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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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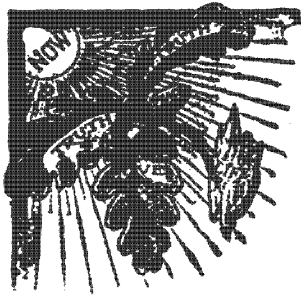
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From all Life's grapes I press sweet wine.

—Henry Harrison Brown

N O W

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

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TWILIGHT PEACE.

All day long in redwood bough
Has played the fingers of the wind—
Played as harper plays when blind—
In hedgerows wild and garden fair,
Now tired he sleeps and everywhere
Nature is still. Some nestlings peep;
Some nightbirds cry; but Zephyr's sleep
Is too profound to heed them now.

All day disturbed by Life's demand
I yield to spell by Dryad cast.
And from God's blue, so deep, so vast,
Peace falls as falls the evening dew!
It comes as starlight breaking through
The blue haze of the eastern hills.
Blessed trust my being fills—
It is the leading of God's hand.

O Hand of God! where'er I stand
I'm always led by Love Divine!
Each spot of earth is holy shrine.
In sound I hear, in breath I draw,
In bounding pulse feel his Law.
This redwood bough, this twilight sky,
This inward urge that makes me try,
Are all the leading of God's hand.

"My Peace I give!" O promise grand!
I trust! What more is there for me!
As bird in air, as fish in sea,
I'm folded in the life Divine!
Whate'er I dreamed 'tis mine! 'tis mine!
Within, around, above, below,
Naught but love and trust I know!
Through love and trust I'm in God's Hand.
HENRY HARRISON BROWN.

ANSWERED.

What is Death, the question steals
Through each wasting year.
Truth the Sphinx's lips unseals—
Death is only fear.

What is Life—its wondrous aim
Hurled from might above.
Truth again declares its name—
Life is only Love.

—Harry T. Lee, in *Overland Monthly*.

The angels in heaven came down from above
And hovered like doves o'er his bed,
And when they returned with their burden of
love

We learned that the great man was dead.
—G. B. Hughes.

THE SUB-CONSCIOUS REALITY.

One are all the internal fires of earth:
each volcano is an expression of that
one Fire. One is the atmosphere: each
breeze its expression. One is the ocean:
each wave its expression. Take away
earth, air and ocean, which are cause,
and the effects disappear. In like man-
ner there is one life, One Mind. Each
individual is an expression of the One
Mind.

As the expression of each volcano is
recorded in the history of earth as part
of its experience; as the result of each
tornado and each zephyr is recorded in
the experience of the air; as each wave
leaves its experience in ocean; and as
the present condition of earth, air and
water are the result of all the past ex-
periences of the race. Therein is stored,
in effect, every emotion and thought of
each individual of the race that ever
lived.

This One Universal Mind is that Sub-
Conscious Reality of which this con-
scious "I-AM" is but an expression. It
follows, then, that all the results of all
the thought and all the emotions of the
race are in that Reality which I am. I
am the race expression. Did one know
what to do and how to do it, he could
draw from that Reality anything any
member of the race has thought or felt.
Says Emerson: "What Plato has
thought, he may think; what a saint
has felt, he may feel; what has at any
time befallen any man, he can under-
stand."

But he may go still further. He may
think and feel what no one has, and
thus add his individuality to the race
experience. Aye! he may go still fur-
ther: any experience possible to man

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

—Edith M. Thomas

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during all eternity he may have now, if he knows how to take from this divine Reality, knows how to apply "the suction pump of Auto-Suggestion."

Every day I am learning more of this Reality and declaring "I know," not because I have created anything, but because I have found a way for the expression of that I Am which I have been in Reality from all eternity. As much as I may know of my Real Self, be I the wisest man on earth, is but as a grain of sand against the whole universe, compared with that which I am and that which I shall know of myself when millions of centuries have rolled away. There is but one possible thing for me to do, i. e., *know myself*. This comprises the sum total of all knowledge.

Recognizing this Reality (which you may term God, or Mind, or Soul, or Energy, or Wisdom) as a unit, as is air, earth, or water, it will be seen that as a feather's weight or an earthquake's shock starts a vibration in the whole earth, as a vibration of a leaf or tornado vibrates through the whole atmosphere, so a single thought or emotion in any one of the whole human race vibrates through the One, through the whole Mind, and is a sensation in every individual consciousness.

My thoughts, my emotions, vibrate through the universe as do those of every individual on earth, or anywhere in the universe. If there are thinkers and feelers in any star, their thoughts and emotions are here.

The thoughts of Indian, Chinese, Hottentot, and Hindoo; of German and Italian; of Englishman and American, are all here in my atmosphere; no matter where the individuals are, their thought halos earth, as the atmosphere does. This thought and emotion is felt in that one Reality which I am, just as the rays of the sunshine or song of morning's bird is felt in the atmosphere about me.

This has long been Philosophy. Why has it not been made practical? Because men have limited themselves in

recognition to those sensations alone that reach Reality through the five senses.

The five senses are but the sense of touch differentiated through organs of special sense: four special senses added to the general one of touch. It is a touch of a vibration to the eyes that causes the sensation of light; a vibration of the ear that causes sound, etc. Men have lived only in these so-called *physical* sensations, and in the intellectual deductions from them. Whenever a member of the human species has transcended these limitations, he has been considered either a god or a demon; as one specially endowed, and because of that non-human.

But today in these psychic arts we are making old and well-known facts in our daily experience yield living results, just as the old fact that amber had strange attractive powers is yielding living practical results in telegraphy and telephony. So long as we confine ourselves to the report of the five senses, we live in a small universe. To so live is like confining one's self to a single bass octave on the piano, when there are a dozen octaves of a higher pitch he may use.

Light waves come from the sun to earth in eight minutes. Magnetic waves are too swift for measurement. But emotion waves and thought waves are inconceivably more swift. They encircle earth instantly. There is no special sense for the recognition of the magnetic or electric waves. We sense them through the nervous system as a whole, as we sense atmospheric changes. There are no special senses through which to sense thought or emotion. But do we not sense them? If you have practiced noticing sensations telepathically, you know we do sense, and may recognize them. If you do not practice recognition, no conscious benefit will come to you. You will have added only one wave to the thousands of thought waves of Philosophy.

Every thought from every person passes over the Reality as a breeze over the

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

—Emerson

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surface of the lake, and its impression is there forever. Why do I not sense—that is, why do I not *recognize* them? Because I am like the new-born child. The child is born one great mass of sensation. It has to learn to differentiate sensation into sensations. It begins with hunger-feeling; gradually sees, hears, tastes, and smells. We are to have "the second birth" out of this sense limitation, which is animal, into the consciousness of psychic life, which is Spiritual—being "born again," this time born out of brute-conditions into manhood.

In the present psychic and telepathic experiments man is learning something of his powers as spirit, and should through them realize that he may live the immortal life consciously here and now. The coming man will recognize the effect of vibrations in the higher octaves, just as you have learned to recognize those in the octaves of the physical senses. He will live as Reality—as Spirit. The first birth is the animal, the physical man; the second is "the Lord from heaven."

This limitation of the five senses holds one, in common with brute life, to the conditions of the material world—the world of coarse vibrations. But when I shall be born to Consciousness of Self as Spirit, the limitations of the brute fall away and I am free. I live with one spiritual sense, which is Perception. *I see and know.* Emerson tells us that "Soul is the Perceiver and the revealer of Truth." Because it is Truth, Soul as soon as it comes to Self-consciousness, sees itself as Truth.

This life of spiritual perception is as far removed from that of sense perception as is the rattle of a child's drum from the melody of Paganini's violin. Yet possibly the discord of the child is in the melody of the master. He can come down to the child, the child may grow up to him

HENRY HARRISON BROWN—
in "New Thought."

DRAXY'S HYMN.

I cannot think but God must know
About the thing I long for so;
I know he is so good and kind,
I cannot think but he will find
Some way to help, some way to show
Me to the thing I long for so.

I stretch my hands—it lies so near;
It looks so sweet, it looks so dear.
"Dear Lord," I pray, "Oh, let me know
Is it wrong to want it so?"
He only smiled!—He does not speak!
My heart grows weaker and more weak,
With looking at the thing so dear
Which lies so far and yet so near.

Now, Lord, I leave at thy loved feet
This thing which looks so near and sweet;
I will not seek—I will not long!
I almost fear I have been wrong.
I'll go and work the harder, Lord,
And wait till by some loud clear word,
Thou calls me to thy loved feet.
To take this thing that looks so dear, so
sweet. —Saxe Holmes.

TELEPATHY.

PADUCAH, (Ky.), October 21.—A word dream this morning that his \$100,000 masterpiece, the "Last Supper," was being destroyed, caused W. J. Leavitt, former son-in-law of William Jennings Bryan, to leave his hotel and visit the hall in which the painting is on exhibition here.

Arriving at the hall he found a religious fanatic, knife in hand, attempting to slash the canvas, declaring that the painting of the figure of Christ was a blasphemy and that he had been sent by God to destroy the canvas. Leavitt struggled with the fanatic but was unable to prevent his escape through an open window.

Leavitt immediately closed his exhibit here, fearing another attempt to ruin the painting.

—Telegram in S. F. Examiner.

There are just two unmanageable forces in the universe—a fact and an idea. An idea is logic based on facts. And facts have a way of lodging in the minds of men and women. Also the plain logic of those facts has a provoking fashion of capturing human intelligence. If it were not for logic and facts, human progress would be in a poor way. Kings have always been against both; so have aristocracies; and so, in our day, are those various forms of entrenched power which are doing wrong or which are not based on economic principles.

Senator Beveridge.

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

—Ingersoll

* **AFFIRMATIONS** *

TRUST.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The ONE abideth in me, therefore I am Protection.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

If all seems failure, I will trust the ONE

who is Success, and in the lowest depths I will still sing my hymn of Trust until Success crowns my aspirations.

No use for Trust until the time of trial comes.

I cannot know that I do trust until these Lessons of seeming evil come. Then all these conditions from which I shrink are the gymnastics of my Soul in developing its Divinity into Expression. As a child trusts its mother in its time of trial I trust the ONE, my Father. He is more than earthly parent in Power, Love and Truth.

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

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

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

NEW THOUGHT AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Max Muller says: "He that knows only one language, knows none. And he who knows only one religion, knows none!" We can know only by contrast. For this reason those who know C. S. know not even that. Any one who has learned what Suggestion is, and what it can do, and then studies C. S. knows that C.S. has for its power only the Law of Suggestion. There is no more spirituality in C. S. than there is in the exhibition of the hypnotist on the platform. These conditions are identical. Both are the result of Suggestion, which is only the voluntary submission of the individual to the thought of another; acceptance of that thought, for the time, be it longer or shorter, as truth. Pure Mesmerism lies at the base of all Mental Healing, no matter under

Truth for Authority, No Authority for Truth.

—*Lucretia Mott.*

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what name. Today we work with a clearer understanding of the Laws of Mind and by different methods. While, should we accept the distinction of Dr. Paul Dobois, in "Psychic Treatment for Nervous Diseases," we would say that C. S. was Suggestion pure and simple, while New Thought adds to Suggestion what he terms "Persuasion," which is a rational understanding of the Principle and the Law. It is with surprise that I read in B. O. Flower's book entitled, "Christian Science," the following. Had Mr. Flower ever studied or practiced Suggestion he never would have written this. Knowing only one side, he is an unsafe teacher. And instead of relieving the "fear-fettered," he shackles it with the most diabolical of all fears, "The evil eye!"

"Christian Science has come with its message instinct with spiritual vitality at an hour in our country's history when a vicious opportunistic materialism is advancing like creeping paralysis over the body politic, the business, education and religious life of the nation. Its appeal is primarily to the spiritual side of life; but, as with the primitive presentation of the Gospel, it accompanies its appeal with offer of present relief to the sick body and fear-fettered and despairing mind. While helping the diseased and unfortunate, it lifts the eyes from the plane of sense-perception to that of ethical idealism."

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Year by year the medical profession grows more and more to be a closed corporation, permitting nothing to go to a suffering humanity that is not given through the medium of "practice." In short, it seems possessed of an insatiable greed to incorporate within itself for its own particular use and profit every discovery and advance—mechanical or otherwise—in the scientific treatment of disease and prevention of disease. Cults and practitioners in opposition to it, that is, standing for new and original ideas, it treats with contempt and enmity. Should an inventor dare to give the product of his ingenuity to the world, he is thrown out of the brotherhood as a "quack," and damned to every possible extent. And whatever its merits, the "profession" will also throw out the invention along with him. Luckily, men of genius in most cases survive, but it isn't the fault of the pack.

—*News Letter, San Francisco.*

Mother Dreams Boy is Injured; Awakes to Find Him Dying.

(*Special Dispatch to the Inter-Ocean*)

New York, Nov. 2.—Sitting today by the bedside of her dying 9-year-old son, Andrew, at 127 Evergreen avenue, Brooklyn, Mrs. Mary Bauer said that late last night she dreamed something had happened to him at almost the instant an undertaker's wagon ran him down. She hastily got up and began to dress, but before she had finished a neighbor told her her son had been run over. The doctors say he cannot recover.

IMAGINARY PAINS.

Don't laugh at hysterical people with their imaginary pains, says a physician. A "delusion" is reality to the sufferer. When one believes one has a pain one has the pain. All pain is in the brain, and to believe one has it is to have it. It matters not a whit whether the message is sent by one's toe that some kind friend is treading on or whether it is sent from part of the brain to another.

—*New York Tribune.*

BUILT TO CLIMB FENCES.

Jack had been sent on an errand, runs the story, and he came to a fence across the lane that he traveled. "I am put here to stop boys," said the fence, "you must turn back and go around." "But I am built to climb fences," responded Jack, and he went over the fence and on his way. Fortunate Jack. He had come to have a clear-cut conviction of what he was built for—to overcome obstacles, not to be daunted and delayed by them. Have we all learned what he knew? Obstacles are sure to appear in the way; but man was not built to go back or to go around, but to go over or through them. Difficulties in the way of your church work, or your Christian life? Certainly; but you were built to overcome them.—*Presbyterian Advance.*

The wonderful age in which we live—the twentieth century with its X-rays that enable us to see through the skin and flesh of men, and to study the working of their organ and muscles and nerves—has brought a new spirit into the world, a spirit of fidelity to fact, and with it a new and higher ideal of life and art, which must of necessity change and transform all the conditions of existence, and in time modify the almost immutable nature of man. For this new spirit, this love of the fact and of truth, this passion for reality, will do away with the foolish fears and futile hopes which have fretted the childhood of our race, and will slowly but surely establish on broad foundations the Kingdom of Man upon Earth.—*Frank Harris.*

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

—*Bayard Taylor*

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"HE WAS A FRIEND."

They the mind of Christ discern
Who lie like John upon his breast.

—*Whittier.*

Among all the statements in the Gospels concerning Jesus, there is none for insight, into his place and power, more important than this. "He was the friend!" Were all the stories told otherwise obliterated and this one fact emphasized, there would be flowing from that life still more of inspiration and influence than there already is. John W. Chadwick in a sermon tells of a soldier during the civil war in a hospital, who, when approached by a sanctimonious individual with the question, "Have you found Jesus?", replied, "Why, I did not know he was lost!" And from the text, "A cloud received him out of their sight," he preached a fine sermon on the lost Jesus. He said: "Amid a mist of legendary surmise and theological mystery the real Jesus has been lost." But beneath all this lies the great fact of his humanity.

There is need always of separating the real from the apparent. The real Jesus is to be separated in our minds from that Universal Spirit which was so clearly manifest in him. That spirit of Love which is truly "The Christ." There is the same difference between Jesus and Christ, as between the president of the United States and the man in the office. The Christ was the office the man filled: the function which the man performed. Once this distinction is clear, there will be no more worship of the Man Jesus," but there will be a deeper love for the spirit which is in us, as it is in him. Where in the old idea he is lifted above, and from, us, in the new idea of Oneness in spirit and in forgetfulness of the flesh, we are drawn into close communion, and in fact become one with him.

"The poor need a friend" was the word of a Boston philanthropist. It is the consciousness of this need that now inspires the many movements for the helpfulness of the masses. "The Big Brother movement," the "juvenile courts,"

"the Boy Scouts," and similar works, are a few of the channels in which there is a recognition of this need.

The one strong point in the Catholic church is its confessional. Humanity needs an ear. From cradle we poured our sorrows, sins, troubles, into mother's ear. We never cease to be children. And we need an ear. This ear the church supplies.

The lack of this ear, the elimination of all expressions of friendship, the distance and coldness it engenders, the isolation of the individual in the Mass—in Truth—in God—is the weakest point in Christian Science and will prove its destruction. The same element of destruction is in Theosophy and the Hindoo Philosophy. Humanity needs a friend. And the Man who wept at the grave of his friend, who attended the wedding, and who commanded us to "Rejoice and be exceeding glad," even when in trouble, who told us to do as we would be done by, and who left us the Great Commandment—"Love one another," and who said, "God is love," and bade us to love God, who is "Love that is love!"—that Man Jesus can never join his spirit with any form of religious service in which friendship is not the binding power.

My friend:—If New Thought, if Theosophy, if Christian Science, if astrology, and all your other cults, do not bind you still more closely to your friends, and do not extend through your personal friends the horizon of your friendship to include all humanity, and do not keep the heart warm for all human needs, then they are only a sham and a husk, and will starve the soul. Away with them and seek rather the zeal of the Methodist church, or the mantle of the Confessional.

The test of any man or woman is this of friendship. Is he, is she, a friend? Love is the Universal Motion. Love is God in the Highest. The manifestation of Love is not in the sexual insanity that is so common under that name, both in and out of marriage. Love's

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

—Julia Ward Howe

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manifestation is in the friendliness of the individual toward all. If you have the spirit of Christ—if you really “love Jesus,” you will be a friend to employee and employer; to merchant and patron; to servant and to master; to child and the child’s pet. Everywhere your voice and hand will show the friend.

Prating of love and closing the heart to humanity—this is the Great Death. To be alive, LOVE. This is FEELING Truth. Love is like the water in the reservoir, will run into action whenever call is made upon the fountain. Under Love, the face will shine. No wrinkles save those smiles have made, upon the face that is friendly. No pains in the mind of a friend. Selfishness brings all pain and wrinkles. Recompense never enters the mind of the friend. Love for love is merely exchange, is business. Says Longfellow:

“Like Diana’s kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, it is not ‘bought.’”

The friend is a friend because the heart is right. It is full, and must give. To give is joy. Blessed is that person of whom it can be truly said, “He is a friend!” But unless it can be added “of publican and sinners,” all professed friendship is a fraud. It looks to recompense. Friend to those who can return is commercialism. Friend to those who need, is the divine spark in activity. We—you and I—Yes; let it be *I*, affirm: “*I Am A Friend!*” Test all conduct by this. I AM A FRIEND!

TRIUMPH FOR DRUGLESS HEALING.

The Superior Court of the State of Washington, has sustained the right of Prof. M. F. Knox of Bryn Mawr Mental Science College, in his right to practice. The law states that the holder of any diploma from an incorporated college is entitled to a license. He had issued them to his graduates but held none himself. The Medical Board refused to grant him a license. Upon this technical point the issue was raised. He was given the decision by the court, on the ground that he had practiced in the state two years, and no one had authority to grant him a diploma since he was the founder of the college.

I AM POWER.

The first conception one has of the universe is that it is Power. The first conception of the Deity is that It is Power. Omnipotent Power is the first characteristic of the gods of the various religions. “For thine is the Power and the Glory forevermore!” Glory is the manifestation of Power. The first requisite one needs for accomplishment in life is Power to do.

“I have power to walk,” is the meaning of “I can walk!” I can, means I have power. Therefore the first requisite of Success is consciousness of the Power which creates Success.

A moment’s reflection will convince one that whatever Life may be in itself, in himself, it is the Power which his decision directs in manifestation. I will to lift my arm, that which lifts it is Power. No matter if one in seeking to analyze the human intellect shall divide it into Conscience, Will, Judgment, and whatever other terms he may use, whatever name is given to that which lifts, is the only name for the Power which lifts. Therefore the real man, the Ego, is some form of Power. Since there is but One Power—Omnipotence—the Ego is a manifestation of the One Power. Therefore it follows that each person is but an expression of the One Power. “One is your Father, even God!” What he is, each person is, i. e., Power. It follows that the Ego is either a portion of the One Power separate from the One or only a manifestation of the One in the One.

Since God is Omnipresent and Infinite, He cannot be separated into portions, therefore the Ego is not a part of God separated from the rest of God but is God manifesting as that Ego. This is the position of all New Thought teachers, no matter what name they may assume; it is also the position of Christian Science.

The question arises, what is the limit of the Power of the Ego. An illustration from the material world will help us.

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

—W. C. Henley

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Near me is a window; an aperture is in it; through the aperture comes a draught of air. How much air is behind that draught? The only answer is—the whole of earth's atmosphere. That draught cannot be separated from the atmosphere; it is a manifestation of the whole atmosphere. So when I see any manifestation of Power I must say—This is a manifestation of the whole of the One Power—a manifestation of Omnipotence. Therefore each Ego—each human soul—is a manifestation of Omnipotence. All of God is manifesting in each soul. This agrees with Emerson when he says, "There is One Mind, and each person is an inlet to that Mind and to the whole of that Mind!" Therefore the possibilities of each Ego are limitless.

In the recognition that he has more than present power each individual says, when a new achievement is before him calling for more Power than he has yet manifested—he says—I CAN! I CAN!

As long as he says "I Can" in faith, he has the power of accomplishment. But when moments of doubt arise and he loses faith and says, "I can't," then he closes the avenue of this Power to himself, and actually has not the power to do.

Here lies the power of Affirmation: it opens, through faith, the avenue of Omnipotence and leads to a successful issue the efforts made under that affirmation. For this reason—understanding the Law of Suggestion, which is the Law of human manifestation—the Mental Scientist teaches his pupil and patient to affirm Power. Through Affirmation the faith develops until the Power IS present and the person MUST under it act, and in this faith will win.

I have found that by standing on my feet and affirming, "I can't," I soon feel like a wilted leaf. I lose strength and have no power even to say, "I can't!" Try this for a few minutes and realize the effect of a negative affirmation.

Again stand with the affirmation "I CAN!" and realize how soon you fill up

with Power. This experiment will convince you that in reality you have whatever Power possesses, and you will then be ready to take my advice, which is, Affirm continually until this thought becomes you, because you mould it into character—I AM POWER TO BE AND TO DO WHATEVER I WILL TO BE AND TO DO.

HENRY HARRISON BROWN—
in "The Balance."

TARDINESS.

Some folk are habitually late at every appointment. Yet they can always give some "excuse." The fact is there never was an excuse for being late at appointments. The only palliative for such tardiness is the happening of some thing that could not have been foreseen, and this is a thing which does not happen once in a hundred times to the one who has cultivated the habit of punctuality. The very winds come to the rescue of him who is habitually punctual, and speed him on his way over every obstacle.

Another thing: the habitually tardy one is as habitually in a hurry. He never has time to do the things he should, because he is habitually tardy. He is late to work in the morning; he is late returning. If he has a business appointment, he is late, stealing the time of others. If he wishes to go to the theatre or to a social function, he is late. And he is eternally late to everything solely for the reason that he has no system of working. Everything with him is hap-hazard.

This habit of tardiness, in a moral sense, is criminal; for it robs others of valuable time. They who make appointments with us have a moral right to demand that we do not delay the game. If we do delay we are stealing the time that properly belongs to them. That is criminal. The most precious thing in life is time, for it is a thing that cannot be recovered. Once lost it is lost forever. If we are robbed of it by this tardy one, we have a very just ground for grievance, and we have a moral right to refuse in the future to place any confidence or reliance in that man. He should be discharged from every occupation; he should be shunned in all relations by every one who respects common honesty in such matters, until at least he awakens to a realization of his offense.—
The Chancellor.

Good Reason.

"You say mamma spanked you?"

"Uh-huh."

"Why did she spank you?"

"Cause she didn't know what else to do with me."

Trust thyself! Every heart vibrates to that iron string.

—Emerson

37

MY FLIGHT FROM THE REDWOODS.

Jan. 19. En route. What a wondrous century. Here I fly almost with hurricane speed and more safely than my great-grandfather did in his shay. Probably out of a thousand persons then who traveled a thousand miles (No, did one ever go so far in a shay?)—well, out to all the thousands of miles travelled in the century ending with the death of Washington, probably there were a thousand accidents to one today. And to whom do I owe this convenience and safety? As I waited at the train in Oakland, the wheel inspector went along with his lamp and hammer, testing each car wheel. Were he false in one, then my life were endangered. Honesty? Why prate of “graft” and selfishness. No other century ever held so much of manhood, honor and integrity, in proportion to its inhabitants, as this. Why? Because there was never so much personal responsibility for the lives and welfare of others. Looking deep, one sees that his every moment’s safety is dependent upon the honor of his neighbor. Food, clothing, homes and locomotion all depend upon the honor of the hands that made.

Whose brain developed this wonderful mechanism that is carrying me? I can only say—*The Brain of Man!* The beginning was in the first man that smelt ore, that made a stone ax, that built a fire. The railway was in the Universal Mind as an idea. Ideas are infinite, and find their evolution through human ideals. Each individual mind is receptive to that idea, but the ideal is limited; expressed, it grows through all succeeding brains. Day by day “improvements” are made to every invention, to every expression of truth. To Man is due the credit. And to Man will be due the coming locomotion through air when some aerial locomotor will carry with it a train of air boats. In vision I see this train already, but its boats are built with keel uppermost and they are, as Tennyson saw them, “argosies filled with com-

merce,” and with persons. War long has ceased, and “all battleflags are furled in the parliament of Man.” Thus the Real I taught Henry Harrison all the way, for the Sub-Conscious was very active. Salt Lake, Jan. 23. I have been royally entertained in the home of a cultivated musical family. The snow storm only made me frisky as a youth, for it is 13 years since I saw it fall or heard the shouts of the boys at snow-ball or with sled. Three evening lectures in the parlor were well attended and most excellently received. A member of the University faculty, who has passed her four summer vacations in the redwoods, made all arrangements. Owing to delayed mails, time of preparation was cut short, but all went off well.

Attended services in the Tabernacle Sunday P. M. Sat in the body of the house. From its known acoustic qualities I expected to hear very plainly. But was disappointed. Probably its very sensitiveness to sound made it hard when filled as it then was.

Was disappointed also at the service. Was informed that some of their finest orators were to speak, but the Methodist clergy of my boyhood were superior, and these men reminded me of them in the range of their intelligence. As is the case with ninety per cent of orthodox sermons, these were an apology and reason for the existence of their church. There was nothing impressive in the service. A meeting of a Board of Trade upon business matters would have been as spiritually impressive as was this meeting. But all the city and country here shows the wondrous executive and administrative ability on the material plane. Marvelous the brain that first conceived all this, and equally marvelous the brains that have continued its evolution. It is a material wonder. And I can but regret that as an experiment in sociology their form of marriage could not have been continued for a few generations that we might note its effect upon producing a crop of men and women. The young men I have met

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

—Archie L. Black.

38

among them are fine specimens of manhood. Only one other experiment to raise this crop has been tried in America, i. e., the Oneida Community, which effeminate men—clergymen—and over-meddlesome women caused to be outlawed. From the disease, poverty, crime, misery and insanity raised under the old system, it seemed that it was time some form of stirpiculture should have an opportunity for trial. From what I have seen in the 12 years I have been in the Pacific states I have found no better class of citizens as far as health, happiness and material means are concerned, than the Mormons. But it is inconceivable how women can enter a polygamous marriage, save as I considered her deep maternal and religious nature. These combined as they are in Mormon marriage give most excellent psychological conditions for raising a better crop of men than under the old system—providing always that these Mormon wives are FREE to say when they shall have children, and when they shall enter and leave such a union. This they did not have and in the slavery of Law and Religion lived as immoral lives, as do those wives in monogamy that stay married, not from love but from law, and raise children, not from choice, but from compulsion. Legalized wives but not in the reality of Love, wives. So why should we who do not know what a REAL man is, nor what are ideal condition for the Man crop, seek with such pertinacity to persecute any attempt to experiment? I sense that we have, as a nation and as a race, a problem here in Utah that will be long in solving, and one full of weal or woe for the race. The "Procreative urge of the world" is pushing it to the front and every home is concerned and every coming child will feel its effects.

Here in Utah women vote. And if that fact had not been mentioned I would not have recognized it. Why it is also a fact that women are as womanly here as elsewhere. Babies are loved and cared for; homes properly kept; women

chaste and beautiful. And not a sign of domestic or social upheaval present. Even the men do not seem to notice any difference in their social relations or their business. What effect it will have upon legislation remains. I opine matters will be about the same. Shoulder to shoulder woman has marched with man through eons, and I see no reason why nature should change here and now.

At the close of the service I was introduced to the organist, Mr. McClelan, who is said to have few equals. I found him a very genial, and congenial soul. He kindly offered to play a selection for us would we go into the gallery. This we did. Here the wondrous beauty of the organ and its power and the remarkable acoustic properties of the Tabernacle were manifest. The music was beyond even the descriptive power of a musician. I am merely a music lover, and that is to me good music, which I feel deeply—which inspires me. This did, and I walked as in a dream for blocks on my way home. Wonderful the power of soul communion in all such. I am sure that music is the language of the heavenward evolution of the soul. Denver, Jan. 25 to Feb. 3.

I was made to feel at home here by the publishers of "The Balance" and "Power." I divided my time between them. And I am glad to report that both these magazines are finely flourishing.

Our New Thought movement is, I believe, on as firm a foundation here as in any city in the land. On previous visit I formed this opinion and it is now confirmed. Two Divine Science Churches where LIBERTY of expression of Truth is inculcated. Limitations I find in so many teachers are here lacking. Teachers and organizations too often forget Emerson's remark: "He who shuts others out shuts himself in." Both these churches are finely organized and managed, and are gaining in members, and also in what is better, in influence. They are already a power for good in Denver. I talked for

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

—Irving Bachelor

39

them both, and met with many friends at these meetings. My welcome was as genial all around, as was the climate, which vied with my own California air, in salubriety and clearness and warmth. And yet, I have been brought one mile up in height from the sea level. Why should we not feel the spiritual height as well? Be receptive and you shall.

Mrs. Grace Brown, who had returned home from her extended lesson tour, also helped to make my stay pleasant. To all these good friends of the Divine Science College, the two churches of Divine Science, the magazines and their editors, Truth is much indebted for its strong hold in this progressive state. I regret that I could not see T. J. Shelton, the editor of "Christian," who is in New York City; and Dr. Tilden, the editor of "A Stuffed Club," who also was out of town.

Colorado also recognizes women in full citizenship. By no outward sign would I know it. They treat me just as other ladies do, and I saw no evidence of any upheaval in society. But the women members of the legislature have introduced some foolish bills, thus proving their equality with the male voters. One thing they have done, for which NOW wishes to congratulate them—they kept Judge Lindsey and his Juvenile Court in existence. God bless them for this. This child work is catching and soon every city and community will learn that the earth belongs to the children, and our whole duty lies in preparing them to enjoy it, so that at majority they may take up the labor of preparing the coming generation to enjoy more than the previous one. Make the earth the children's home, no matter for the rest of the inhabitants. They are not wise enough to stay here long. The children are the only owners of the earth. Were there to be no more children, property would have no value and institutions would perish. Every child born gives value to these and makes our life worth living. Note well—EVERY CHILD—no mat-

ter where, or under what conditions born, even if he does not know who is his father—he is the present earth owner, the wealth creator and the future citizen, and in his needs lies our duty. Once the world realizes this then will Motherhood be Madonnahood, and civilization will be purified.

Feb. 2.

Today off for Chicago. My class here was to me very enjoyable for it called out new perceptions. I am aware that every address, article or lesson, is first for myself. Would that each might be saved in type for I can never repeat. Something in this trip is wonderfully inspiring. Can the mile high I have climbed; can the intellectual and moral influence of these two cities have given me a new baptism? As a sponge absorbs water, so shall we absorb the universal and the individual, when we really live in the Kingdom of the Good. I think I've found it. At least some of it has found me, and I am blessed in the giving.

"Who giveth himself with his alms
feeds three,
Himself, his hungry neighbor and
me."

Said the Christ to Sir Launfal. And so do I hear today.

If we live successful today, we make a wise preparation to live successful tomorrow. And so on, day after day, year after year, our whole lives. Only *today* is ours. Today we may make the right preparation, make the right, easy start; run the successful race with time; and close the day, *victor*. This day it is possible to do that. How shall we prepare for it? How husband our energies and direct our efforts? Let us begin the night before, by going to bed right at a seasonable hour. To go to bed right one should have fifteen minutes of quiet time for good reading, meditation and affirmation before he closes his eyes.

—Mrs. Towne, in *Nautilus*.

The human mind is a unit because it has all the laws the act requires. God has made of one blood the head and the heart. They both float abreast upon it, exchanging signals. The capacity of the mind to classify and to interpret facts is the finite side of the divine unity.

John Weiss.

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

—Whittier

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Vol. 8 MARCH 1911 No. 3

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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.

Henry Harrison Brown gave three ad-
dresses in Chicago, Sunday, Feb. 5, and
filled his engagement with the Meta-
physical Club of Boston on Feb. 9 and
10. He will remain in New England
during February. New York City and
Washington probably during March. He
will return to Chicago for a month's
engagement, probably in April. His dates
at this time (Feb. 12) are uncertain.
He would like to return to New England
for May and re-visit scenes of his boy-
hood and youth. Can make engage-
ments for that month at points not too
far distant from N. Y. or Boston. His
terms for lectures or lessons are reason-
able. Address him "care of Metaphysical
Club, 30 Huntington Ave., Boston,
Mass.

Man has no vanity, but he does like to show
how nicely his hose match his tie.

Don't laugh at a man because he is ignorant
of the simplest details of your business. May-
be he knows his own.

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

—Whittier

41

MAN'S GREATEST DISCOVERY.

Few are willing to meet scientists upon their own ground in this review of the Greatest Discovery and from the hints and half-hints of Truth they have found lead investigation to the clear light where Demonstration shows the Unity of all energy in the One Something that, is more than any name man ever coined covers. For, if we say force, this One is more than Force. If we say Intelligence, it is more than Intelligence. If we say Power, it is more. If we say Providence, it is more. If we say Truth, it is more. If we say Love, it more. Therefore there is no defining it, for it is undefinable. The word God, when all definitions are laid aside, is the best. For it means all these others mean and more. But that there is Some Source, that is not Thing, that has not place, that is not any thing we know and yet is all we know, is the basic fact of all philosophy and underlies all sciences. Into this realm we are constantly peering and from it we are constantly obtaining gleams of greater Light. But Cause in the Absolute will ever be a logical necessity, never in objective reality. Always an intellectual fact, never a demonstrated one. It will ever be a fundamental FEELING, and upon it all intellectual structures will be raised. God must be since I am. Something must be because I am. I am not cause of the Whole. I am the Cause of the Me but I cannot be the cause of that which was neither me nor Not-Me until I was to say Me and Not -Me.

What is this One Some Cause that lies behind all phenomena? It is all I am. It is ALL I can think. It is all I can feel. That is ALL it is for me. When I shall grow to think and feel more then it will be that which I feel and think. Therefore that One is only that which I am capable of sensing. That is what It is to me. And I can only think from what I sense. I measure my Universe from my consciousness. It is as large as I am conscious of.

Therefore the first that I know after I say that I am is to know that I am Life. Therefore this One, whatever else it is, must be life. But having postulated that all is Unity, Life cannot be different in essence from that which I sense.

The ordinary mental treatment cures temporarily, but not permanently; in this it is like medicine, only more certain and powerful. But as a rule it only reaches the surface and does not remove the cause of the disease, which is always in the mind, and can only be reached by education. The patient must be educated in a knowledge of what he is, and must learn the power he possesses before he is permanently and properly healed. —Helen Wilmans, in "Freedom."

If your aim and object be to build yourself up constitutionally so that you will not be liable to disorder in the future, then you need mental education; you need to learn the science of right thinking.—W. J. Colville, in English Magazine of Mysteries.

I asked a Mental Healer ten years ago what moral right she had to real another. Up to that time she had not considered the question. In six months she came to me and said, "I have given up healing for I feel that I have no right to step in between cause and effect. People hold thoughts that make themselves sick and I am called upon to cure them!" I responded: "Very well. Suppose now you begin to educate them into the science of thinking so they will heal themselves and keep well!"

"I am paid \$20 per month by many families to keep the members well," said a Healer to me eight years ago. Wicked if true, but more likely it is bosh. Cure a man of the effects of a spree and let him drink again? This is the desire of mankind to sin and escape the effects. Too much that is termed Mental Science is teaching this. It is Mental Bosh. It cannot be done. Relief may come, but if there is not education, there are repetitions of the thought and the last state of that man is worse than the first. NO!

There is no darkness but ignorance.

—Shakespeare.

42

There is no healing save by the persons themselves and they can only heal as they learn to think rightly. A change in mental attitude is the only cure. All else is merely temporising. Therefore the only cure, the only safety lies in the knowledge of Suggestion which I term "the art of thinking rightly," a course of lessons in Suggestion from a good teacher or the study of my text-books will cure and the cure will be permanent.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A DAY, by Grace M. Brown, 1412 Franklin St., Denver, Colo. \$1.00.

Here we have a book in the style of the "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," and the "Sayings of Epictetus," but they are the utterances of the present, in the spirit of the present. They are culled from the same vein of Truth from which these old worthies mined. It is intended as a treasury where every morning one may take a thought for the day. I was interested to see what I would have found had I opened it on my birthday and what I found is good for NOW. "When a man declares that he has a message for the world, you may be sure that he has a vital and wonderful word of inspiration for some one; it *may not* be for you or me, indeed it may be beyond our comprehension, but *he knows*, and the soul he has come to inspire will know the thought of his utterance. Let us at least give respectful attention, and help him to find his field of labor, where he can give his message, instead of seeing in his lack of conformity to our opinion, an absolution of our human relationship." And here are the words set down for this 27th day of January when I write this: "It is the repressed, unexpressed though-energy which acts and reacts upon the human form. One can live out untold misery in the mind which he has not the courage to mention, yet which has its sure and certain effect upon his physical condition. Had there been expression instead of repression, the misery would have been thrown out, instead of remaining to act as in a subtle way, which manifests in weakened and rebellious flesh atoms. It is possible to live through ages of experience in mind, and whether it be constructive or destructive, it all has its effect upon the sensitive intelligence of the body.

As hell is a place of negations the people who have learned to say no ought to be happy there.

—Exchange.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

Is it right to wish to be beautiful?

Certainly. "Beauty is a necessity," says Victor Hugo. Emerson says:

If the eye was made for seeing
Beauty is its own excuse for being.

But all efforts toward beauty culture, as practiced by the specialists, are worse than useless, for they center in thoughts of body, and thus rivet the impression of wrinkles, discolorations, and defects, upon the sub-conscious, and intensify those conditions. For cure of such physical conditions, affirm: I AM BEAUTY. Fix in the mind a picture of yourself so beautiful, that you forget the body and live in this mental beauty, and you will have that spiritual beauty of character that will radiate the inner light as the sun radiates its beauty and all who come into your presence will forget to notice body, dress or environments and only know YOU, and the face will out-grow deformities and become beautiful.

* * *

Has New Thought anything for a mother with two good but mischievous boys?

Certainly. Read my note on Christmas presents last month and the editorial on boys in January number. Especially do I recommend you to study Suggestion. Sometime I shall publish a book upon "The use of Suggestion in the Home." Such instruction is needed. Mothers beyond all other persons can apply this Law for universal good. But begin now by always calling your boys to their faces and in your thought, that which you wish them to be in manifestation. Never forget that they ARE boys; that they will grow up to be men. Expect boys' conduct from them. Treat them as good boys. Give them *something to do*. In this they will manifest the good boys God made them.

Let Gaul and Goths pollute the shrine,

Level the altar, fire the fane;

There is no razing the Divine;

The gods return, the gods remain.

—Selected.

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Man's Greatest Discovery

By Henry Harrison Brown; pp., 60; 3d edition; paper, 25c. Six Soul Culture Essays on THOUGHT AS POWER, Thought Transference and Telepathy. A thought-provoking book.

Dr. Alex. J. McIvor-Tyndall, who is without a doubt the greatest demonstrator of thought-reading, says: "I would like to recommend it to every person who can read. It is simple, concise, convincing. No one, perhaps, knows better than I that what you state in its pages is, as you say, 'man's greatest discovery.' There is no doubt that Thought is Force capable of accomplishing what we will."

"NOW" FOLK

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