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THOUGHT IS POWER

A Journal of Affirmation

HENRY HARRISON BROWN,

Editor

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



SOUL CULTURE

ART OF LIVING

PSYCHOMETRY

INSPIRATION

SPIRITUAL HEALING

MENTAL SCIENCE

SUGGESTION

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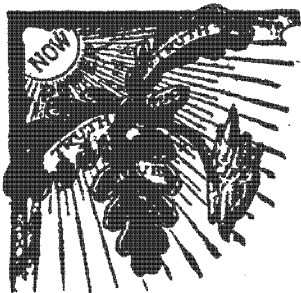
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From all Life's grapes I press sweet wine.

—Henry Harrison Brown

N O W

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

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No. 8

THE NAMELESS!

"God has delegated his divinity to the atom!"
—Emerson.

Somewhere I know this Wisdom dwells;
Somewhere Intelligence must be;
From something comes Law, Purpose, Power,
Some origin this Thought and Me.
Known or Unknown, 'tis one and the Same;
'Tis Life and Growth whate'er its name!

Not aimless do the roses bloom;
There's purpose in the snowflake's fall;
There's Order, System everywhere,
For Science cries, "There's Law in all!"
Where dwells this Great Creative Power?
From whence came Love and Thought, my
dower?

*The Teacher said, "Absurd the thought
That atoms falling aimlessly
Can make a crystal, sprig of moss,
Sparrow or animalculæ."
But since these are and Science shows
System and Purpose, SOMETHING *knows!*

"A spiritual influence," thus he said,
"They felt and responded into form.
Science thus affirms the fact—
By creative fiat they were born.
A Conscious Power, 'twixt light and shade
Dwells IT who has Creation made!

But where? Philosophers have dreamed
It dwelt in far-off realms of space;
Creative once, but resting now,
They saw not everywhere ITS face.
In everything the Indwelling God,
Who speaks to us in Soul, sun and sod.

"To every atom all his power
He delegates in Truth and Love!"
"His kingdom is within," we're told,
"And now in Him we live and move!"
He is the All-in-All! Is here!
The Indwelling and the Evernear!

Potential Power and Consciousness
Within each atom as God dwells;
He ever is the Nameless One,
No matter what our weakness spells.
One Substance! Law! One System! Plan!
And Love and Truth call it, I AM!

HENRY HARRISON BROWN.

*Lord Kevlin.

NOT POSSESSION BUT BEING

We own what we can take in, what we expend our choicest labors upon; what we can enjoy, appreciate and understand. We own nothing besides. You can own nothing that you cannot store up in your soul. If you would be a great possessor, you must make your inner life capacious and grand. The girth of a man's soul is his only true measurement. Years ago, I heard Horace Mann say with keen sarcasm, "Some men's souls are large enough to embrace the whole world; others are so small that a thousand of them wouldn't make dusty the polished surface of a diamond!"—*W. X. Ninde.*

One crop from thy field homeward brought
thine oxen strong,
Another crop thine acres yield, which I harvest
in a song.

—Emerson.

One of the common errors of thought is that we possess. There is in reality no such condition as possessing, or being possessed. The Affirmation I AM! excludes the idea of possession. It is inclusive of all, for it is Being. We should banish from our thought all idea of ownership in every form. In its place one is to enthrone the conception of Being.

The phrase "I may lose my Life" is too often used. Life is universal. It is not capable of division, nor of partition. The true statement is, I AM LIFE! Once this conception is made the permanent thought-habit there will be no more a conception of loss and consequently none of disease and health. Life cannot be lost and being universal and infinite, there can be no death.

In like manner affirm, and reason, upon Power, in all its forms. I AM POWER! I AM STRENGTH! expresses Truth, and brings the consciousness of power and strength.

I AM WEALTH! I AM OPULENCE!

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

—Edith M. Thomas

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will soon dispell the conception and all feeling of poverty, and will open the way for the reception of Supply.

I AM HAPPINESS will soon bring that condition. A search for possession will never bring it. Affirmation in the present tense is the only way to any desired condition.

With this fact in mind let us seek for the really rich, the really learned, the really virtuous, the really honest, the really great, the really happy.

Recently I was in Concord, Mass. Perhaps no city in the United States is more rich in memories of men; in incidents of historic importance; of recollections that mark literary greatness.

What gave it this place in the thought of the world? Because it held rich, large souls! Not a man is there remembered for what he possessed; but all are for what they *were!*

Not a man memorialized on tablet because he owned anything. Many are because he WAS something. Houses are kept sacred not because they were the property of some man, but because some Great Soul lived there. Alcott was a fool in worldly wisdom. Poor and open-hearted, the prey of every faker that called upon him. So unconcerned was he in worldly matters that his dear friend Emerson would occasionally break out into the expression, "He is a great boy!" But who was better loved? Who left tenderer memories? Who was the head of a more beautiful and more valuable family? He gave them from his own great soul, greatness for themselves. His words have been the inspiration to many who have, through pen and voice, been inspirer of others. But no one can today point to any property he had. He possessed nothing, but he was ALL. Truth and Love found expression through him.

Henry D. Thoreau is remembered and adds to the glory of Concord. In his day he was regarded as a semi-tramp by his townsmen. Others regarded him as insane. He did not even own the spot at Walden where he built his cot-

tage. He might have been wealthy had he cared to be so. His lead pencil would have brought him a fortune. He was generally considered by his friends and is by biographers as lacking business talent, but, Dr. Edward Emerson told me that he was the business manager of the family when they carried on the pencil making. But there was in him A CONSCIOUSNESS OF BEING that would not let him belittle his soul by a money-making life. From this fact he is the love of all nature-lovers and the pride of Concord. There every thing that once belonged to him is cherished. "My library consists of 500 volumes, mostly of my own writings," he said years after his first book was printed. Now priceless are the copies of that first edition of "Walden."

Thoreau is remembered because he was a great soul: for Being. But no land, stock or goods was his, to make him remembered.

Hawthorne was not a possessor of worldly goods, but who does not love the great romancer? He did not possess, but he was a great Soul. Because of this he is still great in the memory of men.

But Emerson is the pride of Concord's Pantheon. But no one thinks whether he was rich. He was a Great Soul, and today none greater in the love and memory of those who love and follow Truth. He did not in the worldly sense possess, but he WAS! Yes, he was more than all the men that then had legal claim to Concord. Who cares or asks who owns this field? Who has stock in that bank? Whose manufactory is that? Who died here worth a million? These are questions that appertain to those still in the material form. No one asks them of the so-called dead. The land, houses, stock and goods are still here but the soul that used them is no longer in need of them. They are used by others. Who cares? But the thoughts uttered by Emerson, Alcott, Hawthorne and others, are still the common expression of Universal Truth, and are finding their way

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

—Emerson

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through the lives of millions. They LIVE.

Wendell Phillips in his oration on the death of Theodore Parker, said: "There are two Theodore Parkers. One lies dead in far Florence. The other lives and still speaks in Boston!" This "other one" is the one that men remember. This is the BEING one. The other is the shadowy one, that dies and is forgotten. The Great Soul lives as an influence in the lives of the race. Lives thus because he was and not because he possessed. They are those who give themselves. Those who simply possess are spongers and receivers of stolen goods.

All so-called wealth, that is not used by the one who holds it, is stolen property. The only value there is to things is that which they possess when in use. Unused they have no value. All value lies in use. Use is the materialization of Thought. Thought is the expression of divine, infinite ideas. All these belong to the Source from which they came, i. e.: the Universal—"the One in whom we live and have our BEING."

The external, the material universe, has no real value. It must be as the Soul's expression. Its value to Soul passes away as soon as that Soul has found expression in it. The expression lives in the results upon the Soul Universal. Thus we possess that which, in this sense, we are; possess only that which we have expressed; that which conditions have drawn out of us. We possess only that which we give away. For the thing done, or given, is but that outflow of Soul and in Soul the result lives in the enlarged capacity of loving, doing and giving. I AM BECAUSE I DO, I LOVE, I GIVE.

When I cease to do these I die. Those who pride themselves on their possessions are to that degree already in spirit dead and will soon be physically so. No one will ask, nor care, what dollars they possessed; what jewels they wore; what place they occupied in society; or what title they had. But, "What WAS he?"

will be the question, when the young are asked to respect his memory. On Memorial Day the thought is not what they possessed, but what they did. "The world will soon forget what we say here; but it will never forget what they did here!" is the cry not of Lincoln alone, but of the Universal Human heart.

Millionaires, princes, all will be forgotten, but the GREAT SOULS that thought, and loved, and gave, will be remembered.

There were kings, warriors, priests and bankers 2000 years ago, but none remembered save a poor man and his few followers. History could not forget him because he taught, not possession, but BEING. "I AM," he said. "I AM THE VINE! I and my Father are one!" Can such a one be forgotten? Who owned the field where Emerson found his song? Who cares? We would simply like to know the field because he said of it:

"One harvest from thy field homeward brought
thine oxen strong,
Another crop thine acres yield, which I harvest
in a song!"

I looked once from the window from which Bryant looked upon "The rivulet" and wrote his poem. But who cares who then had legal right to the acres through which it flows.

It is important that every child be taught the necessity of preparing *to live*, and not preparing *to earn* a living. Each child should be taught to lay up store in the heaven of Soul for the use of age. Too many seek possession, and this becomes a mania. When old they must die because they have lived in thought of possession, and what is possessed can and must be lost. They must lose dollars, land and life if they possess them.

I look back and realize that my idle days were my best days as a boy. I have loitered in the old childhood and boyhood scenes, and the thoughts and feelings then enjoyed are mine now and will be mine forever. The dollars I then earned live only in the capacity the earning de-

(Continued on page 112)

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

—Ingersoll

* - **AFFIRMATIONS** *

LOVE

Then said Samuel: "Speak, for thy servant heareth."—*Bible.*

O Sun, thou art ever ready with thy beams when earth turns to thee! but not more ready than I when Life calls for expression.

O Earth, with all thy germinal life, ever ready art thou for the embraces of Light! but not more ready than I for all the calls of Love.

O Stars, ever ready with twinkling beams! I too am ever ready with radiations of joy and thankfulness.

O Seasons, ye come and go with changing purpose! but not more ready with cloud and sun, heat and cold, are ye than I with Truth and Love for all demands.

O Ocean, your tides follow the attendant moon with waves ready at her call! but equally ready am I to meet the promptings of Spirit.

O Waves, that, with rhythmic swell, roll from shore, bearing life giving breezes! I, like you, am always ready to vibrate with the undulations of Infinite Life and bear Soul-messages to all my brothers.

O Winds, that follow rhythmic Law, ready at command of Sun and Earth! like ye, I say: "Speak, for thy servant heareth!" and willingly I arise to the tasks Love assigns me.

O Forest, standing with leaf and branch ready at all times to be the harp of the wind's silent fingers! I am equally ready at all times for the fingers of Thought upon the harp of my life.

O Birds, ever ready to greet the morning, or to come forth in song at the call of Love! my Soul is as responsive as thine to Love's whispers, yielding its willing obedience.

O Stream, Breeze, Flower, and Bird, unconscious reservoirs of Spirit! I al-

so am a reservoir of Life, ever ready for manifestation.

Like all Nature, I am a reservoir of Infinite Truth, ever ready for Inspiration. I am a reservoir of Infinite Love. My Supply is constant and I am ever ready for its expression.

I am ever ready at call of lover, friend, humanity, with cup of water or ministrations of Power.

God and I are One! and, as he is ever ready in the unconscious world, so am I ever ready in the Self-conscious world of Life.

No call of Love finds me unprepared, for I am as constant as God is, for He worketh in me.

Truth is everpresent, and I am ever ready with words to cheer and bless, for where Truth is, I am.

"Love never faileth." Love I am. In Love I trust, and nothing finds me unprepared.

"Love is the fulfillment of the Law," and Love is constant. With Love, I am ever ready and in this readiness find my happiness, my heaven, my prosperity, my health.

Now is the appointed time! Now is the day of salvation! In Truth and Love, I am ready.

THE METAPHYSICAL CLUB
1428 Clifton St., N. W.
Washington, D. C.

May 2, 1911.

Mr. Henry Harrison Brown,
Glenwood, Calif.

My dear Mr. Brown:—

We considered it a great privilege to have you with us, and one and all hope to have the pleasure of meeting you again. We are all holding the mental picture of "Redwoods" free of debt and we wish we were able financially to help with the demonstration. With every good wish and blessings,

Cordially yours,

E. J. PARTRIDGE,
Cor. Secretary.

Truth for Authority, No Authority for Truth.

—*Lucretia Mott.*

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BENEFITS OF PARCELS POST

As the people, and especially the so-called country merchants, come to a clearer understanding and knowledge of conditions as they actually exist, it is more distinctly apparent that the agitation against the institution by the United States government of a parcels post is inspired almost solely by the express companies. The express companies, and not the merchants, are, in fact, the only ones who will benefit by a continuance of the present system under which small packages of merchandise and produce are virtually barred from the mails.

The argument is made by the opponents of the parcels post that its operation would tend to enrich the large mail order houses at the expense of the smaller local dealer. It is interesting to analyze this claim and find if the country merchant is working for his own best interests in accepting it as conclusive, or if he is not, as a matter of fact, doing exactly the opposite. Those who consistently urge the passage of a parcels post law insist that the lack of an institution of this kind really throws much additional business to the large mail order houses. The argument is based on the known existing fact that the minimum freight charge of railroads is the rate for one hundred pounds. Consequently a mail order buyer, wanting an article of eleven pounds weight, is tempted to expand that order with additional goods until it reaches somewhat near the hundred-pound limit upon which the freight charge must be paid. In case the buyer needs no other goods for himself, his neighbors are invited to join in making up the hundred-pound minimum. In this way the local merchant, instead of losing eleven pounds of trade, loses nearly one hundred pounds.

Those who have made a careful study of conditions are quoted as vouching for the statement that the big mail order houses are not urging, and do not especially favor, the passage of a parcels post bill. They are said to favor the present system, which, they find, tends to induce the purchasers to make up their orders to the full one hundred pounds. This, it would seem, should open the eyes of the country merchants to a very important fact. It seems fair to suspect that they, in so far as they have been induced to protest against the installation of a parcels post system, have unwittingly worked against their own interests, and have played into the hands of the express monopoly. The express companies, of course, do not carry the hundred-pound packages. They are transported by freight. But they do carry the millions of other and smaller packages upon which, in the absence of a reasonable postage rate, they are able to exact an enormously excessive toll.

The express companies are not the friends of the country merchant. They overcharge him and oppress him to the full extent of their opportunities, and then get behind him and urge him to protect their monopoly.

The parcels post would not hurt the country merchant. On the contrary, it would enable him to do an order business for his patrons and to retail country products in the cities. A vast amount of food goes to waste on every farm at a time when people in the cities are forced to pay exorbitant prices for it. The cost of transportation and distribution in small quantities is too great.

In London, under conditions possible under the British parcels post system, a family makes an arrangement with a farmer or country merchant to send a dozen fresh eggs by mail every morning, for instance. Boxes are made especially for this purpose, and the cost of carrying a dozen eggs from any point in England to the front door of a house in London is five cents in American money. Is it not easy to imagine that the consumer, the farmer and the country merchant would all profit by such a plan in this country?

—*Woman's National Daily.*

Down below the frothy crests of high finance and professional politics there is a placid sanity of the unsounded human deeps.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

TELEPATHY

The wireless operator who saved the *Republic* passengers told a friend of mine and he told me Sunday, that he, the operator, received the messages telepathically before he did by wire, and that it was this propensity that led him to take up the business of the wireless. For he dared not tell people what he got lest they thought him insane. "Well you can tell me for I understand," and he told my friend of many instances of his telepathic power. So truth goes marching on in every line of business. This friend is a most successful man in his line of business and is LED by the spirit always and is a wonder to all the rest of the business men who know him. Self-poised and warm-hearted and one of the best men to push my work here.

This is well for you to know. "I get messages before the wire brings them!" said the operator.

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

—Bayard Taylor

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NEVER GIVE UP

You may often think that hard
Is your lot;
That with mortal wounds you're scarred,
When you're not;
But remember, when you doubt
What's ahead,
That you're never down and out
Till you're dead.

When Fate thumps you on the nose
With a whack,
Don't you whimper at her blows;
Hit her back!
Grit your teeth and "go the route"
Till she's fled,
For you're never down and out
Till you're dead.

Pull and wealth and all the rest
Help a bit;
But the man who stands the test
Has the grit.
Keep your heart and courage stout
As you tread,
For you're never down and out
Till you're dead.

—Berton Braley in *Boston American*.

All is mind and the manifestations of mind, and mental processes are the cause of all that takes place in life. People sometimes fail to bring this good into manifestations because of murmuring. And what is murmuring? It is seeing the negative side instead of the positive. Every thought we have must find expression, and if we send out critical thoughts, they express themselves in an adverse way. They bring into life adverse conditions. No one can save us from this Law. We must work with the Law if we would have its beneficial workings in our life. Take everything by the smooth handle. See everything as good and only good. Does this mean that we are to make no discrimination? No, it means that we are not to believe in the reality of evil. We sustain evil by believing in it as a reality. The moment you can realize that evil has no power, that moment it will disappear.—*Charles Fillmore in Unity*.

Our opportunity is here and now. At the beginning of this new year, let us stop all murmuring and fault-finding, and live in the consciousness that only the good is true. God has given us the key to the whole situation. That key is I AM and the lock is made up of the complexities of thought. We may unlock the door and enter now into the Promised Land, the land flowing with milk and honey, if we proclaim with Jesus "All power is given unto me in heaven (mind) and earth (body)."—*Charles Fillmore in Unity*.

Does the New Thought promise all this? Let the answer be found in its own teaching. The author of the book above named says editorially in the journal NOW:—

Man is conscious Mind. Conscious Mind is self determined; is the personal God. Today man is conscious of himself, says, "I Am," but has not awakened to his power as a conscious manifestation of God—of the One, so he can say what he is. He is coming to that consciousness. All power lies potentially in the human ego. Man, as an individual, and a race, is limited only by his ignorance of his powers. As he thinks himself to be, that he is. To teach him to think of himself as potentially omnipotent, and to bring him into recognition of his possessions, is the object of NOW.

If we were to italicise any of the above, it would be necessary to italicise all, so sweeping and all-including is the blasphemous assumption of human omnipotence. Man is made the "personal God," the "I AM," the "One," the possessor of "all power," "potentially omnipotent." But this is not all. He continues:—

Man is that which he thinks he is, because thought is power; and by this power which is creative, man creates himself . . . Man is spirit, with all the possibilities of divinity, and may manifest these possibilities here and now.

It would seem that nothing but an intellect crazed by self-admiration and self-worship could make such assumptions as above quoted; and we find that it was that very thing that turned the head of Satan and brought discord and rebellion in heaven and brought sin into this world. "I will destroy thee, O covering cherub, from the midst of the stones of fire. Thine heart was lifted up because of thy beauty, thou hast corrupted thy wisdom by reason of thy brightness; I will cast thee to the ground, I will lay thee before kings, that they may behold thee." Eze. 28:16, 17. God's rebuke to the king of Tyrus—symbol of Satan—can just as fittingly be applied to the exponents of the New Thought. "Thus saith the Lord God; because thine heart is lifted up, and thou hast said, I am a God, I sit in the seat of God, in the midst of the seas; yet thou art a man, and not God, thou set thine heart as the heart of God." Eze. 28:2. One of the faults of that king was an inordinate desire for gold, treasure and glory. The New Thought makes "the road to opulence," and the release from labor, one of its aims. How striking is the similarity throughout!

—*The Signs of the Times (Adventist)*.

IS YOUR RENEWAL DUE?

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

—Julia Ward Howe

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WONDERFUL

Isn't it wonderful, when you think,
How the creeping grasses grow,
High on the mountain's rocky brink,
In the valleys down below?
A common thing is a grass-blade small,
Crushed by the feet that pass—
But all the dwarfs and giants tall,
Working till Doomsday shadows fall,
Can't make a blade of grass.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think,
How a little seed asleep,
Out of the earth new life will drink,
And carefully upward creep?—
A seed, we say, is a simple thing,
The germ of a flower or weed—
But all earth's workmen, laboring,
With all the help that wealth could bring,
Never could make a seed.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think,
How the wild bird sings his song,
Weaving melodies, link by link,
The whole sweet summer long?
Commonplace is a bird, always,
Everywhere seen and heard—
But all the engines of earth, I say,
Working on till Judgment Day,
Never could make a bird.

—*The Century.*

THAT YOU-CAN'T-DO-IT CLUB

Various persons have demonstrated that life is possible upon hardly any other world than this because the other worlds are too hot or too cold, or have some other fatal defect. Henri Bergson, of whose philosophy the late William James thought so highly, asserts on the contrary that probably life is possible "in all the worlds suspended from all the stars." Life exists here by fixing the carbon in carbonic acid. Plants do this through absorbing the solar energy; we take it from plants or from animals that have taken it from plants; but elsewhere the same energy may be utilized for purposes of life in forms different from any we know, by different means. In short, we are machines run by carbonic acid—and that is by no means the only way in which living machines may be run. A scientist of sufficiently conservative tendencies, who had never seen any but a steam engine, might assert that you couldn't run an engine by gasoline or electricity, because there would be no steam. We do not often attempt to settle important scientific questions; but we know Monsieur Bergson is right in this case, because the man who says you can't possibly do it is always wrong.

—*Saturday Evening Post.*

THE UNCHANGEABLENESS OF THE I AM.

During my trip East I visited Nebraska and Iowa, where I had not been since the early spring of 1866, forty years ago. I visited a brother's home, where I had not been for many years, and met in Chicago a brother I had not seen for twenty-nine years. And the most wonderful feature of all this is the fact that *I was unchanged*. I was the same returned soldier from the Civil War who, in 1866, went from St. Joseph to Council Bluffs by steamboat, and then rode by buckboard from that city to Sioux City, Iowa. I looked upon things that had changed, upon new features of the landscape. Trees that were just then set out along the streets, little saplings, now measure eighteen inches and two feet in diameter, broad-spreading elms and maples. Great cities have sprung up in the prairies where was not a house. Railroads have spanned, not only the space between Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, but the continent. I was with Prof. F. V. Hayden over the Union Pacific road when its terminal was Julesburg, a city of tents and shanties, but a few weeks old. Electric lights, railroads and telephones, then undreamed of, have all come into that then unsettled country. Lincoln, a capital located while I was still in Nebraska, and now a beautiful city of thousands, has arisen, and the valley of Salt Creek, that was then supposed to be of no agricultural value, has become wonderful in its productiveness of grain and fruit. All this change has come and I AM THE SAME.

I saw children of the children, and children of these, and their parents and grandparents called "old," and yet I had not changed.

I FELT the same impulses; I had the same love of beauty, the same love of Truth and the same faith in Goodness as then.

I felt the same power of aspiration, the same subjectiveness to the inspiration of time and place as then. I was in Con-

I thank whatever gods may be For my unconquerable Soul.

—W. C. Henley

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sciousness the same, *only more so*. I was the same person I was when I first saw these, *only more so*. The years had only intensified the sense of Being, I then was. All these forty years have done is to extend my consciousness of what I was then. I am unchanged, but I am more conscious of what I am.

Wonderful, this realization! It annihilates time. It opens up to Realization that I AM IMMORTAL, AND AM LIVING THE IMMORTAL, LIFE NOW! How can anyone doubt or question when they realize that during all the years of life, that which IS is not changed? Had I no other evidence than this, I would sweetly lay off this reflection we call body, and take up anew the consciousness of this imperishable and unchangeable I, in another condition, not of life, but of unfoldment.

From California and back I went, and the same "I" returned. From cradle to grave I shall be I. I read my early school books and conned over my early compositions and reread my letters from the war, and it is the same "I" that reads that read them long ago. It is the same I that reads those old letters that wrote them. O, but you know more! Who knows? It must be that same something that did not know then, that knows now. I know? What is it to know? Where is knowledge? Where is wisdom? Only to be conscious of that which I eternally am. What thinks and feels? I thought long ago. I was I, when I first showed my companions that I thought. I am the same something we call "I," or Ego, or Soul, or Spirit, or Mind, that I was then. Nothing has ever changed this consciousness of my Self.

The words of the CII Psalm were often with me with a new meaning: "Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure; yea, they shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them and they shall be changed; but thou are the same and thy years shall have no end!" Then, as never be-

fore, did the wonderful significance of the words, "My Father and I are," come to me as I felt the unchangeableness of the "I." I AM means hereafter. *I am eternally I! I am unchangeable!* Though the heavens roll together like a curtain, I am, and the time and the world matters of no importance to me. The wonderful reply of Emerson to the Millerite who told him "the world is coming to an end," contains all of New Thought: "I can get along very well without it!"

What are these appearances to the eternally unfolding consciousness of MAN? Let them go. I am still I, with all my possibilities yet to unfold. Ossian's apostrophe to the sun, once so wondrously beautiful, has lost its chief power to charm; it is not truth.

"O, thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun? thy everlasting light? But thou are perhaps like me—for a season; thy years will have an end." "No, O, Sun!" I exclaimed, as I saw him rise over the prairie, where I saw him rise in like majesty in the years of young manhood, "thou shalt perish, but I am I forever!" I walked out upon the hills and overlooked the vast Missouri valley at night, when the stars were brighter than in my loved Mountain Home, and this sense of unchangeableness in them was more than matched by the sense of immortality in my SELF, and the lines of a poem I wrote for an early NOW came to my lips:

Speed on, star-steeds! Rejoice awhile
As sunbright centers of the ONE!
I, Human Soul, can only smile,
For I speed on when ye are gone.
I am forever still the same!
I share with God, Creation's throne!
But sun and star ye are but a name!

I come home, and find myself still the same Henry Harrison, and though appearances have changed, my friends in *Love* have not changed. Truth in them

(Continued on page 112)

Trust thyself! Every heart vibrates to that iron string.

—Emerson

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A VACATION REST.

I have long wanted to see IF I *could* be a boy again! So many sigh for old conditions and for a return of the past. I wished to study the psychology of recollection, of memory, of sensation and of life, when I should be among old landscapes, tones, and persons. Is there such a condition as the past? I had often asked myself. Can immortality know anything but the present? My philosophy said—Eternal NOW! Would experience say the same?

I have stood in the room where just 71 years ago I was born. As the past returns to drowning men, so as I stood in that room, for one moment flashed all my past. I saw once thus when near drowning and once when shocked by a shell in the Civil War. I then saw myself as my past. I WAS ALL THE SEVENTY-ONE YEARS.

Then came the question so often asked—Does it pay to live? And I gave thanks as never before for life. Thanks to my parents and the Mother most of all, for all she suffered for me to be. "I AM!" the Inner Voice seemed to thunder. Triumphant was Soul then.

I found, when on the street, myself again, only able to say, "I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

And the words of Eliza Cook would sing in my mind:—

I thank thee God for all I've known,
Of kindly fortune, health and joy,
But no less gratefully I own
The bitter drops of Life's alloy.
O there was wisdom in the blow
That wrung the hot and scalding tear,
That laid my dearest idol low
And left my bosom lone and drear!
I thank thee God for all of smart
That I have known, for not in vain
Has been the bitter aching heart
The sigh of grief, the throb of pain!

And then Phoebe Cary came to my relief:—

The past is mine! I take it all!
Its folly, its weakness, if you please;
Aye, even my sins if you come to that,
May have been helps, not hindrances!
I would not make the path I've trod
More straight or even, more deep or wide,

Nor change my steps a breadth of a hair
This way or that to either side.

I could not formulate my own thoughts, and blessed are the poets that I had words for my relief.

O this glorious sense of Being. I Live. And first of all I gave thanks for life. For 71 years of conscious life. Life to learn of this Real Self that says, "I AM!" Not one experience could I have taken out and still be myself. And all the expressions have been those of that Self that was here lying under the sweet briar which is my earliest memory. I was then as now. This was the thought that the re-visiting my childhood and boyhood scenes impressed upon me.

"I am deathless! I am the same I that I was then. I shall be the same I always!" When I talked with the once little girl with whom I made mud-pies 68 years ago, I realized a change in her, but none in myself. But I saw only the external expression of the Immortal Ego. I knew that Ego as myself, and I saw not the immortal in her but the temporal expression only, and I was only conscious now of that *immortal I*, as I was then.

"The moment one questions immortality that one is fallen!" says Emerson. How can we question when we study Self? I can realize no change in myself. I have simply been learning these years what I was when I first awoke to consciousness. I will be all eternity learning WHAT I am! But, for all eternity, I AM.

But it was as a youth that I was most surprised to realize more than ever before, the persistency of the Ego. "Force is persistent" says science. The Persistency of Force, is the one great Law of mechanics. But Life, Thought and Love are but forms of Force. This persistency is a warrant of personal immortality. For Force, conscious of itself, cannot ever lose its consciousness. To do so would be to destroy force and this is impossible. This truth came to me so strong when at evening I walked the bridge where for an hour I had walked

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

—*Archie L. Black.*

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in 1862 debating whether I should give up a college course for the dangers of a soldier in the Civil War. I was the same boy with all the aspirations, dreams, ambitions, hopes, longings that I had at that time. Longfellow tells of finding his "Lost Youth" but only found that Youth which he had lived as himself, all the time.

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the schoolboy's brain;
The song, and silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.

There are things of which I may not speak,
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart
weak
And bring a pallor into the cheek
And a mist before the eye.

O, because the poet speaks for the universal heart he spoke for me! I looked for the "lost youth" but did not find it, because I was it. I found myself wondering what I had done to retain this youth. The answer came—I AM! The fact of Eternal Youth was never so clear to me as when I stood on that bridge and found that I had not changed. That all the ambition, dreams, aspirations, I had then, I still had. That I was no nearer an end now than I then was. That I was no more satisfied than I then was. All I had learned was not to live in what I wished for tomorrow, but to enjoy the present. To BE, instead of to dream, and to enjoy instead of to wish. To express now instead of longing for. But I saw just as much as I then saw to accomplish. I felt the flow of life with as strong a current as then.

It was the same Life as it was the same stream that flowed with murmur below me.

This body only had changed. But that is not the I. I am known to myself as thought and feeling. I feel and I think. This is the expression of the ego. This body is not the expression, it is a manifestation of the One, that IT may think and Love consciously through it. My individuality consists in my thought and love, not in my body. Here I found

Eternal Youth. The woods were as fresh and fair as then and everything as rich to me as to the boys that had played about me during the day. When I saw boys bathing in the old swimming hole I was there with them and felt the same old thrill as I saw them fling the line where we used to catch perch, trout and sun fish.

There is no loss of Life. There is no change to Soul. There is no end to Truth and no end to Love.

This vacation paid me in opening clearer than ever Eternity as a present realization.

What pained me in visiting old friends and especially old army comrades was the fact that they were changed to me. Few conditions once past can be restored. It is impossible to restore old feelings. Memory may do its best but old times live only in the unfoldment we have. The special experience cannot be repeated. I came to the conclusion that any attempt to be in expression what one once was, is delusion. And that when one has left place, conditions, friends, behind it is well to leave them there. "Let the dead bury the dead!" is a rational rule. The past is dead, let each dying day bury itself as the sun buries itself at night in the sea. Let each day be a new day filled with blessing.

I have made new associations among the Redwoods in the sunny land and the place I once filled in New England is filled with others. New houses, new roads, new fields are in place of those I knew. Those I once knew are immortal, and in them I am still, and ever will be—a boy!

But what inspiration for my work do I find in the needs of the people. The old thought is rampant and the nation is dying, and millions live unhappy and ill for want of Truth. "My people perish for lack of Knowledge!" This is deeply impressed upon me, for during a month I have not found a person in sympathy with my ideas. And worst of all, they are not open to them. It is like trying to make a rock absorb water.

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

—Irving Bachelor

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“Blessed are they that hunger and thirst for they shall be filled!” How shall we create this hunger and thirst? NOW is trying. Tell me some better way if you can.

IN TOUCH

How slight so'ere the motion be
With palpitating hand,
The gentlest breaker of the sea
Betrays it to the land.
And though a vaster mystery
Has set our souls apart,
Each wafture from Eternity,
Reveals thee to my heart.

—John B. Tabb.

In good advertising there are three essential factors—to arrest attention, to create desire and to inspire confidence. But even good advertising will prove valueless unless persistently followed up. In advertising, as in everything else, it is continuity of effort, bulldog tenacity, everlasting stick-to-it-iveness that brings success. Keep eternally at it.—S. C. Dobbs, *President of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America.*

Every truth has its bearing on the whole truth; and the fact that men have grown steadily in intelligence as the ages proceed, and that they have acquired more vitality in proportion as they grew in intelligence, would indicate that they have the power to acquire still greater intelligence; and with greater intelligence an augmented amount of vitality. Vitality is life. Vitality in the human organism is the life principle drawn to coherence through recognition on the part of the individual. Enough of this vitality will conquer death as easily as a superior amount of vitality now conquers disease. How do we conquer disease? By stimulating the vital powers so that they generate more force, more strength, more health. The power to conquer disease, which no one will deny, prophesies the power to conquer death. Disease is the negation or the non-recognition of the life principle. Death is the still further non-recognition of the life principle; it is the culmination of the non-recognition. Death is not something separate from disease; it is simply an extension of disease, or a deepening of disease; it is sinking still further and further in the direction of weakness; and weakness is nothing but the failure to recognize the life principle, the universal vitality.—*Helen Wilmans.*

THE GREAT SPECIALIST

Once upon a time, years and years ago, there was born a celebrated physician—a physician whose healing powers were so wonderful that all the world stood amazed. And more wonderful still, this eminent healer's services were absolutely free.

But there are many strange things in this world—and one of the strangest is that, while the great physician still exists and while his treatment continues to be absolutely free, thousands of nervous, suffering women do not avail themselves of his curative powers. The name of this illustrious physician is Dr. Nature. He is a specialist in nervous ailments. For hypochondriacs and invalids who need building up he is par excellence. His signs hang everywhere—in the blush of the morning sun, in the graceful rhythm of the sighing trees, in the wistaria-like fronds of the blossoming bush, in the tinkling cackling of the laughing brook and in the delicate perfume of the wild apple blossoms.

The woman who goes to him, who walks to his office in the great out-of-doors, will feel renewed hope and accruing strength. Ah, the tonics of the woods and the meadows, the lilting songs of the joyous birds, the silent winging of the phantom-like clouds! They mark life at its most glorious zenith and instil courage into the heart that yearns for the panacea of peace.

Oh, you women who suffer, when you are worried and disheartened, repair to the woods and the fields! Go out into the shady places and gather bouquets of violets, pluck the spotted adders from the spring wind's caress. Steal from babbling water the incense of a euphony that thrills. Hunt out the wild tangles where the bittersweet and woodbine twine. Look for joy in the chalice of the hepatica. All about you are life-giving tonics that old Doc Nature is brewing for his suffering patients. And they cure!

Stay out-of-doors in the sunlight and breeze as long as your duties will permit. Sleep out-of-doors if you can. Sleeping under the canopy of heaven is an elixir that Doctor Nature brews by night while *Interne Morpheus* does the administering.

Day and night in the open air! It will make a new woman of you! You will lose your harassing thoughts upon the perfume-laden breeze of the night. Your irritability will be buried in the pansy beds you have made, and hope will spring anew with the flower seeds of your German garden.

Go to Doctor Nature for the cure!

—Byron Williams.

Boost for NOW.

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

—Whittier

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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 Saviour 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.

Mr. Brown gave a course of seven Lessons in Saratoga Springs, N. Y., in July. They were reported quite at length in the *Daily Sun* of that "village." His class was in every way successful and he left there July 20th for a complete rest at Dr. C. O. Shaler's Sanitarium, Kingston, N. Y., where he is to be the guest and companion of the Doctor, and prepare himself for a busy season during fall and winter. Parties wishing Lectures or Lessons can correspond with him by way of this office. His arrangements are not yet complete, as he wishes to avoid return trips eastward, on his western way. His terms are extremely moderate, as he considers himself, in Truth, a "Missionary-at-large."

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

—Whittier

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TRUTH FORCIBLY TOLD.

We must rid ourselves of the prevalent impression that auto-suggestions and affirmation are either meaningless or illogical. They are rather the busy wheels of a living and positive faith. What a grand and vital entity is the conscious mind and its activities, how various! No ship needs a helmsman more. In its highest exercise—in the super-sensuous realm—it is privileged to come into actual contact and oneness with the Divine Mind. What a boon such a cultivated intimacy may be! The divinity of humanity may thus become an integral part of the deeper selfhood. It can have its special times and seasons for such high communion, but under ordinary conditions, as before indicated, the sub-consciousness is piling up both negative and positive product—that which tells for future harmony, strength and normality of mind and body, or the reverse. * * *

It is an established fact in psychology that every thought is imagined in the mind of the thinker. If this be true, then thoughts of sickness and of health both from images of their states of action and conditions in life. This law of action in human life has now been abundantly demonstrated in mental healing. It has also been discovered and repeatedly proved that thoughts containing the action of disturbance establish themselves as such and constantly tend to repeat their action. All branches of genuine healing philosophy illustrate this fact.—*Henry Wood in Practical Ideals.*

If you worship a far-away God, you make far-away conditions of good. The more you realize the presence and power of the indwelling God, the more of good you will experience. Many think it makes no difference what men believe about God, but it does. Some are weak in body because they believe in an outside God. If you have built up in the invisible Ether a form or shape of God, this graven image must be given up.—*Unity.*

The question is sometimes asked, "What shall I do with people who oppose me; who are not in sympathy with my spiritual on-going?" Such a situation must be handled spiritually. First, take the stand, "I am one with Almightyness. My environment is God." Send forth the Word. Deny all opposition. Be careful not to recognize or resist evil. Do not talk about it. If you make yourself positive in the understanding that your environment is God, everything in your world will become harmonious.—*Unity.*

LIFE'S GIFTS

I saw a woman sleeping. In her sleep she dreamt Life stood before her and held in each hand a gift—in one, Love, and in the other, Freedom, and she said to the woman, "Choose."

And the woman waited long and she said, "Freedom!"

And Life said: "Thou hast well chosen. If thou hadst said 'Love' I would have given thee that thou didst ask for; and I would have gone from thee and returned to thee no more. Now the day will come when I shall return. In that day I shall bear both gifts in my hand."

I heard the woman laugh in her sleep.

OLIVE SCHREINER, "Dreams."

Yet there is something humiliating in the spectacle of a million free-born citizens going half hungry to spite private corporations.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Carlyle's allegiance from first to last was to Truth as it presented itself to his own intellect and his own conscience.—*Froude's "Carlyle."*

In some form or another retribution would come, whenever the hearts of men were set on material prosperity. . . . All that modern nations mean when they speak of wealth, progress and improvement were but Molock and Astarte in a new disguise and now as then it was impossible to serve God and Baal. To this simple creed Carlyle adhered as the center principle of all his thought.—*Froude's "Carlyle."*

We don't breed Gods down on Earth but human beings, and the most that is expected of any man is that he try his level best.—*Herbert Kaufman.*

You cannot reform people with tracts and talk—with preach and creed. Religion is helpless. Law can punish, but it can neither reform criminals nor prevent crime. There is but one hope. To accomplish this there is but one way. Science must make woman the owner, the mistress of herself—must put it in the power of woman to decide for herself whether she will or will not become a mother. This is the solution of the whole question. This frees woman. The babes that are then born will be welcome. They will be clasped with glad hands to happy breasts. They will fill homes with light and joy. . . . When that time comes the prison walls will fall, the dungeons will be flooded with light, and the shadow of the scaffold will cease to curse the earth. The whole world will be intelligent virtuous and free.—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

There is no darkness but ignorance.

—Shakespeare.

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THE ANCIENTS AND IMMORTALITY

Then shall the judge of the dead answer: Let this soul pass on; he lives upon truth. He has made his delight in doing what is good to men, and what is pleasing to God. He has given food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty and clothes to the naked. His lips are pure and his hands are pure. His heart weighs right in the balance. He fought on earth the battle of the good, even as his Father, the Lord of the invisible world, had commanded him. O God, the protector of him who has brought his cry unto Thee, make it well with him in the world of spirits! He loved his father, he honored his mother; he loved his brethren. He never preferred the great man to him of low condition. He was a wise man; his soul loved God. He was a brother to the great and a father to the humble; and he never was a mischief-maker. Such as these shall find grace in the eyes of the great God. They shall dwell in the abodes of glory, where the heavenly life is led. The bodies which they have abandoned will repose forever in their tombs, while they will enjoy the presence of the great God.—*From the Egyptian Book of the Dead.*

(Continued from page 101)

veloped to still earn dollars. But the same boy that 60 years ago dreamed by the Quinebaug River dreamed there in June. I found, not "my lost youth," but that youth which is eternal to the dreamer. Only the facts of the external life are transient. As I lay where I was ashamed to be seen idle when a boy, lest I would be called "lazy," I thanked the boy of sixty years ago for his dreams, his leisure, and his courage, for out of those dreams have come my richest treasures. The love of nature then developed caused me to love and work for the redwoods of my Mountain Home. O, how true was John Boyle O'Riley when he sang:

Let me dream as of old by the river,
When I dreamed my youth away;
For the dreamer lives forever
While the worker dies in a day.

By talking into the transmitter sound waves are transformed into electrical waves which set into oscillation ether waves. These waves are sent out through the atmosphere and at receiving stations are transformed into sound waves.—"The Wireless Telephone," *Collier's Weekly*.

(Continued from page 106)

has not changed. That which I love is in them changeless; it is not their body, it is the Soul, the Everlasting, the Omnipresent, the Omniscient, the Omnipotent, that loves me through them, and that I love in them. There is no Realization that has the power of joy and peace of this. *I am changeless.* Now that beautiful hymn, "Abide with me," will have for all who read this a deeper meaning as they sing:

"Change and decay in all around I see;
O, thou that changes not, abide with me."

The children and youth of our times are confronted from all directions with examples of the material, the sordid, the ugly. In the absence of some counteracting influence they, like their elders, will lose the sense of the beautiful that is born in all mankind, and will give up their lives to all that is unwholesome and hideous.—*Lady Constance Richardson.* Frank H. Hitchcock, Postmaster General, says: "I am tired of politics, tired to death. It is a net that involves a man like the grip of that sea thing they call an octopus. Politics would make a saint a sinner.—*Exchange.*"

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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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