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THOUGHT IS POWER

All, all for immortality,
Love, like the light silently wrapping all,
Nature's amelioration blessing all,
The blossoms, fruits of ages,
Orchards, divine and certain,
Forms, objects, growths, humanities,
To spiritual images ripening.

Give me, O God, to sing that thought,
Give him, or her, I love this quenchless faith,
In Thy ensemble, whatever else withheld,
withhold not from us,
Belief in plan of Thee, enclosed in Time and
Space,
Health, peace, Salvation, universal.
Is it a dream?
Nay! but the lack of it the dream,
And failing it, life's lore and wealth a dream,
And all the world a dream.

—Walt Whitman in "Song of The Universal."

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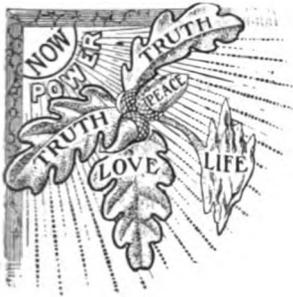
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From all Life's grapes I press sweet wine.
—Henry Harrison Brown.

NOW

A Journal of Affirmation

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No. 3

LIFE'S MASQUERADE.

I hold the package in my hand,—
My pictured face for many years;
Here is the child in pinafore;
Here the soldier, with a mother's tears;
Here is the minister with his book;
Here I'm reformer with my plan;
Here I'm father with my child;
And here I'm a grey-bearded man:—
Yet through them all my eye can trace
The one hereditary face.

What mean these faces? Time declare!
Beneath them all I am the same!
And yet the mask of years I wear,
In each disguise I have one name.
I play a part not of my will,—
Old Time, you're author of the play!
You touch my Spirit with your thrill,
And I that inward call obey.
Beneath every costume you employ
I wear the pinafore of boy.

O Life! O Time! what cheats you are!
Costumes fantastic, tragic, wild,
Ye bring me under morning's star
And newly garb each day the child.
As waif in pauper-school or crown
With garb of prince or dress of sage;
But e'en your whims do not disown
My Soul's divinest heritage.
And so I laugh for 'neath your fetes
The ideal for me triumphant waits.

I know I'm not the thing I seem,
Despite your prompter's cue, your masks;
I sense how very false your scheme
And revel in joy despite your tasks.
I'll do your work; I'll play my part;
But you cannot my faith surprise.
I'll wear your masks, but free my heart!
I'll wear clear glasses o'er my eyes.
While thus you rule my world without
Within my soul you have no scout.

These pictures are the masks that Life,
To do its work, throws o'er the Soul!
And while I work in Space and Time
I still as Real, embrace the Whole.
The boy, the man, the soldier, priest,
Have wisely played their part. I learn
Through all this shadow: "Not the least
In all these shows have I concern!
Beneath Good's coronation pall,
I know that God is All in All!"

I've learned in Life's great masquerade,
That God and Life and I are One.
'Neath rags or crown, Wisdom has laid
For me her richest jewels down.
Each day in some new part I play.
The Prompter's call awakens the morn!
I have no choice! I may not stay!
In joy or pain is Victory won.
When Life for me has here no gain,
Elsewhere I'll find my Youth again.
HENRY HARRISON BROWN.

"DON'T GNAW THE BONE!"

Recently at the close of my address a very intelligent lady said to me: "There is much in your lecture that I admire and much that I do not understand, and some I do not accept!" My reply came spontaneously: "Eat the meat but don't gnaw the bone!"

I have thought much upon my reply and am satisfied that one great reason for the difficulty many have in accepting Truth and in growing daily into a larger perception of it is that they neglect the meat and gnaw the bone.

Instead of listening and letting those parts not understood, and those with which they are not in accord, pass by them and devote themselves to paying attention to those that at the time seem Truth, they center on those with which they are not in harmony and thus lose the benefit. They thus cultivate the habit of antagonism. To disagree with any statement is not wise. With all that seems to you truth agree. To all that seems not truth, pay no attention. The field of ignorance is so large that it is wise for us to ignore. All that is Truth to us now should occupy our attention.

To pick out of a discourse, or a book, that which seems to us error is like one telling what he does not know. One might fill volumes with his ignorance of

Henceforth I seek not good fortune: I am good fortune.

—Walt Whitman.

any one of the sciences, and of any period of human history, or with his unacquaintance with any philosophy.

This habit is on par with that of a merchant who would advertise goods that he did not keep. He would have no time or space to tell what little he did keep.

He who deals in negatives will never be "healthy, wealthy and wise."

"Pick out the gold nuggets and let the gravel go!" is the thought of the placer miner. In like manner one should pick the nuggets of truth from discourse or a book, and let the rest go.

It follows as a matter of course that any teacher who has anything to teach will have something new for each listener. It is a mere matter of superfluity, of unconscious turgescence, and an exploiting of one's ignorance, to mention the fact of disagreement. It often places one in a false position toward himself. Later he may see that he did agree. Having expressed an opinion it is the harder for him to place himself receptive to all that new perception holds for him.

When wise we accept that which seems reasonable. We hold ourselves subject to later thought; hold every opinion tentatively, realizing that opinions are always subject to change. Facts never change. To neglect to chew the meat and turn to the non-nourishment of the bone, will sharpen one's teeth of criticism, but will not help the perception of truth. To chew the meat will bring that unfoldment which later, with its chemic power, will dissolve the bone itself to nourishment. For bones are full of phosphates, and of elements that, when properly prepared, help the constitution.

I am merely repeating the old adage "Always look for the sunshine!" "Look on the bright side!" "Don't fight shadows!"

Did I not feel that I was talking to people who had not my perception of the subject; did I feel that they were all in accord with all I said; I would have no incentive for my work. The ordinary

pulpit has no incentive for growth or inspiration. All that the ordinary minister can say is what he has been taught; what has been said many times before, and for which his audience pay him for saying. They all agree with all he says. The intellect and the intuitive perceptions are lulled to sleep.

This is not the purpose of the teacher, no matter whether he is teaching socialism on the street; science in college; metaphysics in class; or lecture. The true teacher has but one purpose. That is, to be an inspiration to his listeners. Whenever I can awaken in the consciousness the thought "Here is a new view and I must investigate!" I have done all I desire. But when one picks out the old plums from the intellectual pudding and ignores the solid rice, I feel that the time of both has been lost.

This same evening a young man came to me and said: "It is the first time I have heard anything along this line. It sets me thinking, and I shall come again!" Another lady said: "I've learned something new and am going home to practice it!" Another said: "I came with my friend. It is my first time. I've been startled. If you are right I was wrong. I'm going now to find out which is right!" "How?" I asked. "Why, I'm going to read and think!"

That is the only way. If the miner thinks he has a diamond, he takes it home and tests it. If the miner thinks he has a piece of gold-bearing quartz he takes it home and if it proves "Fool's gold," he throws it aside and is better able to judge the next questionable rock. I, have patients and students who are not thus wise but who immediately begin to question why and to argue every statement and thus make slow progress. "We know truth when we see it as we know light," says Emerson. We obtain truth by perception; by intuition. Once a statement is perceived to be truth, then we reason upon it. Truth is never found by reason. The admonition which I received in my introduction to Mental Science in 1870 was:—"Never argue!"

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

—Edith M. Thomas.

When it is Truth to you, you will know it. Until then put it aside!"

It is as true of Truth in teaching the Subconscious and the there becoming motive power, as it is that water which falls upon the surface will reach the rootlets of the plants and be motive power to them.

When one visits a teacher in any line, or reads any book, the proper attitude is receptivity to truth. Let him recognize that, that which is not for him then, will roll away as water down the hill, and that which he is subconsciously ready for, will reach the rootlets of his life and character. He has no need consciously to select. Selection is done by the Omnipotence which he is. No better motto can one hang upon the wall of his sleeping room than this affirmation: **I AM RECEPTIVE TO TRUTH.** I see only the affirmative side. I am like the sun dial—"I note the bright hours only."

We may be uncertain as to the future of the so-called "Powers" of Europe. We may doubt even the permanency of our own Republic; but of one thing we may be sure. The Church of the living God, seeking after the verities of religion, striving to bring together the children of men on the high levels of duty, is here to stay, and it is making headway in the world faster than we can understand. It has gone farther now than we can realize; even in the presence of the terrors of war, the hopeful ear detects some encouraging accents of religion in the plural number.—*Rev. Jenken Lloyd Jones (Unitarian).*

The future, and the future alone, holds the key to the mysteries of the present. When the first cell divided, the meaning of that division was to be discovered in the future, not in the past; when some prehuman ancestor first uttered a human sound, the significance of that sound was to be interpreted by human language and not by apish grunts; when the first plant showed solicitude for its seed, the interest of that solicitude lay in the promise of maternal affection. Things must be judged in the light of the coming morning, and not of the setting stars.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

What is suppressed or forbidden is by human nature most desired.—*Journal of American Medical Association.*

AFFIRMATIONS.

"The best of Now and Here."

There is but one place for me.
Providence has placed me *hcre*.
Here is the place Divine Will has ordained me to grow.
Here is the place for me to find myself.
Here is the place for me to manifest Health.
Here is the place for me to manifest Prosperity.
Here is the place for me to manifest Happiness.
There is no time but the Present.
Now is the time for me to manifest that which I am.
Now is the time for me to manifest Health.
Now is the time for me to manifest Prosperity.
Now is the time for me to manifest Happiness.
Here and Now, I AM.
I *was*, yesterday. I have no Being in the Past.
I *was*, at another place yesterday.
I have no Being other than Here.
That I may live, enjoy, develop, and use opportunity I must use the present moment in the present place.
I use for enjoyment every moment.
I grasp every present opportunity.
I am health Now and Here.
I am Prosperity Now and Here.
I am Happiness Now and Here.
I am Peace Now and Here.

UNITY.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into prayer;
One in the power that makes thy children free
To follow Truth, and so be one with thee!
—*J. W. Chadwick.*

One in the freedom of the Truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God;
The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death,—
The Life that maketh all things new!
—*S. Longfellow.*

Trust thyself! Every heart Vibrates to that iron string.

—Emerson.

GOETHALS.

Nothing better in the celebration of the Panama Canal can come more appropriate than this poem by Percy Mackaye.

A man went down to Panama,
Where many a man had died,
To slit the sliding mountains
And lift the eternal tide:
A man stood up in Panama,
And the mountains stood aside.

The Power that wrought the tide and peak
Wrought mightier the seer;
And the One who made the isthmus
He made the engineer,
And the good God He made Goethals
To cleave the hemisphere.

The reek of fevered ages rose
From poisoned jungle and strand,
Where the crumbling wrecks of failure
Lay sunk in the torrid sand—
Derelicts of old desperate hopes
And venal contraband:

Till a mind glowed white through the yellow
mist
And purged the poison-mold,
And the wrecks rose up in labor,
And the fever's knell was tolled,
And the keen mind cut the world-divide,
Untarnished by world-gold:

For a poet wrought in Panama
With a continent for his theme,
As he wrote with flood and fire
To forge a planet's dream,
And the derricks rang his dithyrambs
And his stanzas roared in steam.

But the poet's mind it is not his
Alone, but a million men's:
Far visions of lonely dreamers
Meet there as in a lens,
And lightnings, pent by stormy time,
Leap through, with flame intense:

So through our age three giants loom
To vouch man's venturesome soul:
Amundsen on his ice-peak,
And Peary from his pole.
And midway, where the oceans meet,
Goethals—beside *his* goal:

Where old Balboa bent his gaze
He leads the liners through,
And the Horn that tossed Magellan
Bellows a far halloo,
For where the navies never sailed
Steamed Goethals and his crew;

So nevermore the tropic routes
Need poleward warp and veer,
But on through the Gates of Goethals
The steady keels shall steer,
Where the tribes of man are led toward peace
By the prophet-engineer.

THOUGHT-BUILDING.

“Beware,” says Emerson, “when God lets loose a thinker upon this planet, for then all things are at risk.”

It is to the Thinker the race owes its rise from cave and hollow tree to palace, press and battleship.

‘Civilization is but the materialization of the Thinker's thoughts; materialization of Human Ideals. It is not true that “thoughts are things,” unless we extend the definition of “things” to include immaterial ideals. The usual conception of things is—that which is perceived by the senses.

But in a higher perception Thoughts are greater than things, for they are the Power that creates things. They are the unseen force which controls external conditions and things are the result. Instead of saying “Thoughts are things,” I prefer to say “Thought is Power!” And then to perceive that things are manifestations of power.

A thought comes, by the Law of Special Creation, crystallized on the lower plane of consciousness into A thing. It is therefore on the Thought-plane of consciousness that man is a creator. All things are developed according to the Laws of Formation in the Absolute. Man obeys and directs Law. But the One Power which uses Law for its expression is the One and only creator of things. And things are but the projecting forth of Itself into the sense-plane of consciousness. All possible things exist in the Law; in the Absolute; in God. Under the Law, the world and all natural phenomena, came forth from Itself. But there came a limit to this form of expression and out of the material projected by the Absolute must still higher forms become manifest, and the time came when the Thinker must be that the Possibilities of Spirit; of Mind; of God; might be expressed. Then the Thinker came. He is the projection of Mind forward from all other created forms, in which Mind had previously

**The deeper I drink of the cup of
Life the sweeter it grows.**

37

—*Julia Ward Howe.*

manifested. In this Thinking-form Mind has limitless sway for ITS THINKING. When God says "Let There Be!" forms are. But he could not think before he had a brain with a certain amount of grey matter. Therefore he individualized Himself and through the human brain thought, and things impossible without this brain, came into expression under the same Law that had called forth worlds, plants and animals.

For Thought is Omnipotence individualized. Man is God thinking.

Therefore all artificial things are the materialization on the lower vibrations, under the power of human thought; the expression of human Ideals; mental pictures reflected in the permanency of matter.

Well may Emerson say "Institutions are the lengthened shadow of one man." Institutions are the measure of civilization.

Thought creations have changed the earth from wilderness to fertility and man from savagery to present civilization.

All artificial creations are but the work of human ideals. These ideals are but human reflections in the finite, of Divine ideals in their infinity.

Man is thus, through his thought, a special creator. But his field is limited to thought alone. All the work is done by the One Power. The same Power that carves the hills and valleys, carves the rose upon the furniture in my room.

The same power that lifts the water from the ocean and carries it to the distant mountain and brings it back to the sea, is doing this writing on the typewriter. The Thought in my mind simply directs the Power. As the motor-man on the street-car by my window has only to keep his hand on the controller-bar and his trolley on the wire, and the Power within the wire will force the wheels along the track, so I have but to keep myself under the Law and the One Power works through my hands and

my thought directs and it is written on the page.

Absolute Power made the iron, and made the wood and plant material which Man directed Thought to make into paper. The only paper the Absolute made was the prophecy the hornet made in its nest.

Man's Ideals become the model into which Universal Power flows and shapes Itself into things; even as the iron from the furnace flows into the sand-models and makes the various parts of the machine upon which I am writing.

Thus Man, as Thinker, is shaping the forms in which Universal Mind is expressing Itself in works of mechanism and of art.

The Absolute creates by embodying Itself forth in chaos and later in worlds of crude material. Man, as individual creator, shapes this crude material to his Thought. Wind and wave are manifestations of Absolute, but unthinking Power. They manifest in octaves of lower vibration; in the same way the beauty of the rose and the song of bird. The Absolute in like manner is manifesting in higher octaves as the Thought of Man.

It is in Thought that it is true that "The Father and I are one!" It is in this sense Truth to say "I think therefore I AM!" There are many forms of Existence that cannot think—I AM!

For man to think, is for him to create a mental picture. This picture-form Universal Power must create in the unseen and once created there will shape itself in the lower vibrations of the sense-life. That which is mentally created must express itself in the objective; the sense life.

Here lies the Truth of the Law of Suggestion: I AM THAT WHICH I THINK I AM! Because by Thought I create my Conscious-self.

For this reason we must learn to deal with Life as with Power, and learn to create our objective life as the artist creates his statue or the workman his machine. The statue exists in the mind as

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

— *Whittier.*

a reality. It exists in the objective only as a reflection; a shadow.

My life then, in Reality, is subjective. This sense-expression but the shadow. The Cause is Thought; Appearances the effect. To change the appearance, I must change Cause; that is, change my thought; build different ideals.

All conditions of joy or sorrow; of pleasure or pain; of health or disease; exist in the Mind-Cause before they find expression as effects in the body and environment.

The artist knows definitely what he wishes the marble, or the canvas, or the building, to express. Rarely does an individual have definite pictures of what he wishes Life to express. Generally, we allow Ideals to be builded for us by the Suggestions of friends, business and environment, and by reflections of experience, and then we quarrel with effects. As a consequence, having no definite ideal, and vacillating in will, our life's expression becomes a composite of many ideals, good and bad and indifferent, and is in consequence unsatisfactory.

To be satisfied with our life, we must consciously build our ideal and concentrate upon it as the sculptor does upon his. Must hold to it with like persistency. Not to that of which we hope to be, but to that which we now are. Are now, because the moment we create that Ideal we are it and by concentrating upon it, we compel it to become actual. The Ideal is the real in the world of Cause. In holding to Cause we force Power to obey our thought and we become in the actual that which we have decreed for ourselves in Cause.

We are thus to consider Life as the raw material out of which we are to create our Ideal into actuality, as the web and the woof are in the hands of the weaver, the material for the tapestry he is weaving.

That is, we must live in the Thought of what we desire, as we have been living in the thought of what we have been, or now are in appearance. Drop the

past. Let it die. Live in the Present picture. Whatever you desire; whatever you have built into the Ideal is now. Think from it. Affirm it and you become thus the Master of your Fate, by creating it in Thought, and by holding it in Will until you forget all else, and become the Ideal which you decreed for yourself.

This taking advantage consciously of the Law of Suggestion, and controlling your fate. This is the theme of my first book, and if I live to write a thousand, they must all be in recognition of that One Law of Life:—I AM THAT WHICH I THINK I AM.

Through that Law we create either consciously or otherwise, the health and the happiness or their opposites, in which we have been, and are now expressing life. We represent today the ideals of yesterday. We act with the result upon character of all past ideals. We shall incorporate the ideals of today into the structure of character and they will influence our conduct and our thought tomorrow. Therefore it is necessary that we consider carefully our thoughts and follow Paul's advice to the Phillippians (Chapter 4, eighth verse) and "think on these things!"

Through thinking upon beautiful thoughts we become beautiful.

Build your ideal then today, and think upon it. It is all you have power to do. For the moment you Think, Absolute Power receives it as a direction and has already begun the manifestation of that Ideal in your Life's actual; Life's objective expression.

"Beware when God lets loose a thinker" and beware what you, as that Thinker, think. For as the shadow follows you so do the results of your thoughts follow.

We are all builders, and we build only in the realm of Thought, and God makes manifest in the realm of the sense-life what our thoughts have been. What we sow in Ideal we reap in the actual life.

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

—Emerson.

"All are architects of fate,
Working in the walls of time;
Some with massive deed and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

* * * * *

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with material filled;
Our to-days and yester-days
Are the blocks with which we build.
Build today then strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base,
Then ascending, and secure,
Shall tomorrow find its place."

THE LAW OF SUCCESS.

This gave me an opportunity to ask Mr. Carnegie what I have always wanted to ask him—that is, how he made his money. Of course I have my ideas; but I wanted to hear the answer from him direct. Quick as a flash, as though in heated debate, he flung back his key to kingship:

"Concentration!" said he. "It has often been written that I made my money by taking chances—by scrapping machinery, even though almost new, for some improved invention; but these explanations never appealed to me. Before I scrapped any machine," and again the twinkle came into his eye, "I took good care to have working models of the new machines set up and proved. No, Mr. Babson; the way I made my money was by concentrating—doing one thing at a time, and trying to do it better and more efficiently than anyone else. The trouble with most business men is that they mix themselves up in too many things. There's nothing in it.

"The way to succeed is to select some definite line of work—however small and insignificant it may appear be—to know more about that than anyone else knows, and to let outside things alone. I succeeded by doing one thing at a time and doing it well. Then after I had accomplished one job—developed a certain kind of rail or angle iron—I would turn to making something else. Meanwhile I saved my money and kept my health."

From my talk with Mr. Carnegie I think he would agree with a great banker friend of mine in New York, who said to me the other day:

"Babson, success comes through three things—honesty, education and thrift. Why is it—when the rule is so simple and the path so clearly marked—that so few ever reach the goal? Moreover, why is it that our schools do not more forcefully emphasize these three fundamentals, instead of teaching so much stuff of minor importance?"—*Interview with Mr. Carnegie in "Saturday Evening Post."*

THE IDEAL.

"I" said the Keel of an outward-bound ship,
"Am the most important part.
I hold her erect on every trip;
Though wave and wind inspire to tip,
I laugh at each, as I loose the grip!"

"Thou are a braggart!" the Starboard-screw
Replied, "and a mere upstart!
Silence your vaporings! What were you
If Matey and I did not drive you through,
Docking the ship in the hour she's due."

"Puff!" said the Engines. "What do we hear?
We are the great ship's heart!
Pulsing and throbbing, our well-greased gear,
Force you on, though the tempest leer,
And the Captain's eyes are aglare with fear!"

The silent Rudder, then quietly swung
The Liner aside with a dart,
As out of the night the storm-god flung
A direlect into its path, and wrung
A curse, or a prayer, from the Captain's
tongue. —A. F. Cannon.

THE TYRANNY OF NOTIONS.

A little attention to the mental attitude of the people about us will soon bring to us the realization that they are governed in their lives by details and not by Principles; that they have no general rule for conduct, but meet each circumstance with the one question: "What shall I do?" Trivialities are met in the same spirit as are important questions. Life, to most, is an endless court-martial. It is as if every soldier in the command had been guilty of the same offense, but that each must go through the same preliminaries and trial, instead of investigating one typical case and deciding all the rest by that.

This will be made clear by taking one department of conduct as an illustration, that of diet.

The masses are controlled in their choice of food by notions. "I cannot eat this;" "I cannot digest that;" "That don't agree with me;" "That looks good, but I can't eat it;" "I cannot mix my food;" and "I have been obliged to give up that," etc., etc. Excuse after excuse is made and yet they grow; those who make them become more notional every day. While these excuses are made for

I thank whatever gods may be For my unconquerable Soul.

—W.C. Henley.

not partaking of certain food—reasons (?) are given for selecting others. Scarcely any two persons will give the same reason, and no two persons will select exactly the same articles of diet. I know of no article of diet that some one does not declare unwholesome. I met a man in Southern California, who was sure that oranges produced rheumatism. Food is food. Human nature is human nature. Digestion is digestion. The same relation exists between food and the man; between food and digestion; and the same chemical relations take place in the assimilation; if it is assimilated, in the body of one person as in another. The person who cannot eat meat sits beside him who does, and both eat bread and potatoes. Is there a difference in the constitutions? Are the processes of life different in them?

Originally and organically are they not alike? Are not the physical laws in them the same by which every other body is controlled? Why does not the hard-boiled egg pain equally those who eat it? Why does one choose rare and one well-done meat? One the stale and one the fresh bread?

Slight attention will show the folly of holding any food, or food habit, responsible. Tobacco? Yes, I know many hale old persons who have smoked for 70 or 80 years. Liquor? Intemperance is not to be considered in the case. "Temperate in all things" is the law; self-controlled. Thousands of moderate drinkers are as hale and as long-lived as thousands of teetotalers. Saloon men are as healthy a class as are the ministers. It is time this kind of reasoning was abandoned, and that we turn to the individual differences in the persons. In doing so, we should not confuse the habits of the nervous person with those of the phlegmatic. We should compare the results of the habits of each, upon the life of each. "By their fruits ye shall know them." The moment we do this we shall see that the effect of food is dependent, not upon physical conditions or laws (if there be any physical

laws), but upon the mental condition—upon the Laws of Mind.

At the same table sit the optimist and the pessimist; the physical laborer and the mental laborer; the cheerful and the melancholy; the generous and the stingy; the affectionate and the cold; the morose and the open-hearted; the chronic invalid and the hale and hearty. The food is the same for all. One will smile later, when he thinks of the meal; another will groan. One will say, "I wish I had more"; and another, "I wish I had not touched it." Why this difference? Not in food; not in circumstance; not in external conditions. It must lie in the persons. Since the physiology of each is the same, and they differ only in mental habits, it is evident that these mental habits—the *thought* of the individual—is alone responsible for effect of food on the body. Idiots are not affected unpleasantly by their food. They will eat anything. Filth and the refuse will keep them in health. Various species of animals live together and thrive equally well under like conditions. It is only upon the THINKERS—the human—that corn and beef have unlike effects. To the degree that a person does not think, or does not feel as a human being—to the degree in which a person clings to the animal nature in him—in like degree are food conditions indifferent to him. The moment he begins to exercise his power, as man, over conditions, by choosing, for that moment he is differentiated from his fellows in every way. He is an individual.

His choice decides not only what food he shall eat, but how it shall affect him. Through this choice he educates his digestive organs to receive, and to use, chosen food, and to reject the undesirable. This action is independent of the action of food upon any other individual.

Thus, a food notion that today causes one to accept or reject a certain article, develops into a habit. The sympathetic nervous system, which is automatic in its action, and the sub-conscious, which has

—George Eliot.

no judgment or will of its own, but ever obeys the decision of the conscious man, calls for that which was once merely a choice, a whim, or a notion, and this call tyrannizes, by permission, over the negative will of the one who gave it dominion by once yielding to it, by saying, "I can't." Thus, the one law—the Law of Suggestion—determines the choice and effect of food. "As a man thinks, so is he." As man thinks food is to him, so is it. As he thinks food will act, so does it act to him. Note well—to him. But, it may act very differently to his neighbor, who differs from him in thought. Thus food affects the various thinkers in a very different manner. Several times I attended Indian feasts. I would, beforehand, decide that I would partake of their food. I would look on as the squaws prepared it, be it succotash, or fish, or deer or dog. They would not disgust me by uncleanness, or by their manner of cooking, but when the time came to eat I could not raise the food to my mouth. I once determined to taste of dog meat, but found it impossible. My mouth refused to open and all my intestines seemed tied in a knot, and my whole body paralyzed. Yet, two friends who were with me did partake, and declared its flavor fine. It was not in the food, but my mind would not eat. Had I been in an arctic winter or had hunger prepared me, I would have been in the right mental condition and would have eaten this food and been nourished by it.

I have about me those who do not, actually cannot, eat food I love, because they have given dominion to some notion. "I can't eat it" controls the digestive organs. One cannot eat apples; one, strawberries; one, warm bread; one, eggs; another one wants meat every meal and another eats no meat. And thus down the whole list of wholesome food. But, they do often eat what are, to me, unwholesome "breakfast foods," "shredded wheat," soggy oat meal and the whole catalogue that is "good for health."

Once I was tyrannized over by oatmeal and lied to myself by saying "I like it" for "it is good for my health." I drank hot water and lied to myself and said "I like it," because coffee was "bad for my health."

For two or three years I lived thus in bondage and found that there was a constantly increasing list of things NOT good for me and that my health constantly needed dishes forced upon it by the thought that I must have them—they are good for my health. Human nature at last rebelled. The thought that caused this revolution was—I AM HEALTH and Health does not need special treatment. Disease is to be treated and every dish I eat for health is a suggestion feeding disease. It is a recognition of a lack of health. I threw aside all food I did not crave, sought that I liked and ate it. The Inner Voice said—"You believe in God; believe also in me. You know what is good. I tell you by hunger that I need food. You give me what you choose and I am content." And I said—"Amen."

For 15 years I found Health THROUGH LIBERTY, from my own experience and from the experience of the hundreds I have emancipated, I affirm:—The only wholesome food is that which you love. Eat nothing because it is good for you. Eat for no other reason than because you desire it. To do otherwise is to give up control of the stomach to some adverse weakening suggestion; is to put yourself under the tyranny of some notion.

If you LOVE breakfast foods, eat them to your good. If you do NOT love them, give them to the pigs and eat the warm biscuit you do love. I like Graham gems. I prefer them to pound cake, but for dollars I would not eat them because they were prescribed for me as medicine,—and to eat anything "for health" is to remove it from the category of food and make it a medicine. No one save a chronic loves medicine. This deciding upon food by notion is a living in details; a lack of per-

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

—*Archib L. Black.*

ception of universals; no principle in it. Throw all these questions and thoughts aside, and decide by the Principle of Life. Before I was conscious, Life builded my body. Before doctors were invented or medicine dreamed of, men had healthful bodies. Desire is a product of civilization and it is very doubtful if civilization has increased the proportionate amount of health. We have learned to keep alive a dependent, weak and inefficient will-less class; to overcome the Law of "survival of the fittest" and foster the sick and the lazy; but, eliminating those who, under primeval conditions, would have died in infancy, and those whom care keeps alive in age, and the question seems to be plainly this: Are we on the average up to the average of people who are lacking in these adjuncts of civilization, dollars or medicines? These primitive men never knew, savages of today do not know, they have stomachs. It is food they are after. They AGREE with ANY FOOD they find. We have wandered away from the natural attitude of man, and ask: "Does food agree with me?" Let us come back to nature, and by affirming the Principle of Life, declare: ALL FOOD I SELECT AGREES WITH ME, I AS LIFE—I, AS INTELLIGENCE, AM CREATOR AND MASTER OF MY BODY.

Affirm the principle of Self-control, the master Principle of individuality. Affirm: I CONTROL MY LIFE! MY BODY IS MY WILLING SERVANT! MY STOMACH OBEYS ME! WHAT I THINK, IT THINKS! WHAT I CHOOSE, IT CHOOSES! IT IS BUT AN ECHO IN MATTER OF WHAT I, AS SOUL, THINK!

Once one comes to live from this universal Principle of Life, he will have no notions about his food. He will have no food habits, for he will be free to partake of any and everything which his unfolding taste shall call for. He will be free from all tyranny, unfettered by any limitations, through his oneness with Universal Life and with Divine Intelli-

gence. He will affirm:—I AM LIFE—I AM INTELLIGENCE—I AM DIVINE. In these affirmations he cannot question his desires, his thoughts or his conduct, but will live in the "freedom of a Son of God."

◆

THE GROWTH OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

Dr. C. O. Shaler, proprietor of the Sanitarium at Kingston, N. Y., the only Metaphysical Sanitarium in the United States, has sent NOW the first number of a little paper he proposes to continue through the year entitled "The Sanitarium Fraternity." I find in it a most valuable paper by T. Alexander MacNicholl, M. D., from which I quote this extract. It is most encouraging to find prominent physicians coming into the light of Metaphysical healing. I passed several weeks on three occasions with Dr. Shaler and know the fine common-sense work he is doing in his line. I recommend a careful study of the thought I cull from this article of Dr. Nicholl, especially to the portions I italicise.

The march of Medical Science through the centuries has been marked by a devotion to and a self sacrifice for an ideal, that appears magnificent, measured by any standard. We see Truth in her selective role surviving entangling error and in spite of the dogmatism of creed and the compelling insistence of custom actually subduing all opposing forces. The vital principles of life and health were supposed to dwell in some mysterious elixir or vegetable compound and the measure of life depended upon the capacity of a subject to receive the selected agent. So obsessed with this idea had men become that the world became a vast laboratory of sure cure potions and miracle working pills. A reaction is taking place,—laboratory and crucible are separating truth from error. We are learning much, but we are unlearning more. With all our elaborate methods, sanitary precautions, our scrums, glandular extracts, vegetable and mineral drugs, constructive and destructive surgery we must acknowledge that the principle of life and healing resides not in the properties of matter however branded nor in the tenets of any school however advanced. *Slowly we are grasping the secret embodied in the inspired words—"As a man thinketh in his heart, so he is."* The old idea, because it was based upon eternal truth and survived

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

—Irving Aschelor.

43

the conflicts of ages and now in the presence of the world's accumulated wisdom, we the disciples of Harvey, Hahnemann and Lister are compelled to recognize *not only the insufficiency of all material things; but also admit that the secret of life and healing resides in the patient himself.*

When we recognize that a man's soul is the measure of his health and his morals, we open a way to unlimited achievements. Place first things first and make every agent and method subsidiary to the initial fact and the seemingly impossible will more frequently become the possible. Emphasize the mental atmosphere as pointedly as we emphasize the physical, and we will be impelled to recognize the force of St. Paul's advice in Phil. 4:8: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report—think on these things." No atmosphere is more vital to character and health than the atmosphere of the mind.

When we utilize the forces resident in the soul and supply an atmosphere in which the soul may flourish, we have taken an advanced step in the reconstruction and restoration of the body. This fact is repeatedly demonstrated in those cases that have resisted every other method of treatment. While the environment of a patient adds to or subtracts from his possibilities, there is no limit to the application of the above principles. A soul that has brought into harmonious correlation the discordant forces of the body has securely grasped the truth conveyed through the motor force of an idea.

If any book on my table needs reviewing it is the one that is labeled Holy Bible. Why this book should remain as the formative force of modern civilization is a marvel. The Old Testament is a history of the war god, and absolutely antagonistic to the spirit that preached the Sermon on the Mount, gave us the Lord's Prayer and followed it with the golden rule. What we want now is more of Jesus and much less of Jehovah. The European war is a happy illustration of Bible ethics. It is amazing that modern life should imagine itself dependent upon this old book for its religious life and humane progress. May we not hope that with the present war will go out bibliolatry—whether Protestant or Catholic?—*E. P. Powell, in Unity (Unitarian, Chicago).*

Who in his own skill confiding,
Shall with rule and line
Mark the border-land, dividing
Human and divine.

—Longfellow.

NOT DOUBTS BUT DOINGS.

I know not whence I came,
I know not whither I go;
But the fact stands clear that I am here
In this world of pleasure and woe.
And out of the mist and murk
Another truth shines plain—
It is my power each day and hour
To add to its joy or its pain.

I know that the earth exists,
It is none of my business why;
I cannot find out what it's all about,
I should but waste time to try.
How soon we could gladden the world,
How easily right all wrong,
If nobody shirked, and each one worked
To help his fellows along!

Cease wondering why you came—
Stop looking for faults and flaws;
Rise up today in your pride and say,
"I am part of the First Great Cause!
However full the world,
There is room for an earnest man.
It had need of me, or I would not be—
I am here to strengthen the plan."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

MIND CONTROLS PHYSICAL AND MENTAL ACTIVITY.

The following anecdote is told by Rev. R. H. Neal, D. D., in his *Reminiscences of Boston Baptists.* It illustrates so well the Principle of Auto-suggestion, upon which all forms of mental healing is based, that I quote it for NOW.

Rev. Dr. Stillman, a Boston Baptist in the days of Jefferson, was very sensitive in regard to pulpit efforts and feeling that he had not done so well as he hoped, one Sunday A. M. took to his bed on returning home and told his servant to go and get Dr. Eckley, or some one else, to preach in the P. M. The servant understanding his master's weakness started to go. "But people will be dreadful disappointed, marster. I heard Mrs. Smith say this morning, 'It seems as if Dr. Stillman never preached so good as he did today. He grows better'n better every Sunday!'" "Did she say so?" languidly asked the Dr. "Sartinly, master. And folks will feel mity bad not to hear you dis arternoon!" "Well, I feel some rested, Jephtha, and you may brush my boots. I think the Lord will strengthen me for another effort."

No poet can express in words strong emotions at the moment when he feels them most strongly. The emotion must be "remembered in tranquillity."—*Literary Digest.*

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

—Ingersoll.

OFFICE OF NOW,
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NOW

HENRY HARRISON BROWN, Editor

A Monthly Journal of Positive Affirmations.
Devoted to the Science and Art of Soul Culture.

It is the utterance of the Editor only. All thought not credited to others is his.

Its basic Affirmation is:—**Man is spirit here and now, with all the possibilities of Divinity within him and he can consciously manifest those possibilities HERE and NOW.**

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Foreign subscribers, outside of Mexico, must add 25c to the ordinary subscription price to cover postage. Do not send foreign P. O. stamps.

Entered at second class rates at San Francisco, Cal., Post Office, Jan. 14, 1915.



My meetings at Native Sons hall, 414 Mason St., Sundays, maintain their interest and will be continued during the year.

* * *

Mr. Sam Exton Foulds holds every Sunday evening a class in Mental and Psychic Science in NOW Parlors, 589 Haight St.

* * *

Classes in Mental and Psychic Science, Health instructions, and in Emerson are held during the week in NOW Parlors. Phone, Market 7534.

* * *

NOW is encouraging, helpful, in fact is gospel to me. A. R. C., San Francisco.

FROM MASTER MIND FOR FEBRUARY.

Henry Harrison Brown, the well-known editor of the magazine NOW, will teach during the week beginning March 14th. Mr. Brown has been a teacher since 1872 and has devoted his talents to this message since 1898. He is the author of eight books which have had a wide circulation. He has made a number of tours throughout the United States and has proved a most popular and acceptable exponent of the New Thought.

For years Mr. Brown conducted a Rest Home in the Santa Cruz Mountains, but at present he has gathered all his forces in San Francisco. He is a zealous member of the Cal. N. T. Exp. Committee, full of active realization of its spirit and its possibilities of great good to humanity.

* * *

"The Mission Truth Center," under the direction of Mrs. Agnes Lawton, held a Conference at Metaphysical Headquarters on Feb. 25. NOW goes to press too early to give a report. But like other Conferences held by various Centers this I am sure was a success. The Editor had place on the program.

* * *

During the month of February a series of "Prosperity Lessons" were given by eight teachers at Metaphysical Headquarters for the benefit of the treasury of the Committee. The editor spoke the evening of February 15. His theme was:—"Optimism the Road to Prosperity." The lessons were well attended and a goodly sum netted for the Committee.

* * *

An entertainment for the purpose of enlarging the number of books in the Library at Metaphysical Headquarters was held Saturday evening, February 13. Each person was requested to bring a book suitable for the Library, though it was not obligatory. Quite a collection was added, and an enjoyable entertainment followed.

* * *

Your new book, "Success," is splendid. Send copy to and one to Everything in your book is true. To live it canot fail to bring you whatever you want. Dollars want you; so here goes mine.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

CALENDAR

of Lectures and Classes at Metaphysical Headquarters, 220 Post St., for March, 1915:

Week beginning March 7—T. W. Butler of Victoria, B. C.

Week beginning March 14—Henry Harrison Brown of San Francisco.

Week beginning March 21—Mrs. Grace M. Brown of Denver, Colo.

Week beginning March 28—Mrs. Ida Mansfield Wilson of Oakland.

Week beginning April 4—Miss Susie C. Clark of Boston; Dr. Brown-Landone of New York City.

NOTICE.

At the request of the Committee arranging the above lectures and classes THE EDITOR will occupy the week commencing Sunday, March 14. Subjoined is

The Program

for his week commencing March 14, 1915:

Sunday address—"Man in His Relations to the Universe."

Monday's Lesson—"The Individual as Power."

Tuesday's Lesson—"The Individual as Life."

Wednesday's Lesson—"The Individual as Truth."

Thursday's Lesson—"The Individual as Love."

Friday's Lesson—"Myself and My Neighbor."

Saturday's Lesson—"Personal Realization of Immortality."

The Course is under the auspices of the Committee. Those desiring to attend one or more of the lessons will arrange at Headquarters and not with me personally. The Sunday's Lecture is free to all who desire to come.

To organize thought should be to organize worship. What better worship is there than that great lift of the heart when it responds to some new truth or, better still, to some new statement of the oldest truth, to some more vivid apprehension of the marvelous make of things or some far-reaching law of human or divine activity?—*J. W. Chadwick.*

Of course all NOW readers will if they can possibly do so be at the Exposition. Never a city like it. "A Vision Beautiful" it may well be named. Marvellous work has been done the last month to have all in readiness for the Opening Day. Great preparations are in progress as NOW is putting on its type-dress, for a gala day, Feb. 20. The whole state will participate in a parade. Already our streets show a large number of strangers. Many of them looked for our vaunted sunshine, forgetting that we must have SOME rain to be the fruitful state we are, and February is one of nature's months for supplying rain for the year. But we promise sunshine six months out of the nine. At no time will there be frost and snow. Compare, Dear Strangers, your East with its February and March blizzards and our occasional drizzles, and then bring rain-coats if you will. There are acres of covered space in the Exposition where you can revel and forget that there is anywhere, anything but joy and beauty. NOW and its friends daily give thanks that our lot is cast amid so much enterprise, grit, beauty, and success. Get here in May and you will find glorious sunshine and nature garlanded in flowers, as the result of February's rain.

A LITTLE BOOKLET

giving names, dates and topics of the various teachers who will occupy the Hall at Metaphysical Headquarters, 220 Post St., during the 40 weeks of the Exposition, will be mailed to any address, by Miss Grace Wilson, Secretary of the New Thought Exposition Committee.

* * *

The Jitney is here! 'Tis here! 'Twill stay!
And now street-cars get out of the way.
Soon will be done your noise, your jar;
Away soon goes the strap-hanging car.
No longer tracks in disorder traced.
We're near the time of quiet in speed.
And Dividend gatherer, you well may heed.
Like Oliver you still cry for "More!"
Dame Progress heeds not. Your reign is o'er!
No longer our nickels will flow your way.
Hello! Jitney! Here's my nickel today!

H. H. B.

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

—Whittier.

MASTER MIND BOOTH

In the Palace of Liberal Arts at the Exposition.

Mrs. Annie Rix Miltz has established a booth where all the leading New Thought journals and books will be on exhibition and for sale. It is on Second street. Near avenue "C." The "color scheme" is white and gold.

There will be a book for registry. Let all New Thought people inscribe their names, and they can be found by the New Thought friends.

There will also be a "Silence Room" for rest and refreshment.

NOW will be there for distribution. All my books always on hand in quantity to supply all possible demand.

Attendants will be ready at all times to give information and render assistance when and as needed. Remember location.

Liberal Arts Palace, 2d street, near avenue "C."

* * *

At a meeting of the Executive Board of the New Thought Panama-Pacific Exposition Committee, held at Metaphysical Headquarters, January 24, the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Mrs. Annie Rix Miltz; 1st Vice President, Henry Harrison Brown; 2nd Vice President, Agnes McCarthy Lawson; Secretary, Miss Grace Wilson; Treasurer, Edward B. Randall.

This Committee consists of twenty-five prominent workers in the different Centers around the Bay. It has been now successfully at work for the past two years, and has now established a magnificent opportunity for the New Thought work during the 40 weeks of the Exposition. See notices of the propaganda work as printed each month in NOW.

* * *

Each dawn holds promise of some newer world:

With purpose steadfast, true, the time employ;

On unknown seas, with snowy sails unfurled,
Columbus-like, seek some fair land of joy!

—Alonzo L. Rice, in *Unity*, Chicago.

NEED OF RELAXATION.

Modern life may have made things easier for the body. It has made them much harder and more unnatural for the mind. The horrible monotony of specialised or mechanical occupations; the ceaseless noise and hurry and wide-awakeness of city life; the repression of instincts and starvation of ideals which are so often involved in earning one's living—all these call for the cure of pilgrimage. . . . To the ordinary "irreligious" man, whose whole attention has been taken up at home by the duties of business and family life, the holidays give an opportunity for the religious instinct like a few moments' silent prayer in the course of a noisy "congregational" service. He will perhaps renew his almost forgotten habit of church-going. He will, at any rate, find himself thinking, however dimly, about beauty, and love, and truth, and the other big things which stand for God. Nature will be his church, the hills its pillars, the sky its stained glass windows of blue and white, and for its music the wind in the trees or the breaking waves upon the shore.—*Christian Commonwealth, London.*

* * *

It has been said that all the greatest of the Sons of God die on a cross; that is, they see what they do not achieve but for which they are willing to give their life. I think this is true, though how far it is true I am not prepared to discuss just now, but it strikes me as being quite as true of the lowly, obscure life as of the dramatic and tempestuous careers of the mighty souls who appear at intervals to change the face of history. It is true of any man who gives himself for any cause or any truth the final victory of which will be won by other hands than his.—*Rev. R. J. Campbell, M. A., London.*

* * *

The church today seems to be trying to save the saved and is neglecting those who are outside of its confines, and is making very little effort to bring those who never attend church into it. The modern city church has very little space for the drunkard, the thief, the prostitute, the saloonkeeper and the man of the world, and if I were running a city church, those are the ones I would try to get interested. They are the ones Christ came to save, as he said so many times, "I came to call the sinners to repentance, not the righteous."—*Chief of Police Petersen of Oakland, Calif.*

* * *

The greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to see something and tell what it saw in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy, and religion, all in one.—*Ruskin.*

**WHAT THINKERS AND LOVERS SAY
OF "THE LORD'S PRAYER: A
VISION OF TODAY."**

Your book, dear Harrison Brown, deserves all good things said of it. I just opened to a sentence of great truth and beauty: "The feelings which inspire us when we look on the manifestations of Nature are Religious." May all success come to you.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

The "Book" received. I read the articles in "NOW" as they came out and think they are the best by far of anything of the kind published. I read the book to my patients and students each day and we get much good from the study. I know the book will have a good sale. I shall speak a good word to my friends about it.—*Dr. W. L. Wheeler, N. Y. City.*

A lady who was prominent among the Boston, Massachusetts, New Thought teachers and is now doing work in New Hampshire, writes to a friend who sends me this extract: "I thank you for the book. I have not read it yet. Brother says it is 'great' and reads in it every evening. He also keeps it on the sideboard for his daytime sittings-down."

A lady in Boston who ordered four copies writes: "I've found time to read it and read a little each day and, Mr. Brown, I do think it is just wonderful! Nothing of the kind has been published before. You are a pioneer most truly."

I do very much like your philosophy, preaching "Love to all!" Your sweet and simple worded advice has helped me in practicing Self-culture. Kindly accept my thanks for the same.—*I. R. J., B. A., Bombay, India.*

"NOW" Company has favored us with a copy of "The Lord's Prayer: A Vision of To-day," by Henry Harrison Brown, for which we wish to express our appreciation. It contains one of the best presentations of the New Thought conception of prayer that we have ever read, and it is a treasure-trove of choice quotations upon this important theme. Anyone desirous of knowing the teaching of New Thought upon this subject could not do better than to secure this book.—*Christian Yoga Monthly.*

"The Lord's Prayer," by Henry Harrison Brown; published by the NOW Company, 589 Haight St., San Francisco. Price \$1.00. This is an interpretation of the Lord's Prayer from the author's customary optimistic view-point, therefore it is replete with helpful thoughts. It is also rich in quotations.—*Master Mind.*

Your interpretation of the Lord's Prayer is the best that I have ever seen in print and should be read by those who want a better understanding of the Law of Cause and Effect as well as of the truth that "Thoughts are Things."—*F. W. Sears, President of New Thought Church and School, N. Y. City.*

I am delighted to have had a glimpse of and appreciate your little book and will write at length soon.—*Rose M. Ashby, President Atlanta (Ga.) Psychological Society.*

I was very much gratified to receive from my old teacher at the Meadville Divinity School (Unitarian), Professor H. H. Barber, a letter concerning my new book "The Lord's Prayer: A Vision of Today." The following extracts give his unbiased opinion of the book.

I have been interested to see from your little periodical that you are still engaged in sending out your thought as to the true and higher life. I notice, too, that you keep the direction and ideal which possessed you when I used to know you here, and the mystic vision has grown to greater fulness and range of affirmation.

In your little book on "The Lord's Prayer" you have gathered valuable insight from many sources and pointed out the rich variety of your thought and vision of spiritual realities. There is something in the book with which I cannot agree, and much more which I cannot pretend to understand, but there is still more with which I sympathise and from which I gain valuable suggestions. Perhaps I should say, I prefer to keep nearer the ground of common thought and practical duty, but I am heartily glad for your faith in the supremacy of Spirit and the immortality of Goodness. It is good to come now and then upon the trail of your life and work.

* * *

THE INEVITABLE.

I like the man who faces what he must,
With step triumphant and with heart of cheer;

Who fights the daily battle without fear;
Sees his hopes fall, yet keeps unflinching trust
That God is good; that somehow, true and just,

His plans work out for mortals; not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,

Falls from his grasp—better with love a crust,
Than living in dishonor; envies nor

Nor loses faith in man; but does his best,
Nor ever murmurs at his humbler lot,
But, with a smile and words of hope, gives zest

To every toiler. He alone is great
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.

—*Sarah K. Bolton.*

* * *

Our helm is given up to a better guidance than our own; the course of events is quite too strong for any helmsman, and our little wherry is taken in tow by the ship of the great Admiral which knows the way, and has the force to draw men and states and planets to their goal.—*Emerson.*

OUR EXPOSITION BOOTH

[These classified columns are for the use of those who wish to readily reach the public at least expense. Advertisements of not less than 20 words will be received and charged at the rate of 4c a word. An advertisement of 30 words will be inserted for \$1.00 each insertion. Subsequent insertions of all advertisements which appear in April number will be continued at the rate of 2c a word at option of the advertiser. Rates will increase as my circulation does. Advertisement must be here by the 20th of preceding month in which it is to appear.]

[Cards of this size will be inserted here during the continuance of Exposition for \$1.00 an issue; 6 months for \$5; 9 months for \$7. NOW will be circulated free at *Master Mind Booth* in the Fine Arts building at the Exposition and thus will reach a large class of readers who will be very apt to become patrons of my advertisers.]

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