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THE WORLD'S NEW THOUGHT JOURNAL

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A Year

NOW

THOUGHT IS POWER

A Journal of Affirmation

HENRY HARRISON BROWN,
Editor

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



- SOUL CULTURE
- ART OF LIVING
- PSYCHOMETRY
- INSPIRATION
- SPIRITUAL HEALING
- MENTAL SCIENCE
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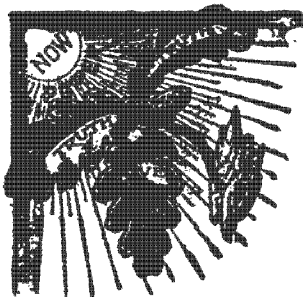
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From all Life's grapes I press sweet wine.

—Henry Harrison Brown

NOW

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

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No. 7

THE INSPIRATION OF A FRIEND

*He is a candidate for Truth and
respects the highest law of his being.*
—Emerson.

Dull and weary oft was time—for I
So long alone had dwelt in Thought's pure
realm,
That as the violets in the springtime sigh
For sun and dew, so I touch the hem
Of radiant robe of one whose trust could
bring
To Soul in Love the breath and life of spring.

O dormant seemed the life within. I pray
For thrill like that of old when visions
came!
The crowd absorbed my life, but never gave
The oil that fed a noble passion's flame.
No vibrant cord responded to Love's touch
As stirred the Master when—"She loveth
much!"

Holding aloft the golden cup of Life
I felt one morn the thrill of one, who sought
In love for Truth. "A candidate!" where
strife
Ne'er enters and thought of fee is naught
But leave of free expression, soul to soul
Of Truth! This is of Recompense the whole.

Then didst thou feel the travail—bliss of
birth!
And I then knew the resurrection morn!
Thou neophyte in Love! Truth's only worth
Didst call us forth and like to men new born
We both approached the crystal spring of
Truth
Where Love baptised us to Eternal Youth.
HENRY HARRISON BROWN.
Chicago, April 28, 1911.

"Love remains—love, which is the translation into human terms of the universal law of gravitation. Love, which draws the worlds and every atom in all these worlds towards one another, and which also draws man to man inevitably. Love, which means not only affection, marriage, friendship, comradeship, but means also the leaping of the human spirit so that it rises above and beyond the barriers of nation, race, creed or color. Love, which binds the constellations, and unites the children of men."—Rabbi Fleischer.

WHAT IS AND WHAT IS NOT NEW THOUGHT

There are many cults, schools and gatherings under the "New Thought" name. They are continually increasing. Each new and successful movement ever has attached to it those who take its name for gain, so there are those attaching themselves like barnacles to a battleship, to this movement, and others that cannot live an independent, but must have a parasitic life.

It is a natural result. The scientific explanation is not hard to find. Were there not demand for these parasites the supply would not be forthcoming. The great ship of NEW THOUGHT can carry all the marine and submarine parasites that may choose to attach themselves to it, and be not in the least hindered.

Now that astrologists, phrenologists, palmists, mediums, fasters, healthfoodists, physical-culturists, regenerationists, reincarnationists, mystics and many self-styled fakers and unnamed cults, have attached themselves to the movement, calling themselves New Thought, it is time NOW place itself distinctly on the line and state what, in its opinion, is, and what is not, New Thought.

NOW is a *journal of Affirmation*. It teaches a present Heaven. Its philosophy is based upon the Affirmation: *Man is spirit here and now, with all the possibilities of divinity within him, and he can consciously manifest these possibilities here and now.*

Therefore, in the "NOW" Philosophy nothing can be New Thought that is not in harmony with this Principle. There may be ten thousand methods of applying, ten thousand ways of practicing and ten thousand ways of consciously living this thought, and they will be

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

—Edith M. Thomas

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New Thought, because they are methods of arising in the One Principle, i. e., *the Present Divinity of the Human Soul*. Whenever! any teacher, book or movement comes forth, placing any limitations on the soul, by advocating as necessary certain beliefs, methods, rules, rites, regulations or limitations, such movements are *not* New Thought, but old thought. It has been the custom from time immemorial for men to regulate the conduct of themselves and others. Tyranny is old and wrinkled, gray with the centuries. Its name once was king and priest; now it is "Founder," "Leader." It is Rule, Regulation, Method. But now, as in all the past, its shibboleth is "Thou shalt," and "Thou shalt not." Its tenets are prefaced with a "Thus saith!" be it by Lord, man, book or teacher. The old thought is based upon some form of tyranny. Any method that claims to be New Thought, and by so much as a thought limits Freedom of Human Expression, is not New Thought, but old thought masquerading in the guise of the New. The ass in the lion's skin cannot keep itself unknown. Some ear will slip out. Every cult claiming to be New Thought that lays down a rule or a limitation in any form is showing the ass's ear. It is *not* NEW THOUGHT.

For one to claim to teach New Thought and tell us that the stars control human destiny, that we are guided by spirits, or are controlled now by results of past incarnations, or to prescribe fasting, or to establish rules as to what one shall wear, or eat, or follow, and to put forth dietetic or hygienic rules, is the old tyranny of "Thou shalt" and "Thus saith the Lord," in modern guise. NOW will have none of it. All those who have faith in the soul, and in the Principle of Truth and Love, are emancipated from all limitations, save those which each individual chooses to place upon himself. Out of the One mind which finds inlet into each Human intellect, out of the one Soul which finds expression in each Human affection, comes Truth. No

Soul was ever yet given Truth for another; neither was one human soul given authority over another.

The New Thought rests upon the Divinity of each Human Soul. It has no authority save that which comes as Truth to each Soul. We believe that to each individual is given the expression of Truth which he needs at the present moment. We refuse to be limited by any formulas, or to accept any directions. We leave behind all belief in the supremacy of the external over the Soul. We have no allegiance to the old thought of control by circumstances. We bow not to any appearance, and yield to nothing of less vibration than this Soul Itself. "I AM DIVINE" will not allow him who so affirms to degrade his divinity to a fast, an isolation, a rule; will not allow him to be afraid of any food, place or condition. "I and my Father are one!" What my Father is I AM; I am It NOW. I fear no evil, for I will not create it. I control circumstances to my will.

This is NEW THOUGHT. It is living the old thought of divinity, heaven, mystery, peace, Truth and Love, Now. Living it Now. The Soul its own Master. Can you come up to this? If not, you are loiterers by the way.

"Many are called but few are chosen." The new dispensation is not the old revamped. It is the dispensation of liberty. Freedom from all limitations. The New is the awakening of the Human intelligence to the fact that each person is now a Son of the Most High—a Child of the One. "Beloved, now are we the Sons of God," said one of old time. He realized the fact. It has taken two thousand years to bring this truth into a more general realization. All who realize divinity as a present fact will live as such sons. They who do not will live as sons of the flesh, and subject to the flesh, devising rule, rite and limitation, and subject to the flesh. The New is the emancipation of the Human Soul from all bondage—is the acceptance of the divine inheritance here and now.

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

—Emerson

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Faith in the soul will neither allow the giving nor the receiving from another any authoritative command.

Faith in the soul will not allow the individual to think what he will do in any time but the present. No true believer in the divinity of the Soul and its ability to meet the requirements of every moment, will plan or arrange for any future, but will trust the soul to care for the future when it shall become now, just as it trusts the soul to care for the Now that is.

Babes in faith are those who tell you what to eat, to wear, how to bathe; that you must fast, must sleep, or *must* do anything.

Especially are they to be avoided who teach you that you must submit to odd, strange and dangerous ceremonies; who have great secrets to impart; who promise in a short time to make you an adept; who have books of ancient lore to exploit; who will teach you how to develop personal magnetism so you can win anyone to your side; who will teach you to use your hypnotic power; who claim Hindoo education, etc. Every little while the press has some account of someone who, having been pinched by one of these teachers, squeals to the police. Demand creates supply. When people will not seek things which are impossible; when the common sense which each person possesses is used; when those who know what is fraud, and what are genuine claims are consulted—then these vampires will disappear. With the great mass of excellent New Thought literature which is before the people, there is no excuse for one being thus deluded. A few dollars devoted to this literature would save much loss in dollars and much suffering. NOW has little sympathy to waste upon the victims of so-called "Mystics," "Developers of Personal Magnetism," "Hindoo adepts," "Materializing mediums" and many other workers of the "Occult." All we can say is: Let all such persons severely alone. Prepare yourself for protection by reading standard literature.

Beware of anyone who comes to you with a claim to possess what no one else can give. Truth is not capable of any patent right. Any book noticed in NOW or offered for sale by reputable dealers, any leading NEW THOUGHT journal, if studied, will save all this cry of being "Humbugged." The humbug is in the mind of the person who seeks the mysterious. There is but one road to spiritual discernment, and that is unfoldment. The rose is spoiled by picking open the bud; so surely they are disappointed, "humbugged," who seek by any process save that of gradual unfoldment to attain spiritual awakening. "Heaven is not reached at a single bound." All any teacher can do for you is to inspire you with a desire to let that which you are unfold naturally. Such teachers we know must have no secret but *love*.

When you come to your own you are free. There is no *must* in your thought. You work not from necessity. You do because you love to do. You do what you love, eat what you love; Love directs all your conduct, because in Love alone is found freedom. In love is the filling of all law, for Love is the only Law Spirit knows. When you thus live as Spirit, you live above limitation. Enter into this thought: I am Spirit! I am Divine! I am limitless in possibility! You will not then accept any teacher who places limitations upon you. You will eliminate from your library all books that fetter you by old thoughts expressed in Methods. You will read only those that deal in external Principles. You will leave to the weak and to the stumbling all crutches and canes called rules and methods, and will walk UPRIGHT, without staves, in Love and Truth alone. You are then NEW THOUGHT. You have found LIBERTY.

HAVE YOU SENT IN YOUR
RENEWAL?

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

—Ingersoll

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* **AFFIRMATIONS** *

THE ETHERNAL PRESENCE

I will not leave you comfortless.
—John.

I am one with eternal Law.
I am one with Infinite Energy.
I am one with Everlasting Life.
I am one with Omnipotent Power.
I am one with Infinite Wisdom.
I am one with Divine Love.
I am one with all these and these are God.
I am one with God.
This Eternal Presence, who is Power, Truth, Love and Life is ever with me.
I am never alone for Life is with me.
I am never alone for Truth is with me.
I am never alone for Love is with me.
I am never alone, for where I am, God is and He is my stay and my comforter.
I am happy for I am with Life, my comforter.
I am happy for I am with Truth, my comforter.
I am happy for I am with Love, my comforter.
I am happy for with me ever is God, my Stay.
I am ever with Eternal Life and am ever in health.
Life flows ever into normal, healthful expression.
Life is filled with all blessing for Love and Truth are ever with me.
Nearer than air to my body is the Eternal Presence to my Soul.
Nearer than friends are to my life is the Eternal Presence of my Soul.
Nearer than the desire of my heart is the Eternal Presence to my Soul.
The hills are filled with beauty for He whom my Soul loveth is there.
The waters are full of joy for the One I love is in them.
The trees are bending in praises to the breeze for my soul's comforter is in them.

The flowers in beauty hold their incense cups in thanksgiving to Him who is my beloved and the birds sing praises to Him.

The Eternal Presence, He is my beloved! He is my comforter! He is my Stay! The Eternal One is my Life, my Joy, my Everlasting Peace.

Lift up your Songs of joy, O my Soul! for He in whom you live and have your Being is Omnipotent, Omniscient, Everlasting and Omnipresent.
He is One with you in Life, Love and Truth forever.

EMERSON.

My greatest desire long held in returning to Massachusetts was to visit Concord and scenes associated with Emerson. I waited until the winter was over and kept May for that purpose. Then I was to visit revolutionary and colonial scenes, and childhood haunts and homes. But above all, it was Concord that was most in my mind. I arranged my dates so that in New England's most beautiful month I could do this. The Boston friends learning that I was so intending, claimed part of the time. This throws most of my visiting into June. In that part of Boston, formerly known as Dorchester, is a large tract laid out as a park. Upon "Schoolmaster Hill," Emerson lived, when he taught school there in 1825 and 1826. It is so named from this fact. Upon a ledge upon this hill is a bronze tablet telling this fact of him, and also stating that while here he wrote many of his early poems, among them being "Good Bye. Proud World, I'm Going Home!" The last stanza of this poem is quoted upon the tablet. The last line is on the tablet which marked HIS tree in Emerson Grove at "NOW" Folk Mountain Home.

"O when I'm stretched beneath the pines
Where the evening star so nobly shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man;
At the sophists school and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet!"

Truth for Authority, No Authority for Truth.

—*Lucretia Mott.*

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I lay with my face in the grass with tears of gratitude for the soul that wrote that poem. It stirred me when I was 17, and his thoughts later made me really know myself—MAN.

After my address in Lawrence I took electric cars to Bedford, a town full of historic places, as there the "Minute men" rallied before the battle at Lexington and there Washington once stopped over night. As we left the confines of Lawrence, the ride was most beautiful through a farming country that business had not invaded. It began to rain. I reached Concord and I remained to dine at the old "Tavern" where the British soldiers ate supper before the morn of the battle of Lexington, and they boasted of the rout they would give the Yankees on the morrow. It was here in a barrel of soft soap that the silver communion service was hidden to keep it from the soldiers.

The Concord Antiquarian Society has purchased an old residence near the Emerson Home and converted it into a museum of ancient things. Here is all the furniture Thoreau had in his cabin at Walden. He had more of crockery and cooking utensils than I expected to see. But the furniture would not suffice a modern youth and bride, who had less of mental ability than he had. It is Brains, after all, that we not only paint pictures with, but it is with Brains we live with. All else is nothing if these are missing. The use of externals is to develop the consciousness of Brains—ability to think.

In a room in this house Emerson used to come when he desired absolute quiet and to write. I sat in a chair it is said he used. Thus near did I come to him. But the psychometric conditions were so powerful upon me, that I was on leaving like one who takes strongly of champagne. I was like the disciples on the day of Pentecost—"filled with the Holy Ghost." Some of that inspiration will find its way now into every maga-

zine, for that baptism is a permanent blessing.

A few days later I revisited Concord and presenting my credentials to Dr. Edward W. Emerson was most graciously received. He talked to me of his father, of Thoreau and of Carlyle. He showed me his father's "Journals." Most carefully written and indexed. Four most valuable volumes are already printed and two more will be printed this fall. He thinks there will be ten in all. It was a rare privilege to handle these books, to read the words as they dropped but from his pen.

The home of Emerson is kept just as it was during his life. It is not open to visitors save upon orders of Dr. Emerson. This order he gave to me and I trod the hallowed floor; sat in his chair at his table and handled books made sacred by his love. I felt the baptism of his presence and received a consecration from the laying on of hands never gone. He bowed to no authority but Truth, he includes this liberty and this spirit animates all he wrote. Here I felt it and shall be a better teacher, a clearer interpreter, a wiser inspiration, a more loyal citizen, and a better man for this my pilgrimage to his home and grove. For in "Sleepy Hollow" I stood uncovered before the white quartz building with its streaks of rosy quartz lightening it up—fit prophecy of His thought in the world. Some insect cut some leaves from the oak that shadowed the grove and for remembrance I put them in my diary. The emblem of NOW is the oak. Hereafter His tomb is also united with the oak of this thought, for out of Emerson was NOW born and in the same thought realm he lived, it lives—both are immortal.

Sunday A. M., May 28, I attended a Memorial Service at "Church of the Disciples," for whom, in their old home, James Freeman Clark used to preach. This service was in memory of Julia Ward Howe, who was for fifty years a member. The building attracted me for its simplicity. Nothing of the ornate,

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

—Bayard Taylor

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of the prison, nor of the pretensions, that so often proclaims spiritual poverty. One incident of the many mentioned is worth repeating for NOW readers. Her daughter said that in Mrs. Howe's early life, while she was yet in the old rigid orthodox belief, she met Emerson on train on her way to N. Y. Emerson had been held up to her as an angel of darkness. In conversation with him she felt it her duty to expostulate with him on his liberal ideas and spoke hopelessly of the power and extent of evil. Mr. Emerson smiled and said, "Surely, my child, the angel must be stronger than the demon!" The daughter thought that it was this remark that led her mother ultimately into the Liberal church. I scarcely hear a discourse by any one, in any pulpit, that Emerson is not quoted therein. Surely Our Prophet is influencing the nation for good and wherever He is read there is salvation.

"Business secrets" are largely schemes for thwarting fair competition. These secrets grow in maze and intricacy just in the degree that a concern diverts into channels of commercial intrigue the energy that should be used in improving its productive plant.—*Examiner, San Francisco.*

IN EMERSON'S STUDY

Hallowed spot! As Moslem reverent turns
To Mecca at the mizzen hour, So I
Whene'er I reverent feel, know 'neath the
sky
No place so sacred, as is this where burns
His altar-fire. The world His radiance urns.
The stars are blank and e'en the sun grows
dim,
And in a brighter morn, the matin hymn
Of vestals greet Him as the Light for aye!

I am content, for in his likeness now
I grow as acorn grows within the shade
Of Giant Oak! And underneath a bough
Where noon-day shadow lovingly is laid,
Happy am I my tiny leaves to move
With it in the same breeze of infinite Love!

HENRY HARRISON BROWN.

Concord, Mass., June 1, 1911.

After all, what resident of New England would want to live where there is no winter? Henry Harrison Brown visited Holyoke the other day, and told us that at the "Now" Folk Home in Glenwood (California) they were making gardens when he left in January. It sounds tempting when the wind is howling sixty miles an hour and the snow is drifting into every exposed corner, and yet I think it would prove rather flat and tasteless as a steady diet.—*Wm. E. Towne in May Nautilus.*

Strong contrasts are sometimes required but the developed taste has outgrown them. The Summers and winters of New England are in strong contrast and there is a pleasure in this. I once enjoyed them. But now I love best the most beautiful and less strong contrasts we have in California. From the brown season of the summer, we come gradually into the green one of the winter. There is each day a beauty which to one who has learned to love the changing tints, is as rich as are the tints of the best artists. From New Year's day round to New Years again, we have a procession of flowers, and the uprising vegetation after our dry summer and often the first October rain is as great a change as is the white covering that comes in winter in New England. I love New England and admit that every square mile has, in spring time and fall, more beauty than half a dozen square miles anywhere west of the Rockies, but then, we have in its place our largeness and expansion which we soon come to love, and to FEEL, and it makes up for the inclosed homelike sense New England hills give to those that live among them. No, there is nothing "flat and tasteless" in our vegetation or climate, for every day has its change and its beauty for the eye that ceases to look for the old and finds the new. The Pacific Coast is unlike New England in its beauty, as it is unlike in its spirit. We have a variety everywhere, to those that cease to look for extremes and who do look for the finer harmonies.

I am not trying to fill their minds with learning but to make their minds quick.—*Tolstoi.*

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

—Julia Ward Howe

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WINGS

A mystic worm, one summer day,
A worm that dream'd mid creeping things,
Was known to stop upon its way
And say "I wish that I had wings."

Then all the worms that nearby lay
Laughed long and loud—poor silly things!—
And cried, "Put all such dreams away;
You're but a worm—you'll ne'er have wings."

And one grave worm more wise than all,
(Doctor of Worm Philosophy,)
Shook his wise head and said, "I call
This talk of wings rank heresy."

But still the dreamer dreamed his dreams,
When e'er he looked at flying things
He crept more fast, and said, "It seems
I'll fly like that when I have wings."

One day he felt so chill and numb,
His body pierced with deadly stings;
But dreaming still, e'er death was come,
Said, "Maybe this will bring me wings."

To-day I saw on wings of fire,
This occult dreamer of the dust,
And as it circled glad in air
There came to me this living trust:

That every dream and fond desire,
These longings strange for better things,
Are not in vain: sometime, somewhere,
These dreams of ours will end in wings.
—Henry Victor Morgan in *New Thought Pulpit*.

LIFE

Each day to fondly treasure
Possessions that are dear;
Each day to win new pleasure
By giving others cheer.

Each day to trust more surely,
To serve as best we may;
Each day to walk securely
Where Hope has marked the way.

Each day to see the beauty
In all things that are fair;
Each day to find in duty
The gladness that is there.

Record-Herald.

Any attitude that is not filled with self-confidence is a lie—drop it.—*Archie L. Black.*

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN WAS WRITTEN FROM THE SUB-CONSCIOUS.

The first part of the story placed upon paper was the death of Uncle Tom, the most pathetic chapter in the book. In a biography by her son, Rev. Charles E. Stowe, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, there is a quotation of the inspiration for this scene from one of his mother's letters, as follows:

"The scene presented itself almost as an intangible vision while seated at the communion table in a little church at Brunswick. She was perfectly overcome by it and could scarcely restrain the convulsion of tears and sobbings that shook her frame. She hastened home and wrote it, and her husband being away, she read it to her two sons, 10 and 12 years of age. The little fellows broke out into emotions of sobs, one of them saying through his sobs, 'O, mamma, mamma, slavery is the most acursed thing in the world.' " Mrs. Howard, a member of Henry Ward Beecher's Brooklyn church, is quoted by Mrs. Annie Fields in her biography of Mrs. Stowe as having been told by the author that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" came to her in visions, one after another.

"Your Annie reproached me for letting Eva die," said Mrs. Stowe to Mrs. Howard. "Why! I could not help it. I felt as badly as anyone could. It was like a death in my own family, and it affected me so deeply that I could not write a word for two weeks after her death."

BANKERS OPPOSE POSTAL BANK

Resolutions in opposition to the postal savings bank law were adopted by Group No. 7 of the Arkansas Bankers' association. The secretary was instructed to wire Arkansas senators and representatives to vote against it. But the people say "Aye!" When will senators and representatives obey? Every civilized country but ours has them. Even in Russia over \$8,000,000 is thus deposited. Wealth must realize that the writing is on the wall—*Justice to all!*

NEW THOUGHT NEEDED IN NEW JERSEY

New York.—Recently Bronislaw Niemaszek, 10 years old, of Newark, N. J., had a combat with a neighbor's boy. They sued for damages and obtained a judgment for \$95.35. Unable to pay he has been thrust into a debtors' cell. Newark lawyers say he can only be liberated by taking advantage of the bankruptcy law. He is the youngest person ever imprisoned for debt. An inventory of the boy's assets and liabilities is as follows: Assets—One pair of shoes, 10c; one pair of stockings, 5c; one suit, 50c; one cap, 10c. Total, 75c. Liabilities—Judgment in Orange district court, \$95.35.

I thank whatever gods may be For my unconquerable Soul.

—W. C. Henley

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TODAY AND TOMORROW

The Land of Yesterday is a beautiful land if we recall only the sunny days. The Land of Tomorrow is a glorious mirage if we picture it with the eyes of Hope. Only the Land of Today is a reality. Why not live Today? In the turmoil and the clatter, in the dust and the dirt, men are slaving and clawing and fighting for the mirage of Tomorrow. As a nation we are working and slaving and saving for that deceitful life beyond, for the day when all of us shall be rich and supremely happy, unmindful of the fact that Today is the golden time. The morning paper tells us that Old Man Smith, the Midas of Fifth Avenue, is dead. For years Smith cheated and fouled his adversary, starved and denied himself—for the mirage of Tomorrow. All the beautiful things we might have seen Today were passed by. The money that would have bought him satisfaction was stored away in the cellar to be fought over, now that he is dead.

Instead of enjoying happiness Today, we are striving for a nepenthe which will banish pain and sorrow in the days to come. We seek for a vital happiness to preside over our longevity! We seek to live longer in the days of Tomorrow, forgetting to live now in the day that is given us—Today.

But there will come a time when man will have advanced enough in human enlightenment to appreciate the hour that is. He will realize that the Promethean fire is at its zenith *now*, not tomorrow. Euphrosyne will preside during the actual moment with influences that cheer. The hey-day of our happiness will not be postponed, and the true realization of all the good and beautiful things of life will come to us in the present. The blue devils and depressions that so often hover over Today for fear of Tomorrow will be banished to Tomorrow—and there will be no Tomorrow, for every day will be but Today as we reach it in our new enlightenment.

—*Women's World.*

JAPS CLAIM EDDY IDEA.

Boston, Feb. 13.—Christian Scientists are discussing the claim by Prof. Yoshisaburo Okakura of Tokio, that the keynote of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy's doctrine was simply transplanted from Japan. The Japanese scholar made his claim in a lecture before the Lowell institute. "We had in our ancient religions the fundamentals of Christian Science," he said. "In the latter part of the eighth century there was a strong belief current in Japan that all suffering was ascribable to discord of the four elements of nature, and at one time the people became so superstitious as to believe that all physical disease was curable by purely spiritual means. Thus Christian Science owes its real beginning to Japan."

* * * * The newspapers have been filled for the last two or three weeks with the domination of a school calling themselves Christ Scientists, whose headquarters are in Boston. They have been disciplining one of their members for no other reason and no other cause than that she had made a success of her work. They have destroyed her, making a pretense in their pretended trial that she practiced a secret that *she was taught by the so-called Mother of that organization which is one of the cardinal principles of the unwritten work of that church.*

I refer to what is called *malicious mental malpractice*. The practice of this malicious mental malpractice, is part and parcel of the secret unwritten work of the Eddy Church in Boston.

I know what I am talking about. In that church all of the students are dominated by their teachers, their teachers are dominated in turn by the readers of the church, and the readers in turn are dominated by the so-called Mother. Nobody connected with that church has the right to say his soul is his own unless he is permitted to do so by somebody above him.

This I denounce as an error and this church is a protest against that system of practice. Our ministers, our readers, and our students all have the same right of opinion that the rest of us have. I have no more right to dominate the mind or the thought of one of my students than I have to dominate the mind of the man in the moon; not one particle. If they ask my advice, or if I see proper to give them advice, I can give it, but it must be done in love, and the acceptance or rejection of that advice must be with them and without penalty attaching to it.

—*Bishop Oliver C. Sabin, before he Evangelical Christian Science Church.*

The same suggestion holds good so far as relates to what is termed fashion in clothes. So long as one is comfortably and respectably clad, what matters whether our garments are cut squarely or made pointedly, whether our coats be short or long? Let us not take the suggestion of the day; it is an indication of mental weakness. Suggestion is very contagious, as is seen every day. Whether professionally engaged or whether we are bent upon amusement, it cannot be ignored or shaken off; it will assert itself.

—*Dr. Forbes Milon before the Psycho-Therapeutical Society of London.*

I cannot send this letter without telling you again what a wonderful help your lectures in Washington were to me and to my friend.—
G. A. M. B.—, Ontario, Canada.

Trust thyself! Every heart vibrates to that iron string.

—Emerson

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STILL ON THE WING.

BOSTON, MASS., May 31—I left these "Notes" on my arrival in Chicago April 9th. Here I remained until the eve of April 30. I made many friends and not the least of them were those that met in an "Emerson class" in the parlors of a friend who invited her acquaintances one afternoon to meet and listen to me. The result was a fine class, that became very much interested and earnestly urged me to return. I find that heretofore Emerson has been studied merely intellectually. We study him as Life. What do I find in him to make Life more valuable to me; to make it more useful, more healthful, more happy? If there is not practical instruction in the "Essays," let us take up something that is of constant, practical use. But, we have ever found it the most valuable of studies. We always study in first person singular present tense—"I AM!" We affirm as we read, make a personal application of every statement. In this way, the class found, that I did not follow the method they had been used to following at their Clubs, and were therefore intensely interested. They declared themselves greatly benefitted. The prospect is, that I shall, by and by, have a large class in the "Essays" when I return to Chicago. Sunday, April 30, found me in Detroit, where I gave two addresses and a lesson before the New Thought Alliance. J. Brodie Paterson founded the Society. Upon his withdrawal, my friend, Henry Victor Morgan, took up the work and with his usual vigor and push has marvelously developed it. Good audiences greeted me this day, also on Monday and Tuesday I had two classes each. If words testify truly, I gave satisfaction, for I was very warmly urged to return in the fall for an extended course. Mr. Morgan will remain with the Alliance till fall, at least, but there is a strong call for him to return to Chicago.

Wednesday, May 3, found me in Pittsburg, Penn. The Ohio fields were just

proclaiming spring as I awakened that morn, and I entered into the newly awakened life of nature with a zest, for winter had been long to me and I was as ready to sing with awakening nature as was the redwing blackbirds I heard from the meadows.

Had a fine reception at Pittsburg. Friends wisely contributed to the expenses of the Course and threw it open to whoever would come. I was greeted with excellent audiences at every lesson. Never had more enthusiastic ones. Mrs. C. C. McLean has successfully taught here for several years a class, and had thus prepared the way most nobly for me, and to her is due the success of my meetings.

Sunday evening, May 7, I lectured to a very large audience in the Unitarian Church upon the theme—"The Kingdom of God Within." The Pastor, Rev. L. W. Mason, was a classmate at Meadville Divinity School and gave me a warm greeting. He has a fine church building and a progressive society and an audience from among the most cultured of the city.

It seemed to me that there is more wealth piled up in costly churches in this city than in any of its size I have met. They are of stone and seemed to say to me, not with the Psalmist—"A strong fortress in our God!" but to say, "~~See what a strong fortress we have made to put God in!~~" They were cold, non-practical and lonesome to me. I made many warm personal friends, and my audience unanimously invited me to return for a long course in Emerson. I look forward with pleasure to that return.

Having informed friends that I would pass three days in New York City and vicinity in a vacation, I was surprised to receive notice that arrangements had been made for afternoon and evening lessons each of those days. Consequently I had a fine class at the rooms of Unity Society, which Mrs. Mrs. Van Marter kindly placed at the disposal of my friends. This was a most happy

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

—Archie L. Black.

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introduction to the New Thought people of N. Y. As I have never told in these notes the titles of my lessons and lectures I will here give those of Pittsburg and N. Y.. Pittsburg—"Inspiration, Clairvoyance and Memory, Telepathy and Thought Transference, Psychometry as Science, Psychometry an Art, The Question of Supply." This is an unusual Course, chosen because recommended by the Boston Club. In N. Y. City—"Living in the Now, Thought as Power, The Inner Kingdom, The Key to success, God's own good man, Economy the road to the poorhouse."

May 14, after a fine steamboat ride over Long Island Sound, found me in Boston. I attended the meeting of the Metaphysical Club, where Dr. A. M. Parker is speaker in A. M., and was very much pleased with the high tone in which the meeting was conducted and by the character of the thought. Such was to be expected from one who has so well demonstrated her ability as an executive, and in so many practical ways. What is now needed in this movement is a corps of similar workers who cut out all highflying notions of the Absolute and come down to practical everyday life. It is characteristic of this Club to do work in the daily life of the Here and Now.

Sunday eve, May 14, I addressed an audience that filled the Club hall upon "The Subconscious Reality." Had classes two days in the week. On the eve. of the 21st spoke upon the theme, "What Authority!" to an audience again filling the house and whose appreciation gave me as fine an inspiration as I ever had. The 28 was my last public appearance in Eastern mass. My theme was "The Meaning and the Ultimate of the Twentieth Century Unrest!" A prophetic outlook from present conditions and the logical corollary of present events.

In the afternoon of Sunday, May 21, I addressed the New Thought people of Worcester. I was warmly greeted by those who had attended my previous

lecture. I was glad to learn that since my previous visit they had organized into a society with Rev. Floody as President. In *Nautilus* for May is an account of the Work Rev. Floody is doing for the outcast young in his Garden City," a movement that under his liberal thought will be productive of good for above all he sets an ideal of self reliance and self respect, which in itself is an attraction and an inspiration.

Wednesday eve, the 24, I addressed the New Thought Center at Lawrence. Mrs. C. E. C. Nims, an old California teacher, now successfully located in Boston, had awakened a profound interest. My lecture upon "Supply" in Boston by request was given then. A quite fair report was printed in the daily paper and appears in this number of NOW. Only the photograph drawn by the reporter is too ministerial to be real but I will let it stand as one man's picture of me. Thursday, May 25, I again addressed the Lynn Center and it was pleasant to be greeted by those who warmly and kindly remembered my March address.

Spring in New England is more beautiful than anywhere else in the U. S. I enjoyed it thoroughly. At Fitchburg a friend of 25 years standing—friends when he was a youth and I older than he by 30 years—has leased a beautiful resort upon Whalon Lake. Here I passed two days in rest. for the season had not opened. He took me in his auto sixty miles into N. H. where I used I used to be a boy with the other four boys and three girls of the home. The dear old mother greeted me with the old warmth, and I found the same old hills and streams and fields and woods, where I used to loiter and rest after a busy lecture tour. Nature cares for herself in beauty when Man lets her alone. And away out in the country there are not the ruthless changes that Man makes in town.

How much sentiment has to do with memory in revisiting old scenes was forcibly brought to my mind when I

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

—Irving Bachelor

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went to look for an old landmark in Boston Common. Dr. Holmes in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" tells of walking "the Long Path" with the schoolmistress and of "sitting on the stone seat by the Gingko tree." I used in 1870 and 1871 to make it a resting place. And often with the Autocrat in my hand rested there and travelled the "Long Path." Often later when I returned to Boston I would make a sacred pilgrimage to the old stone seat under the Gingko tree and revive old times and think of old friends. But when I looked a few days ago for the stone seat it was removed. The new Subway found it in the way. But the Gingko tree still stands. But Memory found little comfort in the new conditions. Though I walked the "Long Path" it was hard to give reign to imagination and to find there the early enthusiasm. It came at length by "the Frogpond"; the young elm growing as child of the old one of historic memory, and by the statues I had so often longed to see again. All these found their niche and Boston was Boston again for me.

I visited Mount Auburn, and stood a while where stones marked the resting place of the bodies of the illustrious dead. One line from some remembered grave read, "Happy is he who can look upon the graves and know there are no dead." With that line repeating itself in my mind, I knew Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell were not dead, neither do they sleep. They with all the other host of the Thinkers that have made America what it is today, whose bodies lie here, are not dead.

"A chosen corps they're marching on,
In nobler fields than ours,
Those bright battalions still fulfill
The scheme of the heavenly powers.

And high brave thoughts float down to us
The echo of that far fight,

Like the sound of distant picket guns
Through shades of severing night!"

I felt the inspiration of their thoughts
and those from the Harvard College

grounds, as I reverently wended my way among its many paths. Yes, I believe in E-du-cation. And despite the tyranny of authority and the tyranny of dead forms and customs, the college and the schools that proceed it, are the salvation of the world. Their ideals are above those of the market court. They are being elevated. All hail Harvard, then to the New Harvard that is to be.

ONE GOD

"Whose secret presence through creation's
veins
Running quicksilver-like eludes your pains."
—Omar.

God is the prattle of a child at play
Who romps about the house the livelong day,
And when the father, furrow-browed, appears,
Climbs to his knee and coos dull care away.

God is the perfume of the red-ripe rose,
That fragrance-freights a passing breeze that
blows
Into a chamber where a sick man lies,
And scents with beauty's breath his dreamy
doze.

God is the buzzing of the burdened bee
That hivedward hums in sweet satiety;
Nor laden lone for self, but for its kind
That fare and share within a hollow tree.

God is the light that floods two tender eyes,
A lover looks upon in glad surprise,
And wonders if, before, there e'er had been
A maiden half so fair beneath the skies.

God is the tingling truth of poet's theme,
Who sees things as they are, not as they
seem,
The while he wanders in the open world
And reads the secret of the running stream.

God is the dawn that follows deepest dark
And hangs its filmy fleece 'thwart heaven's
arc,
So men may mark that light shall come at
last,
And greets the morrow with the lilting lark.

God is the fitful flash that cleaves the cloud
And His, the voice that speaks in thunder
loud
Above the shrieking of the strident storm,
Of Law—unto unheeding men, and proud.

—A. F. Gannon.

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

—Wittier

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

Henry Harrison Brown, Editor of NOW, will not return to California for the present. He has too many invitations, to feel that his work in the East is done. If those who have in the past invited him will now write and tell the dates that will suit them best he will soon be able to give them positive dates. He is open to engagements from Aug. 1 to June, 1912. He is engaged in Saratoga Springs, N. Y., for the first half of July, and will rest with friends the rest of the month. He can be addressed at this NOW office, or care of the Metaphysical Club, 30 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass. Letters will be forwarded from either place.

His season in the East has been most successful in every way and he wishes to present his thanks thus publicly to the many friends who in the various cities have helped to make it so. And we are glad to announce that the subscription list of the magazine has been greatly increased by the personal contact of the public with the editor. He will continue his letters and write his editorials as in the past. It is the intention of the Assistant Editor to devote himself still more to the magazine, and we will make it THE magazine of the New Thought Movement. Especially will our field of "NOW" Philosophy—"Soul Culture"—be emphasized, for Mr. Brown believes that Truth in this form is "The Savior that was to come!"

Remember: Mr. Brown can be addressed either at this office or *Care Metaphysical Club, 30 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass., for the next few months.*

While in Detroit I had a visit with my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague. Mr. Sprague and wife have been missionaries of the National Spiritualist Association for many years. I know them to be honest, worthy people with noble aims and pure lives. Mr. Sprague has put his experiences into book form entitled "A Future Life Demonstrated!" and those who need such proof of communication as comes through the psychic phenomena will find the book valuable. They may be assured that what is told is truth; is fact. Whatever they may say of Mr. Sprague's theories, these facts must be received in evidence.

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

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

—Whittier

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**LECTURE ON NEW THOUGHT
HENRY HARRISON BROWN, EDITOR,
WRITER AND PHILOSOPHER, SPEAKS
AGAINST POLICY OF ECONOMY.**

In the closing lecture of the season's series at the New Thought centre of Lawrence at 4 Berkeley street, the home of Miss Durant, Henry Harrison Brown of San Francisco, was the speaker last evening. His subject was "Economy, the Road to the Poorhouse."

Mr. Brown has for some time been connected with the New Thought movement and is a lecturer, editor and writer of great power. He edits and publishes "Now," a prominent New Thought journal in California. He is spending a few weeks in the East, giving a number of lectures. He makes his headquarters at the Metaphysical club, Boston.

Mr. Brown is a man of striking appearance. He is tall and straight despite his 71 years of age. He is a man of the type of an age that is rapidly passing. A grand old type, the type of Longfellow, Holmes and many famous writers and statesmen of the past. His face has a kindly, benevolent look. His bearing is statesmanlike. In his eyes, which are a kindly blue, shines the look of the dreamer and the poet. Combed straight back from his high, intellectual forehead is a wealth of long gray hair. A flowing beard adds to the majesty of his appearance. His clothes were of sober black and his whole bearing partook of the majesty and venerableness of the ancient mountains near which he makes his home. He spoke as follows:

"I am glad to see so many of the New England people waking up to the belief that there are thoughts that are new, that are different from the old. To them I have much to say and have been saying much for years past.

"I know what economy is. I am of old New England stock and I was brought up in an atmosphere of economy, thrift and saving and it took many long years to drive out these things from my mind. New Englanders most of all teach their young to take pleasure in saving and not in enjoying. You must not spend a cent. Save it that you may not want later. When I was a boy every copper, and we had coppers in those days, that I got went into the bank and when I wished to spend any money for any purpose the family went into session to see whether or not Henry should spend his money for such a purpose. I was to take pleasure in the saving and not in the spending and enjoying of my money they told me. New England thrift is world-renowned.

"There is one thing to learn about New Thought and that is that the thoughts are not new. It is merely a new mental attitude toward thought. Thoughts, as embodied in this doctrine, are as old as the hills. They were in the mind and work of Aristotle. Jesus

himself gave voice to them. They have been in all philosophies. It is the attitude you take toward thoughts, old and new.

"Science recognizes no miracles, no supernatural happenings. Occurrences are all in accord with the laws of causation. This also holds good for poverty as well as all other states. We assume that the cause is mental. It has proven so in the case of disease. Science shows that the laws are universal. So they have proven.

"Go to the original causes. The soul or mind of the individual. They too are governed by the laws of causation. When you have learned the law of one phenomenon you have learned them all.

"What makes the flower, the earth, the solar system? The answer is the law of universal attraction, molecule to molecule, ion to ion. There can be no two forces. No repulsion can exist. Two such forces working against each other would nullify each other's action and a perfect stillness would result in which no life would be possible. It is utterly impossible to have any other power than attraction. We see its workings shown in life. In marriage, in child-bearing, in home and state building it is universal.

"We also get disease in a like way, by attraction. We have disease pictured in our mind and the pictures attract it to our body. Pictures in the mind have the same power over the body that the picture of a statue in the mind of a sculptor has over the block of unfinished marble. A musician will tell you that the music plays itself through his fingers. With the mechanic it is the same.

"You and I have no force of our own. We do not possess life. We are life. If we possessed life we could lose it. We are life and it cannot be lost. We are the only people in America that believe in the omnipresence of God. We are life. We are power.

"Let us possess ourselves of the liberty of expression. Let life flow. We do not possess power, truth, goodness or love. We are life, power, goodness and love. We are manifestations of that one. It is our mental attitude toward the universe that opens or limits our supply of life.

"I have as much life as I allow to flow through me. No two people make the same mental picture. Life shapes itself into each individual picture.

"We are raised to believe in the heredity of disease. This is a tyranny of the dead. Our heredity is a fact but it is a heredity from God, and not from our earthly parents.

"If I go without anything it is not because I have to. It is through ignorance. We are poor because we don't know how to be rich. Poverty is a mental state. Poverty is a mental attitude toward what you have. That attitude determines your attitude toward life.

"If you have a dollar, what are you going to

There is no darkness but ignorance.

—Shakespeare.

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do with it? Ask yourself that question. Why can't you spend it for something else? In church, on Sundays, you repeat, 'The Lord is my shepherd and I shall not want.' On Monday He is not or if He is why are you always wanting? It is always best to tell the truth. When you say the Lord is your shepherd and you shall not want and all the time you do not trust in Him sufficiently to do as you wish with that dollar for fear there will be no more to follow, you are telling a downright lie. He can't supply those who don't believe. Poverty is born of cowardice. You don't dare to use that dollar because you fear that there is nothing to follow. If so it is the first phenomenon in all nature that is not repeated. "I've been down to the last quarter many a time but I have never been poor because I knew that there would be another quarter when it was needed. When you put yourself in the right attitude mentally and dare to do what you believe right, the supply will come. "Instead of spending today we are trying to care for tomorrow. We cannot live tomorrow today and in trying we lose today as well. We have nothing to do with tomorrow. We should get all that we can out of today. It is God's work to care for the morrow. Know that when you need things they will be yours. "If you want rainy days, save for them. Money so saved is never to be spent and if it does have to be spent it is done only by actual pain. I don't prepare for rainy days. I prepare for sunny ones.

"Are you the slave of the dollar or is it your slave? Are you a slave of necessity or free to make your own choice? A person who is economical is one who submits to conditions.

"The only difference between riches and poverty is that one man yields to conditions, the other sees that he can afford to spend what he pleases. He spends where he pleases. He is the master of the dollar. If you submit to conditions you go down and out in the end. A poorhouse in the mind will beget one in actuality.

"Remember, never say that you cannot afford anything. A lack of confidence in the supply makes you a slave to necessity. Say instead, I prefer to use the dollar for so and so. Not, I cannot afford it.

"Never say, I have to. You don't have to do anything. You have the power of choice and the whole field is spread out before you.

"Cut out the idea of loss in spending. You never lose anything. By the law of compensation nothing is lost. Nature is just and perfectly balanced. Bad investments are a source of education. Just as much so as the payment of a college tuition. You never spend and cannot lose, you only invest.

"Never ask any one, 'How are you?' It is a suggestion that they are not as they should

be and awakens a curiosity to seek out their ills. Never tell that you are poor.

"Why should money come when you mistreat it so badly when you do have it? If you blessed it in its going instead of begrudging its departure it would be glad to come back to you.

"It is the exaggeration of the personal 'I' that brings all the ills of life. In a question of expenditure have a right to say no because it is not wise, but not to say that I cannot afford it. The only way is to have faith in the omnipresence of God. He is my supply. He is your supply.

"This does not mean that you can sit down and wait for Him to supply you. You must help yourself and He will help you. Do each day what is necessary. Do it as play and not as work. All troubles come from fear you create. Away with them. Allow only pictures of joy and health.

"Fear is faith in evil. It is the fears that interfere. When we get so afraid that we don't care to even draw a long breath, we die. In perfect faith we are healed of all ills. Have perfect faith in the kingdom of heaven within you and the supply of everything you need is constant."

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

"NOW" FOLK

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