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NOW

THOUGHT IS POWER

A Journal of Affirmation

HENRY HARRISON BROWN,
Editor



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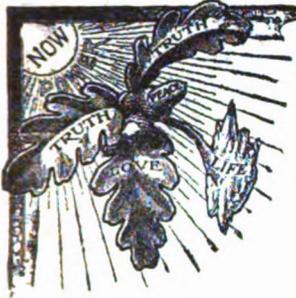
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—Henry Harrison Brown

NOW

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

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No. 8

How I Love You

"Let no man call God Father, that loveth not his brother."—John.

* * *

Does wind love spear of summer grass
Bending low to its embrace?
Grace and beauty there I see,
But in their features may I trace
Love's coquetry? If I knew
I could tell if I love you.

Does sea love shore of curving bay,
Where its waves in cuddling die?
Foam bells gem the ruffled sands
Where shells by silent waters lie.
Is this love? Ah, if I knew
I could tell my love to you.

Does sun love when day is new,
Darting brilliance to and fro?
Is Nature's love in diamond dew
When I feel the springtime glow?
If sun loves when day is new
Then I know that I love you.

Yes, sun loves the budding rose,
But it also loves all flowers;
Yes, wind loves the bending grass,
And all roots through all the hours;
Yes, sea loves the shore. As true
Is, my Sweet, my love for you.

Dearest heart, all love is one.
I love you and you have taught
Omnipotence. Love's key has brought
Me boundless treasure. You but come
To teach me that in loving you
My heart is to the ALL-LOVE true.

—Henry Harrison Brown in *New Thought*.



My Soul

My own white soul, my better higher self,
Lift me, lead me closer to thy smile;
Oh leave me not alone, though I may seem
Thy purer, nobler being to defile!

White soul of mine, look at me as I pray,
And clasp me close and tell me o'er and o'er,
That thou and I are one inseparable,
Of God, for God, to God forever more.

—Edith Willis Linn.

The Source of Power

(I was invited to write an article for *The Talapka*, published near Madras, South India. I sent this and it is equally valuable for NOW readers:)

Upon some recognition of power affirmation must rest. The birth of consciousness lies in the recognition of power, for unconsciously the infant begins to do. Something, somewhere is the power to do. The location of this power is the great event in consciousness. As long as it is located without the individual, he is full of prayer and petition. That to which he delegates Power becomes his god or his demon. In Christianity it is God and Devil, or more properly it is God both feared and loved.

But Jesus saw the true location when he said, "The Kingdom of God is within you." The New Thought Movement in America is but a practical recognition of the existence of this Kingdom and the taking possession of it as king. The I AM, is the king. Emerson calls this I AM "Conscious Law" and in one masterful line boils down the philosophy of the ages:

"And conscious Law is King of kings!"
When I exercise this power and become for the time WILL, my whole being is concentrated as executive ability. Will is not a separate faculty of the I AM. Will is the I AM, carrying out its decision as Judgment. When I think it is the whole Being that thinks. When I love it is the whole Being that loves. When I decide it is the whole Being that decides. When I will, it is the whole Being that wills. I cannot act partially. I am a whole, and the whole I must act. As the whole of God acts at all times in all

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

—Edith M. Thomas

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parts of his universe, as present the eye of a gnat as in the sun, so I am present with my whole self in every act. Since the whole kingdom of Power is ME then it follows that I am limitless, and have but to be WILL, to accomplish whatever I desire.

The great lesson is to learn to concentrate upon desire as WILL, and that which I desire to be I AM.

The way to this is to concentrate upon that desire as a **Present Reality** and then to affirm I AM THAT WHICH I DESIRE TO BE! and let the Affirmation materialize itself.

This is the Principle upon which either consciously or unconsciously all the healing cults are based. With this consciousness of Power any person may make a method; may institute any system of expression. Hence the many cults differ only in the limitations of methods. Prominent among them is Christian Science, which is but the application of the well-known Law of Suggestion to a personal, arbitrary and artificial symbolic interpretation of Scripture, with the limitation in the application of Universal Law to a particular method and with an anathema upon all who do not accept this one interpretation of ancient scripture as final.

Outside of this are many teachers and many particular methods without any claim of finality or limitation.

I have my system of teaching, but not a system of practice. Each person is to apply Universal Principle according to his or her own ability and perception. We all will reach the same goal by the one way that is necessary for us to travel. Jesus, as spirit, said, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life!" which I interpret thus, "As the 'I AM,' I am the Truth, the Way and the Life."

For below this personal consciousness lies the Great Universal Cosmic Consciousness which IS power and this Universal Power is individualized in

me and transmuted into Personal Consciousness.

It is in the recognition of the fact that as Universal Power I am now possessed of infinite possibilities, which I may recognize and use now, that I am teaching in my books, magazine, lectures and classes.

It seems to me that all your Oriental systems of philosophy and religion are based upon this recognition. Each nation develops this consciousness of Unity according to its own habits of thought. The younger and practical Occident cannot understand the ancient metaphysical and idealistic philosophy of the Orient. Neither can the Orient understand us. We can not adopt nor adapt the systems applicable there to our civilization. But Truth is one. We reach the same end by our route though we cannot travel yours. Every attempt to adopt or to adapt Oriental philosophy to our thought-habits has, and must necessarily result in what is to me error. Leads its votaries into hazy mysticism, impractical lives and non-scientific philosophy, resulting in a cob-house of logical absurdities next door to insanity.

But we have taken the same fundamental principle of Universal Truth, and the Unity of All in All, and have built for ourselves a Twentieth Century Philosophy which is but the Anglo-Saxon version of the ancient perception of the Orient. In it we find health and happiness.

The basic Affirmation of my teachings is: "Man is spirit and may live consciously the immortal life here and now."

A young man went to Henry Ward Beecher, and said: "I have been to college, studied elocution and the languages, and consider myself thoroughly educated. I come to you to ask what more shall I do to become an orator?"

Mr. Beecher replied, "Go and unlearn all you have learned."—*Medical Review*

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

Elmer Gates

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**Ranch Philosophy
Summer Song**

The sun am shinin' brightly, an a rip-
enin' the corn!
Ma heart am singin' gayly, es sure es
yo' am born;
Ef every livin' critter would only feel
like me,
Feelin's rank and bittah nevah mo'
would be.

The sun am shinin' brightly, pumpkins
turin' gold
Good things comin' daily, ef right
thoughts yo' hold.
Es easy es is fishing' when bitin's good
an fast;
Jes' keep on a wishin', all yo need'll
come at las'.

Robins in th' treetops, singin', "All
am Good!"
Mistah Sparrer hops an hops, kant sing
ef he would;
Jes gives a little whistle, but that's
right from his heart,
Lands upon a thistle an bobs his head
right smart.

Brer Rabbit am a dinin', in the cab-
bage patch;
Swallers am a twitterin' undarneath
tha thatch;
Rastus am a singin' while cutting down
the corn;
Whipperwill am a mournin', tha only
one forlorn.

I kant help a singin,' wouldn't ef I
could.
Hallelujah's ringin', ma heart feel so
good;
Sho ly am a glad time every livin' day,
Baskin' in the sunshine, smellin' tha
sweet o' hay.

SAM EXTON FOULDS.

**Business Lesson No. VIII.
Living Property**

That which a man is, does always by neces-
sity acquire; and what the man acquires, is
living property, which does not wait the
beck of rulers, or mobs, or revolutions, or
fire, or storm, or bankruptcies, but perpetu-
ally renews itself wherever the man breathes.—
Emerson.

Lay not up for yourself treasures where moth
and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break
through and steal. But lay up for yourselves
treasures in heaven.—*Jesus.*

But Jesus, where is heaven? "The
kingdom of heaven is **within** you!" Ah!
you mean I must unfold myself, until
I know that I am treasure!! I find
every day men who have not thus laid
up treasure. When age creeps on them
they have cultivated no intellectual
lines so that they can find expression
for their forces, and with the old chan-
nels closed, for they cannot attend to
business, they must die. Many a
housewife in age goes the same way.
And the society woman when by age
set aside, must close her eyes forever.
It is "Living Property" we should ac-
quire, while we are acquiring houses
and lands, bank and stock.

And I can give no better recipe for
business success than this. Practical
Jesus and Emerson! "Render to Cae-
sar what belongs" to him but also for-
get not the spiritual side.

"All power is inborn." The source
is Mind. He who therefore cultivates
himself as mind is preparing for busi-
ness success in all walks of life. I have
in mind a young man recently gradu-
ated from the university as a civil en-
gineer. He was led to me and took
Truth as a young bird a worm. It has
led him to financial success, for it has
led him to mental peace and self con-
fidence. He is in a happy home and
goes to his day's work with the con-
sciousness of peace and harmony. His
soul is at peace and he owes no man
anything but love, and this fulfills the
Law, even of business success. Un-
less I cultivate my ability of calcula-
tion I cannot hope to succeed where

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

—Ingersoll

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calculation is required. So unless I cultivate my ability to draw from the Universal reservoir, strength and wisdom, I will find time of failure and anxiety will lose business, and make failure necessary.

There is but one sure support and that is the Universal and in that, one may always rest.

For success find some sure foundation of faith. Upon that rest. In that faith lies freedom from anxiety, worry, pain and failure. And for this reason I offer in these Lessons help for the attainment of that **consciousness of interior power** for any and all emergencies. I AM POWER TO DO AND TO BE. And with this comes the consciousness of Wisdom. Entrance to the One Mind that comes of this faith gives surity of knowing the right thing at the right time. No hesitancy to him who thus trusts the kingdom of heaven, for he has laid up his treasures there and every draft upon that bank is sure. I CAN! Why? Because I am one with Infinity. No possible failure here, for earthquake and fire cannot touch those treasures. After the Great Disaster in San Francisco the only persons that drew out my sympathy were those who said, "I have lost my all!" They were poor indeed. Their only treasures were earthly and were burned up. Such never rebuilt and have gone the way of insanity, disease and suicide. Paupers in spirit. The successful business men of San Francisco did not whine. "I have lost my all," but said, "I have not lost faith, energy or business grip." And the greater San Francisco is the result of this **Living Property** that is in the man, and when bank breaks and fire burns, is secure.

Here is the Affirmation for such property: I am Mind and as mind create whatever environment I desire. I create as Mind business success because I use business as a tool of spiritual unfoldment. I am bigger than all business; more valuable than all property.

A Letter and Its Answer

I have often thought that I could find no more profitable matter for NOW than that contained in letters to me and my answers to them, for they touch all conditions and questions of life. What is needed now is the practical instruction such as one gets in class and office work. As this letter is of importance and out of the hundred M. D.'s that take NOW the writer is a fair type, I will quote part of my answer, and it will help the layity as well as the profession, and it will also help to create a public sentiment that will demand drugless healing.

Letter

"I am a successful practicing physician in a prosperous community. People are good to me and everything is 'lovely.' However, I cannot put my soul into my work. I have no interest in it. I long to work and feel full of enthusiasm for something. I do not know what it is. I want to do something into which I can put my whole soul. Anything which I know to be the Truth I can put force into. In the practice of medicine there is so much that I am uncertain about that I cannot let myself loose as I want to. Sometimes I think of giving up and going to Chicago and studying some special subject that I could use in office practice; something I really could master. . . . The practice of medicine is extremely disappointing, but I have stuck to it . . . years because I had to. I am more successful than the average practitioner. . . . I believe I am neurathenic although I do not tire easily any more. . . . If I had a way of applying Suggestion without arousing suspicion I think I would like it. In fact I have been using a bottle of water as a placebo and attributing the sleepy condition to that. To date it has not aroused suspicion, but I do not feel like using it in many cases. It sounds so awkward to me and so untruthful to tell a diabetic that she is going to get well, or that the limb of a paralytic will be restored when I see every means employed without avail. To be honest, nothing has ever come into my life that has aroused such interest as the Lessons I have been taking from you on 'Suggestion.' I could devote all my time to it with pleasure. But it leaves me nowhere as yet. I cannot make it of much use in practice, but it has helped me immensely in my private life."

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

—George Eliot

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My Answer

DON'T! This restlessness is spiritual. You are growing and like a plant, feel the limitations of the flower-pot. What you want is the universal. The subconscious is urging for expression. Follow your impressions. Put aside this feeling that there is any dishonesty in placebo or clear water. Remember the healing power is not in the medicine. The water and bread-pill act in, and with the same power that is with quinine and Epsom Salts. It is in both cases Faith. Says Dr. Osler in his article on "Medicine" in *Encyclopædia Americana*, "A spoonful of cold water or a bread-pill has often wrought a cure when all else failed. It is faith in the doctor and faith in the medicine that works the cure!" So it should make only this difference to you what the material is that carries the power to cure; it should be something in itself harmless. You are to remember that when you give this water you are using the same power Jesus used when he used moistened clay and said "Go bathe"; He always attributed the cure to the same source Dr. Osler does. He said "Thy faith hath saved there."

Your soul demands freedom. Let it loose, and be led by it. Accept conditions. Agree with them. Then your intuitions—the Inner Voice—will lead you to Peace. You may change your occupation a thousand times and will never be satisfied, till you change your mental attitude. When YOU change them all is changed.

Get in touch with Dr. Sheldon Leavitt of **Thought**, Chicago, and with Dr. Tilden of **Stuffed Club**, Denver, and see what progressive doctors are doing, and you can go and do likewise.

Cut out of your thought "Had to" and "Have to!" Never do anything under this thought. When you feel you "have to" sit down and **don't**. Wait till you desire to do. There are always reasons for wanting to do. And when you do because you **want** to you are mas-

ter. Under "have to" you are slave. I want to because I love my fellows! Because I love to triumph! Because I feel good when I help some one! etc. O, it is easy to find a reason for doing when we seek. Want to, makes alive. "Have to," kills.

Banish the idea that you are nuras-tienic. That condition is purely a state of mental laziness. Rests in discontent; indecision; lack of expression; in repression; lack of Self-assertion. Say to yourself, "Awake thou!" and Life will fill veins with new vigor. **Get up and get!** and you will find old conditions to pass away and all be made new.



Special Inspiration

Within a week after "Little Breeches" was in print all the "Pike County Ballads" were written. After that, the impulse was completely gone from me. There was absolutely no possibility of another thing of the kind. Let me tell you a queer thing about that. From that hour when the last of the ballads were written till now, I have never been able to feel that they were mine, that my mind had anything to do with their creation, or that they bore any trace of kinship to my thought or intellectual impulses. They seem utterly foreign to me; as foreign as if I had first encountered them in print as the work of somebody else. It is a strange feeling.

—John Hay in letter to Geo. Cary Eggleston.



Food must possess much more than carbon and nitrogen to make it wholesome, and the laboratory takes no account of such intangible things as flavor and bouquet. It is now asserted that the high prices paid for certain pleasing foods is really money well spent, even if the nutritive value is less than cheaper and more tasteless things. The craving for these dainties is an expression of a natural need, and health suffers if they are unattainable. Even savages have their occasional spreads, the civilized banquet is as old as civilization and both seem to satisfy wholesome cravings. —*American Medicine*.

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

—Bayard Taylor

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AFFIRMATIONS

Henry Victor Morgan prints in his *Practical Christian* for June a poem from which I take the following stanzas as part of our Affirmations this month. It is by Helen Freeman. He writes me that I am in a great degree responsible for it as it was inspired by my lecture in Tacoma in which I made the Affirmation, I AM THE ROCK OF AGES! The young lady resides in Tacoma and should she cultivate the Inspiration and the Art of expression we may look for still more Truth in melody.

I Am

I am the light, and I am the sun,
I am the waters and the course they run—
I am the fount from which they spring,
I am the winds and the song they sing.

I am the breath of new-born life,
I am the hand, and I am the knife
That severs that thread when life is o'er;
I am the boat, and I am the shore.

I am the power of good and peace,
I am plenty without surcease;
I am all, and all is me;
Whatever is, and what will be.

I am the dawn, and I am the day,
I am the potter, and the clay—
I am the potter's fond desire,
I am the furnace and the fire.

I am the spheres the power has sent,
I am the life within them pent;
I am the beacon and its gleam,
I am the dreamer, and the dream.

I am the Rock of Ages; I
Am the waves that round it cry.
Mine is the voice that stills the gale
I am the storm; I am the sail.

Along the silent march of time,
The hand that points the way is mine;
I am the pilgrim o'er the sand
I am the pilgrim's Promised Land.

Mine the power to make or mar;
I am the starlight, and the star.
I am the seed within the sod;
God is in me, I am in God.

When I speak, obeying me
Silent stands eternity;
Words cannot express my cry,
I am All, and All is I.

Adapted From Emerson

I am an inlet to the One Mind.
I am admitted by reason a freeman
of the whole estate.
What Plato has thought I may think.
What a saint has felt I may feel.
What at any time has befallen any
man I can understand.
I have access to this universal mind
and I am a party to all that is or can
be done.
As this Universal Mind I am the only
and sovereign agent.
The whole of history is in me and is
to be explained from my experience.
Of this Universal Mind I am one more
incarnation.

All the properties of the Universal
Mind consist in me.

It is this Universal Nature that gives
worth to me.

I hear the commendation of that char-
acter which I seek, in every word that
is said concerning character.

I hear commendations of that which
I seek to be, in running river and rust-
ling corn.

The mountains look praise;

Homage is tendered me;

Love flows to me;

They come from mute nature, from
mountain and from the lights of the
firmament.

—Essay on "History."



In an article on Miss Hellen Keller in *Ladies' Home Journal*, by W. T. Larnard, I find this: "I once put the question, 'How do you explain the extraordinary development of her Mind?' and he (Mr. J. E. Chamberlain, her close friend) answered: 'It is due in part to her life-long concentration on one thing at a time. You and I are distracted each day by a thousand sights and sounds to which she is blind and deaf. We are assailed on every side by trivial impressions from which she is immune. Yes, one word sums it up—*Concentration!*'"



Nothing so practical as the ideal. He believes in his dream and tries to evoke it. The true fact is aspiration. All men respond to the highest.—O. B. Frothingham.

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

Geo. C. Lorimer

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An Instance of Psychometric Power

Madame Carreno, the singer, possesses that dimly-understood sixth sense with which many women and some men are gifted, call it what you will, an overtone of the mind or an ultra-sensitive receptivity that responds like a live wire to the complex currents of telepathy and the psychic forces about us.

At the moment of meeting a stranger, she feels at once either sympathy or antipathy; there is no middle grounds in her sensations. If, later, reason succeeds in reversing opinion, eventually the outcome proves first impressions to have been the correct ones.

"As long as I follow first impressions I am right," she confessed one afternoon, "but when I exercise my reason I am lost."

This phase, in itself, is one of experience with many, but Madam Carreno carries it further, extending it even to the selection of numbers that she will play, and the order of their arrangement in a program. The first glance at a composition, and she feels whether it is completely suited to her tastes and sense of interpretation; whether it fits her as an artist. Her experience is that if she goes against this first impression, and endeavors to prove by study that she may have erred, she never plays the number to her complete satisfaction, nor does its performance carry conviction to her audience.

"The two things that my friends claim I possess," she declares, "I get without credit; the gift of program-making and the name of being a diplomat. I make my programs instinctively; I feel, without thought, what I should play and the order of sequence. As to diplomacy, I say what I think, except the disagreeable things, and those I keep to myself."

Strangely sensitive to premonitions, Madame Carreno's dreams take on at times such realism that she is in an agony of anticipation, positive that she will be required to live through them later in actuality. And invariably she is justified.

Another phase of her psychic development concerns absent friends, people whom she may not have seen or heard of for years. Suddenly, they are vividly present with her; within a few days they come or write.—*Arctics Magazine*.



A True Thought

It lies with the writers of America to open wide the new day, to infuse hopefulness into life, to fight materialistic tendencies, to cease to expect to make the world better by an exhibition of its debasement and its vulgarity, and to build up an Ideal for inspiration.

—*The Editor, January, 1909.*

Telepathy or Clairvoyance?

Before we parted Cummings told me that he had heard from the Indians of our coming almost before we were out of sight of Yuma. He knew the number of men in our party, and what arms we carried, and how we traveled day and night without stopping. I asked him how the Indians passed the word along, but he only laughed.

I never could find out how the Indians knew what was going on hundreds of miles away. Later on they would tell me things happening up the river and in different places in the wild country. They seemed to know almost instantly when anyone started up or down the river. It was marvelous.

When I became friendly with Frank, the Copah chief, I tried to get him to tell me how the news was sent along. He admitted that the Indians had a trick as good as the white man's telegraph, but then he shut up and refused to say another word about it. At first I thought it must be a signal code carried by smoke columns, but after keeping watch of the horizon for a few days without discovering anything, and hearing fresh news at the same time, I could not solve the mystery.

—*James J. Jeffries in "The Story of My Life."*



Suggestion

The lad and lass were forced to part;
They kissed and went along;
The sigh went into the poet's heart
And came out in a song.
The sun down-sloping in the west
Made gold in the evening air;
The sight went into the painter's breast
And made a picture there.

The mother murmured to her child
And hushed it yet again;
The sound, as the musician smiled,
Grew music in his brain.
The damsel turned her hair to bind
A flower was in her zone;
There grew from out the sculptor's mind
A maiden carved in stone.

—*Mathew Browne.*

For he unmakes who doth not all put forth
The powers given freely by our loving Father
To show the body's dress, the spirit's worth,
—*Lowell.*

When the outlook is not good, try the up-look.—*Baptist Worker.*

He is rich who owns God, but he is richest of all who owns nothing but God.—*Junon.*

I thank whatever gods may be For my unconquerable Soul.

—W. C. Henley

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The Far-Off Call

I.

If out beyond the city's farthest edge
There were no roads that led through
sleepy towns,
No winds to blow through any thorny hedge,
No pathways over hazel-tufted downs,
I might not, when the day begins, be sad
Because I toil among the money-mad.

II.

If out beyond the distant hill there lay
No valley graced by any winding stream,
And if no slim, white steeples far away
Might mark the spots where drowsy ham-
lets dream,
I could, perhaps, at midday be content
Where striving millions at their tasks are bent.

III.

If far away from noise and strife and care
There were no buds to swell on waiting
trees,
No mating birds to spill upon the air
The liquid sweetness of their melodies,
I might, at sunset be serene and proud
Because a few had seen me in the crowd.
—From the Chicago Record-Herald.



Conscious of Being

"A constant feud of Want and Have."
—Emerson.

Having is a consciousness of Being; the individual is positive. The lack of this sense of being is want; the individual is negative, to that which is Infinite Supply, and he thus invites from that supply a filling. "Blessed are they who hunger for they shall be filled." Through hunger, are positive magnetic centers. They attract because they **have**. "To him that hath shall be given," says Jesus, and so says the Omnipotent.

Positive persons are those who know they have; and thus draw to themselves. Negative persons are those who are not aware that they have all and they bring little into expression. The magnet attracts the needle because it has. The needle comes because it has not that which the needle has. It wants. So with Supply. The dollar wants the center, where there is power for it. So with **all things**. They have no power save that which human consciousness delegates to them. All

is mind (or soul) and things are the bodying forth of this soul. Says Emerson:

Where IT cometh all **things** are.
And IT cometh everywhere.

Soul is ever present, as much in one spot of the universal space as in another. For this reason, **Have** and **Want** are but states of consciousness; recognition of this Universal Soul, which is **ALL**.

The want is not in me, for I am Soul; am all. The want is in **THINGS**. They have no consciousness; are limited; need Human consciousness to give them power, place and use. Friends, wealth, things, want me. Change you attitude toward things and you draw them, because you are power. You **have**. They are merely vacuum, wanting your recognition. Make yourself a positive magnetic center with a consciousness of having. Affirm: **I AM!** and thus draw whatever you desire.

Each individuality has opposite mental conditions, two poles, one positive and one negative. To some persons he will give and from some he will take. To receive, which is merely enlarging his perception of himself as all, he will be negative or receptive; to give he will be positive. Each person holds a middle rank in consciousness. Through this exchange, equilibrium is restored, and Unity preserved. When one grows into full consciousness of himself as Mind, as an expression of the Universal, he then voluntarily and with determined purpose chooses his position. He will then be receptive only to that which he desires. Positive to that which he desires. Giving to the empty and filling himself from the Universal Reservoir. He is then a self-directed, a self-governed individual. When he becomes acquainted with the Real Self he will be positive to all external conditions, and receptive (negative) to Mind. Will always be a condition, through expression, for the Universal. He will then declare with Whitman, "Nothing external to me

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

—Eva C. Huling

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has any power over me!" This is a realization sadly needed at the present. To give power to externals, results in disease, insanity and death. And it is the error of too many pseudo-teachers and reformers, that they are giving power to stars, heredity, Karma, evil thoughts, malicious magnetism, and hypnotism, etc. Such teachings are responsible for more human ills than any other one factor. Millions think they are suffering from such power and no instruction is so much needed as this: **I am Power. I alone am responsible. Things have only the power I delegate to them. No persons have any power over me for ill, except that which I give them by my fears, beliefs and willingness. When I assert myself I am free. No thought can affect me except my own. No magnetism has any power except that which I give it. No heredity do I recognize except that from God; any other is but a figment of the mind. Nothing is malicious but my own fears; my own evil thoughts harm me! I am Mind and nothing external has any power over me. I have, and things want the power I am. My affirmation is: Nothing influences me but by own desires.**



You Can If You Will

There is no thing we cannot overcome;
You are here, and you are wanted,

Though a waif upon life's stair,
Though the sunlit hours are haunted
With the shadowy shades of care.
Still the great one, the All-seeing,
Called your spirit into being,

Gave you strength for any fate.
Since your life by Him was needed,
All your ways by Him are heeded,
You can trust, and you can wait.

—By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



The seeds of old age lie not in digestive affinities; they lie partly in the nature of the mind; and the person whose interests are varied, strong and constant, is thereby likely to render life longer as well as more abundant. One way to increase the length of life is to increase its interest.—*Editorial in Collier's.*

(With the accompanying poem came a letter. Here is one sentence of it: "I have read many 'young' New Thought writers, hoary with the sins of omissions of ages, but the spirit that permeates your philosophy is that of 'Youth! Youth! Youth! NOW! ")

**HENRY HARRISON BROWN
70 YEARS
YOUNG,
JUNE 26, 1910.**

Three-score-ten, today, you are, Sir!
What is it the Good Book says
Apropos a man's full days?
"Course" you know,—but don't you dare, Sir!

Three-score-ten plus three score more, Sir!
Not a minute less than that,
Earth must be your habitat—
Three-score-ten multiplied by *four*, Sir!

We desire—nay, we AFFIRM IT;
Who are We? Oh, we're just WE,
In a moment you will see,
Or, be "next, as slang world terms it.

We're the ones who used to ponder,
Asking When? and Where? and How?
Till you said: "Love, Here and NOW!
Not up There, or over Yonder."

We're the ones that your endeavor,
And your oft-extended ruth,
Guided in the path of Truth,
To the road of Ever-Ever.

Give Old Time a "solar-plexus"
If he tries to run a bluff,
Make him holla: "*Got enough!*"
I assure you, it won't vex us.
Congratulations.

A. F. GANNON.



Say not thy evil instinct is inherited.
Or that some trait received makes thy whole
life forlorn

And calls down punishment that is not
merited.

Back of thy parents and grandparents lies
The great eternal will. That, too, is thine
Inheritance, strong, beautiful, divine.

Sure lever of success for one who tries.
—Selected.



We are beginning to see and to know as never before the marvelous source of power within ourselves, when we recognize our relation to the Cosmic Mind and place ourselves in harmony with those forces that make for life and progress instead of weakly despairing before the seeming powers that make for discord and mortal death.

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

—Francis Ellingwood Abbot

Bubbles

There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart;
Did we not rehearse it
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish tomorrow,
Were we but willing to furnish the wings;
But sadly intruding
And quietly brooding,
It hatches all sorts of horrible things.
—Philips Brooks.



Under The Redwoods

June 26 was as fine a day as one can find in a lifetime. I attended to my work during the day. At evening all present gathered in the parlor and I talked upon "The One Great Thing I Have Found in Life." The One thing without which Life seemed to me valueless. And that one thing was **Faith in Myself as a manifestation of Infinity.** It was this Faith that the experience of 70 years had developed, and the result is in my life, health and happiness, and a surity of needed supply for all personal wants. I am equally sure that that faith will develop in power until I feel the same surity in regard to supply for all my enterprises. Sunday morning our meeting was in "Emerson Grove." The first meeting of the year. The stand was covered with redwood boughs, ferns and sweet peas. A peace brooded in the air, such as never comes from the dim religious light of cathedral isles. A SOMETHING was here that thousands of years ago put itself into this oldest of Christian temples, and we felt the Presence. A spiritual hush pervaded all. I called upon all to listen in silence for a few moments to those co-laborers for Truth, the mighty trees. We sang "God Is Love," and felt the love-baptism. My discourse was upon "The One Thing Needful." A lesson of 70 years. That one thing is "Self-Assertion." We

must, for life, express, and that expression must be spontaneous and free. It can be neither if we lack faith in ourself. Fears of all kinds cause repression. Repression is the one cause of human ills of body, mind and estate. Once this faith is established the individual will express himself; that is he will assert himself, will make himself felt. Helen Wilman's quatrain is a classic and men will never let it die: "He who dares assert the I
May calmly wait
While hurrying fate
Meets his demand with sure supply."
Supply for every need is omnipresent. Only he takes from that universal reservoir, for his needs, who asserts himself. In self-assertions, as water flows when the gate is lifted, so flows all good to him. Affirmation is the way and well does Emerson say, "Nerve us with with incessant affirmatives." When we have done this, we have not only done our whole duty to ourselves but also to our fellows. We have "nerved" them with affirmations to Faith and action.

* * *

The season was made pleasant by kindly letters from friends, and if I missed words from many whom I anticipated would remember, I felt that I had no business even to think they would write; but should have left them free to do, and knowing that they were about their business and doing the right thing in the right place. To all who did remember me by letter and to those who sent me their thoughts telepathically, I most kindly reply in the Love of Truth and in Comrade-Love. Life is one. There is only Omnipresence and there we meet and greet forever.

* * *

A few poems were sent me. One is found in these pages. I append a few lines from one sent by Miss Kellogg of Pasadena, reminiscent of our Emerson Grove Class work:

"I of the NOW Philosophy bethought
me

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

—William Morris

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I will to be a poet and then of course
I can be!"

First **desire**, then lofty **aspirations** and
steady **concentration**,

After which, behold the wondrous
demonstration.

Look at the sweet and holy influences
at work;

The groves, the hills, the quiet winding
woodlands and the beauties that
lurk

At every nook and turn; the brook
the spring, the towering redwood
trees,

The rustic natural bridge; the lov-
liness on every hand one sees.

Then the Sunday sermon in the Grove,
accompanied by the squirrels'
chatter as they rove,

From branch to branch, from tree to
tree, rejoicing that they are free.

Now follow the windings of dusty cow-
trail up the wooded hill

Clamber over rock and logs until
We reach the opening at the top and
then

Bursts on our view the vine-clad
slopes, thrifty farms and distant
hills

Each in its own peculiar hue.

Best of all, come to our morning class
beneath the trees.

You sit in sun or shade as you may
please;

Inhale odor of sweet peas,
While our philosopher sits near at
hand

Reading Emerson, helping us to under-
stand,

Or talks to us of Love and Truth and
Power and Life.

Till one by one our woes drop off
And leave us free from care and strife.

"I am the Power to be and do
Whate'er I will to be and do!"

This statement strong he often makes
and then

Takes away our breath with his "But
WILL you?"

* * *

My cottage had been newly painted in-
side and out, and re-pared. It wel-

comed me with the kindly thoughts of
those who, without any pay but love
and truth, had done the work. "Mine
own comes to me."

* * *

The days rolled all too quickly by and
Sunday P. M. I returned to the City
to give an address upon "Young
Thought at 70 Years."

* * *

The first day I came home I was shown
a quail's nest with thirteen eggs in
the weeds close to the lower step that
leads in to my cottage. So readily does
the lesser bird learn that its enemy
avoids the haunts of men. I was care-
ful not to disturb her. The papa bird
would come and look on from a dis-
tance. One day I peered too close and
she flew away but soon returned and
I determined to catch a glimpse of the
young when they hatched. The next
day there was a commotion. Papa and
mamma both had a serious time chat-
tering and flying about and as I lay
in the hammock I thought some enemy
was in the air. After the quiet re-
turned I looked at the nest, and lo! all
had hatched and every little fellow had
followed parents away to safety. This
is the second time I have been thus
served. The young quail is prepared
to run the moment it is hatched. Na-
ture's safeguard. O, but there is a
wisdom at the heart of things! "O,
my brothers! God exists!" says Em-
erson. I found Him here as I find Him
everywhere. * * *

But I have one other pleasure—my
horse. Last year accident caused the
death of my saddle-horse and I was
questioning where my next would
come. And here it was, growing up in
our pasture. She had been handled
from day of birth and during the win-
ter she had been broken to saddle and
harness. Only three years old, but I
can use her all I wish to ride. So
"Queenie" and I are comrades. She
comes at call. So my supply comes
at need. Will we not learn to be con-
tent and wait ITS time of realization?

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

—Whittier

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Life is repaid by the joy of living it.

—David Starr Jordan

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Henry Victor Morgan is taking a vacation among friends in Canada. His tour from Portland to Chicago was a huge success. In Omaha successful beyond the anticipation of himself and friends. He begins a month's course of lectures and lessons in Chicago July 31st. The same success will follow him there. He speaks good words for NOW and takes subscriptions.

A soldier that wore the Grey when I wore the Blue writes me: I am improving under your treatment. . . I am glad that you sent me the June NOW. Your picture is attractive to me. When they find my dead body that picture will be found on me. You know the doctors declare that I am liable to tumble any minute. But I think with your help I will be able to fool them again. I have done so two times and now I am nearly 73. When I wrote you before I could not hold out to write as well as I do now.

ONE GOOD WAY TO HELP NOW.

Have been greatly benefitted by your writings. Your NOW magazine is one of the most helpful journals I receive. I more than enjoy reading it. For stamps enclosed please send me January and February numbers. I gave mine to a friend and would like those two again they are too good to loose.

—E. H. H., Mass.

A few days ago I was impressed to write a very successful doctor whom I had 18 months ago treated for a nervous break-down. His letter shows that I had only in writing answered a telephatic message. He says: "Yours received an hour after I had sent off my letter to you. The message reached me before the letter. * * "

I must call you friend for giving us "Beautiful NOW." I so much enjoy your poems. I read them over and over again and again. No other reads like them. In fact I read all of NOW over and over and enjoy it every time. It is always new.—Mrs. L. A. L., Mass.

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POWER OF ADVERSE SUGGESTION.

William Courtenay, the actor, in an interview gives us this experience of an adverse suggestion:

"My first professional appearance was as Willie Hammond in 'Ten Night in a Barroom.' I was just fifteen years old then, and I figured myself a full-fledged actor. I will never forget the blow to my young hopes that fell as I came out of the theatre. This first appearance was at a matinee in Portland, Maine. After Willie had been properly disposed of I dressed and descended a long flight of stairs with my head up and my chest out. I was tremendously proud of myself. Just outside the stage door played a number of ragged boys and girls. I grew even more chesty as I started to strut by them. And just then one disapproving voice spoke up loudly:

" 'Why, it's a boy!'

"I felt so discouraged I had to be coaxed back to the theatre that night. If I were not Irish and possessed of the Irish sense of humor I'd have been driven off the stage years ago by the things said to me and about me in the front of the house."

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

—Walt Whitman

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The First Response

to my request in June NOW is this letter. It is one of the few only. It is from a young man who came to me for health and found it. He writes under date of June 1, 1910.

Dear Mr. Brown: I am going to celebrate this month of yours with five new subscribers to NOW. If all do one-fifth as much your invitation to help shall have proved NOW readers to be awake.

Things are panning out and I am doing nicely. I realize *My Faith is my Fate*, and if my bed don't suit me I can get up and fix it. I realize further that predestination ceases to be, when deliberate choice is exerted. I can submit to feelings conditions produce, or I can create feelings to which conditions must submit. In the one case I listen to God, and in the other case I speak to God and He listens to me. For by feelings alone we listen or command. We can say **FEELING IS NATURE'S LANGUAGE! LOVE IS NATURE'S ORATION IN THE SOUL.**

Sincerely, A. B.



A man, I think, is ready to write on a thing when he perceives that he has got above it, that he has shaken it off from him, and can survey it without egotism, spleen, exaggeration, or other perversion; for bad writing, what is it in any case but untrue writing, a writing of the thing which is not, painting of a picture of a thing which is not God's Truth and Reality but our own poor Falsehood and Hallucination! I think it will do you no good to have the public much in your eye in writing such a thing; write what seems lucid, beautiful or significant to your mind, and believe always that the public will adjust itself to that, or at worst that you can do nothing else for the public.

—Thomas Carlyle.

Dr. L. P. Royster of Norfolk, Va., before the American Medical Association convention declared: "Mothers, don't realize that fresh air is the best medicine for the little ones."

There is no unreturned love, the pay is certain one way or another.

(I loved a certain person ardently and my love was not returned, yet out of that I have written these songs.)

—Walt Whitman.

We know ourselves to be centers of production.—Rev. Samuel Johnson.

Live as tho Christ had risen today.—Luther.

Man need not be the victim of environment but can be master of it. There is no fate outside himself which determines his life and aims. Each person can shape his own environment and can create his own conditions. The cure for poverty, ill health and unhappiness lies in bringing one's self through scientific thinking into conscious union with the Source of Infinite Life, the Source of health and harmony.—Orison Sweet Marden, *Editor of Success.*

TO MY SHADOW.

You skulked behind me like a hound,

And now you run before;

"But master if you turn round

I'll get behind once more."

—John B. Tabb.

The supply will always be equal to intelligent demand. The supply of money now in circulation and locked up in vaults is equal to the demand of all who come into an understanding of the laws of intelligent demand, and with the increase of those who understand these laws, the supply will increase.

—Helen Wilmans.

A little girl was taught to pray whenever she wanted help. One day she lost her pencil and she was kneeling down to begin her prayer when her knee struck something hard. Looking down she saw her missing pencil and said: "Never mind helping me now, God, I have found it."

Prof. Atwater's investigations into nutrition have shown in the most convincing manner that body derives all intensity from food consumed, or if food is insufficient from our own body-tissue. The outgo of energy is equal to the income. We have sought for Life and found Law. Chemistry and not Life.

—Prof. R. K. Duncan, *Professor Industrial Chemistry, Kan. State Uni. Harper's, May, '09.*

'Tis the mind that sees and mind that hears; all other things are deaf and blind.—Maximus Tyrius, *lived in time of Plato.*

Statistics reveal the existence of conditions making strongly again the continued prestage of the United States and its continued progress to the headship of the nations.—H. A. Dington Bruce in *N. A. Review for Jan., '08.*

To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive; and the true success is to labor.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

In sending in your subscription for NOW please state how many copies you have already received as each subscription commences with January. Many have already received four or five numbers. Back numbers will be sent where they have not already been received.

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