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A Journal of Affirmation

HENRY HARRISON BROWN,

Editor

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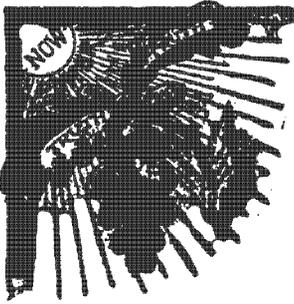
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From all Life's grapes I press sweet wine.

—Henry Harrison Brown

N O W

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

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No. 11

Sacred Shrines

The Moslem to his Mecca turns,
For there his Prophet lies;
In prayer in temple Hindoo yearns,
To Buddha's face petitions rise.
To cross, spearwound and bleeding feet,
By roadside shrine or temple grand,
The devotee still tells his beads,
Or kneels by cript with folded hands.

Sacred Shrines! Sincere the crowd!
Faith is there with whitest dress!
While Love and Fear control the bowed
As Judge above shall ban or bless.
To costly church my brethern go
With ritual or with simple word.
'Tis sacred spot! I sympathise,
Though by their creed I am not stirred.

From ocean east to Pacific strand,
Sacred mounds in regiments form!
My Comrades! Memory is in command!
Signal flags bear the word along!
Tearful, grateful, I obey!
"Comrades true! I salute your ghost!
Whether you wore the Blue or Grey,
Ye're numbered now with Freedom's host!"

By still more sacred shrine I knelt,
Where lies the dust of kindred dear!
I bowed in grateful love but felt—
"Though dead, they still are ever near!"
But one, most sacred of the earth,
Where Heaven ope'd its doors again!
'Twas where my Mother gave me birth!
And where she gave to earth a Man!

Isis, Zues or Roman god,
Buddha, Brahma, Jove or Christ,
Statesman, warrior, prophet, lord,
Martyr, poet, ye've no such tryst.
Saint nor sinner never bowed
In temple at more sacred shrine!
Never yet was man allowed
Sweeter worship than was mine!

Never felt the devotee
Heaven more near, nor life more sweet,
Than I, where Mother gave Life to me!
Where Mother-Love and Life did meet!
Crown your god! Bid marbles rise
To earth's noble, great and good!
Beyond these lies God's greatest prize—
His noblest, sweetest—MOTHERHOOD!
HENRY HARRISON BROWN.
Uxbridge, Mass. Seventy-first birthday.

Not Where To Lay His Head

I think no other saying attributed to Jesus has been so grossly misunderstood as that recorded in Matthew 8:20—"Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." Certainly none other has been the cause of so much waste of life and effort. Upon it have monk and nun taken vows of poverty; hermit and anchorite have fled because of it to the desert; others have willed and given away property because it was a sin; and poverty has been made a virtue. Those who should have striven out of conditions have remained poor, because Jesus was poor and condemned riches. To me this passage is the very opposite in meaning, and should create an opposite action. It stands for Riches, infinite and imperishable riches. It is not to be interpreted by isolating it from its context, but is to be interpreted as we would interpret any passage in any modern essay; taken in connection with the other teachings of Jesus. The interpretation of Scripture by texts is not interpretation, but is a building up of a cob-house of words to sustain a theory, or a dogma, predetermined and desired. And many New Thought teachers are beginning to verge very near this dangerous method of theology.

Let us look at this passage in the Light of the Life and Affirmations of Jesus, and I think we shall all see that it does not stand for poverty but for the opposite.

This passage is in reply of Jesus to a scribe who said to him, "Master, I will follow thee withersoever thou goest!" Then said Jesus: "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but I have not where to lay my head." No!

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

—Edith M. Thomas

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he did not say, "I!" Why? "The Son of Man!" This was a favorite expression of his. (In a previous essay I have dealt with this epithet.)

The Son of Man is one who has overcome the animal conditions in which all are born, and has come into Realization that he is now Spirit and One with the Father, and in addition to possibilities that all his as a Son of God has a Realization that he inherits all the unfolding of the race.

Therefore interpret this in this thought, and we may paraphrase it thus, "It is necessary for the animal to prepare for itself a habitation and return there at nightfall." And in like manner the human expression of God, while he is still under the dominion of the animal nature, which he brings up with him and from which he is to emerge, will find it necessary to provide for his habitation. But when he comes into the Realization that he is "Heir to all the Ages," heir to all the development of the race, he needs no longer thing nor care for earthly possessions if he, as a Son of God, has all possibilities latent within him; but as a Son of Man, he has also, near the surface in the subconscious, all the development which the One has had through the experiences of the Race. Realizing this, he will no longer think of material possessions, but will know that ALL that the Father hath is his, and instead of measuring as others, who have not sought and found the Kingdom of God, but who have sought and found the kingdom of matter; who have not worshipped God, have worshipped Mammon; these must build houses and at nightfall seek them. But those who have sought "first" the Kingdom of God and its Rightness will be content to do each day what the Great Commandment—"Love one another!"—leads them to do, knowing that at nightfall there will be home and food for them. Because God and His child are One, and the child that loves Father more than he loves possession, will never find lack. That child no longer possesses, but he IS. I AM! is his affirmation. What? Any and everything I desire!

All is mine for the Father hath given dominion to me over all *things*.

Things are but externalization of ideals. Thought creates the ideal, and ideals materialize. Then why need I be troubled with *things*? A later prophet shall come who will tell you two thousand years from now that as you, Brother Scribe, are dominated, so man in that far-off age is dominated. For that Prophet Emerson will say:

"Things are in the saddle and ride mankind. I am free to go and come. To work or to be at leisure, and from the abundance I am fed. Remember how I fed the thousands in the wilderness? So am I at all times cared for."

In some such thought as this it seems to me was that reply born. He had prescient knowledge that led him to point out fish for the net and *the* fish with the coin for taxes. And can we believe for one moment that he knew what poverty was? Poverty means suffering for want of food, shelter and clothing. This he never could have. He would always have Enough. And Enough is Riches. Enough is more than the millionaire has. Enough is wealth. Emerson tells of the woman who the first time she saw the sea, exclaimed, "Thank God that once I have seen something there was enough of!" She knew poverty.

Jesus always had enough. And he had more. He had the assurance that he always would have enough. And this is the condition, I believe, he wished to teach us to win. When we shall, like him, come into Realization of Unity, we shall never want. We may have houses and lands, but we will never consider them necessary to us. We can get along without them. For when one door closes another opens. We will, when we enter into the Realization of Union with the Father, never question where we shall lay our head. The bed will be ours at need. We shall do that which will bring the bed to us, or lead to the bed. What is mine is not *coming*. "There is a greater fact," says Emerson, "and that is Omnipresence!" It IS NOW, or it never will be. Recognition then of Om-

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

—Emerson

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nipresence is the lesson I get from these words of Jesus, and "they comfort me!" And they teach the most beautiful and useful of all lessons, i. e., that *Supply is Infinite and ever ready for him who in Love gives his life to Truth*. And David A. Wasson has expressed in modern the thought of Jesus:

My wealth in common, I possess
No petty provice, but the whole!
What's mine alone, is mine far less
Than treasures shared by every Soul.



Rational Education

The goody-goody schoolma'am, the mandarin schoolmaster, the philistine pedagogue, with his business capacities, have proved themselves incompetent to deal with the education of the young. They stifle talent, they stupefy the intellect, they paralyze the will, they suppress genius, they benumb the faculties of our children.

The educator, with his pseudo-scientific, pseudo-psychological pseudagogics, can bring up only a set of philistines with firm-set habits—marionettes, dolls. Teachers are blind leading the blind.

Awaken in early childhood the critical spirit of man; awaken early in the child's life love of knowledge, love of truth, of art and literature for their own sake, and you arouse man's genius.

Man possesses large stores of unused energy which the ordinary stimuli of life are not only unable to reach but even tend to inhibit. Unusual combinations of circumstances, however; radical changes of environment, often unloose the inhibitions brought about by the habitual narrow range of man's interest and surroundings.

You have heard the psychologizing educator advise the formation of good, fixed stable habits in early life. Now I want to warn you against the dangers of such unrestricted advice. Fixed adaptations, stable habits, tend to raise the thresholds of mental life and to inhibit the liberation, the output of reserve energy. Avoid routine. * * * *

Being in a barbaric stage, we are afraid of thought. We are under the erroneous belief that thinking, study, causes nervousness and mental disorders.

We do not care to develop a love of knowledge in early life in fear of brain injury, and then when it is too late to acquire the interest we force them to study, and we feed them and stuff them like geese. What you often get is fatty degeneration of the mental liver.—Boris Sidis, M. A., Ph. D., D. M. D., from "Philistine and Genius."

One Country

From snow-capped pole to pole,
From east to western sea,
One fatherland, one flag behold,
One people, self-ruled, free.

No creed, no race embroil;
No hue, no race divide;
But friendship floods all lands on earth
Like mighty ocean tide.

One Father formed us all
With kindred heart and mind;
Our country is the peopled world;
Our brothers all mankind!

—Raymond L. Bridgemen of Boston to
Universal Peace Congress, London.



New Thought Lectures

Henry Harrison Brown of San Francisco, editor of "Now," a "new thought" magazine, lectured yesterday afternoon in the Odd Fellows' Hall on Pynchon street, his subject being "The law of life" He said that the great and difficult thing to accomplish in this universe is to "know thyself" and when this has been accomplished the will power will predominate so far to enable a man to control absolutely all feelings physical and mental, and he will then be happy, for he will then will to feel nothing but happy things. The address of the evening was along similar lines.

The law of suggestion is the law of life, Mr. Brown stated at the opening of his address. Man has been hunting the north pole and the south pole and has been analyzing the elements but has never yet been able to find himself. It is a great mistake to think that it is possible to find anything outside of yourself. You are the whole and nothing exists except in you. Seek in yourself the whole for it is there. When I know what causes me to think, then I shall be able to control things and shall be happy. It is only when I can think the thoughts that will make me happy that I can be truly master of the mystery of life. There are but two parts of existence, the me and the none-me. The none-me exists but to make me feel.

We get self-control as we control our feelings. The whole secret of life lies in the power to control the emotional nature. Man in control is not yet here. When he arrives he will then decide every day what he will feel. He will determine just what he wills to taste, to smell, to hear, to feel. He can completely control the senses. On this fact is based all the healing that is done in Christian science, new thought or any other system of thinking. Man is strengthened to think so that pain cannot touch him. Pain will no longer affect men when they will not to feel it.—Springfield, Mass., Republican, Sept., 1911.

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

—Ingersoll

* **AFFIRMATIONS** *

Relaxing

I've let go. O, what a rest.
The tension of the business world has gone.

There's peace now from the Inner Self stealing over me.

The anxiety that has strained my nerves has passed away.

The peace that blesses childhood now falls upon me.

The fears that haunted my pathway night and day vanished with my entrance into Silence.

Sweet peace dwells here with all her attendant angels.

The pains and aches that follow unwelcome labor are forgotten.

The Peace that brings rest to tired body and aching limb is now mine.

The care of society and the submission to the tyranny of fashion, these winds have blown away.

I lie on the ground with Nature's companionship, and bless her kindness. The Peace of God comes like a cooling hand to fevered brow in the breeze that now fans my cheek as a rest.

How far away is the clink of dollar, the rustle of cash book and the voice of customer. I am at rest.

Far, far away is the voice of public censure and the criticism of friends. I have relaxed and these have all been blown away, and I am free.

In Silence I rest. All that is not of Spirit falls off, I am free.

I am one with Nature and with Nature's God; in love for my fellowmen in the Universal where there is nothing to disturb, I rest.

In the Silence with Life at its center, where all is stillness, there am I; there I rest.

Resting, forgetting, loving—I am living with the One—Our Father—and the "Peace that passeth understanding is mine." I have let all else go; I rest.

Letting my Light shine in peace, I glorify Soul.

Its mandate, "Thy will be done," brings happiness through peace.

IT'S will is done in me as it is done in the heaven of every one who learns in Silence to rest and listen.

I rest; I listen; I am at peace and peace is heaven!



A New England Autumn

It seems marvelous how desires that we have not consciously put into thoughts work themselves out in Expression. The only important mental condition is this of *letting* them work out. It is enough to desire. "A sincere and a contrite heart I will not despise," the old prophet put into his conceptions of God. To desire, to ask, to expect and then to *let* what we ask for come, is the Law.

"Ask and receive," 'tis sweetly said!

But *what* to ask for know I not!

For Faith is worsted, wish outsped

And aye to thanks returns my thought.

If I *must* pray, I've nought to say,

But this, "That God may be God still!"

For Him to live is still to give,

And sweeter than my wish His will!"

Whoever reaches this mental attitude will find all his desires fulfilled. This is Realization! Toward this all our philosophy and demonstration tends.

This thought is forced upon me by the unexpected fulfillment of a desire which I hardly dared formulate into a wish, that I might have all such as my boyhood knew. I have it. And it is a rare treat. But I have learned the true meaning of Resignation, which is merely a *willingness to accept whatever comes* after we have manifested our individuality by a desire. Emerson says: "Soul answers our prayers, not in words but by the thing prayed for!" So came my answer, and in better ways than I could have planned.

I left my pleasant friends at Kingston, N. Y., Sept. 8. Stopped one night at Winstead, Conn. One day in Hartford. Sunday, 10th, gave two addresses in Springfield, Mass., to fine and apprecia-

Truth for Authority, No Authority for Truth.

—*Lucretia Mott.*

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tive audiences. Passed the night with old friends and Monday went to Weston, Conn., where I passed four days with Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Nichols, who had, before the Disaster of '06, passed two years with "Now" Folk, and who long to return to the Pacific Coast. While crossing the Husationu mountains I had an hour at a junction and wended my way to a stream, where a fisherman was casting his line, and under the open sky here got my first New Thought breath of a New England Autumn. It is true that our thoughts and feelings give tone and beauty to the landscape. Everything had a sweeter and more profound meaning to me than ever before, I had learned as now to "Be still and KNOW!", I was getting acquainted with Henry under new conditions. This was my first and most lasting impressions of this New England Autumn. I know more of myself.

Mr. and Mrs. Nichols were at the old homestead five miles even from a trolley line, passing the summer. Didn't I revel in the autumn verdure, with nuts, grapes, and the deep tints of sky, and beautiful, nearer stars than our Pacific atmosphere gives us.

And what a wealth of flowers! I had forgotten them, but soon we renewed our old friendship. Asters of so many varieties from white to deepest purple made the fields and roadsides merry. Then everywhere the golden-rod, several varieties, so filled the view one could not help but be jolly companion with it. The toad-flax with its most fragile delicate purple petals that I had completely forgotten, was soon under my feet pleading for recognition. But the berries! Solomon's-seal reddening the green of the ferns, and the bright scarlet berries of jack-in-the-pulpit among the damp grass. The checkerberry with its pleasant pungent flavor side by side with the partridge berry gave brightness to the brown of the club moss with which he consorted. The white of the bane-berry side by side with the imposing scarlet of the black alder. The

latter making me think of the red-coats of 1776 with whom my ancestors contended. Here peacefully they ornamented the fields we won from them. Elder-berries with no mother to make of them wine or pies. Something better now for that. The white berries of the dogwood and wax berries adding a Quaker hush to all the rest. Bay-berries full of a fragrance that reminds you of nothing but salt sea winds. Now and then I stopped to pluck handfuls of the wild grape whose fragrance filled the air. So different from our California vineyards from which so little fragrance rises. Here is the sour fox wild ones to the progenitors of the Concord, which is really to me the finest of all in its fragrance. The vines ran all over the stone walls, the shrubs by the road-side, and so plentifully filled one need only pluck a handful at a time, for the woods and fields were one great vineyard.

Then the herbs that I as a boy would gather for storing in the attics, for surely they would be needed in winter. Some of us boys would need boneset, catnip and pennyroyal. And it is a royal, yielding, beautiful fragrance even when trodden upon. Sassafras and birch tempted me often to taste their bark. It was harmless and tender as a puppy's, but pleasant. While along the road-sides the tansy made known its qualities by its yellow berries and its pungent odor. Spearmint and peppermint in damp places; and everlasting in the dryer added their well remembered and still enjoyed fragrance. Occasionally bitter-sweet would cheer us with its orange clusters of berries, later to burst the capsules and show a deep red fruit. It proved itself again as it often of old had the real gem of Autumn's berry-crown of beauty.

The false genitan and monkshood were in their place in the swamps; the brilliant cardinal flower burned by the brook-side; the pickerel-weed floated on water. But I did not find the queen of all for fragrance, liteness and purity, the

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

—*Bayard Taylor*

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pond-lilly. The sweetest of all odors had departed with spring, when the Arbutus left. And the graceful lady-in-waiting of Autumn---the fringed gentian had not yet heard the call of coronation. In vain I implored her appearance, as I walked the brooksides repeating Whittiers' "Psalm":

"The blue-eyed gentian shall look
Through fringed lids to heaven!"

But she was too coy and I failed to greet one of the dear friends of my childhood's Autumn. But sometime I will yet see her, even as I saw the Arbutus last spring.

I was in Chicago and thinking of the arbutus fields of Michigan. I said to myself--"I wish I had some!" and my wish took wings; found a lodgement in the mind of a friend and lo! that same day a bouquet was placed on my table. Then the ride over the hills and by river sides, stopping to enjoy the scenery, watching the foaming water at it leaped down the falls and tracing the voyage of a brilliant leaf of the virginia creeper all about us that was turning all shades of flower and sky, and sometime following the most wonderfully colored leaf of the sumac, as it went by on the wind. O, was there ever a day like this anywhere? Why go to Europe when one can find all the world at his feet?

"It need but reverent eye and ear
To find the Orient marvels here.

The heavens are glassed in Merrimac
What more can Jordan answer back?"

And what need of church or temple when we have the ALL of us here? If we cannot find the ALL here and carry it to temple, IT will not be there. No! The Groves were not "God's first temples." But they were, and are still, Man's. In this renewing of Childhood's Autumn joys I have "found the Lord" as I never have found Him in temple or in book. All is in the mind and I find IT (or Him) there.

But do I want to leave this and go to Pacific shore again? Why the question? Is not Manhood's place and power more valuable than that of the

Child's. Never once the thought other than that my Mountain Home under the Redwoods is more to me than all the world beside. For there I AM! I carry, Emerson tells me, "The whole world in my heart!" This visit has only enabled me to find myself more thoroughly, and to awaken in me thankfulness for all my past. Devoutly am I thankful that I was New England raised, and made over in the West. While thinking of my childhood and this Autumn amid old scenes I can lovingly say with Whittier:

"O Painter of the fruits and flowers,
We own Thy wise design,
Whereby these human hands of ours
May share the work of Thine."

While in Brooklyn I visited the birthplace of Walt Whitman. While visiting the Metropolitan Museum, as I entered the picture gallery and turned to my right and was face face to face unexpectedly with the most noted and best portrait of "The Good Gray Poet." It is by Alexander. I had no more use for anything else in the gallery. Walt, to me, is only second in all literature to Emerson, and no devotee at altar had more devotion than I then. Why spoil my visit to Him by mixing the common with the sublime?

As I reached the old cheap frame house, I was pleased to see that the "Colonial Society" had placed a tablet upon a big boulder by the roadside marking the birthplace of the man whom more than all others will keep alive the literary fame of this great city.

(I hope the printers and proof-readers will not make the awful mistake here they made in my telling of my visit to the tomb of Emerson where they left in NOW the word "building" for "boulder," making me say that a tablet on a "fine quart building" marked his grave.)

I wished to see the environment in which he had been raised. It is not a beautiful spot by any means. A flat section of the island with hills to the west and farther away to east. Low hills all. Wooded. It is 13 miles to the ocean south, and 5 miles to the Sound. Oak, sand and gravel soil. Few

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

—Julia Ward Howe

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other variety of trees. Some pines farther off. Sumac and ordinary New England shrubs. But it was the ocean, "The grand old mother," that gave him inspiration. He could have been developed only here or on the prairie or on mountain tops. Expansion is the only thought under which he can be understood. Only the "all-embracing ocean" can stand as his symbol. And as the ocean is constantly becoming more and more familiar, so will future generations map out his thought and explore its wondrous expanse. When he said ALL, he meant ALL! He was so determined that we should know he included ALL that at times he hurls the whole of the geography and gazetteer at us. Once we read this catalogue, it is enough, but we would no more have it taken out that we would have the bays, and rivers, and mountains taken from the earth. They are a part of ALL, and we feel better to know that they are where we can clasp them in mind if we do not care to call them all by name every day. I think this thought of the Allness of Walt's philosophy will enable many to understand him and to see the poetry of much otherwise obscure.

I can imagine him when a child trotting from home to the shore and I felt all he tells us that he felt in that wondrous poem—"Out of the sea endlessly rocking"—has all literature its equal for pathos, sublimity and beauty. The effect of the ocean himself is in this Autobiographical poem. We can understand Walt after we absorb that. Never without tears can I read it.

Whereto answering, the sea
Delaying not, hurrying not,
Whispered me through the night, and very
plainly before daybreak,
Lisp'd to me the low and delicious word,
Death,

And again death, death, death, death,
Hissing, melodious, neither like the bird nor
like my arous'd child's heart,
But edging near as privately for me rustling
at my feet,
Creeping thence steadily up to my ears and
laving me softly all over,

Death, death, death, death! . . .
. . . The word up from the waves,
The word of the sweetest song of all songs,
The strong delicious word, which creeping to
my feet
(Or like to some old crone rocking the cradle,
swathed in sweet garments, bending aside),
The sea whisper'd me.



To "Now" Lovers!

Do you realize that two more numbers complete the volume for 1911? I have carried it without other help than that supplied by the labor of "NOW" Folk. Every publication requires a sinking fund at its start. I have none. What NOW is, it is because it is wanted; because it is loved by its readers. Shall it continue? With your encouragement it will be easy. But—GO IT WILL! As long as I can earn enough otherwise to meet its bill it will live. So fear not for its life. Be fearless and send in your dollars, for I DO wish to so increase its circulation that it will be a still greater power for good, shall bring me such a relief financially, and in leisure, that I may do more literary work. I have manuscripts equally valuable to my printed books that I wish to print. I have still more valuable ones waiting to be written. Every New Thought person should feel at least the same enthusiasm for the spread of Truth that church-members feel, and should be equally generous in giving time, effort and means. All I ask is your effort for a little time. Send in your renewal and with it the subscription for one or more friends. This will at least double my circulation. I feel that I have earned your support and should have at least a list of five in 1912, to one this year. This will give me relief and enable me to do some writing and publishing.

To encourage you, I will send sample copies for you to use in canvassing and will mail samples to names of friends you may send me. I will send the November and December numbers to every *new* subscriber, thus giving 14 numbers for the \$1.

I thank whatever gods may be For my unconquerable Soul.

—W. C. Henley

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NOW is the only magazine in the world that stands squarely upon the scientific side of New Thought with no side issue and no equivocation. MIND IS ALL—or mind is nothing. There can be no half way in Truth. No compromise. ALL IS ONE AND THAT ONE IS MIND, AND I AM THAT ONE! Trust Thought as the expression of Mind. Direct Thought, and you attain Self Mastery; you put all the so-called Laws of Nature under your feet. Become "the Law above the Law." Out of every thousand readers there are but few yet to appreciate this position. Theological interpretations; Bible adaptations, occult or material means are recommended, and ancient philosophy is renewed. All these have their class of readers and rightly so, but NOW does not cater to such as call for these. NOW expects support entirely from those who seek the SCIENCE OF MIND, and who wish to extend into the psychic realm the same Principles and Laws science has found in the lower vibrations of Mind called matter. For this reason I make this call upon YOU—NOW LOVERS—to extend the circulation of YOUR magazine among your friends. For you I print it.

Send all your subscriptions as directed on its editorial pages.

During the coming year I shall develop the ideas expressed in the revolutionary editorial in September number and will clear away much of the error that materialistic science has thrown over the investigation of mental phenomena. There is soon to be a re-adjustment of scientific theories to the new perceptions, born through metaphysics and the latest discoveries in scientific laboratories. NOW will ever keep in the front. We—YOU AND I—are only the advance Guard of Progress. We are content to be in a minority for Truth. God is ever with the number one!

I am ever, truly your friend,
HENRY HARRISON BROWN,
Editor and Publisher of NOW.

True Success

There is the question as to what really constitutes success. This is a commercial age, in which success is measured by money. In the eyes of most business men the individual who never accumulates much money or other property is a failure. If he manages to pile up a fortune at the expense of all his finer faculties; if his soul is shriveled and he has come to look on money or property as superior to the rights of humanity, then he has been a miserable failure even though he has piled up as much wealth as Rockefeller or the Rothschilds. Wealth is power, and power is a good thing in the hands of an individual who knows how to use it wisely and is willing to use it for the benefit of his fellowmen.

So it is proper to be diligent in business, to build up a business that will not only give you the means to provide for your family with comfort but which will be the means of furnishing employment and comfort to other people who work for you. But after all, it ought to be remembered that you are but a sojourner here, that wealth is not the chief aim of life and is only to be desired in so far as it adds to the proper happiness of yourself and your fellowmen. When you come to think it over, it is really remarkable how short a time any of us have to stay here and how foolish it is to simply make ourselves slaves to the dollar. * * *

He who has done the best he knew, who has been honest, diligent and true, who has tried to make as many smiles as he could and as few tears; who has laughed much and loved well; who has done something to make the world a better and brighter place to live; who has planted trees and flowers; who has added something to the measure of human joy and subtracted something from the cup of human sorrow; who forgives his enemies and loves his friends—he is a success! He may not be a great accumulator of money or lands or goods, but his life is a benediction and his memory a blessing.—*The Office Outfitter.*



Since our recent pleasure of having Henry Harrison Brown with us as a guest in our lecture hall and a visitor to our editorial rooms, it is with added appreciation that we break open the wrapper of "Now," published at San Francisco, knowing well that the pages will be full of the editor's affirmations. The May issue is not at all disappointing in this regard, for there is a good article on "Why I Can," that is a backbone stimulator. Read it. Then you will keep on until you have read it from cover to cover.—*W. J. Colville in Mystic Light.*

Trust thyself! Every heart vibrates to that iron string.

—Emerson

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Conscious Trust

The crowning point of life's manifestation is *trust*. "Though he slay me yet will I trust in him." Beyond this no affirmation is greater. To so trust is to realize the immortal life here and now. Toward this condition our New Thought is leading the race; is leading it back to that perfection which was manifest in Jesus. His life was trust, perfect trust; and this led him to a conscious unity with Him in whom we trusted.

This trust relieves us of all care for our present, all regret for our past, all anticipation for our future. We are content to be and to do today, under the conditions of today, and in this doing to find happiness.

The Universe is wisely guided. All circumstances are legitimate results of Cause. All things come in order; and everywhere and at all times the Universal Wisdom is manifesting its unchangeable purpose.

This we declare, but do we really believe it? Do we rest upon that belief in the expressions of our own life, as we rest upon the regularity of night and day? Is there no complaint upon our lips for weather, losses, disappointments, fears, worries, apprehensions? Aye, have we no wishes? For what are even wishes but lack of trust in the Universe to bring to me all that is best for me?

My part is to receive joyfully, as *best*, whatever comes. In perfect trust to receive and to enjoy; to *let* that which I am and that which I believe have its way in perfect trust in the transactions of daily life. To simply *let* myself be to my fellows that which I am in Mind and Spirit. Anything more or less, any effort on my part to change things or external conditions, is a lack of trust; is an attempted interference with that Universal Wisdom that directs all that is.

All my world centers in my *Self*. I am to care for my Self. I am to Be, and then to Let. To "let my light shine" is to let others alone that their light may shine. For me to do more, for me to

meddle with them, is to dim their light. And thousands of mortals have been killed by such interference. "Hedged in" and smothered by the attempts of busy-bodies, reformers, teachers, friends, to substitute their light for that individual spark of Divinity that was struggling to let its radiance be seen. There is a light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world!" Every man is "to let" his light shine. He has nothing to do with the light of others. "Shine that others may see!" was the command of Jesus. "Others seeing your good works" may by their own shining "glorify the Father."

There is but one way of glorifying the Father, and that is by that complete trust which manifests itself in daily joyful acceptance of whatever comes, and in manifesting that joy to our fellows that they may also trust.

This is the opposite of that spirit of proselyting and persecution, that has ever characterized ecclesiasticism and is ever present with the reformers of all times. "Trust God," is the cry, but they mean, "Trust God in me and trust in my ways. If you will not, then be apostate, sinner, condemned and punished." This so-called trust in God is but trust in some prophet, some revelation, some creed, some organization, some party. It is saying, "God is not able to do His work without me." It is, as Emerson says, "Poor God, with no one to help Him." "But God calls me to preach," says one. I do not doubt it. Calls just as He calls another to write, invent, engineer, legislate, buy and sell. Just as He calls to marriage and to trade, he calls to theatre and to church. But he gives priest and prophet no more special call and no more right to condemn than He gives one inventor, one discoverer, one poet, right to dictate to another.

Of all forms of Atheism, the worst is that of the religionist who asks for laws and policemen to help him *make* men religious! By force to make men keep the Sabbath, to be temperate, to be good. Where is God that He cannot and does

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

—Archie L. Black.

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not protect His own doing? Does He rule? Then *let* Him rule! If He wants Sunday kept in a certain way, then it will be kept. If a few self-elected counselors of the Almighty want it kept in a certain way, there is tyranny; and tyranny always employs force. That any external power is necessary to carry any law into effect, that any external force is necessary to maintain any organization, shows that there is an absence of God's desire and will in it. Only a man-made ordinance needs this support.

Do you trust God? Where? If in your own soul, then you will trust Him in every soul. This is self-government, and therefor God-government. Toward this is the race unfolding. The brute-man knows only external force. As he develops manhood he depends more and more on God in the soul, and when man has sloughed off the animal entirely he is the God-man (Good-man), and needs no external law. Thus ultimately there will be only Self-government. These present conditions of half-developed manhood, with altars, rights and statutes, are as necessary to man as early leaves and shoots are to the plant. When Humanity's tree *fruits*, it will bear only Self-governed men. Says Whittier in regard to present creedal conditions:

"Suffice it now: In times to be shall holier altars rise to Thee thy Church—our proud Humanity."

The Voice said to Longfellow: "Look into thine heart and write; yes, into Life's deep shrine." So does it say in the words of Jesus: "*LET.*" "Let" the soul write; "let" the light shine. Whose Heart? Whose Light? Thine! and Mine! Thus only do I mind my business; thus only do I my work. By living as the Light within directs, I am one with God, and am doing my whole work; am minding my entire business when I *let* that which I am shine in my thoughts, words, and acts. Liberty of expression is necessary that I may "let." I cannot be free if I impose my will, my thought, or even my wish upon another.

As I trust God in myself, I must trust

Him in my fellows. Trust will lead me to do right by my fellows, no matter what they do to me. From the Inner Wisdom I shall always have the guidance I need, no matter where I am or what may be done to me. I shall know that as God is in me, so Wisdom is in me to direct, and Power is in me to do, in all conditions. I shall never question whence these conditions come, but shall rejoice in them. I shall never ask how to meet them, for I shall *know* that I am Wisdom and Power. In this trust will I meet them and constantly rejoice, even where otherwise there would be tribulation.

This trust manifests in Peace. Always peaceful, because always trustful. We are not so now; not so all the time. We have seasons, but these seasons are growing longer and nearer together. When they are not, then are we to affirm: "I trust. I love. I am." Then they come back. Sometime, and that is *Now*, I shall reach that "Calm condition where I neither wish nor will," realizing Being, and living in the consciousness of Unity.



If we look for the purpose of existence we cannot possibly find it outside ourselves. We exist for our own sake.—Karl Ernest Baer (1824).



Elizabeth Towne, editor of "The Nautilus Magazine," of Holyoke, Mass., writes Mr. Brown as follows:

September 19, 1911.

My dear Henry Harrison Brown:— * * It is too bad. We wanted to go and hear you speak in Springfield but we have been working so hard recently that when Sunday comes we just let go and take a breathing spell. It's about the only breathing spell we get during the week.

We expect to move into our new house the 12th, 13th and 14th of October. After that we will have a nice little guest room and the latch string will be out whenever you come our way.

I hear fine reports of your meetings, and I trust they are successful in a financial way as well as from the standpoint of helpfulness. With cordial remembrances from William and myself, I am,

Faithfully yours,
ELIZABETH TOWNE.

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

—Irving Bachelor

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Sailing

Into the night, my helpless ship goes sailing,
Into the darkness to the unborn day;
Chartless, alone, no friendly vessel hailing,
Pilot of pilots, sail with me I pray.
Vagrant and fierce winds, far seas, and gray,
Pilot my wanderings, all the way.

Out of the dark into the purple dawning;;
Out of the storm into the quiet sea;
Till midnight pale into the radiant morning,
God of the shadow, still my pilot be,
Solace and safety, sail Thou with me,
Out of the shadow, eternally.

—Nashville Banner.



The Invitation "Come"

Every word in this message, "Come unto Me all ye that are heavy laden," as in every real written truth, is valuable, and has its place. In this invitation the word "Come" has a deep significance. While its place as an invitation is well understood in theology, there is a meaning in it for students of psychology that I think few understand.

We who have followed the practice of healing, realize that it is useless for us to attempt to cure until the patient is ready. Until he "Come!" This readiness consists in that mental state which opens to the reception of Truth. As water to a dry soil, so is Truth to one who "comes." All opposition is removed; all antagonism is laid aside, not alone in thought, but willingness of spirit.

This willingness is the beginning of faith, for faith is not an intellectual process. No one can tell you *why* he has faith, any more than he can tell you why he loves beauty. As beauty lies in spiritual reception, and the joy in the response of the soul to its vibrations, even so faith is the reception of Truth. In faith lies the cure. "Thy faith hath saved thee!" and "Thy faith hath made thee whole!" were the words of Jesus. Those who were healed had "Come." It was not the physical coming. It was the coming in spirit, coming in faith, that was the open door to Life. And when they thus came into the atmosphere of Jesus, whose radiations were All-Power,

they—because they were receptive—were healed.

The effect of coming thus in faith upon the body is to relax it. I have found that there is little effect produced upon my patients until they have shown that they had heeded the Voice, and had indeed "Come" by relaxing every muscle, and given Life a clear and unobstructed channel through the nervous system by their relaxing. We cannot relax under any fear, doubt, antagonism, restraint, or mental limitation.

Thus here, as in all that Jesus said, we find a scientific basis for his words. Here we have the mental and physiological reasons for his call, "Come." He did not say, "I go to you and give you rest." "Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me," he said, but his reward is in proportion to the receptivity in the one coming. "He that heareth the word and *doeth* it," is the one that *comes*.

This call is practical. It means, that for health I must be in the spirit of willingness, of receptivity, and of expectation. "I will give" is the promise. This promise we are to expect will be fulfilled when we do our part. It is impossible not to be rested when we put ourselves in this attitude of willingness, receptivity, expectancy. When the mind is like a clear, still lake, as Tennyson says:

Imagination, calm and fair,

The memory like a sunset air,

The conscience like a sea at rest—

then it is impossible not to feel the "Comforter which is the Spirit of Truth" healing us.

"Come, and I will give!" Simple as is the call, it is the one great demand of the Universal upon the personal self. It is a call to thy renunciation of all selfishness, and to the forgetfulness of all personal desires. It is the merging of personal will in the Divine Will. Aye, it is the passing through Gethsemane, and out of its agony saying, "Not my will but Thine be done!" Then angels come, as in the Garden, ministering. The result is happiness—*rest*. In body it is *health*.

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

—Whittier

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

Mr. Brown passed part of September month at the sanitarium of Dr. C. O. Sahler, at Kingston-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., teaching some, but also resting and preparing for his fall and winter campaign. His route is not yet fixed. He wishes to take the cities in rotation where it is possible so as not to double upon his tracks. Write him for dates at this office. He writes that he is in fine health and spirits and has enjoyed the fine library the doctor has placed at his disposal, and has made many excursions among the beautiful scenery for which that region is noted. But nothing weans him from his love of the Redwoods.

Mr. Brown is this month—October—in Pittsburg, Penn., giving a course in "Emerson" and an entirely new course upon "Self-Mastery Through Understanding of Mental Laws." During November he will be in Washington, D. C., under auspices of the Metaphysical Club. His plans for December and January are not complete. Detroit, Boston and Chicago are all possibilities but he may go southward from Washington, D. C., to Virginia and Georgia. He can be addressed care of Mrs. C. B. McLean, 403 Winebiddle Ave., Pittsburg, Penn., and in Washington care of above club, 1428 Clifton Street.

I have read your editorial in NOW for September. While I know you are an earnest man and want Truth, I feel you are behind it in some points which make some statements absurd.—From a correspondent in State of Washington.

If a thousand persons would write me that this editorial was "absurd," I would know I had struck a deep well of Truth. Every person who has advanced a new perception, from Socrates to Marconi, has been "absurd," or worse. Thanks, brother.

Every new subscriber for 1912 received before New Years will have 14 numbers, beginning with November, 1911. Now is your time to help friends, Truth and NOW.

New Thought Center Meeting

A very interesting series of meetings have been inaugurated at Native Sons' Hall throughout the winter months, and promise to create much interest.

They are conducted by Samuel Exton Foulds in the interest of New Thought. Mr. Foulds is a lecturer of more than average ability and his splendid voice, together with his unaffected and pleasing manner of singing made the rendition of the "Holy City" a delight to the large and appreciative audience.

Next Sunday evening, besides the regular lecture and singing, Mr. Foulds will give a demonstration of his gifts in psychic phenomena.

Miss Wheeler, who is an accomplished pianist, was much appreciated and will assist each Sunday evening. —Santa Cruz Surf.

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

—Whittier

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An Experience

I have long realized that every thought, every conviction of Truth, that is dropped into the sub-conscious receptacle—which is Mind Itself; the Universal, Unindividualized Mind—controls the expression of Self, which is the Life. It is a complete revolution from the orthodox idea that God rules and we are to ask him and obey him. For God, the Universal Unindividualized, is obedient to the Individualized. The Conscious I AM, what Emerson calls "Conscious Law" in his line, "And Conscious Law is King of kings," is the director of the expression. Law—God—always does that which the Individual thinks—believes—as truth. "He that believeth" is the Law. The One Mind works along that line it has by evolution entered, until it is deflected by some new condition and in man it is directed by thought. Ordinary Experience, which is Life's Ex-volution—to coin a word—we call tendencies or instincts. But once it has developed to Think, IT—God—then as an Individual, thinks, and it can no other than act as It thinks. Once we really believe in Unity we can have no trouble to understand the Sub-conscious. We shall find the key to our lives, as one expression of that One Mind.

I have long wanted to write upon the Sub-conscious for NOW and will take opportunity the coming year—1912—to often do so, and will, I think, make it plain to the understanding of my readers what is this, that has seemed so obscure, so puzzling. It is so simple that men have passed it by in the conception that Truth was difficult to find. That "it lay in the bottom of a well," when in reality it lies in sunlight at our feet. "Having eyes we have seen not"! Now, under the Law of Suggestion, our eyes are opened.

But for my experience.

While in Brooklyn recently, I visited Grant's Tomb in New York City. There was no reason for me to feel any deep emotion. I have had friends pass to the

Unseen, have attended their funeral services and felt only the Light from within the veil, upon my face. I have intellectually outgrown every old idea of death, and look upon that change as a birth into still greater opportunities of Unfoldment.

I was not conscious as I wended my way from street car to tomb of any great flood of memories. In fact I have learned that when we feel the worst we think the least and that "Thoughts are dying feelings!" That only deep feelers (lovers) can be deep thinkers. Memories seemed to float before my mind of the past when I was a soldier. But there was not any emotion of sadness. The wonderful tomb, the beauty of the landscape, the majesty of the river, the far horizon lined with scenes of beauty—the Palisades and this portion of the Hudson, made sacred in literature by Irving, Poe and Drake, all conspired to give me a sense of reverence, and awe, such as few spots in America can give one. After gazing at the wonderful vistas, I entered the rotunda. Removing my hat I looked down upon the two sarcophagi covered freshly with flowers by the Chinese delegation of the day before. What was my surprise to find myself suddenly weeping, as at the tomb of a dear friend. My whole body shook with emotion. I had no more control over myself than I had over the river's flow outside. This lasted at least five minutes before I could pass around the building and view the other things of interest. I passed out, not daring to attempt to speak to the old comrades that were either guardians or visitors there.

On the esplanade I sat and viewed the scenery for half an hour and wondered at my emotions. Then cool and calm I entered the building again, and unmoved, save as an ordinary mortal, enjoyed the visit.

I have studied that event deeply. I understand hysteria now. There was no sadness. There is no feeling in hysteria. There was simply a relief of pent up emotions. Little feelings stirred day by

There is no darkness but ignorance.

—Shakespeare.

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day as I meet comrades, see the flag ("Old Glory" it will ever be to me), think of the past years of service in the Civil War, and of comrades living in either sphere, and of my old comrades—Grant among them; how he would ride along our line and we feel as full of joy, pride and patriotism that we'd cheer.

All the feelings as I see a G. A. R. badge or a parade, all these had been suggested to the Real Man, the Sub-conscious, and when opportunity came for IT to act in obedience to them, IT acted. It was not suggestions of the time and place, but the Auto-suggestions of years. As one stores away powder in a mine, till the time for fuse, so these auto-suggestions had been stored away unnoticed in the mine of the Soul, and time and place touched the fuse and not the explosion but ex-expression took place.

How easy and simple now. It explains the breaking out of diseases years after the suggestion has been received and forgotten; of those sudden bursts of anger and of sexual passion; of oratory and vituperation; of love and of hate. All these are but effects produced by Auto-suggestions as cause. Of course, I saw all this in Principle when I wrote "How to Control Fate Through Suggestion!" but here was almost practical unexpected illustration of this universal Law.

Each individual is controlled, either as the result of evolution by the unconscious and sub-conscious action of the One Mind, or he is controlled by himself, by his own decision of what he, as WILL, shall be. Whatever he as WILL decides, that the Sub-conscious God expresses. The Unthinking God that is ALL, obeys the Thinking God that is the All Individualized.

Hence the necessity of knowing what thoughts will produce the conditions of happiness and success we desire; and what thoughts lead to the opposite. We cannot have a thought that does not awake its concomitant feeling, and every feeling is powder stored up and waiting its fuse to explode. Happy thoughts

store happy powder; unpleasant thoughts store the opposite.

The educator, pastor, legislator, needs to understand this Law and awaken only happy feelings in the listener. Never create in the mind any but pleasant pictures. "Totally depraved," "Sinner," "Bad," and like expressions are sure to bring forth fruit like themselves. Happy thoughts, pleasant imaginations, will bring forth fruits of heavenly orchards. The world will be reduced when every sense receives only Suggestions of beauty; and every Auto-Suggestion is inspired by the thought, "I am good and happy!"



We glory in our freedom from control; we have no right to glory in it unless we make the best possible use of it.—*N. Y. Times.*



Resolve to be thyself; and know that he who finds himself loses his misery.

—*Mathew Arnold.*

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