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*W. J. H. C. C. C.*

# THE WORLD'S NEW THOUGHT JOURNAL

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APRIL, 1911

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A Year

# NOW

THOUGHT IS POWER

## A Journal of Affirmation

HENRY HARRISON BROWN,  
Editor

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



- SOUL CULTURE
- ART OF LIVING
- PSYCHOMETRY
- INSPIRATION
- SPIRITUAL HEALING
- MENTAL SCIENCE
- SUGGESTION

Published by  
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SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS

# **Santa Cruz Mountains**

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**AND VINEYARDS**

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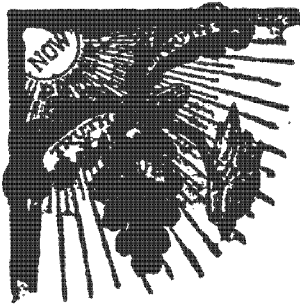
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**JOHN DUBUIS**

**SANTA CRUZ = = CALIFORNIA**

**BRANCH OFFICE, GLENWOOD, CALIF.**



From all Life's grapes I press sweet wine.

—Henry Harrison Brown

# N O W

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

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No. 4

## AFTER HEARING PARSIFAL.

O Wonder-worker in the field of Mind!  
 Creator of new continents in the Soul  
 Of Man! From Passion's chaos calling at  
 Thy word harmonious systems, planets dark  
 And blazing suns, around the center—Truth!  
 O dread Accuser! O revealer of  
 The Soul! The Grail is thine! Its mystic  
 Light  
 Reveals Man stripped and bare! Naked as  
 when  
 Divine Omnipotence centered Itself  
 And as a conscious Human Soul It said—  
 I AM!

Through years of infidelity  
 Weakness, passion, sin; through deeds of  
 darkness,  
 Deeds of pain; through wanderings oft and  
 long  
 From line Reason has set along Life's edge,  
 When stifled was the voice within, that  
 warns,  
 Commands and punishes; through all these  
 years

Magician wise and mighty, leadest thou  
 Revealing Self, the Indwelling God, supreme  
 O'er Conscious Life. Accuser! thou dost not  
 Condemn. Too wise the verdict to pro-  
 nounce!

Thy mission is to waken inward moan—  
 "Parsifal is my Self!"

O prophet Great!  
 Still greater Priest art thou of Soul re-  
 deemed!  
 Redeemed by Self alone! The spear-wound  
 is

My own! That thrust revealed within my  
 heart

The Grail! O Blessed Friend! thy music  
 gave

The pang that brought me to myself! I  
 breathed

Guileless and innocent without a sense  
 Of God within, when lo! the spear was  
 thrust

Through selfish mail and ethereal power was  
 mine!

Transformed from weakling and from slave,  
 the Mind,—

The God-creator—made Himself in me  
 A Conscious Law—a very King of kings!

'Twas then thy wondrous play of Vibrant  
 chords

Brought healing to this wounded Self. My  
 heart

Revealed its Grail! Blood-red it glows with  
 spark

Divine, and in its Light, O Prophet of  
 The New, the Reconciled! I hail thee,—

Seer  
 Of God and Good! Herald on the ramparts  
 of

The century new, announcing—"Victory!"  
 Through Music's witchery, o'er Sin and

Hell!  
 Man is redeemed! The Christ is here! The  
 Soul

Now claims its own! Nor hope, nor fear,  
 Nor prayer, nor hunger now, for Lo! 'tis  
 here,

The expected Kingdom, God's and Man's!  
 'Tis here!

Day-dawn has come! The world-wide search  
 is o'er!

The Grail was never lost! 'Twas folded safe  
 Within the petals of my heart and thou

Enchanter wise, reveals't to me, my Self!

HENRY HARRISON BROWN.

## ECONOMIC PROBLEM OF THE TWEN- TIETH CENTURY SOLVED IN PRES- ENT NEW THOUGHT MOVEMENT.

Edward Atkinson, the great statistician, told us several years ago, that there was in the world "more than enough food, more than enough clothing, more than enough material, to clothe, feed and shelter every person in civilized lands better than the average man was cared for in these particulars to-day." And the U. S. census shows that in our country, would all labor who are able to labor, they would with present machinery, working only four hours a day, produce more than is produced now. This would eliminate the useless non-productive professions, and set the idle rich and the lazy poor to work.

Under present conditions the craze of possession and for idleness is the only incentive left the masses. *Possession* is the craze. The poor desire to possess and the rich to possess more. We are

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

—Edith M. Thomas

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repeating the history of those ancient nations which achieved a prosperity like unto ours, and through this craze for material possession, through luxury and rags, through pride of rich and rage of poor, through the sensuality of both, passed off the stage, leaving only ruins as a lesson to us.

It is patent to every one, that the present ambition is possession, not for use, not because of intrinsic value to possessor, but to have because possession gives power to possess more. Social position, political power, literary fame, money and bank stock, landed property or military power, once tasted are but a stimulant to effort for more. Even talent in pulpit, on stage, in music and song—is, if not centered in salaries, measured by them. Material possession gives entrance to notoriety, and makes the owner the envy of his fellows. While the millionaires and the trusts are condemned, still those who condemn them are not any less willing to gain by the same methods if possible. Graft in some form is almost universal in business. A request for assistance is followed by the question, "How much is in it for me?" "How much can I rake off?" The muck-rake finds enough to keep itself busy in the departments of business, political and social life. Such is the condition at the beginning of the new century.

But it is a condition just as necessary in the development of the race as was the stone, iron, or any age. The "struggle for life" necessarily leads to possession. This possession against future want, this natural desire for protection, has, because of lack of higher ideals, developed into ambition for possession for the sake of power alone. When supply was scarce and nations heathen to each other, it was natural that in this struggle some should starve. The same principle now drives the poor to hunger and the child to labor.

In the evolution of the human consciousness to a knowledge of itself and its power, this condition is necessary. The race must first escape the danger

of extinction. There must be sufficient supply before it can devote itself to the arts of Peace and the development of Manhood. "*I must live!*" it says through every individual. No matter how many die, how much famine, pestilence, war and disease may come, there must be developed a race that can carry on the work of the soul on earth. In this development Nature—Law—has been very careful of the type but careless of the individual. Men may die in millions, but the Race shall live. And the struggle has continued till to-day earth is conquered. Never before in history was there such a Race. Never before was there such a tendency to Peace and Brotherhood among nations of the Race. Never before was the whole earth laid under tribute to every nation for the Race supply.

*The life of the Race is secured!* Will that condition through which it has been secured persist? Can it and the Race still exist? No! The Race has attained this, that it may attain more. The Race is unfolding! Something better is to come. It is now just beginning to unfold. Individuals like Buddha, Socrates, Jesus, Shakespeare and others have come to show what was in the Race and what is its purpose and its end. Struggle for life, scramble for possession, is merely animal expression. Fox and dog, wolf and wren, insect and worm all do this. *Man* is not animal. He is *Man—a Self-Conscious Soul*. He must first outgrow animal needs and animal expression. Then the human can manifest. The struggle for Supply developed his intellectual power. He is now an intellectual giant. Reason has become tyrant over the Soul. Even his "Religion," so-called, is but a philosophy: is not a soul expression but a belief—a creed. Next in his unfoldment he is to develop as *Man!*

No more need he be anxious for the morrow. The Race has reached Jesus' position in this. Anxiety is needless. There is enough for all. For all to use! We have here our answer to the prob-

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

—Emerson

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lem of this century. The era of production is complete. No need for push, strenuousness or anxiety now. That which has been and is produced under this unfoldment of productive power is to be *used* for the unfoldment of the Race, for the development of Manhood. The new era has in present foment begun. It is the *Era of Distribution*. The questions now before the world are ethical. It is an ethical era. It was foreshadowed and prophesied by Jesus, and has been growing under the protection of the idea of Production, till now, when the time is ripe, it is to cast its shade over the dying protector of ages. Socialism, trades-unionism and like movements are intellectual signs of its coming. But it will not, cannot, come intellectually alone. There must be an entire change of front. Civilization as it now is, is a disease. It needs cure. And no legislation, no external remedies, no mere philosophy can cure. Only that power whose expression is civilization—the Soul of Man—can cure. There must be a change of spirit. Force has ruled. Under force, possession must be. That possessed through force, maintained by force and only used through force, is finally lost through force. "He that liveth by the sword shall perish by the sword!" This civilization came in by force. It has been nourished by force. Statute law has now taken place of brute force, representing the combined force of the nation to protect its friends and to punish its enemies. Such a civilization cannot survive. We have the picture of a perfect Man. "Resist not evil! If one sue thee at the law and take thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. If one compel thee to go a mile, go with him two!" "Peace on earth among men of good will!" And this picture of a perfect civilization—this is a prophetic song. If this civilization will not change and realize this song-dream, it will pass away like Assyria and Egypt and other nations. There is a movement having positive commencement with Jesus, which has

been growing despite theology, till today is has tremendous proportions, and it is ethical. It sees that power in all forms—be it money or property, be it science, philosophy or art; political, mercantile, industrial or social power—has but one excuse for being, and that is, that it may be of *use* in developing the Consciousness of Man. The *Unfoldment of the Race* is the work of the twentieth century. The use of government is to make the individual self-governed; until he is so governed he is a slave. Things are to be so used that Man will not only govern himself, but will so govern himself that he will at all times be healthy, happy and have constant supply. This will be in harmony with the purpose of his being. Any thing hoarded and not used is a care, a disease-bringer to the owner, and is robbery of him who needs and would use it for good. The coat and cloak I do not need belong to him who does need, as much as the loaf of bread I do not need belongs to the starving at my side; and the plank I do not need on dry land belongs to him who would drown if I do not throw it to him.

And this is not because I reason it out, not because I am compelled to share, by law or public opinion, but because in *Freedom* I am one in spirit with him and *feel* to do it. He is my brother. We are *One*, and I have no possession of anything the Race has made or developed, any more than I have possession of air or sunlight in which the same *One* in the Absolute manifests as It manifests in me and my brother.

There is but one cure for human ills. Force, the animal expression, has caused them. They are necessary concomitants to that expression. The human expression is Love, and Love is the cure. In Love the law of justice rules. Ethics is the economic cure. Love is the shibboleth of the various cults of New Thought. It is finding expression more and more in philanthropic and social

*Continued on page 47*

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

—Ingersoll

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\* **AFFIRMATIONS** \*  
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**BEING**

O clap your hands, all ye people;  
Shout unto God with the voice of triumph.  
—*Psalm XLVII.*  
My heart is light and glad, for I am  
alive. O, this glad sense of Being!  
My pulses bound with gladness, and  
my soul shouts with joy.  
I go singing all the day; my heart is  
so glad. My every moment is so full  
of cheer.  
"God bless you," I think as I look upon  
every thing.  
In my joy, I glance lovingly to every  
person, I pet every child, and give love  
to every animal I meet.  
My words convey the good cheer of  
my soul, and my face shines with my  
gladness.  
O, all the world is mine in which to  
live and enjoy!  
O, all the universe is mine in which to  
be and enjoy!  
O, the stars join in my good cheer, and  
every beam is bringing me happiness!  
O, the sun shines for me; good cheer is  
every ray of its light!  
Flowers bloom with joy in every petal;  
they but reflect that in my heart, for,  
like them, my soul blooms in beauty  
and in joy.  
Orchards are laden for me, and every  
branch holds in its fruitage good cheer;  
it catches it from the happiness of my  
soul.  
The grain fields wave with harvest for  
me. O, how beautiful is the cheer of  
their undulations; it is but the response  
of my soul to the All-Good for the blessing  
of Being!  
Rivers flow for me; brooks babble in  
delight, for they, too, enjoy Being. My  
Conscious life alone appreciates their  
flow, and "God bless you!" I murmur,  
because I can say, "Cheer," and they  
can only *be* cheer.  
Ocean encircles the globe for me. In  
tide and wave, it brings me from all

lands that which adds to my happiness.  
Its melody and beauty are but the adorn-  
ments of my theatre of Being.  
O, how glad I am that I live! Glad for  
my Conscious Life.  
Clouds float for me, and in shadow  
paint my earth with beauty and my sky  
with splendor! Their drops bring forth  
the beauty of forest and field, ripen fruit  
and nodding grain for me.  
All is mine! All this wondrous life  
about me is that I may be. I am! I  
enter these treasures and enjoy them.  
My every act is one of pleasure. My  
tones are of cheerfulness; my words  
are words of praise; my thoughts are  
blessed thoughts of love.  
All is mine! I enter into this world of  
life and beauty without, and the world  
of Love and Truth within, with a deep  
sense of responsibility that I enjoy, and  
in cheerfulness express the joy I have  
in Being.  
O Father, most I thank thee that I live,  
that I am, and that all is Mine. This  
is enough for me. I am I, and I am  
that I *forever!* Amen.

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**A SINGER'S EXPERIMENT.**

Madame Emma Trentini, who gets \$1,800 a week as an opera singer, has made a practical test of her voice in competition with the unknown singers of the streets of New York. One day last week the woman with the wonderful voice, in disguise, sang in the streets for whatever compensation her hearers chose to give. And now, perhaps, she may understand something of the discouragements of the poor and unfortunate who are compelled from day to day thus to depend on charity. Her first penny earned in the experimental expedition was wrapped in a note bearing the request that she move on, as the baby couldn't sleep while she sang. In other places where she sang the returns were but little more encouraging.  
A few years ago in the same city at a brilliant social function a society belle of wealth and influence masked as a flower girl, received \$100 for a single rose. And just outside, in the driving storm, a real flower girl was vainly endeavoring to sell roses at 5 cents each.  
The two incidents are calculated to impress upon one the inequitable distribution of the blessings and comforts of life.

# Truth for Authority, No Authority for Truth.

—*Lucretia Mott.*

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## FROM AN ADDRESS

BY DAVID STARR JORDAN.

The purpose of knowledge is action. When we see or feel or hear anything, what are we going to do about it? The function of sensation is to enable the body to act safely and wisely. Hence, the brain controls the muscles. Hence, thought always tends to go into action. The sense organs are the brain's only teachers. The muscles are its only servants. But there are many orders that can be issued to these servants. There are many sensations and many thoughts, each calling for action, and these actions may be incongruous one with another. How shall the brain choose? This is the function of the will. It is the duty of the will to choose the best action and to suppress all the others. The power of attention enables us to fix the mind on the sensations or impressions of most worth, and to push the others into the background. These competing sensations are not alone those of the present; the memory pictures of all past impressions linger in the brain, and these arise, bidden or unbidden, to mingle with the others. To know the relation of these, to distinguish present impressions from memories, to distinguish recollections from realities, is the condition of sanity. This is mental health, when the machinery of the brain and nerves performs each its appointed task. Then the mind is clear, the will strong, the attention persistent, and all is well with the world.

Moderation and sense at the table are the best specifics for the preservation of the body and the repose of the mind.

—*San Francisco Examiner.*

## WHAT SUGGESTION CAN DO.

Suggestion can be most effectually applied in many cases. Vicious habits in children can be eradicated, and this would include kleptomania and other forms of moral delinquencies. *Dr. Berillon has a large clinique for such cases in Paris.* Persistent headaches are removed by suggestion, and the wretched individual, deprived nightly of his proper rest, will obtain relief from such. Nocturnal frights and tremors, dreams, so frequently found in children, are often effectually removed by suggestion. I have known in many instances a complete change taking place in the individual or in the child.

—*Dr. Forbes Winslow of London. Address before The Psycho-Therapeutical Society.*

There is rapidly coming in our day a development certain to be salutary for the race and that is government regulation of industrial.

*Andrew Carnegie.*

## COMFORT.

Say! You've struck a heap of trouble—  
Bust in business lost your wife;  
No one cares a cent about you,  
You don't care a cent for life;  
Hard luck has of hope bereft you,  
Health is failing, wish you'd die—  
Why, you've still the sunshine left you  
And the big blue sky.

Sky so blue it makes you wonder  
If it's heaven shining through;  
Earth so smiling, 'way out yonder,  
Sun so bright it dazzles you;  
Birds a-singing, flowers a-flinging  
All their fragrance on the breeze;  
Dancing shadows, green, still meadows—  
Don't you mope, you've still got these.

These, and none can take them from you;  
These; and none can weigh their worth.  
What, you're tired and broke and beaten?  
Why, you're rich—you've got the earth!  
Yes, if you're a tramp in tatters,  
While the blue sky bends above  
You've got nearly all that matters—  
You've got God, and God is love.  
—*Robert W. Service.*

I thank thee, Source of every bliss,  
For every bliss I know:  
I thank thee, thou didst train me so  
To learn thy way in this:  
That wishing good, and doing good,  
Is laboring, Lord, with thee:  
That charity is gratitude:  
And piety best understood,  
A sweet humanity.  
—*From the Dutch of Tollens.*

*Continued from page 45*

avenues. In Love the church is becoming less Christless. But all these methods are secondary to the *Great Movement* that is bringing into *realization* the God in the Soul—that is realizing an answer to the prayer, "May thy kingdom (of love) come on earth!" With this Spirit the *Era of Distribution* comes. It is the Savior promised and looked for. It comes as ever a Principle, and not a Personality. The Principle of *Love* is the power that wins. It rules the Universe as interpreted in Human Life and is—Justice—Compensation—Equity. Such is the meaning, the purpose and the end of our New Thought. As such it is worth working for, worth loving, worth living.

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

—*Bayard Taylor*

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**SUGGESTION IN THE HOUR  
OF TRIAL.**

Unhappiness in its various forms is so common that the cry is, "Man was made to mourn." If suggestion cannot banish from the individual all conditions of unhappiness it will not have a permanent place in Philosophy." Can Suggestion make me happy? is a legitimate question for any one to ask who thinks of taking up the Art. To this question I answer as positively "Yes." I answer it as the Scientist answers "Yes" when asked, "Is there a power to lessen physical labor?" He gave steam and electricity to the harness. In like manner would I advise and teach you to harness the power that controls all other power, i. e., *Thought*.

The cause of unhappiness lies in Suggestion, for the law is universal. Where the law is used ignorantly and unconsciously it harms or blesses indifferently. Where used intelligently and designedly it ever blesses.

There is but one way to learn the law and to acquire the Art, i. e., experimenting with one's self. The law is simplicity itself—I am that which I think I am. All unhappiness consists in thinking unhappy thoughts. To recognize the possibility of unhappiness is to create it. Do not think it possible for you to be unhappy, and you cannot be unhappy. Affirm—"I am happy!" This affirmation will not let in thoughts of unhappiness. Refuse to believe that trials exist. Change your thought of them and call them opportunities or lessons. Affirm: "They are opportunities showing me my power. They call that which I am into expression. Did these conditions not exist, I would simply be at a standstill in growth. Through them I grow." This thought is a Suggestion that changes one's attitude towards life and enables him to love the hardest conditions, because he recognizes that they develop in him latent possibilities.

Things are to me that which I think them to be. He will soon come to affirm and he will then refuse to think of anything as a cause for complaint, of pain, or sorrow, other than his own mind. When one will not recognize the cause he will not feel effects.

The day *is* stormy, the man *is* angry, the dollar *is* lost, the friend *is* dead, the foot *does* pain. Well, what of it? Can you by any complaint change the fact and put *not* after that IS? Try it. "Thou canst not add one cubit to thy stature," we are told, but you can say, "I am contented with it. I will make the best use of it." Thus while you have no control over these facts, you do have control over your mental attitude toward them. By practice you will learn to exercise that control; your mental attitude is at the control of your will. You can be either slave to, or master of, these conditions; can use them as a cause of happiness or of the opposite. How? By the proper Auto Suggestion, "What if it does rain—I can enjoy myself;" "What if the dollar is lost—I will be happy in earning another;" "What if the friend is dead—I will enjoy telepathic communion with him; I will draw another to whom I may express affection; I will adjust myself to those conditions which I cannot change."

Suggestions like these, born in self-respect, founded upon self-reliance, will soon remove all causes of unhappiness—open the mind to a great influence of life that means happiness.

When the Life Current flows normally there is happiness and health. Suggestions born of fear repress Life's Current. Suggestions born of faith in Good opens the mind to its fullest capacity of Life. Which shall it be in your case? Nature throws you entirely upon your own responsibility, for on you alone and not conditions nor circumstances, nor friends, depends your happiness. Unhappiness arises from your Suggestions of evil. Banish fear, suggest Good, affirm "All is good," and keep at it till you *feel* it. Then you are happy.



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

—Julia Ward Howe

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### HOW TO REACH HAPPINESS.

Not in the past is the remedy for the ills of humanity to be found. The present is unbearable. On the future alone, then, we must stake our hopes. What renders the present so intolerable is the internal conflict which tortures every human mind of the civilized world; it is the opposition between our thoughts and our actions; it is the opposition between our convictions and our outward life; it is the incessant mockery of all form by all substance. The necessity of carrying on two existences, an outward visible one and an inward one, which are at eternal variance, caricaturing and denying each other, leads to an expenditure of moral energy which is in excess of man's supply, and is followed by the pains of exhaustion.

The lack of truth in our lives makes us moral beggars. As we can give no reasonable answer to the voice within us, which asks "why?" at everything we do, owing to the nature of our thinking apparatus, we become restless and wretched, all the more so because it is impossible to impose silence upon this internal voice. The noisy dissension constantly going on between our convictions and our active hypocrisy accompanies us everywhere and robs us of rest and peace.

There is a profound human significance in the fact that the Indians conceived of happiness in the form of their Nirvana. Nirvana is absolute rest. It is the delightful relaxation of the mind which occurs when it has no longer a desire or a longing; when it is no longer conscious of anything foreign or outside of its own self which has power to attract or repel it, and thus induces the painful effort of an approaching or receding movement. It is a state of blissfulness of which civilized man, carried madly around in his eternal whirlpool of thought, can form no longer any conception. It is only attainable in two ways—by absolute ignorance, when the mind has not the organs by which it can perceive the points of attraction and repulsion existing outside of itself; or by absolute knowledge, when the mind is so extensively and highly developed that it includes everything within itself, so that nothing exists outside of it which could arouse a desire, a longing, or an anxiety in it, and thus induce to motion.

The latter condition is an unattainable ideal to man; he will hardly ever reach a point in his developments when he will be master of all truths, be able to trace the most complicated phenomena to their simple causes, and be possessed of absolute knowledge by which he will comprehend and appreciate the multitudinous phenomena of the universe as necessary, reasonable, and proceeding from one single cause.

The condition of absolute ignorance is also unattainable, as man has long since outgrown it. He is no longer ignorant. He perceives the phenomena which are taking place around him; he is seeking for truth, thirsting for knowledge, and is pressing forward feverishly, breathlessly, to a goal where he hopes to find peace.

The worst thing that man can do in this case is to oppose his onward impulse and waste his strength in resisting the powerful attraction of his natural aim of development instead of employing it to help him in his upward endeavors. Such a resistance is not only unreasonable, because objectless, but also incomparably more fatiguing and painful than submission.

That which mankind needs first of all is to make it possible for it to live according to its convictions. The old forms must go; they must make way for new ones which will satisfy the reason; the individual must be cured of his internal malady; he must become true and sincere again.

Man even then will not have attained to the complete happiness of Nirvana, the rest without effort, the content without desire; for he is debarred from this absolute happiness by his organic life. Organic life is synonymous with development. But this is the impulse to attain to a standard which the organism has not yet reached. Development is thus a striving toward that which is not yet attained—consequently a dissatisfaction with what is already attained; but dissatisfaction is incompatible with a sensation of absolute happiness. The single individual experiences this dissatisfaction the more keenly as he is a fragment of the great whole—the race—and as in his own development he is working less for himself than for this whole. The results of his efforts towards perfection do not benefit him, but his descendants; every generation toils for the next, every fragmentary, individual organism for the race; the individual can, therefore, never attain to a sensation of completion, of perfection, of having realized his own ideal, and of feeling recompensed for his efforts.

But if absolute happiness is beyond the reach of humanity, if the organic process of its development renders it impossible, the individual can at least obey his impulse of development, and feel that he is moving toward his goal—the ideal. The feeling that we are drawing near to this goal of development is a foretaste of the feeling of having attained it, and we may find in it a substitute for the absolute happiness beyond our reach.

—Dr. Max Nordeau, in "S. F. Examiner."

The influence of the psychic factor has been established in the human subject.—Winfield S. Hall, M. D., in "Nutrition and Diabetics."

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

—W. C. Henley

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### I AM FREE.

I do not care if what I am disturbs the universe,  
Of if unthinking tongues shall speak the everlasting curse;  
I do not care if what I do turns all men's heads aside,  
Or if I break convention's law and ancient thought deride.  
What are to me the ancient saws, "they say,"  
and "this you must,"  
When they are said by men of clay who soon  
will turn to dust?  
There is but One to whom I grant the meed  
of kingly worth,  
There is but One for whom my knee shall  
ever touch the earth;  
And when men say my lips have lied, I've  
sinned the deadly sin,  
My self-respecting soul bows down but to  
the Christ within.

There is for me but one fair thing in all this  
world to gain,  
Which in my heart I'm seeking for with all  
my might and main;  
One thing that shines above all else, one  
thing embracing all,  
By which my life must stand supreme, or in  
disgrace must fall.  
What if men close their inner eyes and see  
but flesh and bone?  
I know that every earthly thing before I Am  
is prone.  
And so I go within myself and listen for the  
voice  
Whose sweet approval, when I hear, makes  
all my soul rejoice.  
And so I know that I am true, and truth is  
in my song,  
When the approving Christ within speaks to  
me all day long.

—Walter Mathews, in "Unity."

The Metaphysical Club,  
Boston, Mass., Feb. 27, 1911.

Dear Mr. Brown:  
We, who have had the happiness and profit  
of your lessons, want to express to you our  
heartly appreciation and thanks for all your  
stay in Boston has meant to us.  
The clearness and simplicity, as well as the  
force and directness of your teachings have  
brought a new and deeper realization of the  
truths you have taught, and the good you  
have done us cannot be measured. We are  
sorry your stay with us is over and we hope  
you will come again. We will have a royal  
welcome waiting for you till you arrive to  
claim it.

(Signed) ANNA B. PARKER,  
ALICE W. CLEMENT,  
ALICE E. STRONG,  
CHAS. E. SMART,  
(For the Class)

President Eliot of Harvard is seeing visions. In a recent talk to Harvard graduates at the Harvard Club, New York City, he said—and you must remember that Dr. Eliot talks intimately, like a father, to Harvard boys—

We are on the brink of a vast ocean of undiscovered truth. We have just had a striking example of this in wireless telegraphy. Perhaps you think that these fifty years have been remarkable and that my successor will not have as much fun as I had. He will. The development of the natural resources of this country has only just begun. The Harvard University of the future is bound to be of more use than the Harvard University of the past.

I feel the greatest gratitude for the privilege that I have had—a privilege of sure growth. You may be sure that no man can stand in my place without experiencing personal enlargement. I have always met men and women on their best sides. Nobody appears to better advantage than when he is talking about the welfare of his children.

The American people believe in nothing so much as in education. To them it insures the perpetuity of free institutions. It is faith with them almost a religion.

We are developing in this country a new religion. I am sure that it is not too much to describe it in that way. Perhaps it is merely an old religion under a new name. It is the religion of service. And education must be used as the preparation for service—for the giving of pleasure to others. The rendering of service—that is the supreme reward.

"Dr. Phineas P. Quimby, according to all evidence, was the original in this Healing in its modern and large phase. Dr. Warren Felt Evans was its pioneer in formulating and publishing it to the world by his pen, having written six volumes setting forth the subject, three of which were published ere Mrs. Eddy's book, "Science and Health," saw the light."

The above extract is from "Practical Ideals" for January, 1911. The editor, Rev. J. W. Winkley, and his wife, were among the early students of Mrs. Eddy and knows whereof he speaks.

A gracious and charming woman was asked how it was that she was always able to put visitors at her house so completely at ease. She laughingly disclaimed any secret skill. One being pressed, she said, reflectively: "I don't know if this is the reason for it, but I always try to feel that the person who wishes to see me is the person I wish to see."

—Youth's Companion.

## Trust thyself! Every heart vibrates to that iron string.

—Emerson

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### NOTES WHILE ON THE WING FROM THE REDWOODS.

Sunday, Feb. 5, I was in Chicago. Henry Victor Morgan wrote me at Denver saying he had arranged for three meetings that day and I was to telegraph my acceptance. I did so. Arrived on Saturday. Weather fine. Warm greeting from friends. One took me to matinee to see "The Third Floor Back." It is a perfect portrayal of the influence of the principle of "Ideal Suggestion" as laid down by Henry Wood and Henry Harrison Brown. A play that, if given in every church, college and schools, from Grammar up, would revolutionize society. The law as laid down in my "How to Control Fate" (page 39) thus: "Affirm that which you desire to be, as present reality. Live as if it were already manifest, and you shall find it manifest." Is stated in my "Concentration" (page 73) thus: "Create an ideal and live that ideal; and you will become that ideal." In this play the ideal held in the mind of the new lodger changed the character of every boarder. Sunday A. M. I had a fine audience in the hall where Mr. Morgan has been successfully teaching for several months. In P. M. I gave a short address in introducing in the Opera House Dr. McIvor Tyndall, who gave one of his analytical and scientific addresses on Mental Science. At 5 P. M. a blizzard set in and my audience in eve was small, but I paved the way for my return in April. Monday P. M. a class in "Concentration" of the few that braved the weather conditions and came out.

Monday A. M. I had the rare privilege of inspecting the manufactory of the Palouse Electrical Appliance Company, established by my friend Karl Madsen, a deeply scientific New Thinker; one who realizes that metaphysics is but a continuation of the realm of physics into the Universal realm of mind. This is without doubt the most perfect manufactory of the most perfect electrical cooking apparatus in the world. "I wish

to eliminate the drudgery of the kitchen!" is Mr. Madsen's motive as he unfolded to me the progress of his inventions during the years that had intervened between his summer "Under the Redwoods" and now. He is fast accomplishing his purpose in his simple and beautiful inventions.

Wednesday, Feb. 8, found me in Boston with a day between me and my address before the Metaphysical Club. I shall, in these notes, occupy my space in telling only of my work, the progress of Truth and the psychological phenomena apparent in myself. Many other matters must be left unsaid.

And the peculiar fact is that used as I was to Boston streets 25 years ago, I get lost every time I start for any particular place and must inquire my way. This somewhat because of changes in the city, but more because of the treachery of memory that enlarges many things and shortens in reality distances that to my memory were long. And the composite pictures that arise from my familiarity with other cities. But with a smile at the revelations, I go on looking up old landmarks and renewing the feelings of boyhood, as I stand upon historic ground.

Thursday, Feb. 9, 8 P. M., I had a fine audience as I talked upon "Thought as Power." Judging from expressions of my auditors, I highly pleased them, as I intended to do. One cannot afford to cross a continent without feeling that he has something worth carrying. I so felt, and the friends tell me that I was not mistaken. Thanks, not to me, but to Truth and Love which I am.

Friday, 3 P. M., Feb. 10, I gave an address upon "The Now Philosophy" and by request gave an account of the "NOW" Folk work and their Mountain Home. The assurance was given me by many that they would surely visit us, if not before, then during the Fair. Many are looking forward to 1915, with eagerness.

I have had here two Courses of Lessons—5 each—well attended and the appre-

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

—Archie L. Black.

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ciation has been very gratifying to me. I am sure Boston will have a warm welcome for me whenever it shall be by leading of the Spirit, that I return.

Sunday P. M., Feb. 12, I addressed the New Thought Center at Worcester. A good old conservative city in the center of the state. I first saw this city when I was 7 years old, going there with my father and brothers to attend a "Cattle Show." But Thought has materialized many changes. Still through subsequent visits I have kept memory alive and recognize many old landmarks.

I spoke upon "The Power of Mental Imagery!" to a fine audience who were intensely interested and asked many questions after my address. I was earnestly invited to return. But time is too limited.

Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 18 and 19, I visited friends in Providenc, R. I. Dr. Parker, President of the Club, and myself were unable to find any one who would arrange for meetings here. I was, however, glad to pass the time with relatives. This was first the city of my youth where I made any acquaintance with city life. Here many relatives dwelt: few are left. I came east with the desire to pick as many memory blossoms as possible: to pull up as many memories as possible that I might hereafter have no desire on Memory's account to return.

I really came to New England with the anticipation that all my old love would return. I have been surprised that it has not. Every thing and every day makes me more content with my California Home, and I really cannot awaken a desire to remain here. Life means more to me in my "NOW" Folk Home, than I can possibly dream it to be here where I would in reality have a much increased clientel and probably an increased income. But there is something worth living for that dollars and fame cannot give. So with all my old love for this, my home from childhood until maturity, I draw a larger circle and include this all in my present. NOW in-

cludes all my past. NOW Love includes all past loves. And I have gained in this visit an inspiration for my work and have become more cosmopolitan in my thought because I find friends as warm on the Atlantic as on the Pacific coast.

I have visited the church where Channing preached and sat in his pulpit and renewed my vow to be as true to my perception of Truth as he was to his.

I renewed my patriotic vow in the old church where the lanterns were hung for Paul Revere when he took his ride. Looked upon Bunker Hill Monument, and heard again in memory my grandmother tell of the anxiety at home when her father was there. And "That stun spike driv through Bunker Hill," as Lowel puts it, has driven deeper that promise of faithfulness to Right that I inherit from that old Puritan stock.

Sunday, Feb. 26, the hall of the New Thought Society at Lynn was crowded and I was at my best, for Lynn beach was the first place where I saw the Atlantic Ocean, and I had that forenoon been upon the beach and given Atlantic Neptune the greetings I brought from his Pacific brother. I stood on "High Rock," valuable for its Revolutionary memories, but more so to me as the spot where Andrew Jackson Davis had his vision of the "Spiritual Four" and received from them his "Magic Staff," which he always carried and which is in reality the basic Affirmation of New Thought. This is his version: "Under all conditions keep an even mind!" It is the gift of the Spirit as it was given through Jesus—"My Peace I give unto you!" Whoever will walk with that staff will know health, happiness and prosperity.

I have been warmly received in Boston by Rev. J. W. Winkley, editor of "Practical Ideas." He puts out a magazine too scholarly and of too high a character to be popular, but one well worth the attention of all New Thought and progressive people. Dr. Rodman, President of the Club, and Mr. Douglas, V. Pres.,

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

—Irving Bachelor

53

have been very friendly and assisted me to extent of their time. Every healer and teacher whom I have met have been full of kindly feeling. To many of them I am deeply indebted for endeavors in my behalf.

Boston, in this Club, I find, has the best Center that I have found anywhere. It is a clearing house for all they have found to be worthy workers. Such centers I hope yet to know is formed in every city. I find no personal axes ground by the Club. It seems as impartial to worth as it is possible in this present development of Truth. The Club is most fortunate in its Secretary, Dr. Anna B. Parker. She is a host in herself and untiring in her labors. Executively, she possesses a rare business talent and an insight that protects her from imitation. She stands upon the granite of her native New England and lets her light shine upon all lines of Metaphysical work, lending a hand to all and fearing no criticism. She is not turned aside by praise.

Such a Center with such a Secretary will make Success wherever established. Send to Dr. Parker whoever you are that wish to begin work in any city, for advice. That you FEEL a desire this way is proof that you can succeed. Such a center should be in every city of 10,000 and such can be maintained.

Having Sunday eve, Feb. 26th, at my disposal, I went to a Spiritualist meeting in Jordan Hall Conservatory of Music. This society is called "Unity Church." A name that the Unitarians have heretofore monopolized. The hall is really magnificent, has an exceedingly fine organ and excellent acoustic qualities. This eve Rabbi Fleischer lectured upon "Spirit." He is an adept in analysis as to what we don't know. Metaphysically hairsplitting and after half an hour of platitudes of negation ne closed with a statement that has always been the base of NOW Philosophy. But he did not base it upon knowledge of Spirit, for he never told us he believed in spirit—but upon the fact that all we

did know, was that we came from eternity and went to eternity and were in eternity now; were an expression of eternity.

He said that personal immortality was too small a condition for him ever to desire it. Really this in an incomprehensible mental attitude for me.

What can be more than personal immortality, I have not the least conception. The report of his address in the *Boston Journal* says: "He advocated a thorough, rational and scientific investigation of psychic phenomena. In closing, he said, I am disclined to believe in what is commonly called immortality. I believe there is more in enternity than we think. We are living in eternity now and always and it needs not death to translate us. As we are living in eternity it behooves us to live on the eternal plane."

I was pleased to see that Spiritualism has that place in Boston of respect to which it is by its phenomena and its philosophy worthy, and which it will have in every city whenever a body of them will gather and stand for clean lives and truthful phenomena, and will weed out from its ranks the frauds, follies and pretense that places it now without the pale of society in my own San Francisco. It was in endeavoring to do this my dear friend Harrison Barrett gave his life. But when to the fact of continued personal immortality and the demonstrations Spiritualism affords, we add the fact "*I am immortal now and can consciously live that life here and now,*" as we have in New Thought, Christianity and Spiritualism are made real and practical in daily living.

Wednesday, March 1st, I gave an address before the Metaphysical Club and their friends upon "Economy is the road to the poor-house!" I was never greeted with a more appreciative audience and never had more hearty greetings than at its close. That was my last address in Boston for the time but I could not leave them until I promised, IF condi-

Continued on page 55

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

—Whittier

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589 HAIGHT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

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# NOW

HENRY HARRISON BROWN, Editor

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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, of San Francisco, Editor of NOW, Author of "Concentration, The Road to Success," is in Denver, the guest of the Editor of this paper. Mr. Brown is on his way east to deliver lectures and lessons. During his stay in Denver he lectured at the Divine Science Church and gave a short course of lessons to the hungry ones. His philosophy is typical of Henry himself and Henry is a living exponent of his own philosophy.

—The Balance.

\* \* \*

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## MONTHLY BULLETIN OF BOSTON METAPHYSICAL CLUB FOR MARCH 1911.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT — HENRY HARRISON BROWN, of San Francisco, Calif., Author, Poet, Lecturer. Head of "NOW FOLK MOUNTAIN HOME," Glenwood, Calif. Special Farewell Lecture, "The Dollar Problem," "Economy The Road to the Poor House." Metaphysical Hall, Wednesday, March 1, 3 P. M. Admission 50 Cts. Mr. Brown's classes during his stay in Boston have been large and enthusiastic. It is at their request that this last opportunity is given the public to hear him.

The Editor of NOW will be in Washington, D. C., Chicago and possibly in Milwaukee and Detroit in April. Is invited back to Boston in May. Possibly may pass June in N. Y. Any letter sent to this—Glenwood—office will be forwarded at once. He can make engagements in the vicinity of each of these cities.

Denver, Colo., Feb. 22, 1911.

HENRY HARRISON BROWN,  
Boston, Mass.

In behalf of the Second Divine Church of Denver, the board of trustees wishes to thank you for your most helpful and blessed words at our first Jubilee service.

Yours with blessings,

MRS. L. C. HUNTER,

Assistant Secretary.

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

—Whittier

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**ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.**

Here are three letters asking virtually the same question:

It is right to wish for happiness along any and every possible line. INFINITE SUPPLY is yours. Take whatever you choose. But never think it is necessary for your happiness to marry. To marry with this thought will bring pain. Nothing external can give happiness. Happiness is a mental condition. And one who is not happy when single will not be happy when married. To marry to be made happy will result in failure. But to give happiness—this is heaven. Marry to give happiness. To find happiness in the happiness conferred. This will make a real marriage. And there is no reason why such a person should not be married whenever he or she chooses. Marry never from necessity. A MUST will kill love. Love leads to choice. Longfellow says: Like Dian's kiss love comes unsought!

It gives itself; it is not bought. To my lady friends I say—Men and marriageable men are plenty. They are hungry for companions. To my male friends I say the same. Why not come together? But to make another feel that you are reaching out for him or her, to feel a selfish clutching, is to repel one. To make another feel that you are happy in their company; to feel that another person is making you in forgetfulness of self, happy, is to want to be with that person and where this feeling is awakened Love soon comes. But the selfish wish to be made happy results in elopement and in divorces. I wish to make him (or her) happy, should lie at the base of every marriage. I AM HAPPY AND I WILL MAKE HIM HAPPY! Be friendly and social with the opposite sex. Never try to act a part. Be natural. Love prompts the desire to make others happy; prompts to right action. Trust your motives. Trust yourself.

Women who would marry if the right man proposes should always seek to

make men, in their society, forget their loneliness, their cares, their troubles, and to find relief, rest and happiness in their society. Men will seek such. Yes, New Thought has much for all unmarried persons. I advise all such to read "The Transfiguration of Miss Philuria." It is a 75c book, published by Funk & Wagnalls. And when read, cultivate Miss Philuria's faith. He (or SHE) is. Tell him you are ready and waiting; that all is prepared, and then patiently let him come. Do not expect to see him in every male caller. Forget that you have called him. Forget that you have made ready for him. "Like a thief in the night" does he come. Unexpected and in unexpected ways. Anticipation delays. Attend to daily duties in happiness and LET him come. Be beautiful in mind, body and surroundings for him.

And at all times be natural. Affectation kills more love than a late frost kills flowers. Feel young. Be young in mind and spirit. Act as you feel. TRUTH and LOVE are the only eternal Principles that win. In truth act in Love and you will never be one to those vile things society creates, an artificial lover, and soon for you will ring the wedding bells.

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*Continued from page 53*

tions are as I think best, I will return for a course of Lessons in May. The Atlantic breezes now waft my bark cheerfully westward.

Thursday I leave for Springfield and remain over the 5th. Then to Hartford, a visit to friends in Stratford, then to New York. From there I expect to go to Washington and to Chicago for April, if present plans are carried out. Am invited to Milwaukee and Detroit and back to New York. Where I shall light to rest my wings, I cannot always tell, but the next rest is in Springfield. There with old friends I fold them for five days.

## There is no darkness but ignorance.

—Shakespeare.

56

### THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR.

(The author, a Harvard Junior, by this poem won the Floyd McKim Garrison memorial prize of \$100.)

With a thunder-driven heart  
And the shimmer of new wings,  
I, a worm that was, upstart;  
King of kings!

I have heard the singing stars,  
I have watched the sunset die,  
As I burst the lucent bars  
Of the sky.

Lo, the argosies of Spain,  
As they plowed the naked brine,  
Found no heaven-girded Main  
Like to mine.

Soaring from the clinging sod,  
First and foremost of my race,  
I have met the hosts of God  
Face to face.

Met the tempest and the gale  
Where the white moon-riven cloud  
Wrapt the splendor of my sail  
In a shroud.

Where the ghost of winter fled  
Swift I followed with the snow,  
Like a silver arrow sped  
From a bow.

I have trailed the summer south  
Like a flash of burnished gold,  
When she fled the hungry mouth  
Of the cold.

I have dogged the ranging sun  
Till the world became a scroll;  
All the oceans, one by one,  
Were my goal.

Other winged men may come,  
Pierce the heavens, chart the sky,  
Sound an echo to my drum  
Ere they die.

I alone have seen the earth,  
Age-old fetters swept aside,  
In the glory of new birth—  
Deified!

—Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer,  
in "Outlook."

Let us have Faith that right makes might, and  
in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our  
duty as we understand it.—Abraham Lincoln.

The last two copies of NOW seem written  
on purpose for me, as they answered so many  
unmasked questions.

Mrs. M. ———, Oakland.

THE TRUTH-SEEKER, Perth, Western  
Australia, has been received on exchange. I  
welcome this from the far away. It shows  
that Truth is well advanced in that Conti-  
nent. The magazine is well gotten out and  
is filled with good. That its editor knows  
a good thing is manifest by quoting part of  
one of NOW "Business lessons." There is a  
deep spiritual insight in the Biblical interpreta-  
tions. But as I notice in another article, this  
interpretation does not interest me. I some-  
times feel that it is really too bad to spoil  
good paper this way or inject good modern  
thought into that old bottle. But since people  
are still wedded to authority and to old things  
they will be supplied. I like Dr. Holland's  
sentiment:

There's nothing so good as the new,  
Nothing so poor as the old.  
Than evening's river of gold,  
Better a thousand fold.

We may love the old as we do,  
Better the morning's river of dew  
We may cherish, protect it and bless;  
But our kisses we give to the new  
For the new alone will confess  
And return the dear caress.

But this is a clean and progressive magazine  
and well worth 6s. a year.

### ALL IMAGINATION.

Imagination is creation. The reader will  
please pause here long enough to grasp the  
thought firmly and thoroughly. Got it fixed?  
All right. Then it is easy to glide along to  
the next proposition, that imagination is some-  
thing tangible and real, something that will  
bring results. Did the Great First Cause  
imagine a universe? Why not? It came into  
being, and is here. When, as Spiritualists, we  
are told it is all imagination, we are on  
the right road. Why may we not slur Ma-  
terialism as well as the materialist be allowed  
to slur the imagination of spiritual insight?  
The better is the medium course here as well  
as in other conditions of life. When the ma-  
terial and the spiritual go hand in hand, then  
we have the time when "the lion and the  
lamb shall lie down together"—no, not lie  
down, but be up and doing in the way of ac-  
complishing something real.—Progressive  
Thinker.

He speaks not well who doth his time de-  
plore,

Naming it new and little and obscure,  
Ignoble and unfit for lofty deeds.

All times were modern in the time of them,  
And this no time than others. Do thy part  
Here in the living day, as did the great  
Who made old days immortal.

—R. W. Gilder.



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