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HENRY HARRISON BROWN,

Editor



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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.4

MY DISCOVERY.

Walking along the seawashed strand
Picking a pebble here and there;
Watching the gulls—a fickle band—
Who of me have little care.
Pockets I fill with pebbles bright
Glistening from the ebbing tide.
They were of quartz so pure and white,
Fairer than all they lay beside.
Then down upon the sand I lie,
Watching waves with foaming crest.
Sorting my treasures as I try
If one has worth above the rest.
That one I bring to grace my shelf,
Place with gems I prize the most.
Adding as miser adds to pelf
Its worth I could but little boast.
But months roll on, and suddenly,
I see my pebble in new guise.
For wiser grown, I now discern
There lies a gem before my eyes.
In signet ring it blazes now
Its value is beyond all price.
It well might grace a monarch's brow,
Or deck the gate of Paradise.
Why now to me its jeweled worth?
A gladsome radiance doth it send,—
It calendars a new Love's birth;
And bears to me the name of—FRIEND.

HENRY HARRISON BROWN.

Feb. 22, 1914.

We think with only part of our past, but it is with our entire past, including the original bent of the soul, that we desire, will and act. Our past as a whole is made manifest in us in its impulse; it is felt in form of a tendency, although a small part of it only is known in the form of an idea.
—Henri Bergson, in "Creative Evolution."

The real man and the real woman is the one, at whom we look through smiles and happy tears. It is the heart that sees.—
Rev. C. E. Aked.

METAPHYSICS THE PROPHET OF SCIENCE.

When in 1901 I wrote my book, "Man's Greatest Discovery," I knew then, as well as I do now, that investigators in the field of material science would ultimately reach the same conclusions as I there reached. Knew as well then as I shall know when those to whom I dedicated the book—"My Readers of 2002," will know. For Truth is eternal and has no relation to time. To perceive Truth is to perceive the Eternal. But I was not prepared for the great advances toward that same perception that have already been made.

Radium has almost bridged the gulf between the vibrations then known and Thought, but other vibrations of varying degrees have been discovered to which letters of the alphabet are applied as names, till now it seems that most of the alphabet has been used.

A late discovery of physical science that verifies our metaphysics, I find in the **Current Literature** for Jan., 1914.

Prof. Garrett Fisher, in an article there quoted from the **London Mail**, says of the "F" ray, a newly discovered form of energy which is capable of igniting explosives, after speaking of the type of rays known

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

—Julia Ward Howe.

as light and heat, which he says are the most obvious of the rays of Energy, which we get from the sun and have been known from the beginning of time also, says, "But we know now that light and radiant heat correspond only to one small series of waves in ether and that there is a countless variety of other waves which produce entirely different physical effects. Wireless telegraphy is the result of a special set of waves which can only be detected by the 'electric eye' known as the coherer. The Rontgen rays are almost certainly another kind of waves in ether, and the same thing is true of the Gamma rays. The reason why it has taken so many centuries for scientific work to discover the existence of all these forms of radiation is simply that our bodies are not sensitive to their effects as they are to light and heat. Some psychologists hold that the phenomena of thought transference or what is known as telepathy, are due to a yet undiscovered kind of radiation, which is sent out under certain conditions of mental stress by one human brain and can be perceived by another brain through the medium of some sixth sense, which is only developed in a few individuals and whose laws of action are obscure. But no man of science now denies that there must be innumerable varieties of radiant energy transmitted through ether which have not yet been studied by man. . . . We all re-

member the storm of hilarious incredulity with which the world received the first announcement of Dr. Rontgen's discovery less than twenty years ago with its sensational corollary that a living man's skeleton could be photographed. We are wiser nowadays and are prepared to consider almost any claim which is properly put forward for the capabilities of some new form of radiation."

Psychometry is the "sixth sense" alluded to here, and when the definition which I give it, and it is the only one I know that will stand scientific criticism, is understood, it will be seen that Dr. Buchanan in 1849 and those who have investigated along the same line, have been only prophets heralding the coming day when Material Science shall have discovered (?) **Mind is all.**

Psychometry is the art of recognizing and interpreting those sensations not recognized by the five senses.

However sensitive artificial membranes may be made, the Human Ego is still more sensitive. And IT feels all the vibrations in the Universal and Infinite scale. The unfolding consciousness of Man becomes more sensitive to these vibrations and his upward advance in the scale of Wisdom is in exact proportion to his advance in recognition of the vibrations of this Infinite scale.

As the membranes in the instru-

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

51

—Whittier.

ment vibrates to the viewless waves and gives us the "wireless" so the more delicate membrane—the human brain—vibrates to the viewless and gives us telepathy. But before thought must come feeling in the Ego—the Soul—the I AM. The Divine Reality which we recognize under all these names feels these fine vibrations and a thousand million others. Heretofore Man has recognized but a few octaves in this Great Scale of the Universe. He is becoming more and more sensitive until thousands feel and act under these feelings and go into disease, insanity and crime, and especially to sexual excess. But as the race comes more and more to understand these sensations and man controls his sensitiveness he becomes more aware of his spiritual nature and exhibits powers little dreamed of in his less mature condition. The animal possesses all the five senses of man, and these man is to leave behind in his unfoldment and in proportion as he does this he will live in the consciousness of himself as spirit. It is in cognizance of this fact that I started NOW and have carried it forward till the present with its basic affirmation—**Man is Spirit and may live consciously the Spiritual Life Here and Now.**

And this unfolded Consciousness is but the individual passing in his recognition the scale of vibrations from the most crude sensations of heat and cold up to those which tell of the unseen and the far

away.

It is a familiar phenomena for "NOW" Folk to send and receive messages by telepathy. It is a familiar phenomenon for me to take a letter, a name or an article, and by **feeling**, by the recognition of feelings to **diagnose** mental and physical conditions and to read the history and character of any individual from whom the sensations come. It is as natural a thing to do as to sense the heat from the stove, or to detect the colors in a picture. And as music is developed into expression by practice, so is this recognition of thought and feeling.

So with telepathy. It is but the sensing of a person's thoughts and is as easily cultivated as is any other line of recognition.

There are but two Sciences and but two Arts which cover the whole range of human possibility, and some time in the future they will have absorbed and rendered useless all the present. And they are Telepathy and Psychometry.

These cover human thought and human feeling and a person is only these. I feel, then I think upon what I feel. These open the whole universe to one; and beyond the power of telescope or crucible; beyond the power of recorded history or present psychology; beyond the eye of geologist or the shovel of archaeologist; are these Arts to open to man the realm of wisdom.

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

—George Eliot.

Medicine and physiology are fast already becoming antique realms under the operation of the Psychic man.

It was the perception of these realms that made the ancient cults and philosophies, realities; but not till the present age has the Law been understood, and the occult and mysterious and supernatural have been placed in the realm of the natural, the ordinary and the wholesome.

The clairvoyant, the seer, the possessor of second sight, and of the ear that hears what no other hears, and the healer that reaches where medicine has not, were once considered the favored of the gods.

Science has ignored these classes of phenomena, and denying their existence as facts has lost the most important adjunct to its realm. But the fact that it now recognizes the plan upon which the Universe is made, i. e., Scale of Vibration—there will be a constant evolution of Perception and of Understanding till the veil between the two expressions of the One Life will disappear and all persons will know themselves Spirit and as such Masters of Matter.

Notice hereafter the constant discoveries of new rays and then the application of these rays to invention and healing. Radium is now exploited. If radium rays heal, it is because they are nearer the vibrations of Soul than others used by the profession. But beyond radium

in pitch and potency are Thought rays, and beyond these Spirit rays. Both these highly specialized forces are in potency beyond any "F" or "N" ray, beyond any "electric eye" to detect or any radium ray to equal. But they are as real and as cognizant to the person developed in recognition of them as are the records upon his instrument certain to the chemist who handles these newly discovered rays.

The Mental Healers, the Telepathists, the Metaphysicians, and above all the Psychometrists, are prophets of the future life of the race and presage the certainty of the dream of the earlier seers which the world has accepted as a long-yet-to-come Millennium. It is now and here to Us.

MATERIALISM.

Who thinks that breath and bread is the
full sum,

And scoffs at aught beyond our coarser
sense,

Let him give answer to his heart of hearts:
To what dull end does Poesy hold sway,
That gives to man the status of a god?

When sensitized by smooth, harmonic
strains

That ope Perception's door a moment's
space,

What undreamed deeds, undone, ye could
not do

If ye achieve with pestle or with pen

The things ye look upon as ultimate?

Think ye the requiem of the soul is sung

And Wisdom's hands shall idle in her lap?

Not undesired are the ends ye seek . . .

An orderly abundance for each one. . .

But as the youth, with knotty problems
solved

Finds still more gnarled and abstruse yet
to do,

So shall your Science, with its labors done
Perceive the heights of Spirit, yet unwon.

A. F. GANNON.

"THY KINGDOM COME!"

Mankind is one with Truth.

Unity of the race must be his position who would understand the phenomena of the race. Mankind is one. "One mind common to all men!" and there is also a common ground upon which all men may meet. Be he king or peasant; philosopher or fool; saint or sinner; chaste husband or libertine; black or brown; white or yellow; they all meet on the common ground of the emotions. All mankind FEEL alike. Passions are kin no matter where found. Man is primarily sensation. The differentiation into race and class is not nature's primary classification. Her method is a question of more or less, a question of degree; of intensity. The differentiation into classes, races and sects rises in the intellectual ability to translate feeling into the symbols of the external life. Of the phenomena of the whole race can be affirmed—it is an expression of what the individuals feel.

Spencer says: "The chief component of mind is feeling . . . Mind properly interpreted is co-extensive with consciousness; all parts of consciousness are parts of mind. Sensations and emotions are parts of consciousness and so far from being its minor components are its major components. The **body** even of our thought—consciousness—consists of feeling, and only the **form** constitutes what we denomi-

nate intelligence. No movement is made but it is preceded by a prompting feeling. The over-valuation of intelligence has for its concomitant the under-valuation of the emotional nature."

And Helen Keys says: "The conscious conditions of the soul are determined by the emotions—reduced for the moment to unconsciousness; emotions which are forgotten in the hour of fulfillment, are not therefore less decisive."

In this thought of Unity can we alone understand this prayer. Remembering that it is the utterance of an emotion, we also **feel** we can not only pray it, with every denomination in Christendom, but we can also pray with every man in any clime, and in any form of worship. It was this recognition that caused Whitman to say:

I do not despise you priests, all time, the world over.

My faith is the greatest of faiths, and the least of faiths.

Enclosing worship ancient and modern and all between ancient and modern.

It is the lack of the recognition of unity in emotion, and thus relegating religion to the realm of the intellect, that has caused all the sectarian wars. Religion has been made a creed, and not a reality. Whitman saw this also and made Religion a Principle above the other two which formed the triune base of his philosophy. He says:

For you to share with me two greatnesses, and a third one rising inclusive and more resplendent,

The Greatness of Love and Democracy, and the greatness of Religion.

**Call this God: then call this Soul:
And both the only facts for me.**

—*Browning.*

We in this Vision of the Lord's Prayer will not confound, in our reasoning, Theology with Religion. We will not care for creed, rite and symbol, but will look for, find and enjoy with ALL men the principle which is voicing itself through them all. Heber Newton gave a fine definition when he said: "Religion is what a man FEELS toward God; theology what he thinks of him!" We will go back in our thought from two thousand to five thousand years and try to FEEL with the ancient Hebrew and with the Young Hebrew who gave his listener this prayer.

In unison with men of all time and all climes, he and they felt as they looked upon the natural phenomena about them, and especially as they gazed into the depths above which stood for them the symbol of Deity even as the sun so stands today for the Parsee. What they felt I felt as I stood in our mountain home recently and gazed at the stars, and repeated with Whitman:

When we become the enfolders of those
orbs and the pleasure and the knowledge
of everything in them, shall we be filled
and satisfied then?

And my spirit said, No! we but level that
lift to pass and continue beyond.

He put the emotion into his words. The ancient Hebrew into his. Language consists of symbols; first of tones and then of marks, as signs of and to express thoughts, which are translations of emotions. We should feel, would we read these symbols rightly the emotions for which they are forms. The Emo-

tions are, as Spencer says, "the body," the thought and language but "the forms" under which the individual attempts to express to the intelligence of others what he has felt and to awaken in him the like emotion.

Entering now ourselves the synagogue with the Hebrew—with Jesus—let us pray! He says "Our Father." Beside him a Syrian, who utters a name we do not recognize. An Egyptian who says "Osiris and Isis." A Phoenecian, who says "Astoroth." A Roman, who says "Jupiter." A Greek, who says "Zeus." You may say "God," and I may say "Love." We will place in our temple, not built with hands, but eternal in Thought, one person of every nation under heaven. Each will feel as we feel, and each will pray to his conception of the Unseen Power: "The Unknown God" of Paul.

"Pray to the Lord THY god with all thy heart, soul and mind!" Jesus has said to them. Here each prays with his heart first—his emotions—then with his mind, his intellect—and then with his will. All these prayers unite in one strong cord in Spirit—in Emotions—Unite, while the tone-symbols in language of the emotions die.

We will enter the mind of the Hebrew bowing beside us and seek why he prays, "May thy kingdom come!"

Desire is prayer. He desires good things. He desires peace within his

nation. Prosperity and position. All that a king can give.

Remember, the height of external government was then a kingdom.

And among the Hebrews a theocracy where the king was the chosen of God. Selected by God and represented God as the Pope today is held by his church to be God reigning upon earth. The Hebrew nation then considered their king as God in the flesh. God "on earth!" "May thy kingdom come!" meant to him, "Wilt thou as king so rule that all my desires for good, happiness and prosperity may be gratified?" All that a citizen of an autocratic government could ask of his sovereign was asked by the Hebrew at our side. It was asked, and is asked, by every person who utters a petition for good.

Ignorant of natural law he believed that his God was an autocrat who could, when he choose, do anything. He could hand from this store to him that which he asked for as easily as he himself could hand from his purse the shekel he gave the priest for the temple service.

But the important thing for us is the emotion from which the petition sprang. He is sincere. He *feels* what he prays. He expects his prayer to be answered. He looks to the external, forgetting: "God is spirit, and they who worship him must worship in spirit and in truth." The answer must also come from a spiritual Being. must be a spiritual answer. I said "Forgetting." He had never recognized this.

The Thought of God, Man and Nature had not so far evolved. So he prayed on his plane of intelligence, but on the universal plane of emotion.

Yes; I know that form has often usurped the place of spirit in worship. The Prayer-book satisfies the emotion, for the intellect has in its development set bounds to emotion. "They that love me will keep my commandments!" Love is the supreme emotion. And when Love is felt, the commandment is kept by necessity. The forms are observed today through duty, fear or less honorable motives. But this is not prayer.

The best definition is Emerson's: Prayer is contemplating the facts of life from the highest point of view. It is the soliloquy of a beholding and jubilant soul. Prayer is therefore one talking to the Ideal within himself.

It is expressing a desire, in his own symbols, for that which he deems the best for him in his own life.

You and I will join all who pray not only once a week, but at all hours of the day for we will **FEEL** "May the ALL-Good be manifest here and now." This is to me what Jesus felt, what his desire was. It is what all feel who sincerely utter these words. But since it is not our business to feel for others, or even to surmise, and much less to suspect others of ulterior or unworthy motives, we will pray as he prayed who saw in brightest Vision the world redeemed. Who carried about with him the radiance of an illumined Soul. Whose radiations were

so potent that they healed those whom he touched or who in the crowd touched him. Who, when he departed from his friends, said:—"My peace I give unto you!" Because he **was** peace, and the Kingdom had come to him and he was conscious of it, did he leave peace. We will seek not with words, but in unexpressed thought, and with all the feeling that caused the thought in him to pray establishing his desire for the All-Good to come as a Principle of life. "May thy kingdom come!" will be our words while we hold the Vision of today. We know as far as the One is concerned, as far as Law is, and as far as Truth and Love are, that kingdom **is**. It is only waiting for us to pray sincerely, believing that it is for us to be conscious of it. When thus conscious of it it **has** come to **me**. Through prayer I become receptive to its expression.

From the same spirit and from the same Vision in which Jesus formulated the prayer for the Hebrew of his time we will formulate ours for today. **I love the Good, the Beautiful and the True. With all my love I desire these to manifest in all my conduct.** I let in Love and Truth that the Power of the **One be made manifest in and through me.**

My every thought, my every emotion, is a race impulse; is a radiation from me as a center outward, filling, as a ray of sun, the spiritual universe. It is helping mould the future. My every prayer makes the race more religious. My every throb

of love makes the race more humane. Emerson says:

The loneliest thought, the purest prayer is rushing to be the history of a thousand years.

When I pray "May thy kingdom come!" I am talking to the King I am, as "Conscious Law," for the "Kingdom of God is within" and the King of that kingdom is the Conscious Human soul. Thus am I, as king, giving orders to all the forces of the Kingdom of God, to carry out my desires, and they obey. Thus am I helping to bind the feet of earth to the throne of the Ideal, when I in sincerity pray for the Good. I am binding myself to ignorance and loss when I will not help on the evolution of Mind, through my desire for Goodness. I can increase the amount of intelligence and good on earth, but I cannot lessen it. I may refuse to consciously add to the world's stock of goodness and wisdom, but I cannot diminish it. The good I develop in myself helps the world. The good I will not express is my loss. I take none from others. I would have every man pray, "May thy kingdom come!" for by this prayer he is helping the evolution in the race of the Ideal of all that is manly and good and true. A modern poet, Angelia Morgan, in a recent poem has given utterance to this thought finely:

I ask no truce, I have no qualms,
I seek no quarter and no alms.
Let them who will, obey the sod.
My soul sprang from the Living God.
'Tis I, the King, who bids thee stand
Grasp with thy hand my royal hand!
Stand forth!

.....
§ **AFFIRMATIONS.** §
.....

By lowly listening you shall hear the right word.—*Emerson.*

There is for me an Inner Voice.

There is for me a Divine Guidance.

There is for me at all times the right thing to do.

There is for me always a choice of the Better.

There is for me ever the necessity of Decision.

There is within me a divine tendency outward of the Spirit.

That tendency is ever urging me to be and to do.

In doing, the Soul evolves into consciousness of Itself.

The Divine IT within knows Its way.

I trust the Divine current in me.

I listen, as to the flow of mountain stream.

I hear the Divine Word.

Its Inspiration is my guide.

Its Power enables me to see and to do.

The Word of Silence and in Silence determines my choice.

The Vision of the Silence influences all my life.

Through the Vision of the Ideal comes to me the right Word.

To the Ideal I lowly listen! I hear! I decide!

I trust my decision and am victorious.

No Vision can I see, no Word can I hear amid the turmoil of doubt.

In Faith I listen!

In Faith I see the Vision.

In Faith I hear the Word.

In faith in Self I decide.

And in faith I accept results.

Through obedience to the Right Word I am happy, healthful and successful.

All is well with me! All is Peace!

A VAGABOND THOUGHT.

Since early this morning the world has seemed surging

With unworded rhythm, and rhyme without thought.

It may be the Muses take this way of urging

The patience and pains by which poems are wrought.

It may be some singer who passed into glory,

With songs all unfinished, is lingering near

And trying to tell me the rest of the story, Which I am too dull of perception to hear.

I hear not, I see not; but feel the sweet swinging

And swaying of meter, in sunlight and shade,

The still arch of Space with such music is ringing

As never an audible orchestra made.

The moments glide by me, and each one is dancing;

Aquiver with life is each leaf on the tree, And out on the ocean is movement entrancing

As billow with billow goes racing with glee.

With never a thought that is worthy the saying,

And never a theme to be put into song, Since early this morning my mind has been straying.

A vagabond thing, with a vagabond throng.

With gay, idle moments, and waves of the ocean,

With winds and with sunbeams, and tree-tops and birds,

It has lilted along in the joy of mere motion,

To songs without music and verse without words.

—*Elle Wheeler Wilcox, in Ainslie's.*

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

—*Archie L. Black.*

UNDER THE REDWOODS.

Feb. 25.

Taking advantage of the holiday rates, I made a visit HOME. We had had a week's rain and it was still coming down gently when I arrived at the station. But David knew that when I said I'd come, that come I would, if trains ran, and he was there with covered hack. Over muddy roads and 'neath foliage heavy with water, we had a delightful ride. It was like letting a boy out of school. My only regret was that I did not have on an old suit so I could saunter, maunder and paddle in the water as the boy in me had done, and would like to do again.

The creek was well up, and made delightful music, falling in many keys over the impediments in its bed.

Overhead occasionally a squirrel ventured out to scold, or maybe to rejoice over the promise of future mast and nuts. Three miles was too, short, but dinner that loving hands had made more elaborate because I was to be there, was waiting, and we hurried on.

Those who know nature in the country only in summer, and in sunny moods, do not know how beautiful she is when she in joy sheds tears; tears which are, to those who know her, pearls of promise for future harvests. Everything had the same loving attention and friendship as when I left; everybody was happy. Work enough, and as a result, joy.

"Loving service" is the key to happiness. We have had it here for nearly nine years. As a consequence we are a "Happy Folk!" My cottage across the creek under "Emerson Grove" has been the home of Dave and Jay. Notwithstanding the long rainy season they have kept it dry. My library and pictures show their care. Jay has christened it "The cottage of Peace!" for there he has found the peace he long had sought. Lovingly we think of it when away. It has nothing but peace for us three. Its angel warders are Truth and Love.

At night it was "a joy to press the pillow of my cottage bed and to listen to the patter or the roar of the rain overhead." Long ago, while mother was down stairs, I have, as a boy, climbed to the attic on rainy days, and curling up on a shelf fitted to the window, have lain, read and dreamed what the boy would do when he became man. The man has done very differently from the then dream—but he is well satisfied with the man the boy has made.

It was up there where the boy first became acquainted with Uncle Tom, and that New England attic was transformed into the negro cabin. It is impossible to tell how much of my later sympathy with the unfortunate was then born.

Saturday, Feb. 21, I enjoyed with the friends in the Home, the printing office and among my books and

MSS. in the cottage. Sunday it also rained, but there was time for communion together, and closer were the ties of friendship woven. A good lecture at morn and eve, and then again was I lulled to sleep by rain. Monday; clear and beautiful. One of those days that California so often has. Lowell found it in June in Massachusetts. Don't I also remember them but here, when I say:

What so rare as a day . . . [in spring]

Then if ever there come perfect days!

Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays.

Wherever we look, whenever we listen,

We hear life murmur and see it glisten.

I feel them again as never in New England.

Warm, so that upon some boughs I lay and dreamed away some hours looking off to the hills westward, beyond which the Ocean was sending light, gauzy clouds which soon faded away into the blue, and with them faded all my conception of time and space:—I simply lived.

Wonder how many know what it is simply to live. To lose themselves in the joy of Being. It is our privilege thus to enjoy. I will do so and my deepest and holiest prayer is, "Father! I thank thee that I live!"

Come with me and Live in the open. In this ramble I picked 15 varieties of blossoms. Few could I name. It was not and is not necessary to understand botany to enjoy flowers any more than it is to be able to dissect the anatomy of your friend to love him. I am not loving bone, muscle, blood and nerves, but the Spirit that animates them. So in

flowers, I am not loving stamen, petals, corolla and name. I am loving the spirit of Beauty in them.

The first that greeted me grew at the very steps of the cottage; modest, faintly tinted on its outer surface, the little wood violet. Near it wake-robin was holding levee. In the groves the madrono was shedding its blossoms, which lay like white pearls upon the ground. Later it will be loaded with coral berries, for birds to harvest and for Christmas decorations.

The madrono is one of the most distinctive trees of this coast. It has a beautiful bark, which it sheds every year, appearing in spring in a new, bright, smooth and polished uniform, with its foliage resembling in size, shape and gloss, that of the magnolia. It grows in fantastic shapes. It is not only beautiful, but forms one of the most attractive features of our landscape. Bret Harte has thus written of it:

Captain of the Western Wood,
Thou thatapest Robin Hood!
Green above thy scarlet hose,
How thy velvet mantle shows!
Never tree like thee arrayed,
O, thou gallant of the shade!

* * * * *

Where, oh where, shall he begin
Who would paint thee, Harlequin!
With thy waxen burnished leaf,
With thy branches' red relief,
With thy holly-tinted fruit,
In thy spring, or autumn suit,—
Where begin and where end,—
Thou whose charms all art transcend!

On the sandy slopes the manzanita was also holding its bells of wax for the sun rays to strike the spring-time carol. Affilire and wild portu-

—Continued on page 64

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

—Walt Whitman.

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VOL. XI. APRIL 1914 No. 4

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

Mr. Brown will divide his time between his city office and the Home during the next few months.

* * *

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* * *

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* * *

Our Printing Office is busy. New editions of "Success" and "Self Healing" have been necessary. Are you supplied with them? If unacquainted, write for them, and if not satisfied we will return the money. Students of them are enthusiastic in praise. Here is a letter received today from Mass.: "Send me 6 more 'Self Healings'. My friends having seen mine are clamoring for them."

* * *

No climate in California, where the climate is best of all the states, is equal to that in the little valley where "NOW" Home is situated. And now is a season when beautiful days, with sunshine and flowers, are upon us. Hotel is open for guests, and all the loving service of "NOW" folk is awaiting them. And here "Peace reigns supreme." Write for circulars. Address: "NOW" Home, Glenwood, Calif.

* * *

Mr. Brown and Mr. Foulds have a fine class in "Suggestion" at the San Francisco office.

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

61

—Irving Rachelor.

OLIVER C. SABIN, Bishop of the Evangelical Christian Church of Washington, D. C., and originator of that phase of New Thought; publisher and editor for many years of the **Washington News Letter**, passed from his physical environment the 13th of January.

Mr. Sabin was a strong personality, an earnest and enthusiastic worker in his advocacy of Truth. Beginning as a devout follower of Mrs. Eddy he, by exercising his right to reason and expressing his own opinions, was excommunicated by her and the Mother Church. Her followers were forbidden to read his paper. He had, he told me at that time, 30,000 subscribers, and her edict reduced his list to 3,000. But he continued to live as an American citizen and to exercise his God-given inheritance of freedom to think and teach. He left a well established church, magazine and philosophy.

The February number of the **News Letter** contains a "Valedictory," written May 7, 1913. He was ill over a year. Was 73 years by earth's measure. His friends claim that he died of over-work and enthusiastic devotion to the Cause.

I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance while in Washington, of speaking one Sunday to his people, and passing several happy hours on several occasions with him and his family. His son will continue his father's work. He has not gone. HE IS. And as he was

Love and Truth, so AS Love and Truth HE IS here now, with all the consciousness of power he ever expressed, and all that he has added in the clearer light of immortality. From his Valedictory I quote:

I feel that life eternal is the heritage of man; that it belongs to us as one of the charter rights of the human family, and that sooner or later God Almighty Love will manifest it to all of us.

* * * * *

In thus writing, with the full knowledge of the truth of my words, I say unto all my friends everywhere that God Love, God Life and God Truth stand pre-eminently as the Life-Giver, bringing you all in touch with the Infinite, in perfect harmony with perfect law. I write this letter that my followers and friends will know when I am gone that what I say is true, and they can rely on it and trust in it. The success of this truth depends not upon me or any other living person, but upon the Infinite life of the Infinite Father and through Him must receive His baptism of success.

* * * * *

This I feel to be my duty—to state what I have in this letter in plain English, so that all may know that God alone is the One who does this work, giving to each and every one my benediction of perfect love. I sincerely give to each my devoted love, and may God Almighty bless you all.

For what we dream is never lost,—

Dreams mold the soul within the clay,
The rapture and the pentecost

Of beauty shape our lives some way:

They are the beam, the guiding ray,

That Nature dowers us with at birth,—

And, like the light upon the crown

Of some dark hill, that towers down,

Point us to Heaven, not to Earth,

Above the world where dreams are lost.

—Madison Cawein.

Somebody said the more he saw of men the better he liked dogs. I feel as if I should say on this suffrage problem that the more I see of anti-suffragists the better I like idiots.—Horace Traubel.

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

—Edith M. Thomas.

TWO WORDS TO AVOID.

A very bad little word is "IF." Never use it when you desire anything. "If I could!" "If things come right!" "If I could afford it!" "If I feel well!" are specimens of common expressions. There is no "IF" to a determined person; none to one who has self-control; none to one who is self-assertive. "Impossible is the adjective of fools!" said Napoleon. If implies doubt, fear, mistrust, lack of will, lack of confidence, lack of faith. To use if is to cultivate these conditions, therefore watch your conversation and eliminate if. Another bad word is "Try." This word postpones doing till some future time. "Try" is born in fear, cowardice, and mistrust, like the little imp "If." "**Now** is the accepted time!" **Now** is the time to do. Trying puts doing into the future. Do now. Try tomorrow, if you will; but do **now**. "He that doeth the will of my Father," said Jesus. Not he that tries to do. I realize that the little school song, "Try, try again!" had a vicious effect in my life. It led me to excuse my shortcomings by calling them "Tryings" when they were **doings**. They were steps to the accomplishment of my ideal. Never did a person try. He does. Does the best he can at the time, and by thus doing learns to do more and better tomorrow. "She hath done what she could," applies to every child of the Father. The moment I say "I'll try," I in reality

say "Well, I'll put a little will and intelligence into it. I'll half do!" Thus I weaken my efforts and lose the lesson of the doing. Each doing is a step onward. I should not do for the results of the doing, but should do that I may gain power to do still more. To do and rest in the results is to lose the benefit of doing. To do and realize that **power** is gained for future expression of that which I am, is to live. To say "I tried" is to say "I failed," for "trying" means failure. "Trying" is looking to the external and not to the real, which is the picture of success in the mind. That picture is the more perfectly expressed after every doing, and the power that created it has more experience with which to do more next time. Remember it is **Power** to do, and not the thing done, that is of value.

"I may not reach what I pursue,

"Yet will I keep pursuing;

"Nothing is vain that I can do,

"For Soul-growth comes of doing."

Never try; always **do**. Tell yourself that you do, and this will, through suggestion, increase your power to do. Affirm: **I do!**

The Mohammedan writes a verse of the Koran on paper, puts it in water, and drinks the water. This is a strong Suggestion that fixes the thought in his mind. Supposing you try a like Suggestion by writing these imp words "Can't." "If," and "Try," upon paper and burn them with the words "Good-bye! I use you no more! Hereafter **I am! I can! I do!**

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

—Emerson.

63

DREAMERS.

Ah, there be souls none understand,
Like clouds, they cannot touch the land,
Drive as they may by field or town.
Then we look wise at this, and frown,
And we cry "Fool!" and cry "Take hold
Of earth, and fashion gods of gold!"

Unanchored ships, that blow and blow,
Sail to and fro, and then go down
In unknown seas that none shall know,
Without one ripple of renown;
Poor drifting dreamers, sailing by,
That seem to only live to die.

Call these not fools; the test of worth
Is not the hold you have of earth.
Lo, there be gentlest souls, sea blown;
That know not any harbor known
And it may be the reason is
They touch on fairer shores than this.
—By Joaquin Miller, printed in *The Dial*.

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION.

"When I was attending medical college," said a New Orleans physician, "our old professor of materia medica and general practice told us one day that he had a remarkable case which he proposed to exhibit next morning in clinic. 'I have persuaded the man to allow you to examine him in the interest of science,' he said, 'and you will each make an independent diagnosis in writing.' Next day the patient appeared. He was a big, strapping fellow, and, without any preface, he peeled off his clothes and took his place on the table. We examined him in squads, thumping his chest, listening to his lungs, feeling his pulse, taking his temperature, and doing everything else we could think of. I soon discovered valvular disease of the heart in an advanced stage, but said nothing, according to the rule, and sat up nearly all night writing my diagnosis. When the professor took his place on the platform at lecture hour his desk was heaped high with our written reports. 'Well, gentlemen,' he said blandly, 'I find here forty-six diagnoses, each describing a different disease. I consider the variety of your discoveries very remarkable, especially'—here he paused and deliberately polished his eyeglasses—'especially, gentlemen, as there was nothing whatever the matter with the patient.' The silence that ensued was so thick that you could have cut it with an ax."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

FREEDOM.

I call that mind free which masters the senses, which protects itself against animal appetites, which contemns pleasure and pain in comparison with its own energy, which penetrates beneath the body and recognizes its own reality and greatness, which passes life not in asking what it shall eat or drink, but in hungering, thirsting, seeking after righteousness.

I call that mind free which sets no bounds to its love, which is not imprisoned in itself or in a sect, which recognizes in all human beings the image of God and the rights of his children; which delights in virtue and sympathizes with suffering wherever they are seen, which conquers pride, anger and sloth, and offers itself up as a willing victim to the cause of mankind.

I call that mind free which resists the bondage of habit, which does not mechanically repeat itself and copy the past, which does not live on its old virtues, which does not enslave itself to precise rules, but which forgets what is behind, listens for new and higher monitions of conscience, and rejoices to pour itself forth in fresh and higher exertions.—*Channing*.

**CLIMATE CHANGED BY
SUGGESTION.**

An exchange has the following:

"Imaginary change of climate does the work in this case. Some time ago the Virginia state line was changed so as to include a patch of territory belonging to North Carolina. A section of the land thus transferred included a tumbledown cabin, in which dwelt an aged negro woman. An inquisitive neighbor, calling to see how the negress enjoyed the change, inquired, and received the answer: 'O, so much bettah. I was allus told Carolina had so much bettah climate'."

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

—Whittier.

—Continued from page 59

lacca were studding the grass with pink and crimson tiny stars. Among them the ground primrose was reflecting a bright yellow. The dandelion was proudly shining even in the P. M., under the bay, which is now putting forth its flowers and under stimulation by the warm sun filling the air with fragrance.

I made a new acquaintance in the sun-cup, a flower so delicate that it seems but the spirit of some sterner fellow. Home I brought some from the pasture, where the stock had noses deep in the fresh grass, but its beauty was soon lost. For want of its native atmosphere it withered away. A handful of others were mine. I looked at them and the extended landscape, and said to the Universal: "Why do people live in the city, man-made, and neglect the country where God is? Here I know I am an individual and that God is! In the city I have often lost consciousness of individuality, but when I come home to the fields and woods I find it. Can we have men and women raised in the artificial conditions of the city? Can we have the best expressions in men and women until they contact each other and the thought of past others in the city?" And so I answered by deciding for myself: "I will express the **best** in me by loving Nature and Man wherever I am. I will balance myself with Man and Nature and be with God all the time!"

Home to cottage in late P. M. and searching through drawers and boxes for the best things I had laid away for NOW, till the supper bell rings and we pass the evening together.

Tuesday morning comes, and I thank God that I AM, and for the opportunities I enjoy. Jay and I have our social hour; he goes to the printing office and on a long walk I call upon friendly neighbors, close my visit with nature at noon, and after lunch start for the city. Here, March 1, I am putting finishing touches to manuscript for April NOW. Happy am I that I have a HOME in the mountains for rest, recreation, and where in Love and Truth I can find Peace and communion with those who are also Truth and Love.

The season is approaching when I shall pass a portion of each week with these friends, and will hold communion in Truth in our classes **Under the Redwoods**. Will you be there? I have a seat for you. For YOU!!

Why cannot the laws and powers of mind be stated as simply as the physical laws have been by Owen and Faraday? Those, too, are facts, and suffer themselves to be recorded like stamens and vertebrae. But they have a higher interest as being means to the mysterious seed of creation.

—Emerson.

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*Sometimes a breath floats by me,
A breath from dreamland sent.*

—Lowell.

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