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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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After the Experience of April 18th, 1906.

New San Francisco, April 23, 1906

The Editor's personal letter to his subscribers:

"Thy Faith Has Saved Thee!" Never so strong in Faith as now. Never so firmly fixed as now in Truth and Love. Never were we so very deeply grounded in and my co-work in the Principles for which NOW stands. Amid all this conditions, which no pen or tongue can describe, we have rejoiced that we have laid up our treasures in the Heaven of our Soul where neither moth and rust, earthquake or fire cannot destroy. Never did I sense as now the Real Possession, and see the illusion of material things.

Never was my Faith in, and my Love for, Humanity so great as now, when I have seen it tested and realized the true nobility of the men and women about me. Brave, noble, generous, helpful, patient and above all trustful.

Humanity stands glorified by the baptism it has received in this city. All that is needed to bring out the divine in Man is opportunity. Here we have had it.

Never in a crises like this have the citizens behaved more kindly, wisely, and fraternally. Oh! how I love San Francisco! Beautiful as it has been, from it's present wreckage it will rise still more beautiful and noble. The new San Francisco is already builded by the Thought of its people, and it will materialize at the right time.



In number one of the first volume of NOW I gave this as my reason for locating here. "Behind every movement is Soul." The Soul in this city has its opportunity. I have felt it to be the great physic field of the future. Its Liberty, its Faith, its Push, and its Rush, (which latter are only the spirit of untamed Progress), its climate, its continual floral display; all these and much more make it the ONE city where in the future and the near future, New Thought will in some one form crystalize!"

In this, the first number of the magazine issued in the resurrected city, I will say it is the first city erected with the air filled with NEW THOUGHT vibrations. The Thought of the Advanced Thinkers of the World will crystalize here. This city is to be the Psychic, the Spiritual Capital of the Nation. The Civic Capital is on the Atlantic Coast, but this is its real Thought and Soul Capital.

New Thought Relief Funds Immediate and Most Necessary

There are many families that attend our meetings and subscribe for NOW that have lost home and all. We have opened "NOW" Home as a New Thought Relief Headquarters. We have no funds. This you must supply. These friends will receive, like ourselves, food from the Relief Committee, but they need also personal assistance.

At the Mountain Home we have land, water and health for them. We need tents, lumber, furniture, and food for them. Transportation is furnished. We wish especially to have women and children and the aged sent there. Money is the immediate need for this. Supplies may be collected, and we will send orders as to shipment later. Do not delay one moment after this NOW reaches you. We know the generosity that has been yours for the general fund, but you can do still more, and you will. Through NOW we will report, receipt and distribution.

NOW for May was almost ready for the press. The proofs were promised on the 18th. Had they been sent up, I would have printed the matter later. Now all copy is destroyed. All the plates of the magazine and all our printing material was burned. We estimate our loss at \$1,000. From this we shall soon rally. We feel the conditions most in the destruction of all our city business and in the temporary of mail business, still at the old stand **ready in every line** of our work.

Not a member of "NOW" Folk was injured. We were thrown about Wednesday morning but by some peculiar circumstances, falling furniture did not hit any one. There were thirteen persons in the Home. Three having previously served as soldiers found their experiences most helpful in this, the greatest calamity that has ever befallen any American city.

Early Wednesday we moved Mrs. Chappell and her daughter Mrs. Reed and the baby, 22 month's old, to a camp made near Twin Peaks, where there are a few residences. Mr. and Mrs. Nichols and one of the men would go there for the night. Here we carried a satchel with our valuable papers and my most important manuscripts.

Into the park adjoining our home we carried our bedding and slept there two nights. Thousands of people were there and beautifully did they accept the situation. Typewriters, dictionary, and encyclopaedia we prepared to bury there had home burned. I also tied in a blanket all my biographical and remaining manuscripts, my 12-volume Emerson and Whittier's poems, to save if I could. I looked at my pleasant sanctum on Thursday when we thought it would be saved, and said to it, "Blessed little room. You are the pleasantest and the only one where I have things as I wish for my work. I have been happy in you. But if it is decreed that I must lose you, blessed are we for having each other. I got along before I had you, so will I get along now. You are not necessary to me. I can build another!" After this I could have seen it burn and said "All is good!" In this same spirit my co-workers met every occasion. Many times they said, "I can get along without it."

I am! I Can! I Will! These Affirmations carried us through many a hard place, and are still our siboeth of Victory.

The fire came within three short blocks of us. Oh! but it was an awe inspiring spectacle to see square miles of noble buildings in flames. It was a moment of intense concentration, as we four sat on the hill together and knowing the power of Thought we said of the church on Dolores Street that was the crucial point, "It is safe!" The steeple caught fire. If that went then the fire would back up to our home. When heroes saved it, never went a "Praise God" more devotedly than went from our hearts. To our blankets in the park we went and slept. The Home was saved, not for us, but for the needy. To our brothers and sisters in need, NOW, its publishers, and their property is devoted. And you who have so nobly sustained us in the past, now rejoice in our safety and the triumphs of the philosophy that affirms, "I AM HAPPY NOW!"

The publishers of NOW will continue the magazine. We ask each reader to be "an active committee of one" and help us carry on the work. We need immediate funds. We do not ask charity. But we do need assistance in re-building our mail order business. Make it known that we are carrying on our work as usual. We have 7,000 of the new editions of our books and 6,000 copies of our Mail Lessons. We ask you to help the sale of these and to secure subscribers to the magazine. This will enable us to meet ordinary expenses.

We wish to move our business to the Mountain Home. To do this we need funds to build. \$3,000 will do all but buy a printing plant and that can wait. The editor wishes to build for a sanctum a bungalow. For this he wishes \$1,000. All this we ask as a loan or for stock in "NOW" Folk (Inc.) We will give notes and pay interest on loans; but we prefer to sell stock enough to tide us over. Our property is secure and business warrants us in promising dividends after a year or two.

Thought is POWER. When lying in the Park guarding our property on Thursday P. M. I felt the waves of helpful Thought from our friends all over the world. It buoyed me up. Other members of the Folk felt them. Deeply we thank you. I am sure the same Thought will now crystalize in the necessary funds to firmly establish this "World New Thought Journal" and the "World New Thought Center" for which I have so earnestly wrought. "Come up unto the heights of Realization with us! Tell to all your neighbors what salvation there is in NOW Philosophy. Save others as you have been saved and rejoice that with us, opportunity has been given you to learn the Power there is in Truth to save. In Truth and Love, Yours ever Henry Harrison Brown, Editor of NOW

Going to the camp Saturday, Miss Wichie and I made a detour and came upon a little tent of blankets. A lady said cheerfully "How do you do Mr. Brown." She attended my meetings. She is a widow with eight children. They were with her, too young to go to town for supplies. But she was not complaining. There was no food and little shelter. People are doing all they can she said. "Oh how many times I have thought of what you have said that We could if We would. I know I will be cared for!" I immediately sent a Red Cross messenger to them. Think of the thousands in like position and do as you would be done by.

Send all remittances to "NOW" Folk. Send currency by registered letters, P. O. money orders, money or express order, need not be registered. Send no bank paper. Address same as before, 105 Steiner Street.

Henry Harrison Brown, Editor of NOW

Those who have but a small contribution to make may send stamps if they choose. Public New Thought. Meetings will be held Sundays at our office till further notice.

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