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JUL 17 1913

# THE WORLD'S NEW THOUGHT JOURNAL

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JULY, 1913

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A Year

# NOW

THOUGHT IS POWER

## A Journal of Affirmation

HENRY HARRISON BROWN,  
Editor

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



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

Published by  
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SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS

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# **SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS**

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## **HOMES = RESORTS RANCHES = ORCHARDS AND VINEYARDS**

I am a Santa Cruz Mountain Property Specialist. If you desire to buy or sell any land, either improved or unimproved, if it is located in the Santa Cruz Mountains, you will find it worth your while to communicate with me.

Write for my lists and maps.

No trouble to answer questions.

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**JOHN DUBUIS**

**SANTA CRUZ      =      =      CALIFORNIA**

**BRANCH OFFICE, GLENWOOD, CALIF.**



From all Life's grapes I press sweet wine.  
—Henry Harrison Brown.

# NOW

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

VOL. X.

JULY 1913

No.7

## GOD AND I AS ONE.

In Seymour Canyon, B. C., April, 1913.

Omnipotence, here art thou only Power!  
These mighty fortresses, unhewn rocks,  
art Thou,

In Beauty's grandeur and religious awe,  
Rising to intellectual surprise!

On either hand I'm hemmed with more  
than sense

Can hold. Oppressed by these I wait  
Thyself

As Self, to rise, and free this mortal  
strain,

Through the sense of Immortality!

Eons have passed since Thou in  
dual form

Of vapor and of earth, didst cut for me  
This chasm, and make a highway for  
Thyself

As Might, to lose Thyself again in Self  
As ocean's broad expanse! O Soul of all!  
I read the book whereon I sit, and hear  
again

The rush of flood, where ice and grind  
of rock

On rock, didst make its way, ten mil-  
lion years,

Before Thyself as Thought didst come,  
to learn

The process, and further, then by  
thought as Power,

To control Thyself as torrent, and con-  
vert to use,

This falling wave as light and motive  
power!

This pot-hole, now my hearth,  
taught man the way

To grind' his grain, and better still to  
read

Thyself as Law! Evolution e'en then  
Had wrought a world of life marine!

From thence

Thyself as Life, and not alone as Power,  
But Wisdom, latent still, but pushing on  
To Man. And I was with Thee then as  
now!

As Thou I wrought! And but that I  
am now

As then I was, I would not feel the  
thrill

That is in Self as I living, listening,  
Become again as Power, with Thee to  
feel!

But, then asleep were we to Beauty's  
touch!

Now "Conscious Law" art Thou in  
me, and we

Enjoy and think and do! We simply  
were!

O ages long the wild beasts drank  
and birds

Bathed with a sudden swoop as now!  
Then Man,

My brother and myself in him, untamed  
In Power, but taming the wild beast  
without,

He tamed himself; till now, in me, he  
dams

The torrent wild to float the tree to  
mill,

Where he and I as one, have cities  
built.

As Power we cut this rock, upheaved  
the hills,

We swam as fish, we fought as beasts,  
and still

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

—Walt Whitman.

As beasts we wantonly destroyed the robe  
Of Beauty we over the landscape threw;  
Even kill ourselves, as Man, that we may learn  
As Power-in-Love to live in Brotherhood!  
As we transmute this torrent wild to Light,  
So transmute we our Life to Love and Truth!  
O wonderful the change from chaos-rock,  
Ourselves to grow, through rose and bee to Man!  
And then, as "Conscious Law," to carry forth  
The banner wise of Evolution, till  
The beast in us is left behind, as is  
This tossing spray that whitens at our feet!  
This beauteous stream has left the lake, its womb,  
For valley and for sea! So we, outgrown  
The snake and tiger's slime, aye e'en the song  
Of bird and industry of bee, have built  
Our cannon and our fortress dire, as steps  
To comradeship of Love, and homes of Peace!  
O water roaring at my feet, but in  
Still pool beyond reflecting blue of sky,  
So like art thou to Life! And I, as Man,  
Reflect the universal horizon  
Of Love! When war's no more within my breast,  
There's naught without but Peace, through Conquered Power.  
O rocks that stand in silent majesty!  
O torrent wild cutting your way along!  
O towering trees that wind-harps make for me!  
O Little bird in mimic dashing spray!

O rainbow trout swift darting beauty  
neath  
The wave! O sunbeam making diamonds of  
The trickling rills. O baby ferns moss-hiding!  
And O blue sky o'er-bending all, and in  
Double infinity reflecting clear  
Thyself below! O comrade dear  
With hand in mine, as in the silence we  
Unite as one, all these borrow from thee  
So much of Beauty and of Peace, that but  
Thine eyes reflects them in their deeper depths,  
Thy touch awaken greater thrill, I'd lose  
The richest lesson and miss the mightier power,  
Of that in whom we've both enfolded close  
As babe in womb! Thou'rt Man with me!  
In thee I feel omnipotence, as Love,  
The conquering Power! Little we are, until  
We feel its thrill! Greater than all, is the  
Unseen, the Love, that speaks within thy touch,  
That glistens in thine eye, throbs in thy heart!  
'Tis this that opes to sense the gallery  
Of Beauty where we bask! Love sweetens this  
Our picnic feast!  
O friend, but that I knew  
Some human love was mine; but that my heart  
Could thrill with harmony divine, as thou  
Dost clasp my hand; better were it, that I  
Had slept forever as this rock,  
And God had never made himself a Man.

HENRY HARRISON BROWN.



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

—W.C. Henley.

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**MEMORY—THE BOOK OF LIFE.**

A study of the Sub-conscious.

I think I can in this article, solve the problem of memory. Will try and make clear the reality and the immortality of individual existence as an independent manifestation of the One Mind.

Would we always return to Unity for our explanation, there would be very little question or misunderstanding of the sub-conscious... of the Reality... of the "I," that thinks, feels and acts as My-self.

That Power behind phenomena, which we call Mind, or Energy, or God, is coming to a consciousness of Itself... to Self-consciousness, through Man. The experience of the One Mind, as it learns of Itself, is recorded in two ways.

First—...In the race-consciousness which works through the improved individual by way of Heredity. Every plant leaves its experience in its impress upon vegetable life; the development of species, and of varieties are the result of the experiments of the One Mind accumulated as a race-consciousness... or if it is preferred—as a plant-consciousness.

Secondly... It is recorded as the individual Itself... as Memory.

A false understanding causes one often to say... "I have a poor memory!" When the fact is, Memory *is*, and is the ALL of the individual. Philosophers, who make memory a function, and teachers who claim to teach one "how to develop memory," are in error. Memory is the result of experience upon the Universal mind, as the *Individual consciousness* Memory is the experience of the One Mind in learning of Itself as Self-consciousness. It is impossible to forget; it is impossible to destroy memory, without destroying the individual. To

forget would mean, that a period of growth could be taken from life.

Everything that has, in any way, passed through the consciousness of any individual, becomes a part of that individual. For it must be remembered, that an individual is in no way separated from the whole. An individual is merely a center of consciousness, in the whole, as a whirlwind is a center, in the whole atmosphere. All an individual is, is that of which he has been conscious... and this means, Self-consciousness is individuality. Each experience is there forever, a part of Self-consciousness.

A person, for some reason, may not be able to recollect... that is to collect, from the storehouse of consciousness, but all is there, and sometime it will be recollected, but never will while he is hunting for it.

While writing this morning I remembered that Whitman said something I wished to quote, but, where was it? I tried in vain to recollect it. I said "I know," and kept on with my writing. In a few moments I picked up the book and turned to the page. It came, because I had asked the Self for it, and the Self never can let go anything it has experienced.

You, my reader, have often tried to recall some event, or person, and to every effort the door has been closed. You turn to other matters letting the desire fall into the sub-conscious, and, all at once, the desired answer comes into the consciousness. This is the whole secret of "developing a good memory." All other ways are artificial and an injury to real memory. Emerson in "Intellect" gives the key to this, as somewhere he does to all the riddles of life. He says of this reply of the Sub-conscious to our seeking... "The oracle comes because we have laid siege to the shrine.... So now you

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

—Emerson.

must labor with your brains and now you must forbear your activity, and see what the great Soul showeth."

And a most wonderful fact is here....

You can draw from the whole race experience in this same way. Because, everything the race has experienced is recorded in that One Soul which is expressing Itself...experimenting...through the race. All the experience of the One Soul is stored up in the race-subconsciousness. Each individual adds his little to that race-storehouse, while all the time maintaining his own individuality. In Emerson's marvelous essay "History"—the most profound piece of writing I know—is found the explanation to all individual and universal phenomena. "The world exists," he tells us, "for the education of each man. There is no age, or state of society or mode of action in history to which there is not somewhat corresponding in his life. We are always coming up with the facts that have moved us in history, in our own private experiences and verifying them there. All history becomes subjective. Every soul must know the whole lesson for itself, must go over the whole ground. What it does not see, what it does live, it will not know."

Nature is a unit, and repeats in each individual expression the one plan and pursues the same route. The one line of development she follows in every individual, going a little farther along the same line in each advancing species. There is but one law...Evolution. There is but one record of the process i.e., the individual consciousness, and the brain it builds. As through geology we read the earth as Memory, as in the section of the tree we read by the concentric rings, the tree as Memory, so, could we take a section of human consciousness, we would read the man as Memory. The Book of Life is the individual. All

he has been conscious of is there, as is each season's growth in the rings of the trees. The Book of Life is the Individual as God conscious of Itself.

In one of the largest saw-mills on the Pacific Coast I saw a section of a tree as a log six feet in diameter. Could I have counted the rings, I could have known the age of the tree. Each ring representing a year's growth, some were broad and some very small. There was a period where there was so little growth that it seemed as if the tree barely lived. Favorable years told in larger rings. This fir section told as memory how the seasons had varied on this coast.

Suppose I could take a like section from the consciousness of any individual *Myself* for illustration. Every impetus for growth would be recorded there. Life from within outward, tending as in the tree. The out-motions of Soul Emotions alone recorded. What I have *felt* makes me, not what I have *thought*. Thought may awaken and control emotion, and should...but most emotions are caused by suggestions from without, as were the growths of the tree stimulated by external causes. Till man is self-controlled, he will grow as an exogen, because called into expressing by external cause.

Commencing at the blank space of embryo and infancy, we would next find the rings of childhood when the first conscious impression was made. But here a most important fact to be later examined in some essay. In infancy the most important impression in all one's life are recorded upon the consciousness. That was when I had no volition of my own and was like a blank page for the inscriptions of the people around me. Only a spiritual microscope will read and measure those.

Then follow the rings of boyhood and young manhood. The wide one of the

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

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—Edith M. Thomas.

first love affair, the wide ones of boy comradeship. Of leaving home, of teaching, and then the very broad rings of over three years' military service during the Civil war. Later those of Western pioneer, of married life, of fatherhood, and the pains of travel and unappreciated reform work. Here are rings that show the deep emotions when death claimed some dear friend, the rings of illness and almost of death, of financial trouble and loss, of heavy disappointments over wrecked ambitions and hopes. All are there and they are my-Self. The intellect is but one of the many functions of Soul and only as it awakens sensation—LOVE..is it of eternal value!!! Memory is the present man I am. When I know how to turn the Book of Life as I know how to turn Emerson's "Essays," then nothing is hidden that is not at will revealed to me, not only in my own life but also in the life of the race. Through the awakening of the psychometric faculty, I am learning to read the race-memory.

Works on psychology report many cases of "restored memory." To them I refer my reader. When I was near drowning and under water helpless, I saw all my past. How I saw it, I cannot tell. But there was no thought connected with the view. No sorrow, remorse, fear or wonder. It was as natural as the view from my window today. It was myself. That is all I can say. I had no personal interest in the matter. I did think of how my mother would feel when my body was brought home, and, without any personal feeling, I imagined how the funeral would be conducted. Since then I have been satisfied that all fears, and all unhappiness, that the dying may possibly have are but the result, of suggestions, and do not

arise in the personal experience of the individual. Nature is content to receive us as we are with no comments and with no judgment. Sorrow, pain and suffering pay to her our every debt for being out of harmony with her one purpose: *Growth!*

"O fear not in this world of ours  
And thou shalt know e'erlong—  
Know how sublime a thing it is,  
To suffer and be strong!"

Every bill is cancelled each day, and Justice is satisfied.

During the civil war I was shocked out of my body by a shell. As I fell, I realized that I was a double body. One of greater gravity that touched the earth first, and a lighter one that followed and was absorbed in the first. But the lighter body was as a statue carved from Memory.

I had a Lutheran clergyman tell me a like experience. And an engineer who fell from the bridge he was building some 100 feet into the river, told me a similar tale.

But a more wonderful experience still, was mine in 1870, when I came near death. I floated through a weakness, from my body and saw my past, as carelessly as one looks at a landscape. I was engaged with noting the wonderful fact that I had passed through the walls of the house, and that they were no obstruction to my vision and I was resting in the still more wonderful fact, that now I was content and happier than I ever dreamed of being; I was melody. I was peace! Sweetest peace, I have ever in all my long life known. A peace that I am patiently waiting to experience again, when I shall graduate from these crude to finer vibrations.

To have power to recall any special event, I must realize that—I AM MEMORY; and that the whole Book of Life

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

—Ingersoll.

is mine. The first step to regaining my lost estate is to claim it, and then to "lay siege to the shrine till the answer comes. siege" to the shrine till the answer comes. This is done by Self-suggestion, by Auto-suggestion. Affirmation is Self-suggestion and I must affirm. I AM MEMORY, till I realize that I am. I master my Self, as Memory by affirming that the Self echoes, as it ever will when besieged long enough. I AM! Affirm. I AM MEMORY! *Memory obeys my will! I recall whater I desire and when I desire!*

Make no adverse suggestions to yourself. Never even say.. "I wish I could remember." "It is hard for me to remember" for whatever Affirmation you make the Real I, the Sub-conscious accepts as direction and obeys. Always make the Great Affirmation of Being. I AM! All else centers in that one affirmation—I AM! Then add whatever you wish in way of detail.

Get into the habit whenever you wish to recall anything of saying to yourself. *I know! It will come to me!* Then go on with ordinary matters and forget. Let your thought..your Word go: and and "it will not return unto you void, but will accomplish that where unto you sent it." "The oracles speaks because you have laid siege to the shrine."

While writing this essay I desired an article and found it not. "Well I know where I laid it and it will come to me," I said and went on with my writing. I had not written two lines when the question came into my mind, "What were you doing before breakfast?" And I saw the knife where I had lain it as I washed my face. It would surprise you if I said "The knife spoke to me!" but that is in reality what it did. Its vibra-

tions which were always with me made themselves felt, and thus brought into recollections where I had put it.

We can so cultivate this trust that we are able at any time to draw at desire anything we wish from the Book of Life,—from the Unfolded Self.

There is also a Race-memory in which is stored all the past; even that is open to me. In a subsequent article I will talk of that and I think I can show to an unprejudiced mind whence come the facts upon which the false theory of reincarnation is based and the origin of many supposed spiritual messages and special revelations. That there are real messages from the disembodied I am bound to believe as I know there are telepathic messages from those in the flesh, but there is a Real I that is beyond personality and individuality from which inspiration, universal and special comes. Let us learn how to tap Infinity in its race experience and all possible Intelligence is at our command. A few have found it. Jesus is an early example. Andrew Jackson Davis, Emerson and Whitman, the modern ones. What they were, each of us is. I AM WISDOM! I AM the Book of the Race life! is to be our affirmation.

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Not till Emerson's day did it dawn upon America that it was possible for her to think for herself and make poetry that did not echo the English bards. Patter's "Poems of Phillip Treneare, Poet of the Revolution."

Mrs. C. S. Hamilton asked a few old friends in Saturday evening to meet Rev. Henry Harrison Brown, former pastor of the Unitarian church of this city. Rev. Brown is the guest of W. C. Dibble during his stop in Salem.

—*Statesman, Salem, Ore., June v.*

—*Bayard Taylor.*

**AFFIRMATIONS.**

**The Law of Nature is—Do the thing and you shall have the Power.—Emerson.**

## CONSCIOUSNESS OF POWER.

Universal Power is mine.

I would be conscious of universal Power.

I am conscious of that only, which I have expressed.

**Life is Power.**

When I express myself as Life by giving, I am saving it, and am learning that. I am Power.

When I will not give myself as life, I am losing the consciousness of Power. That Power that I express is mine in the development I have through expression which enables me to express more. Life is infinite as Myself; I am conscious only of that which I express. As an individual I am Conscious Life. I am that Life which I have experienced.

To be conscious of Power I must consciously use Power in expression.

**I desire to be conscious of Power.**

Under desire I will to express myself  
as Power.

As Will I am the executor of Desires  
expressing itself as Power.

I am Power, and Desire guides me in the use of myself as Power.

Desire and Will are the human calls for  
Life to become conscious of Itself.

**I am Omnipotent Will in individual expression.**

As an expression of Omnipotence I am  
Will to express my Desire.

I AM POWER TO BE AND TO DO  
WHATEVER I WILL TO BE AND  
TO DO.

From compromise and things half done  
Keep me, though all the world deride,  
And when at last the fight is won,  
God, keep me still unsatisfied.

—Louis Untermeyer

Come to "NOW" home and say with the Poet :—

**I WILL GO OUT.**

**I will go out into cool woodland places**

Among old forest trees

That have heard many prayers, seen many faces

Of men, and meet the breeze

And sun and rain, and dwell a while with  
these.

There are calm spirits in the trees and mountains.

To those with eyes to see

The old wood gods live yet; forests and  
fountains

**Yield them security;**

**If I stay silent they will speak with me.**

Perfumed with prayers I shall spy them steal-  
ing

Across the dim-lit lawn

Ere evening's torch be raised, or when re-  
vealing

Another day new born

The wind talks with the mountains in the dawn.

I will go out into cool woodland places

With open heart and ears.

And be a child again, running swift races

## With backward-reaching years

And laugh again and know God's gift of tears.

—*New York Evening Mail.*

*Some Universalists believe in and practice the cure of bodily ills through powers of the mind. Hundreds of witnesses testify to a return of physical vigor and to a great uplift and blessing of their whole being, through the drugless cures wrought by the assistance of prominent Universalist clergymen. The Church, however, as such, makes no pronouncement in the matter. It encourages all earnest endeavors whether in the search of truth or of health, and leaves each one free to investigate as he will. However he may decide, it is understood by all that the optimistic faith of Universalism tends toward health of body, holiness of life and an ever-deepening peace. From sermon by Rev. Wm. McGloufflin, D. D., published for free distribution by Universalist Publishing House, Boston, Mass., entitled, "The Truth of the Universalist Church."*



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

—George Eliot.

### TO A FRIEND.

(On receipt of a calendar.)

Wouldst thou keep dim continually mine eye?  
Then hast thou wisely chosen in thy gift!  
'Tis on my wall, Whenever now I lift  
Mine eyes, I see its birds and flowers, and I  
Loose heart in work! To thee in love I fly!  
E'en figures placed in beauty there for use  
Forget themselves; their magic power abuse,  
And tell alone of days apart we drift!

Day by day slowly the months roll on,  
And lonely years are numbered now since  
Pain,

Divided us each to a realm his own!  
Each day comes Love on rapid wing again  
Saying, "Hope on! I still the Master am,  
And Time and Space between ere-long I'll  
ban!"

Topeka, Kan., 1897.

HENRY HARRISON BROWN.

### ON FOREIGN SHORES, AND THEN!

April 25. Today I left Vancouver, B. C. I arrived there the 5th! The journey by boat was indeed fine, for the natural scenery is wonderful. This night was the first I ever passed on a foreign shore. For the first time I came in contact with the farce and iniquity of the tariff. The Canadian officials were courteous and rated my books as "educational," and paying one dollar duty I took my suit cases to a hotel.

Most marvelously Divine Love has lead me and so arranged everything that every day, despite the rainy season, has been a pleasure. Ignorant of the city, I followed the "urge" within, and have been most pleasantly located, with a pleasant landlord and his assistants.

Stopping a gentleman on my way back to station soon after my arrival, to inquire, I was pleased to have him say, "Why, Henry Harrison! How are you!" I learned. He was one of my pupils in Tacoma six years ago. O, the world is not so large now as it was in my boyhood. Railroads and telephone have

made all places here.

The morning of the second day with my companion who is also my agent, I called upon proprietors of halls, and found the rent amounted almost to a boycott, to him who had not a large advertising fund. Calling upon Mrs. Wood of "Unity" Center," I was offered free use of their parlors for my class work.

Sunday evening Harry Gaze lectured in Labor Temple, and seeing me in the audience he sought me out. We have long been friends. He encouraged me to lecture in the city and to take that hall for the next Sunday, as that was to be his last. He offered to announce me for that Sunday. After due deliberation I so decided. That lecture opened up work for me, the next two weeks. Lectures well attended, classes only fairly well, but I made good friends, and established myself so I can return any time and find work.

I found time and opportunity to visit many points of interest. The country is marvelous for its scenic beauty. Within easy walking distance of the street cars, deep canyons yawn, and torrents flow, where heavy timbers shade the sides of high mountains.

The city park is a large peninsular and includes thousands of acres of wildwood. A large portion is laid out by landscape gardeners. There is a fine museum of animals and birds. When it is remembered that the city of Vancouver has been in existence only 27 years, this is a wonderful advance.

Friends took us on excursions that made our trip to British Columbia profitable, had we nothing more than the enjoyment, and the memories of them to bring away with us. I have never visited a locality where so easy of access is so much of natural wonders and beauty. Sunday is here kept with much of that

**A GOOD INVESTMENT.**

**"NOW" FOLK \$100 BONDS.**

*An opportunity for New Thought People to help the spread of Truth, "Now" Folk and incidentally themselves.*

Remember "NOW" Folk are not working to establish a private enterprise. They are incorporated as an educational and ecclesiastical body and we wish to leave the property they now have in possession as college and church property is left, to a Board of Trustees to be used forever for the purposes to which we have devoted it. As soon as we have a clear title necessary papers to that effect will be drawn up.

We have proved our worth by 13 years' endeavor as a "Folk" and by 8 years of persevering labor in our Mountain Home, and by this I have earned the right of appeal in our efforts to retain the property in our possession. Under the most trying conditions we have persevered, hampered by the debt incurred in the purchase and thrown entirely upon us by the disaster of 1906 crippling those friends that promised to back us in this project.

The cash value of the Home Place of 200 acres is \$25,000.00. Its prospective value in five years two or three times this amount, as agricultural lands and woodland is rapidly increasing in value throughout the state and redwood prop-

erty is rapidly disappearing. The state highway now under construction will run through our property thus bringing the property into demand as suburban homes.

That we may have a fair field in which to work and have relief from present financial stress we propose to offer for sale bonds enough to pay off the debt on the property and thus by having control make it profitable in ways now denied us.

We will issue 150 Bonds each for \$100 to run for 10 years at 6 per cent interest. No bond will be issued until all are subscribed for and all moneys paid in will be deposited in the Santa Cruz National Bank in the name of the purchaser to be refunded if all bonds are not sold by Nov. 30, 1913.

To pay these bonds we will from our income from Hotel, Classes, Patients, sale of Timber, Wood and Building Lots establish a sinking fund which will be equal to the interest and principal when due. Experts estimate that each acre of the 125 of redwood would net \$100 if the timber was cut and also give an equal net amount in wood, leaving the land worth at least from \$50 to \$75 an acre.

We propose then to cut out such timbers as will increase the value of the remainder as the Government is doing in

# A B u s i n e s s

its reservations. I estimate that in this way from \$25 to \$50 can be obtained from timbers and wood from each acre and more if it is necessary in order to meet these payments.

Building Lots fifteen to twenty miles further from San Francisco in these mountains sell at from \$200 to \$500. We can readily lay off 100 lots and before bonds are due have them sold.

These with all the property of "NOW" Folk including hayland, pasture, vineyard, orchard, hotel and cottages beside this timber land as security and this promise of securing payment, I, Henry Harrison Brown, President of "NOW" Folk, bring to the liberal and new thought people of the world asking them at no expense to themselves to assist me in carrying out my life-long purpose of establishing a New Thought Home, School and Sanitarium where those who seek rest, peace of mind and health of body can come in Freedom and in Nature and Truth find what they seek.

Not a person who has visited us during our eight years of maintenance of this Mountain Home but has recognized the advantages of the locality and opportunities of climate, scenery and association. We have owing to the conditions of uncertainty from this debt not been able to advertise, improve and build as we would like. With the up-

lift this sale would give and our experience already we can soon have a business that will itself pay off the debts.

There will be no limit placed upon the number of bonds any person may subscribe for. I will personally attend to all these matters and I am sure that in the World of New Thought People there are at least sufficiently enough interested in truth to rally now to my assistance. I have put 12 of the best years of my life into the Home. It is the realization of my dream. It is not for personal gain but for the world. Will not each person who reads this regard it as a personal note from me and at once write a subscription for one or more bonds. Any questions answered. If references are needed they will be furnished.

I have in co-workers all that can be required in faithfulness and efficiency. If the world wants us and this Home now is the time to demonstrate its want by action. The security is ample and the reward sure. Once "NOW" Folk is on a sound financial basis there is no possible limit to our activities.

Send all letters of inquiry and subscriptions either in promises or in cash to me personally.

Truly your friend,

HENRY HARRISON BROWN,  
"NOW" Home, Glenwood, Calif.

# P r o p o s i t i o n .

## Opportunity

is said to come but once, but to YOU it comes through NOW again this month and will remain at your door till November 30.

You read the "Editorial announcement" in the May number. I add a few words to that.

### LOCATION.

The location of our property is the best I have found in the U. S. I have lived long enough to test the climate in 18 states and made quite extended visits to 20 more. In every place there are advantages and disadvantages. One must balance them and choose. Here I find more to recommend, and less to offend than at any place I have been in. The weather is never too cold, nor too hot. Few sultry days in summer. A few mornings in winter when we have a little ice. Rains only during a few winter and spring months. A very short "wet season" compared with Oregon and Washington. Of course a proportionally longer "dry season" with more tendency to drought. Aside from this there is not a feature of climate that is not for joy.

Besides we have no noisome insects. No mosquitoes and fleas which are so troublesome in many resorts. A good sea-breeze much of the time. Only 8 miles by a good road now and soon by as fine a state road as can be made from here to sea-beach.

### OPPORTUNITIES.

Santa Clara and Santa Cruz Counties have no superior in my opinion in all the United States and few equals on

this Pacific Coast for fruitfulness and opportunities for the home-maker who with small capital with readiness to labor, to economize and endure for a few years to make for himself a paradise. Land even in these mountains with better soil, better climate, nearer markets, and with less in clearing and preparing can be bought for from one-tenth to one-third less than farm lands along the Puget Sound. Here he is within two hours R. R. ride of one of the greater cities of the United States and one by nature destined to be the GREATEST from Cape Horn to Alaska. California, especially the northern portion, has not had the unscrupulous boom rustler that many sections have had, and will soon rapidly fill. Farm lands have doubled in value in the last five years and by time these BONDS ARE DUE California will have added at least 100,000 to her population and these lands of ours will all be wanted by city dwellers for suburban homes. The opening of the Panama Canal will make San Francisco one of the GREAT shipping ports of the world. All the exports this side the Rocky Mountains on this latitude will here see market. The FAIR will open all this section to the view of the world. Now is the time for all who wish a home in PERFECT CLIMATE TO INVEST. These bonds will be received for twenty per cent more than their face value in paying for a LOT as soon as we can lay them out.

### MY MOTIVE

in keeping and developing this. "HOME" isn't a personal one. It were far easier for me to give it all up

and attend to other work. I have often under all the difficulties that have beset me, thought I would do so, but for the sake of coming generations I will keep on and do my best. These groves **MUST NOT** fall under the lumberman's ax, but must be kept for our children's children to enjoy. It is robbery of the unborn to destroy them. For their sake first of all I ask your investment. Then it is

#### **THE ONLY PLACE IN THE WORLD**

where New Thought people today can find an outing and association with each other and where the weary can come and amid Nature's glories find rest and where the ill can be cured and education in Truth be found. It is for these I am working also.

This is my **MISSION** Study the pink sheet and help on Truth in as good an investment as you can find. I ask not charity or gifts—but I do ask what you can give—your money on an investment.

#### **EXTRA INDUCEMENTS.**

Every subscriber for one of these bonds shall have the privilege after one year of drawing upon it for anything in our line, as guest, patient and student or for our books or magazine to the extent of ten per cent of the bond (\$10) and shall receive everything at ten per cent discount from regular prices.

#### **AFTER 1915**

any holder of the bond may take out in board, treatment, or education, to the extent of 25 per cent a year, for himself or any one he may delegate.

#### **A CERTIFICATE.**

I will give with each bond sold, good

for \$50 in mail treatments from some member of "NOW" Folk staff, at the regular rate of \$5 a month or \$10 for a continuous three months' treatment. These certificates will be good for any one to whom they may be transferred, who will act in good faith toward the Principle and toward "NOW" Folk.

I will have good legal advice draw up the certificate which you shall sign in subscription; draw up the bond and the certificate of Healing. The moment the conditions are so fulfilled that I can do so I will secure the Bondholders upon the whole Real Estate, which is now worth \$25,000 and which before the bonds are due will be worth four times that. Were I free from debt, not \$50,000 in cash today would purchase it, for it is the only place in all my travels that meets so nearly the requirements of an ideal location.

I have for ten years, under all kinds of difficulties, held on to it, till I felt I had demonstrated my worth and my ability. Now

#### **IT IS UP TO YOU!!**

Shall it be a *World's Home* or shall we abandon my plan because New Thought people are not yet ready to risk a few dollars each on an investment that is sure, while millions are risked every month on uncertainties, in mines, oils, and real estate speculations? The investment is sure! I will devote my energies to making the **HOME** a Success!

*Truly your friend  
Henry Harrison Brown*



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

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*—Julia Ward Howe.*

old idea of sacredness, that Man is sacrificed to the institution. But parks all opened, and well used, on that day as no places of amusements are opened and no games allowed. And yet it seemed as it when one became rich enough and influential enough, he could play on Sunday, for visiting the "Country Club" I found many games of golf in progress. One Reverend has placed himself on record in the city, by a sermon, in which he advocated the closing of news stands and candy stores, because "the children spent the money there they should take to Sunday school!" Imagine the smallness of soul and brain in that pulpit. But a prominent Minister in Seattle wishes the "movies" closed on Sunday because "they keep people from church!" Club people to hear him by the alternative, "Come to church or stay at home."

I thought of engaging a "movie" theatre in Vancouver for my Sunday lectures but learned that a lot of red tape was necessary. First, an order from the mayor. Then a permit from the Board of Health, and some other restrictions. So I made no attempt. All this is considered necessary, for if the places are opened for lectures they may soon grow into being opened for something worse. Emerson says of such fears, "Poor God with no one to help him!" How could He run the universe but for Revs., W. C. T. U. and a lot of fanatical reformers to tell him what to do, and to help him keep up the repairs Satan is constantly making necessary in "poor human nature"! Surely NOW and kindred publications and lectures are still needed. We'll be on deck for sometime to come. I am much indebted for my success in Vancouver to the "Unity Center" and its most efficient president, Mrs. Wood. I trust that Center will realize a growth from my work there.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles also hold occasion-

al meetings in their parlors. By request, I gave one address there upon "A Common Sense Philosophy," which is the philosophy of NOW.

Vancouver is destined to be a large commercial port and the citizens are awaiting with great expectations the opening of the Panama Canal.

Tacoma, May 14. We passed one day in Victoria, one of the oldest cities of the Northwest, established by the Hudson Bay Company long ago. It is the capital of B. C. It is the most foreign town, excepting a few hours in old El Paso, Mexico, I have ever visited. One third of the inhabitants of Vancouver are from the States. Less proportion here, therefore that city seems much like home, not so here. The quaint old English architecture was a constant pleasure. Also the English manners and the lack of that strenuous business activity I find at home. A few old customs remain in names and signs. One especially struck me. For a millinery store, I saw the sign "Bonnet Shop."

The location of Victoria is by far the finest of any city I have been in. A low shore line all round it, with many indentations and inlets with fine harbors and coves, with light hills for outlooks. I rarely passed a more enjoyable day. It reminded of early days along the Salem and Marblehead, Mass. and the Maine coasts. But here, as in Vancouver, but far less so than in Vancouver, the "trail of the serpent is over it all." The serpent of capitalism and monopoly. The Canadian Pacific Railroad virtually owns all and is the government. And property is exorbitantly high beyond all reason in Vancouver. The great and fashionable hotels in both cities are owned by that Company.

Temporary blessings come from corporations but when they would swallow their mother, then the mother will de-

stroy the child by taking back unto herself her delegated powers.

Parliament buildings here are fine pieces of architecture. A picture to one's eyes, for their propitions and chastity of ornament. The only other building I have seen worth remembering is the court house in Vancouver, which, with its too squat dome, is really a fine architectural building.

The Museum in the Parliament building is one well worth a visit. I rarely have seen one where there is better arrangement, and possibilities for instruction. Especially valuable is the Department of Indian History. Everything is so labeled with use and history as to be a veritable representation of the life of the Canadian tribes.

\* \* \*

Mem.....Lying on the ground at Vancouver court house was a flagpole of a single stick 220 feet long. I doubt if another single piece of timber ever found its way from forest to city.

\* \* \*

Tacoma, Wash., May 28.—Lectured here Sundays the 18th and 25th, Henry Victor Morgan had arranged for lectures in his Park Street Universalist Church, and for three lessons on Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday eves. As always I was greeted as an old friend, by fine audiences. Mr. Morgan's influence I recognized as having grown here and in Seattle, both as teacher and healer. It is my earnest wish that he will long make his society, "a city on a hill" for all the Northwest, and for an example to all churches. If they wish to hold their place of influence and not be stranded by the rising tide of thought high and dry on the sands of theology, they must take on the new machinery of Truth and discard their old sailing rigs. This must come. It is only a question of a few years. The remodeling of church

edifices into club houses and the pulpit revision of creeds will not long satisfy the developing soul.

The Metaphysical movement of today alone can save the church and the nation from revolution, and through an evolution of an understanding of divine Cause in Human Life as in the world of life on the lower rung of God's expression lead it to prosperity and peace. Morgan is a pioneer in a great work, and yet he does not half appreciate his place neither does the society over which he ministers.

\* \* \*

A three days' course in Puyallup in G. A. R. Hall was poorly appreciated.

\* \* \*

Mem....In Tacoma the manager of a successful wholesale firm invited me to talk one evening upon "The Principle of Suggestion in Business Success", to his employees. I felt the meeting was a success, and so did all express themselves. I wonder others do not imitate this example, for his traveling men are success. This firm is "the Wilford Winn Co." keeping my books on sale.

\* \* \*

The steamboat trip from Vancouver to Seattle was a beautiful picture all the way. Puget Sound is full of islands. Many of them worthless for cultivation, and covered with a scraggy cedar. But many, especially is the southern part, are very fertile and well settled along the shore. We sail at times under steep cliffs and through narrow and turbulent waters. A lady on board, who had traveled extensively in Europe, told me that nothing finer was to be seen in the Scotland fiords.

\* \* \*

Sunday, May 25, was my last day in Tacoma. In the evening at the request of Mr. Morgan I gave an address on "The parable of the Sower." It is needless to say I drew from it a very different

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

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—Whittier.

meaning than that usually drawn. The seed I held was the Life, "I am" and the field the conscious expression of that life. I sowed not for God, nor Man, but for the SELF alone.

The society proved that it was not limited to an "ism" but was universal by its reception of me and my thought, and by the fullest liberty they accord the pastor. "Universal!" Let this be the name of every organism. "Act from principles capable of universal application!" is the one Law of conduct. Why not that of Expression in all lines of life?

\* \* \*

May 30.—In Portland. A day of sacred memories. The friends of youth and of later years, comrades, parents and friends, are all remembered every day, but today I strew flowers, not on their graves, they were in my room, and sweeter ones in my soul. Death is to me a beautiful thing. It is sweet to be born! Sweet to live! Sweet to die! And sweeter the thought I LIVE FOREVER, but sweetest of all I LIVE THE IMMORTAL LIFE NOW AND THAT LIFE NEVER CHANGES. I AM IMMORTAL. Within this consciousness I joined with the Comrades, glad that so many of the old ideas and sorrows that were common in my boyhood had passed away under a more rational thought. Yes, they are here and there and everywhere, where Omnipotent Love is!

Brother Minard had announced a lecture for Thursday, the 29th. And here I am on my return home. My last station. During the last week in February I gave my first address on my way northward. Now after 18 weeks I am on my way to "the Redwoods!" I often wonder if anybody else gets as much out

of life as I do. Every hour is full of joy. All are human and I reason that each has all he will take, for Life is joy. How much will you have? One earth, one sky, and one humanity to enjoy it. I was not always thus. I did not know how to enjoy. I now affirm. "I AM HAPPY!" and am happy. It is simply BEING. I have no more external cause for happiness, no more reason for being happy, than I had in those far away days when I was filled with fears, pains, and griefs. I then existed. NOW I LIVE! Then I feared; now I have faith in good! Then worried; now I accept and enjoy! Then I was good to others; now I am good to Henry Harrison. Then skies were cloudy; now I have "turned the clouds inside out and wear the lining." Nature, the world and men, have not changed, I am the same person. I have only changed my mental attitude toward life and things. That is all. But it is all the difference between health and disease; between misery and happiness. I am happy! For thirty years, I can say with Whitman. . . . Wherever I have been, I have charged myself with contentment and triumph. . . . For I do not see one imperfection in the universe,

And I do not see one cause or result, limitable at last, in the universe!

\* \* \*

While in Tacoma I visited old Kansas friends at "Home" on the Sound. Some 15 years it was started as a co-operative colony on the principle of Individualism. Soon dissensions entered for the "Individuality" was so strong in some that they wanted to dictate to others and rule the colony. Finally the property was divided. The Spirit-of-co-operation must

—Continued on page 112

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

—Irving Rachelor.

OFFICE OF NOW  
GLENWOOD :: :: CALIFORNIA  
BRANCH OFFICE  
589 HAIGHT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

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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.

Its 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



A blue cross here indicates that your 1913 subscription is overdue. Please remit.

\* \* \*

By time NOW readers receive this I will have re-established myself at the Mountain Home. Classes will have begun. Some patients will already found relief. During my absence there have even been guests, who have found rest here, and some who have needed and found the healing my assistants can so well render. Now all is ready for a great summer's campaign.

\* \* \*

Friends in San Francisco and Bay cities will look in the *Sunday Examiner* under

advertisements of "LECTURES" for announcements of my meetings in the city. I will be a portion of the time at 589 Haight street.

\* \* \*

"Success and How Won Through Affirmation" is selling so rapidly that it keeps our press constantly at work supplying the demanded several thousand this winter. All the rest of my books seem to have received a stimulus through friends. For outside NOW and my lectures they have no advertisement.

Mr. H. W. Noyes, who has charge of the printing, has had his time and hands full in keeping up with orders. A sufficient supply is now on hand for summer trade. NOW is a fine specimen of his work.

\* \* \*

This June number closes the first half of the volume for 1913. It is a good time to send in 50c for the last half. Can you not feel the coin in your purse saying, "I want to go to NOW, that you, friend, may learn Truth!" If so, obey, that others may come as you did, through some one's effort. If no one had written or spoken, YOU were in darkness yet. 50c will help some one. The half-dollar "wants" to be so used.

\* \* \*

I will be assisted in my work this summer by a new addition to the "staff" of "NOW" workers, Mr. Jay Van Foster of Chehalis, Wash., a young man of rare promise in the work. He has been my advance agent and my companion, not only relieving me of much business care, but giving me that rest I needed after the severe mental strain of constant lesson and lecture work. He will relieve me of much of my detail work thus giving me more time to attend to the general affairs of the "Home." He will be "Jay" to all who come in love to us for a few days or a longer time.

**Trust thyself! Every heart  
Vibrates to that iron string.**

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—Emerson.

Mr. Foulds, who has passed the winter in San Francisco, is now filling his old place as manager of the hotel; assisting in the healing and when called upon is giving instruction. He is daily improving in his powers, which have for years placed him in the front rank of all in his lines of work.

Mrs. Leona Chappell Noyes is also full of new energies. Is one of the busy, useful women of the world, for, in addition to her share of hotel and printing office work, she does much most excellent work in the healing, and comfort field.

Mrs. Winans—Margaret is "The Mother" of the establishment. Few women have more power in "mothering" into health and peace, than she exercises. She will welcome all who seek the comfort and rest of the Home.

My co-worker—Herschell—who for several years has so faithfully attended to the ranch, has also taken a few months' vacation in the city, is now at his old place. All his old friends will be glad to see his face at station on arrival, and enjoy his care for them while here. He is assisted by "Dave," who has most faithfully done the work during his absence. Friends of the last few years will be glad to meet "Dave" again, for once a friend he is ever one.

These compose the big "Staff" of "NOW" Home. With IT, I am ready for any call and any amount of work. Plan for at least a week with us, and if you are weary with care, or desirous of health or wisdom, come and stay a month at least and we promise you with these Peace and happiness.

Our terms are more reasonable than in most summer resorts. Board and room for \$10 a week. No better old fashioned

table and no more quiet accommodations can be found in these mountains.

Patients will receive treatments from \$5 a week up, according to their necessities.

For terms for "absent treatments" and class work see advertising pages of the magazine.

Meetings open to all who wish to attend are held every Sunday A. M. in "Emerson Grove," Sunday evenings in hall.

Song services almost every evening in parlor.

Social gatherings in Hall every Saturday eve and other times when desired. Unusual showers give promise of fine crops and keep the mountain vegetation green and flourishing. Never a finer summer for scenery since we have been here.

---

Mme. Calve writes the following to a woman friend:—

"I have come to treat my voice as some winged, mysterious being, independent of myself. I believe that, even if I lost it, it would return to me on my deathbed so that I might sing with my last breath."

Mme. Calve, after referring to her operatic successes, adds:

"But after all, that is not happiness. I would have preferred to be the mother of five or six children. They would have been my lullaby."

---

There's gold and its haunting and haunting;

It's luring me on as of old;

Yet it isn't the gold that I'm wanting,

So much as just finding the gold.

It's the great, big, broad land 'way up yonder,

It's the forests where Silence has lease;

It's the beauty that thrills me with wonder.

It's the Stillness that fills me with Peace.

Robert W. Service in "*Songs of a Sourdough*."

---

Teach thou Spring; the grand recoil

Of Life resurgent from the soil,

Wherein was dropped the mortal spoil.

—Emerson.



### WORDS OF GOLD.

I met Mr. Brown in Clarkston, Wash., last summer and I think he is a lovely character. I have enjoyed NOW very much. Can't think of being without it in the home. With best wishes to all "NOW" Folk.—*Mrs. M. J. St. G. . . . . Washington.*

\* \* \*

I read your books when discouraged and wish you were here to advise me.—*Mrs. J. V. C. . . . . Illinois.*

\* \* \*

Allow me to express my appreciation of your article in April NOW on "The Self". Eucken and Bergson never wrote anything so clear and comprehensive. I have never read anything which has given me such satisfaction. It is nearer Truth than anything else I have ever seen.—*Mrs. Y. H. . . . . Mass.*

\* \* \*

Said a lady to me at close of lecture in Tacoma. . . . . "Mr. Brown: The last chapter of 'Success' has changed me from failure to success."

\* \* \*

"I am using 'Dollars want me' as a text book in my instruction to my salesmen and they are success," said the manager of a large wholesale firm in Tacoma.

\* \* \*

I loaned "Dollars Want Me." to a friend and he has worn it out by use, and I wish one more for myself and one for him!" said a lady in Seattle.

\* \* \*

Everywhere I go some one comes to me with good words of thanks for some one of my books. It is pleasure to know I have helped them.

Sexual instinct remains the center round which everything revolves. Nothing exists but through it.—*Ribot in "Psychology of the Emotions."*

### TRUE EDUCATION IS SELF-DEVELOPMENT.

In his address before the University of California Sir. Richard McBride, Prime Minister of British Columbia, said that universities should change their methods, aiming primarily to develop individuality and teach students to think for themselves. Those self-made men who regret the meagerness of their early schooling probably would not have achieved success, he affirmed, had they been college trained.

"I do not for a moment," he said, "decry the cultural worth of an academic training or attempt to assess value of any form of education by the earning capacity produced in the individual; but I do say that a university that does no more than impart a purely academic scholarship has fallen short of the standard of what such an institution should endeavor to do for those who are entrusted to its care. "It is a matter of common knowledge among business men that the majority of young men and women who are graduated between 18 and 25 have no definite aim in life and are not equipped by their training to grapple with practical affairs. This condition, in the opinion of an increasing number of all classes, he asserted, calls for a revision of methods. The world is getting back to the principle enunciated by Socrates 2000 years ago that that education was the best which taught the utilities and qualified man to cope with the realities of life."

Sir Richard defined education as consisting in "solving problems from the highest to the lowest by the exercise of brain power. No one is educated, in the true sense, who does not mentally follow all the processes of the solution for himself and grasp the entire meaning and purport of each step taken. Therefore, much of the curriculum of the ordinary student of the university is futile, because it is accepted by him as the conclusion of someone else and not digested and absorbed by a process of mental effort on his own part."

"The success of what we term the self-made man is due almost wholly to the fact that he has had to work out his own problems and thus develop his faculties in a way that no amount of college coaching would have done. "Some of these self-made men bemoan the lack of early schooling, such as their children are able to enjoy under more opulent circum-

stances, reasoning that if success has been attained under such conditions, how much greater would the measure of that success have been with the advantage of a university career, whereas the probability is that most of these men would never have achieved success in their lines had they been college trained. It is a significant fact that nearly all the great successes in the United States and my own country—Canada, I mean—who in the various departments of commerce and industry have done things of which we feel very proud, never got beyond the public schools of the country before starting to hew out a career for themselves. I am not holding up success in life in a worldly sense as the goal to be attained, but simply wish to emphasize the fact that there is a cultural and educative value in all effort to work successfully along any line of achievement, which is a factor that should not be overlooked in university work.

"Actual experience goes to show that outside of those who qualify for teachers or of some of the professions, not five per cent of university graduates pursue in after life the studies of schools. Does not this indicate a failure in the system which would seem to call for remedy? Our universities, I submit, should aim less to arrive at a uniform standard for their students than to develop individuality; to encourage vocational aspirations; to specialize rather than to generalize; to hold up definite purpose and usefulness in a career as the object of training rather than the sharpening of wits by a theoretical emery process; that finding out and doing things for one's self is infinitely more educative in effect than accepting the conclusions of others."

---

**"NOW" FOLK HAVE ALL THIS AND  
AND MORE FOR YOU.**

---

Then there is the very essential factor of climate. It is outdoor life that is going to cure you. You can take more outdoor life in a climate where skies are cloudless ten months of the year than you can in a climate where the cloudless days average only half and half. Whether you go West from nerve-jag or for the rest cure, or for t. b., you are going to do things in the West that you would not ordinarily do at home. You'll

hunt! You'll fish! You'll tramp! You'll ride! You'll play! You do not do those things back home when you are in business traces.

There is an ozone in that Western air that will buoy you up and dispel gloom, and fill you with a desire to go in spite of your dearest dumps and most cherished glooms.

Out there you'll drop a lot of the burdens of your old life back East, as Christian dropped his bundle of sin. You'll drop them just at the wicket gate of the new, care-free, outdoor, independent life. Whether you came West for rest cure or nerve-jag or lungs—you'll begin doing a lot of things you never did before. You'll take exercise. You'll eat ravenously. You'll stoke up quantities of food that you never suspected any two people could eat; and you'll be able to digest hammers and tacks and nails and bits of crockery—a result of the climate that you get only in the high, buoyant life of the West. That stoking up of itself arrests disease and recuperates. Instead of living right on the margin of your strength you begin to accumulate an unconscious reservoir—a reserve to drain in case of need.

Then there is the newness of everything. Your mind is taken off the past, off self; off plans broken in the middle; off the Indian sickness of "too-long thinking" or, as we would say, "back thoughts." That is part of the healing process. Your thoughts find new channels, new interests, new variety. It is as if you turned the sluice-gate of a new irrigation ditch into your innermost being

There are nights at these altitudes when the stars seem so near, you could pluck them down like Jack-o'-lanterns! Stars? If you talked stars down in Wall Street they would ask you if you had been buying diamonds.

There are days when, sitting astride your pinto—or, if you are not a good rider astride a burro, when you can ride with your feet on the ground—you will be lord of all you survey from skyline to skyline.

There is another important point to the healing process. Nine cases out of ten patent medicines for coughs are either opiates or some by-product of the resins of balsam and hemlock and pine. In the forest of the Rocky Mountain states you are literally breathing aid surcharged with the streaming odors of pine resin without the opiate. You are

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

—*Archib L. Black.*

breathing a mixture of ozone that is not fancy, but fact, pine resin and condensed sunbeams. The mixture happens to be good for body and soul—and it can't be bottled.

—*A. C. LUNT in Saturday Evening Post.*

In Innocent's life there comes an hour  
When stands revealed what it could  
never guess;

That there is a magical, mystic power,  
To make Love strong or leave it  
powerless.

If felt, if given without one selfish  
thought,

That Love is Wisdom's self, and else  
beside is naught.

—*Alfred Austin*

### GENIUSES

Prof. Wilhelm Ostwald, who won this year's Nobel prize in chemistry, has studied the history of great men of all time and declares that geniuses are born geniuses by accident of nature. Great talent is not inherited and is not conveyed by inheritance to children. He proves that neither the parents nor the brothers and sisters nor the children of men of genius possessed genius. A genius is just as likely to come from a tenement or a farmer's cottage as from a millionaire's mansion—*The Voice of Freedom.*

One who never turned his back, but marched  
breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,  
wrong would triumph,  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight  
better,

Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday, in the bustle of man's work-  
time

Greet the unseen with a cheer!  
Bid him forward, breast and back as either  
should be,  
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed—fight on,  
fare ever

There as here!"

—*Robert Browning.*

—Continued from page 107

be present, and not merely an intellectual perception of the Principle. Here is where so many communities have failed. Unity of spirit and not of thought is needed. Here as in all others which I have studied, there was a lack of business unity. Business is autocratic. There can be but one head. To elect a board of directors and a president, and have them subject to dictation from every one who has paid in a dollar is failure from the start. Business success comes never in that way. In all the successful colonies there has been a one-man-power, backed up by the religious sentiment, never yet a successful colony that has not been founded in some theological spirit. God's appointed ruler can govern men and women who are willing for eternal salvation to submit to dictation. Those like the Christian Scientists of today who for physical health and material supply are willing to give up intellectual freedom and become repeaters of statements, and submit to the direction of an organization. ONE HEAD.....or EVERY HEAD! And today the One Head..individualism, does not succeed in communities. It will sometime when the Spirit-of-Brotherhood has mastered the love-for-money.

\* \* \*

A few days and I am on steamer for Home...A few days and the rest and comfort I have earned I'll find with friends and in "Emerson Grove" among the Redwoods.

No ray is dimmed, no atom worn,  
My oldest force is good as new;  
And the fresh rose on yonder thorn  
Gives back the bending heavens in dew.

—*Emerson.*

SUBSCRIBE FOR "NOW" NOW.

Please send names of your friends for sample copies.

Read carefully advertisement of

**Now Folk Mountain**

❁ ❁ **Home** ❁ ❁

And remember it is open all the year. Now is a fine season to rest there.

NO BOOK IS MORE NEEDED BY  
THE MASSES TODAY THAN

**“Not Hypnotism-But Suggestion”**

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Glenwood, Calif.

OR

HENRY HARRISON BROWN

589 Haight Street - - San Francisco, Cal