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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.



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- PSYCHOMETRY
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RANCHES = ORCHARDS
AND VINEYARDS

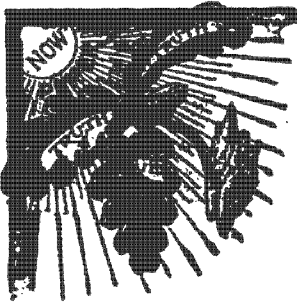
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From all Life's grapes I press sweet wine.

—Henry Harrison Brown

NOW

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

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No. 5

A SIGH FOR THE REDWOODS.

The city's jar is in my ear;
Its grime fills all my atmosphere;
Its bustle drowns the Inner Voice;
Its gain makes Selfishness rejoice.

Men pass each other as leaves rush by
When through the groves the tempests fly;
Lost in the crowd, like drops in sea,
Absorbed in business, they must flee
Man's highest, riches, noblest goal:—
The recognition of the Soul!

O Redwood Groves where Man may know,
May hear and find himself; I go
A wanderer from your peaceful abode,
To this dull *thing*, that Man has made,
Where 'mid the crowd I walk alone,
Save as I drift into the One.

I realize that the March of God
To find Himself, as from the clod,
He by Evolution comes, 'tis meet
He treads for gold this crowded street.
As jackal ravens, so must He,
Till He as Man, from brute is free!
I know full well He will abort
This later shell, that Greed has wrought:
As He left long ago the clam
He'll leave this rush, Himself be Man.

Myself I free! I live as Soul!
I'll know no limit! I'm the Whole!
Then why be pent where Gold is King?
No! Nevermore! Where wood birds sing,
Where breezes with light fingers sway,
And mists with redwood branches play.
I go! I'm Through! From noise of street
In aeroplane as lightening fleet
I come to you my Redwood Grove!
"Good-bye, proud world!" In Peace I rove,
Where never noise of hurrying feet
Disturbs the Soul, With God I meet.

HENRY HARRISON BROWN.

Chicago, April 11, 1911.

No lover ever went his separate way,
Still loving though he yielded up the quest,
But hath the music in his soul to play
New melodies to the returning guest.

And love will promise to return again,
To those who look not sorrow in the eyes,
But draw sweet ecstasy from out the pain
Of broken thoughts and tears and wasted sighs.

—Alfred Turner.

I DON'T KNOW!

Very often the answer is made when one is asked an opinion, "I don't know!" Why don't you? Understand, if it is a point upon which you have a right to have an opinion, why have you not enjoyed that right? There is but one road to knowledge; that is by knowing. Only that which I know is of benefit. I opine that the whole purpose of the human in the scale of Universal Evolution is that as Man he may *know*. Since never a question but the ability exists in the questioner to answer it, why do you not know?

All possible knowledge is in the Universal Mind and each person is that Mind in objective expression, therefore each person is, in the subjective, all possible knowledge. Why does not each one know, that he knows? Emerson tells us that each person is an inlet to the Universal Mind, and to *all* that Mind; why then should any one want knowledge at any time?

This question when answered defines the difference between the old thought and the New; between the old way and the New way of education.

Assuming that knowledge is only that which comes by experience, and can be imparted from one person to another, all past systems of religion and education have been based upon the principle of telling what one person has discovered to another. This gave rise to books and teachers. But whence did these who had something to impart, obtain their knowledge? What special opportunity had they that others had not? From this habit arose the "Tyranny of Authority," upon which all governments and institutions and theologies rest. But "Who made you a ruler over me?" is

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

—Edith M. Thomas

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the question of the twentieth century in every field of human thought.

As fast as this tyranny is outgrown, and the objective side of the human mind is free to receive truth, man unfolds. The wondrous progress of the last century was due to the liberty that man has won in exercising his right to think.

Here is the key. *Knowledge comes by thinking.* There is a vast difference between information and knowledge. The schools and libraries are used as the means of conveying information. This is a deadening process. It kills out the power of obtaining knowledge. It is a surrender of the privilege of being Man. Information is what some one has thought, and is accepted as truth without thinking. Until I have by a process of thinking, or by a flash of intuition, SEEN it to be Truth, it is merely information. Any use of it is the use of the jackdaw of the peacock feathers. Knowledge cannot be conveyed. It must be a personal perception of Universal Existence. Something is. My perception of that which is, is Truth. Emerson says—"We know truth as we know light!" No argument, no explanation, no reason, is needed for Truth. These are needed when information is conveyed.

Thus our schools and libraries are places of information, not of knowledge. And as long as they remain such, there is little progress for the individual and the race. When they shall be used as incentives to knowledge, used as inspirers, then they will fill their place, and help along the evolution of the One Mind in its expression as Human Consciousness. We have no right to tell any one anything. We could not if we would. At best we can only be inspirers. Too often we are paralyzers. Well, does Walt Whitman say—"Wisdom cannot be passed from one having it to another not having it. Wisdom is of the soul, and is not susceptible of proof, is its own proof." Books, teachers, language and external things are but tools for the expression of that wisdom which I am. I am to use them as tools—as means.

Friends draw me out into expression, as do all the varied experiences of life.

I AM WISDOM! Why do I not know the answer to any question? I, the Absolute, I the Ego, *do* know. But why does not this conscious expression that is termed the Personal I, know? Only one of two reasons for ignorance—I do not know the fact that I am wisdom; or there is mental laziness, a lack of faith in self. Do I know that latent wisdom is, that I am it, and then I do not know whatever I wish to know the cause is I lack the *will* to know. If I have not awakened to the fact that I am wisdom, then I am like the bulb in winter and need the inspiration of the Light. To every one that possesses this consciousness of Wisdom is the command "Let your light shine!" for in this Light the souls that need find inspiration. There are many thousands of questions that the world is troubled over that have no interest for the really intelligent person. For these he seeks no answer. To these he will not reply "I do not know!" but will say "I have no interest in the question!" and leave it there. But no person has a right, as a Man, to say he does not know, when any question of interest arises. If the answer has not already flashed from within, outward into consciousness, he should seek and find. Here is the place of Concentration of entering the Silence. Close the door of the external senses for a moment and let the Wisdom which is flash its answer. This habit once cultivated, it will never fail to give the right answer at the right time. The Affirmation for this is—*I shall know at the right time whatever I need to know.* Whenever a question arises affirm—*I know, and shall soon know that I know.* In my class in Arkansas City, Kansas, fifteen years ago, as the class, by my directions, went into the Silence, to bring therefrom the thought they most needed, I also listened and brought from the soul-side what grows daily into a more important statement of Truth—"This only is unpardonable sin, to look without, when you should look within."

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

—Emerson

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AN INSTANCE OF TELEPATHY.

In his article in the March *Atlantic* entitled "My first summer in the Sierra," John Muir relates this striking instance of telepathy.

He was sketching all day on the North Dome until four or five o'clock in the afternoon, he was busily thinking only of the glories of the Yosemite landscape. He says—"I was suddenly and without warning possessed with the notion that my friend Prof. J. D. Butler, of the State University of Wisconsin, was below me in the valley, and I jumped up full of the idea of meeting him, with almost as much startling excitement as if he had suddenly touched me to make me look up. Leaving my work without the slightest deliberation I ran down the western slope of the Dome along the brink of the valley wall, looking for a way to the bottom."

He did not find his friend that night, but the next morning he found him at the hotel; he says—"Had a wonderful day. Found Professor Butler as the compass finds the pole. So last evening telepathy, transcendental revelation, or whatever else it may be called was true, for strange to say, he had just entered the valley by way of the Coulterville Trail, and was coming up the valley past El Capitan when his presence struck me. Had he then looked toward the North Dome with a good glass when it first came in sight he might have seen me jump up from my work and run toward him. This is the one well defined marvel of my life of the kind called supernatural."

He tells us that though the Professor had said that he hoped some time during the summer to meet him in California, "but in as much as he had named no meeting place and gave no directions as to the course he would probably follow and as I would be in the wilderness all summer, I had not the slightest hope of seeing him, and all thought of the matter had vanished from my mind until this afternoon when he seemed to be

wafted, bodily, almost against my face." With Professor Butler was General Alvord. "When I was introduced he seemed yet more astonished than the Professor at my descent from cloudland and my going straight to my friend without knowing in any ordinary way that he was even in California." At dinner the General introduced Mr. Muir to the dozen guests and said, "This man you know came down out of these huge tractless mountains, you know, to find his friend Professor Butler here, the very day he arrived. And how did he know he was here? He just felt him he says. This is the queerest case of Scotch farsightedness I ever heard of."

THE GOOD.

When mothers cease to love their young,
then I

Will cast my faith in good far in the sea;
When all the seas of earth shall have gone
dry,

Then will my faith in God be naught to me.
From out the heart of fountains welling high
Flow streams of good to heal the broken
heart;

Unto weak hands that feel if God is nigh,
A touch is given that will strength impart.

There's naught but good around, above,
within,

Wher'er we look this goodness still we find,
In hovel, palace, or in place of sin—

Among the strong, the weak, the halt, the
blind:—

The good enshrines each joy, each hope, each
woe,

Gilds every height, illumines each depth below.

SAM EXTON FOULDS.

There is probably no better guarantee for an old age of efficiency than a genuine love of one's vocation. This is the only receipt that turns work into play, and robs it, strenuous though it may be, of its canker and sting of anxiety and hurry with resulting strain, brain-fag and possible neurasthenia, and premature decline.

G. Stanley Hall, *Pres. Clark University, in Youth's Companion.*

We must accept things as they really are and not as we imagine them.—*Virchow.*
"Nature and Experience" are the watchwords of the age.—*Buchner.*

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

—Ingersoll

* **AFFIRMATIONS** *

HARVESTING.

Whatsoever ye sow, ye shall reap.
—Paul.

I have been sowing through all the happy past.
I have sown seeds of Truth and Love along my pathways.
I have sown seeds of Truth and Love in all the fields and highways of my life.
I have sown Truth and Love in the human hearts that have been my companions.
Everywhere seeds have borne me generous harvests.
Day by day, I have reaped the fruits of my sowing and rejoiced in the gathering.
Day by day, the fruits of the spirit are to gather and they are sweet to my lips.
Day by day have I gathered and still gather, from the wind-sown seeds of my thought, rich sheaves of thankfulness and peace.
Day by day have I reaped and am still reaping, from the cultured fields where I have sown, seeds of selected wheat, the sheaves of affection and rest.
The spring seed-time and the autumn harvests are mine and, all through the summer's growing, I have rejoiced in the beauty of fields and promises of the crop.
Plentiful have been the crops and satisfying, because I winnowed my seed and weeded the growing plants.
Only seeds that the wisdom of the ages of my own experiences taught me are good, have I sown, and my fields have ever bent with the harvest.
I have sown in sun and rain, wind and calm, and even the winter snows have received seeds fitted to be nourished by the crystals white and every season has given me bounteously.
I find a continual harvest; my garnerers are at all times full; from them the poor

are fed; from their proceeds, they are housed and clothed.
From the results of the sowing and reaping, I am more. Day by day the possibilities of the Soul soil give me richer and richer promise.
The Eden of the Spirit is mine, for there every herb grows for the service of man; nor weed nor thorn enters. All is Good, as, when on Creation's morn, the I AM so declared it.
With full wains, daily I come rejoicing, bringing home my sheaves. They are the reward of the Infinite Giver for the loving labor and the careful tillage of even wind-sown seeds.
Welcome are the morning airs, the noon-day sun, the evening dews and the night winds, for they all have nourished the young plants till, with bending heads, they have invited me to the "Harvest Home."
With songs of rejoicing, I bring the garnered sheaves to the threshing-floor; I separate grain from chaff and carry it to the graneries of Life with the Soul's "Well done!" as my Te Deum.
I sow! I reap! . . . I rejoice! I give that I may sow again! Thus Life finds expression and I find heaven. Amen! So let it be forever.

**AFRICAN NATIVES DISCOUNT
WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.**

The wonderful faculty which natives in the continent of Africa, especially those in South Africa, have for the transmission of news is one of the great problems of the day, says *Light*. Time after time during the recent campaigning has the fact been proved that news of battles and engagements has been transmitted many miles without any visible means of any articulate sounds. The general facts of many an engagement in the Cape, Orange River, and even Transvaal colonies were known at Cape Town through the natives, long before the official news had come over the wires; and the Basutos on more than one occasion were able to inform the English residents of events which had happened over the border many miles distant within a few minutes of the actual occurrences. One of the most marvellous examples of this power of transmission is, perhaps, that of the spread of the news of the British defeats in Natal among the native populations in the Nile valley, which created a situation of unrest in

Truth for Authority, No Authority for Truth.

—*Lucretia Mott.*

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the latter days of 1899, and which looked at one time very like the herald of a general rising among the natives. It is even said that reports of the defeat of English arms were in circulation in Khartoum, through the natives, before the official announcements had gone through. Whether that be so or not, it is quite certain that, despite the most elaborate precautions taken with the object of preventing the circulation of the evil tidings, the general facts were known among the natives, and had a certain effect in exciting them. People at home are, perhaps, inclined to scoff at the suggestion of a power unknown to civilization, and exceeding in its wonderful results the Marconi invention, just as they "poo-hoo" the almost miraculous power of the Kaffir "doctors," but those who are acquainted with the country and the natives affirm the absolute truth of the statements which in this country appear so impossible.—*Exchange.*

UNCLE JOE'S SPEECH.

"This is the most comfortable chair, Uncle Joe. Won't you take it?" Uncle Joe looked at his nephew with a suspicion of a glare. He was a cheerful, bluff old gentleman, who was making a visit in his nephew's family, and had just come in from a brisk walk in the country. Now he strode to the fireplace and stood in front of it, warming his coat tails. His niece was busy with some fancy-work near the window, and his nephew had just laid aside the afternoon paper.

"Do sit down in the most comfortable chair," urged the young woman with the fancy-work. "I prefer to stand up," said Uncle Joe. "Any objection?"

"Why, no," said his nephew. "Of course if you wish to stand up—"

"Your intentions," said Uncle Joe, "are good, but with your permission, I'm going to make a speech. There is such a thing as having too good intentions."

"What do you mean, Uncle?" asked the voice from the window. "I'm sure we want you to be perfectly comfortable."

"So I am," said the old gentleman, "but you forget that I am old enough, and not yet too old, I hope, to judge for myself."

"When I want to sit down I know enough to sit down, and as a matter of fact, I consider some of the other chairs quite as comfortable as the one you are always compelling me to sit down in."

"When I am at dinner I know when I have had enough to eat, and I don't like to be told that I have a poor appetite if I don't eat twice as much as anybody else."

"When I go out to walk I am still capable of deciding whether or not to wear rubbers. And when I stay in the house, it's my own fault if I sit in a draft."

"I like this place, and I should like to prolong this visit several days longer. That's my speech," finished the old gentleman.

There was a moment's silence.

"And a mighty good speech, too," said the younger man, suddenly. "I hadn't thought of it that way before, but chasing people to make them comfortable is a rather oppressive kind of hospitality. Sit down in any old chair you like, Uncle Joseph, and I guess hereafter Maud and I will be able to restrain our impulse to pick it for you."

"I shouldn't have mentioned it," said Uncle Joe, with a twinkle, "if I hadn't been sure that such sensible young people would agree with me."

—*Youths' Companion.*

OF COURSE!

Men are not made temperate by law. Protection does not protect. Prohibition does not prohibit. Laws, limitations, only repress. Repression is the mother of all evil conditions.

These items from the press verifies our Metaphysics. Dr. Calbot is as good authority as can be found, and there is wisdom in the words of Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer, author, lecturer and anti-suffragist, in a lecture under the auspices of the National League for the Civic Education of Women, which I cut from the report of her lecture:

BOSTON, April 8.—"A no-license town means a drug habit town," declared Dr. Richard C. Calbot of the Massachusetts General Hospital. "When you shut off the supply of alcohol you will find the people begin the use of cocaine and morphine. There is no doubt that this increases the criminal classes."

"But, I personally do not believe that reforms will be inaugurated through legislation in any case. I think when we women believe this we are taking hold of the wrong end of the stick. A woman said to me recently: 'What is the good of bringing up my son properly while there is a saloon on every corner to tempt him? I want to vote so that I may have the saloons abolished and then I can bring up my son in his own home, knowing that when he leaves it all my work will not be undone.' And I replied to this woman by saying: 'Madam, I wish to bring up my son so that even were there a saloon in the same house with him it would not be a temptation to him.' And there is the real point from which we must work. Let us preserve our health, vitality and purity so that we may hand them down to our children. Surely, if we do this we will have performed our duty as women and given them a more desirable heritage than equal suffrage can bring them."

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

—Bayard Taylor

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ATTAINMENT.

I am content; no more I dream
Of ships that sail on distant sea;
No more I wait with longing heart
For what is mine to come to me.

Too long I in the future lived
And dreamed of things that were to be;
Untasted left the present good
But said, "Mine own will come to me."

Unveiled at last mine holden eyes,
I saw the present glory shine,
And knew the universe was filled
With good that was already mine.

Since that glad hour I sail serene
On what before was troubled sea,
And bless each wind how'er it blows
Since it but brings my own to me.

And is this faith? I do not know,—
I know it smooths life's troubled way
And brings all things for which I sighed
Within the kingdom of To-Day.

—From "Songs of Victory" by Henry
Victor Morgan.

WHY I CAN.

The first affirmation for health of mind, body or business is: I Can! Before *doing* there must be a consciousness of Power *to do*. This consciousness finds expression in the words:—"I Can!" This affirmation must arise from some reasonable conclusion, and from some knowledge gained by experience. My reason must be based upon some premise, and here lies the error of the masses. Instead of looking within for cause, they hold circumstances of birth, environment, heredity, shape of head, the conduct of others, the influence of the stars, the Karma of previous lives, hypnotic power from without, the influence of evil and secret thoughts of associates, as causes, and the consequence is that they excuse their non-doing by these scapegoats of ignorance, indolence and fear and thus excusing themselves, never get beyond their errors. As a boy I was taught—"What man has done I can do." "Because I am man, I can," is one good answer to the question "Why Can I?"

But, if each individual of the race did only what man has done, there would have been no progress from cave and hollow-tree, stone and club. That the race has progressed, teaches me that I can do what man has never done. A better answer is—"I can, because Man, as a rule, is progressive." But, these answers have their limitations. To the modern metaphysician one must look for the answer that opens the Sources of Power.

The Universe is Power. It is One and it manifests itself as One. From slightest manifestation in breeze or in sand-grain, to tornado and earthquake; from humming-bird to seraphim; the whole of Omnipotence is present. God is in it with all his faculties. In every event the whole universe is present. In each individual resides God with all his potentialities. God is as much in the aphid on my vegetables as he is in me. But there is one distinction that will keep each generation of aphid repeating the experiences of the earliest one of millions of years ago. It does not know it is aphid. It is not self-conscious, I am self-conscious. I am Power, conscious of itself. "Because I know, I can." This answer includes infinite possibilities. The potentialities of the whole universe are in me.

As God slumbered in chaos with the possibilities of this world; as in this world slumbered the possibilities of man; so in me slumber the possibilities of the worlds to come.

"I am the encloser of things to be," says Whitman.

As a conscious son of God, all that God did or can do, I can do when I awaken to, and stir the possibilities in me.

As soon as I locate power in myself, I hold myself as cause. When I do this, I have no need of scape-goats, and shall do that which I desire to do. As long as I hold anything external to my consciousness responsible, I shall not do; but I shall be content to accuse conditions. As long as I allow education, public opinion and doctors, to keep me

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

—Julia Ward Howe

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in belief that something exterior to myself causes disease, I cannot be healed; but as soon as I located cause in myself, hold myself as cause, the healing process begins, and will continue until the last limitation to me as Power, has passed away, and I know through demonstration, that "the Father hath given me dominion over all things."

But, a hint! Drop, Oh! my readers, the word "have" in any connection with yourself, and Am. It is Being not possession. "I have Power" is weakness. That which I have, I may lose. "I am Power," is life, and I cannot lose myself. If I have a soul, I may lose it. I am soul. I am life. I am health. I am success. With the thought, "I am Power," will always come the answer—"I can!" Why? Because I am Power, limitless, omnipotent Power. I am limited only by my ignorance of myself and by my lack of Will to execute what I desire. I can: but will I? When I decide and say "I will!" the thing is done.

The value of a man does not depend upon the truth he possesses, or believes, but on the sincere labor he has bestowed upon getting the truth for it is not the possession of truth but the search for it that increases his strength and thereby makes him more perfect.—*Lessing*.

Lord, I am small, and yet so great,
The whole world stands to my estate,
And in Thine Image I create.
The sea is mine; and the broad sky
Is mine in its immensity;
The river and the river's gold;
The earth's hid treasures manifold;
The love of creatures, small and great,
Save where I reap a previous hate;
The noontide sun with hot caress;
The night with quiet loneliness;
The wind that bends the pliant trees;
The whisper of the summer breeze;
The kiss of snow and rain; the star
That shines a greeting from afar—
All, all are mine; and yet so small
Am I, that lo! I needs must call,
Great King, upon the Babe in Thee,
And crave that Thou wouldst give to me
The grace of Thy Humility.

—*Michael Fairless*.

DR. NIETO ATTACKS SLUMMING TOURS.

Civic conditions of San Francisco was a subject discussed by Rabbi Jacob Nieto at the luncheon of the Commonwealth Club at the Palace Hotel yesterday. In his talk the speaker condemned tenderloin slumming tours. He declared that contentions between capital and labor resulting in lockouts and strikes would eventually resolve themselves into conditions that would be governed and settled by arbitration.

He said: "It is a mistake for some to believe that the peace movement is that of a dreamer. Strikes and lockouts react on the people in general. It will not be long before these troubles will be handled just as are differences between nations."

Rabbi Nieto told of the work now being done to destroy the traffic in white women throughout the State. In this connection he said:

"What you think is wrong in your community you should not protect or countenance yourself. I speak of the practice rapidly growing of respectable men escorting respectable women on slumming tours through the tenderloin. While I mean to cast no reflection of these curious women, their visits create an impression among the lower classes of women who are constant frequenters of the under world that they are not themselves such a social evil as is charged."

If he had his way, Rabbi Nieto said, he would create a committee of three doctors, three business men and three lawyers to correct existing social evils. He said he excluded clergymen because they were inclined to deal with these matters more or less from an artificial plane.

In correcting social evils, such as dance halls, the speaker said that elimination was not wholly the right plan, but some sort of substitute should be undertaken.

He declared that it was up to the citizens to afford some kind of amusement for men and women, but of a clean character.

He praised the work of the Juvenile Court, saying that the saving of one child meant a saving to the taxpayers of thousands of dollars in the way of prosecutions and caring for the criminal in after years. He also condemned the tag-day practice, claiming that it tended to degrade the morals of children and often the best meaning women.

The tendency of fear, jealousy, selfishness, hatred and the dark group of passions in general is towards disease and death. While faith, hope, cheerfulness, temperance and love—all the virtues—tend to health, harmony and life.—*W. D. English, M. D.*

I thank whatever gods may be For my unconquerable Soul.

—W. C. Henley

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THE HIGH COST OF LIVING.

The United States Senate committee has reported that the increased cost of living is due to (1) higher land values, (2) higher wages, (3) increased demand for food, (4) shifting of population from food producing to food consuming occupations and localities, (5) immigration to food consuming localities, (6) reduced fertility of land, (7) increased use of fertilizers, (8) increased banking facilities in agricultural districts, (9) reduced production convenient to transportation, (10) cold storage, (11) increased cost of distribution, (13) organizations of producers or dealers, (14) advertising, (15) increased money supply, (16) overcapitalization, (17) higher standard of living.

The report of the Senate committee is interesting, instructive and full of wisdom and truth. But has the plain citizen gotten anywhere when he has read the report? Has he really learned whether he is kicking against the mandates of nature or against the advance of human hoggishness?

The game of living is the production of services or commodities that others want, for which we in return get services or commodities that we want. The only true increase in the cost of living is when the ratio of what one gives to what one gets increases.

Fundamentally there are but two ways in which this true cost of living can be increased. One way is by the decrease of the producing power of a given amount of labor. The other is when the taxing power of some part of society is increased without an increased production in return.

It is generally conceded that the present increased cost of living is real and not merely a shrinkage in the golden yardstick with which values are measured. If this is the case, and if one of the two fundamental reasons given above can prove an alibi, the other must of necessity accept the blame.

That our production has not fallen the writer has repeatedly shown on this page of "The Examiner." Upon the same subject the "Saturday Evening Post," upon the authority of the United States Department of Agriculture, says editorially:

"From 1897 to 1908 the population of the United States increased twenty per cent. Compared with the five-year period ending in 1897, the wheat crop of the five-year period ending in 1908 increased forty per cent, the corn crop forty-five per cent, oats twenty-three per cent. The number of milch cows increased thirty-three per cent, the number of other cattle sixty per cent, sheep forty-eight per cent, swine thirty-eight per cent."

From such figures we see that if the rate of production were the only factor at work instead of a price climb that did occur we would have had a decline in the cost of living of fifteen or twenty per cent in the last ten years.

With such facts as these before us the claim that the price climb is due to the depletion of the nation's food supply is seen to be plain buncombe.

If the people of the United States were to resolve themselves into a committee of the whole to report on the cost of living the first cause named would be trusts and monopolies. The committee would report that the extra labor now given for a loaf of bread or a dozen eggs goes to increase the power of corporation magnates and the support of Senators, stable boys and other flunkies.

The report of the committee of the whole would be just and right, but the facts are hard to nail and easy to avoid because the forces of monopoly and waste are widely scattered throughout a complex commercial system in which everything is related to everything else. It is as unjust as it is unwise to heap the whole responsibility of the increase of the cost of living upon half a dozen of the bigger trusts, and it may be only a square deal for investigating committees to scrape some of the mud from the big sinners who have been getting more than their share.

—Milo Hastings in *San Francisco Examiner*.

WIFE'S PORTENT OF MISFORTUNE FULFILLED; VICTIM NOW IN HOSPITAL.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., April 7.—William Druckenmiller, an Allentown builder, laughed when his wife implored him to be cautious, as she dreamed he had been brought home bruised and bleeding. He fell 30 feet from a school house and is in the hospital with a double fracture of the right leg, dislocated left ankle, fractured toes, torn knee ligaments and broken kneecap.

It is in vain that courts have decidedly declared the right to labor is a right of property, vested in all, which the legislature may not take away. On one pretext or another, under the exercise of the indefinite and indefinable 'police power,' or through the operations of organizations of workers, the right of a free man to pursue any known mode of livelihood for which his abilities fit him, and to which his fancy may direct him, is substantially a thing of the past.

No lasting prosperity can be established or maintained when the trade and commerce of a nation are subjected to rules and restrictions devised merely for the selfish interests of those engaged in carrying them on.

—Geo. W. Wickersham, U. S. Attorney General.

Who dares proclaim His name,
Or belief in Him proclaim?

Veiled in mystery the All-Enfolder!
Gleams across the mind His light,
Feels the lifted Soul His might,

Dare we then deny His reign, the All-Up-holder?
—Goethe.

Trust thyself! Every heart vibrates to that iron string.

—Emerson

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**ON THE WING
FROM THE REDWOODS.**

Boston, Mass., April 1st—My last lecture before the Metaphysical Club was given this afternoon. It was entitled "Economy, the Road to the Poor House." The hall was well filled. It was a gratifying testimonial to me of their appreciation of my work in this city. I am deeply indebted to my Boston friends. If I did not love San Francisco and my Mt. Home *more*, I might be tempted in my love for Boston to remain here. I could promise only in reply to the earnest solicitation of friends, that I would return in May, if possible. Springfield, Mass., March 2-6. Arrangements were made by an old friend for two Sunday meetings. Members of the Theosophical Society, the Smile Club, and the New Thought Center, gave me great assistance, and I had two successful meetings. My visit to Springfield was extremely profitable, because my friend Mr. F. J. Hart is an instructor in the Technical High School. The school system and school practice in Springfield is a model. No better is to be found in the United States. I passed one evening visiting various departments and conversing with the students, who on this evening comprised men and boys, who are employed during the day. It is my intention to establish in our Mt. Home a similar school, and there to train not only the mental, but the industrial, aesthetic, and spiritual faculties of the children in that liberty which our NOW philosophy assures them. The use of tools, in work in wood and iron, drafting, drawing, modeling, dressmaking, cooking, are all taught here. In my proposed school will be added agriculture, floriculture, gardening, dairying, and whatever else can fit boys and girls for usefulness and happiness. "NOW" Folk have the location, and all the necessary natural opportunities, and at the right time necessary donations will come for this school. I shall draw very largely upon my Springfield expe-

rience in this establishment. Hartford, Conn., Monday, March 6th—Gave a short address before New Thought Center, a gathering a few ladies have maintained for quite a number of years. The President called my attention to the report of the school visitors for that city on its "out-door school," which is maintained for the children whom the physicians regard as needing out-door treatment. The whole report is very interesting, but particularly so in its recognition of the necessity of right mental condition. A few quotations show the trend of modern thought toward mental science.

"At the table the children were allowed to talk and laugh quietly as a happy frame of mind aids digestion. When a child came to school in the morning ill, he was sent upstairs to rest until he felt better. As many as twenty-one out of twenty-nine have slept at one time. Nothing is gained in knowledge, and much is lost in health, when a child tries to study and recite when he feels ill. The backward pupils were greatly helped by reciting with several classes. Children who are poor in a certain branch were put into two or three classes of that branch. The thought of health and strength, and not that of sickness and weakness, was held before them all the time. They were not encouraged in the thought that they were invalids. The children themselves were constantly telling us how much better they felt, working out-of-doors than when they were shut up in the school room. A happier lot of children could not have been found than these in time grew to be. One student wrote, "I enjoy the outdoor school because it made me a new boy. What I mean by new boy is it made me happy, and made me feel better."

This is in reality the New Thought Ideal—Be happy and you will be healthful!

While in Springfield I had a very pleasant visit at the home of *The Natilus*, in Holyoke, Mass.

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

—Archie L. Black.

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Mr. and Mrs. Towne are finely located after their fire and enjoyed showing me their plans for a new building to be erected on the site of the old one. I rejoice in their success which is phenomenal among New Thought periodicals. In fact is it almost an exceptional success among all liberal Journals.

In Hartford my chief purpose was to visit the State House and stand with uncovered head before the flags of the two regiments in which I served during the Civil War. In the hush, I re-consecrated myself, in the thought of all my old comrades, to my present work, with the same enthusiasm in which I enlisted in 1862. I promised myself to follow the flag of love, and truth, with the same fidelity in which I had followed those. The motto on the State flag "He who transplanted still sustains" has a deeper meaning for me now, than ever.

In New Haven I called upon my old comrade, Mr. Thomas G. Bennet, Pres. of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., and learned that out of forty officers of our old regiment, only six of us now remain to draw pensions. Through his genius he has built up these magnificent works covering thirty acres of ground. Under present thought condition, this is necessary, but I fondly anticipate the time to come when such works shall be converted into the manufacture of the implements of peace; every fort into a play ground, and every war vessel into a school, or an excursion water-palace. A trip through this manufactory only increased my optimism, for I realized that it is only through the expression, and the outgrowth of the war spirit, that peace can come.

Stratford, Conn., March 7th to 11th—It is good in a storm to find a calm haven. Ever since leaving San Francisco I had been strenuously at work. Here I rested among "NOW" Folk, for William and Annie Nichols had been members of our family in San Francisco for two years. Their love and longing are still with us. In their pleasant home, from whence by mail William is doing a good work, I

found ideal conditions for rest. They are planning to be with us at the Great Fair, if not before.

March 12—I gave an address before the New Thought Forum, in the afternoon. This Forum is conducted by Mrs. Marsh, and all phases of liberal thought are given a hearing from its platform. On this Forum are heard teachers in every line of thought and evidently much good is wrought in the way of education and of stimulating people to thinking along new lines. But it was little new and unpleasant for me, after I had talked half an hour on the power of the individual through thought to live above all limitation, to be followed by a speaker whose only thoughts were in the limitation of diet. Nevertheless such Forums are a necessity, and are to be recommended, thus giving all phases of mentality an opportunity of expression.

Sunday, March 19th—I addressed the "Smile Club" of Brooklyn. This club is a comparatively new organization, founded by Sara Carolyn Stright. The purpose of the club is to teach, theoretically and practically, "That by becoming one with Faith, Cheerfulness, Knowledge and Love, one may possess the secret of Health, Happiness and Success." The Club has met with good success, and has just opened a new place at 324 Livingston St. and added there an Industrial Dept. to manufacture "The rival shirtwaist supporter." It is the purpose of the Club to supply all members who need with work. The profits are applied to the extension of the objects of the Club. Two branches have been established, one at Springfield, Mass., and one at Waldom, Colo. They publish a magazine called *The Smile Club Messenger*, fifty cents yearly, ten cents a copy. I recommend NOW readers to send to 324 Livingston St., Brooklyn, New York, for a copy.

March 24th—I passed two days this week, at the Sanitarium of Doctor C. O. Shaler, at Kingston-on-the-Hudson. Rarely, if ever, have I passed two more

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

—Irving Bachelor

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valuable days; I gave two evening lectures and passed the rest of the time in social converse. I found in the Doctor a most congenial friend; not a difference on any point in our philosophy. His method of treatment is identically that employed by "NOW" Folk. The Doctor is very successful. His sanitarium is full, though recently more than doubled in its capacity. Most beautifully located. It is in every way a model for the one I intend to build at our "Mountain Home." All interested in a rational treatment along mental lines for their friends, should send to the Doctor for his circulars. I also recommend as in close sympathy with all my thought the Doctor's book entitled "Psychic Life and Laws;" price one dollar. This book is a clear and concise statement "of the simplicity and unity of life," and of the most improved method of using mental power for the cure of human ills.

To-morrow, March 25, I start for Washington, D. C., and my next report will tell of my work there.

While I have enjoyed most thoroughly this "flight from the Redwoods," I find nothing to lessen my love for the Pacific Coast. All my new friends only strengthen my love for the old ones. Among the greatest of my joys is the numerous assertions made to me of the value of my books and this magazine, in the lives of the many who have come to me, with congratulations and thanks. NOW is needed and my trip is awakening a greater enthusiasm in work through it. The greatest need of the business and the social life today is the Realization of the joy and the preciousness of Being. I AM—not, I possess—is the needed Affirmation. And I find all my addresses, given in the thought and spirit of NOW, are received as hungry men receive a feast. My whole work consists in "Chanting the beauties of the good." This by incessant Affirmations of Being, nerving men and women for the realities of living. *I AM!* What! Immortal now and here.

OPPORTUNITY.

Foolish is he who says that at his door
I knock but once, a furtive moment stay,
Fearing lest he shall hear, then haste away,
Glad to escape him—to return no more.
Not so, I knock and wait, and o'er and o'er
Come back to summon him. Day after day
I come to call the idler from his play,
Or wake the dreamer with my vain uproar.

Out of a thousand, haply, now and then,
One, if he hear again and yet again,
Will tardy rise and open languidly.
The rest, half puzzled, half annoyed, return
To play or sleep, nor seek nor wish to learn
Who the untimely, clownish guest may be.

—W. H. Eddy in *Atlantic Monthly*.

It is curious how nearly all the old-fashioned weeds have risen in the vegetable social scale, and are now welcomed somewhere in the field or garden. In the South the best forage plant known, the one plant that makes the best southern hay, still goes by the name of beggar weed. Until very recently it was the worst pest in the cotton fields, and nobody had a good word for it. Now it is commended and grown everywhere, to the great delight of southern horses. It is even hinted recently that it will go one step higher and enter into human consumption. The flavor is as sweet as a beet. The story of alfalfa is much the same. Only within a few years has its marvelous power to get down at the phosphates below and reach up for the nitrogen above been known, but today it is not only our great hay-maker, but our most marvelous soil maker. It robs no land that it grows on, but makes it all the fatter. Just now the old sweet clover, which was a pest over limestone soil, is being welcomed as another first rate soil maker, or, as we are taught to say nowadays, humus maker. Hereafter, instead of affording a few bunches of sweet leaves for the bureau drawers, sweet clover will be ranked among our very valuable assets on run-down farms. So it goes, and the prospect is that we shall learn how to utilize every weed that grows. When the dandelion blinks at us with its millions of golden eyes, we can cheerfully think that not yet has half the good of this little plant been found out. The white daisy, which the farmers dreaded when they made hay in August, has turned out to be a splendid fat-producing factor, in hay made in June or early July. Meanwhile, those weeds that still remain in that category, feed valuable birds. A very few, like the wild carrot, the farmer eradicates with patience. Old Humphrey says, "Ye wild blackberry thorn pricketh decision into ye lazy body."—E. P. Powell, in "Unity," Chicago.

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

—Whittier

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Vol. 8 MAY 1911 No. 5

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* * *

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Henry Harrison Brown had a most successful visit in N. Y. City, Brooklyn and Washington. The last four weeks of April he is in Chicago. May he will pass in Boston and vicinity, both teaching and visiting old friends and boyhood haunts.

He expects to be in Washington during the greater part of June. He is still open for dates East. Address him care *Metaphysical Club, 30 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.*

N. B.—Address all mail for the magazine and for Mr. Brown personally to the Glenwood office. Such as he should have will always be forwarded him.

Business at the Mountain Home has already begun and everything promises a successful summer for us. Send to this office for circulars.

MENTAL HEALING.

On July 6th I received a letter from a gentleman in Arizona requesting me to treat his son at that time in a hospital in another state. The doctors had decided that only an operation could save him, as he had tuberculosis of the bone. The father says: "He feels there is no help for him but from the doctors, but I feel sure you can help him." It is very rare that I will attempt to treat where the patient is of age when he or she does not willingly join work with me. In this case I thought of Jesus and the

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

—Whittier

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**ON THE WING
FROM THE REDWOODS**

(Continued from page 81)

effort on part of Truth-lovers to awaken the soul to know that *God is* and that I AM. This need so pressed upon me that I was not happy while there, for the Spirit kept accusing me because I did not help it to expression. Well, when I am big enough I shall.

* * *

Chicago,—April 9, 16 and 23 I spoke for "The Chicago Fellowship," founded by, and sustained by, Henry Victor Morgan. Palm Sunday, and Easter Sunday, attracted many who usually attend such Fellowship meetings and consequently my audiences were small. The 23rd I had a good attendance and I really gave in the evening one of the most profound lectures of my life. Had I had a stenographer I would print it in NOW, as an expansion of the editorial in February NOW. If any other thinker has ever perceived the Great Truth which it seems my message to bear, i. e. *God and I are ONE and I AM THE ONE!* I have never known of it. This was my theme. The process of evolution is to individualize the One in Man and once that individualization was completed in the ability to think, I AM, that evolution of consciousness must continue eternally, and the ALL of the One must be transmuted into Personal Consciousness. God can Think only in Man! Can know himself only through himself as Man, and therefore He, as Man, must unfold forever.

* * *

My class work has not been appreciated. The needed work among New Thought people is that they be grounded in fundamental Principles. The tendency is to attempt to reach the high rungs of the ladder, neglecting the foundation, on which the ladder rests, and the commonplace rungs of every-day experience. Because of this, every healer who understands fundamentals, is called upon to teach, and thus to heal many who have lost their balance in fear of some outside

force, or person, acting upon them to their injury; or is called upon to lift some one out of the inactivity of inane submission to some karma, or of resignation to something, which they will not break. Once realize the Fundamentals as taught scientifically in my "Art of Living," and especially in my "Course in Suggestion," and there is no danger of being misled by the vagaries of Occultism, Hindoism, or the outrageous theory, the diabolical fear of Malicious Magnetism. There is but one Law of Life—Suggestion. But one control of life's expression—"Auto Suggestion," or the better name, Affirmation.

Because NOW stands for this and this alone, it is fast becoming a POWER TO BLESS.

A lady invited to her home lady friends one afternoon to hear me talk on Emerson. From that gathering a class in Emerson was formed. With many regrets on their part and my own, I closed the Course April 29th, leaving for Detroit that day, where I am to remain for three days, then to Pittsburg, Penn., for eight days and then to Boston, Mass., the rest of May.

Thus on the wing and hovering over pleasant places and imbibing joy from them all, still I never forget my nesting place among the Redwoods. When migrating season is over I shall wing my way joyfully to sunshine and flowers, and best of all, to friends in my Mountain Home. There the same hearts will welcome, and the same smiles greet, that have by their love and cheer, made this wing-voyage possible. Despite all the good, all the joy, all the kindness, all the beauty I meet, (asking pardon of the ghost of Burns), I sing:

"My heart's in the Highlands, My heart is
not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, where are my
loved ones most dear.

And as I see the greenness and beauty there I fain would alight for a rest in my "Emerson Grove," because it would be so easy to find the loved ones in the hotel. And yet, so contrary is our nature,

There is no darkness but ignorance.

—Shakespeare.

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that if I could go today and leave the work I love, I would not, until the Inner Voice tells me "It is time!" I shall not turn westward. For *all* hearts are mine. I find a home wherever I alight for a while.

"My wealth is common, I possess no petty province but the whole;
What's mine alone, is mine far less, than treasure shared by every soul.

I have a stake in every star; in every flower that gems the day;
All hearts of men my coffers are; my oars arterial tides obey."

To my mind the hope of success, even success itself, does not suffice to sustain us; a man needs an aim, something loved for its own sake, sometimes money or a high place, which is the cause of ordinary ambition; sometimes an object he will enjoy all by himself; a science he wishes to master, a problem he wishes to solve to have done with it.—*Taine*.

The ordinary ambition, as *Taine* calls it here, is a false beacon, and when he who is possessed by it attains to his promised land, he finds it to be only a slough of despond, if it has led him to starve his capacity for getting out of life things that are really worth while. He may seem to have succeeded, but he is left lonely amid those whose ambitions have been better inspired.—*Brander Matthews*, in *The Forum*.

BROWN TALKS AGAIN TONIGHT.

Henry Harrison Brown of San Francisco gave an interesting lecture on "New Thought" last night at the home of Mrs. Laura H. Milleron, 377 Seventh East street. Mr. Brown discussed the new thought movement in a general manner and expounded the principles and precepts of the new science. The speaker referred to "new thought" as the study of the soul, the twentieth century science. Tonight he will discuss the deeper meaning of his subject.

—Telegram (Salt Lake City).

The sunrise plains are a tender haze,
And the sunset seas are gray,
But I stand here where the bright skies blaze
Over me and the big Today.
What use to me is the vague "May be,"
Or the mournful "Might have been"?
For the sun wheels swift from morn to morn
And the world began when I was born,
And the world is mine to win.

—Charles Badger Clark, Jr.,
in *Pacific Monthly*.

I waste no thought on my neighbor's birth
Or the way he makes his prayer;
I grant him a white man's room on earth
If his game is only square.
While he plays it straight, I'll call him mate,
If he cheats I'll drop him flat.
All rank but this is a worn-out lie
And a king is only that.

—Chas. Badger Clark, Jr.,
in *Pacific Monthly*.

The philosophical treatment of vice—which I believe to be curative rather than repressive—has yet to come. We are behind the times in this regard, still in the cruel, sentimental stages of development. There is something wrong about criminal law method of reform—something which people feel without being able to analyze it. Our way of dealing with ordinary, every-day criminals is based upon the supposition that good comes out of evil; that violence and hate, if exercised by officialdom, can result in peace and good will. It never will work. A Voice from Nazareth told us over a thousand years ago it would not work.

—Harvey Wickham,
in *Pacific Monthly*.

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