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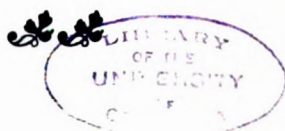
THOUGHT IS POWER

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

Published by
HENRY HARRISON BROWN, Glenwood, California.
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From all Life's grapes I press sweet wine.
—Henry Harrison Brown.

NOW

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

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No.2

THE CREATION LEGEND

"God Breathed . . . and Man became a living soul!"

"He breathed!" So says the legend old;—
And Man became a living Soul!
And Man we know had been the goal
Toward which Creation's wheel had rolled.

Chaos had felt the All-Good breathe!
Forth came a world at its command!
Waters flowed and fertile land
Soon came with fragrant flowers to wreath

The last and greatest of God's Own,
Slumbering in Eden's garden rare;
The Thing that breathed its perfumed air,
And consciousness had never known!

Then came the breath from Central Cause:
That Thing from dreamless sleep awoke!
That senseless Thing limitations broke,
And Conscious Man then knew he WAS!

No matter if the thought is trite!
Nor if 'tis myth or fable stale!
There lies great truth within the tale. . .
It is God's breath that bringeth Light!

From Only One my breath I draw!
All life is from one Central Source!
Can I be aught but Eternal Force?
Am I not Law, above the Law?

As "all in Adam die!" I know
That I Christ am made alive!
As Adam with the flesh I strive!
As Christ Eternal Life I'm now!

O legend rare of eastern land!
Omnipresence here I learn!
Like flower to sun, to One I turn,—
To Sun of Love! As Man I stand

And feel thy breath O Love Divine!
In thee I glow like morning sun!
I am the Christ! With Thee I'm one!
In Thee all Eden's wealth is mine!

HENRY HARRISON BROWN.
Christmas, 1912.

BEAST VERSUS MAN

That man should have been brought into existence by the fiat of an omnipotent power is no less an occasion for wonder than that he should have worked his way up from lower non-human forms. That the manward impulse should never have been lost in all the vicissitudes of geologic time."

—John Burroughs.

In the old theology Man was a special creation. And there was much more wisdom in this thought than there is in the modern Eugenic movement that is based entirely upon the thought that Man and beast are one.

There is a plus in Man that so far differences him from beast, that he bears virtually the relation to all other organisms, like that of a separate creation. He is the culmination, the end for which the One Mind has been evolving in all its past. And having reached Man it finds Itself knowing Itself, and also is consequently as unlike what ever went before in shapes of its expression as light is from darkness, as freedom is from slavery. In all below Man Mind was limited. Environment would allow no further expression of itself as Mind. Whenever Mind found itself limited it pressed Itself outward and crystalized about Itself a more complex organism, and so on until it reached a climax beyond which it could not go. It had organized an expression through which it could evolve forever. It had developed itself as Thinker. It has reached through Life, to Love and through Love to Thought in the scale of unfoldment, and beyond this Self-conscious Power to say

I AM, there is no conceivable evolution. Beyond Self-Consciousness it is impossible for the One Mind to evolve. It can forever unfold in its Self-Consciousness through all eternity. This is the stupendous fact that has not yet entered into the practical mind of the race. Very little has the philosophical mind perceived it. All reasoning seems to be done from the old idea that God has a plan, and is working it out.

Evolution was the work of the "Urge" in the One Mind to learn of Itself by expression, as the child learns. As the kindergarten scholar learns by doing, so learns the One Mind....God (if you will use the term.). So it finds its possibilities by expressing. As It pushed out in protoplasm It gained power to push again and again a little more of IT-SELF, and soon jelly fish came and the push continued. This "Urge" which Whitman wisely calls "The Procreative urge" soon pushed up to beast even as though suns and planets it had pushed out..EX—PRESSED..(such an expressive word is ex-press.)..IT, the One Mind had before expressed IT-SELF as best it might through the objective universe, and as it gained power of expression it kept on evolving, which is going from a less to a more complex organism. I have no use for the term "Cosmic consciousness" if consciousness in any way includes the thought of "Knowing." But if it contains the thought of the possibility of knowing and is unconsciously working toward knowing, then it has a meaning. Knowing lay in the One Mind as heat lays in coal, in fact in rock, and mineral. The One Mind possessed from all eternity the power of doing and of knowing why, and how, it did, but there was only doing until this IT could think "I"!

As long as the old conceptions of the

ONE remain there will never be a truly scientific and philosophic attempt to improve the race.

Till that comes all attempts will result in failure. The race improvement thus far has come along spontaneous and natural lines. No attempts of religious, medical, scientific, philosophic, philanthropic, charitable, or even sympathetic lines, has ever helped the race. It is the opposite that has developed human power. Poverty, famine, pestilence, war, the Gods of necessity have been developers. No conscious efforts in any of these lines gave the world a Buddha, Socrates, Jesus, Archimedes, Copernicus, Galileo, nor our modern inventors. "Where," asks Emerson, "is the teacher that could have taught Shakespeare?" Where are the wise ones who can select parties and conditions that will make another Edison? What did select and what did bring him up? Nature in her spontaneous way. Intellectual conditions have never been present in the selection of the parentage of earth's race-improvers. There is something beyond intellect. It is not intellect that give us the slums any more than it is intellect that gave us the college-ready boy.

All the scientific talk about "selection" belongs to animals and not men. Nature selects animals for their physical conditions. She, under the laws of Natural Selection, perpetuates those best physically to live. The strongest male is the father of the flock, and the young that cannot stand conditions die off. Man has been at work preserving the weak, and developed by that law his blooded stock. But blooded stock is that which is least fitted to live under Nature's conditions. Man has fitted them to artificial conditions. The prize pig would soon die, placed in the wild with the razor-back. The blooded stallion would soon find

**Henceforth I seek not good fortune:
I am good fortune.**

—Walt Whitman.

19

himself starving and kicked to death by the wild horse. And so with all our domestic stock. Aye! Even the improved vegetables will soon deteriorate if placed where the wild will flourish. Weeds soon choke them. It is the question of the VIGOR OF LIFE that determines the power of animal and plant to survive.

But MAN is not Life! Note this well. There is Life manifesting in him as physical body, and that physical body is purely subject to animal conditions. It represents all the conditions through which Mind has evolved to MAN. But Man bears the same relation to his body that he bears to the body of the ox and horse. Think what he does with these? *Tames them. Makes them his servants!*

All the conditions of Life through which the One Mind has passed, to arrive at its ultimate expression—Man—survive in the instinctive conditions of the physical body of Man which, manhood added, makes him Lord of Creation and enables him to put all things under his feet, as servants.

Life has found its Master in Man. Life was subject to the Laws of Matter—the crude vibrations of Mind — till Mind came to know Itself and said "I am." This "I" is Man. This "I" is Mind conscious of Itself. Once Mind has attained self-consciousness it can only become more and more conscious of Itself as Power in all its million modes of manifestation. This neglect of recognition of the Real Man—The Spiritual Man, is the neglect of the Self-conscious and consequently the Self-directive side and it renders the attempts at eugenics not only impractical but absolutely injurious to the race-unfoldment. Nature is not after the physical, her aim is the Self-conscious Spiritual Man.

I am glad to see that one of the world's greatest Scientists, who is also that rarity the world's history, also a great philosopher, Alfred Russell Wallace, has a word to help me here. In a recent interview published in the *Millgate Monthly* he says:—

The world does not want the eugenist to set it straight. Give the people good conditions, improve their environment, and all will tend towards the highest type. Eugenics is simply the meddlesome interference of an arrogant scientific priesthood. There are no really bad people; no one absolutely beyond reclaim. That is where our prison system is all wrong. We treat our prisoners as though they were utterly bad. There are none utterly bad, but only different degrees of goodness. When we understand that we shall give up absurd ideas of punishing crime, and shall, instead, try to reform the criminal.

Almost daily we find now some argument, in some address or paper deduced from the pessimistic philosophy that finds its origin in a lack of faith in Nature to improve herself and to remedy all conditions and consequently a lack of faith in the Human Expression of the One Soul, lack of faith in Man, and a feeling of need that there be guardians appointed over that individual Soul in its development. Some form of oversight, prohibition or direction is constantly advocated. Here is an extract from a statement of Governor West of Oregon in regard to his opinion against capital punishment. First he says:—

You must get at the root of the evil..... If we deliberately permit organized greed to breed, through the aid of poverty and vice, these criminals and degenerates, are we not in a way responsible for their acts? Is not the blood of their victims on our hands as well as that of the assassin.

This is true philosophy. Not the individual but the collective is responsible, but also is the collective responsible that it protect itself. The true remedy does not lie in punishment. Tracing the conditions further back, the One Mind in

**I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.**

—W.C.Henley

what we term natural laws, is responsible. The true remedy lies in learning such obedience to those mental laws, that we shall have the individuals we desire. This is as true of Man himself and it is true of the animals he has improved through physical laws. But there is this ONE essential difference—He must work with Man as Man and not work with Man as brute.

All these attempts to improve Man from the animal plane will result in a tendency to degeneration of the race. It is this fact that I will attempt to make clear in this and subsequent papers.

That it is the animal, physical side upon which Gov. West places strength read him farther:—

We spend much time and money educating the people how to select and breed and care for livestock. We impress upon them the fact that only through proper selection and care can desirable animals be produced. Yet we ignore these teachings in dealing with our fellow-man, for we not only permit the weak-minded and degenerate to mate and breed at will, but we force their offspring to grow up amidst vice and awful poverty dwarfed—morally, mentally and physically—and then hold up our hands in horror when we hear of the commission of some awful crime.

To these further words we say, "Amen!"

Let those who wish to prevent crime take time to look around and see the condition under which children are bred and obliged to grow up. Let them lend a hand to those who are trying to remove some of the causes and they will do far more to prevent crime than by crying "Crucify him!" "Crucify him!" But we look deeper for cause than Governor West.

Now comes Professor Fisher of Yale College faculty, President of the Committee of One Hundred on National Health, with his "pedigree marriage." A college echo of the ministerial demand that parties contemplating marriage should first be medically examined and

if they pass a Medical Board then they can be married, otherwise not. And certain clergymen treasonably refuse to marry couples licensed by the state, if they have not thus been certified by competent medical authority. This "pedigree marriage" is an illustration of what tyranny we may expect when once Medical Authority is enthroned in a National Cabinet member. As Mental Scientists KNOW, all Medical Knowledge, so-called, is spiritual ignorance. Its dictums will deteriorate the race, if allowed sway, to a race of splendid animals and worse men. Tennyson urges us to "crush out the ape and let the tiger die." But present Eugenics backed up by the Medical fraternity will give fuller sway to the beasts and we shall never reach his prophetic-dream condition where there is a race with,

Every tiger madness muzzled, every serpent
passion killed;

Every grim ravine a garden, every blazing
desert tilled.

But on the contrary primitive man will have returned with strength beyond the tiger, and passions more subtle than snake, and "grim ravine" will be the haunt of rape, and "blazing desert" the cradle of incest.

Cultivate the animal and you cultivate all those traits we now know as animal: those which nature through her ten million years has been trying to outgrow in Man.

Pedigree marriage will crush out the only spiritual link that makes marriage marriage. All else is simply animal mating. The reproductive and animal instinct predominate. Let us see what the Professor is reported as saying in a late address:—

When public opinion has been sufficiently developed on this point we shall take as great a pride and as deep interest in our own pedi-

Continued on page 32.

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

—Emerson.

21

REST AWHILE

Come ye apart into a desert place and rest awhile. Mark 6-31.

Ye from the city's dust and heat;
Up from the din of noisy street;
Cease from your strife in busy mart;
Live for a time near Nature's heart;
See! Now she calls with sweetest smile!
Come ye apart, and rest awhile.

Come ye apart where mountains soar;
Or wild waves dash on Ocean's shore;
Seek rest in meadow or in glade;
Or wander in the wood's deep shade;
Through each dim arch or peristyle,
Come ye apart, and rest awhile.

But in the midst of the city's din,
Ye may find sweet peace in the "Great Within";
In its sacred calm, serene and still
Rest ye! or wander as ye will
Through meadows bright, or christened aisle,
Come ye apart, and rest awhile.

(For NOW by Sarah C. Dunham, Providence, R. I.)

MAN HIS OWN DEITY.

Did it ever occur to the biologist that since evolution ceased on the external line of organism, and continues in man in the same line as in all the links before him, on the line of egotism or self-development, that the Mental Scientist has given him the next link in his chain of theory, and the clearest possible demonstration yet of the truth of his hypothesis of evolution?

Has the physicist yet discovered that in telepathy and thought transference he has the most positive of all evidences for the truth of the hypothesis of molecular motion, also known as the atomic theory or etheric vibration? Has the physiologist discovered that in the present trend of the thought of self-mastery, in the volitional control of the entire physical system—making digestion, respiration,

circulation, etc., as subject to the conscious thought and will as are now hand and foot—there is for him an explanation of the evolution of the nervous system, from the sensitiveness of plant and jelly fish, to the conscious control of every part of the body?"

Yet it is so! Nature, from, amoeba to man, has been working for conscious selfhood. Man can say, "I am," but, though "given dominion over all things," he cannot say, "I am master of my own body!" He—like the Europeans in Africa, who have the mastery only of the exterior outline—has only an external control; there is a "darkest Africa" within that is yet beyond his control, that breeds disease, crime, unhappiness and death.

This region will only be conquered when the whole nervous system becomes subject to the conscious thought, as is now the cerebro-spinal nerve. The sympathetic nerve is controlled by the ego. The knowledge how to do this is yet held in the sub-consciousness. The line of evolution has ever been to make this latent and sub-conscious knowledge—which is spiritual—conscious; that is, intellectual. To do this, a nervous system must be evolved, and that system must gradually be given into the control of consciousness. In gaining this control of his body, man is only doing as part of the Infinite Energy what that Energy has been doing along the whole line of evolution.

If the theory of evolution be true, man will as surely yet control every internal organ as he now controls that of speech, work and locomotion. In doing this, he will intelligently and consciously repair and restore bodily tissue, as he now unconsciously and instinctively builds it. He will then have conquered disease and death, and will ripen off, in maturity,

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

—Irving Rachelor.

from the tree of life, instead of falling, as now, imperfect and against his will. If biology in its deductions be true, it finds in this result its climax and the evidence of its own truth. Physics also finds in the conscious use of thought, to this end, the resultant of its previous deductions—for they as surely lead to this, as the deductions of Franklin, Morse and Henry led to the electric light—and physiology will have done its work. Dissection and vivisection are no longer needed when the whole body obeys the conscious thought, and man is neither subject to disease nor accident.

The above reasoning is intensified by the discovery of Prof. Schenck, of Germany, of the possibility to control sex of offspring. Embryology has long been of great service to Mental Science, and this discovery points the way to the complete control of the body by the conscious Self. Since no organ of the body so readily and quickly corresponds to the conscious thought as that of sex, it is natural that physical science should there begin to verify the deductions and known phenomena of metaphysics. Thus the philosophy of evolution and the deductions of physical science come in at the right time, to help on the movement for which the last decades of the century are remarkable. They will continue to help on the work, and the coming century will know Man as his own deity.

Let us thank God in some grand, true way for the world we live in, more beautiful and excellent still than all the seers have told; for the land we live in, the nursing mother, of all who will look to her.—Robert Coilyer.

It is a sign of a decadent age when the man who carries the pickax is degraded, and the man who carries the golf sticks and the tennis racket is honored. The church of the future is not the automobile church, but the church of the baby-carriage.—Pres. Steiner
Grennell College.

••••• AFFIRMATIONS. •••••

"Thy rod and staff they comfort me!

Psalms.

I am wearied, where shall I find comfort?

My rod and staff shall comfort thee!

I am lonely, where shall I find the comfort or companionship?

My rod and staff shall comfort thee?

I am in pain, where shall I find comfort?

My rod and staff shall comfort thee!

I am lacking in things of life, where shall I find comfort?

My rod and staff shall comfort thee!

All I loved seem to be floating from me, where shall I find comfort?

My rod and staff shall comfort thee!

Robbed of all upon which I rested, where shall I find comfort?

My rod and staff shall comfort thee!

I stand beside the beds of illness, where shall I find comfort?

My rod and staff shall comfort thee!

I stand by the open graves, where shall I find comfort?

My rod and staff shall comfort thee!

I am full of fear and unbelief, where shall I find comfort?

My rod and staff shall comfort thee!

But how shall I grasp, O Soul, thy rod and staff?

"A Believing love will relieve you!"

What, 'O Soul, is thy rod?

My "Rod" Dear Heart, is Love!

Love and Truth, O Soul, I accept! I lean upon them.

O Love and Truth, ye are my rod and staff of comfort.

Love and Truth, when wearied, I come to you and find comfort.

O Love and Truth Ye are companions, healers, rest!

Love and Truth, I fly to you when I am in need and am supplied!

By beds of pain and by open graves Love and Truth bring the comfort of immortal rest.

I believe, O Soul, strengthen my belief!

Love Comforts me! Truth strengthens me! I am blessed.

Through Love and Truth I find the Inner Kingdom and am blessed.

Through the Peace of Spirit I am comforted and healed of all lack in body, mind and estate!

Thy rod and staff, they comfort me!

Thy rod and staff, they bring me peace!

Through Love and Truth, I am Peace.

**The deeper I drink of the cup of
Life the sweeter it grows.**

23

—Julia Ward Howe.

NOW learn s, with regret for the world's loss, of the translation of Rev. J. W. Winkley. I first met Mr. Winkley at the St. Louis New Thought Federation. That was probably as representative a body of New Thought thinkers as ever will be gathered together. He was elected one of its officers. I again met him and his wife while in Boston. He told me of his attendance upon Mrs. Eddy's classes in the early days of her instruction. He was a lover of liberty and could not long remain in the bondage of limitation she place upon him and soon broadened out into New Thought and became editor of a high class Mepaphysical journal, "Practical Ideals." A journal every way worthy of this man an the cause. He published a book upon John Brown, written out of his own experience in early Kansas and it is well worth preserving in the history of that unique character in history..a history maker.

His life was pure and he has left a beautiful memory behind, and an influence for good that is making him one of the immortals, who live on in the thought of the race. He has also entered into a more active life of love and thought in the freer live of mind, where he can be a direct inspirer of thousands to a nobler life. He lived to ripen out of the body. It is epitaph enough to say: "He went to the higher life ripe and welcome, with his work well done.

DR. OSLER'S OPINION OF MENTAL HEALING.

Mental Science is felt by the leaders of the Medical Profession.

Faith has always been an essential factor to the practice of medicine. One good result of the recent development of mental healing has been to call attention to its great value as a measure

to be carefully and scientifically applied in suitable cases.

My experience has been that of the unconscious, rather than the deliberate faith healer. Like others I have had cases, any one of which under suitable conditions could have been worthy of a shrine, or made the germ of a pilgrimage. For generations the people of the United States have indulged in an orgy of drugging. Between the holy pharmacy in the profession, and the quack medicines, the American body had become saturated ad nauseum, and here indeed was a boon even greater than homeopathy. No wonder the American spirit, unquiet in a drug-soaked body, rose in joy at a new evangel. In every county there were dyspeptics and neurasthenics in sufficient numbers to demonstrate the efficiency of the new gospel. But the real growth of Christian Science does not lie in the refusal of physical measures of relief, of the efficacy of prayer, but in offering the people a way of life, a new epicureanism which promises to free soul (and body) from fear, care and unrest. Its real lever is the optimism which discounts the worries of the daily round. . . .

Here again all success will depend upon the man conducting the movement. It is an honest attempt to bring back that angelic conjunction of physic with divinity. . . . I feel that our attitude as a profession should not be hostile, and we must scan gently our brother man and sister women who may be carried away in the winds of the new doctrine. A group of active, earnest, capable young men are at work on a problem which is of their generation and is for them to solve. The Angel of Bethesda is at the pool—it behooves us to jump in.—*Dr. Osler in British Medical Journal.*

**Henceforth I seek not good fortune:
I am good fortune.**

—Walt Whitman.

UNDER THE REDWOODS.

One forenoon just before Thanksgiving I was helping David saw firewood with the gasoline engine near the house, when I heard a cry of danger from a mother that Margaret had placed in a coop near the Home for protection of a late crop of chickens, which had come off a stolen nest. Turning immediately, I saw a chicken-hawk pick up, so easily, one little chick and fly away. The coop was not over thirty feet away and it was the boldest act I have ever known that bird to do. He must have been more chicken hungry than ever one of our boarders was, to have risked himself so near. David immediately went for the gun and then for him, but he sailed gracefully away to the timber across the creek.

But perhaps if the hawk had had an attorney to plead for him we might see that, after all, he was one of our best friends. There is a story of Daniel Webster when a lad. A woodchuck was caught and Jake, his brother, wished to kill it. Daniel did not and made a plea for it, and so eloquent and touching was the plea that the father with tears exclaimed, "Jake, you let that woodchuck go!" What that plea was no one remembers, but the fact that animals need a defender is proven constantly. I was ready to condemn, but here comes a plea for the chicken-hawk and he shall have the benefit of it. It is from E. A. Mathews, in *Our Dumb Animals*, which journal, by the way, should be on every reading table, in every home. Children should grow up in some one of the Bands of Mercy for which it is responsible. Mr. Mathews says:

Farmers hate the sparrow hawk, and say he steals the chickens. As a matter of fact this bird lives mostly upon small mammals, mice, chipmunks, squirrels, and the like. He is a fine mouser, and is often seen hovering above a certain field, then suddenly swooping

down and flying off not with a chicken, but with a tiny meadow mouse.

Many other creatures that seem to be mischief makers and are hunted and killed by the farmer are in reality his best friends, his helpers in disguise, and they deserve his good wishes instead of his hatred.

How much evil we do trying to be good. Did we have more trust in nature, and seek the way of her doings we would get along so much better. Artificial conditions that meddle with, that interfere, with natural ones, never improve matters. That is not the way Burbank has wrought. He has asked nature what she was intending, and how to help her, and then, adding his efforts to hers, has his wonderful creations. But we have said when we came upon anything we did not like, "Wrong" or "Evil," and put it out of the way. I would not kill a snake for my own part. They are the farmers' and horticulturists' good friends, and birds, bumblebees, wasps and toads are among his best. He cannot afford to do without them and because he has tried to, his crops suffer and he has to use a billion dollars' worth of insecticide and labor to save them, and then fails. A few extra chickens can be raised for the hawks, a few more peaches for the wasps, a few grapes for the quail and a few potatoes for the mole, as pay for their year's work for us. Till we have learned to do the work they do we must save and protect them.

* * *

The morning after Thanksgiving as I came from my cottage I stopped in the shade of the grove and plucked one of our "spring" flowers, albeit it was fall as almanac says. It was a sweet wood-violet. White with just the faintest blush of red, as if it was timid in coming to the front so soon. Small and hiding away, it was to me a tender proph-

cy of all true life. I placed it in a glass where it told me of the many beautiful lives hidden in home-loves, and doing a work for Truth unobserved, but not unfelt in the great world-vibrations and not unnoticed by the One Mind that receiveth all the good impulses as its best wealth. Were I poet instead of philosopher, it should be embalmed in verse, instead of my sober prose.

* * *

In the city I was busy having my home renovated. Painters, paperhangers, calciminers, and carpenters have made it over. This with some new furniture has happily fixed me for my work. Held meetings in a hall through December, but now I shall have all meetings in my parlors. This will be like getting Home. I shall have Sunday morning meetings; something I have not held in the city since the Disaster of '06. I have a more tender and a more religious feeling in the morning meeting. Am more inclined to be philosophic, and to give an address at evening. I like best to talk to my audiences—come near to them in communion. Formal preaching has had its day. Philosophic discussions are about done with. The real communion is coming, when the place of preacher, professor and orator will be taken by the *thinker*, who will *think with his listeners* and they will feel in him themselves thinking. The "YOU" will be forgotten, and "I" will take its place. Truth is a unit; humanity is a unit; and we must come together to think as one. Note what I say of Mrs. Hetty Green's "Don'ts" in another column.

* * *

I recently placed Henry Wood's "Ideal Suggestion (a great book, one of the best in New Thought literature), opened at the page-Suggestion "All Things Are Yours!" upon my mantle for my

class to look at. After a few moments I asked "What do you get from it?" One answered—"That all is yours!" "Well," I replied, "if all is mine, what is there for you?" "Nothing!" "And," I continued, "if I say 'All is yours' what is left for me? But if each of us say 'All is mine!' do we not each have it all?" "Certainly!" Each member saw the Truth. This form of words has been the fault of metaphysical teaching in the past. We have been preached at, talked to, instead of preaching, talking, thinking, ourselves. This is the only time Henry Woods nods. In all the rest of the book he is personal. We must learn with Whitman to say "I celebrate myself" and soon we shall add with him:—"And what I assume you shall assume." In this Whitmanesque style of affirming the "I," NOW has its place and almost alone among journals. When it started it was rare that the first person was used in Affirmations, and denials were common. Now all journals use the first person more or less, but all drop into preaching at times, and say "You!"

* * *

It is the day before Christmas and I must have my Mss. for February in printer's hands and cannot until the March number tell you of our holidays. But still I can say that they will be happy and merry ones; that we shall enjoy them much of the time out of doors. Grapes fresh from the vines, wet with dew, will form some of our repast. The season holds on very late, and the difficulty of obtaining help has also delayed the picking. Probably the market is a little better for this delay but the cold has so affected them that they fall easily from the stems. This lessens the amount that can be packed in the baskets. While they are equally good, the market is very select, in what it takes,

and how they look. Do you recognize that fact, that food is bought by the eye? Much fruit that has really better flavor will be passed by for some that "looks good." We eat thoughts, and the eye is a strong factor in the Suggestion of what is good. A box was sent me in the city and so many had fallen off their stems that I heaped a plate with them as an ornament on my study table and they were really more beautiful in their green and amber globes than those on the bunches. Don't I wish all my NOW friends could come and help us enjoy them, and the environment this holiday season. Christmas, the time of giving! Giving for the sake of giving! Ah! how prostituted is it by the giving "because I must, I ought. I must make a return for what I had last year. I don't care for that person but she will expect something!" That is NOT Christmas. That is not giving. That is exchange and commercialism. There is no giving where any return is looked for; where any return will be accepted. Not even gratitude or thanks are to be received as a return, nor are we to feel that our gift is a cause for thanks. Give as the One gives; give as the sun gives; give as the mother gives her love. Give because it makes you happy to give. Giving as necessary as breathing. Give out air that you may have more; give life that you may have it; give love that you may still love. Refuse and life and love die. Lowell has some fine lines here and though it will be weeks after Christmas, the thought is for "All the year round." NOW would have every day a Christmas day, and every act a love-Christmas act.

Who giveth himself with his alms feeds three.
Himself, his hungry neighbor and me.

So said the Christ then, and so IT says now.

I find that the printers will let me put in a postscript to my monthly "Under the Redwoods," and as it really is a monthly letter I can do so.

Dec. 29. Came down Monday and have had six days vacation. The weather has been delightful. Up and out for a walk Christmas morning sometime before the sun gilded the western hills. It was like a New England April morn. There was the most delicious bird chorus. The greatest I have ever heard in the redwood region. As I crossed the creek large flocks of little birds no bigger than the house wren of New England filled the underbrush. In the maples were flocks of a bird also new to me, resembling the blackbird but much smaller and their chatter was similar. The orchard was full of robins. All these had dropped in on their way south and finding food and pleasant weather had stopped to give us concerts for a few days. This morning few of each were left. The robin with his red breast was the most like New England that I have seen west of the Rockies. He did not make me homesick but he did fill me with sweet memories of that land where now is snow and ice, while I bask in warm sun and pick fine roses. On the cold north side of my cottage I gathered them for Christmas.

And we had a pleasant Christmas. Twelve sat down to dinner. While we chattered Margaret for her ingratitude in using good mother hens that had raised broods during the summer, paying them for their labors by making a Christmas dinner of them, Sam so cooked them that the crime was condoned. They well might have been the highest priced canvas back ducks. The "fixings" that went with them were grateful to one that had lived at restaurants for a month. We had a good

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

27

—Ingersol.

meeting in the evening when I talked of the "True Christmas spirit." A Christmas tree was arranged for Christmas eve and there were gifts for all the children from "ye editor" down the line. December 26.

I took "an afternoon off" and climbed the "cow trail" to the pasture four hundred feet above the hotel. So sunny and so green it was that I lay down and dreamed I was a boy again in a Massachusetts April.

Gathered a few flowers and came home through a gulch I had never before explored, on our neighbor's land, following a trail over the ridge, made by the Merino goats, under huge trees and through manzanita thickets, and came out into the barn-field, and made a call upon my neighbors. Mrs. Daniels offered me a cup of rare new cider, and had some new anecdote of her father's ride with Emerson across "the plains." They were correspondents up to the closing years of each. Good is it to meet with some one who had so near a touch with the One Great Influence that came into my life.

* * *

Herschell has all the grain sowed. That is our hay. Cut early when the kernels are in the milk and it is rich food.

* * *

I took one day with Jerry trimming up the cypress avenue. They had so grown that they shaded the cottages and were so low in their branches as to interfere with the carriages. I assisted, by looking on, and telling him where to cut, and lying and sitting in the sun, enjoying the new vista that opened as the limbs fell off. Man's mastery over crude nature. "Art is Man added to Nature!" Thus far I am willing to accept. But when art is an attempt to produce the likeness of something that Nature would

scorn to own, then—Well, I get away from it. I do not wish a shrub cut, that does not open a vista, or in some way reveal Nature. I will have no attempt to improve her. Ye who come with me "Under the Redwoods" will find Nature fresh and free. The limitations of Art will never, with my consent, be placed upon these forests. "Improve" will do for cities, but he who wishes rest amid the peace of nature wants no suggestion that money and labor have been here before him.

* * *

And now after our morning meeting I take train for city. I talked upon "The upward curve of life!" showing that we made progress in our unfolding consciousness in harmony with all other of Nature's movements, in undulations. Now on the top of some wave, larger or smaller, and now in the trough, but when we drew a line from point of starting and our present resting place, we had, like one climbing a mountain range, had always been going higher even when we were descending some small valley. It is not the successes in life that mark the highest points in our attainment. Spiritual unfoldment is not measured by external wealth or position. Things that lift us highest, are not those seen of the world. I have measured the curve of my progress and find no one thing that has lifted me into the Light as has my life under the Redwoods.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox writes Mr. Brown of SUCCESS:

"Your new book is splendid."

Please send names of your friends for sample copies.

Trust thyself! Every heart Vibrates to that iron string.

—Emerson.

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NOW

HENRY HARRISON BROWN, Editor

A Monthly Journal of Positive Affirmations.
Devoted to the Science and Art of Soul Culture.

It is the utterance of the Editor only. All thought not credited to others is his.

Is basic Affirmation is:—Man is spirit here and now, with all the possibilities of Divinity within him and he can consciously manifest those possibilities HERE and NOW.

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

Keep it in mind that Mr. Brown's office and the City NOW office is at 589 Haight St., near Steiner. Every car line in city will transfer you to Haight, and bring you to the door. Look in 'Phone book for number if you forget "Market 7534."

A few guests have been at the Mountain Home during the winter. No pleasanter way to pass a few winter weeks and no more quiet place for weary nerves. We would like to keep the hotel filled all the year. Then—well, imagine the happiness conferred as well as received.

The editor wishes in this way to return thanks to all his friends, subscribers and students who have kindly remembered him personally, at the Christmas time and also those who sent gifts to "NOW" Folk in which he had his share. Says Emerson: "The only gift is a portion of thyself. Thou must bleed for me.....I fear to breathe any treason against the majesty of love, which is the genius and the god of gifts and to whom we must not affect to prescribe.....Let him give kingdoms or flower-leaves indifferently.....But love them all, and they feel you, and delight in you all the time."

"And they FEEL you" if you love them, and if they love you you feel them.

There is a "Guest chamber" at 589 Haight street for friends who prefer a private house to a hotel.

Mr. Brown has been busy in San Francisco last month. Here is his Calendar of Meeting and Classes for January:
Soul Culture Institute, 589 Haight street, San Francisco.

Sundays 11 a. m., Lessons on "The Healing Power of Jesus."
Sundays 8 p. m., Lectures on "Education of the Sub-Conscious."

Classes

Mental Science, 5 lessons, \$1; single, 50c.
Mondays, 8 p. m., Wednesdays, 8 p. m.

Free Healing Meeting, Free With Offering.

Tuesdays, 2 to 3 p. m., Thursdays, 2 to 3 p. m.

Emerson's 5 Lessons, \$2, single, 50c (Tuesdays) 8 p. m., Thursdays, 8 p. m.

Fridays, 8 p. m., Suggestions (Hypnotism)

Applied to Healing, 6 Lessons, \$5, single \$1.

Mr. Brown's hours for consultation, advice

and help, from 1 a. m. to 3 p. m. every day

except Saturday and Sunday. Other hours by

appointment.

He will continue the above courses during

February. Each lesson is distinct from the

others and students can take single lessons

though the full courses are recommended.

SUBSCRIBE FOR "NOW" NOW.

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

29

—Whittier.

"Success and How Won Through Affirmation" was the first job executed at our new office. The linotype work was done at the *Sentinel* office, Santa Cruz. All the rest by the Printer of "NOW" Folk, Henry Walker Noyes. His friends in the printing fraternity, congratulate him on the appearance of the book. They know the difficulties he met with, in a country office. Let me tell you one delay of three days. In one line of type after we had begun printing we discovered one word mis-spelled. Mr. Noyes sent by mail to have that line reset. After the line had been returned to him and he had made up his form for that page a "proof" showed that while the correction had been made another word had been mis-spelled. To avoid another three days' delay he rode to Santa Cruz, eight miles, and had it reset correctly. This is only one of the interruptions that delayed the book three weeks beyond the time we hoped to have it. We feel proud of our first born Glenwood book. It is well accepted by the public. I tried to write so as to be understood alike by novice and expert in philosophy. Think I succeeded.

The first three weeks of February Mr. Brown will lecture and hold Classes at the Sacramento "Home of Truth" by invitation of Miss Christine Frazer, who has carried that Home on most successfully for a long time.

The last Sunday of February he is, by invitation of Rev. Henry Victory Morgan of Park Universalist Church, Tacoma, Wash., to supply his pulpit and hold classes and give addresses during the succeeding week. He has promised on this tour to visit Seattle and Portland. Dates at going to press not decided upon. During Mr. Brown's absence from San Francisco, February, Mr. Samuel Exton Foulds, a member of

"NOW" Folk, will fill Mr. Brown's place in that city. Mr. Foulds is Mr. Brown's Assistant Editor, and his co-worker in all the varied employments of "NOW" Folk.

January "NOW" was linotyped by the same firm that has printed "NOW" for 3 years, but all the rest of the work was done in "NOW" printing office at our Mountain Home, Glenwood. Printers congratulate us on its appearance.

Did you notice that you have 3 more pages of reading matter than last year? What have you to say of the New Vol.? What will you do to help maintain it?

"NOW" VERSUS MRS HETTY GREEN who has put forth this list of Don'ts for the guidance of inexperienced girls:

Don't envy. Don't overdress. Don't fail to go to church. Don't eat anything but good, wholesome food. Don't cheat in your business dealings. Don't forget to be charitable. Don't forget to take a lot of exercise. Don't forget to obey the laws of God.

See the difference in Power when instead of "Don'ts" they are "Do." NOW is "a journal of Affirmations." Test always its positions by its positive assertions. NOW's paraphrase of Hetty Green's ten Don'ts.

Be generous. Dress so as not to attract attention. Go to Church. Eat good wholesome food. Be honest in all dealings. Be charitable. Take lots of exercise. Obey the laws of God.

Affirmations are power. Make these so. I am generous. I dress neatly and simply. I go to church. I eat good wholesome food. I am honest. I am charitable. I take a lot of exercise. I obey God's laws.

Say these over about to yourself with force and see which has the most power of self-influence. Truth is personal and present. Its voice is I AM!

Know thyself.

—Solon.

30

WORDS OF GOLD.

October NOW at hand today. I wish to thank you. I shall try to cultivate the habit of Peace, for I feel the need of poise, peace and power. We all have this tendency to lack. When the world is hard and seemingly cruel, I get lonely and feel then I need. How I should like to run to the redwoods for a vacation and have a rest, and there recuperate my shattered nerves. I know you will say this is a naughty suggestion. Lack of energy is another devil I have to overcome. Well, some day I will take your Mail Course. Could I get two or three people interested and take it between us, would that be permissible? Meanwhile may we wake up to realize the Power each possesses now.

E. M. I——, New Zealand.

It is never "naughty" to desire GOOD things. Keep on! Desire hard enough and it will materialize. Perfectly desirable to get others to join in the Lessons. Study together, pay together, and grow together in Truth. I have often advised friends where there was no teacher, or a Center, to thus get together as a class, study the Mail Courses, and my books. There is Power and Peace, and Power through Peace, and Peace through Power in such study and companionship.

* * *
"Give thanks unto the Lord for He is good and His mercy endureth forever!" Last year at this season you were in our midst. How truly thankful I am that you came, and we had the splendid lessons through you. I am thankful for the Here and the Now. This has been one year of blessing for me. I took a trip last June to the Los Angeles Convention, and then to San Francisco and would have visited your

Redwoods, had you been home. I love California and hope to come out again in 1915. Hope you will come South again. Every one remembers you so happily. Your presence and your work was such an impetus. Trusting you may be successful in your San Francisco work and desiring the best possible for you Here and Now, I am,

Rose M. Ashby,

President of Atlanta, Ga., Psychological Society, and also of the Woman's Psychic Study Club.

It is Power to be thus remembered after a year. But I would like to go again. Atlanta appreciated my thought and nobly seconded Mrs. Ashby's endeavors. If we will all pull Thought strings hard enough, I'll surely go again. "I am Missionary at Large" and no one place can permanently hold me. Like all people who know good things, she loves California. But we would not call all good people here. Some are needed elsewhere, but we welcome all the good who come and all who come are good. But why cannot A.I.L. come for a visit during 1915? It will pay well every way.

* * *

"Thanks for the card! Sent a letter a day or two before receiving it, to the Glenwood address. Was it all right? (CERTAINLY. I AM AT HOME IN BOTH PLACES.) There are so many things that come to me to say when I am thinking of you, but when I sit down to write they have disappeared." So writes a Brooklyn, N. Y., patient. Do you know that your improvement is measured by the things you do *not* say? All that you need to say, and that is not on paper, you say through the "wireless" and there it works.

**To the receptive soul the River of Life
Pauseth not nor is diminished.**

31

George Eliot.

"As I read your letter I hear your voice again lecturing at Mrs. Heismann's. Yes, and the picture of you brings you back again to Milwaukee, and what a far distance you are from me. But that makes little difference, for it seems as if you were at my side reading from Tennyson's "Locksley Hall" and "Flower in the Crannied Wall" as once you did. Yes, I can bring you so vividly before me and it does me good so to do. I find a most wonderful stimulant about Tennyson at times, as a quickening of one's best impulses, it intensifies and brings out the spiritual consciousness, and subdues one's baser nature. Even if it be but for a brief moment I feel better. I have often tried to maintain that condition for a long time, this exalted feeling, but fail. Environment seems to be the stumbling block. If one could be with people of large hearts, and be amid pleasant surroundings, why then it would be easier. Of late I have been falling into pessimistic conditions and cannot tell why, for I have always been optimistic. If you were here to give me a shaking up, it would help. I think I have neglected Emerson too much of late." So writes a young man who attended all my lectures and classes in Milwaukee. Well, what of it? Pessimism is good, when one has had too much of the other. You will realize that it is not a habit of optimism you need, but optimism because you choose, and think it is best; that you rationally FEEL, that all is Good, that the Universe is run so much better than you could do it were the responsibility placed upon you, that you are peaceful and happy to accept it as it is. Then poetry is the highest philosophy, and Tennyson is one of the most spiritual and philosophic of poets. You can add no better new thought reading than to take

him with Whitman and Emerson. Balance your busy business day with these and soon you will find pessimism taking a run to oblivion.

From Virginia come these words—"Strange, and yet not strange, that your letter was delayed till the right time. With all its wanderings that letter of good advice came just the day before I was called upon to undergo the severest test I've yet known. You told me I must acknowledge and agree with this great weakness of ——— which has dragged me down and then to realize that I am not to bear it, that it does not belong to me and that ——— alone must suffer. Well, I went through it with never a groan, though those about me, dear old friends, could not control their tears. So strong, so wonderful is the power of Love which I am giving—I cannot thank you in words for the help given—NOW seems like a personal letter. I enjoy every word. Mentally I am attending your classes in the Redwoods, since it is not possible for me to go there in person. Please send me more of the "Peace" cards, for I keep the magazine in which it first appeared on my dresser, so I can see it often. I wish my friends to enjoy it also. Send also a copy of "Concentration" in cloth, which I wish for a friend. With a thankful heart, for a clearing vision." This speaks for itself. The Power of Truth given in Love is omnipotent. She used it in love, and has found relief. So may all. Learn how by coming by some one of the many avenues unto Truth.

From a chemist and assayer in South Africa, with a renewal, comes these words:—"I like your magazine. It's great."

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

— *Whittier.*

32

greed and the pedigrees of those whom our human heredity is now dependent on haphazard selection. Little attention is paid by those who contemplate marriage as to how much stamina, how much physical beauty shall be transmitted to the next generation.

The first hint of a perception of the non-animal is found in the word "Mental" in the extract below:—

However, I think the hour is fast approaching when pride of inheritance will include among its most important items physical, mental and moral stamina.

In the word "love he gives another hint, and yet when we analyze his thought of love, I think we shall find it centering in the sex demand which is a physical and animal demand, if not controlled by that which the one distinctive faculty which makes Man, Man — Thought.

Love is a primal and natural instinct, and the more natural men and women are, and the more highly they esteem natural vitality, the more they will be guided by mutual attraction. As a result of a fashion where health is an essential endowment to matrimony, a larger percentage of healthy persons will marry, leaving a larger percentage of unhealthy persons single. Of mixed matings there will be a small number.

A concept I do not think experience warrants. The less self-controlled are led by sex-impulse to inconsiderate marriage. Once a conception of Health such as NOW teaches becomes prevalent, Prof. Fisher will not find the marital conditions such as he depicts. No one factor is more productive of unhappy marriages than illness. No man can, and no woman can, continue to love an invalid. Pity, sympathy, duty will supersede the old dead love. A happy marriage, a happy home,—a home and marriage which fills the ideal, can only be where HEALTH reigns. But ill-health is not an ideal or a fixed condition. When one knows himself as Man

and Man as Master, ill health will not be known. Health can never be assured by assorted marriages. Children of well persons will be sick, and children of sick persons will be well.

The error lies in the assumption that illness is a fixed condition in the race; and that heredity of disease is a fact. I dealt with Heredity and Natural Selection and Man not animal and other phases of this subject in several numbers of 1912. I there showed that heredity was but the transmission from parent to child of less than a normal amount of stamina, and that such weakness would manifest in some one of many ways. I also showed it was WILL, stamina, and not mental, nor physical, that was lacking. Lack or will in parents breeds weakness of will in children, and this is the cause of illness, unhappiness and crime.

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 may do so through the Editor of "NOW" who will forward the deal. Address—Henry Harrison Brown, 589 Haight St. San Francisco, Calif.

BOOKS THAT ARE BOOKS

Mr. Brown's books advertised on last page of the cover. Among all New Thought writers these are the most free from any ambiguity, mysticism, or theological fancies. Simple, plain, scientific, and written in every day language and above all, are *practical*. NOW readers can do no more good to their friends and in no better way, and help the spread of Truth, than by encouraging their circulation. To those who will buy them in quantities of five or more a reduction will be made. Do not fail to study the notices of them and the advertisements in NOW. These books are cheap, and of the best only.

Leaves of Grass

BY

Walt Whitman

This is one of the books you should know. It's poetry—but you'll be interested just the same. I will mail it to you for 65 cents.

I will get you any new thought book you want at the best price.

If you desire to read along certain lines and want a list of books recommended, I will furnish the list *gratis*.

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