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# THE WORLD'S NEW THOUGHT JOURNAL

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# NOW

THOUGHT IS POWER

## A Journal of Affirmation

HENRY HARRISON BROWN,  
Editor

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



SOUL CULTURE  
ART OF LIVING  
PSYCHOMETRY  
INSPIRATION  
SPIRITUAL HEALING  
MENTAL SCIENCE  
SUGGESTION

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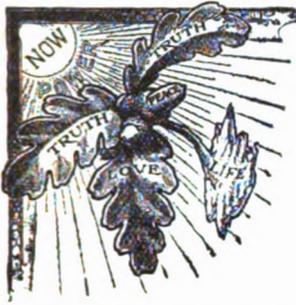
## "NOW" FOLK

Glenwood, Calif.

OR

HENRY HARRISON BROWN

589 Haight Street - - San Francisco Cal.



From all Life's grapes I press sweet wine.

—Henry Harrison Brown

# NOW

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

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No. 11

## THANKSGIVING, 1910.

This day in trust the Fathers sat apart  
 For thanks to Him who safely brought them  
 o'er  
 From Home-land to a "wild New England  
 shore."  
 'Mid snows and Indian arms, with stalwart  
 heart  
 Their hymns of praise, there gave a Nation  
 start  
 In Freedom's way. But on that frozen  
 sod  
 They limit set—"Our Freedom and our  
 God!"  
 And this austerity they made an art.  
 But I, their son, on warm Pacific slope  
 Give thanks for more than was the Pilgrim's  
 hope!  
 I praises give for *Liberty of Thought*,  
 And for the glories in that Freedom  
 wrought!  
 I may, unhindered by law, king or priest,  
 Give thanks for *Love!* which was to Pilgrim  
 least!  
 HENRY HARRISON BROWN.

## IN ANSWER.

Let others doubt—my faith is sure  
 That man shall conquer and endure.

For if the universe contain  
 No other spirit knowing pain  
 And truth and love and sacrifice,  
 Then man—howe'er his body dies—  
 Shall, bodiless, fare forth and win  
 All power, the heights and depths within.

And if there be, above the whole,  
 A Spirit greater than man's soul,  
 Then man, as child to it, shall know  
 Its larger plans, and gladly go  
 Rejoicing, hoping, learning still,  
 Towards its goals of love and will.

Let others doubt—my faith is sure  
 That man shall conquer and endure.

—Priscilla Leonard in *Outlook*.

It is strange that the greatest men of the  
 time only say what is just trembling on the  
 lips of all thinking men.—Emerson. (*Journal*.)

## Is God Love?

Love is a form of Universal Attraction. Attraction among atoms, molecules, and particles, can never be called Love. The attraction between large bodies cannot be called Love. These forms are known as cohesion and gravity.

Attraction between the pollen of the stamen and the pistel cannot be called Love. The attraction of drone for queen bee, and of the male animal for the female cannot be called Love. This is but the reproductive force, acting as water acts under absolute law of attraction, that Nature's purpose of reproduction may still be carried on. It is the same Law of attraction that from Unconditioned Substance formed the Conditioned; that from the Homogenous brought the Individual, that from the Unconscious brought the Conscious, and at last brought the Self-conscious, and that from the Formless brought **Things**. This Attraction is itself evolved until it becomes Human, then we call it, Love, just as in other forms we say, cohesion, gravity, magnetism and electricity. But understand there is this difference between all these. While they are all attraction, their rates of vibration differ. The highest pitched of them all is Love.

Among animals the Attraction is that of Re-production. This is the plane on which Man begins, and from which he is to rise by evolution, or more properly, by Unfoldment. The reproductive instinct is Nature's method of perpetuating Itself in the type, and it needs must be. Among Man it is so strong that Emerson says, "She seems at times to have overcharged

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

—Edith M. Thomas

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the human with that desire!" Where the individual Man is not sufficiently developed to be drawn by an attraction above the animal vibration, he is drawn by his re-productive attraction. Otherwise in present Human unfoldment, the race would die out. This Higher-than-animal Attraction is properly termed Love. It is the Human vibration in the Infinite Scale of God. While in the relation between the sexes, the animal attraction is now strongest, still in every human being there is some unfoldment of Spiritual Consciousness and it follows that Love in a greater or lesser degree, enters into all human relations. And the evolution of the race is proportioned to the degree that Love finds expression between the individuals of the race.

Sex Attraction is the most complex of all the forms of Universal Energy. Its blessings and its bane lie at the base of all social, economic, industrial, intellectual, civic, artistic, religious and health conditions. National and individual health and happiness can come only through expressions of Love. And only as Man comes intelligently and consciously upon the Love plane of action, does he unfold the Higher possibilities. Love is ever the motive power. The individual either consciously or unconsciously directs this Universal Attraction by his Thought, for Thought is his Individual form of Universal Attraction. Thought is "I"—the individual. Love is the Man—is the Race-Force.

Where Love is there is not sensuality. Reproduction from this plane of Love becomes a spiritual act, and not as now an act partaking more or less of the animal. The individual must outgrow all the old conceptions of sex, its functions, place and power; must leave old fears, ideas, prejudices and repugnances behind, and must realize that he, or she, is no longer animal, to be controlled by sex instincts, but Man, to control and to use at will

his one great power of creation. Then he will decide whether he shall use this attraction, for re-production of the race, for the production of his own body, the expression of his ideals, or for the unfoldment of his higher and spiritual nature. It is but a step, and one so small that it cannot be measured, between sensuality and spirituality, but small as that space is, it measures the distance between heaven and hell. Inventions, poems, statutes and statues, labor in garden, workshop and office, all depend upon this Sex-attraction. Success means the right use of Love. For Love is Life Universal, is the Infinite Energy raised in pitch till it is Man.

Love has been Nature's purpose through all past eons. In this conception of Love lies the redemption of the race. How? Do not ask? Did I know how the Principle would manifest in future, I would tell. No man knows, and we are to beware of those who in the infancy of this perception would lay down limitation, prescribe rules of action, and mark out lines of development. We will change the thoughts of men and women, then their acts will change. As in the past, so now, it is, and so it will be, that Soul will find a way, or make one. The race will later take up that line which Soul has made. Man is to be studied as a psychical being. Not as now by scientists and reformers as a physical being which is an animal.

The law of adjustment will care for the Principle and the Race. But it is "Onward forever." Through this recognition of Love as Power will come the Victory over death. By it so purified will we become ultimately, that our body will be identical with the bodies of those who, in ignorance, were obliged to lay theirs down in the change we term death. What God in the Unconscious did for them, He-in-me shall do for myself consciously. This is the prophecy of human evolution. I say it coolly as a student of

# The arena of the new standpoint of science is that of the pupil's own mind.

Elmer Gates

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modern science and philosophy. When Man comes to live in love he has aborted the merely animal attraction and is Self-redeemed as conscious Immortal Mind.

Shall I then say, God is Love? Yes and no! No, if by so saying I mean that God outside Man—God is the Non-Me, is Love! I can give no better definition of Man than to say, Man is God evolved to Conscious Attraction; this Conscious Attraction is Love. Consciousness is the human attribute of Divinity.

So important is this conception of Love that I leave all other phases of the God-Idea at present for this:

Love is the fulfilling of the Law in the sense that it is the Highest Universal Expression of Infinite Energy. As such, MAN becomes the Individual, the Special Creator. Man is the Word made flesh. Not Man as individual but MAN, AS THE RACE. Man is no longer necessarily an effect, but when he wills, he is Cause. To Man all things are subject. Love the Universal, becomes Self-Conscious and Self-Directing. Love is the Son of God. To him dominion has been given. But only one example yet have we had of the Perfect Man. He had reached the plane of Conscious Immortality, and Conscious Unity. He saw Life with the Cosmic Vision, and saying, "I and my Father are one!" he did what the Father had been doing, and wind, wave, and the elements obeyed him. He fed the hungry and cured the ailing, by the same power that had been feeding and curing since Man first trod earth. He called into expression the same power you and I are. Its beginning lies in sex. Its end in the "Lord-from-heaven." Once we rise to the spiritual plane there is no limit. Only through climbing the ladder of Love do we reach that plane. Our success is measured by the love expressed. "She hath loved much!" said the Master.

Emerson saw this when he wrote his essay on "Love" and I refer my readers to the closing paragraphs of that essay. I think Paul saw it when he wrote to the Corinthians those wonderful affirmations in the 13th chapter of First Cor. But Walt Whitman saw it clearest of all. It is no surprise that he was not, and still is not, understood by the purient and ignorant mind. He saw the Law and the Purpose of All when he said in "Leaves of Grass": "A woman waits for me, she contains all, nothing is lacking,

Yet all were lacking if sex were lacking—  
Sex contains all, bodies, souls,

Meanings, proofs, purities, delicacies, results,  
promulgations,

Songs, commands, health, pride—

All hopes, benefactions, bestowals—lovers  
beauties, delights of earth,

All governments, judges, gods,

These are contained in sex as parts of itself  
and as justification of itself."

Thus are we brought to a comprehension of Love, as the human manifestation of Infinity. It is the Power through which, and by which, individual man works. Everything done by Man—the Race—is done by the Power of Love. But I, as John, Henry or Mary, as Jesus, Emerson or Lincoln, direct this mighty Power of Love by myself as Thought. Thus it behooves each to understand how and what to think, for whatever is my thought—that thought is immediately shaped in expression by the Love I Am. Thus it is that through Thought the Director, first, and through Love the Executor, last, that I AM!

If you can talk with crowds and keep your  
virtue,

Or walk with kings—nor lose the common  
touch;

If neither foes, nor living friends can hurt  
you,

If all men count with you, but none too  
much;

If you can fill the unforgiving minute

With sixty second's worth of distance run,  
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,

And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my  
son! —Kipling, in *American Magazine*.

Of course ALL NOW readers will urge their Congressman to vote for our Panama-Pacific Exposition. San Francisco is logically the situation. It has the finest of harbors and the growing commerce, land- and water-wise, that calls for this recognition. It has demonstrated by its resurrection from the Greatest of Disasters to a New City, and by its fund of \$7,500,000 that it can do all it promises. We have from March till November the ideal climate for out-door entertainments. Residents use neither overcoats nor sunshades; rain coats or umbrellas are never called for at that season. Hotels, boarding houses and restaurants are good; fruits and vegetables are in market all the year round. Come down street with me this month and, if from the East, you will think by market stalls, that it is early summer. Make now your plan and concentrate upon it. NOW extends its invitation to come and see, learn and enjoy the GREATEST OF ALL EXPOSITIONS!!

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

—Ingersoll

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\* **AFFIRMATIONS** \*  
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**Love.**

(Adapted from Emerson's Essay on "Love.")

I am being trained for a love that knows not sex.

I am being trained for love that knows not person.

I am being trained for a love that knows not partiality.

I am being trained for a Universal expression of Love.

I am being trained for an expression of love that seeks virtue and wisdom everywhere.

I am trained to love wisdom and virtue, and seek to increase it everywhere.

I am a learner because I am an observer.

My affections are but tents of a night. Affections have ruled and absorbed me.

I have allowed my happiness to depend upon my affections.

But now I have health of mind.

In this health I see the over arching vault of Mind.

It is bright with galaxies of immutable lights.

That which is so attractive in these human relations today will be succeeded by what is more beautiful.

The warm loves and fears that swept over me I see, must lose their infinite character.

They must blend with God to attain perfection.

But I fear not.

I can lose nothing by this progress of soul.

Soul may be trusted to the end. I trust soul.

What is so beautiful in these human and personal loves today must be more attractive and beautiful tomorrow, and so on forever.

**DOUBT.**

Athwart a thousand miles of wind-lashed ocean.

We send the symbol of our plea for aid,  
And Love replies, above the wild commotion:  
"We come! We come! Where art? Be not afraid!"

We sound the deeps of Space with rare precision.

And wrest the secret from each swirling sun;

We subdivide the atom's late division,  
And will at last achieve the Utter One!

We wring from Earth her rich, age-hoarded treasure.

And cast her, raped, aside when we have done;

We duplicate her oldest gems at pleasure,  
Betwixt a rising and a setting sun.

We make the air an humble burden-bearer,  
And set the sun to do a servile chore;

We bid the lightning be a labor-sharer,  
And ease our backs of many loads we bore.

Yet we who wrought these God-directed wonders,

We doubt the Whole is One Pluperfect Plan

Of Good Import, and thus beget our blunders;  
We doubt ourselves, alone,—that *God is Man!*

A. F. GANNON.

**What Shall I Eat?**

**The Science of Being Well**, by Wallace D. Wattles. Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass., 1910. Price \$1.00.

I wrote a series of articles for "The New Man" in 1898, which were my first writing upon my present Soul Culture Philosophy, in which I said upon the question of food:

He who lives in Spirit is conscious of his power to build his body into health and beauty out of whatever elements are most accessible, and will not trouble himself about his food as far as his body is concerned; he will seek only that which gives him the most pleasure. That he may enjoy the pleasure of the most perfect expression he desires a body in harmony with the Divine Will, and he will build from any and every food accessible at the time; but will never be a slave to any dish either in desire or fear. He will affirm, "I am master and I can from any food

## To the receptive soul the River of Life pauseth not nor is diminished.

—George Eliot

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build my body into honor." He will then eat what is set before him.

The many hygienic movements now before the public and the many discussions as to what is, and what is not, a proper diet, he will ignore. They are all born of Affirmations of body; all rise in thought of subservency of soul to body; recognize control in body, and are pernicious in effect; they weaken man's control over the flesh.

Why discuss the relative merits of meat and bread? Why analyze grain and fruit? Cannot Soul, all prescience, that guides by unerring instinct the brute, guide by intuition the Soul of Man, if left alone by the intellect? It can, and will, if left alone, choose right and choose as it ever has, that which confers the most pleasure.

Let each eat what he chooses and eat for the pleasure of eating; not from habit or from an appetite which is a habit, but eat from the Spirit, and soon little food will be needed, and that of the simplest—but choose and eat, no matter what it is you choose. If you want it, that is enough. If you fear to eat it, then eat it, till you do not fear. You are to master here or lose all self-control.

Burn every medical treatise, every work on hygiene, and all books that tell you what to do, or to eat, and consider it an impertinence for any one to advise you in this direction. Rise from your present slavery to stomach, to the freedom of Spirit and know for the first time the *joy of living*. Give all cranks with their theories of diet a cold shoulder. Refuse to entertain the suggestion of injury from anything you *choose* to do, or to eat, and trust Soul to guide you, then health and power is yours.

"Oil that makes his face to shine and wine that gladdens man's heart," says the Psalmist. Let there be a psalm in the heart and on the lips, as bread is eaten or wine is drunk, as the fruit and vegetables are partaken, as the "hog and hominy" are digested, and the face will shine with gladness and heart sing with praise.

Remember this as written in November, 1898, and the conviction of twelve years ago has deepened every year until I can think of no more evil wrought by those who would do good, than that wrought by the health reformers. They weaken self-reliance, they are undermining character and by teaching individuals to say, in regard to food and drink, "I can't!" are teaching them to say "I can't" in regard to avoiding every undesirable circumstance in life. I wrote in Vols 3 and 4 of NOW a series of articles in this same thought,

and not a single New Thought journal sustained me. *Nautilus* damned with faint praise. The medical and secular press said much in opposition. And lo! twelve years! A great stride has been made and scientists, progressive physicians, and New Thought people are falling into line with SOUL.

A review of Winfield Hall's work on "Nutrition and Dietics" in *Current Literature* concludes with this significant remark: "The influence of the psychic factor (in regard to nutrition) has been established in the human subject."

And I find in same article the fact that Bickel and Saski performed false feeding observations upon a dog and found in an experiment that 66.7 centimeters of gastric juice were collected in the first 20 minutes afterwards.

This dog was found to become violently angry at a cat. After being excited by this means and then allowed to calm down a false feeling was carried out as in previous experiment but only 9 cubic centimeters of gastric juice was secreted in the same period. Less than one-eighth. Gastric juice is the main element in digestion and is only secreted in hunger, and in want of a certain kind of food. Food that is not attractive has no power to cause secretions. Therefore when we are hungry and think pleasantly of food, nature prepares us for it. But to eat any thing because "it is good for you" or because doctor prescribes it, or for any reason, except it is chosen and you are hungry for it, is to put so much lead in stomach. Can it do aught but harm?

Any one who has followed the progress of science for the last decade well knows the stride in this direction.

Because of these facts and the need of education on part of the masses and more to protect the public from the evil but well-meaning efforts of doctors, nurses, friends and dietetic reformers, I rejoice in this book of Mr. Wattle. In chapters 9, 10 and 11 he

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

—Bayard Taylor

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takes the position I took twelve years ago. And if you will buy the book it will pay you a big dividend in health, providing it convicts you of past sins in yielding to body in the use of food.

You can ignore the few places where his philosophy is unthinkable as for instance, in chapter 13, where he says: There is a Cosmic Life which permeates, penetrates, and fills the interspaces of the universe, being in and through all things. This Life is not merely Vibration, or a form of energy; it is a Living Substance. All things are made from it; it is ALL and in ALL. If it is All and in All how can it penetrate itself? How can it be anything more than Vibration, thus a form of Energy, since this "Living Substance" is All? All includes Vibration and Energy. The old theory of Duality creeps in here.

Again he says:

This Substance thinks, and assumes the form of that which it thinks about. The thought of form in this Substance creates the form; the thought of motion institutes the motion—The visible universe, with all its forms exists because it is in the thought of the Original Substance.

This is equivalent to the old idea that "in the beginning God." And the other, "God Said!" Both are unthinkable propositions in view of modern science. God cannot think. He would require an infinite brain. I do not like to criticise where there is so much good, but to protect myself I must note briefly what I consider spots on the sun. For these propositions are on par with so much obscure, muddy guesswork upon the impossible. It is another attempt to tell the unknowable. All we know is that we feel, and that all our sensations arise from Modes of motion. And behind Motion—What? GUESS! But guesses are not philosophy and New Thought is not to me speculations, but reasoning from what we know and applying it to living.

Having said this, let me quote his last thought:

"If a man thinks only thoughts of health, has faith in health, and eats, drinks or breathes

and sleeps in a perfectly healthy way, he must have perfect health. Health is the result of thinking and acting (I would prefer to say feeling.—H. H. B.) in a Certain Way; and if a sick man begins to think and act in this Way, the Principle of Health within him will come into constructive activity."

### THE SEA OF PEACE.

I stand above a white-rimmed sea;  
Its depths are mine, its mirrored height;  
Mine its low plaint of mystery;  
All mine its glee-song of delight.

Mine its strong soul; its body mine;  
I lave me in its kind embrace;  
In dreams upon its buoyant brine  
It gives me back a cherished face.

Mayhap it helps me understand  
The language of infinity,  
The secret of the shifting sand,  
The testimony of the sea.

I am above all circumstance,  
I am beyond all power to hurt;  
No more I shrink from sorrow's lance,  
So with all strength am I begirt.

I've tested every bitter sup;  
Earth's bulwarks all are proven frail;  
Yet sweetened now is life's low cup,  
All hallowed; 'tis my holy grail.

Above its wrecks of ships and men  
The placid ocean shows no scars;  
Above my deeps where storms have been  
My tranquil soul reflects the stars.

—Ruth McEneery Stuart, in the Century.

### Business Lesson No. 11.

#### "Mum, is the Word."

A most important factor in success is the knowledge of when to speak and when to keep silent. Speech is silver but nowhere is silence so golden as in business matters. Successful men are men of few words. Verbosity with pen or tongue is a sign of mental dullness. The clear-headed will use few words. Compare Emerson with many of the writers in modern metaphysical journals. It is my habit to decide upon books and MSS by the length of the sentences. Short sentences are a sign of power.

For success cut out explanations for conduct. Cut out all apologies. Never

**As a matter of fact, a man's first duty is to mind his own business.**

*Geo. C. Lorimer*

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make an excuse. In regard to the latter, it is an element of weakness. An employer should never encourage it in his help. An excuse is a preparation for repeating the offence. Once understand the Law of Suggestion you will cut out of your life all excuses and will never choose as a friend or employee one who indulges in them. **It is.** Accept it, and put it in its place as a lesson. A business friend once observed an employer in an error. He called attention to it. "It shall never occur again, sir!" was the reply. He watched that man and advanced him. He was worthy of it.

A successful business man of my acquaintance calling attention to an error found the employee attempting to make a long excuse. He stopped him and said, "I did not hire you to make excuses! I hired you to do your best. That done, I am content. Understand?" The man reformed and became successful in the place. With this goes also the admonition: never be sorry and never regret. These are suggestions, that by turning attention to the fact, cause its repetition. Accept whatever comes as a lesson. Learn what it teaches and forget. Forget, and it will never be repeated.

An apology is an admission that another has a right to enter your life. It is my business to live my thought and any interference I allow from another is an interference with my success. "Excuse the appearance!" "Pardon my hands!" "Excuse my gloves!" "My place isn't as I would have it, but—". All these are a lowering of self-respect and lessen the power to win. My father taught me that what was good enough for me was good enough for my friends when I had that which was the best I could afford. Proper self-respect will keep one from any fawning, or begging, and from buying esteem.

Explanation of business propositions are a different matter. I am talking of the Principle of Conduct. For your

conduct never explain. Never did husband or wife make anything but bad matters worse by an explanation. Silence would heal. Explanations keep wounds open and they become permanent sores. Explanations are never expected nor desired between friends, between equals; between two who trust each other. When Love departs and trust goes, explanations are used. There is no surer way to destroy home life, to kill love and friends than the question, "Why did you do that?" But understand, no successful life ever lived in such atmosphere.

MUM is the word concerning your own affairs. The tendency in the masses is to talk too much. Keep your own business to yourself. Talk little upon personal matters. What you are going to do, do, and say nothing. MIND your business. That is, concentrate your mind upon it. When you gabble upon it, there is little mind used. Emerson tells us that "Our silent hours are our best hours!" Talk over business matters with those who have a right to know, or who you believe can advise. Then lock them within. Talk over physical conditions with your healer and then forget. While you as husband or wife live together, mention never your domestic affairs to another. To expose domestic infelicity is not only folly, it is death to all womanhood or manhood. It is fanning a flame that consumes. Learn to keep still, and then the I-AM-GOD will impress and strengthen. By too much talking the door between Self and the personal is closed. Business Success is won by Interior Power. To use that Power, conserve it, and direct it. No diffusion like talking upon personal matters promiscuously! Closed-mouthed men win success. Hustlers and rustlers may make money, but lose in character. And Character is the test.

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Radio is a general property of matter.

*Madam Curie.*  
Digitized by Google

**I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable Soul.**

—W. C. Henley

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**Carlyle and Emerson.**

Goldwin Smith, in his "Reminiscences" in *McClure's* for September, says of Carlyle's regard for Emerson: "Carlyle at least found the new fire a bore. George Venable calling one evening on Carlyle at Chelsea found himself received with extraordinary warmth, the reason which Mrs. Carlyle explained by exclaiming, "Oh, we were afraid it was Emerson!"

Those who knew Carlyle, know he was incapable of deceit. And this witness could easily misinterpret these words of Mrs. Carlyle. And is this witness reliable? Carlyle and Emerson were friends and corresponded for over thirty years, and no one who reads their correspondence can ever believe that Carlyle ever felt any less affection (that is the word if we may not use the stronger one—Love) for Emerson than when he called him after his first visit "An angel!"

The last letters from Carlyle were in 1871 and 1872. His letter of April, 1872, concludes thus:

Alas, alas, here is the end of the paper, dear Emerson, and I had a whole wilderness of things to say. Write to me, or even do not write, and I will surely write again. I remain as ever, Your Affectionate Friend,

This was his last letter. That year in November, Emerson went to England and these friends met. After that both through infirmity wrote no more.

June 4, 1871, Carlyle dictated a letter commencing: "Your letter gave me great pleasure. A gleam of sunshine after a long tract of lowering weather." He closed with these words: "And above all *write*. The instant you get home from California, or see this, let me hear from you what adventures have been and what the next are to be. Adieu, dear Emerson. Yours very affectionately." To this dictated letter he adds a postscript in his own hand closing with his initials, T. C., and adds, "with the velocity of engraving—on lead."

His previous letters are warm, not only with appreciation for the works, but also for the man. No one understanding Carlyle's temperament, his troubles and his honesty, will believe he ever "went back" on his "Dear Emerson."

A friend gave me an opportunity to experience a great event in my life. He took me to "The Paulsen Wireless Telegraph and Telephone" station. I heard voices from Stockton and Sacramento, 60 and 90 miles away, coming upon vibrations with no visible means of connection. It seemed like conversing with a denizen of another world. The sensation was like the snapping of some interior, or psychic, limitation, and I was no longer confined to space, but was myself limitless. Telepathic communications I am accustomed to, but here was a message addressed to the physical ear. It formed a connecting link between the psychic and the material. I *felt* the prophecy of the realization of the hope of man, that sometime he would be able to communicate with those in the vibrations of the Higher life. It is a fact now to many of us, but this wireless communion promises that Man shall know no space and no separation. A wireless age is upon us. If reports are true already has Germany directed a warship and fired a cannon by wireless. Material science cannot advance without a previous psychic experience. Soul is in all and IT always prepares for any material advance by a psychic development. That development is the conscious and determined telepathic communication which has long been a fact. "Thought is power." Read my "Man's Greatest Discovery" for my philosophy and prophecy.

It is found that sailors shipwrecked on the ocean can live only four or five days without food, and yet, people fast forty days without suffering. Now, why is this? It is the fear of starvation that brings the result. So you can see the power of the mind to overcome these appetites and conditions of the body when it has confidence in itself. If you have confidence, with the power of the Spirit you can do anything.—*Charles Fillmore in Unity.*

"Some call it evolution,  
Others call it God!"

# Hold your thought, your mind, your will in principal and you will succeed.

—Eva C. Huling

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## TRUTH'S PROGRESS.

(Written after seeing John Mason in "The Witching Hour.")

On mountain tops the dawning light  
Proclaims the coming day;  
While in the valleys lurks the dark,  
A foe encamped to stay.  
The generous sun in silence guides  
His chariot o'er its path;  
His love soon conquers every foe:—  
Dissolves in joy their wrath.

So Truth its silent radiance sheds;  
Conquers where 'tis welcomed least;  
Like morning sun gilding the west  
While the shadows veil the east.  
His light each skulking valley fills  
When high his kingly glory;  
And earth with a new rapture thrills  
Swinging to his behest.

And so we stand with westward look,  
And Truth's ascending sun  
Shall fill the darkened vales below  
With Light this day begun.  
Those who in gloom rejoicing lie,  
Shall feel its radiant glow.  
And they shall be our friends at eve,  
Who were at morn our foe.

HENRY HARRISON BROWN.

## UNDER THE REDWOODS.

Enter this wild wood  
And view the haunts of Nature. The calm  
shade  
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet  
breeze  
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft  
a balm  
To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing  
here  
Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men  
And made thee loathe thy life. . . .  
. . . . These shades  
Are still the abodes of gladness; the thick roof  
Of green and stirring branches are alive  
And musical with birds, that sing and sport  
In wantonness of spirit; while below  
The squirrel, with raised paw and form erect,  
Chirps merrily. . . .

Even the green trees  
Partake the deep sentiments, as they bend  
To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky  
Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.

—Bryant.

Sunday:—

"We are a committee to request that the meeting today be in the Grove!" So exclaimed three San Francisco lady guests about 10:30 A. M. I had given notice that since there were so few I

would have the meeting in Hotel Parlor. "But we want it in the Grove and we will help you decorate the stand!" "Certainly," I replied. "I thought you would prefer the house!" "Never! when we can have this cathedral!" was the reply. So I with shears, they following, went to the wood down the road, where I cut ferns, which they carried to the platform, and by 11 o'clock my chair and stand were neatly buried in rich green.

A bouquet of fresh sweet peas from my garden filled the grove with fragrance. After our "Truth Songs," a poem and Affirmations, I talked from the words "Come unto me!" The sweet invitation of the Spirit never seemed so human and so divine as when it was echoed from these old sentinels of thousands of years. "Come!" Be receptive! Come in self-surrender! You shall find that which all are seeking—**Rest unto your souls!** Spiritual rest! If ever it was found, we found it, in Nature's temple. The inspiration went to the city with me, and not only inspired my evening lecture, but it lingers and indites this page, and NOW brings it to your sanctuary.

\* \* \*

Three weeks in the noise and turmoil of city, and now a week "Under the Redwoods." How peaceful. There is no other word for my mood this morning. October NOW is ready for mailing, but I am, first of all, to fill up from this Peace. And here I lie in my hammock, gazing up through my leafy roof to the bluest of skies and wondering if really the sky does rest on the tree tops, as I thought it did when a boy I lay on the pine carpet of the woods. These trees seem so high that Jacob's angels, had they been here, would have needed no ladder. Yonder grey squirrel seems to have come from the invisible, as he clambers down from a height where I could not tell him from a bit of bark. O, but it is good! GOOD! to be here. I feel the blessing and benediction of

## The power of higher life is the power of Higher Thought.

—Francis Ellingwood Abbot

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God as it never comes to me elsewhere. I FEEL the Peace that emanated from the Christ, as IT went about Judea, saying, "My peace I leave with you!"

\* \* \*

The beauty and blessing of this evening! I wish I possessed descriptive power and was less a philosopher to-night. I walked from hotel to my cottage, about four city blocks of space, the outline of surrounding hills, with the firs and redwoods silhouetted against the horizon, with the thousands of lesser spires, made a fringe of beauty in which the Home was like a picture framed. The stars looked down and twinkled like the smile of angels and the air was so soft in its caressing it felt like fur. And when I passed between "The Sentinels"—two redwoods that stand guard at the bridge and which make a dark corridor—the darkness seemed like an old friend returned, for I had forgotten the glory of the dark in the electric light of the city. I did not like even in the darkest night to take a lantern, save that I might enjoy the revelation it gave of the surrounding depth of darkness. Then to walk at night along the road, arched hundreds of feet above, is like walking "dim cathedral isles" and to feel the PRESENCE is to live divinely for a few hours, till the calls of earth bring me back. God not only made the forest temple; He dwells here. Yonder big tree has Emerson's words for me tonight, "Where man in the bush with God may meet!" Would that all NOW readers could be with me and chant tonight some psalm of praise. Ay! But they and I are One. I chant for them! NOW, when I mail it tomorrow, will carry the peace of this evening grove with it.

\* \* \*

Early this morning, before the sun looked upon my cottage, I was in the open of my garden taking my bath. My ram sends up water from the creek and the barrel is full and there I show-

er myself. Grateful as is the cold water, the soft fingers of the air are more so. Baby hands were not more delightful than the slight morning currents upon my body. "Back to nature" has this much of truth: I wish for a little time to get so near that I can feel her sun, her air, and her water on my self as body. There is for me an inspiration in sensing this nearness, that I find in nothing else. I think it well to admit sunlight and air to flesh, and to tan the whole body like hands and face. Said Indian when questioned how he could stand cold without clothing: "Indian all face!" Have we gained enough through clothes to make up for what we have lost, that he had? One thing we have gained that he had not which contains a poison that is sapping health of body and mind, and that is obscenity of thought connected with body. Here I am like Adam in my garden, nude. No one else is astir. I am filling with health, and better still, with happiness, but should a guest or a neighbor come in sight—Whew! what a thought breeze within my atmosphere. True, I like civilization and I like Nature. When I build my bungalow I shall have a flat roof with convenience for sun, air and water bath there. God and I can meet and enjoy these blessings in PEACE. For others, I have no advice. Let them dress, decorate with laces and jewels, let them eat and drink, speculate and gamble, paint and powder. I prefer the simple color of wind and sun. This morning I have them and no one's modesty is shocked. Were I to recommend any remedy for nervous conditions, I would say: "Bathe in Bean Creek water! Stand on Redwood soil! Breathe Santa Cruz Mountain air!" These three tonics will cure the sick, the weak, the lame, and the lazy, and these four classes include all the needy of earth. I have passed examination in them all, and have graduated into the I AM class. Who's next?

**The true incentive to a useful and happy labor must be pleasure  
in the work itself.**

—William Morris

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Grapes are ripening. Next week we will begin sending to market. We have had prunes, pears, peaches, apples and cherries (the latter from neighbors). Have sold, eaten, cooked, dried, jellied, canned and jammed; still quantities of second grade fruit have been fed to pigs. Our orchard is old and was not sprayed and so not much is first-grade to sell. Now we are taking "the grape cure." Think of 12 acres of vineyard and only a few "NOW" Folk to care for and eat of it. Surely there are enough of them that would like to live here, enough to consume all on the place. Why do we not master conditions and so arrange as to LIVE, and not merely **stay** somewhere—anywhere? I am decreeing that GOOD people will co-operate and enjoy life. And this Home is for that purpose.

There is Supply, why do we not have it so we can mingle thus? Dollars I am sure WANT to be used for such purpose. Are only waiting for the hearts to FEEL right. A friend recently told me that he saw one of the money magnates, one at head of one of the great trusts, place \$34,000 on the gambling table in the mining region. The next day he gave \$10,000 each to two clubs to pay their bills for carousals. Why should there be dollars that **want** to go thus, and not enough to build up places and establish labors, that uplift and bless? As I lie here on these redwood leaves this morning, I decree that dollars want to come here, and are building for Truth and Love the Home I have so long had in Ideal. Out of Infinite Supply we ALL call ENOUGH. It is Mine! It is OURS!

\* \* \*

Tomorrow I go back to the city for three weeks, and as I lie in my hammock watching the stars shine through the slightly waving branches, I feel peculiarly happy. What is it makes me so? By and by I break the spell upon me enough to reason, and I say "Why that tree-toad!" The crickets

had been filling the air with strident notes when suddenly out of the grove beyond the cottage a tree-toad began his call, Another across the creek answered. I entered Memory's enchanted castle of joy, for all my boyhood returned. I was sitting a child of six on the stone door step in Massachusetts. Mother, sisters and brothers about, father and a friend talking within. I was listening to that peculiar noise that came from the orchard across the way. "The Squire" had driven a younger brother and myself from it when we had crawled under the fence for apples, not long before. With childish wonder I listened then. So did I listen tonight. They all come back. Mortal and immortal were with me, as I with closed eyes, in gently swaying hammock, heard mother's voice mingle in the evening noises. I realized that my Affirmation of NOW was Truth—I AM SPIRIT, AND LIVE THE IMMORTAL LIFE HERE AND NOW.

It was not till Herschell came through the grove and his step recalled me that I realized that the cool of evening had come. Carrying this same peace with me we went into the cottage, he to Emerson and I to the Manuscripts. This is how NOW for November was born.

---

"THE GIRL OF SIXTY" by Madam de Savon. Price 50c. For sale by author, Box 3085 Station B, Portland, Ore. "A book teaching Perpetual Youth and Prosperity." I find much here to commend and for all who can not yet eschew material means entirely and depend alone upon thought, I recommend it. The New Thought in it *if lived* will soon lead one to ignore all the physical conditions it recommends. And these simple remedies can at best do no harm. But ever is the Principle to be remembered. *Thought conditions are all.* Get into right, healthful and beautiful thoughts by any possible Suggestion. The suggestions here are good.

---

Only the complete mother is the complete woman, and only the complete father is the complete man. The soul of woman is restless till it finds its fulfillment of its desires in motherhood.—G. Stanley Hall

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

—Whittier

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BRANCH OFFICE  
589 HAIGHT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.  
Vol. 7 NOVEMBER, 1910 No. 11

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

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\* \* \*

15 Months for \$1.00.

All who will subscribe now for next year's volume will receive the next three numbers of NOW free.

\* \* \*

Meetings are held by the Editor at "NOW" Parlors, 589 Haight St., every Sunday evenings.

\* \* \*

October is a most delightful month on this coast. Eastern friends can do no better than spend the winter with us and "NOW" Mountain Home from October to March, has a fine winter climate with easy transportation to and from this city.

The author of the Sonnet upon "Emerson" in October number (p. 159) is A. F. Gannon, my young friend from whom I have a poem this month and whose poems you have been enjoying most of the year. His name was attached to the poem in the proof, but somehow fell out in, what printers call, "the make-up." Write it in your copy.

\* \* \*

Henry Victor Morgan seems permanently located in Chicago. The *New Thought* welcomes him and expresses the wish that he remain. He is having full classes and doing excellent work in healing. Chicago's gain is Portland's loss. But wherever he is, Peace and Success go with him if the influence of his Pacific Coast friends prevails. He writes that he is preparing the way for NOW's editor to give some lectures and lessons in Chicago this winter. What say you? It depends upon what conditions shall arise here during the next two months. At present the work keeps me overbusy but I would like, if that way is shown to be best, to take a tour of a few months eastward. Friends can help make necessary conditions if they will follow Mr. Morgan's example, i. e., work up a class for me. He is located at Mrs. Well's Library Shelf, 850 McClurg Bldg., 215 Wabash Ave.

\* \* \*

Henry Harrison Brown of "NOW" and Oliver Colonel Sabin of "Washington News Letter" have been printing their pictures taken on their seventieth birthday. They are even boasting about it. The photographer retouched out all the wrinkles the Colonel's face but he did not have any trouble with Henry Harrison, for his face was covered with whiskers. If these youngsters don't quit counting they will die of old age. I told my wife years ago that if she did not want to be fair, fat and forty she had better quit counting. She quit. The lady will never have another birthday. Counting is a bad habit and I am surprised at these leaders of the new thought boasting of the crime.—T. J. Shelton in *October Christian*.

## Life is repaid by the joy of living it.

—David Starr Jordan

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(1). I did not write you the words of congratulation that rose to my heart on receipt of the June NOW because I have not yet found the way to do what I wish. All the year I have been feeling a mighty desire to put NOW in the hands of many people, but the money is lacking. Today I will say this, if you will send me sample copies I will carry them from one to another and see what the sowing of the seed will do. I have loaned my own copies, which I much desired to keep for I find inspiration in reading them over and over again. I have gained much in peace, strength and poise of mind since reading NOW. (2). Please tell me what else to do. Does eagerness to do *now*, right *now*, hold one back? (3). How shall I concentrate? I want with all my being to come to California and unite with your school. I have been waiting three years to do it. (4). Am I to seek consciously to visualize my desires or shall I think that "The Father worketh through me as he willeth?"

MRS. E. A., Tampa, Fla.

(1). Thanks for these efforts. Gladly do I mail you samples for this purpose. I know you will keep the volume whole for reference. Its interest and value is perennial. Back copies are as new as current issues, for Truth has no age. (2). Eagerness always delays. Affirm that the present contains all you desire and, as you let bud bloom on rose tree, let this bud in the Soul come into bloom. Haste makes waste always. Simply LET what you have visualized realize itself in consciousness at its right time. The chick cannot hatch before its time and live. So with all things. They must have time for incubation. (3). All I can say on that subject I have said in my book "Concentration: The Road to Success." Know that you desire to concentrate; affirm you **do** concentrate; then in faith concentrate **by stopping all question and doing as you feel at the time.** (4). Yes, visualize your ideal as the artist does his. Give this ideal to the Father and LET Him materialize it. **YOU GIVE DIRECTION** to the sub-conscious wisdom and power by creating your ideal. This is ALL you can do. But **DO THIS**, or you drift as water from mount to sea—by absolute and general Law. Direct, by visualizing the

ideal and you become the Higher Law of Individuality and direct the Power you are.

### The Call of the Twentieth Century!!!

I have 50 copies of this book left. Ordinary price 25c, but to clean them out I will send them for 15c each. The book contains my two addresses before the "New Thought Federation" at St. Louis and Nevada, Mo. I regard them as among my best writings. They are prophetic and far reaching. I feel they will do a needed work if more widely circulated. For that reason I wish to see them off my shelf. The second address is entitled "The New Emancipation" and is a picture of society, and the individual when New Thought becomes the dominant force in society. Here is a passage: "The last remnant of evolution, the last shred of creation now fades away, and out of the remnants of the sphinx that lies at his feet, Man, the Redeemed and the Redeemer, stands forth, and in New Thought proclaims his Freedom. Out of God, Man is born, first, last, and forever." Now, who will have them? Only 50 copies, or less.

"I have stuck to your books despite the most bitter antagonism from relatives and Christian Science persons with whom I have tried to work for 15 years. Now they let me alone—due entirely to your teachings." So writes a lady who formerly was a most successful Christian Science healer.

I know you must have been holding good thoughts for me, for I can attribute to no other source the restful feeling I have, one of deep peace and the confidence that I am going to change conditions financially before the year is out. . . . You do not know from what depth of blues you have saved me.

—A. B. C., Calif.

All Mr. Brown's books and this magazine can be ordered from this office.

Friends visiting this city will find accommodations at "NOW" parlors.

**The dependence of liberty shall be lovers;  
The continuance of equality shall be comrades.**

—Walt Whitman

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"DOLLARS WANT ME"—*The New Road to Opulence.*

This little book of mine which I send for 10c, is not only evolutionary but in its economic thought it is revolutionary. Dollars are looked upon from the entirely opposite point of view. It is not strange that few see the Principle and do not accept until after some study and it is to be expected that some bitterly antagonize it. I promise that it will revolutionize any one's life that will study it as a text-book. See what the press has said: "Dollars Want Me" has attained a good deal of notoriety, which it richly deserves.—*The Talisman, London, Eng.*

If you want stirring, practical and new ideas, send for it.—*Occult Digest.*

It tells you how to fish for the Dollars and catch them.—*Occult Truth Seeker.*

The "Almighty" Dollar is fading before the strenuous advance of "Dollars Want Me."—*Dr. Weston's IT, Austin, Texas.*

A mental tonic to discourage souls.—*Progress, Minneapolis, Minn.*

The editor of "NOW" in a delightful little treatise on financial success, "Dollars Want Me," is telling the people to live every day in the thought that shining ore and rustling greenbacks are hurrying to find them.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the Hearst Papers.*

This essay is instructive and cannot fail to do good.—*Banner of Light, Boston.*

Can anything be more absurd!—*Demonstrator, Home, Wash.*

A gentleman in New York City writes under date of Sept. 3: "Your little book, 'Dollars Want Me,' recently came into my hands. I have read it several times with much interest and benefit. You cover the subject concisely, logically and at the same time in a scientific manner. You could have no doubt written a much larger volume, but with difficulty could you have said more. I have read many works along these same lines, some of them containing hundreds of pages, but received greater benefit from 'Dollars Want Me' than from all the rest combined. The secret of the book is your fundamental Principle is the exact reverse of the others. *Spirit attracts! Will pulls or grasps.*"

Always we see the work in the physical sciences shaped by two great convictions—the conviction of the unity of Nature, the sense that all the varied phenomena of the universe are subject to the same laws; that the chemical combinations produced in the minerals of the soil, in the roots of plants or in the digestive tubes of animals are fundamentally akin, and that some day—and sometimes even now—the man of science can reproduce these combinations in his crucible.—*M. Poincaré, (The greatest chemist in France).*

I have permission to publish the following letter from a graduate Homoeopathist, who was also one of the first of Osteopaths to practice in this city. Prior to the Great Disaster of 1906 he was well versed in Psychology and New Thought. Since that time he has been, till he recently resumed practice in this city, in New York, where he studied with the best teachers in the various New Thought Cults and also in Christian Science. He is therefore well fitted to pass judgment upon NOW and its Philosophy. Such testimonials should encourage seekers to come to the fount he has found refreshing:

391 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.,

Sept. 24th, 1910.

Henry Harrison Brown,

Dear Sir:—

Having just picked up the March number of "NOW," and on the first page struck the article on "I Can," I must tell you it is the best explanation of God—who and what God is and where God is—that I have ever found in my extensive reading on this subject. Congratulations on the little "NOW" magazine, and the very best wishes for its success.

Yours for success,

AMON T. NOE, M. D.

**A GOOD WINTER RESORT.**

As a winter resort Santa Cruz is fully as good as it is a place in which to spend the summer. Some of the best weather is enjoyed in Santa Cruz in the middle of the winter, when in other places it is wet, cold and disagreeable. The winter in Santa Cruz is like spring, being warm and balmy and it seldom becomes so cold that an overcoat is absolutely necessary. We should advertise more fully among the summer visitors the fact that we are a winter as well as summer resort. We should impress it upon the visitors now here that we have the finest of winter climate, and in this way they will spread the news. Many of those who come here to spend the summer do not know that the winters here are pleasant. They are accustomed to disagreeable winters where they come from and consequently believe we have the same climate.—*Santa Cruz (Cal.) Sentinel.*

Your magazine is the most bracing—really dynamic—of any that come my way.

Mrs. J. A. T., Ioca:

The word "science" is more appropriate than "sciences," for, after all, the specialists in every field are building up one great science.—*M. Gorges Leygues in Revue Scientifique, Paris.*

---

## MEETINGS IN SAN FRANCISCO AND BAY CITIES.

**Soul Culture Meetings**—589 Haight Street, San Francisco. Every Sunday at 8:00 p. m. Henry Harrison Brown, lecturer. Admission free.

**HOME OF TRUTH Practical Christianity.** Sunday Services 11:00 a. m., Kohler and Chase Hall, 40 O'Farrell St. Individual Healing and Teaching, and all other branches of the work conducted at the Homes of Truth, located at 1109 Franklin St. and 3099 California St., San Francisco.

**Home of Truth**—Alameda and Grant Aves., Alameda, Sunday, 11 a. m.

**Rest Home and Free Reading Room**—719 14th St., Oakland. Services every Sunday, 11:00 a. m. Primary Class, Tuesday and Friday, 3:00 p. m. Healing Lesson, Thursday 8:00 p. m.

**Unity Meetings**—2646 Bancroft Way, Berkeley. Meetings Sunday and Monday. Mrs. Cora L. Thomas is just opening these meetings at her residence.

**Soul Culture Home**—589 Haight St., San Francisco. Hours from 10 a. m. to 1 p. m. Healing and advice.

**Sacramento**—**HOME OF TRUTH** 1235 I Street. Miss Christine Frazer.

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There is a great connection between what is generally known as fashion and mental suggestion. Fashion is nothing more or less than weakly yielding to a mild form of imitation which has as its base suggestion.

—Dr. Forbes Winslow of London.

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### A QUESTION.

"Oh don't!" I cried, as touseled head  
Uprose beside my sewing chair,  
Upsetting the scissors, the needle and thread,  
So carefully sorted there.  
Then sober eyes looked into mine.  
A low voice promised "I won't!  
But tell me what it is I shall do?  
Tell me, what shan't I don't!"

—Edith Perry Bodwell.

---

### THE SELF-CONFIDENT ARE IN DEMAND.

It is the self-confident man who wins. He who strikes out boldly, who does not wait for time or tide, who does not sit on the stone of Fate waiting for an opportunity to come along, who goes through obstacles and not over or around them, who is not waiting for others to speak, think, or act, is the man who is going to win in this new country. There is a great demand for the self-centered man—the man who is not afraid of himself, who, if he can not say, "I will," at least says "I will try." Leaders, not followers, original thinkers, not imitators; men with new ideas are being called for loudly in all the important walks of life.—*Success.*

---

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