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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.



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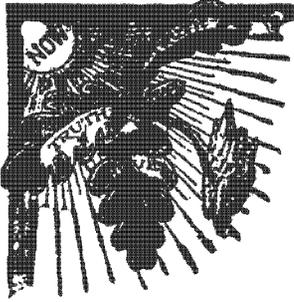
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From all Life's grapes I press sweet wine.

—Henry Harrison Brown

N O W

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

VOL. IX.

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No. 4

Weaving My Ideal

"I am sure you will meet your ideal friend!"
—Letter from a friend.

I weave the web! The pattern's blind!
No end I see. There's light and shade:—
Life's branches sway with every wind:—
And shadows show the picture made,
As snow on Shasta's crown betrayed
By current from Pacific shore
In eternal rest their journey staid,
So is my past and nothing more!

The web I weave! The woof is brought
By Universal Law alone!
What plan I make shall come to naught;—
I'm webbing out the Thought of One!
Events the woof, seem careless thrown;
The backward glance a pattern shows;
Beyond my daily stint I've known
No purpose save each day's disclose.

The web I weave! Not mine the woof!
But mine the shuttle's hue to choose.
'Tis mine to place the dark aloof;
Or mine to weave in brighter hues.
Mine the day's ration so to use
That when the pattern is revealed
I'll realize 'twas my behoof
That in this form Time's compact 's sealed.

I weave the web! Not mine the urge!
'Tis Love that makes the picture fair!
Day by day God's motions surge
In flying shuttle! I prepare
The spindle's hue. If yarn is spare
Of some dear friend; or hue is short
Or with supply my will I merge,
Then lo! the pattern shows a blot.

I weave the web! My "Ideal Friend"
Is but a dream; but sweeter far
Than any actual one can seem,
For my Ideal naught can mar!
A strand I weave from shuttle bar,
From every friend whose smile I see;
And if too long be stayed I ween,
God's patern would be spoiled in me.

I weave the web! And every strand,
Or bright or dark, I need is there!
'Tis measured me by Wisdom's hand
And makes a face divinely fair.
Each clasp of hand, temptation's snare,
Or kiss or loss, I weave in it!
Each friend I've loved is in that band,
My Ideal Friend is a Composite.
HENRY HARRISON BROWN.
Boston, February 11, 1912.

A Study of the Sub-Conscious

Urge, and urge, and urge, always the procreant urge of the world.
—Walt Whitman.

The fiend that man harries
Is love of the Best.
—Emerson.

There has ever been foretold in the heart of man a coming time of joy. A millennial time. Out of this foregleam within the soul has risen ever a hope that has developed into an expectation, and in the minds of fanatics time has been set and ways provided, by which this dream should be realized.

The dream is truth. It is, however, never fulfilled as expected, because it never comes in time or by means. It is always coming and through every means. "'Tis coming up the steps of time, and the old world is growing brighter" every day. For the millennial dawn ever is; its end never will be. Like Man, it is always coming, never here. For the unfoldment of the One Mind will ever continue. Will ever be a progressive unfoldment. Its method we observe and term Evolution. Evolution is the objective result of the "Procreant urge." It is Man's consciousness realizing itself divine and immortal. Man is the only one Self-Conscious expression of the One. Man is the ONE—is GOD learning of Itself and observing how IT has unfolded from within Itself all objective forms; and this without plan, purpose, or foreknowledge. The conception of a Power omnipotent and wise, lies at the basis of all false reasoning. Upon the idea of a wise Power is built the assertions—unreasonable dogmas of theology. A Universal Mind that thinks and plans is impossible. IT would think perfection, and perfection would be. Emerson says in "Self Reliance"—"It must be that when God speaketh, he

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

—Edith M. Thomas

44

should communicate not one thing but all things; should fill the world with his voice; should scatter forth light, nature, time, souls, from the center of the present thought; and new date and new create the whole!" There is no more foreknowledge in the One Mind than there is in the new-born babe. As the babe unfolds from within the pattern of Man lying dormant there as Law, so the One Mind from Everlasting has been shadowing forth that pattern of Itself which lay embedded in Its infinite unconsciousness. In working out the expression of Itself as Power, it finally, through accumulated experiences, found Itself in an organism that forced It to say "I AM!" Thus came by the unfolding from within process—called evolution—the ONE and ONLY SELF-CONSCIOUS expression of the only thinking expression of the One Mind. "Man is Spirit conscious of itself!" is Hegel's definition. We will say, Mind conscious of Itself; or, God conscious of Himself. Now as Man IT can plan, and can use all the experience IT has accumulated in all past expressions as chaos, and beyond, as mineral, vegetable and animal, and through the millions of years as expressed as Man, to carry out Its thought. God cannot think save as Man. Thought is God's conscious expression of Himself.

This Sub-conscious Reality which is demanding expression in this constant urge, that as the Ideal is "harring" Man to still further expression, is the urge of the stored up experiences of all previous incarnations of the One Mind in all forms, pressing forward in Man, as it has pressed forward in all forms previous to Man. I AM is an expression of the One Mind, and not of any personality. I AM—The "I" is the whole One Mind. This Mind carrying the affirmation still further says—"I AM HENRY HARRISON!" Henry Harrison as an expression of the One Mind has beneath this personal self consciousness that which as the One Mind says, "I am!" Henry Harrison has all the

experience of that One Mind which says, "I am!" This sub-conscious storehouse of the race, and of all other previous expressions of Mind, is the source of all inspiration and urge in Henry Harrison. The same of Johns, Peters, Marys and Janes the race ever knew. In this divine reality I am not only the Absolute but all the accumulated experience of the Absolute which we term wisdom, that Mind has gained through its incarnations in every form of expression. So does Walt Whitman well say:—

"I find I incorporate gneiss, coal, long-threaded moss, fruits, grains,
And am stuccoed with quadrupeds, esculent roots, and birds all over,
And have distanced what is behind me for good reasons,
But call anything back again when I desire it."

And again he says:—

"I am the acme of things accomplished and the enfolder of things to be!"

Why? Because I am the One Mind, and that Mind is individual and is expressing itself AS ME! Is learning of Itself as Law, Wisdom, Virtue, Beauty, in its expression as Myself. The I that thinks is the Eternal I, and it as a personality says—"I, Henry Harrison, will so and so." Henry Harrison is the objective expression of the Subjective One, which is Absolute Mind developed through ages into Man who is Mind conscious of Himself. All past experience is mine as Henry Harrison whenever I choose to call upon it.

There is need now, that so many are investigating the Sub-conscious, for a clear understanding of that Sub-conscious Reality.

All scientific investigation rests upon the perception that nature is one in all her methods and in those methods persistent, consistent, and unvaryingly under like conditions. A perception of Truth—which is a perception of that-which-is in any one of her lines of expression—is known to be a perception of a Universal method. So long ago as Cuvier was this known. Give him a scale of a fish and he would draw the fish

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

—Emerson

45

that must have grown that scale. Agassiz would from any bit of fossil draw the animal from which it must have come. Not more persistent is Nature—God—in mathematical formulas than It is in every item of Its work. Tennyson told an important truth when he said to

“ . . . flower in craned wall,
Could I but know what you are root and all,
and all in all

I should know what God and Man is!”

Would we know of this Sub-conscious IT—the real I—we must go to some phenomena which we can study and learn of “God and Man” through it.

Since the popular definition of God is Matthew Arnold’s—“The power behind phenomena”—we will seek for It behind the only self-conscious phenomena. At birth it is a blank. Not even ignorant; for ignorance carries with it the possibility of knowledge and the possibility of the child is not at birth possible. The possibility is latent and becomes a possibility sometime after birth. The child is as much a cipher in regard to knowledge as the bird in nest. There is a sub-conscious, urging to expression. IT comes to knowledge of itself in the budding and expanding faculties of its possibilities.

This Urge—Desire—is the demand of the One Mind for expression through the individual. Mind urges the rose-tree to bloom; the fish to spawn; the bovine to propagate; and Man to express Himself, not as animal, but as a Self-Conscious individual. This urge we name desire. Desire is the divine demand for Its own expression along the line of that idea which the individual represents. “Each individual is unique. A new idea of God,” says Emerson. That Idea will express itself through the Ideals of the individual, as the divine idea in invention, art and government has expressed itself through human Ideals. Vide editorial in December NOW. But, there was no pre-conception of what that expression would be in the mind of any individual; neither was there any

in the One Mind. It was the urge of the idea of Liberty, that sent the Pilgrims across the sea; the urge of the Idea of adventure and financial success that sent men and women across the plains in '49; it was the urge of the Idea of human rights that pushed the Abolitionists to their task in the middle of the last century; it is the urge within woman for larger liberty that is making the demand for the ballot so imperative today. But little did Puritan imagine how that Idea would evolve through Human Ideals, during the next two hundred years. A nation bloomed from the root then planted. Little did the '49-ers imagine the Pacific commonwealth that would spring through the ideals of 60 years, from that Idea in the One Mind. Little did Garrison and his comperes imagine the results of their labors in the evolution of the Idea that obsessed them; and woman today dream not to what extent the Idea of suffrage, represented in her Ideal of government, will evolve in a century. I recently stood in the home and in the room where Paul Revere looked from his window and saw the lights in Old North Church before he started on his midnight ride. I also stood in the room where he and Hancock slept that night after the ride;—the night before the gun was fired by embattled farmers that “was heard around the world.” Little did he, or Hancock, anticipate the results that have evolved from the Idea that sent him on that ride in his Ideal of American liberty. But no less than these was the One Mind ignorant of the future. The One Mind was like the child—learning of Itself by doing. The infinite possibilities of the One Mind are evolving as are the infinite possibilities of the child. God knows what he has done; but It does not know what IT can do; nor what It will do in the next year. IT has a backward vision, but no future outlook. MAN may prophecy in line of Law and Principle. God’s fore-knowledge is limited to that which It has in Himself as *Man*. (Continued on page 51)

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

—Ingersoll

46

* **AFFIRMATIONS** *

Friendship

I thank whatever powers may be for my friends.

Friends are the sunshine of my life.

Friends bear the same relation to my

unfoldment that sun bears to flower.

Friends make me know myself as Love.

Friends have been my inspiration to all growth in the past.

Friends awaken Love and Love becomes transformed to the Thought. My intellectual awakening is due to friends.

The fact that I can Love and that I have friends to love makes earth a heaven.

I can not have too many friends! Each meets me at a different point of contact

and I know more of myself for that one. Friendship is the richest fruit of the Soul.

Friendship is the purest expression of Human Life.

Friendship is the end for which all social experiences tend.

Friendship is the only way to happiness and peace.

A nation that contains the most friends is the strongest nation.

I will encourage the making of friends.

I will sing the praise of Friendship, that I may thereby develop loyalty to self, to society, to the Nation.

I will sing of Friendship that I may thereby develop a loyalty to Love.

Love is the Power which effuses in friendship.

Love the Universal Panacea for all life's ills.

To have friends I must be a friend.

I wish to have every person as a friend.

I cannot afford to have an enemy.

I will love everybody, then I will have no enemy.

Enemies cannot be unless I make them in my thought and in loveless condition to them.

My affirmation of life is, Love!

I LOVE EVERYBODY!

Every person is my friend for I love

everybody and love expressed alone is friendship.

I will show my friends that I love them. By this Love I will make the kingdom of heaven for myself here and now.

"A new commandment I give unto you —That ye love one another!"

My Elder Brother—I LOVE! I obey thy command.

In so doing I am One with thee and One with him that sent thee!



Be Cheerful

I never see a cripple smile,

Or hear some patient sufferer say:

"I shall be better in a while

And get outdoors and romp and play,"

But what I sum up all my cares

And every burden that is mine,

Then say if cheerfulness is theirs

What reason have I now to whine?

I never see a smile upon

A pale white face, but what I feel

A sense of shame that I go on

Believing my own troubles real.

Making a mountain of my care

Instead of laughing it away,

Pouring my wails upon the air

And whimpering throughout the day.

If hope still lingers in the breast

Of one shut in a tiny room;

If one deformed can smile and jest

And see hope shining through the gloom,

Why should I, having health today

Throw up my hands in grim despair,

And whine and whimper on my way

Before my trifling bit of care?

—E. A. Guest.



"The woman about to become a mother, or her newborn infant upon her bosom, should be the object of trembling care and sympathy wherever she bears her tender burden, or stretches her aching limbs. The very out-

cast of the street has pity upon her sister in degradation when the seal of promised maternity is imposed upon her. God forbid that any member of the profession to which she trusts her life, doubly precious at that eventful period, should regard it negligently, in-

advisedly or selfishly." — From *Essay on "Pinsprocal Infection"* by O. W. Holmes.

To his critics Dr. Holmes said:—"I take no offence, attempt no retort: no man makes a quarrel with me over the counterpane that covers a mother with her newborn infant at her breast."

Realization

"I" am a part of Infinite Mind,
 Vibrant with the touch of Infinite kind;
 "I" am high as the highest, as low as the
 lowest,
 "I" am of God, "I" go where God goest.
 The sun, moon or stars, would not shine with-
 out "I",
 Neither land nor sea would be, but for "I."
 "I" am one with all nature, with all things
 divine,
 "I" am one with all life, Life eternal is mine.
 EVA E. CUMMINGS.
 Atlanta, Ga.

"The scientific mind recognizes in Jesus the only religious teacher that did not lay down rigid rules. Working behind the problems of the saloon, playgrounds, parks, etc., is the problem of the social vice, which is a biological question. Biological instruction has an abundant and natural opportunity to fire each generation of young people with information and enthusiasm that will successfully combat this social evil."—Prof. J. M. Couiter, Chicago University.

Henry Harrison Brown, editor of this magazine, has given over thirty Lessons in his "Now Philosophy" in Pittsburgh, Penn. Mrs. C. B. McLean arranged them for him. They were open to the public and extremely well attended. She sends Mr. Brown this note which we are glad to publish:
 I wish to thank Mr Brown for myself and in behalf of the members of my class, for the great help he gave us during his stay with us. I have been a student and admirer of Emerson for years and thought I understood him, but his interpretation seemed to unfold more of his character and bring him nearer to me than ever. In fact, he gave us Emerson; made us feel him and his message of "Individual Divinity". The Great Fact which is the key note to me, of the coming civilization is:—"We are each a part of the perfect whole!" we are Divine! and only limited in expression by our ignorance of ourselves, and of the laws through which we may become limitless in expression. His Course on "Self Mastery Through Understanding of Mental Law" covers all the fundamentals which we need for the study and practice of those laws which actualize in the Superman, toward which all thinkers of today are looking, and for which they are working. He gave me personally strength and courage to go on with my work, thus proving that we each draw to us those who can help and those we can also help, from whom we can receive and to whom we can also give. With kindly regards, Sincerely yours, (Sgd)

CLARA CHAMBERLAIN McLEAN.

I Find This True

The physiological ideal of sleeping is with a bare skin. The bed clothes offer sufficient covering for comfort, and do not stick to the skin and thereby remain a sodden garment. When rolling over in bed, nature's way of giving every portion of the skin's surface a chance to breathe, they do not roll with the body. In the ordinary night-clothing, every time you turn you carry the covering with you, thereby depriving the skin of its full breathing opportunities. For the same reason you should never allow sodden underwear to remain next the skin. Night clothes in particular should be loose and baggy.—William Lee Howard, M. D., in *Munsey's Magazine*.
 This need particularly refers to the little children. Put them to bed nude. It would be well, especially for all invalids. There is a great demand on weak persons in overcoming the restraining power of clothes in bed. Why wear them? LIBERTY OF EVERY PORTION OF THE BODY IN SLEEP IS NECESSARY FOR LIFE'S FULL EXPRESSION.

Inspiration Unversed

Life of Ages, richly poured
 Love of God unspent and free;
 Flowing in the prophet's word
 And the people's liberty.

Never was to chosen race
 That unstinted tide confined;
 Thine is every time and place,
 Fountain sweet of heart and mind.

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
 Pulsing in the hero's blood,
 Nerving simplest thought and deed,
 Freshening time with truth and good.

Consecrating art and song,
 Holy book and pilgrim track,
 Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
 From the sacred limits back.

Life of ages, richly poured,
 Love of God unspent and free,
 Flow still in prophet's word,
 And the people's liberty.
 —Rev. Samuel Johnson, Unitarian.

I ask not far before to see
 But take with joy my road!
 Life, death and immortality,
 Are in my thought of God!
 F. L. Hosmer.

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

—Bayard Taylor

48

The Compelling Power

(An address by Henry Harrison Brown, Minister of "NOW" Folk Soul Culture Society, Glenwood, California, at the ordination services of Dr. Anna B. Parker for "the ministry of Truth and Healing" as pastor of "The Church of Applied Truth," Boston, Mass., Feb. 18, 1912.)

Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in.—Luke 14:23.

Wonderful is this Twentieth Century! It inherits from the Nineteenth Century more than any other century ever inherited from its predecessor—in invention, discovery, and art; in means of communication between man and man, and inter-communication between nations; in all that leads to Brotherhood and international peace, more progress was made from time of George Washington to Abraham Lincoln, than was made in all the time from Methuselah to Washington. Steam, electricity, radium; inventions and science; freedom of thought, and the increasing sense of Brotherhood, have made all institutions, and all thought-methods of preceding centuries effete and worthless. A scientific book five years old is not a safe guide. There is no power left in old methods. Religious statements, rites, ceremonies, and institutions that satisfied our fathers can no longer feed us. Religious institutions founded long ago can no more meet the needs of today than the social and industrial methods of the past can meet the demands of today. The political, scientific, social, civic, industrial and business conditions of the past cannot satisfy the progressive and manifold demands of the present. Neither can the theologic and religious expressions of the past satisfy the present soul-demands.

The church is attempting to put the man of today into the clothes of yesterday, and they will no more fit than the babe's clothes will fit the grown up man. Despite the most strenuous efforts of its members, the church is losing its hold upon the masses. It no longer controls public opinion. Still more perceptibly are the thinkers growing away from its

limitations. It has compromised in its tenets until they scarcely resemble those of its founders. It has become the social club; the respectable entry into society; the place for the business man to create his patronage. It is trying now to be the social and economic reformer. But despite all this its influence is waning. In its desperation it is calling for statute laws to protect itself, and to help maintain its hold upon the consciences of men.

The church of today has no up-to-date philosophy. It has no religion that satisfies the heart. Antique phrases cannot be galvanized into the twentieth century life. The present demand is inspiration and opportunity, that will call into expression the God-like in Man.

"The sabbath was made for man!" and so was church and state. It is ever the tendency of institutions to fossilize and then to demand that Man exists for them. Church, college, state and society all demand that Man be sacrificed that they may live. "Man was made for church!" is the prevailing motive of institutional churches today. Above all else, the church must be maintained. All these institutions are arrayed against the Soul. They are opposed to freedom. They each impose penalties upon the individual initiative in thought and action. Still is the Soul oracular and is moving onward and outward. The demand is for individuality. This demand is breaking in everywhere. We stand in the midst of an approaching chaos.

No one can look upon the social, civic, political, economic, industrial and theological world without apprehensions of dread. Everywhere upheaval and danger. But Nature always has remedial forces and unexpected factors always come to the rescue. One comes today in the many metaphysical movements extant among us. The church has no more power to still the coming tempest than a fence has to stop a New England snow storm. It may pile up drifts that will long remain after the sun of Truth has made all else green.

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

—Julia Ward Howe

49

The old is powerless. Even the most liberal of its sects offer little relief. All fail to see that it is the advancing Soul breaking down all limitations in its path. The Soul builds institutions; uses them as long as it needs; then leaves them in its path to decay. Thus are the traditional churches stranded and must decay. The Soul leaves them and marches forward, toward an unknown goal. Evolution is the way of Omnipotence. Its march is through the overcoming of limitations in its path.

In this Evolution Soul has called you, my Sister, out of old theology, out of old medicine, into the "Way of the Spirit." It has bidden you live today, in the thought of today. To let the past bury its dead. In you the tyranny of tradition is broken and the new day in a new mental attitude bids you tell of God, Man, and Eternity, in the language of today. You are not to put the wine of this glorious time into the old bottles of the past, but are to serve it out in the most improved thermal bottles of the present.

"The time is ripe and rotten ripe" for such workers. You shall stand in the doorways and call! Shall go into the highways of business, and under the hedges of society, and with the attractive power of love shall call. Those that hear will come, for you will call with the attractive power of the universe. Love is a compelling force. The hungry for spiritual food, and those clothed in rags of old theology, shall be fed and clothed and sit in their right mind at the feast. You shall lead them into their mansion among the many "in our Father's house!" They shall find "the kingdom of heaven" where Jesus expected it to come—"On earth"! You shall call in love that the house may be filled. "Come all ye that hunger and thirst and I will give rest unto your souls!" Such is the call of the twentieth century, and that century has called you; and this day is your answer to that summons.

This call is for the individual to come out from the slavery of Authority to the

Freedom of Spirit, and in Love of Truth seek and accept Truth. "Come and realize that you are not only a child of God, but that you are God's expression. Be your affirmation "The Father and I are One!" In this thought you are to teach men to live divinely.

Who can resist this call? No more can they who hear than they could resist the call and kiss of mother-love. In this Love you are to call, and there will be a response.

The Soul is awakening to a sense of its own infinity on every side.

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control;

These three alone lead Life to sovereign power!"

Through self-reverence lies the way to Universal Peace. War ceases when man knows himself divine.

Yes, I like the word "compel" in the text. Force drives; love draws. Love compels by its drawing power; compels by the power of the Ideal—"that haunting dream of better" that ever floats before us. Its beauty draws. "COME in Love! for I love you!" This, Sister, is your call. It is the call of this wonderful era just beginning. Love visits the prisoner; it feeds the hungry; it clothes the naked; and it ever sings its song of "Peace on earth!" Love is the power of inspiration to a nobler life.

In this Ideal you will hold up the picture of a beautiful body, the fit temple of a pure soul. A body free from all blemishes that can interfere with the Soul's expression. Every habit that renders body less beautiful and a less fit spiritual instrument to express the divinity that dwells within will be forgotten in this call of love. "I will be thou clean!" is the promise of this New Church of the New Thought. "Loose him and let him go!" it says to the bound in any condition of life. "Come out into the open!" Come and find yourself. Come!"

Those whom church and society have driven forth hungry and dissatisfied will come, and through Truth and love-

I thank whatever gods may be For my unconquerable Soul.

—W. C. Henley

50

of-Truth, the nation will be saved, and present chaotic and threatening conditions will be healed, as always by LOVE.

The spiritual table you spread will differ as much from that offered by old theology, as would a table of our California fruits differ from that first Thanksgiving dinner of our Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth. Nature and Man offer a much more bountiful and beautiful feast than theirs. Your table is filled with the results of centuries of evolution and best of all with that of the present scientific era.

What would those old worthies think came they today back to see our printing-houses, sky-scrapers and sub-ways; still more to see our wonderful educational progress, our philanthropic schemes, and our world wide charity? But when they sat down in our architectural wonders, called churches, and find the same old theology dished out to them, I opine they would hurry back in disgust to their graves, ashamed of their descendants, who, having grown wise in all ways except the very one to which they sacrificed their all. Said John Robinson as the Mayflower sailed—"God's revelation is not complete. There is more to come!"

O Fathers of New England, we have listened to that Coming Voice. Though we will not live in your houses, nor wear your clothes, neither will we think your thoughts; we will live in your spirit: In that same spirit of Liberty and in "Freedom to worship God" our way as you worshipped your way, we adopt your mantle of Principle to our up-to-date ideas.

"New times demand new measures and new men!" and we in the New Thought come in that old spirit of Liberty to greet you, dear Sister, as you consecrate yourself in Love, to Truth.

Ah! they builded better than they knew those old heroes when they said—"A church without a bishop and a state without a king!" On this line the Soul has gone onward building state after

state, church after church, till it has conquered over the desert to yonder ocean, and has conquered Mind, till creed is no more! Despite all efforts to restore that old union and make men religious by Law and the slave of institutions, it will never come. As freemen and sons of freemen, we will never be slaves.

The heart is ever true and it will not be limited to theories past or present. Logic is not spirituality. It is not spiritual perception. In Love-of-Truth now, as ever in all times of need, men and women come as you come today, and for such, Truth has more extended sway. In Truth does Soul prevail.

The demand is made and the Supply comes. This church and you, Sister, come, because God, Man, Soul, Freedom and Country need you. This platform from which you speak Truth, as you see it, is needed for Man's sake.

As long as you have no limitations, all who love Truth will come in response to your Love-call. But they will never come to be enslaved. They come to enjoy freedom. Love abolishes all fear: for fear enslaves.

This "Church of Applied Truth" stands for Freedom, for intellectual liberty. "I do not fear to follow out the Truth although it lead along the precipice's edge," or over mountain heights, for I know rich valleys and fertile plains lie beyond.

In this church is no Authority save Truth alone. No mouldy records are necessary for its acceptance. Truth is its own authority; its own excuse.

"If the eye was made for seeing,
Beauty is its own excuse for being."

and if the mind was made for thinking and the heart was made for loving, then Truth and Love are their own excuse for being and to them alone we owe allegiance. On Truth and Love this church is builded and here as its pastor you are to stand and compel the needy to come, till the house is full.

In the same spirit of Love-of-Truth and in Freedom of expression are you called by the same spirit that called the Puri-

tan across the sea; that called "the embattled farmers" to Lexington and Concord; that called "The Sons of Liberty" to the tea-laden schooner; that called Washington to the Cambridge elm; that called Boston's young hero, Shaw, to Wagner where "he lies buried with his niggers." Upon you falls the same spirit that caused Channing "to proclaim anew the divinity of man"; that caused Emerson to claim an equality of all with Jesus as sons of One Father; that caused Theodore Parker to stand for the natural in religion. You are inspired by the same spirit that fell upon the silver-tongue of Phillips, and the soberness of Garrison, pleading for the slave. It is this same spirit that calls you, my Sister, that called the army of noble women that sustained the Abolition movement; and then fell upon the sweet-voiced Lucy Stone when she demanded for woman equal civil rights, and sent Mary A. Livermore to care for my sick and wounded comrades. This same divine impulse that is working upon you, as you go forth to call men and women to come in Love-of-Truth and be made healthful and happy. You are to stand here and keep the spirit of the Old Bay State alive, keep it pure, strong, sweet and ever proclaiming liberty. In historic Boston you are to preserve and protect its title to hold still and to be still The Cradle of Liberty.

And I cannot in closing give you a nobler admonition than to use with a slight change the words of another of Boston's immortals, Julia Ward Howe, who sang "The Battle Hymn" of Freedom while she saw the encamped armies of her country, and then waited for the glory of victory. So shall you learn to sing your song, to labor and to wait your hour of victory.

"In the beauty of the lillies Christ was born
across the sea,

With a glory in his bosom that transfigures
you and me;

As he died to make men happy *so live* to
make men free,

For Truth is marching on.

The Leaven is Working

According to the *Atlanta, Ga., Journal*, Rev. Dr. McArthur, president of the Baptist World's Alliance made the following statement in his sermon at the Baptist Tabernacle Service in that city: The Tabernacle stands for a healing ministry. It was foretold of Christ that He should not only give liberty to the captives and preach the gospel to the poor, but also that He should heal the broken-hearted, give sight to the blind and health to the sick. Eliminating the miraculous performances, the institution is carrying on such work on a modern scale.



(Continued from page 45)

The experience—the backward look—is stored up in the sub-conscious reality which is the real individual. This stored up experience is expressing, is expanding into more experience through the life of individuals. It is this stored up experience that forms the head of present generations with larger frontal brain and increased proportion of grey matter, forming an organism not only so that it may express all IT has gained through past evolution — and this is Heredity—but also to carry on farther the evolution of Its unconsciousness into Self-consciousness through the development of that Idea which each individual represents, and thus add to the Self-knowledge of God.

Here we reach intellectually the goal toward which, unconsciously, the One Mind has been aiming. Aiming, as water aims, when it falls upon Shasta and begins to feel the pull of the ocean. It flows by easiest route to the sea. So the One Mind, evolving into consciousness of Itself, has passed by easiest routes, from protoplasm, and before, to Man. The One Mind has been present in every form of life.

"Before Times first planet proudly swam
Into space, and back of them,
In the darkness thick and long"—

the One Mind has been evolving Itself into consciousness. At last without pre-meditation, plan or knowledge, of its

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

—Archie L. Black.

52

power, work or way, IT has found Itself as Man where IT can think, reason, plan and prophesy its future evolution.

Stored up in the Reality—the Subconscious I—lies all that It has learned through past incarnations ready for expression through that brain that is now receptive to impressions from within. Newton did not create. Mind found expression through him of that which was ready in the Reality. Euclid did not create, Edison did not create. Spencer did not create; Emerson knew he did not. He says—"Man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashed across his mind from within, more than the luster of the firmanent of bards and sages!" It is *from within* that all truth comes. It is from within outward Man evolves. The innermost must become the outermost. In this evolution the Idea which each individual represents in the One Mind finds expression. God knows more of Itself for every out-pressing of that Idea through every human ideal. This out-pressing we term experience. Latent in the sub-conscious Reality is Wisdom, the result of past experiences of the One Mind through all its forms. Each individual may draw from that inner store-house at will. MAY! But will he? Does he? Unconsciously he does, and unconsciously It forces expression. When Man knows himself *as* this Wisdom, he will draw consciously upon it. His power to draw is limitless. I AM A SUB-CONSCIOUS MIND. The personal Henry Harrison is but that which this Sub-conscious reality knows of itself. That which I as a personality know is but an infinitesimal part of the whole that I am. In order that I may know all myself I must know ALL of that which I am. Since I am ALL, it follows that it will take all eternity for me to know all of myself. It logically follows that as Henry Harrison I must live a conscious life forever. *I Henry Harrison am immortal that I may know myself as the whole of the One Mind.*

The Law of Periodicity

Mrs. M. R. Sneed, of Oakland, writes the editor concerning the Law of Periodicity as noticed in the editorial of January "A Startling Hypothesis" as follows:—

The editorial is particularly interesting to me as the theory supports some of my own notions. About a year ago I conceived a notion about the ebb and flow of my own individual expressions of Life. Or in other words attempted to measure in time the wave-length of my own vibrations. My first impression was that I moved in a straight line onward in waves of three years each—I have tried to trace it thus on my happy onward way to my thirty-sixth year. The curve of three, seems in accordance with events in my life—6, 12, 16, 24 and 30, represent the positive periods—the crest; and the 3, 9, 15, etc., represent the negative periods—the trough of the wave.

But I conceive that each person has an individual undulation, and by recognizing that fact, together with other laws of Being, we could the more easily join in the Infinite Harmony. I have since been trying to find a way to express that idea.

But since reading your article I think I would measure the periods as points in a spiral; a point 3 years above a point in space—but immediately over a preceeding point of 3 years, six in time, or growth. . . . Shall be glad to welcome you on your return home!"

This letter interests me because it recognizes the fact of the periods of the spiral but most of all because it recognizes the fact, overlooked by those who have written upon this subject, and those who have looked outside for the causes of human actions, as well as those who have tried to put all men under the same limitations, formulas and regulations. It is the fact that each person is unlike every other person, and that Human Life is for the development and perfection of Individuality. Therefore no expression of any Law can fit any person except the one who has discovered that as his orbit. Like notes in an infinite musical scale, each person has his rate of vibration and it is this difference in pitch that gives him his individuality. Hence the folly of church, school, home and society trying to bring all under the same code of action. The melody of na-

ture is, because there is diversity of pitch, and so the melody of human life will come when there is the same freedom of expressing one's individuality. "Of Many Made One!" is the national motto and it but repeats the process of the Universe.

But there is one point overlooked by our correspondent and constantly by reformers and educators—and that is the power of the Human individual of changing his environment and his own pitch or place in the Universal scale.

No one need remain in place or condition, where he is born, and no one need always vibrate in the same pitch. In fact it is the province of individual evolution to constantly raise one's pitch. To vibrate in smaller waves. To approach eternally an equilibrium but never to reach that point of stillness. To do so would mean annihilation of individuality. But as fast as one learns of himself as Power and as Law he will become more and more Self-controlled, more equalized and will choose his place in the scale of vibrations. He will, as Law, change at will his pitch, so as to come into sympathetic vibration with persons, places and conditions whenever he so chooses. In this lies his heaven. He will throb with plant and bird—vibrate with ocean and breeze; will FEEL, with all loving persons, and will enjoy the Universal harmony in which he lives and has his Being.

This is the end toward which individual evolution tends, and it means that the Law IS Man; and when he so knows himself he will make the only universe in which he lives—the universe of the Ideal—to suit his desire. He is subject to Absolute Law as long as he will not take himself as Law. When he so takes himself, when he is conscious of himself as the One, and is, what I so often quote from Emerson—"Conscious Law," then he will pass from sphere to sphere, from octave to octave, from one place in the infinite scale, to another at will, and there will be nothing hidden that will not be revealed to him, for he will, by

sympathetic vibration, Be, for the moment, that person or that thing.

There is no worse thought extant today prisoning man than the thought of limitations subjection to any outside power, be it Law, Deity or Fate. *I am my own Law! I am my own Deity! I am my own Fate!* This thought is the needed one, when even so many in Metaphysical Movements believe in obedience to some power, law, rule, system, person or condition. I AM! means, I CAN WHEN I WILL. This stanza of W. F. Henley's is for such to memorize and obey—

Out of the night that covers me
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable Soul.

Being Versus Possession

Few enter fully into the Affirmation—I AM! A lady called one time upon Mr. Foulds for him to paint a motto for her. She could not decide but after a few days came in and said: "I can only have I AM! I dare not say I am Life, Truth, Love or anything but I AM!" In saying this she unconsciously satisfied Soul for she made limitless affirmation. And at the same time satisfied her fears which said, "I don't dare to say I am Truth, it is too big."

Smile It Down

Every one who loves you
Loves to see you smile,
Loves to see you cheerful
And happy all the while.
Smiling comes so easy—
Do not wear a frown,
If you feel one rising,
Always smile it down.

"The unconsciousness of Man is the Consciousness of God."—Thoreau. This God-consciousness—is Man's Subconscious which AS Man God is evolving into Self-Consciousness—that is:—in Man God is becoming conscious of Itself. ALL of God is Subconscious to the Self-Conscious. With this conception of Man and God, all else is made plain.

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

—Whittier

54

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NOW

HENRY HARRISON BROWN, Editor

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

Instead of Mr. Brown's "Notes" this month we have his address at the Ordination Services of Dr. Parker in Boston. NOW readers will welcome this masterly address.

Mr. Brown is in Chicago this month. His onward, *homeward* trip is not decided. But he may be in Cincinnati, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, before he crosses the Missouri on his way. The above cities, with Seattle, Tacoma and Portland, and others, can arrange for him if they will write soon to this office. He expects to be HOME sometime in June, and will then start his Summer School "under the Redwoods," continuing through July, Aug. and Sept.

Let his friends all prepare for this *Home-Coming* School. Write to the Assistant Editor, Mr. S. E. Foulds for information as to terms, rooms, rates, ect., Glenwood, California.

Mr. Brown's Boston engagment has been a success. He is regarded there as the equal in thought of any speaker, and the most practical of all they have had. He has enjoyed his trip and says he "has grown as fine as his redwoods" while away, but is "pining for the Spirit of the West." He does not expect to go East again for years, so those who wish him should catch him on this trip. Write to this office for engagements. The editorial in this number deals with a topic much discussed. Note it well, and see if Mr. Brown has not solved the problem of the Sub-conscious.

I have just finished reading your wonderful poem "Mine Own" in September NOW, and it moves me as did your spoken words in the two occasions when I heard you in Philadelphia. The desire is strong to write and tell you that the power of your words is strong.
M. E. H.

A New Idea

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Special meetings are held by "NOW" Folk Members to give treatments for health and success. If you desire to be held in mind at these meetings just send a letter with one dollar for a month's treatment. Address "NOW" Folk, Glenwood, Calif.

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

—Whittier

55

The Voice in the Silence

I sat in the Silence at even,
When twilight was deepening down.
The stars were waking to guard me
While night's dark shadows frown.
I entered the Holy of Holies
Whose gateway is only a prayer.
I basked in the world sub-conscious;—
And all was sunshine there.

And lo! a Voice so tranquil,
A Voice of long ago;—
She said, "I've come to cheer you
That you the Truth may know.
You've mourned me long, my dearest,
But I'm with you every day.
But your faithless doubting
Unpleasant makes my stay!"

"You here my Love?" "Yes I am here!"
O, how my being stirred!
The Voice I loved long years ago,
I now in Silence heard.
"I mingle with the Life and Love
That thrills within your form.
Thus I'm ever with you;—
Through Love Divine were born!"

"We blend as notes in music,
Or tints in rainbow spray!
In you I find true living!
I'm incarnate in your clay!"
"But Darling, I am I! How then
Art thou within my frame?"
"Because we're one in Truth and Love,
One in Life's dearest name!"

"This frame of clay confines you not;
As harper you play its strings.
I may strike its chords with you,
Or sing as chorus sings.
Thus I am ever one with you,
In love and thought and song!"
"But tell me Love how can this be?"—
This broke the spell, and she was gone.

'Twas thus I learned my lesson:—
To faith alone she came.
My doubt destroys her power
As water quenches flame.
Not to the skeptic's reason,
But to the longing heart,
Do angels come in vision,
And form of life a part.
—HENRY HARRISON BROWN.



O wealth of life beyond all bound!
Eternity each moment given!
What plummet shall the present sound?
Who promises a future heaven?

—D. L. Watson.

Read these items in connection with former editorials in NOW. There is a national demand for the New Thought Movement and NOW is needed as an educational factor in stemming the tide of natural decay. The words of Senator Borah at a N. Y. banquet:

"Frank E. Wade of the State Probation Commission, said there were 1330 boys between sixteen and twenty-one in the penitentiary last year, and more than 3000 boys between those ages now in the county jails. There are no reform influences in all," he said. "Adults and minors commingle."

"WASHINGTON, Dec. 29.—While the total population of the United States increased about 11 per cent in the last six months, the number of insane people was augmented during the same period by 25 per cent. In 372 institutions canvassed by the census bureau up to Jan. 1, 1910, were 187,454 insane patients or an increase of 37,303 since 1904.

"We are even now, in our youth, the most lawless of any of the great civilized nations. There is no country of first importance where there is so little respect for law because it is the law." Those were the words of Senator Borah at a N. Y. banquet.

Edmund Burke once declared that he had never learned how to draw up an indictment against a whole people. Senator Borah has and, having drawn it, he offered it at the bar of public opinion with an air of perfect confidence that it was both justified and sound. His presentation had an added impressiveness from the fact that it was made in the presence of the President of the United States.

In view of the 8975 deaths from murderous assault and of the meting out of capital punishment to but 100 of those 8975 slayers; in crimes to which the McNamaras have just pleaded guilty; in the light of all the prosecutions now on against big and little business men for persistent and audacious infractions of the anti-trust law who can say, with honesty, that the indictment drawn by Senator Borah is not a true bill?

President Taft himself is on record as declaring a few years ago that "our administration of the criminal law is a disgrace to civilization." And, in following Senator Borah at the dinner of the New York Young Republican Club, he remarked, with evident sadness over the fact, "I believe it is true that we do not hold the law as sacred as we should."



Emerson's face always seemed to me so clean—as if God had just washed it off. When you looked at Emerson it never occurred to you that there could be any villainies in the world.—Walt Whitman.

There is no darkness but ignorance.

—Shakespeare.

70

Book Reviews

THE SCIENCE OF BEING GREAT, by Wallace Wattles. Published by the Elizabeth Towne Co., Holyoke, Mass. Cloth. \$1.00.

A good book—one that is worth every cent of the dollar asked for it. It seems to the writer that the title is a misnomer and gives the reader at first glance a wrong idea of its contents. That there can be a science of being great the writer fails to see.

The book is a plain statement of the great fact of unity, and was written with the idea of revealing to the reader the old idea of man's oneness with the *All*, or divine from a standpoint of practicality. I heartily recommend the book.

S. E. F.

Leaves of Grass

BY

Walt Whitman

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It is generally beginning to dawn upon the people that the much-lauded public school system of this country, with all its undoubted excellences, has also grave defects. The elementary education is, generally speaking, not nearly as productive as it ought to be and as it might be made to be. It is beginning to be understood that the place where the best teachers ought to be, and where the most expert pedagogical skill ought to be applied, is among little children. But this is the work usually given over to young girls just out of the normal schools, with the least maturity and the least skill in handling such problems.
—*Boston Transcript.*

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