A MODE OF MOTION. THOUGHT IS INDESTRUCTIBLE. I AM INDESTRUCTIBLE. I AM IMMORTAL. IMMORTALITY IS NOW. Study the force of ideas and their power in the past, and dare to limit in the future imagination even the progress of Man as Mind. *Man is God thinking.* All the external universe is the expression of God without human grey matter through which to manifest himself. Now He IS Grey Matter! Where can He stop?

Limitless then to do, I am!—Man is God Thinking! I proclaim thus my infinite possibilities. In the onward sweep of Mind, all institutions shall go. They are for man. When they no longer aid but would hinder they will go as have gone canoe and breech-cloth. They who today would limit the growth, would stifle thought by any reference to ancient, or modern, seers, will follow in the wake of those who placed fish and fruit before their idol of stone or wood. The Principle of idol worship and the modern reverence for institution and book is one. Both arise in fear to trust the Human reason and conscience. Idolaters are those who erect something outside themselves. The life of freedom and growth is—Trust thyself! Self-Trust has given us every advantage and opportunity we have today over primeval

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

—W. C. Henley

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man. Authority has even sought to fetter individual expression. This century's power is the result of self expression. This nation stands for it. At last MAN IS FREE! Free from any external fetters. Free from Authority.

But there is a larger freedom yet to gain. And for that Freedom NOW stands. Freedom from all limitations in his thought. He is to learn to think from Being, and not as now from Possession. He will never more say I *have*. But I AM! What? Why ask? He is limitless! I AM POWER! I AM LIFE! I AM SUPPLY! I AM TRUTH! I AM LOVE! I AM IMMORTAL! He is to live in that knowledge which the old prophet announced, "Know ye not ye are gods?" He knows it. He lives in that thought and conquers Himself as he has conquered external power. The Self which is divine, and omnipotent and omniscient is to become subject to the Individual consciousness. The completion of this victory of the Personal self over the Universal self is the work of twentieth century. To this is this magazine consecrated. NOW stands beyond the picket line of reform. It is the Vidette, away on the outer verge of present achievement. There it heralds the coming day of Individual Emancipation from all limitations of Mind. I AM FREE!

This is my first editorial in the New Year. NOW manuscript is prepared a month ahead and this is Jan. 2, 1911. Ever there in front NOW will always be. Those who are not able to keep up with the onward march and stand the fire of the extreme front, will fall to the rear, and follow in the crowd. They who are stout, and brave and self trusting will keep shoulder to shoulder with me. Never shall a bugle sound truce. It is Victory evermore. Remember—NOW is the only journal in all the world and as far as I have any knowledge *it is the only expression in all history of the Affirmation:—THE FATHER AND I ARE ONE AND I AM THE ONE!* NOW stands for this and its

editor proclaims: *The progress of the Unfolding Universal Soul is to develop Itself wholly into Personal Consciousness. It is the absorption of the Absolute in Man, and not the ancient Hindooism, the absorption of Man into God. It is the development of the Cosmic Consciousness into Personal Consciousness. The unfoldment of the Universal into the Perfect Individual. I AM FOREVER! I AM INFINITE! ETERNITY UNFOLDS ONLY IN MY CONSCIOUSNESS OF MY INFINITY! LIFE—CONSCIOUS LIFE IS THE VICTORY OF THE PERSONAL OVER THE ABSOLUTE!* This is the proclamation NOW sends forth at the beginning of the second decade, of the wonderful century. Spiritual Emancipation is the result of this perception. Man IS FREE. *Spiritually free!*

### "THE INVISIBLE THINKER."

The brain itself never originates a word or a thought any more than does the hand or foot, but the brain instead is the mere instrument of the invisible thinker.

In this darkened world he can find only unmistakable certainty, and that is his own personal existence. Whatever is or is not, he knows that he is, for every human being can say, I am! there is no perhaps about that, and he soon perceives that his knowledge of all other existences is relative to that primary certainty. Conscious personality, therefore, is the basic fact of the human world.

But more than that, personality never changes. However numerous or great the changes in one's outer life through the years from youth to old age, through them all a man is never for a moment *anyone else!* All his experiences, all his memories, particularly if sad, are indeed his own. Thus through everything there remains the abiding single conscious self. He knows that conscious personality is the same yesterday as it is today and why should the day come when it shall cease to be! And this certainty grows still stronger when by increasing knowledge he learns that no part of his physical frame which dissolves at death is ever a part of his personality. He has long known that he does not lose any part of his personality when he loses hand or foot and now science tells him that his brain no more thinks or is himself than either hand or foot.

—William Hanna Thompson, M. D., LL.D., in *Everybody's Magazine* for January, 1911.

### UNDER THE REDWOODS

Christmas I passed in the city but I left for HOME Dec. 28. The whole country welcomed me in the new green dress which it had donned for the brown and bronze of the previous months. It was all dusted and everything was made neat for the reception of the new born babe, January first.

The redwoods are in their most beautiful dress. The cone buds are just swelling and the lemon-colored tips are on each twig, vying in beauty with the dark green of the foliage. A few early spring flowers are peering forth. Alders and hazels are tasselling their every limb.

New Year's morning I was up before the sun, and as he rose over the eastern hills the bluebirds that had been in the valley for a few days on their trip southward greeted him with orisons of sweet praise. A robin flew out of my garden, a lone one of the hundreds that had been calling at the Home for two weeks. They feasted upon every grape left on the vines, and then, as suddenly as they came, they left.

Jan. 1. New Year is NOW Folk holiday. We give Christmas to others. So we had our dinner today. A few guests are with us and the day was balmy and sunny like a New England May, and all enjoyed the social and the natural opportunities it brought forth. I had sent one of the new magic lanterns in which post cards and illustrations from papers and magazines are thrown upon a screen. It was my Christmas gift to the Home. Many friends had sent post cards. Sam acted as lecturer and we had as fine a time, as one gets at the moving picture shows and a better time socially.

Our New Year's dinner was of home raised poultry. Leona told us to choose our seats, and we would find the Affirmation for the year she had chosen for each, at the seat we should choose. Mine is as appropriate as if I had chosen it for myself. I shall during the year affirm: "My Life is in Thee, Thou Omnipresent One!"

Saturday, Dec. 31. Herschel invited me to go with him to the west valley and look up wood for the winter's cutting. Through underbrush and up steep declivities we clambered looking for fallen redwoods, which had lain there many years, but like honest men, however old they are, sound at the core. The creek babbled as we rambled along its banks and we scarcely heard another sound. Not a bird penetrates the solitude. An athlete would find something better than gymnasium in the climb and then in the saw and ax that will soon follow our hunt. There are hundreds of cords of fallen trees scattered through that 100 acres of woodland, and for safety from fires, and as well as for profit it should be cut. Then we went for a load that had been cut the winter previous. It was on the top of a declivity at least sloping 50 degrees. "You cannot get there!" was my decision. But he got there! With a sled he twisted about the hill, and when loaded came almost directly down, and the wood was soon in the wagon. Barney and Nelly have more sense than I would have shown, in their care in the work. Herschell told me that one evening it became dark before he could get out. And the horses found the way and hit less stumps than when he drove in the daylight. There is mind manifests as instinct in them, while in me it is Nature's highest manifestation—Reason. Instinct is ever surer, as a machine is surer than hand.

Jan. 4. Herschell was going for a load of wood to the pasture and I was keenly ready for the trip. "O, you cannot drive up there!" was my exclamation. And I got off the wagon. But he went. It seemed easy enough when I saw it done. So it is well each of us have our place in the Expression of God. He cannot write NOW and I cannot drive through wood uphill and load big logs for the pile at home. Is not one manifestation of as much importance as another. Edward Bellamy said to one once: "I did not write 'Looking Backward' alone! Every person who made

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

—Archie L. Black.

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conditions for me did as much as I. The tailor, the shoemaker, the baker, the cook and the washerwoman all helped!" When I think who helps write NOW I have to include the race; for how would I be fed and clothed, transported and educated, but for the accumulated wisdom and material of the ages?

This evening as I was going to my cottage I saw the new moon just on the horizon. It paused on top of a redwood, like the crescent on spire of a mosque. I worshipped then as I stood on bridge and listened to the ripple of the creek till it drew me down to the gravel at its side where I lay and learned the rhythm of its many little falls. Each one had its own tone intensified by the stillness of twilight.

The next evening I climbed the hill above the vineyard and the moon rose with me. As I sat on the rustic seat the landscape wore a new look so unlike that by day that I seemed transported to fairy land. The stillness was for a time oppressive, till my ears became accustomed to the quiet. Then new sounds, unnoticed by day, were born to my ears. Rustling of leaves and grasses by night insects. Wind playing with dry leaves, and a rustle from the vines which I thought might be some wild beast. Investigation revealed the colts which had found the gate open from the pasture and had come visiting the Home. I sent out from that silence to all the vast NOW family thoughts of Peace and Prosperity.

As I looked over the newly sown hay fields of 30 acres, which the November rain enabled us to seed, the consciousness that every dollar which came in from them made it more easy for me to care for the magazine, and that I would carry to that family the Thoughts of such hours awaken in me, made me still more consecrated to my work and to obedience to the Inner Monitor in every line I wrote.

Jan. 5. Today I return to my city work. Here I am in Emerson's Grove, "Where man in the bush with God may meet!"

I have two new volumes of his "Journals." I have been devoting all my spare moments to them. I seem to be in his study: his workshop; and watching the growth of those wonderful "Essays" as I have seen the workmen fashion from clay, or wood, or metal, their productions. It was as if he had come to the Grove dedicated to him, for a visit, and I sat at his knee while he thought aloud for me. I thought I had felt his spirit before, but now I am more thoroughly than ever baptised with that holy spirit of peace, spiritual and intellectual, which radiates from all he wrote. A critic says of these books:—"No more vivid revelation of a deep spiritual mind is to be found in any literature. Thoughts and musings Emerson put into faultless language. For vast and varied readings, for originality of interpretation, for fine power of expression, we know of no work in the English language exactly parallel to this." Here I lie on the bronze carpet of the grove, where the sun finds its way and it is not to read but to bathe in a finer atmosphere and live in another world and clime. The World of the Real, and the Clime of Thought alone! Why does one pore over musty tomes to extract a few grains; or wander amid the metaphysical, hair-splitting, insanity breeding, occult weed fields, when in him are found all the winnowed grains of all literature and the fresh new seeds of the latest and best? I said in an essay at Theological School in 1885, "Were all other books destroyed and only Emerson left, from him we would restore all that is good today, and build a better civilization." I did not then see one-thousandth of the riches I now see. And here I am at his side, thinking with him.

But in this other volume which I have brought with me I come close to his heart. I FEEL his love. It is the correspondence between him and his life long friend, Dr. Furness. Boys together, they never forgot their boyhood. In this Emerson comes closer than ever I dreamed to me. And together in the

bush we meet God. The best picture I have seen of him is in this book. Here we have his smile. The wife of a near neighbor is the daughter of a personal friend of Emerson. One of Emerson's sons visited her home, and so he must have visited this grove. So near has his physical presence been to hallow this spot. I am a Teacher of AFFIRMATION, and to none other do I owe this position as I do to him, who constantly affirmed, and whose faith in the Goodness of all, never dimmed.

And I cannot better close these notes, the last for some months for the Inner Voice bids me accept the call eastward for awhile, than by quoting this passage from his Journal entry of May 14, 1836, when he was 34:

What learned I this morning in the woods, the oracular wood? Wise are they, the ancient nymphs; pleasing, sober, melancholy truth say those untamed savages, the pines. Under them bend and reign, each in his tiny sphere, surrounded by a company of his own race and family, the violets, etc. The wind flower is the Bride. But they said: Power is the one great lesson which Nature teaches man. The secret he can not only reduce under his will, that is, conform to his character, but classes events and so harmonize all outward occurrences with the states of his mind—he must learn.—Emerson's Journal.

#### WINNED WHEAT FROM MY HARVEST OF CORRESPONDENCE.

I wish Mr. Brown would not make himself cause and effect by saying, "I am Life! I am Wisdom!" etc.

What is there besides myself—my *Real Self*? "There is but one mind common to all men. And each individual is an inlet to the same and all of the same," so says the wisest, sanest and best teacher of modern, if not all times. That One mind is the Me, and it is also the Non-me. It is the Me in that it is conscious of itself, and is also the Me that is not conscious of itself. These two are but different manifestations of the One. The One is both Cause and Effect. I as the One, am both Cause and Effect. I, as an Ego—the Me—think, and by Thought direct the action of the Sub-conscious,

which is the Non-me. In that I am Cause. The results upon my conscious self are the effects. In so far as I drift with the conditions of heredity, with the race thought, with present-day thought, I am as Cause acting on the Non-me, and as such I am also Effect. I am aware of this difficulty on part of beginners. One will never get over it as long as there is any remnant of the thought of duality left in the mind. Accept Emerson's idea of Unity, and soon all is clear.

\* \* \*

I cannot understand why you, after writing a book like "Dollars Want Me!" should ever be embarrassed in pecuniary matters.

Neither do I. Did I, I would never be embarrassed. I suppose it is because, like a child in mathematics, I have not yet learned to apply fully the Principle of Supply. I have yet to find any one so proficient that he is really above all want, in all lines. In fact, I would not desire so to be, for then there would be no more to learn. But, *I am never embarrassed*, save for conditions arising out of public work, work where I am agent for you, and the rest of the world. You, and the rest of the world, have set me a task. Unconsciously it is true, but it is set me because of your needs. You and World have not supplied the cash for the work. The Principle of Supply however, will draw, when I, and you, have sufficient faith. Patient and healer must be in accord, that the healing may be done. The world is money-mad and when it becomes receptive, it will be healed. I am one of its healers; in a degree I am teaching it, that dollars want to be used in spiritual ways and for spiritual ends. Not an easy nor a speedy task. But it is coming. Once I lived in a worry over the dollar. Now I let the dollar worry, if worry must be.

I wish to sell my place!

SELL IT! Miss Philura, in the story, wanted a husband. She married one mentally, and waited for him to report. And he came. So sell and expect the

(Continued page 27)

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

—Whittier

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Vol. 8 FEBRUARY 1911 No. 2

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


During Mr. Brown's absence Sam Exton Foulds will edit NOW and care for NOW business. Address: Glenwood, California.

\* \* \*

Henry Harrison Brown, Editor of NOW, has engagements in Boston, Mass., for February. His address: care of Metaphysical Club, 30 Huntington Ave. He can accept a few more engagements in the East.

\* \* \*

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Those who do not receive the magazine after the March number, will understand that as they have not paid for the year I am not allowed to extend further credit without incurring the danger of forfeiting my second-class privilege. I hope YOU will remit before that month, and that I shall not lose you from my list of friends.

I would like to have you all to share of the pleasant things said to me and of NOW. But I cannot do this. But some are too valuable to be smothered in the privacy of my desk. It is a just pride to feel that NOW, and my thought, is appreciated, that we are doing our share in the redemption of the world from ignorance. And above all, one likes to be judged by his peers. The editor of one of the most profound journals and rationally radical journals in all, but not New Thought, sends this Christmas greeting, which you shall share with me: "Not many letters have passed between us, but I have known of you and your work for several years about the same as you have known of me and mine. I look upon Henry Harrison Brown as a little deeper and broader and wider than the majority of those who are working in lines called New Thought. Yes; I believe you have a wider comprehension than any other one of them."

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

—Whittier

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**THE NEW THOUGHT SOCIAL CLEARING HOUSE.**

The Chicago New Thought Federation has begun a unique work and one much needed in a social Clearing House where all phases of the movement may meet in mutual helpfulness and enjoyment. "We propose to make the New Thought Federation a grand medium of exchange for Teachers, Healers and workers of all kinds. We propose to find a place for those who wish to work." Good! Better; and it will, I prophesy, be BEST. NOW will lend a hand where needed and hopes this is but the beginning of an unification in WORK and Spirit however me may all differ in method. There is One Lord that is Maker of us all. One Truth and Love and in LOVE of these we may each find unity with all others. Unity in Love of Truth. Success to this movement. It costs only \$1 a year to become an associate member and the Monthly Bulletin which costs 50c a year is sent to each associate member free. Address New Thought Federation, 218 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

We will not limit the virtues of the hidden life to spiritual experience only. It is most credible that in untold instances maladies are relieved by the remembrance that Christ is our life. —*Bishop of Durham, England.*

**THE CALL OF THE GRAND ARMY.**

An Address at the Memorial Services of Apomattox Post, G. A. R., Oakland, for the Departed Comrades of the Post. By John Lutrell Murphy, a Union Refugee and Soldier, from Knoxville, Tenn.

I have received from the author this address. It will prove of interest to every old soldier, wore he either the Blue or the Grey. It is full of patriotic thought. It should be equally valuable to the descendants of "the mustered out." Those from east to west ocean, and from lakes to gulf, who now enjoy the blessings arising from that struggle of the Civil War, will learn here something of the cost of those blessings. Nothing that can keep alive the Love of Liberty and love for the Nation that stands for Liberty, should be passed unheeded. For this reason I recommend that my readers send ten cents to the author, 1252 Webster St., Oakland, for a copy.

If this paragraph is marked with pencil it is to notify you that your subscription expired with the December number and that I am not allowed by the Post office Department to carry you as a subscriber this month without payment of your subscription. You will receive no more numbers unless you remit the \$1.00, or else request me to continue and you will remit later. I do not want to lose a single subscriber. Please note well and let me hear from you. Please also to consider this paragraph a personal letter.

**THE POWER OF SUGGESTION.**

I was scrubbing the floor and I found a broken needle in the rug. I hunted for the other part and not finding it thought that I had stepped upon it and part was left in my foot. I felt a sharp pain in the sole of my foot. The pain became so severe that I had to go to bed. I spent the greater portion of the day in bed. Tried to get up and help with the supper and could not. I passed a miserable night. In the morning I hobbled about with one shoe on. Happening to go into the room where I had broken the needle I saw glittering on the floor the other part and I picked it up. O the joy! The pain left my foot immediately and I went into the kitchen and told the good news. Mrs. E. B.

"Who has strength with self-control,  
Love and faith and rectitude,  
Fortune fails not, for his soul  
Is the load star to all good."

—*John T. Trowbridge.*

(Continued from page 25)

purchaser to come with the money, and he will come. But if you sell with a mental reservation like the old lady who prayed for the tree in the front yard to be moved to the backyard, and who, seeing the tree in the morning where she left it at night, exclaimed, "Just as I expected!" you will not see the cash. It will be just as you expected. New Thought is not idleness.

## There is no darkness but ignorance.

—Shakespeare.

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### BOOK NOTICES.

"BEHOLD THE WOMAN." Parable Sequel to "Man is Love" and companion to "Ecce Home," by Beulah Brinton. Published for the Author. Milwaukee address, 2141 Lincoln Place. Price not given. Pamphlet. 171 pages.

BOOK NOTICES . . . . .  
A very eccentric book. Filled with visions and vague parables. The fundamental principles of the author are good. The moral tone fine.

\* \* \*

CHRISTIAN HEALING. By Charles Fillmore. (Revised Edition 271 pages.) A Book for Practical Students of Truth. Unity Tract Society, Unity Building, 913 Tracy Ave., Kansas City, Mo. Price: paper 75c; cloth \$1.50.

This book by Mr. Fillmore represents well the principles for which *Unity* and *Unity Society* stand. The principles are sound as testified by the thousands that have found health and happiness through the ministrations of these good people. In the Preface we read this fine admonition: "When a suggestion is made to 'Hold a thought' or to affirm, or deny, a certain proposition, the student should stop reading and both audibly and mentally do as bid. This will set up new thought-currents in mind and body and make way for spiritual illumination which follow all who are faithful." And I add: No matter what you read, when anything seems truth to you stop and affirm I AM THIS! and thus set the Truth you perceive toward building a chanel in nerve for its expression in action.

Unity Folk apply the Principles of Mental Science to Bible Interpretation. And All who need this line of approaching and using Truth will find nothing better than their method. "NOW" does not need the Bible to lean upon. Mr. Fillmore adds one more to the great number of interpretations of ancient writings. I find myself in harmony with nearly every one of Mr. Fillmore's statements. Yet I claim my privilege of putting an interpretation into Biblical words, which are often different from his; but the principle thus expressed by each of us, and its application to life are one. I think this is Mr. Fillmore's idea as set forth in his last few pages where he gives his opinion of the difference between New Thought and "Practical Christianity." One based upon a Scripture interpretation. "A close study of Scriptures reveals a difference between the Son of God and the Son of man," he says. While New Thought stands for the independence of the Human Reason and Conscience and does not fall back upon to rest in any way upon ancient opinions,

hapsodies of devotees, or predictions of prophets. But like geology and chemistry New Thought deals with present day and all time phenomena, and draws, from them, and especially from the phenomena of Mind in man, its deductions and its perceptions of Law. In the study of Cause, we learn how the individual becomes Cause; we find the Law within the law, and thus becomes Self-reliant and Self-directive, and have no need of external authority.

I would dissent from much stated here of New Thought positions and the following statement seems to me void of scientific proof. "The logic of cause and effect should show that there has been a very serious departure somewhere from spiritual perfection on the part of the human family. The Hebrew Scriptures teach this from the beginning." This is the old dogma of the Fall of Man. My Unitarian Theology taught me "Man is not a fallen but a rising being!" Again, Mr. Fillmore says "Those in New Thought who deny there has been a lapse by humanity, thereby exclude the necessity of a mediator or helper!" This is the theological dogma of Atonement revised for twentieth century Bible students. But I do not know a New Thought teacher who denies the need of helpers. All who speak Truth, or ever spoke it, are helping me all the time.

I speak thus not to criticise unkindly, but because we have here, I think, the first really sincere utterances of one of those who are in this onward movement, clearly stating the fact that, outside of New Thought these semi-religious, and semi-scientific, movements are but an attempt to carry forward the Bible on old lines, just as the churches have done in keeping their interpretation of ancient words parallel with the growth of Thought in other directions. NOW would have Man as free as metaphysician or theologian, and as willing to use the Bible as Literature, as he uses the Koran or Milton, just as free as physicist to use these printed books, and those in rock and plant.

All who love Bible means, and wish authority to rest upon, will find this book infinitely superior to Mrs. Eddy's "Key to Scriptures." It is really full of good sensible interpretations and applications without that stultification of intellect, that the fanciful symbolism of Christian Science produces.

The wholly animal passions are where sentiment is nothing but the expansion of desire all over. Sentiments begin by a mental substitution of an intellectual order open in consequence to reason. Self-education aright leads to this moral clairvoyance which suspends the impulsion of a sensitive motive until the moment when sane common-sense has given consent.—Paul Dubois.



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