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THE WORLD'S NEW THOUGHT JOURNAL

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NOW

THOUGHT IS POWER

A Journal of Affirmation

HENRY HARRISON BROWN,



Editor

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



SOUL CULTURE

ART OF LIVING

PSYCHOMETRY

INSPIRATION

SPIRITUAL HEALING

MENTAL SCIENCE

SUGGESTION

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AND VINEYARDS

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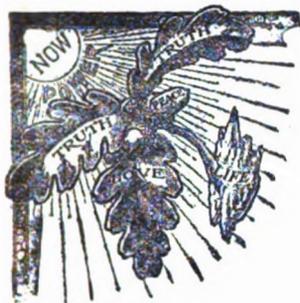
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From all Life's grapes I press sweet wine.

—Henry Harrison-Brown

NOW

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

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No. 6

TO A WATER-LILY.

Pure to the pure, but gentleness to power.
Bride of the Sun. He waited many an hour
Before he clasped thee his, this bridal morn!
Before thou knew'st thyself, he saw thee, for-
lorn,

Buried in ooze, in slumber deep fast bound,
With naught but darkness, dampness, slime
around.

Listening he heard thy Soul in boding cry,
He saw thy Beauty; knew 'twas of the sky.
He poured his Love upon thee day by day;
He brought his rays of heat to play;
He sent his clouds to wrap thee warm;
For thee he sent the dews and raised the
storm.

But still thou slept; felt not his kiss,
Nor knew that love held such a joy as this.
He patient wooed! Now clasped in his em-
brace,

Thou are redolent with Love's all perfect
grace.

A slightest blush still shows the maiden coy,
But heart of purest gold is heart of joy.

Love found thee prisoned; by Night's warders
kept;

He through the darkness broke, and softly
crept

Down with his Light, to dungeon neath the
cold,

And raised thy loveliness from generous
mould.

Till now, O sweetest of all Flora's realm,
By thee redeemed—I've touched thy garment's
hem!

Love, centered in Earth's parent sun,
Found thee, redeemed thee, and thy young
trust won.

Obedient to his call thou forth hast come
And from thy prison dark found Light thy
home.

Love touched thy slumbering Soul and opened
the door

And on free pinion he has bade thee soar;
But from thy native heaven awhile thou'lt
stay

That through thy Beauty I may learn the
way!

I'll find through thee what's germinal within!
And Love through Beauty cleanses me from
sin!

Love hath redeemed me! Hath awakened
Life!

Now like thy bosom I am free from strife!
Love wings my Soul, and with his censor's
breath

Perfumes my atmosphere with Faith's immor-
tal wreath.

My Soul obedient to his call through Light,
Answered from grave to sense, then rose to
height

Sublime, and there Omniscient Power
Brought into bloom Life's amaranthine
flower.

Stay, lily, stay! Thou art my shrine, my priest!
Thy beauty and perfume celestial feast!
As teacher, guide, thy gracious work is done.
I've found my own! Thou, God and I are
one.

—HENRY HARRISON BROWN.

Twin Lakes.

CREATIVE THOUGHT.

Emerson tells us to "Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. Then all things are at risk. It is as when a conflagration breaks out in a great city, and no man knows what is safe, or where it will end." And he continues this thought by showing us how the institutions of man are but the lengthened shadows, each of some one thinker. Civilization is but the materialization of human ideals. Progressive men have thought and civilization has grown therefrom. The great religious systems of the world are but the maturing in human life of the thought of a few thinkers. Buddha and Jesus, Luther and Knox, Wesley and Murray, live in the crystalization of their thought into denominations.

Inventions that have come from the thought of Stephenson, Watt and Edison revolutioned society. The discoveries of Henry and Darwin have been thought granaries of the world. The thought of Franklin, Spencer and Emerson has changed the race thought; while the thought of Copernicus, Galileo

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

—Edith M. Thomas

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and modern astronomers has "changed the front of the universe." Thought in brains of engineers and mechanics has changed the deserts to gardens, and the thought of the architect "has smitten the rock and now

"Upheaved in pride see towers of strength and domes of taste."

Man thus through the omnipotence of his thought becomes the special creator, who thought the laws by which the Universal has made itself into the material universe, carries on the work of creation and is perfecting the world the Absolute left unfinished. Without the grey matter of the human brain the process of creation would have stopped when ape and orang came. But man, as special creator, is limited to thought creations out of that which had previously been evolved. His work lies entirely in the field of ideals, the field of the imagination. Here he builds the models while the Absolute fashions into material shape. In these ideals he expresses his individuality. This Man, as thinker, shapes the Universal Energy into forms of use and beauty through his thoughts in Mechanics and Art.

The Absolute creates within itself by bodying itself forth in a universe cognizant to the sense of Man: first as cosmic energy, then as matter. Man as special creator shapes this crude matter to his thought. Man is thus the Absolute becoming cognizant of itself. Man is God thinking. Elsewhere all creation is God working.

Wind and wave are manifestations of the working of the Absolute; the unconditioned, of the unindividualized. Here IT manifests in lower octaves; in rose and bird it has gained in pitch still higher its rise in human thought. Thought is a form, and the most potent form, of Universal Energy. Man is God individualized. "The kingdom of God is within you!" Kingdom! power! Thought is this Kingdom. Man is the only individuality among all the manifestations of God, that can think. Can say—"I AM!"

For man to form a mental picture is for him to create that which as necessarily takes material form as it is for inate, latent ideas in the Absolute to take form in worlds and in things. That which is thought created, must be made manifest to the senses. The artist creates the model in his mind, which the hand obeys, and the statue is shadowed forth in marble.

In like manner every condition of joy or sorrow, of pleasure or pain, of wealth or poverty, health or disease exists as models in the mind of the individual, as thought-images, before they appear in the objective life. The artist grows mentally that which he creates in the material. So does each person as the artist create his own life. Each thought has its period of conception, gestation and birth. Rarely do we as "architects of fate," consciously and intelligently working as artists, build our ideals. We allow them to be builded for us, by heredity, prejudice, education and the customs and conformities of society. Race-thought and race-conditions bear us on their currents as leaves in a stream.

Statements of the senses and the reflections of experience are the chief sources of our ideals, when they should come from within, as the reflections of our desires, our aspirations and our purposes. Consequently we, having no definite and pre-determined ideals, are constantly changing them, and our life is a composite of many ideals and the perfect reflection of none. Hence it is unsatisfactory to us. I shall be satisfied only when I awake in the likeness of the perfect ideal. "I, the imperfect, adore my own Perfect!" says Emerson. To be satisfied we must live constantly the wished ideal; the one builded from our desires, and the one which carries with it the purpose of our life. To this ideal we must cling with that same tenacity with which the artist clings to his. Concentration is the key we must hold constantly before us, not as that which we wish to be or hope to be, but that

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

—Emerson

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which we now are. For we are not body, are not in this sense life. We ARE the picture which became a spiritual reality the moment we thought it. And that REALITY WE ALWAYS ARE, for I am that which I think I am. This reality is reflected in body. With the imperfection or the perfection in which I mentally see it Life is the only reality. LIFE IS! and Life is to the individualized consciousness that which that consciousness conceives it to be.

That I may manifest health I must think health and thus create a wholesome body as the reflection of that which I, as mind, create. To have health now, I must think it now. To think I shall be health, or that I will be health, only puts the dream as an ignis fatuus ever before me. To think of future possession is to never possess. Present tense, first person, indicative mood, comprises the whole grammar of Soul Culture. I am health! I am wealth! I am power! The Absolute is! I am! As the artist carves the present ideal into his statue, I carve the present into life. We may create *now* wholesome conditions for ourselves.

As flowers in seed; as song in egg; all possibilities exist in the Human Soul. But unlike seed and egg, Man has conscious thought and is compelled, as an individual, to choose and thus create out of Absolute Life his own individual expression. How and when these possibilities shall be expressed, he is either consciously or unconsciously constantly deciding. He learns the better choice by making the lesser.

If man thinks he is controlled by circumstances he builds from Suggestion, from without, and is the slave of matter. But if he builds from within, embodying his desires and aspirations in his ideal, then he is a freeman; realizes his divinity and becomes a law unto himself, is thus through self-conscious control "King of kings!"

Since I build my statue or my dwelling from material created by the Absolute which material is the externalizing of

divine ideas, is vibrations in infinity, in like manner I must build my ideals from the same materials, that is, from divine ideas; and I must let them find expression through the materials in which the Infinite has previously embodied Itself. My power as an individual begins and ends with my power to create thought forms. These forms Life takes as moulds into which to flow and shape Itself.

This is the one and the only GREAT fact in human experience. The ONE FACT which, when understood, will redeem the race from all slavery to matter—to circumstance—and will give Man control of his destiny. This GREAT FACT is: By his thought power to build ideals Man controls that sub-conscious divinity which he is. The conscious Man controls the God-in-Man. Then shall we live consciously as "Sons of God" and find that "the Father hath given the Son dominion over all things.

The lesson for us to learn as freemen, is to think as artists and as *free-men*, and to create the model of that which we desire to be, and to persistently concentrate upon it and thus be it now...

As human beings, we live only in our ideals. Under the clinging animal nature, we drift with heredity, follow race conditions and tendencies, like beast and bird are under the control of circumstances. But I am NOT animal! I need not thus be controlled. I may put that animal nature in my physical make-up under my feet and control it, as I have controlled it in dog and horse or may extirpate it as I have in this city in wolf and fox. This nature is a portion of "all things" which has been put in my control. If I will, I may make the animal my servant. As Man, we are to use the body and physical environment as the expression of our ideal. Tennyson admonishes us not to abdicate our human throne, but says:

"Hold they scepter Human Soul and rule thy kingdom of the brute!"

True we are "sons of Adam," but he

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

—Ingersoll

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* **AFFIRMATIONS** *

LIGHT

Let your light shine.—*Jesus.*

The Sun shineth and, in its beams, all the earth is glad.

The morning cometh and all nature awakens to manifestations of beauty and harmony.

In the Light, all things animate and inanimate rejoice.

Light is the life of the world. When the sun shineth, life blooms and fruits.

When the sun shineth, mankind enter in to their labors. He tickles the earth with a hoe and it laughs with a harvest; or he harnesses the water, steam and lightning and they make, of raw material, the food, clothing, shelter and adornment of the race.

Thought awakens when the Light comes. Thought creates all; Thought produces that which man suffers or enjoys. Thought is Light from the Soul. What Light is to earth, Thought is to Human life. It is "the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

Man only has this Light. Only Man thinks. Action without thinking in flower and bird; action after thinking in Man.

Shine, O Sun! All earth rejoices in thy beams.

I also rejoice in these sun-beams. They create opportunities in my thought for usefulness.

Think, O my Soul! Thou hast felt long enough. With Light, comes the time for Thought. "Build Thee more stately mansions, O my Soul!" Out of Thought alone, canst Thou build.

Light from within must build my temple by calling into expression latent soul power, just as Light from Sun calls the germinal powers of earth into activity. Deep below Thy thinking, O my Soul, lie the deep wells of Love which Thou shalt use as Thy power, but Thou di-

rectest this Love Thou art by the Light of Thought. Dost Thou not, Thou art no more than the unconscious brute who lives in sunlight without thinking.

Shine, O my Soul! Thy thought-beams shall re-create for me the world. Heaven, with its Eden-breaths, is Thine when Thou thinkest heavenly thoughts. In Light, I build, with Thought, my Eden-Home.

I am Light! I am the Light of the world! I am the Light that shineth in darkness. Through the illumination of Realization, I have come into a comprehension of the Light I am.

Light shineth and the darkness of error doth disappear. I shine and illumine my brother's path; by their Light, at need, I also am led.

By my Light, they know my development and they find in it inspiration to shine for themselves.

I shine that I may enjoy! I shine that I may unfold! I shine that I may inspire! I shine that I may still more fully enter into the Realization of Life as Light.

I shine that I may know myself as a child of the One, who is Light ineffable. I am Life and Life is Light. I am Life and Life is Love.

Love's flame is Thought. Love thus enlighteneth the world and maketh for me a heaven wherever I am.

Love living in my brain as Thought maketh for me a heaven here and now.

MY BEST.

I took the talent that He gave—
A small one, but my heart was brave—
And used it howsoev'r I could—
To further any human good.

About me were far better men,
With larger talents—one had ten,
Another six—I had scarce one;
So toil was mine from sun to sun.

I know not what, on judgment day,
The one just Judge would have me say;
But I shall lift my head and claim
I never played a piker game!

—*Halt Mason, in Chicago News.*

Truth for Authority, No Authority for Truth.

—*Lucretia Mott.*

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WHITTIER'S ESTIMATE OF LINCOLN.

In the Lincoln Museum on a stand made from lumber from Lincoln's New Salem house are four lines from Whittier which I have never seen elsewhere.

"Let man be free!" The mighty word
He spoke, was not his own;
The Spirit of the Highest stirred
His mortal lips alone.

Probably James Whitcomb Riley's last poem. Written on death of an old friend:

The poem is in another's hand, but from Riley's mind. It is said to have been the only verse he has attempted in recent months. It is probably one of the last he may produce.

You sang the song of rare delight,
"Tis morning and the days are long"—
A morning fresh and fair and bright
As ever dawned in happy song;
A radiant air, and here and there
Were singing birds on sprays of bloom,
And dewy splendors everywhere,
And heavenly breaths of rose perfume—
All rapturous things were in the song,
"Tis morning and the days are long."

O singer of the song divine,
Though now you turn your face away
With never a word for me or mine,
Nor smile forever and a day;
We guess your meaning and rejoice
In what has come to you—the meed
Beyond the search of mortal voice
And only in the song indeed—
With you forever, as the song,
"Tis morning and the days are long."

CREATIVE THOUGHT

(Continued from page 73)

was "the son of God," so will I go beyond Adam, to that which was his origin, for it likewise is mine, and as Son of God, I am not limited by matter, for I am Spirit and inherit all the powers of Spirit, which is also Mind. All creative power belongs to me as the Son of the Most High and already have I, as Man, begun to create a better world than the Father could build without me. His Son. Thus is the new century, the century of the "coming Man!" Of Man coming intelligently into his own, and ruling,

not only "his kingdom of the brute," but also his "Kingdom-of-God" within. Each individual is as independent in his orbit of power as each sun is independent in its.

This is our destiny. Through our Realization of divinity, we are coming to accept it. Taught by the Law of Suggestion how "to build more stately mansions" for the soul and to become intelligent in use of ourselves as Power, we are fast coming in expression to be, that which we wish to be, and evils are passing away. Man will learn war no more, and will not even wage war within himself, but will be a united kingdom of Good, because he affirms, ALL IS GOOD, and creating Good within his thought, all becomes good without. Through intelligent use of the imagination he creates himself now, that which is his ideal of Truth, Goodness and Beauty. And the "transcendent movement" of Lowell's lines becomes to us the "Eternal Now!"

"The thing we long for, that we are for one transcendent moment.

E'er yet the present poor and bare, can make its sneering comment;

E'en through our poetry stir and strife, glows down the wished Ideal!

And Longing moulds in clay, what Life carves in the marble Real!"

INGERSOLL'S DILEMMA.

Says Bob to the devil: "I do not believe
In the doctrine of hell—nor do you!"
Says the devil to Bob: "You must or be damned!"

Says Bob: "I'll be damned if I do!"
—*John B. Tabb.*

I tell you the future can hold no terrors
For any sad soul while the stars revolve,
If he will stand firm on the grave of his errors

And instead of regretting, resolve, resolve!
It is never too late to begin re-building.

Though all into ruins your life seems hurled;

For, see! how the light of the new year is gilding

The wan, worn face of the bruised old world.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

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

—Bayard Taylor

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AN INVITATION.

Friend, you're a pale one,
Weary and stale one,
Worn with the ways of office and street.
That's a bad state, you're
Needful of nature,
Mountains and forests and camp food to
eat!

Chuck all your deals now,
Quit your club meals now,
Put on your corduroys, get your old hat,
Leave all this pother,
Worry and bother,
Nervous?—well, Nature wil cure you of that.

Breezes are humming:
"Aren't you chaps coming
Back to the woods and the lakes and the
trees?
Hear how we call to you,
Bring the old thrall to you,
Won't you come back to us, won't you come
please?"

Doesn't it quicken
Blood now, and sicken
All of your soul of the fight and the fret?
Have you forsaken
Camp smoke and bacon,
Joys that ye knew and can never forget?

Doesn't it strike you?
No?—that's not like you,
You who were meant for the trail and the
chase;
I've put it strong to you;
Then, here's "So long" to you—
Whoop! You are coming, I know by your
face!
—Berton Braley in *Popular Magazine*.

I AM COMFORTABLE

"How are you today?" I heard one person ask of another. "O, comfortable!" was the answer. What better condition is there than this? What more can one ask? Let us be comfortable. Let us seek comfort. The one center toward which all men tend in their thoughts; the one great idea for which they contend is Comfort. NOW stands for comfort. Be comfortable!

Many are questioning what New Thought stands for, and what it will do for them. The best possible answer is: It will make you comfortable. Comfort has relation to every condition in life. It means health, supply, com-

panionship, peace of mind, and ease in every way. The rule for each is—Seek comfort. And the Affirmation of New Thought is—*I am comfortable*.

There is too much anticipation in the ordinary life. The average person says, "I hope to be comfortable sometime; I am preparing to be comfortable; I am going to be comfortable, when I get more money; or when I get married; or when I get well; or, when I go East; or, when I find suitable work." There are as many excuses for not being comfortable as there are occasions or persons. But the only reason for *not* being comfortable is, that an excuse can be formulated for not so being. Were it not possible for a person to tell *why* he was not comfortable, he would be comfortable. In one's own power lies his destiny, and each person can be either happy or unhappy. In this last fact lies the only excuse one has for being either. Were humanity so constituted that it could not be *un-comfortable*, it could not be comfortable, for each of these is but a name for a state of consciousness. And consciousness is but the recognition of a continual change. The moment a state of consciousness became permanent it would cease to be consciousness, because it would be to the individual a loss of identity. That I *can* change, that it is a necessity of my being to constantly change, not alone my states of consciousness, but my recognition of them, constitutes my humanity and my individuality. When this recognition is destroyed by concussions, disease, or drugs, I become unconscious, that is, there is no consciousness. When, as in the idiot, this consciousness is latent to the extent that he is not conscious, he is not human, but animal.

Comfort then lies in recognition of some state of consciousness, and it is the individual's decision. The soldier finds comfort, as I often did, when lying on two rails, in thinking he is not in mud. The cook in heated kitchen is comfortable when a slight breeze is entering the window. But the victim of insomnia

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

—Julia Ward Howe

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is uncomfortable on bed of down, and the devotee of fashion in the cool salon. Comfort is but our decision as to the way any condition shall affect us. Two persons in the same, or in similar conditions, will give opposite decisions as to their effects. On a recent morning I was finding it delightful, and a gentleman with me remarked: "It is an uncomfortable morning!" He meant that *he* was uncomfortable. I said, "Why, it is delightful. Do you notice how *we* braces one up!" "No!" he replied. After a few moments he said: "Well, it really does! I feel better! What stimulation there is in the air, now I breathe deeply, as you do!" Comfort lay in thinking comfort.

I love to camp out, and find comfort in every circumstance; but I have discovered that some persons will find none under any condition, and if allowed will make the camp miserable. I have camped with friends, with whom sleeping on the ground and eating the plainest fare was joy. We had our "Camp Heaven" no matter what the external conditions were, because "Comfort" was our Affirmation. We came for comfort. We brought comfort with us. We found comfort there. It lay around everywhere. It went ahead. It followed us. It stayed with us. When rain filled our tent, or wind blew it down, or provisions played out, there was still comfort, for we were there to be happy, and nothing could make us uncomfortable. Life is a camp, and if we WILL it so, it is comfortable. One thought will make Life "Camp Heaven," and that thought is—*I am comfortable!*

VALLEY OF SILENCE

I walk down the Valley of Silence,
Down the dim, voiceless valley—alone!
And hear not the sound of a footstep
Around me, save God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown!

Long ago was I weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win!

Long ago was I weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din!
Long ago was I weary of faces
Where I met but the human—and sin.

Do you ask what I found in the valley?
'Tis my Trysting Place with the Divine.
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
And above me a voice said: "Be still."
And there rose from the depths of my spirit
An echo—"My heart says: I will."

Do you ask how I live in the valley?
I weep—and I dream—and I pray.
But my tears are as sweet as the dew-drops
That fall on the roses in May;
And my thanks, like a perfume from censers,
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim valley,
Till each finds a word for a wing.
That to hearts, like the dove of the deluge,
A message of Peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the Silence,
That never shall float into speech;
And I have had dreams in the valley,
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen Thoughts in the valley—
Ah me, how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass through the valley like virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of Prayer.

* * * * *

And still did I pine for the Perfect,
And still found the false with the true;
I sought 'mid the Human for Heaven,
But caught a mere glimpse of its blue;
And wept when the clouds of the mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the Human;
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men;
Till I knelt long ago, at the altar,
And I heard a Voice call me—since then
I walk down the Valley of Silence
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

—"Father Ryan" (Abram J.)

I thank whatever gods may be For my unconquerable Soul.

—W. C. Henley

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YOUTH AND AUTO-SUGGESTION

The influence of right thought upon a lad in influencing his future career is illustrated by the inscription Joseph Henry wrote in a small volume printed in 1808, entitled "Lectures and Experiments in Philosophy and Chemistry, by G. Gregory, D. D." This book is preserved in the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C., This was read by Mr. Henry when he was 16 years old. He says of it:

It exercised a profound influence in my life. It opened to me a new world of thought and enjoyment and inverted things before almost unnoticed with the highest interest and caused me to resolve at the time of reading it that I would immediately commence to devote my life to the acquisition of knowledge.

Had the young man then been fed with the diluted and emasculated science such as we now have in "Books for the Young," and learned to puff the cigarette, electrical science might have been delayed one hundred years.

Perhaps we could make a better world, if we had a chance. But, considering what a poor job we make of building even a city, when we have a good chance, it is doubtful whether we should like a world of our own building as well as this one we have.

—Rev. B. A. Goodrich.

Bickel and Sasaki performed false feeding observations upon a dog and found in an experiment that 66.7 centimeters of gastric juice are collected in the first 20 minutes afterward. This dog was found to become violently enraged at the sight of a cat. After being excited by this means and then allowed to calm down a false feeding was carried out as in previous experiment, but only 9 cubic centimeters of gastric juice were secreted in the same period (less than 1-8). —Sir Ray Lankester, in "London Lancet."

The chemist has not created Life, but without the aid of life he has created something which has ever been supposed to be the product of vital force alone.—M. H. Poincare, the greatest chemist in France.

CHARACTER

I paint my character into my picture, I write it into my poem, I build it into my house. These then declare for my perception of beauty whether it be real or superficial merely, whether it spring from love or is personal and vain. Weakness of character is as unsightly as leprosy. But force of character—decision, strength, tempered with love—is the real beauty, and will project itself in art such as no lesser worth can create. . . . He who would consecrate himself to harmony must first of all come into harmonious relations with his fellows. How may he give a fit expression to the universal as long as he is warped, crabbed, bigoted in his outlook? . . . If I have not risen out of myself, my brusa convicts, my voice tells on me. I must give myself wholly to beauty of life, beauty of thought; my heart must be right or beauty will not use me.

—Stanton Kirkham Davis.

I have the opportunity daily to prove the inefficacy of physical treatments and the dangers to which they subject the patient. Even in cases where they act favorably, it is easy to recognize the effect of Suggestion. And in the very cases which have resisted all treatment (medical) and which have been aggravated by it, I have been able to prove the power of psychotherapy. Faith in the cure may be established under the influence of any suggestion whatever. I hold that the earnest physician ought to purify this psychotherapy and make it more rational and more moral in its nature.

—Dr. Paul Dubois, in "Psychic Treatment of Nervous Diseases."

"Thou stretchest thy long arms above the earth—

Type of unbending Will!

Type of majestic self-sustained Power!

Elate in sunshine; firm when tempests lower!

May thy calm strength my wavering spirit fill!

O, let me learn from thee

Thou proud and steadfast tree,

To bear unrummuring what stern Time may send."

—George H. Boeker.

**ON THE WING
FROM THE REDWOODS**

Washington, D. C., Sunday, March 26.—
This A. M. I strayed about the city until I reached the White House grounds and wandered on till I stood where 45 years ago I had stood with my comrades in regimental line, while President Johnson addressed us. The lilac buds were swelling. I crushed one in my hand and all the flood of memories condensed themselves in one. "When last the lilacs in the door yard bloomed!" Only Lincoln would possess me. No other memory would find place till the great flood subsided, when a Great Peace came over me as I put up a Thanksgiving for HIM and for all that had resulted from his martyrdom, and that of thousands in Blue and in Grey. I cried, "All thy works praise thee O Lord of hosts! Yes, for war as for peace, I thank thee!" Reconciled I took again up the joy of living.

Later I visited the East room and knew HE, Our "Father Abraham" had walked there. I was directed by the guard to his favorite walk about the grounds. I felt constantly the communion of Infinite Peace.

In P. M. I addressed the congregation of Col. Sabin of the Reformed Christian Church. It was a mutual pleasure, for I felt the appreciation of them all.

Col. Sabin and his excellent wife, made me welcome at their home. I was glad to find him so hospitable and really jolly as a companion. Among my memories of this city none surpass in pleasure my visits at his home.

* * *

In evenings of Sundays, March 26 and April 2, arrangements were made for addresses under the auspices of the Oriental Esoteric Society at their rooms, 1443 Q St., N. W. Here I had audiences that showed their appreciation in their silver collections. A teacher does not like to have the audience measure him in nickles, and sometimes here in the East it is in cents.

This Society is doing a fine work. They showed their liberality in advertising and encouraging my work, when I am not in the slightest degree Oriental in my philosophy and belief.

A member of the Society, 6 or 7 years ago, took my Correspondence Courses and wrote me that they had been the means of putting his solidly upon Demonstrated Truth and said: ("Whenever you can come to Washington, I will see that you have a place to speak and an audience." He being in government employ, was in San Francisco when I decided to make this trip, and at once wrote to his Society and they invited me. I tell this that readers of NOW may see how they may help the movement if they will use their influence, and with it use pen and paper.

My classes upon "The Art of Living" in the Society rooms were finely attended and I was urgently desired to return.

* * *

A recently-formed Metaphysical Club (Mrs. Ellen Van Voast, Pres., 1428 Clifton St.), invited me for an "Emerson Course." We had little time to advertise and I was not known as an Emerson interpreter. I began with a small afternoon class, which grew in numbers every day, more than doubling at the close. Here also I was urgently invited to return. This Club starts out with the fine purpose of opening the way for all good teachers to be heard in the city. I find the greatest obstacle to the spread of Truth through teaching is that many start out with too little preparation and others place an emphasis upon some method or some fad till people are fearful of all new persons, and there must be an acquaintance before there is success.

Too many so-called "Centers" are composed of a few, who form a mutual admiration society, and like all institutions it is the aim first to build up the Center, and then what runs over Truth may get. This is ever the result of Institutionalism. This is the danger of organiza-

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

—Archie L. Black.

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tion. The means are put first instead of the end for which the means stand. As noted last month the Boston Metaphysical Club is the first I have met that meets in any degree my conception of the work to be done. These Washington societies also give me much hope of the work in this city.

* * *

Sunday P. M., April 2, I was invited to address a gathering in one of the parlors of Hotel Brighton. Rarely in all my experience have I been more gratified and surprised than in this visit. Not only did I have an audience of cultivated people but I was in *the* Model Apartment House of the World. Mrs. Eva B. Williams, a fine and most successful teacher and healer, for a long time in California where we became firm friends, is now practicing and teaching in Washington. She is stopping with her sister, who is proprietor of Hotel Brighton. The sister, Miss Sweet demonstrates Truth in her life. Her experience in obtaining and managing this Hotel is an incentive to all who know her history. She interested the owner when the foundation had been laid for a different building, in her plans, so that he changed them to conform to hers, and despite the opposition of architects, contractors and real estate men, who prophesied failure, he stuck to his proposition to build as she desired. Now all who opposed, see the wisdom of the radical change in such buildings.

Instead of the ordinary plan of rooms isolated and no opportunities of social, and scarcely room for human life, this building is so arranged that there may be privacy in every way and at the same time sociability if desired. Each family may do its own cooking and have as few or as many rooms as desired. Or they may board at the cafe in the house. The radical departure consists in the fact that there are play rooms, nursery, private dining rooms for children; smoking room and news room for gentlemen, and commodious parlors and small re-

ception rooms for the roomers to use for meeting with their friends. A large room now used as a cafe, is to be turned into a large hall for assemblies, and the cafe transferred to other rooms. And all these conveniences are for the use of the roomers without additional expense. Thus is the question of the over-packed apartments, and the isolation of the hotel and boarding-house, overcome. Here is a little community with companionship, or isolation, at will. It is the result of New Thought. It is an evidence of that silent revolution that is following the evening of Truth and Love in the social and business world. The sisters urgently invited me to return to Washington and share with them this rare home.

* * *

I did not go to Washington as a sight-seer and have little pleasure in the round generally followed, but I did take the opportunity offered to visit many of the public buildings. Washington is the city above all others for the systematic laying out of its streets and avenues. They are so wide that it gives a fine opportunity for its buildings to be seen. And Art is here. Art that puts to blush the bizarre and childish work of most of the buildings I have seen in other cities. The moment I entered the Union station I felt as if I had returned to a revived Greece, so pure and chaste is its architecture. Up to that time it was the most beautiful structure I ever saw.

The White House and many of the other buildings are as pure in design as is the old city hall and Treasury building of New York City, which, fortunately, the city shows wisdom enough to preserve. The only public buildings here whose style I did not like were the post office and the army and navy buildings. All the rest are beautiful from the view that the beautiful is the useful; and as Victor Hugo, says, "Beauty is a necessity!" With Emerson I feel:

That if the eye was made for seeing,
Beauty is its own excuse for being.

And no one, especially a nation, or a

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

—Irving Bachelor

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corporation, has any right to offend the eye that was made for seeing.

But the most beautiful of all is the Congressional Library. It is a poem in stone. The more I visited it and in silence absorbed it, the more did I FEEL its wonderful spiritual significance. For Beauty is purely of the spirit. And the more did I marvel at the dignity and the beauty of that One Mind which through the ages had been unfolding Itself as beauty. And amid all the marvels here the lines of Realf kept repeating themselves in my thought:

Great are the symbols of Being but that which
is symbolized is greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the
inward creator.

Then as I sat and drank in the beauty when the structure was lighted in the evening, I realized as never before that it was not the thing done, but the power to do the thing that made all the glory, and the wonderful lines sang themselves: Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite
issues of feeling;

Crowning the glory revealed, is the glory that
crowns the revealing.

The guard at the door of the Reading Room was a member of my old Connecticut regiment; he introduced me to the officials and a special guide took me around and showed me the ingenious and perfect methods by which the books are shelved, found and brought to readers. *And* again, in some of its infinite possibilities is here not alone in books, but in the expression of Itself through brain and hand in its triumph over matter. I said before that only of the psychology of the trip would I write. All that is of any value is *To SEE the One Mind in All!*

The visits I made to Arlington National Cemetery and to Mt. Vernon are valuable only as they, through deep emotions, caused me to live many years of life in ordinary environment. I FELT—that is the source of all inspiration, in literature, art or mechanics, and I also believe in science. Here every Liberty-lover must feel. Every soldier of the Civil War will find tears his only relief

in Arlington. NOW will be truer hereafter because I was there.

As I neared Washington on the train I caught sight of the gilded dome of the Congressional Library and it brought to recollection an incident that occurred in Kansas, in the year 1895. I had been experimenting before an audience with a very sensitive young lad, and as an experiment I told him he was clairvoyant and would go to Washington. He soon said: "I am up in the air and going. Now I am over a big city, but all I see is a gilded dome!" I did not at that time know that there was a gilded dome in the city, and said, "I think you are mistaken." He declared that he was sure he saw a gilded dome and gave a description of the building. While I was debating as to the truthfulness of his vision, a gentleman in the audience said: "He is correct in all his description. The dome of the Library is gilded." The reliability of his vision was thus established.

* * *

April 3 I returned to New York City in time to attend a class in Mr. W. J. Colville's rooms at the "Mystic Library." Mr. Colville and I have been friends for many years and as he had always been very kind to me I couldn't refuse when he asked me to take his place for the week, that he might fill an engagement in Washington. I gave four lessons in afternoons in New York City and four evening lessons in Brooklyn. Conditions were not favorable and my classes were very small.

I am not enthusiastic over the work in New York. For so large a city there is no concerted movement that I was able to discover, but many little centers, each of which is doing much good. When I have time and opportunity to learn and to meet with them I will tell NOW of them. Here, above all other places, is Truth needed, for amid this strenuous rush, and the materialistic spirit that rules this, the business center of the western world, there is needed a mighty

(Continued on page 83)

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

—Whittier

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* * *

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Henry Harrison Brown had a most successful visit in N. Y. City, Brooklyn and Washington. The last four weeks of April he is in Chicago. May he will pass in Boston and vicinity, both teaching and visiting old friends and boyhood haunts.

He expects to be in Washington during the greater part of June. He is still open for dates East. Address him care *Metaphysical Club, 30 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.*

N. B.—Address all mail for the magazine and for Mr. Brown personally to the Glenwood office. Such as he should have will always be forwarded him.

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Cordially yours,

E. J. PARTRIDGE.

Corres. Secty.

April 19, 1911.

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

—Whittier

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ON THE WING FROM THE REDWOODS

(Continued from page 81)

effort on part of Truth-lovers to awaken the soul to know that *God is* and that I AM. This need so pressed upon me that I was not happy while there, for the Spirit kept accusing me because I did not help it to expression. Well, when I am big enough I shall.

* * *

Chicago,—April 9, 16 and 23 I spoke for "The Chicago Fellowship," founded by, and sustained by, Henry Victor Morgan. Palm Sunday, and Easter Sunday, attracted many who usually attend such Fellowship meetings and consequently my audiences were small. The 23rd I had a good attendance and I really gave in the evening one of the most profound lectures of my life. Had I had a stenographer I would print it in NOW, as an expansion of the editorial in February NOW. If any other thinker has ever perceived the Great Truth which it seems my message to bear, i. e. *God and I are ONE and I AM THE ONE!* I have never known of it. This was my theme. The process of evolution is to individualize the One in Man and once that individualization was completed in the ability to think, I AM, that evolution of consciousness must continue eternally, and the ALL of the One must be transmuted into Personal Consciousness. God can Think only in Man! Can know himself only through himself as Man, and therefor He, as Man, must unfold forever.

* * *

My class work has not been appreciated. The needed work among New Thought people is that they be grounded in fundamental Principles. The tendency is to attempt to reach the high rungs of the ladder, neglecting the foundation, on which the ladder rests, and the commonplace rungs of every-day experience. Because of this, every healer who understands fundamentals, is called upon to teach, and thus to heal many who have lost their balance in fear of some outside

force, or person, acting upon them to their injury; or is called upon to lift some one out of the inactivity of inane submission to some karma, or of resignation to something, which they will not break. Once realize the Fundamentals as taught scientifically in my "Art of Living," and especially in my "Course in Suggestion," and there is no danger of being misled by the vagaries of Occultism, Hindoism, or the outrageous theory, the diabolical fear of Malicious Magnetism. There is but one Law of Life—Suggestion. But one control of life's expression—"Auto Suggestion," or the better name, Affirmation. Because NOW stands for this and this alone, it is fast becoming a POWER TO BLESS.

A lady invited to her home lady friends one afternoon to hear me talk on Emerson. From that gathering a class in Emerson was formed. With many regrets on their part and my own, I closed the Course April 29th, leaving for Detroit that day, where I am to remain for three days, then to Pittsburg, Penn., for eight days and then to Boston, Mass., the rest of May.

Thus on the wing and hovering over pleasant places and imbibing joy from them all, still I never forget my nesting place among the Redwoods. When migrating season is over I shall wing my way joyfully to sunshine and flowers, and best of all, to friends in my Mountain Home. There the same hearts will welcome, and the same smiles greet, that have by their love and cheer, made this wing-voyage possible. Despite all the good, all the joy, all the kindness, all the beauty I meet, (asking pardon of the ghost of Burns), I sing:

"My heart's in the Highlands, My heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, where are my loved ones most dear.

And as I see the greenness and beauty there I fain would alight for a rest in my "Emerson Grove," because it would be so easy to find the loved ones in the hotel. And yet, so contrary is our nature,

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