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

Published by
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Henry Harrison Brown, Editor and Proprietor, to whom all communications should be addressed.

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From all Life's grapes I press sweet wine.

—Henry Harrison Brown.

NOW

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

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SUNDAY MORNING SUNRISE FROM
TWIN PEAKS.

On the edge of the city, o'er looking the Bay
Watching the dawn o'er mountains away.
How still is all Nature! How quiet God lurks
While ever about me His Beauty He works!
Man sleeps all unconscious of God and the
day!
He reck not of Force in its cosmical play!
He's sleeping! He knows not that God makes
Himself
A rose of bright dawn on yon mountain shelf.
Aye! He is now working and teaching me
how
He brings His Omnipotence to man's pleas-
ture to bow!
He's the One that playeth in daisy and star!
He's the One in near atom or in comet afar!
I learn a great lesson! From Him, these are
whirled!
How great is the Power! How small is the
world!
And I am this Power to consciousness
brought!
Am a personal Being expressing a Thought!
Awake, O ye sleepers! For God passes by!
Ye are loosing a triumph of Soul in your cry
"A little more slumber! I'll rest me still
more!"
The car of Omniscience passes your door!
It waits with the greatest of the gifts of a god
A THOUGHT that will lift your life from the
cloak.
God is here! I am here! On me he confers
A share of his throne. His thought never errs;
I'm the Power, that made all! We're one;
and I call
The worlds into being from where latent
they lie
For Being is here, and Being am I.
HENRY HARRISON BROWN,
Twin Peaks, San Francisco, June, 1903.

Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing.
Frances S. Osgood.

SPRITUAL CONSCIOUSNESS.
The realm of the Supernal Powers
Impinges on this earth of ours.

—Whittier.
Every man walks environed by his proper
atmosphere, extending to some distance
around him.—Emerson "Modern Literature."
The spirit world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and every
where
Wafts through the earthly mists and vapors
dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

—Longfellow
Intuition is the inwrought wisdom of the
eternal spirit, which transcends the schools
and confounds the temple doctors—Andrew
Jackson Davis.
Immortality? Certain of it! But is it here
individuality or in the next life? Certain of it
if a grain is not a husk. The real acorn, the
real grain of wheat does not perish or lose
its identity in the dust. It is only the worth-
less grain and the husk and the shell that
passes back to the common mould. So then, if
you want immortality, make it.—Joaquin
Miller in the City Beautiful."

In our NOW Philosophy we are
beginning to live not as body, but as spir-
it. The five senses are all of the phy-
sical life. Through these senses we are
cognizant of body and of the material
environment; but there is also a phase of
life that is not limited to these senses,
and which we call "psychic." Life builds
body; therefore, body is the husk or
shell. The real Man is Life, and all that
the word Life includes. That life in
esSENce is eternal is recognized, but the
question arises, "Is the Ego shell or
germ?" If germ, it is immortal now.
This present immortality it is the mis-
sion of NOW to bring into the active
consciousness of mankind, so that all
thinking and doing will be actuated by the thought, "I am spirit here and now!" Thus will we abolish from humanity all thought of death, time and the hereafter.

I would make it impossible for any one to talk of future heaven because he realizes a present one.

The only way to this realization is through the unfoldment of soul faculties. When one lives as Spirit that heaven is realized. Living as Spirit, is living in those vibrations which are not recognized by the five senses. This can be done only by developing the psychometric faculty. These NOW editorials may be regarded as the initial steps to a realization of immortality, and the enjoyment of that immortality now, while in the flesh. The moment this is realized, questions of the hereafter, of heaven, of happiness and of earthly immortality are answered by the enjoyment that now is.

Spiritual development is the most important study man ever took up; it is the preparation for a conscious immortality while in the bodily expression. For this reason I am devoting my effort to awaken this consciousness of Spirit. The world is groveling in material conditions. Mankind is on the verge of the new birth. Civilization is hanging where it has hung many times in past ages, balancing between the sensuous and the spiritual. One of these must win. The Human must conquer the animal. The Centaur and the Sphinx typify present unfoldment. Out of the animal conditions Humanity is mentally emerging but its body is still encased in animality. MAN is to be born. The animal is to be entirely outgrown. There is but one way out, and that is via the "second birth." The first birth is the incarnation of spirit as an individual expres-

sion, in an organism prepared for it by previous expressions of the Absolute Life, on the animal plane; the "second birth" is spirit's complete expression through the Human Soul when it shall have thrown off all animal limitations. Ancient civilizations reached this point and died. Humanity must now be born or die. Those who do master, win immortality without death. Seers saw the fact in Principle; Paul told us it would come. "Death shall be swallowed up in victory!" And "the last enemy to be conquered," he said, "is death." How? By man never dying. Animals die. Death is an animal function which Man has inherited. When Man has emerged from the animal condition he will not die, but will ripen out of physical conditions consciously and gradually.

By spiritual unfoldment he will daily leave portions of the physical body behind him, living in higher vibrations, until he shall live entirely in those vibrations in which they live, who have been thousands of years in the realm whence they went, when they were conquered by death and corruption. "I will not allow my Holy One to see corruption!" was a prophecy made by an ancient seer. But to-day "My holy one," the Soul, does see corruption, but it never becomes corrupt. The time will come when the corruption of decay will not be seen by that "Holy One," the Human Soul.

The first scientific and conscious development of any class of persons toward this realization was made when Dr. Buchanan, in 1840, began the scientific and practical cultivation of the Psychometric faculty. There have been those throughout all the ages who, by isolation and by secret orders, have sought this under religious impulse and spontaneous development, but not till the nineteenth
E'en as thy thought,  
So are the things thou seest.  
—Arthur Hugh Clough.

The century was there a scientific and rational method of study and practice looking to this realization. It required the rational, progressive, logical, and scientific Anglo-Saxon race, the world-conquering race, to bring ancient wisdom to this practical test. This Soul faculty has burst forth in the many cults of Mental Science; is widespread in Christian Science; in the phenomena of spiritualism, which parallel and repeat the spontaneous phenomena of the past, and the miracles of Occultism and Mysticism of past ages. But I dare claim, that not until Dr. Buchanan began a systematic investigation and sought to place psychic phenomena upon as scientific a basis as that of the material scientist did there occur on earth any beginnings of a Spiritual Science.

Starting with this investigation the science has been developing. Andrew Jackson Davis and Prof. Denton have added much, and now with the great help given by modern metaphysics and the truly scientific methods of Mental Science we are on the road to a Spiritual Science, which I call “Soul Culture”! I dare say that the system I have thus named, and as far as possible elucidate and teach, is a near approach to that future Science of Spirit. Many so-called Mental and Spiritual Science teachers lack the patience, thoroughness and method that entitles them to be called “scientific.” They have methods based upon suppositions, speculations, traditions, and theories, and many misinterpreted facts. For this reason I claim that only through a study of psychometry, and by its demonstration, can we have the “Art preservative”, as well as the originator of all arts, The Art of Living. For these reasons I will continue during the year my attempts to take my readers still deeper into the consciousness of their Spiritual Being that they may recognize Immortality here and now.

Love's Recompense.  
"Thou art enlarged by thine own shining.—Emerson.

O Friend! thou art ever Love. True Love!  
And I  
Seem day by day to grow under thy smile,  
And wonder if there be to thee, the while  
A recompense for all this love. I try  
To measure thy reward. Thou lovest! Why?  
There's little I can give thee in return;  
Although my heart with passion's fire doth burn,  
And I do give thee all...all...free of guile!  
O thou has grown, since first thou said'st "I love!"  
Bright wer't thou then! To me like morning star,  
Shining in splendor through my redwood grove!  
E'en then thy heart was as the ruby red!  
But now enlarged, thy spirit, brighter far  
Then when on me, thou first, thy radiance shed.  
Oct. 13, 1912.

HENRY HARRISON BROWN

Can Chemists Create Life?  
The reports in magazines and daily press concerning the investigation of scientists in the realm of life and the astonishing assertion in the words of Dr. F. A. Schafer that "the production of life from chemicals may be successfully accomplished at anytime," has caused much uneasiness among theological circles, and even some of my correspondents are disturbed. Well, supposing the reports of these experiments are true—what then? Does it prove they have created life? No. They have FOUND Life. But where is Life? Ever present. Always waiting to express itself. All Mind did when it first formed within ITSELF protoplasm was to find conditions ready for the expression of Itself along line of that organism. Whenever chemists and biologists shall produce
artificially the same conditions they will find protoplasm forming itself from the Omni present Mind. What have these discoveries to do toward your life and mine? Nothing, only to enlarge our conceptions of ourselves as Life. They should lead us to see conditions for a more perfect manifestation of the Life we are.

"But it destroys Soul! It has proven the non-immortality of Humanity." Says one author. Has it? Science has so often proved this, that it is a matter of a smile with those who have watched the jumping to conclusions of so-called scientists for fifty years, and who prove today only to disprove the same tomorrow. They see only phenomena and matter, and see not the power that lies behind phenomena.

Be patient and all the marvelousness of this discovery (?) will pass away and SOUL will still continue to exist, live and evolve beyond the purblind sight of the laboratory, MEN will SEE GOD, Face to Face, in the quiet of their own Consciousness; will KNOW themselves as an immortal expression of an Infinite Force.

Prof. Shafer declares that "we must set aside as devoid of scientific foundation the idea of immediate supernatural or divine intervention in the first production of life!" Really? Who that reasons rationally and freely in this century, holds to this idea? "Life in the first place sprung from chemicals!" Let us see. Heat first sprung from chemicals? I thought the earth was a manifestation of original vibratory force, and chemical action was also the same. Can chemistry create? Beware of "first." First Mind.

Then a vibration, then a transformation of that form of force, and so transformation after transformation till there was Life. Created by chemicals? Never did cart draw horse.

Behind all manifestation is that-which-manifests, Mind, God, Energy, Intelligence. This has never been caught. IT does all the work. Men are but finding out the conditions under which IT will work. Those conditions are those under which IT—Mind—always as life has worked. Once man understands the needed conditions he reproduces them and has the effects of nature. Let men search in laboratories, the results will be those that Twentieth century philosophy, freed from theological superstitions and fears, already affirms.

In chaos dwelt the promise of all present terrestrial life. Conditions gave it opportunity. These conditions were the preparations for a more advanced expression of Mind as Life. Every organism Mind built on ITS way to man was a preparation for Man. Rejoice that Man in his study of Evolution of Mind, in his study of "Creative Evolution" has discovered that he has come a little nearer the work of Original Substance through his chemical experiments. Like his Father Mind he must evolve through creative evolution, retracing the steps of the Father Mind, till he learns to do consciously that which his Father has been doing unconsciously. Thus unconsciously as vegetable and brute preparing the way for Himself AS Man, that he might come to know what he has done and how he did it.

Lizzie Doten, in a wonderful poem thus expresses this idea. I quote a few stanzas:

Eternal, Self-existent Soul!
From whom Life's issues take their start,
Thou art the undivided whole
Of whom each creature forms a part.
Thy boundless Being's distant reach
Our finite vision cannot see,
But this we know, that each with each,
We live and move alone in thee.
Earth's fiery heart with battle shocks
Beat fiercely in her granite breast,
Leaving on scarred and blackened rocks
The record of her wild unrest.
Rich oers in molton currents swept—
Like fire in her veins they ran—
While in the womb ofature slept,
The embryo prophecy of Man.
Down deep the elements like gnomes,
Beside the flaming forges wrought
To fashion shapes and future homes
For the embodiment of Thought.
The coral polyp 'neath the wave
Wrought in the great progressive plan
Whereby the lesser creature's grave,
Built up the future home of Man.
At length beasts and birds and flowers
Creation seemed a perfect whole,
Then God and Nature joined their powers
And Man became a living soul.
* * *
Nor is that form of earthly mould
The limit of his life to be;
Forth from this mortal shall unfold
The germ of immortality.

"I AM IT!"
When one is ready to accept the fact
that no power out-side himself can work
him harm or ill, that he is himself his
Fate, and controls his destiny by his
thought, he is then impervious to every-
thing and finds only joyous unfold-
ment in every task. Perhaps no one per-
son in the U. S. has had more to meet
during her life in way of outside inter-
ference, and what the world calls perse-
cution, than Mrs. Helen Wilmans. But
amid it all she stood firmly to TRUTH
and found that it is indeed blessed to be
so persecuted. Jesus stated the law:—
"Blessed are they who are persecuted for
righteousness' sake." If "righteousness"
means living true to the inner light, then
she had the right to the persecution and
the blessing. The persecution, the world
has seen. In her Freedom, she told us
that the blessing also came. I quote:—
I would not have our boat put back in the
smooth waters where it was a year ago for
twice the money it has cost us. We were big
enough to venture away from the shore, and
in buffeting great waves we have more than
doubled our strength. I feel the might of a
conqueror now. The rapidity with which I
have gained new Truth—and Truth is Power
—is a most astonishing experience; not only
astonishing, but so uplifting. I am out on the
broad ocean of saving knowledge. I have all
strength to meet all opposition; and if there
is a fearless soul under the sun, I am it. No
matter how high the waters roll, I am calm;
I have absolute repose. I have achieved the
Centre and am immovable and absolutely safe.
This is the place where I wish every one to
come.

NOW had the deepest respect for Mrs.
Wilmans, and in her glorious triumph
it also triumphs. "I AM IT" deserves to be written in letters of gold and placed
in the sleeping room of all who would
BE. It will find its place among the
greatest sayings of the world.

Worry stalked along the road,
Troubles sneaking after;
Then Black Care and Grief and Goad,
Enemies to laughter.

But old Laughter with a shout
Rose up and attacked 'em—
Put the sorry pack to rout,
Wallop'd 'em and whacked 'em.
—John Kendrick Bangs in "Songs of Cheer"

I believe that the body is simply an instru-
ment or tool which the invisible spirit of man
employs, and that the decay of the tool no
more indicates the decay of the spirit than the
destruction of the violin indicates the death
of the violinist. By immortality I mean not
merely that the influence of man will survive
his death, nor merely that the spirit will live
after the body decays and mingles with the
dust, but that the invisible spirit which dwells
in the body is itself not subject to decay. Im-
mortality is not merely a future hope; it is a
present possession.

Lyra Abbott in Outlook.
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

—W.C. Henley

AFFIRMATIONS.

THE NEWNESS OF LIFE

"Behold, I make all things new!"
It is the dawn of a new day.
The day of the Lord is here.
His day is the day that now is.
This is the day of promise.
This is the day of opportunities.
Everything is newly born in the light of
the new day.
I am a new born child of God today.
All the faculties that I am are newly
awakened with the dawn.
Every call of nature within, is answered
by nature without.
I measure the days not as duration; not
as times the sun has risen and set!
I measure the days by my unfolding con-
sciousness of the self I am.
Each day brings a new consciousness of
myself as Unfolding Soul.
Each day opens new avenues of expres-
sion for the Soul I am.
Each day brings new expressions, that I
call experiences.
Thanks for this new day and this new
birth.
Thanks for these new opportunities to
think, to love, to labor, to suffer, and
to be strong.
Blessings untold lie in the casket of
the new day.
Without question I take what the day
brings, as I take this light of morn.
One with the Light; One with the day;
I am one with the Universal One who
is Day and who is Light.
This consciousness of Unity is not hap-
piness only, it is Blessedness.
Blessed am I when each day is a new
day; welcomed for the opportunities it
brought for being in thought—myself!
Blessed am I, when day brings its op-
portunities and when night brings its
rest.

O, how sweet the dawn; how sweet
the eve of the new days when God is
abroad and is smiling in my heart!
Hereafter every day shall be a new day!
A blessed day; for I will live in con-
sciousness that I am one in Him and He
in me!
All He is and all He has is Mine.

"HOW TO KEEP WELL" is a de-
partment in the Chicago Tribune con-
ducted by Dr. W. A. Evans. He is
quite progressive. From some recent
numbers I clip the following. A young
man writes concerning great perspira-
tion and within the answer are these
words: "The sweat glands are influenced
by the mind to an exceptional degree!"
Good. But this is also better. A young
man troubled with insomnia is an-
swered in part thus: "The worst condition
with you is dread. If you will go to a
psychotherapist and have him convince
you there is nothing to dread, and teach
you how to retire with your mind re-
 laxed, not caring whether you sleep or
not. resigned to take what comes, you
will find that sleep will come. It will
take time, but it will bring you relief."

Bernard Shaw, in a reply to some strictures
of the Rev. Campbell of London, among other
good things says:
"If my actions are God's nobody can fairly
hold me responsible for them; my conscience
is mere lunacy. But if I am a part of God;
if my eyes are God's eyes, my hands God's
hands, and my conscience God's conscience,
then I also share in his responsibility for the
world; and woe is me if the world goes
wrong. . . . 'Did he that made the lamb,
made thee?' He asks the tiger and he con-
ceives the Life-Force—his conception of God
as replying, 'Yes! It was the best I could de-
vise at the time, but now I have evolved some-
ting better, and part of the work of that
something better, to-wit, Man, is to kill out my
earlier attempt. And in due time I hope to
evolve Superman, who will, in turn, kill out
and supercede Man, whose abominable cru-
elties and stupidities and follies have utterly dis-
appointed me!"
Henceforth I seek not good fortune: I am good fortune.

—Walt Whitman.

FOR EXCHANGE

The Editor has a friend in Manitou, Colorado, who owns a restaurant, an 18 room house and a bungalow; property worth about $25,000. Manitou, at the foot of Pike's Peak, is noted for its mountain scenery, climate and mineral springs—a good location for anyone who desires to live in Colorado.

The owner would like to trade for a 20 acre property—more or less—of like value, near a city in California.

Anyone wishing to correspond with the owner of this property will be put in touch with them by the Editor of "NOW" who will forward the deal.

Please send names of your friends for sample copies.

THE POWER OF SELF-SUGGESTION.

I remember one day I was going through the salesroom, and Parsons was in there holding up a bottle of Aragon olives and talking them up to a customer. I stopped and listened. I never liked olives; but all at once, while I was listening—I don't know—I wanted to eat an olive, and that noon I ate one and have liked them ever since. Now that's salesmanship—something inside the man that gets the other fellow's goat and makes him want something that he thought he did not want. . . . I never could go buttermilk. It always made me gag. But awhile ago I decided that buttermilk was wholesome and so forced myself to drink it. Every time I took a glass I'd stop and think what a rich nutritious drink it was, and I'd drink it. After awhile I got to liking it and now I'd rather have buttermilk than anything else.—Elmer I. Ferris, in "Outlook."

Reality is to be found not outside the world of spirit but in it.—Rudolf Enken, in "Religion and Life."

Supply and Its Source.

From the consciousness of divinity, comes the realization of a constant Supply for all needs. All the Infinite possesses is my Supply. In the One, is an infinite Supply of Life, Truth, Love, Beauty and Goodness. From this Infinite Reservoir, comes my "Daily Bread", and I have no need of petitioning, for all is mine and I have but to recognize its presence and enjoy it.

"I am an Unfolding Soul"; "I am Divine", are affirmations relating to myself, to my individuality; Affirmations regarding my relations to the Universe are also necessary. How shall I regard all that is not myself? All that is not my personal self must also be divine. All manifestations of the One which are not through myself, are equally necessary to me. Can there be in the Divine, antagonistic powers? Can the Divine antagonize Himself? Can the Divine do other but that which is for my good? One answer only is possible to these questions. I am forced to affirm: Whatever is, is a Divine expression and is good. The affirmation—All is Good, is but my opinion of the One. It is a statement of my decision of the effects of the Non-Me upon myself. I declare that every experience is good because the Divine in Me and the Divine in the Non-Me can only work good. By this affirmation I put myself in harmony with the Universal operation of Nature and find health and happiness.—Page 22, "Self-Healing Through Suggestion."

Canon Hensley Henson, in the course of a Christmas sermon in St. Margaret's, Westminister, questioned the virgin birth, saying: "The birth narratives in the first and third by the learned to belong less to history than synoptic Gospels are now generally assumed to poetry, and are held to represent a result rather than a source of faith."—N. Y. Times.
I, grateful, take the good I find;  
The best of now and here.  
—Whittier.

As in MAN, the Absolute is expressing itself. Human evolution must continue till consciousness of Absolute Power in every direction is realized by the One Mind, AS MAN.  
The same processes termed Laws, are as evident in the evolution of the race as they are in the evolution of plant and animal.  
No Law more potent in preparing for the Coming Race than the Law of Natural Selection, or as it is also known—The Survival of the Fittest. Those live that can live under the conditions. In all below man all that cannot endure the strain of environment die. But in Man those die who WILL not master environment. All forms of life below Man follow the line of least resistance. But Man is Man because he meets resistance and overcomes resistance.

Each individual of the genus Man must develop to express ALL the Absolute is. The Absolute is Power or Existence, capable in Man of being expressed as Wisdom, Truth, Love, Virtue, Intelligence, and whatever other attributes of Mind we may ascribe to Man. These attributes do not exist in the Absolute save potentially even as in the Absolute there exists the possibility of future roses and violets. They are not flowers till they are expressed. Neither are the flying-machines that have existed potentially in the Universal from all time flying-machines till Man expresses these potencies in machines. There is neither Truth, Wisdom, Intelligence nor Love in the Absolute, but all the possibilities of these are there.

UNDER THE REDWOODS

Nov. 25. After two weeks in the city and it is sweet. I have been hunting for an adjective that fitted, and sweet comes the nearest. Sweet—to be at home again, to be with sweet, sunshine, fruit and friends. Found David at station, unloading grapes for market. The ride was as fresh and as full of enjoyment as ever, though every step was familiar. Familiarity with Nature breeds not contempt. She wears.  
My lectures have begun well in the city. Many old friends welcomed me. The hall is new and beautifully apportioned on the site of the old one where for four years, I held meetings, and which the disaster of '06 destroyed. I am giving a course of four talks upon Tennyson’s lines:

Self-reverence, Self-knowledge, Self-control,  
These three alone lead Life to sovereign power.

I was made glad by the presence of these old friends, many of them having attended my lectures before that disaster shut us out of all work for a time. I will continue by lectures and classes there for a while. At least until I feel it best to make a tour of the Pacific States. But a portion of my time will be spent under the redwoods; for there in solitude I find my inspiration, my strength my life. These I bring into the world to express; because until I do express I do not really possess. I am not, till I give, then I AM.

* * *

New Thought people should be alive to all sociological thought and should seek to help along all lines that will make life more valuable to the individual. NOW means to be a practical journal and is interested metaphysically in all good work. For this reason I attend to the discussions of reform, and
Minute a man stops looking for Trouble, happiness looks for him.

—Irving Bacheler.

seek to be a reformer of the reformers. The economic question of the high cost of living, is one we cannot ignore. I come in contact with it on the ranch. For we have much to buy and some little to sell. I have learned that while the consumer pays more the producers does not profit more. He has to pay more for all he buys, and most likely has to receive less for all he sells. A friend who raises wheat in Montana, sold his wheat for 50 and 53 cents a sack, and the same sack when it reached eastern mills is sold for $1. Freight a few hundred miles eats up the 50c of consumer's cash. Every time wages are raised for engineer, brakeman, or switchman, or a salary increases, the consumer pays for it. Potatoes raised on the islands less than one hundred miles from San Francisco sell at island for 33 cents a sack. The same sacks are retailed in the city at 95 cents to $1. Wages of farm laborer are more. Producer's less. It costs twice as much to raise a bushel of wheat in California today than it did 3 years ago, and it brings less in market. Our grapes will pay but little more than the cost of raising but the consumer pays high, and the middle men, who handle at wholesale and retail, each make more off a crate, than we shall.

What is the cure? More to go raising? This will help. But a more important thing is government transportation, and a government market, where consumer and producer can come into close relations. Eliminate the middle men, commission and wholesale men, and bring the two interested parties together. HOW? Where there is a will there is a way. Stens are being taken in the right direction in a public market, and in city supply of coal, and in one case of potatoes. O, God works in a mysterious way to open wisdom to his children!

No roast pig for our Thanksgiving. No! The mother pig and three little ones died. We think from poisonous toadstools. Here was one case where instinct seemed at fault. But no! The artificial breeding and close confinement had stifled instinct. Wild hogs would not have eaten or if eating would not have died. ... But I hear some extremist exclaim—

"Do you raise hogs? Do you eat pork?"

"NOW" Folk have a way of attending to their own business and never ask others what they shall eat, and we suppose that every one does as we do,—Eat what they choose when they can get it, and raise that which they choose under the conditions they have. Why question concerning food? Emerson says: "All at last is made of the same hidden stuff!" God is in hog as well as in apple and wheat, and I think it makes no difference where I eat Him, provided I with right thought, realize I eat God. When I eat devil, I shall suffer. It is Thought I eat and not food. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every Word (Thought) that proceeded from God." I guess hog is a word of God. It is to me and so is the strawberry, I found today in my neglected garden.

**

Have you ever on a pleasant fall day taken your siesta on the south side of some fence, grove, or wall, where the wind had windrowed the fallen leaves? Close to nature then were you in her harvest mood. Tender are my New England memories of such hours. Cannot have the leaves windrowed here. But today I took a rug and on the south side of a grove lay down in the warm sun, where the fragrance from the baytree filled the air, and read myself to sleep. I guess it was the call of the grey squirrel or the whistle of the quail, that called me thus back to the
sunshine, for listening to them my dreams were sweet. Everything around me was filled with the greenness of spring, the alders are tasseling, willow-catkins swelling, and soon spring flowers will be peeping up, while maples and sycamores, with the orchards, are just putting off their dress of the year. Yet the vineyard in sun is golden, and reflects in beauty the westering light. No matter where one is, to get back to nature is home. I have found home on the prairie, miles from a tree; on ocean shore; on mountain and in valley. For I, as man, include all the instincts that primeval man, and his descendants developed in the rough, the polishet, the bronze and the iron ages. Each interview with nature awakens some of these slumbering instincts. Each of us should get acquainted with ourselves as this evolved and evolving Man. I went back thousands of years as the One Man today. I respect the race more, and understood history better for this visit with my earlier Self.

* * *

I am obliged to send this copy to printers before Thanksgiving so I cannot tell you of it. It is now Nov. 26 and to have the linotype ready for our little press, on which this NOW is printed, I must have copy in the office early, that there may be time to work off the magazine. But I know Sam has some plan for a fine meal and I trust all the guests have each not only a thankful appetite, but some words of Truth with which to spice the excellent meal set before them. Personally, I do not like a feast. It lowers one tone of any gathering. Calls attention to stomach, when I would prefer the emphasis placed upon brain. But I submit to a time honored custom. It takes time to evolve sentiment as well as body. So with one, we will take the other, and be thankful.

It is glorious weather. Like a New England Indian summer. The rains have so started the vegetation that were one from the East set down here blindfolded and ignorant of change in place and time, he would say it was April, so mellow at noon and crisp at morn. While each locality has its charms and its drawbacks, still I find here more of the first and less of the latter than I have found in any spot where I have passed any time. If in the cause of things it is that I make this my home during the rest of my earthly work, I will ask no more than to live here, and work with the good friends I have known and shall still draw about me. For this beyond all other blessings do I give thanks. I thank the All-Wise for my friends. What is life without them. Not to be loved by them? Ah! No! But to LOVE. To give! This is to live. To Love is to enjoy. To be with those I love is to be in the expression of the Kingdom of Heaven within.

* * *

As I stood this morning where I stood last night and enjoyed the moon through the grove and there I stood this noonday and inwardly sang praises for the All-Good that has ever been mine, and is now Mine, concrete in the Life under the redwoods. Will you each join with me and repeat the affirmation, I AM JOY! Amen! Amen! and Amen!

* * *

EMERSON'S JOURNALS

I found waiting for me when I got home from my Eastern trip two more volumes of "Emerson's Journals" I had the first four volumes. These two have been my hammock and bed-time solace. Have now just completed reading them and commence again, this time going more slowly. I cannot understand why any one should dig amid ancient philosophy; amid the obscure, obtuse
Trust thyself! Every heart Vibrates to that iron string.  
—Emerson.

and incomprehensible philosophies and mysticisms of the past when
"All the good the past time had
Remains to make our own time glad,"
in this Nineteenth Century reflection of ancient wisdom. I can see this reason only. Ancient terms having lost all their meaning and in fact having no meaning in this age and civilization, and being thus empty vessels, each can serve the egotism of the present; and filled with the thought of the reader, satisfies him that he is wise because he thinks he understands the Hindoo or the Hebrew Scriptures, when he is merely writing a manuscript of his own, which he surely may understand. Interpretations of ancient writings are an incubus on our Metaphysical movement. Says Emerson:
"There are as many Platos as there are readers of Plato!" And what does the world care—rather what would it care—what I think Plato said, or what I think Moses, or Jesus, or the Ancient Hindoo said? The world should wisely say to me—"What does the Twentieth century say to you or through you? What use are you making of the past? What are you adding to the good of the past?" These worthies, had they spent their time interpreting the past, would now be where are the ancient Talmudists—forgotten, and you would lack their inspiration now to be yourself! I need only Emerson. Anything more is merely an intellectual pleasure found in the realization that the ancients also found wisdom where I find it—within.

When I visited Dr. Emerson, son of Emerson, one of the Editors of the volumes, he allowed me to handle one of the "Journals" as Mr. Emerson left it. I saw the care which he put upon it, and felt an inspiration rarely felt before. I sat in the chair, at the table, took down from their shelves books from which he drew inspiration, looked upon the pictures and trod the floor he had so often trod, and I tried to bring him as a personality to me. In vain. He remains as he ever had been, and will always be, not a personality but an influence. He is to me like the sunlight. His radiance falls upon every page I read, upon the landscape and this grove is one he loves to wander in. As I sense the breeze so I spiritually sense his influence, in all my writing, in all my walks.

"What more do I need?" asks Herschell when returning to my cottage in evening I find him with all the new magazines and books lying about, reading a volume of Emerson. To my remark "What, Emerson again?"—"What more do I need?" Nothing. These "Journals" give a more intimate view of Mr. Emerson than can possibly be obtained in any other way. They put me into his workshop and I follow the growth of that mentality, and I see the inception of those wonderful "Essays" and am inspired, rested and made content to be myself and take the honey where I find it, and to remake it into purest wax. While the Essays are rich, these Journals are to me as to him material for Essays to be. I regard these Journals as an epoch in the metaphysical life of America, and the New Thought Movement will never reach its real place, nor exercise its possible power, till its shall outgrow its present reliance upon an interpretation of ancient writings, and shall come down to the clear interpretation of Life as this sanest and most human of all centuries shall reveal it. I feel that no other impediment to the spiritual and common-sense life possible under metaphysics has had so evil a result as the attempt to graft our thought upon Hindooism. It doesn't fit. We are not Hindoos. We

Continued on page 14.
To the receptive soul the River of Life
Pauseth not nor is diminished.

George Eliot.

I am at my city office all the month of January. Classes every day but Saturday and Sunday. Meetings Sunday evenings. See Sunday papers. I have some calls from Southern California, from Oregon and Washington. Shall I make the trip in February, March and April? It depends upon the friends. Railroad fare, hotel and hall bills usually have too little as a recompense. Where friends will save hotel and hall expense I can the more readily come. Remember, you can have lectures and classes along one or more special lines of work. Drop a line by mail and tell me the conditions in your town or city and then I will, if possible make a trip and take in your locality.

The poems on my Holiday cards are good mental medicine all the year round. My books make fine presents. A subscription to NOW is an At present. Not too late to make it now.

NOTICE—that we have THREEmore pages of reading matter this month!!

And the advertisements deserve careful attention!!

Mr. Brown—in his San Francisco office will give private instructions, advice and help at treatments every day except Saturday and Sunday, from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. Other hours by appointment. Appointments can be made by mail—or phone “Market 7534.”

589 Haight St.
At his office, 589 Haight St., the Editor is holding classes in “The Science Of Success” Emerson’s Philosophy” & “Suggestive Therapeutics’ three evenings a week. He has two Healing Clinics afternoons of Tuesdays and Thursdays which are free to all who are ill.

It is a Power not of the brain, because it is the Masterful Personal WILL, which makes the human brain—it is the Will alone that can make the material seats for the mind, and when made they are the most personal things in the body—so long as the brain matter is not “set,” as potters would express it, by lapse of years, he deals with his cortical grey matter by the purposive exercise of memorising habit, as the potters deal with clay—Wm. Hanna Thompson, in “Brain and Personality.”

“Will you not come East again soon? We need lectures so practical as yours. I find more and more in my memory of them every day.” Whenever I can be spared here and see it profitable, I will take an eastern trip. Till then you will find others who can help you to help yourself.

I have enjoyed August NOW oh, so much! The poem, “Peace,” has been so much to me. It had a wonderful message to me. It is to be one of my treasures, which I am finding on my way. Mrs. E. N. W. Virginia. It appears as a Christmas card advertisement. See advertisement.

If we were as frank a people as the Greeks we should recognize ourselves in the heroes of their dramas. . . . Every tragedy represents before our eyes the demands of our inner self. It is for us to be honest enough to recognize our idolatry in them. . . . Our civilization has carried us far away from that state in which man realizes himself as a child of nature. We have become sophisticated.—F. W. Gittles in “Tragische Nature.”

A FINE LETTER.

From a gentleman in Canada, engaged in instruction, comes this kind letter. He has all my mail lessons and all my books and the magazines almost from commencement. The letter I print for the encouragement of beginners in Truth: “This morning comes NOW for November. Like its predecessors, it makes good every word. I am enclosing check for renewal for myself and a friend. . . . Sometimes I hope to be with you for a few weeks in the Mountain Home. In the years I was familiar with Santa Cruz I possibly wandered through Emerson Grove. I neither knew nor cared for the noble themes you have helped me to understand. It is now seven years since I began the study of Suggestion through you. ‘This science is concentration,’ you wrote me, ‘and you will find it more valuable in ten years than it is now.’ I know how anxious I was and how straitened I approached, endeavoring to learn it as I would a rule in arithmetic, instead of striving to absorb it and live it, which I have recently found myself doing. So many I find even in my business classes doing the same with the lessons. In my classes I caution against such methods. I have made no money since I started in this study seven years ago, nothing more than a living. I’ve clung to my work because it has given me an opportunity to teach, and in many a heart I am looked upon as a ‘prophet and a wonderful man.’ I’ve helped many toward health, even when my own manifestation was below par. But they knew it not. Sometimes I find myself thinking, I am rich in proportion to things no longer essential to my happiness. I am much better in health than for many years. The limitations imposed upon me by doctors, by heredity, by friends and society, no longer terrorize me . . . It is a goodly fortune to have rid one’s self of fear. So I’m rich. I only desire money now to use for the good of others and myself. Perhaps the new book will help me into a new impetus toward the conversation of energy into dollars. With love and all good wishes for your unabated helpfulness to a world that needs your light and warmth. . . .”

Please send names of your friends for sample copies.
The deeper I drink of the cup of Life the sweeter it grows.

—Julia Ward Howe.

The reckless habit people have of asking how one feels carries with it a thought or suggestion that one does not feel well. Why shouldn't every one feel well? And if some are lawbreakers enough to declare that they do not feel well, let them break the laws of health themselves, without giving others the danger thought to guide them.—Lillian Russell.

Now is the time to sow the seed for the harvest of future years.
Now is the time for a noble deed when the need for the work appears;
You must earn the need of victory with the toil and sweat of your brow
And hasten the good time yet to be, by improving the good time now.

—Lizzie Doten.

Bearing upon the matter of concentration and the importance of it, it will be to the point to relate the following little incident as told by a lawyer. He was in pursuit of a young man whom he could take into his office as assistant and whom he could instruct in his law studies.
A candidate for the position appeared whose capacities for the successful pursuit of the law he tested by telling him the following story: "A certain man shot a bird. Now, it happened that, when he shot, the bird was flying between the rifle and a barn stored with hay. The bullet perforated the barn door, lodged in a haymow, set the hay on fire, and the whole establishment was wiped out in a grand conflagration."
The lawyer was expanding on the magnificence of the scene when the young candidate interrupted the narrator, saying: "Excuse me, sir, but did he hit the bird?" "You will do, said the lawyer.

Dr. C. H. Parkhurst.

Suggestion is a mighty aid to the physician and without producing hypnosis, positive and intelligent assertion can accomplish all that is likely to be accomplished by hypnotism. A fair realization of the part suggestion plays in therapeutics is one of the recent achievements of the most progressive medical minds.—Archibald Church, M. D., in "Nervous and Mental Diseases."

SUBSCRIBE FOR "NOW" NOW.
Truth for Authority, No Authority for truth.
—Lucretia Mott.

THINK DEEPLY AND YOU BREATHE DEEPLY.
Deep breathing should be practiced constantly, the first thing in the morning upon arising and the last thing at night. Few people consider the necessity of deep breathing. It is remarkable that we should have been breathing day and night since we came into the world, and yet that few of us know how to breathe properly. A breath is a little thing, but a deep breath, if it becomes a habit, is a big thing—big enough to make the difference between a healthy person and a consumptive one. A good way to develop the deep breathing habit when one is walking is to take only one inhalation, always through the nose, to each four steps, and expel the air through the mouth on the next four. Keep this up for a day or so and you will find that five steps to a breath will come quite as easy, and after a while six or seven.

The printing presses of the country every day grind out papers and books that revel in such rubbish as Hindu magic, "the evil eye" and "naucilous animal magnetism." The notion that the responsibility for crime may be shifted to the mysterious and evil influences of another appears in our daily news columns; it prevails in modern fiction and has cropped out in recent drama.

The most popular name for twentieth century witchcraft is hypnotism, and to the thread of truth that lies in perfectly natural phenomena of hypnosis the devilish superstitions of the past are tied.

As it is known to the physician and psychologist hypnotism is a mildly interesting phase of abnormal psychology. Hypnosis is, in fact, a mental state in which the phenomena of dreams and sleep-walking may be artificially induced.—Milo Hastings in S. F. Examiner.

It seems that no law is more certain than the law of change. A bit of radium that would go into a thimble has suddenly shaken our belief in the conservation of substance, the stability of the chemical elements, the undulatory theory of light, and the nature of electricity, has revived the dreams of alchemists and the idea of the preservation of perpetual youth, and has cast doubts on the very existence of matter itself.

The physicists are beginning to say that, in all probability, there is no such thing as matter; that when we have caught and tamed the elusive atom, and have split it into 7,000 little bits, these residual particles will turn out to be nothing more than superimposed layers of positive and negative electricity.—Sir Wm. Crookes.

It is perhaps not realized by many that the law recognizes no inherent right to inherit property. The constitution carefully guards a man's right to his own property. But when the owner dies his wealth is at the disposal of the state. States have generally permitted the owner to make such disposition as he pleases of his wealth after death, but this is purely permissive. Inheritance taxes are a light touch of what the state can do with dead men wealth if they will.—State Journal, Lincoln, Neb.

I have hypnotised very intelligent people daily and sometimes twice a day for months and even years and have never found the slightest harm done to their understanding. Cerbral initiative was quite as active. . . . Hypnotic sleep in itself is beneficial and is as free from harm as is natural sleep.—Bernheim (Suggestive Therapeutics).

Melody is the peculiar vehicle of emotion. All popular songs, national and religious hymns and the life are nothing but plain tunes—that is, one note after another in simple line. It is melody that reaches the heart; harmony affects the aesthetic sense and touches the intellect. The chords and accompaniment of "Annie Laurie" or "Home, Sweet Home," or "The Swanee River," have nothing to do with that idiosyncratic spell that each tune casts. Humanity is stirred to dancing and war and weeping and gayety and worship by melody, and by that alone. Harmony is not for the people; it is for the elect.—Chicago News.
I will not dream in vain despair
The steps of progress wait for me.
—Whittier.

The one journal that I would like to edit had I not NOW is Alma Galen’s journal *Expression*, published at 157 Brompton Road, London, S. W. England. In thought it is NOW’S twin. Independent, free from any reliance upon authority, ancient or modern. No one would ever know from its pages that any theology was possible or that any book had been considered sacred. An up-to-date-twentieth-century exponent of a rational philosophy. I would like to copy from it every month, but it is better for YOU to subscribe for it—$1.25 a year. But I do copy here a most excellent article entitled.

“A CORRECTION”

“I consider that New Thoughtists, as a rule, make themselves ridiculous by the absurd statements they make.”

“I cannot make believe that I have a sure state of mind when I have not. And yet this is what New Thought demands. Is this what you teach?”

Students are not asked, wanted, or expected by any teacher of New Thought to say that they have any state of mind which they have not. Nothing could be farther from the truth of what is asked than this.

Students are known not to have a certain state of mind, and that is the reason they go to the New Thought teachers.

Also, the New Thought teachers to whom students go for help know as well as the students do that they have not a state of mind, or, in other words, convictions, which they desire to have. Knowing this, they tell the students how to create these desired convictions, or states of mind, and, if the teacher’s directions are followed faithfully, the states of mind desired will be produced or created.

The fact that New Thought is before the world is because it teaches how to produce or create desirable states of mind which people have not, but wish to have.

A New Thought teacher is bound to accept those who go to him in good faith. He cannot say, “You are not in earnest.” “You do not want New Thought.” “You come to criticise.”

He must, therefore, treat them as students, and as students give them certain instructions, and certain formulae for practice, as long as they go to him as students.

If the students are in earnest they will listen to the instructions, and follow as much as possible the directions given. And if the students faithfully follow these directions or formulae, in due time they find for themselves that their state of mind is changing, and that there is no need to pretend or to make believe in any sense or degree. If they are not in earnest, they prove it by writing such letters as those quoted from.

All such remarks and questions only prove that the questioner does not want what the New Thought teaches. He wants the results of the teaching without doing the work necessary to obtain them.

The world has many such, and to them New Thought is full of flaws, and its followers and teachers likewise.

In course of time they drop away of their own free will or come closer. In the meantime those they cavil at and deride grow in realization and become more helpful day by day, while New Thoughts grows richer in numbers yearly.

Life is a Science, and works and demonstrates itself according to an unerring and unchangeable Principle.

The science of Life can now be taught and learned as easily as the science of numbers—by means of New Thought. It now stands before the people for them to examine and investigate as they wish. Those who cavil at it are the losers, as is being proved daily by the results attained by those who approach it in a friendly spirit and with an unbiased judgment.

The critical ones lose the beauty and help of that which fills them and surrounds them and enfolds as a garment. While the unprejudiced ones live in a world that is ever revealing new wonders and new joys.

Alma Gillen

It never helps us in trouble to be troublesome.
A good laugh on oneself is a good tonic, once in a while.

The serious business of living can be drowned in cheerfulness instead of wine.
A woman who postpones means never to come to time.

It is a part of life to share it with others; the exclusive person only gets bored for his pains.

A cordial manner has won more than the sword.—*Times-Union, Jacksonville, La.*
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