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THE WORLD'S NEW THOUGHT JOURNAL

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MAY, 1912

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A Year

NOW

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.

THOUGHT IS POWER

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



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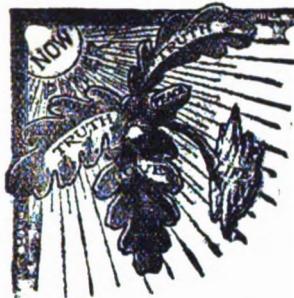
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From all Life's grapes I press sweet wine.

—Henry Harrison Brown

NOW

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

VOL. IX.

MAY, 1912

No. 5

The Key

I've found the Key! Only I to blame!
In pain I waited for the door to ope!
Long in dark corridors I grope,
While Echo answered but my name!
Stones bruised my feet; from jagged walls
My shoulders bled, and often falls
But brought me back to some old pain!

I hungered but no food was nigh!
My hands but grasped the empty air!
I knew full table should be where
I could my empty want supply!
I sensed Life's stream, where I might drink,
My feet were sliding near its brink
But in a darkened sphere was I.

How came I there? I'd been in Light!
I thought my eyes and vision true.
Now, I was blind, or a darkness new
Had settled down upon my sight.
I'd started for Love's palace hall
Where Wisdom dwells—suddenly all
Life's sunshine turns to darkest night.

"The Key! The Key! O Soul 'tis mine
By right of union with the One!
A child no longer! Now as Son
I make demand! To Thought assign
The power I consciously may use
To break my fetters and to fuse
All Life's conditions into shine!

The Key! The Key! I make demand!
O Warder-Soul, ope palace door!
By the God I am, I swear no more,
To walk flinty shard and desert sand!"
My cry dissolved to Light the wall;
And in that Light an angel tall,
Stood by me with "The Key" in hand.

"I am thy Soul! I am the One!
I'm Omnipresent Love! And I
Heard thee from prison cell! The cry
Was born of Faith, or I'd not come!
The dark was only in thy mind!
Thy groping, stumbling but to find
Thy Self! To suffer and atone.

"For lack of Trust! Enslaved by fear,
You entered her illusive world!
Thy cry of Faith to nought hath hurled
Her seeming walls, thy prison here!
The Key? O look! the door swings wide!
Thou hast the Key! In Faith abide
And "Trust thyself! and light is clear!"

HENRY HARRISON BROWN.
Detroit, Mich., Mar. 20, 1912.

Adjustment

I said in the March Essay on "Natural Selection," Man is not repeating for one day the conditions and experiences of yesterday. He is not for two days on the same plane of unfoldment." Doubtless few paid little attention to that statement, and yet is perhaps as important a one as can be made of Man. Every other form of Life's individual expression, remains upon essentially the same plane, repeating day by day during a whole lifetime the same experiences. It is because Man *is* Man, that he is experiencing something new every day. The idiot, because he is not expressing his possible and latent humanity, lives as an animal, repeating constantly the same routine.

The scientific method of thought is to accept the conditions we find affirming, "Because they are, they are, under these conditions necessary; are natural." From these natural conditions we are to deduce the law or method, by going back as near as possible to Original Cause.

Human expressions are effects; are legitimate results of Cause in them operative. No matter what we find in human conduct, that conduct, under the conditions, is natural, and is therefore a legitimate effect of Cause.

The first important thing for us to do, is to gather data in sufficient amount, from which to deduce the Method of Nature's operation. When we have so deduced conclusions from facts, we term our logical conclusion a Natural Law. Understand, that a Natural Law is but the logical conclusion of some observer and that Law may be found later insufficient to account for the phenomenon by a later and more careful observer;

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

—*Edith M. Thomas*

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one more logical in his deductions. Thus any Natural Law of today may be outgrown, as many Laws of the past have been.

Probably never within this scientific era has there been a period when so many of the so-called "established" laws are proving inadequate to explain the observed phenomena of today. Radio-activity in its discovery is sending science back to the beginning and as it reconstructs its position, it is very near our metaphysical ideas of Matter. It behooves Metaphysicians to be vigilant, lest by their adhesion to old ancient, metaphysical ideas, they find themselves in the rear.

This one fact however is plain; every scientific discovery is only enforcing the reality of the Principle of Evolution; and with few expected corrections, is also establishing the methods in which the Principle operates knowns as the "Darwinian Laws." Attention was paid in March NOW to perhaps the most important one, "Natural Selection" or "The Survival of the Fittest."

I now propose to pay the necessary attention to the process through which Nature "selects" and follows its operation in Human Life's expression.

A million seeds fall from the maple trees. They are widely scattered. In spring hundreds may spring up, in all conditions favorable and otherwise. But when summer comes but few are left. Autumn finds still less, and after winter's testing but very few survive. These are the "fittest." This process will continue and at the end of fifty years, perhaps but one tree is left. So prodigal is nature in her determination that the maple type of tree shall not perish.

A single fish will spawn a million eggs. Few escape the voracious appetite of the full-grown that hunt for them. And out of the millions that hatch but few live to maturity, so as to reproduce their kind.

In the human species, she is equally prodigal. Out of 30,000,000 spermatozoa, but one can fertilize the germ and

thus reproduce the incarnate human ego. Out of all the children born, one-half die before reaching five years of age; I have no statistics as to the proportion who live to be parents or to maturity. What selects after the birth? Inability to endure conditions. If there is not inherited vitality to endure conditions, then the individual dies. The individual on all the planes of life, except the human, must either adapt itself to its environment or die. There is no power in plant or animal to change its environment. There are but two conditions from which they are to unconsciously choose. It must either fit into conditions or die. And those that have survived have been those that fit. "The fit survive."

Dr. Jordan, of Stanford, in one of the lectures I attended, showed us a little birch-tree not over six inches high that grew on Norway mountains. It leaved, bloomed, fruited and shed its leaves, in regular and perfect order, as do the lowland trees, but it did all in a few weeks. I think six weeks was its season. Gradually the plants had climbed the mountain side, and out of every generation there were some that could survive under the new conditions, and thus adapting themselves to conditions, became, by heredity, the progenitors of those that peopled the mountain in its latitude, and gradually other hardy pioneers would climb still higher and learn to live there, and thus fit into conditions until new varieties were established.

In like manner land plants were gradually developed from aquatic, and fresh water ones from marine.

Animals have been developed through this Law of Necessity, to live in all climates from frigid to torrid zone. Those that could not develop a heavy protection of fur would die and leave the thick-furred ones, to perpetuate the race. Those that could not stand the heat died, and left those who could to perpetuate the species. So we have heavy furred dogs in the north and hairless ones in the south. This Law seemingly

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

—Emerson

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so merciless in this necessity of developing protective power not alone from seasons but from enemies, is most beneficial to the descendants and thus to Life. Speed in wing and in feet, sight and perception of odor, so keen in some animals, cunning as in fox and coyote, economy as in bird and bee, are all selected faculties, preserved and developed in the School of Necessity.

We may go farther and say that present distinctions as to species have all come through the same process. Had we all the "missing links" we would find no place where one ended and another began; so gradually, by insensible modifications, has this great differentiation taken place. Nature has worked along blindly, learning what, and how to do, by doing. There has been no plan, no predetermined purpose. Life has always been obedient to the "Urge!" within, and by doing, IT — Mind — has learned itself, not by looking forward, but by the backward look. Evolution is the method through which Mind has evolved till IT knew itself as Man. As Man, IT follows the same blind plan till it, as Man, learns a better way. In so doing, Man proves himself to be Man.

The Human Race, "The Genus Homo," has all the animal experiences from earliest protoplasm to itself. These experiences form the line of its expression till it voluntarily and intentionally creates new conditions for itself. And here is the GREAT FACT in human life; so many reformers, and especially those at work under the name of "Eugenics," fail to grasp what is the purpose of Mind in Man. Man is NOT animal. He possesses as a working capital all that Mind has learned through its mineral, vegetable and animal expression. Prior to birth each individual passes through every stage of evolution. Mind has passed from protoplasm to Man. It starts in womb as protoplasm, and is born, Man.

From birth onward it passes through all the phases through which the race

has passed, from primeval, arboreal Man to the present. Here is the great mistake of teachers, parents, reformers and legislators. Many never pass primeval Man's period. Many stop at the savage, barbarous and other like artificial stages of race development. Parents and educators often prevent the child's expression on these planes and consequently he is not fitted through experience, to take his place in present strenuous race-conditions, and falls to the rear as "unfit." The boy that is not allowed to express the savage and outgrow it will become an "arrested development." He may fill some place of respectable criminality in society, business or industry; may fall lower, into the non-respectable criminal class and come under the law. (I will evolve this thought in a later article. It is an important one for social and scientific consideration. Meanwhile, let my readers study the most profound and strictly scientific essay of all modern times, Emerson's "History"!)

The child, after passing through the race-experience, meanwhile developing his consciousness of himself as Power, and establishing an individuality more or less defined, learns that while animals MUST, he can *choose*. This choice is his warrant of humanity, and his patent-right of immortality, for it confers on him free-will and personal responsibility. He CAN change his environment. The mandate of Mind to the animal and plant is also one to him, "Fit into conditions or die." But he issues as Conscious Mind, another law for himself. I WILL NOT DIE! I WILL CHANGE CONDITIONS TO FIT ME!" In so doing the race has passed from hollow tree and cave to palace; from rock and club to radium and dynamite. Says this Race-Man in Chadwick's poem "The New Science":

From the plant that useless grows, making
corn for daily bread;
From the fear of stock and stones, homeward
to the Father led;

(Continued on page 60)

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

—Ingersoll

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* **AFFIRMATIONS** *

Unfoldment

Step by step since time began,
I see the steady gain of man.—Whittier
Life is Infinite!

All its manifestations are progressive.
The Law of Life is Unfoldment.

All intelligence centers in the Soul of
Man.

As a manifestation of God, I am Infin-
ite in possibilities.

All the possibilities of the Soul are man-
ifesting as fast as is necessary for the
good of the conscious man.

I am a Soul. I am incarnate that I may
unfold that which I am.

Every experience is a manifestation of
a greater expression of the power I am.
I unfold through every experience.

That unfoldment draws to me other op-
portunities. They can only come as I
am ready.

My necessity creates opportunities for
expression. I draw that which I need.

I create this need by both what I do and
by what I neglect to do.

Jesus told me that sins of omission are
equal in my unfoldment to those of com-
mission.

I take what comes because I draw it.

Whatever comes is mine.

I rejoice in appropriating that which
comes to me as mine.

Every experience I need that I may ex-
press the intelligence I am, comes to me.
Every experience I need to express the
power I am, comes to me.

Every experience I need to express the
Truth I am, comes to me.

Every experience I need to express the
Love I am, comes to me.

Life flows into expression through ex-
perience and under this experience I
unfold.

This objective life is the School of the
Soul where it learns of Itself and, awak-
ening to this knowledge, it prepares for
its immortality.

I rejoice that I am more, because I have,
through the experiences of suffering, un-
folded to know myself.

I rejoice that because of losses I have
unfolded to realize my eternal posses-
sions.

I rejoice that because of pain and agony,
I have unfolded to know myself as Life,
and to live above pain.

I rejoice that because of lack of wis-
dom in the past I have made that which,
if made today, would be mistakes, be-
cause I am too wise now to blunder in
the same way.

All is good, and I take every lesson in
unfoldment happily, for through each I
realize more of my own Omniscience and
Omnipotence.

I look upon sun and star and say:
"What ye were ten million years ago ye
are still, and will be ten million years to
come because ye cannot feel, cannot suf-
fer, cannot grow; but I grow each day
into greater consciousness of Power."

I look upon earth and all plant and ani-
mal life and say: "What ye are now ye
were and ever will be, but I am daily
more and more. Because ye cannot un-
fold, ye become daily more at my com-
mand!"

Blessed am I because I can unfold.
Heaven consists in unfolding the Truth
and Love I am.

No matter how unfoldment comes, I am
centered.



(Continued from page 59)

Those with whom in ages gone, red of hand
I hotly strove

Taking to a brother's arms with the mighty
power of love.

And all this change has come from the
necessity in Man of overcoming environ-
ment, or dying. All individuals who
have not been able to overcome, be it
singly or as nations, have died, leaving
prepared soil for a succeeding, over-
coming, conquering race.

Thus Man transcends the Law of Ad-
aptation and institutes as "Conscious
Law" the Principle of Adjustment. Ne-
cessity has passed away from him as

Truth for Authority, No Authority for Truth.

—*Lucretia Mott.*

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fast as he has become conscious of himself as POWER TO BE AND DO, and in its place he has established as Law-giver, an Ideal. No longer "What I must," but now, "*What I desire and will!*"

Whenever he is in conditions, that for the moment seem unfavorable, he says: "I am power to endure this and grow, or I can change!" and civilization is the result of this unfolding consciousness and the application of that consciousness as Art, to his external life. He has, as a race, fitted himself consciously by changing his environment, into every climate and condition. That race experience is stored in each child born, and especially does the Anglo-Saxon, call upon it. The individual Anglo-Saxon soon adapts himself to conditions or adjusts conditions to himself. This power of adjustment has made the English the conquering nation.

In present metaphysical instruction we are learning that *Man is Power to overcome every condition*. Every condition so overcome, but adds to his consciousness AS Power to still farther overcome. Having conquered time and space by the harnessing of Power NOT himself, he is now learning that he IS all the power he has harnessed and will so adjust conditions to his ideal, that his body will yet present a perfect physical individuality through which he will, through it, also overcome time and space. In enthusiasm of present achievement, he expects to overcome the "last enemy, Death!" This is promised in present scientific knowledge, and will come as an evolution of the individual into consciousness of himself as Mind;—as a manifestation of the Whole Power of the Universe. I will again quote Emerson. I cannot too deeply impress this profound wisdom upon all who would continue to overcome. "There is one Mind common to all individual men. And each individual is an inlet to the same and to all the same!" That Power which Man has used to adjust conditions to himself, used in overcoming,

is the Power that constitutes him an Individual, that Power is THOUGHT. Not a change in the environment of Man today from that of his first arboreal ancestor, that has not been wrought by thought. When one considers the change of earth since Man thought and the changes in him through thinking, how dare he predicate any limit to human possibility. Every year I see more clearly that the positions I took in my "Man's Greatest Discovery" in 1902, was prophetic and the results therein prophesied will as surely come as suns shall continue to rise. It comes through Man's conversion of every so-called natural law, into a Law of himself as Mind, and the adjustment of his thought to the fact, that his desire is now Law; the line of the Ideal is the line of his evolution. The ideal is the cry and urge of the divine life with him. Know, whatever he desires IS. The moment he formulates that desire it is a reality in the one world of "special creation,"—Human Thought. Adaptation to which the plant and animal Must submit in Man become Adjustment. Things and conditions must submit to the Conscious King, "Conscious Law is King of Kings." Perceiving this fact, I daring wrote in 1901 in a poem printed in NOW these lines:

"I AM, forever! Stars I'll say,
I AM! when ye for aye have lost
All power to be! Then still I may
Bid other stars, a mighty host
Fill brighter skies, for Thought am I
And things are into Being tossed
By One Self-Conscious Unity."

Sped on Star-steeds! Rejoice while
As sunbright centers of the One!
I, Human Soul, can only smile,
For I speed on when ye are gone.
I am forever still the same!
I share with God Creation's throne!
But sun and star, ye are but a name!"

•••

By never doing anything wrong a man misses innumerable opportunities of doing something worth while right.

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

—*Bayard Taylor*

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Winging My Homeward Way

Boston, Mass. Mar. 11, 1912.

After a six weeks' stay here, I start today westward, and my expectation is to keep my face and travel that way till I reach the Pacific—HOME! My work here has been very satisfactory to me. My audiences and classes have all reported themselves more than satisfied. It was with some hesitation that I placed myself before the Boston New Thought people, for they have had all prominent teachers, in all phases. I would not enter the arena to measure swords with any. Because I did feel this timidity and hesitation was one powerful reason why I came. I propose to conquer every fear—I will never “take a dare” but intend to fill my place everywhere as well as I can. I have never recognized in my work, any competition, and never place myself antagonistic to any worker and pronounce no judgments of good or bad upon any one. I never encourage any measurement of myself with others. “What I must do alone concerns me!” is my Emersonian rule. When I do that which I think is right, the God within me says “Well done,” and the opinion of all other’s gods are nothing to me. In this spirit, I have worked under the auspices of Metaphysical Club fourteen weeks and all have been harmonious, pleasant, satisfactory and successful. Nothing more can be asked. Now I turn to the Pacific with a feeling of “Well done!” Best of all, I have in this work conquered SELF.

I have given my Course in “Foundation Principles” in Lynn six successive Sunday afternoons to continually increasing audiences. The officers of the Center tell me it has been to the immense advantage of their work every way.

I have spoken previously of the Boston Club as the most successful I have met. Very much of this success is due to Dr. Anna B. Parker, its Secretary for several years. She resigned this spring to take up private metaphysical work. It

is earnestly hoped that one equally efficient may succeed her. The Club is not only a benefit to the people of Boston, but is an inspirer of other Centers and an incentive to New Thought people everywhere, to go and do likewise. Forget your differences and cease from personal fads and selfish purposes for a few hours a week, and all in ONE SPIRIT unite for the common good. We can never unite upon a Statement of Faith, a Declaration of Principles, or in any sectarian way, but we CAN unite in the Spirit of Love—can unite in LOVE—OF TRUTH, and, in a desire that by individual expression, Truth may more abound. In this union, the Club maintain rooms for study, for lessons, lectures and a very fine library. The Club is also a helper to missionaries-at-large who may come to this city. So could a Club be in every city. For lack of these common centers my work has been limited and expensive to me and to friends. Where there has been a center, or a union of friends, who have arranged for lessons or addresses, there has never been difficulty about finances. But where I am invited with the promise “We will furnish all for so much and advertise you for so much,” etc., etc., I have not found it profitable for me. Wherever local influence has assumed financial responsibility, there has never been any lack of funds. There is need of financial faith, among New Thought people. Well may they in this respect, take lessons from Christian Science. The call for workers everywhere is strong. The need is immanent, would we save the race from an impending cataclysm. Love alone and its demonstration of Truth can save us. The Metaphysical Movement along so many lines is the Modern Ark. “Get on board the Ark of Safety!” shall be our shibboleth. “What shall I do to be saved?” Get on board the Ark of Truth!

* * *

On my way from Boston, I made a last visit at Dr. Sahler's Sanitarium, giving one evening address. Every-

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

—Julia Ward Howe

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thing is progressing beautifully.. One that did not know the purpose of the Institution would think it a finely appointed hotel. I was never in an establishment of any kind where the machinery of business was kept so completely out of sight. The results of the treatment are excellent. I never forget the mass of patients sent here are those where regular practice has failed. We surely have in the principles of Mental Science, the "World's Savior." So hail to all who in any degree actualize them in practice.

* * *

While in Providence, R. I., visiting friends, a cousin, who has been for many years a prominent worker in church and the Temperance movements, accompanied me on visits to the reformatory and penal institutions of the state. Among them, the State Poor Farm, State School for poor children, the State prison and House of Correction. I was much interested in all, as I have been in the many like institutions I have visited,—I sought to analyze the cause of these inmates being there. Every one of them showed immediately a lack of self-respect. This is by far the worst possible mental state, and no help can come until that is restored. Most of the inmates are too old and brain too fixed or atrophied to change them. They are the impedimenta of the great army of mankind. Every army has a lot of persons who, from many causes, cannot be of value at the front. They fall back to rear and must be cared for by the able and the brave. So, in life, there is an ever increasing army of the "unfit." Until we can stop this stream of degenerates, we cannot reach a high point in civilization. The increase staggers any one who has followed statistics. Note well my article in February NOW. Lacking knowledge of Self; lacking faith in Self; lacking native ability as WILL, to overcome; they have been carried along with the floating current the easiest way, doing the easiest thing, only seeking ease, repose, they have naturally drift-

ed to the inevitable end, and have become parasites of society. Unripe, knarled and worm-eaten fruit from the tree of life. What shall be done with them? Nothing can be done to make men and women out of them. All we can do is with proper respect for our own sympathies and for the Human Soul, that is getting its evolution through them, make their last days as comfortable as possible, and thus help them gently into that vast Unknown, where the Universal has a place for them. One thing we can and MUST do, and that is, stop the recruiting of this army from the ranks of the young of today. Here is the place of our efforts. And even here the results are disheartening. The graduates of our reform schools turn up in a much too large proportion, as members of prison gangs or feeders at some public crib. The released prisoner of today returns tomorrow. Cousin told me of one prisoner of his acquaintance who had been sentenced over one hundred times. What a travesty on reform! What an expense to state of continual arrest and conviction,—a constant monetary income for the officers of the law.

Such cases are common. The average person who comes out of prison has gained only in his capacity of repeating his offence. LAW never made men good, or wise, or reformed them. Punishment only aggravates the condition, and the man is worse for it. The futility of law as a restraining power is shown by the fact recognized by all police judges, that the spectator of today is the prisoner of tomorrow. No one howls louder in condemnation of vice than the one who will stand in the bar tomorrow. Law has no deterrent force; law has no educational force. Why, then, keep up the present farce? Why keep up the worship of this fetish of law? The only province of law is the protection of society. All society has a right to ask is, to be protected from ignorance and uncontrolled passion. We should consider men that are morally

I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable Soul.

—W. C. Henley

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below a standard, as we do men below physical standard, as sick men, and send them to a hospital till cured. Indeterminate sentences that will allow authorities to keep till cured—for life, if necessary—institutions to educate such into mental habits of self respect and self control; two habits present penal and reform work does not do; they do the very opposite. Every man is good in his own estimation, always good when alone. It is only his mistaken idea of the way in which to attain that which all seek, — happiness, where he is at fault. Goodness (God) is in every one. The lowest criminal of today would have been an exemplary citizen a million years ago and would have "walked in the best society." What were the Anglo-Saxon people, our ancestors, five hundred years ago? Our worst now would equal their best. Educate, but never condemn nor punish, is Love's Law.

My sympathy was deepest touched at the State School for the poor children gathered from the town-farms of the state,—six hundred of them. As they passed out of their school rooms, I would stroke the head of some little girl, or boy, and the turned up face was so hungry for love that tears came into my eyes, and those who followed him would stop for a like caress. O, wealth come to me so that under my redwoods, some of the thousand children, thus hungry, may find that bread of life "NOW" Folk are so ready to break to them! I had rare opportunity in all these places for the Chaplain was a friend of my cousin and went about with us and told us much we would not otherwise have learned. Truth given in Love is the only savior. Here lies the work of Metaphysics,—among the young; stem the downward tides of humanity.

There is a science of "Brain-Building." Begun early enough in life, one who would be an incubus like these prison and poor house inmates, may become a helper in the race's evolution. Prof. Elmer Gates is preparing such instruc-

tion for the world, and our many New Thought movements all tend this way. Will the public wake up in time and renovate school, college, church and legislature, with a vacuum-cleaner of common sense, cleaning away all antiquated, non-scientific methods of training, and let God, Soul and Nature into their darkened crypts? NOW and its editor will raise a cleansing breeze.

An antidote to the pessimistic condition that threatened to overcome me from these visits, was one of three hours in the Technical High School. The Principal was an old friend of Cousin's and gave us exceptional opportunities; and when he learned the object of my visit, was exceedingly kind and instructive; spent a deal of time with us. I have found no school more extensive. The Girard College is different and more like that which I would institute at the Mountains, but here is a model. I remarked to some young nephews that I would rather know that they had graduated at this school with a trade and the self respect that comes from the consciousness of independence, than I would be to know they had fallen heir to a million dollars. Here any young man has opportunity to learn and to fit himself for any trade. I was pleased to hear the Principal say that the "Plumbers' Union" has agreed to accept all graduates from the school, they having investigated and found the skill and reliability of these students. Such schools, unknown in my boyhood, are one of the most hopeful signs for the future. When every child of rich and poor, boy and girl, shall become able, when necessary, to be an intelligent bread winner society will have come to respect labor more than wealth and will have redeemed itself.

* * *

Detroit, Mich., March 31, 1912.
Today I finish my work in this city. With my previous visit, it makes eight weeks of pleasure. Never were people more kind than the members and friends in the "New Thought Alliance" have

Trust thyself! Every heart vibrates to that iron string.

—Emerson

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been to me. My classes have not been large, but I have the satisfaction of knowing that my work in them was appreciated. And I have struck a deeper water in my teachings and lectures than ever before. The experiences of the last year have been inspiring because of constant demand for growth. Everywhere I have found those who have demanded and would receive the best I had. Detroit has had many of the foremost teachers and it pleases me to know that I stand well in comparison with them. I found here, also, a few friends that gave me the companionship I need, as all do, to bring out the best in me. With a warm place for the Alliance and its supporters and a warmer place for my companions with whom I have thought aloud, I leave these associations, wishing here, as I have in every place I have stopped, that I might take them all back with me to a "Redwood Community," but if I did how the general public would miss its best stock. Here is my program for the three weeks. It may awaken a desire in some other localities for its repetition there. Six Sunday addresses, as follows:

Thy Kingdom on Earth.

Our Daily Bread.

Forgive as We Forgive.

One God; One Law.

Common Sense Optimism.

A Cup of Cold Water.

My two evening courses were as follows:

MENTAL SCIENCE COURSE.

Faith in Self as Life.

Auto Suggestion.

Decision—I Will.

CHARACTER BUILDING COURSE.

"Know Thyself."

Respect Thyself.

Control Thyself.

I had Emerson Classes four forenoons and four afternoons, taking up his essays on "Over-Soul," "Experience," "Friendship," and "Intellect." In previous Courses had taken the others usually interpreted.

Each Wednesday eve there has been held

a "Healing Clinic" where I have given a short talk upon the "Healing Principle," followed with a "Healing Science." I have used my card poem, "A Self-Treatment," accompanied with slow and soft music on piano, and found it not only acceptable but effective.

* * *

Among the pleasant acquaintances I have made on this tour, incidentally I mention, that by request, I visited at her bungalow on Long Island Sound, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. It is an ideal spot; a point of rocky coast jutting into the Sound, and, as it was a beautiful autumn day, I seemed to have fallen into one of Nature's fairy places. The street car ride of a few miles out of New Haven was most of the way in view of the shore and well paid me for the extended ride which the conductor, through my ignorance and his mistake, gave me, for Beauty "being its own excuse," was also in this its own reward. Mrs. Wilcox was a very genial hostess. Had recently returned from her around the world tour and had many things to show me. And we had a very pleasant conversation on the "NOW" Philosophy, and she was pleased to compliment highly the magazine. She is a very prolific author, and by her sketches in the press, is doing, probably, more than any other one person to awaken an interest in what is popularly termed New Thought. I only wish here to put on record the fact of our acquaintance and to emphasize the goodness of heart and practical wisdom she displayed during my visit.

* * *

While in Boston, I was pleased one morning to find in my mail an invitation from Miss Lillian Whiting, to call. I passed, in response to this invitation, a very pleasant evening with her, and all who are familiar with her many beautiful, and philosophical books, treasures of gems from authors in all lines of thought, all placed in a clear metaphysical setting, will be pleased to learn that her books are a clear reflection of

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

—Archie L. Black.

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herself. Without affectation, without show of wisdom, she has the tact to draw the best out of one. We found a rare harmony of thought, a harmony that I seldom find, and in her case as in Mrs. Wilcox's, I realize again that it is the inspiration of good women that awakens the good in men.

* * *

Now I go to Chicago for an indefinite season; to Milwaukee and probably to St. Paul for a short time. Have promised Omaha part of May. I hope to reach my Redwoods and to enjoy a rest, a perfect rest with friends, by July. I there shall repeat to my Classes the words of wisdom I have found so acceptable on these "Thought-flights away from Home." I can make a few short engagements between Omaha and San Francisco, and I would like to visit Idaho, Montana, Eastern Washington and British Columbia, and shall, if conditions warrant. All correspondence will reach me if sent to Glenwood, California, where "Under the Redwoods" I hope to meet many of NOW readers during the summer vacation season.



A Friend

A feller don't need money,
A feller don't need fame,
If skies are gray or sunny
T' him it's all the same,
He don't need level going
As on his way he wends,
The best of life he's knowing
If he's got friends.

Though poverty may vex us
An' trouble's wind may howl,
It ain't our way in Texas
To sit around an' growl,
A feller's joy ain't reckoned
Down there by what he spends,
He's happy every second
If he's got friends.

For coin can't last forever,
An' fame ain't always bright.
The cleverest of the clever
Must sometimes lost a fight.
But when your woes come piling
An' every hope descends,
A feller can't help smiling
If he's got friends.

—Maclyn Arbuckle.

To Now's Friends

Do you realize the unique place NOW holds among the Journals of today? Do you realize its place among New Thought Journals? Because it is unique, it invites your assistance. Few out of a thousand inhabitants are interested in a metaphysical journal, and out of the few that are, but only rare souls are interested in a purely scientific one, like NOW.

Its editor does not rely upon literary articles, nor contributions from persons of note. It is proper to so rely, for those who so desire, but NOW has a purpose, which is *the inculcation of the thought of the Sufficiency of Mind to every demand, and the ability of every individual to live the Consciously Immortal life here and now*. No article, or item, or advertisement is allowed in its pages that in any way lessens that thought in mind of reader. "The Kingdom of Mind ON EARTH!" is its purpose. It is purely scientific. Its method is that of Modern Science. It gathers data and deduces Laws and Principles. NOW carries forward into the realm of Pure Mind, all the Principles science has deduced from the crude manifestations of Mind, called "matter"! NOW has little use for ancient philosophy nor theology. Where they are Truth, they harmonize with NOW, whose motto is "Truth for authority!" The editor is open to truth from every quarter. It would be very easy to base all our teachings upon a new interpretation of Scripture, Hindoo, Jewish or Greek, but that is not the method of the Twentieth Century. Truth as revealed to Consciousness by the use of present day methods is the NOW purpose. For this reason, the Publisher and Editor appeal to NOW's present subscribers to help increase its circulation. Introduce it to your friends. When there appears an article that appeals to you, send copies to those thinkers among your friends whom you think will also enjoy. Put aside a little cash each week to use this way. At expense of time and means, I

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

—Irving Bachelor

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have kept it coming to you. I do not feel this great effort on my part should now be required.

IS NOW WORTHY OF YOUR SUPPORT? DOES IT FILL A PLACE IN THE METAPHYSICAL FIELD THAT WARRANTS YOUR SUPPORT? IS IT NOT INCUMBENT UPON YOU TO HELP THE LIGHT TO SHINE IN OTHER'S MINDS AS PREVIOUS TEACHERS HAVE ENABLED YOU TO SEE?

When NOW'S circulation is doubled I will find an income from it that will enable me to do the literary work, and print the MSS. I have long desired. NOW is in its third year after the disaster that threw it out of circulation for four years. Now is time for renewals. If you will send a NEW subscription with your own, I will send both for \$1.50 for the year 1912.

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Please place NOW on news stands. Be responsible for five copies a month, and what are not sold, return to me, and I will deduct accordingly from the bill. News-stand trade is not financially profitable, only in the way of advertising the magazine, books and Principles. No news dealer will refuse if you will do the work and take the responsibility.

Come up to the help of Truth, and help me to find in the thousand, the ones that are fitted for NOW and for whom NOW is fitted.

Truly your friend,
HENRY HARRISON BROWN.



"All mine is thine!" the sky-soul saith;
"The wealth I am, thou must become;
Richer and richer, breath by breath,—
Immortal gain, immortal room!"

—D. A. Watson.

From Day to Day

Only from day to day
We hold our way,
Uncertain ever,
Though hope and gay desire
Touch with their fire
Each fresh endeavor.

Only from day to day
We grope our way
Through hurrying hours;
But still our castles fair
Lift to the air
Their glistening towers,

And still from day to day
Along the way
Beckon us ever,
To follow, follow, follow,
O'er hill and hollow,
With fresh endeavor.

Sometimes, triumphant, gay
The bugles play
And trumpets sound
From out those glistening towers,
And rainbow showers
Bedew the ground;

Then "sweet, oh, sweet the way"
We smiling say,
And forward press
With swift, impatient feet,
And hearts that beat
With eagerness.

Yet still beyond, the gay
Sweet bugles play,
The trumpets blow,
Howe'er we flying haste,
Or lagging waste,
The hours that go,

Still far and far away,
Till comes the day
We gain that peak
In Darien; then, blind
No more, we find,
Perchance, what we do seek.

—Nora Perry.



Waste

Upton Sinclair, at a vegetarian banquet in Wilmington, Del., said of saving: "It will be a happy day for the world when saving will be no longer necessary. Whenever I think of saving, I think of a little Princeton boy."

"He said to his sister one day during the holidays:

"Mary, you waste your money. You put it all in the bank. But I—"

"Here he took a sourball from a large bag and popped it into his mouth.

"but I buy things with mine."

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

-Whittier

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VOL. IX. MAY, 1912. NO. 5

NOW

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

Have you renewed for 1912?



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 As-

sistant Editor, Mr. S. E. Foulds for information as to terms, rooms, rates, etc., Glenwood, California.

Mr. Brown's Boston engagement 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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♦♦

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Glenwood, Calif.

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

—Whittier

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(This letter was written by a student to his friend and seeing it, I requested a copy for NOW readers.)

Detroit, March 18, 1912.

My Dear Friend:—

This has been such a happy day for me that I would like to share its blessings with you, who has so kindly aided in pointing me the way to this happiness. The snared bird is out of the trap today and joyous wings has soared high in God's free sky. Even the hurt that was so painful seems almost healed.

Last week, with heavy heart, I tried to see God's sunshine ahead. Today, the hope is realized and I live in the eternal day. Something within me is joyfully singing the Creator's praise, for it seems to me, a new day is dawning in my life, which I move about with a sense of freedom that I have not known before. I emerge from the darkness like the giant of old, rising from earth with redoubled strength. No heights are too great for my daring, no tasks too difficult for my strength, for I am success today.

Something lies ahead of me to be accomplished, not for my petty personal self, but for the manifestation of the Divine Love and Beauty which animates the Universe. What a glorious privilege that we can realize this fact, that we can feel the throbbing pulse of life which flows through all things and that the Creative Mind in us can direct that current to whatever channels we will. Ah yes! the struggle, the strife, even the dense darkness is all worth while, for it is but the promise of the radiant dawn of a new day, in which Love shall rule the hearts of men and peace shall abide in God's Universe.

I would that I had the power to express my feelings. Now I know that "I and my Father are One", I abide in Him and He in me. His will is my will and the strength of His life inspires my soul. How good it is to know that we rest in the Eternal with the sureness and peace that a child rests in its mother's arms. God—the One Creative Life—abides with us, so near, so close, so true, that we have only to look within to feel His heart beating in our own. All this and more I feel as that Life swells up in my being. Yes, I, too, must be about my Father's business, doing what my hand finds to do, preparing body and mind for a fuller and more harmonious expression of the Divine Life that I am.

I express myself, as fully as words permit, to you, because you seem to have realized that expression is one of the needs of my life. Accepting Mr. Brown's advise to be willing to make mistakes, to fall short of the mark, I send this to you, confident that the goodness of your heart will find something of the spirit that prompts the effort.

I knew that Mr. Brown's inspiring words were doing things for me which I could not understand when he was here. Now I see that

he stirred up a whirl-wind within me, which was needed to tear up the weeds and clear the ground for new spring flowers. A part, at least, of the rubbish has been removed, the tempest is past, and I again enjoy a clear sky brightened by the spring sun which shines in my soul with more warmth and beauty than ever before. My watchword now is Trust—perfect willingness to obey the Divine Forces which are operating within my own soul.

Very sincerely yours, C. B. J.



The difficulty of a large establishment is that to regulate the employees, it is necessary to systematize the work so that each man's entire time is put in doing just one thing. This constant routine kills in him that subtle quality called initiative, without which no man can hope to win success. He does routine work till he gets into a rut and does his work without using his brain at all and, like any other disused part of the human anatomy, it atrophies and weakens. The sad fact is that there is no real business experience to be gained in the large banks and offices. A \$4 a week clerk in a corner grocery must exercise more brains, initiative and judgment in a day than the average railroad-office clerk, does in a month. He has to handle disgruntled customers, he must suggest new things to eat, he must close out a weakening credit account he must decide whether to trust Bill Smith for a ham or whether it is wiser to turn him down and lose his trade. The grocery clerk is a real business man. His judgment is called on hourly, and he learns every detail of the business from the purchase of supplies to the final delivery into Mrs. Jones' kitchen. All this experience gives him an immense advantage over the lad who simply enters invoice after invoice into a big ledger each day or who carries letters from one part of a big building to another.

What is true of the clerk in a corner grocery is true of every other line of human activity. After you have selected your line, have picked your occupation, try, regardless of present remuneration, to connect yourself with a small but growing concern, and then you will get all branches of the business and will be in a position to take the management or any position at the top of a larger place when the offer of more salary comes to you. Keep out of the big place and hook up with the little one, if you value your future.

—Roe Fulkerson, in *Atlantic Georgian*.



Grant us the will to fashion as we feel;
Grant us the strength to labor as we know;
Grant us the purpose ribbed and edged with
steel,

There is no darkness but ignorance.

—Shakespeare.

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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

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