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# NOW

THOUGHT IS POWER

## A Journal of Affirmation

HENRY HARRISON BROWN,

Editor



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



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

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 SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS

# **Santa Cruz Mountains**

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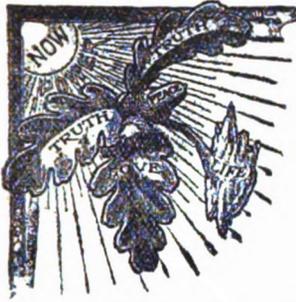
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**JOHN DUBUIS**

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**BRANCH OFFICE, GLENWOOD, CALIF.**



From all Life's grapes I press sweet wine.

—Henry Harrison Brown.

# N O W

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

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No. 9

## *Over and Under*

Under the flower is earth and its gloom.  
Under all joy is shadow of tomb.  
Under success is failure and pain.  
Under all business is great moral strain.  
Under all courage lies shrinking and fears.  
Under all strength is weakness and tears.  
Under love lies hunger and anguish and  
dread.  
Under peace lies danger and exile's hard  
bed.  
Under life lies death with pain and with loss.  
Under Redemption, the thorn and the cross.

Over the root is leafage and bloom;  
While hope rises brightest from shadow of  
tomb!  
Over failure and pain is the mead of suc-  
cess;  
While business is more because of the less!  
Over weakness and tears is strength to main-  
tain;  
While from shrinking and tears courage  
laurels doth gain!  
Over exile and sorrow Peace makes her  
home;  
While from anguish and hunger Love's  
fruition doth come!  
Over death stands Life making up for all  
loss;  
While Resurrection and Crown rise trium-  
phant from Cross.

Under all seeming is God with his love;  
While his Goodness and Beauty and Truth  
bend above.  
HENRY HARRISON BROWN.  
March, 1899.



## *The Fleeting Blues*

About the time that I feel blue  
Some fellow always comes along  
And shouts a cherry "howdy-do,"  
And hums a merry bit of song.  
There's always some one waiting near  
To grab my hand and slap my back,  
And whisper kind words in my ear  
And I forget the world is black.  
With so much kindness round about,  
And so much real good fellow-ship,  
It's pretty hard, when I go out  
To keep a downcast, gloomy lip.  
—E. A. Guest, *Detroit Free Press.*

## *Power Of Mental Imagery*

At one of the demonstrations of Telepathy of my co-worker, Mr. Sam. E. Foulds, a lady wrote on the blackboard: "Hiawatha, Longfellow!" Mr. Foulds was with a committee, out of the room. The words were erased. Called in he took his stand by the board and said: "I see an Indian. I see his tepee. I see scenery. I see him in a canoe. It is all about Indians!" but he got neither name. At a later experiment, "The Bridge, by Longfellow," was written. He said: "I hear a brook; I see water; I follow this brook till it is lost in the sea. I see all the landscape through which the brook passes." He got no name, but taking up the crayon his hand soon began to move swiftly through the air and then he wrote: "EGDIRB." Then he said: "The Bridge, by Longfellow."

This not Telepathy properly, although the word is made to include it. I prefer to call it Thought Transference. Telepathy will ultimately be confined to the transference of language. We do not think in language, but in pictures. Mental imagery is the condition of thought. These images pass into the sphere of objective communication to others in some form of language. They may take form of facial expression, or bodily attitude, may find expression in gesture; may take objective form in inarticulate sounds of moan, laughter, scream; may be given in pictures, as is the case in the picture-writing among the Indians, in a system of hieroglyphics; may be given in arbitrary symbols for words, as in Chinese; or in arbitrary symbols for tones as in our language; or by still more arbitrary symbols as in telegraphy; may be given in the expressive, intelligent and swift meth-

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

—Edith M. Thomas

114

od present method of communication by signs among the deaf. All these forms of language are used today to give objective form to the mental picture that a similar picture may be created in the mind of the listener.

In this case the word "Bridge" may as well have been stone had there been among English-speaking people an agreement that the tones represented by these symbols should stand for the thing we now call bridge. Purely arbitrary is our word for this structure, and more arbitrary is the spelling. There may be some natural relationship between the sensations made by the word "moan" and the real mental condition that produces it, but there is none between the combination of these six letters and an artificial passage-way over a stream of water.

My friend, therefore, entered the mental-picture realm, the thought-realm, and saw a picture similar to that in mind of author and then this picture wrote backward its name as expressed in the symbols of our language. I said "wrote its name." I said it understandingly; for here is one of the most important facts connected with all our study of the Human Expression. Thought is creative of all objective expression. Thought of mechanic or housekeeper directs the hands in execution. Thought, which is but a mental picture of the artist, directs the hand to reproduce itself on the canvas. I have seen it take the hand of H. A. Streight, the artist, in the same positive way in which Mr. Foulds wrote, and paint itself when once he, by *concentration*, lets it have full possession of him. Thought expresses itself through hand of sculptor and carves itself. Through hand of inventor it manufactures the machine. Through the hand of author it writes the poem, book or essay. In all these cases there is first a mental picture. To accept this picture and keep possession of it and give it control over the body; to become in consciousness this picture is to forget self; to lose self-consciousness by becoming entirely this picture one has chosen, is the ultimate of

all human possibility. Then Universal Energy—God—shapes Itself in objective expression into this mental image, just as water shapes itself into the vessel. Remember there is no exception in all Nature's methods. Water is a form of universal energy, is a mode of motion—is power. Thought is also a form of universal energy; is a mode of emotion; is power. Life is the same. We are dealing always with the One-Thing under different forms, but the Law for all forms is one. Each form of energy shapes itself into channels made for it. Water electricity, rock, heat and Life are all directed by that still more potent form of energy, Thought. Thought says to water, "Flow here," and it flows in the notch made for it and shapes itself to the ditch. Thought says to electricity, "Flow here," and it goes over the wire into the lamp or stove or machine and shapes itself to the instrument made for it. Thought says to rock, "Flow here," and by slower processes it shapes itself to building. Thought says to Life, "Flow here," and Life shapes into flesh and blood, into health or disease, into beauty or ugliness; taking shape in the mold which Thought has made in the mind.

A wonderful philosophy, a wonderful science, and the most important of all arts lies in this fact. *The Philosophy, the Science and the Art of Thinking* is the one thing to learn. *How and What to think* includes the whole of human education. Art and mechanics, literature and civilization are but materialized thought. The mental picture, "The Bridge," could have been in a thousand minds at the same time and found a different form of expression through each. The boy with camera would snap it; the painter would copy it; the sculptor sees some other form in it; the poet would have found a poem; the inventor an improvement; the mechanic a job; but it would be a mental picture in each person, but a different bridge to each. In each this picture would have directed the hand. Press the mental button and God does all

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

—Emerson

115

the work. All that is possible to the individual human lies in thinking. Universal energy does all the work. You make demand in Thought and nature is Supply.

"The earth is pledged in payment  
Unto man for all he needs."

Another thought in connection with this experiment: Did Mr. Foulds see the picture that was in the mind of Longfellow? I think not, for the stream that Longfellow had in mind was the Charles river. Is it possible for one to see the same picture that is in mind of author when any poem is written? I think so. For Mr. Foulds and myself often catch pictures from the minds of others. I allow in my philosophy, no limit to human possibility.



Humanity is not divided into criminals and non-criminals. There is but one classification that can be made—the class of those who have committed crime and those who have not. Within certain limits, varying with the individual, every human being is a potential criminal. . . . On the other hand — and this is the bright side of the shield—every criminal is potentially an honest man, and with the right encouragement from society will remain honest by preference. . . . The most important social reform we need is that we make it possible for every human being to find out as nearly in life as possible what he or she is best fitted for and then give every one an opportunity to fill his appointed niche in the scheme of things.—William Allen Pinkerton, in *Hampton's Magazine*.



The Will so alters the brain that in time the brain thinks only according to certain habitual ways. . . . Those Will-elements, likes and dislikes, in proportion to their intensity and duration, have been steadily fashioning the mind's physical instrument to work out only opinions to match, until to have new opinions we need to have new brains. The utmost that reason can do is to persuade its master by adducing other motives, but an elderly man who can be convinced against his will is well nigh a physical impossibility.—William Hanna Thompson in "*Brain and Personality*."



No man or woman of right living need be unduly anxious about a tendency to a disease.—William Lee Howard, M. D.

### A Birthday Sonnet

The world of sense again to me reveals  
The year has rolled round to my natal day.  
I vividly remember friends and say  
Again the rich old word, as Silence steals  
Upon me. I am like the one who feels  
The land beneath him sliding to ravine  
Where only unknown depth below is seen  
As time with steady force bears me away.

The goal is dark alone to mortal sight!  
To Soul there's naught to fear for all is  
Light!

And so I'll slide as children slide on snow,  
And listening to the cry of friends above,  
I, happy, buoyant, down Time's slide will  
go,

And friends shall hear my one clear cry—  
"I LOVE!"

—HENRY HARRISON BROWN.

June 26, '12.



### Man Is Unfolding Soul

### Animal Is Arrested Soul

The Divine Mind—the One Mind—in its unfoldment into consciousness of Itself, has been orderly and progressive. This order we, looking upon it—Mind Individualized taking a backward look—call this order, this process of Unfoldment, Evolution.

Evolution is therefore only Man's observation of the Process of the ONE MIND in its travel on the road to Self-Consciousness. The steps of that travel we find in the successive organisms beginning in the first protoplasmic cell and ending in the Human organism. Each succeeding form being an improvement on preceding one, thus being more complex. Mind experimenting then, just as it does now, in every newly born plant, animal and child, finding in all but the child, limitations that compel a stop in that line. The child does not know what he can do till he has done it. And so Mind did not know till it expressed Itself what IT was, or what IT could do. "Man is the image of God," we are told, and I take that to be that Man being Individualized Mind must follow in his evolution, his unfoldment, the same steps which the unindividualized Mind followed in coming into consciousness of Itself. Thus each organism was on its

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

—Ingersoll

116

plane perfect, but it allowed only a limited expression of Mind. Therefore another of greater opportunities for expression must follow, till one was developed in which Mind could find unlimited opportunities for its infinite possibilities. MIND continually practiced expression till IT made Itself Man. Here IT must stop for nothing beyond Self-consciousness is possible. It must now continually AS Man grow into a larger consciousness of Itself. Burn's with a poet's insight saw this Law when he said:

His 'prentise hand he tried on man  
And then he made a woman.

The author of Mathew saw the Law and the completion of it. In Revised Version we read:

For if ye love them that love you what reward have you. . . . I say unto you—Love your enemies and pray for them that persecute you, that ye may be sons of the Father which is in heaven:—Ye shall be perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect!" This is what no animal can do. The "Sons of the Father" can; and they are sons when they are in life the Principle of Love. Love is not a sentiment, it is the Omnipotence of Mind raised in its potency from mere Energy, to Human Love.

As LOVE, then, Man is to be studied. Animals are to be studied as Life. Our first conception of the Universe and of ourselves is that of Power. All that we are learning during the years we express ourselves as Life, which is Love, we are simply recognizing ourselves and the Universe as Power, and learning how to apply and direct ourselves as Power to control Power.

This is the distinction between Man and animals. Both are Power—Expressions of Universal Power—Expressions of Omnipotence. But so is plant, crystal, atom, ion. Power centralized, power individualized in each of these forms. But Power has many ways of manifestation called scientifically, Modes of Motion. They differ in speed and in number of wave-motions—vibrations in a second. We call this difference in these Modes, pitch. There is a difference in

pitch between one form of Motion and another. The pitch of crystal, of violet, of bird, of any Man, are as different as the pitch of the lark and that of Niagara in tone, and that of candle and sun in light. Man as Love, is the highest pitched of all Universal, Absolute, vibrations. There is one Independent individualized vibration still outside all these named that we recognize as Thought. Thought is Individual-Man. Love is Man. Love is the whole human race.

As Love man is to be studied. There is as much difference between Man and animals of highest grade as there is between the diamond and lilly, and between the lilly and the crow. The like difference exists between man and the cat. Cat is Omnipotence, individualized as an animal. Man is Omnipotence organized as Man. It is not a question of degree; but it is a difference of kind. Man is the culmination of the process of evolution. Man is the end for which chaos and earth came. The Divine purpose is complete in Man. Once this is recognized you will see yourself as a "Son of God," and as such:—"Ye shall be perfect."

The human body is animal and is the matrix, the womb, of Man. It is not Man, but is the soon-to-be-left-behind shell in which lies the embryo Man. It bears the same relation to Man that the shell of egg does to chick. The body is for the Individual Man—the Ego—"I"—in which to grow into consciousness of Itself. When that purpose is, in a greater or less degree, accomplished, the body, like the shell, is aborted. That there are premature births all along the line of reproduction is true. Man is also the expression of Law, and can be prematurely born out of body. But out of it HE can still develop in the new birth for that birth is that for which creation is. All the past has been, that Mind could thus become through perfect individuality, Self-consciousness. God becomes conscious of Himself through the human embryo.

There are those who KNOW that this

## Truth for Authority, No Authority for Truth.

—Lucretia Mott

117

second birth called Death, does open to Life, and that it gives opportunities for the infinite possibilities of Mind to express themselves. Those who know it have learned the fact stated as a possibility on every editorial page of NOW—i. e.: "*Man is spirit here and now, with all the possibilities of Divinity within him and he can consciously manifest those possibilities HERE and NOW.*"

This is the difference between Man and animal. Animals have not infinite possibilities of unfoldment. The bird and bee of today are identical with bird and bee of a millions years ago but Man today differs immensely from the arboreal Man, cave-Man, and Man in the early ages of Egypt and Greece. He is manifesting under necessity and ideality, some of the infinite possibilities of the race.

This fact should cause teachers, philosophers, doctors, preachers, and reformers to deal with Man as something unique, and not import into him the propensities and faculties of the animal, and limit his expression to the experience of the animal life.

"Don't do that! You hurt it!" is often heard when one sees a person teasing or torturing an animal. Why do they so think? Because that done to them would cause them pain. Does it cause pain to the animal? Contrary to all present opinion, as far as I know, I declare that animals do not feel pain. Pain is a mental condition of human beings. Pain is only in the mind of Man. Animals cannot have that condition. Animals move under their sensations, as water flows or as leaf moves in the wind. There is no consciousness of WHY they move. The cat flies into a fit when a fish bone sticks in its mouth, but it is not from pain, but from the instinct of fear which causes all animals to seek self-protection. The vegetarian and anti-vivisectionist all place their arguments from a human point of view. They import *human* faculties into the animal. They think because *they* would feel pain under like conditions the animal does, forgetting the important (Continued on page 118)

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* AFFIRMATIONS \*  
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### Contentment

I am one with Him "who is from eternity."

I am One with the All-Good.

I am One with the Life Eternal.

I am One with the Ever-Present Love.

I am One with the Everlasting Truth.

In this Unity I am content.

Nothing disturbs the serenity of Soul.

Within the Silence, all is Peace.

Whatever comes, it is from the One who is good, and all is well.

Whatever my lot, it is His will and I am content.

Wherever I am, I am where He wishes me to be, and I am content.

Whoever is my companion, He is with me, and I am content.

Whether it be cloud or sun, it is His sky, and under it I am content.

If success, or seeming failure, meets me, since it is His will it is ever sure success, and I am content.

All is well with me, for all comes from the One Loving Providence.

In this Providence I find my rest, and I am content.

Joy and gladness follow me because I am content with my lot.

Contentment is mine by the unerring law of Life and is all good.

All His is mine and in His riches I am content.

In this contentment I am free from all the entanglements of fear.

I at all times command my energies for the thing in hand. Now is the accepted time for all my efforts.

I am never in haste.

I am sure always to be where I should be, and at the time I should be.

I enjoy in this contentment all things.

All that is good for me is mine now.

Now I am content. The peace that passes understanding is mine.

All is well now. The angel of content is ever *with* me!

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

—Bayard Taylor

118

fact that the animal is not human, and they are not animal. They, as psychic beings, do feel themselves *in mind* the pain they import to the animal. The rock vibrates to the blow of the hammer, and I have one acquaintance that thinks the rock feels pain. I have another who will not break a flower from its stalk, because she thinks it causes to both plant and flower pain. Perhaps Shakespeare when he makes the sympathetic Isabella praying for a brother's life, say:

And the poor beetle that we tread upon,  
In corporeal sufferance feels a pang as great,  
As when a giant dies.

is to a large degree responsible for that sympathetic, false idea that animals suffer pain. I have seen them flee before a prairie fire and become tame when they found the burnt spot about my tent. I have seen wounded and seemingly suffering animals. My loved horse has looked at me so as to make my eyes have tears—but did he suffer? It remains to decide as to what we mean by "suffering." I answer "Yes!" he suffers as an animal can suffer, but he does not suffer as a human being suffers nor as I imagine because he is not human.

But I will be sidetracked here by the question—Do you believe in cruelty? Certainly not. But I ask humane treatment for animals first of all for humanity's sake. It is animalizing, brutalizing, degrading to man to torture and to wantonly kill. It is humane and human to give as easy a death as possible when it is necessary for us to take the life of any animal. But have we a right to take life? Certainly! All the rest of the life in evolution is, that I may be. And all that is necessary for me to use is mine that I may be Man.

Mine to use that I may express that idea of God incarnated as myself. "Things are in the saddle and ride, mankind!" says Emerson. Let me take the saddle and I will find that things are for my use, and that all the partial individualities below me in the scale are helping, the evolution of selves above by being killed. Says Dr. Holland in "Bitter Sweet":

"The sparrow preys upon the finch, the finch upon the fly,  
And that a rose may breathe a breath, some thing must die!"

There is not a plant that grows that does not eat millions of infusoria, bacteria and animalculae. Every animal lives upon the live organisms below itself, and even preys upon its own species. Though I eschew meat and think I live upon vegetable I shall find that in eating pure wheat even I eat live creatures, and in drinking pure water I live upon life. Each of these little forms are as perfect as the organism I am. "The microscope cannot find the animalculae which is less perfect for being little. Eyes, ears, taste, smell, motion, resistance, appetite and organs of reproduction that take hold on eternity—all find room to exist, in the smallest creature!" How large then shall it be, before I quit using it for my existence? The world exists for the maintenance of Man. Plant and animal are for Man. For Man to use *as* Man. When he is cruel, wanton, brutal, he is not Man but the animal in him triumphs despite the little Man he has developed to expression. But this very expression of savagery is necessary in him. He has not passed that savage stage in which each individual human ego is encased at birth—a prisoner in the animal matrix. Most men have their heads and arms out of matrix, illustrated in ancient thought by the centaur. Their bodies are still animal. And most women have the human head and breasts liberated, from the animal matrix, but still like the sphinx live attached to an animal body. We are to abort the whole animal, sometime and then what we will live upon I do not know. It seems to me that this desire not to kill is a prophecy of that Man that is to come, which Jesus prophesied when he said:—"I have bread to eat you know not of!" And again:—"Man shall not live on bread alone!" That time is not yet developed in Man. He is still under, to a greater or less degree, the dominion of the animal matrix, from which he is slowly being

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

—Julia Ward Howe

119

born. "The second birth" I take to mean—We first are born into this material consciousness, and are to be born into spiritual consciousness. When that spiritual consciousness has been reached, Man will have aborted all his animal retics—like a chick, will have come out of his shell, and will then BE Man. But since the Reality is Man now, it is time we began to recognize that Reality and care for it and not take counsel of that old matrix and considering that ignore the Man that is being born through that animal expression which he is fast leaving behind him.

Since Man is not animal, but its opposite, it is time for us to reason that every thing we learn of the animal is *not* true of Man. We should study Man as the opposite of all other expressions of life. First, because every other expression is a limited, an arrested, expression, and Man is a perfect, unlimited expression. Every other expression is subject to Law. Man is Law.

Every other expression moves in lines of least resistance: Man overcomes resistance. All his progress from the animal lies in his overcoming conditions to which the animal submits.

The animal has but two functions in its existence—First, to perpetuate its own existence and, next, the perpetuation of the species. Man has a third and more important which is—The perfecting of his own individuality through expression. He is not only to live, but is to unfold the limitless possibilities he is. He is to be never two days the same individual, but a more unfolded one each day. To come into a greater consciousness of himself. Reproduction is not an important fact in his expression, it is but an incident in his life.

The animal eats that it may live. As far as Man is developed he eats not to merely live but that he may enjoy living. He performs the necessary act for reproduction not that he necessarily may have a child, but that he may know himself as creation and enjoy the condition. Animals reproduce by instinct. Man as far

as he has left the animal behind finds pleasure in the sexual act, and seeks it for pleasure; as far as he is still animal he is impelled by instinct and degrades himself to the level of the brute. In this thought Man is to be studied. Until he is, there will be reforms, that do not reform. Efforts to save that do not save. Laws that do not prevent, and remedies that do not cure.

Work upon Man as animal, and you will fail in making men. The Eugenic reforms advised will succeed, if possible to secure them, in raising a good breed of animal-men but will fail in raising spiritual men. Men are born of Love, and not of matter. Born of impulse and not of cool calculation. Animals are born of necessity controlled by the instinct of procreation, at the heating season. Man is self-controlled and the reproductive faculties are under his Will and Desire. He may reproduce himself or may create poems, states, inventions, everything, from his reproductive function. He is not confined to mere reproduction of species. Man is Thought and through Love he can produce through the creative force of sex all that he can Think. But it is true that the Centaur-Man of today does find himself led by, controlled by the sex instinct, and thus only partially enters into his birthright of freedom, as Man to control every function of his body that through enjoyment he may be still more Man. "The Kingdom of heaven is within!" said Jesus who had found it and who expressed it. That kingdom means enjoyment. Man when he comes will live for that alone. Labor will be play then. And thus we are demonstrating the truth of Spencer's statement:—"Health giving acts are pleasurable!" Elmer Gates' experiments prove that pleasurable thoughts and acts give life. Man is to be studied as the Expression of "the kingdom of heaven." Only that is for him to do that he does in Love, that in which he finds pleasure, and that from which he receives health. That condition will not be in repressing, prohibiting his Human nature, and living under laws

## I thank whatever gods may be For my unconquerable Soul.

—W. C. Henley

120

under which the brute has been developed. But in being himself the Law and trusting that inner Urge—The Law of God in Man—he will under self-control express that urge in happiness. This will cut out all those actions that lie in his animal nature, and will bring into prominence those that lie in the consciousness of the Humanness of the race. He who lives as Man cannot be cruel, nor proud, nor vicious, nor lustful, nor miserly. Every trait of character that we admire will dominate him.

Taste will lead him to the best and the most beautiful, and this will be the most wholesome, and the most peaceful, and in so living he will have found that Man is lord of all.

Here began the differentiation of Man from animal in that *something-organism* that was neither Man nor brute, but in which slept the possibility of Man. The brute did not know his sex. It was unconscious sex. Unconsciously the brute through generative forces had maintained his body. When the breeding season came he acted under sex-force to reproduce his species. But Soul was stirring in him. Soul must start its new unfoldment at the generative center. The sense of pleasure in sex expression started the Human expression. The use of sex for pleasure was the beginning of Man, as its instinctive use has been the beginning of every organism below Man.

Through this newly awakened sensation, this newly born consciousness, Soul kept on unfolding, till through pleasure IT came to know IT-self. In sex and through sex the race has unfolded. It is the consciousness of sex that makes the strong man or woman, intellectually and spiritually. The result of evolution is toward sexizing the whole body so that spiritual men and women enjoy more pleasure in touch of hand than the animal person does in the sex act. All the discussion of sex today only stimulates sex passion. A proper knowledge of sex will stimulate spiritual unfoldment. The highest sex act is that manifested in

friendship, in companionship; in Love expressing itself continually in kindly word and act. This will draw together those who are affectionate and there will be little thought of the physical act, once the Friendship is established. Friends may, nor not, be of different sex physically. They will be spiritually and intellectually so unlike that it will amount in life, to the same thing as the meeting of the different sexes on the merely physical plane. The cure then for the present ills of society is for each person to follow the Law of Jesus: "Love one another." Love, which is Life evolved to the Human expression, always manifests in the expression of Good Will; Love makes the person a friend. The redemption of present civilization does not consist in sex-education, but it does exist in the development of friendship, and in its free expression. This will make every person that which Jesus was. It is said of him—"He was a friend!" Leigh Hunt saw the angel write Ben Adams' name first on the scroll of "those that loved the Lord" because Adam had requested the angel to write his as "One that loved his fellowmen." John wrote—"Let no man call God Father that loveth not his brother!" Love's one manifestation is Friendship. Love's expression is not sex-expression physically, unless Friendship, Companionship, is present. Any other, is Life's expression under the restored animal propensities. LOVE IS THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW. Think of the word "Fulfillment."



### A SUN-DIAL.

Each morning sees my task begun,  
Each evening finds my duty done:  
The shadows on my dial show  
Only the joyous hours that go  
Along the pathway of the sun.  
Only the happy hours I write,  
Between the daybreak and the night:  
My records all are golden rhyme;  
I am the troubadour of Time,  
And all my songs are of delight.

—Frank Dempster Sherman in Scribner's

## Trust thyself! Every heart vibrates to that iron string.

—Emerson

121

### *Under the Redwoods! At Home!*

O Earth! thou hast not any wind that blows  
That is not music; every weed of thine  
Pressed rightly flows in aromatic wine;  
And every humble hedgerow flower that  
grows  
And every little brown bird that doth sing  
Hath something greater than itself, that bears  
A living word to every living thing,  
Albeit it holds its message unawares.

—Richard Realf.

Home in the woods! Home with friends! Home with love and Truth! It is good to be away from Home. It is good to come home. The better part of a vacation is the going away, and the best part is the coming back to Home. Change is necessary. Through comparison we reach values. To learn to do without any thing, or person, is power. To have them, or it, return when we have learned to do without is to enjoy. As long as we feel any person or thing is necessary, we do not enjoy; we simply have and use. But when we learn we can do without and then have, then we do enjoy. Liberty is the only, is the one, condition of happiness. Once, it seemed I could not be happy without the presence of my friends. Now I am happy knowing that they exist. They are doing their work; living their life; and I am happy thinking of their goodness, and feeling the vibrations of their love. Life had no harder lesson than this for me:—"You are hurrying to seek your friend; are you aware that you have no right to desire to meet him if you are not equally willing not to meet him?"

During my tour this lesson has been impressed on me at every place I have stopped. Often I have wished I had not learned to love the friend, so hard was the parting, but I learned that in each friend I added to my real stock only when I was thankful for the coming and the going; when I was as ready to leave them as to find them; when I learned the lesson Walt Whitman taught me—one of the many I have learned from him. He says in the "Song of the Open Road"—

To take the best of the farmer's farm and the rich man's elegant villa, and the chaste blessing of the well-married couple, and the fruits of the orchards, flowers and gardens,  
To take to your use out of the compact cities as you pass through,  
To carry buildings and streets with you afterwards wherever you go,  
To gather the minds of men out of their brains as you encounter them, to gather love out of their hearts,  
To take your lovers on the road with you, for all you leave them behind,  
To know the Universe as a road, as many roads, as roads of traveling Souls!"

Thus here as I lie this clear beautiful morning, I have all my lovers with me; I have all the homes that have made me welcome with me; I have all the audiences that have looked up to me with rapt faces; I have all the weary and ill that I have helped to find joy and peace; I have all the dear hands I have clasped, and all the tender eyes into which I have gazed; and the especially dear ones with whom I have come into closest sympathy; they all are here. This "Emerson's Grove" has welcomed them. I alone see them. As I lie here I clasp the hands I love; I read the poems we read together; I see the picture we have looked upon; the roads we travelled over; the libraries in which we browsed together; the songs and plays we listened to in the various theaters; all this comes to me this morning, for I carry them with me; they are present, and they are the NOW; they are the Man that lies here, and were they to go I would be so much less the Man. Thank-giving fills my heart too full for what I am in all this, for any place for regret and sense of loss to come in. I AM! And I am so much more in consciousness for these friends. If I have any desire stronger than another as I lie and think of all that is, because it once was, it is, that I may be the legal possessor of this Home-ranch and that my friends may here in body enjoy it with me. As I utter this wish, I also say "O INFINITE LOVE! Thou ordereth all and in Thee all is Good! If it comes as I desire it is well! If it does not so come, then

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

—Archie L. Black

122

still, all is well! And the Divine Love thou art will send that which is better for me and them!" Sometime, dear friends, we will meet and know we meet! Now we meet and do not know it or the message we bear, being as unaware as the bird in Realf's poem. But the Sub-conscious knows and that suffices now. Seattle, Wash., July 5.

I left the kind friends at Spokane and arrived in Seattle Saturday, June 20. I had sent word in response to Mrs. Gayler's invitation, that I would address her Society Sunday. The word was not rightly carried, and no notice was had of my coming. As I entered her hall Sunday A. M. she saw me, and at close of her address called upon me to say words of Truth to the audience. She announced that I would have classes at her rooms the following three eves. The rooms were well filled, and I know from the warmth of welcome that my words fell on rich soil. Mrs. Gayler is doing a fine work here. Her influence is constantly spreading. She has a pleasant society that is growing in numbers and is already a power in the city. It is pleasant to find such results, and one so permanent in a city of such hustle, bustle, and fearless business enterprise as Seattle. Certainly I never felt such spirit as resides here of fearlessness in investment of dollars in material enterprises. There is no such word as "Fail" in the business vocabulary of the city and there can be no failure in her work and growth. The city undertakes in her youth enterprises involving millions, that would daunt the spirit of older and larger eastern cities. It gives one life to breathe this atmosphere. By and by there will develop the same desire for the spiritual; then well may the older world look out for its intellectual and spiritual laurels.

A Unity Class has been established here and an old "NOW" student and friend—Mrs. J. Leedy—is conducting it. It has passed through the period of baby measles and like conditions, and now seems at peace and prosperity. There

is room for many like ones, and with no thought of competition, but in spirit of Unity, each will help the other and all help Truth.

Here I passed the sanest Fourth that I ever passed in a city. It was very quiet. The new states have not that old fashioned tendency to keep this day the older ones have. Other and later thoughts find expressions in holidays. But the usual tin-horn and cannon were missing. Parties passed the day in parks, and out in country on street car lines picnicing. A rest-day this.

I passed the day in the home of a friend whose love I won in 1890, when he was a youth of 17. We have kept up our friendship and we seem no older to each other now than then. With wife and child he still feels his old affection, and wife joined in the invitation to leave my California home and make my home with them. I cannot be in body with all my friends so I am with all in spirit. I come in body when it is best. Realf says of himself:—

"He loved his fellows, and their love was sweet!"

So say I of myself, and all who find in friendship the one true joy of life. When such die we will follow Realf's admonition and while we tenderly cherish them we will "Plant daisies at their head and at their feet," but will plant now to the *Living* friend, who is ever with us, and not to that which is corruptible. "I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS!" said He who "was a friend!"

Portland, Ore., July 18.

I wrote Dr. T. M. Minard that he could have me for one eve on my way home from Seattle. He replied:—"One week-day eve not enough. Have announced you for two addresses Sunday the 7 and two evening addresses the 5 and 6."

What could I do but obey such loving orders. There were fine audiences Friday and Saturday, and the Society rooms well filled on Sunday. The "Elks Reunion" was to be held the next week and an invitation was extended by the Dr., his wife, and friends, for me to re-

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

—Irving Bachelor

123

main over the next Sunday and give a lesson every eve also.

The city was crowded with Elks and their friends, to the number variously estimated from 150,000 up. I think the above estimate not too large. It was the most orderly and happy crowd in which I ever was. The city was most beautifully decorated with none of that blare and tawdry expression so often seen. Here was a most tasteful blending of the national colors with the purple and white of the Elks'. The streets called "The Court of Honor" were enclosed by the most chaste arches and pillars and festoons of lights that I have seen since I saw the glories of "The Court" at the Chicago World's Fair. San Francisco has something to do to outvie this exhibition. The parade was also very fine and enjoyable. There was perfect order with all the possible fun, good cheer and good-will could produce.

The wonder was, that my hall was well filled each eve with an interested body of students. Thus giving the lie to the oft expressed—"It is not the right time so much is going on!" *Any* time is the right time if the WILL is there.

The second Sunday I was greeted with a like audience and though the heat was unusual, there was no diminution of interest. I remained for three week-day lessons, giving the last upon the eve of the 17 of July. Although it was the hottest eve I ever saw upon the Pacific Coast and the hottest ever recorded in Portland, I had 25 people in attendance. Blessed city! It has taught me faith in Truth and henceforth I'll give no heed to external conditions. If the heart is right I'll be there. "Let your heart speak! Minnehaha!"

Mr. Minard has created a fine society by his truth and his fidelity to it. He has a very large healing practice drawing patients from all walks of life, including the various businesses and professions, even doctors send to him some they fail upon. "Nervous diseases!" Well, sometime, they will see that this term includes all. Where Truth—in Love—

abounds there is harmony. With Dr. Minard as with most of the healers and teachers I have met on this tour, I found nothing but harmony. We met in our Truth like two clouds mingling at morn and in our Love like two suns mingling their light.

Nothing in all my journey has given me more joy and hope for the future than this lack of jealousy and the sinking of the personal factor in the Universal Good. Surely, the world has much to hope for from the unselfish devotion of the metaphysicians now so plenteous in the United States. When is counted up the Benefactors of the race, they will not be forgotten, those whom I have mentioned in my Travel-Notes, and as the last link in the chain that reaches from San Francisco to Boston and back I am happy in my Portland friends, Dr. T. M. Minard and his enthusiastic wife.

Rev. Perry J. Green has also a Society that is doing a good work along individual lines of Truth. He is reaching many people that his personality alone can reach. Each ones draws his own. Here in very comfortable quarters I find him, gathering each Sunday quite a crowd of people and giving them Truth as he sees they need. And that they do need it, is evidenced by the reports of good he is doing.



O Friend, my bosom said,  
Through thee the rose is red;  
All things through thee take nobler form,  
And look beyond the earth,  
The mill-pond of our fate appears  
A sun-path in thy worth.  
Me, too, thy nobleness has taught  
To master my despair;  
The fountains of my hidden life  
Are through thy friendship fair. —Emerson.



From Alaska comes this:—"I enclose money order for NOW. Kindly send me November and December, 1911, as I did not receive mine. Please register the package as I do not wish to miss any of them. It seems like a visit of a dear friend to get NOW. I surely have learned to appreciate friendship since I have been here where my nearest neighbor is usually six miles away and I would have to go seventy-five miles to find any one in the least interested in New Thought."

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

—Whittier

124

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Vol. IX. SEPTEMBER, 1912 No. 9

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San Francisco is busy preparing for the Greatest World's Fair in 1915. Are you preparing to visit it? Dollars want to be used to build it. Dollars want to be used in your coming. What are they for but to use in enjoyment?

### "New Thought Business College"

Mary E. Strong of Portland has sent me a circular of her school under this title. This is the first ever established. She is a very capable teacher having had large experience in a business college in the East. Is also a fine teacher in New Thought. I cannot give space to her circular, but send to 411 Central Building, Portland, for it and when you seek a school remember her. In her letter she kindly says of my work in Portland: "You certainly set the leaven working in Portland, as there is coming to be quite a live interest in the Center here." Dr. T. M. Minard also testifies to the same fact. In a letter he says:—"I want to tell you my congregations have been keeping up fine. I speak to a full house every Sunday morning, and I feel that your being with us did us lots of good!" All of which is gratifying to me. Portland is a fine city and has two good Centers. Let other lovers of Truth go and do likewise. Start as Dr. Minard did—small—and grow.

It is delightful this season in the Grove at my class work. I am sure I never did so well. Never saw Truth in so *practical* a way and never so sought to make it a daily expression in the lives of my students. I see my growth and the benefit of my tour every time I consider my present mental state and that of two years ago. This is the joy. Sam Walter Foss, tells us "As in the ages gone, the joy of joys will be the joy of going on!" When we cease measuring life by years as *duration*, and measure life by years of unfoldment, we shall never grow old.

"Bought 'Dollars Want Me' when you lectured in Omaha. It is 'Great!'"

—MRS. J. D. S.

"Your talks here did me more good than anything I had ever heard in Metaphysical lines. May you be blessed in success in every thing."

—MRS. D. K., Lincoln, Neb.

"'How to Control Fate' has changed my life. Send a copy for a friend."

—B. B.

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

—Whittier

125

This office has received the second number of Harry Gaze's magazine "*Life Culture!*" All success to him. Every new publication helps to educate the public in Truth; awakens an interest that not only benefits all magazines but causes the public to see and hear the teachers. Truth is many sided that it may fit "Many men of many minds." The magazine is in fine typographical shape. The contents healthful. This number contains his first lesson on "The Attainment of Eternal Youth." The only exception NOW takes to this lesson is that expressed in the editorial in this number. He pays too much attention to the thought of Man as animal; and draws conclusions from the development of the lower forms of Life. Man is not *Life*. He is the Infinite Mind expressing itself as Mind. Life in Man is transformed to Love. There is as much difference between Infinite Energy expressed as Love, from that same Energy expressed as Life, as there is between Energy expressed as gravity and that expressed as light. But the Lessons will stimulate thought, and if that is not what Mr. Gaze writes for, it will be that which he accomplishes, and as he is a Thinker this he will always do. It is published at Hollywood, Los Angeles, Calif.

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This is the kind of letters I like. "Send five copies of *Self Healing*. I have calls for them immediately." So writes a dealer. I am sorry the book has been delayed, but "NOW" Folk have purchased a press and are doing the work upon the book. It is ready for distribution, by time this magazine is in the subscribers' hands. Hereafter there will be no delay. When I stated that it would be ready in July, I expected to have it printed on contract, but the "Home" Folk had decided upon the press and they did not make the contract and incident upon many little delays I have to ask patience on part of our friends. I know they will congratulate us on this evidence of our prosperity.

The State is building a road that will open our Ranch to the automobile travel of the State along the Ocean side. When complete, and work in our county will begin this fall, we shall be on a fine highway direct from San Francisco to Santa Cruz. Our Home then will attract those that seek a pleasant resting place, where they share a rare combination of mountain and sea.

I received the books and also the magazines. They are good, I never read anything better and more logical. If people would read more of such truths it would not be long until everybody would be happy, and satisfaction and contentment would be the happy result. You have a logical way of reasoning, and you put it in such a way that one does not have to read large volumes to get the truth.—A. H. \_\_\_\_\_, Ohio.

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There is no darkness but ignorance.

—Shakespeare.

126

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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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