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# THE WORLD'S NEW THOUGHT JOURNAL

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DECEMBER, '10

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A Year

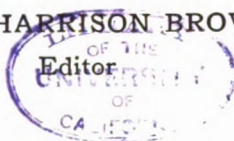
# NOW

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

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# "NOW" PUBLICATIONS

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## Not Hypnotism but Suggestion

By Henry Harrison Brown; pp., 66; 3d edition; paper, 25c. In this book the important Law of Suggestion is further evolved, and the phenomena of Hypnotism explained.

Grant Wallace, in some valuable editorials which he wrote for the *Bulletin* of this city, twice referred to it as a very valuable little book, recommending it as a textbook on Suggestion.

## Concentration—The Road to Success

128 pages; finely bound in cloth, \$1.00. Paper covers, 50 cents. Sent post free on receipt of price.

This is Mr. Brown's latest book, published in 1907 and is in its 2d edition. It grew out of his various lines of work. Questions thus received, propounded by student and patient, by letter and in class, have been for 30 years answered until out of these answers and the growing necessity for this knowledge among the awakening masses, this book was compelled to be, as Supply in answer to Demand. It grew.

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Mr. Brown's latest book; 25c. The title tells you exactly what the book is. Plain, beautiful, helpful, artistic, powerful.

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The New Road to Opulence, by Henry Harrison Brown; pp., 24; 10c. It explains just what mental attitude to hold that will draw the Dollar. It will enable you to rise above the drudgery of enforced labor. A powerful booklet.

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By Henry Harrison Brown; pp., 60; 3d edition; paper, 25c. Six Soul Culture Essays on THOUGHT AS POWER, Thought Transference and Telepathy. A thought-provoking book.

Dr. Alex. J. McIlvor-Tyndall, who is without a doubt the greatest demonstrator of thought-reading, says: "I would like to recommend it to every person who can read. It is simple, concise, convincing. No one, perhaps, knows better than I that what you state in its pages is, as you say, 'man's greatest discovery.' There is no doubt that Thought is Force capable of accomplishing what we will."

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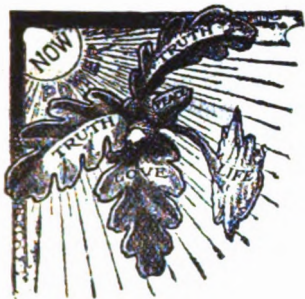
## "NOW" FOLK

Glenwood, Calif.

OR

HENRY HARRISON BROWN

589 Haight Street - - San Francisco Cal.



From all Life's grapes I press sweet wine.

—Henry Harrison Brown

# NOW

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

VOL. VII.

DECEMBER, 1910

No. 12

## CHRISTMAS STANZAS.

*"An Angel of the Lord stood by them."*

Oft have I read the story  
Of the Manger Babe of old,  
And ever felt its glory  
Had never half been told.  
But as anew I ponder  
That sacred legend rare  
Another blessed promise  
Have I discovered there.

'Tis as when one is climbing  
A mountain side in mist,  
Lo! the sun is shining  
And hills new seen are kissed  
By a radiance above them;  
So I behold therein  
From angel hearts that love them,  
A Light let down to men.

For angels came in numbers  
That night in Bethlehem,  
They stood amid the gazers  
On Olivet agen!  
To Mary in the garden  
They told of Life to be;  
They comforted the Master  
In sad Gethsemane!

This then the hope I gather  
From the golden, golden tale—  
That from our hearts forever  
God's messengers ne'er fail.  
They bend o'er every candle;  
Cheer every hour of gloom;  
They patience bring in sorrow;  
They rise from every tomb!

They meet us on Life's highway,  
As in Judea of old;  
They sing to us the promise  
They sang in midnight cold!  
By our side they're standing  
With blessing just as sweet  
As that they brought to Mary  
Or cast at Jesus' feet.  
This then is our thanksgiving  
This Merry Christmas morn—  
Within that Manger Cradle  
The World's Great Hope was born!  
And through the doors of heaven  
A radiance streams afar,  
For on that Christmas morning  
They were forever set ajar.

HENRY HARRISON BROWN.

## Necessity or Fad?

Great stress is laid upon "physical culture" in educational, fashionable and, in a measure, in medical life. It is well to examine this question in the light of New Thought. What has the "NOW" Philosophy, what has the "Soul Culture" to say on the subject? The fundamental propositions NOW lays down are: Mind is all; Thought is Power, and Man through Thought controls his body and environment. All these are expressed in the Law of Suggestion, which is—I am that which I think I am.

All physical culture centers in the mind. The effect of any exercise, and the practice of any rules, laid down by any teacher, depends upon the thought of the one who practices. All exercises are good under the right thought, and all are bad under the wrong thought. I emphasize the Law—THOUGHT IS ALL. Any physical exercise taken just to develop body and centering in the thought of body has the effect of sowing seeds of disease and death in the body. Any exercise that develops muscle not required for the ordinary expression of daily life is a disease producer, for as soon as the exercise stops the unnecessary cells decay and poison the blood.

I make another statement which is to me Demonstrated Truth—with right Thought no especial exercise is necessary to bring the body to, and keep it in, perfect condition.

This last statement is demonstrated every day by the many cases of mental healing. All varieties of physical conditions are thrown off by holding over the Self, mental pictures of health.



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

—Edith M. Thomas

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Here is an illustrative case. In one of our New Thought magazines a few years ago a physician told a story which I repeat from memory. A cornet player came to him with paralyzed lips. He was told to lock up his instrument and not attempt to play upon it until ordered. After a certain length of time he was to report to the doctor, bringing his instrument. Meanwhile he was to resume his regular practice upon his instrument but to do it all in his imagination without even trying to move his lips. He was to think he was playing as persistently during that time of practice as if he had his instrument. At the appointed time he returned and was ordered to take his instrument and play. He found his lips fully recovered. This in full harmony with the Law of Unfoldment as laid down by Prof. John LaConte—"We build our ideals and they in turn build us."

Exercise mentally and the body will reflect that exercise in needed muscular vigor. This position I am glad to see is taken by so good an authority as Sandow. From an article of his in *Leslie's Magazine* I quote this passage:

"It is all mind—all a matter of mind. The muscles really have a secondary place. If you lift a pair of dumb bells a hundred times a day with your attention fixed on something away over in Cambridge, it will do you very little good. If, however, you concentrate your mind upon a single muscle or set of muscles, for three minutes each day, and say, 'Do thus and so,' there will be immediate development. A man with strong concentration of mind will develop quicker in quality of his muscle than will he who cannot concentrate upon the matter. The whole secret of the system lies in concentration of mind, which will develop quickly in knowing just where one is weak, and going straight to work bringing that particular part up to the standard of one's best feature, for there

is a best feature in every man as there is also a worst. The secret is to 'Know thyself' as Pope says, and knowing one's weakness, to concentrate the mind and energies upon that weakness with a view to correcting it."

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* **AFFIRMATIONS** \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

**Self-Trust.**

"I know that my redeemer liveth!"  
The Universe is indivisible. It acts as a whole.  
It is all I can think it to be and more.  
Every phenomenon is a manifestation of the whole Universe acting in that phenomenon.  
Since I think of the Universe as wisdom, Goodness and Power, I like to term it God.  
I am a phenomena of the Universe! I am an expression of God.  
As that Expression I am infinite possibility!  
I think of myself as an Expression of God.  
In this consciousness lies my redemption from all ills.  
God in me is Power; in His power I am strength!  
God in me is Truth; in His Truth I am intelligent!  
God in me is Life; in His Life I am health!  
God in me is Love; in His Love I am good!  
As Life I cannot be ill!  
As Power I cannot fail!  
As Wisdom I cannot do wrong!  
As Truth I cannot err!  
As Love I cannot do harm!  
In this consciousness I affirm:—  
I am Power to do, and to be, whatever I will to do and to be!  
I am Wisdom and I will to do, and to be healthful, wise and happy!  
As Love I will to do, and to be, Goodness!  
In this consciousness I have full faith in myself and in my peace.



## The arena of the new standpoint of science is that of the pupil's own mind.

Elmer Gates

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### BEFORE ONE KNOCKETH.

(Matt. 7:7.)

How little we know of the heart of a child,  
And the sensitive tendrils by which it is led!  
When waywardness yielded to gentle re-  
proof.

To her penitent boy a mother once said:

"Oh, Laddie, why are you so naughty at times?"

What makes you my loving instruction forget?

What is it that tempts you away from my arms

Into passionate paths, that but lead to regret?"

"Twas that naughty myself. He enticed me afar.

Till I lost my way home and was sorry once more.

But how could I ever come back to your arms.

When you, mother dear, did not open the door?"

Ah! how quickly would lawless, impetuous feet

That have wandered afar—now repentant and sore—

Seek the comfort of mother's forgiving embrace.

If her smile would but always keep open the door?

—James Terry White.

### BUSINESS LESSON NO. 12.

#### Fidelity to Self.

"To thine own self be true."

There is but one Intelligence; but one Power; but one Mind; but one Truth; but one God! These names are but names for the One, for IT! This IT is indivisible. All phenomena are but manifestations of IT. As the earth power acts as a whole, and all of it is behind and within every earth phenomenon as Cause, so behind every natural phenomenon is this Capital IT, as Cause. Every individual man is a phenomenon which has IT—God—as Cause. I—You—are an effect of God—IT—as Cause.

Fix this clearly in your mentality. Muse upon it. Affirm, I AM IT! until you think from that affirmation and it controls all your conduct. You

will then perceive that you are simply trusting Cause—God—when you trust yourself. Channing said at the dedication of Divinity Hall, Harvard, in the eighteen thirties: "You trust God when you trust the faculties He has given you!"

God - in - the - individual-expression-of-the-one-Mind is the only source of intelligence, power, wisdom, truth and love for **You**. Nothing of these can come to you from without. Whenever you place any trust in external authority, be it constitutions, laws, men, books, kings, priests, friends, public opinion, to that extent you cease to be an individual and become an automaton. Automata have no life. They are powerless. For this reason you will learn that all men who have been success in any form are live men. Men who trust themselves. In this trust they win. Place your trust anywhere else than within and it is a broken reed; is an anchor in the sand; is a bubble where you looked for a dynamo. Put trust within, and you are drawing on Omnipotence and Omniscience, and cannot fail. Hence realize this power in you, and, as ninety and nine in every one hundred lean upon external power, you will find that you are power to draw success, through using others who have no power of self direction. With faith in yourself as Truth and Love you can use others only as Truth and Love and are in character a winner.

There is only one possible right. That Emerson says, "Is what is after my constitution!" "My constitution," is an expression of God, and Right is God's will in me. I am I, that IT may evolve ITS Intelligence into Consciousness. When I am in harmony with the Indwelling, I am right. When there is a discord within, I am wrong. The sign of harmony is—PEACE. When I am at peace I am right! But there can be no peace when I do not trust myself, nor do what I feel is right. "A house divided against it-

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

—Ingersoll

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self cannot stand!" Only when I rely upon myself and trust myself can there be inward harmony, and mental peace.

All business transactions require a calm and serene mentality. This cannot be unless there is self-trust. Men may follow a routine; may act from habit and be slaves to externals, but original thinking, the initiative, requires mental control of life; self-control; peace of mind. All conquerors in every line, whether we term them good or bad, have had confidence in their own judgment and been little troubled with regrets or remorse.

This, the last lesson of the year, is the most important of all. Once a man becomes good and trusts himself, he must be true to ALL that is not himself. It is the Unit that is of importance. It is with the Unit, New Thought deals. Build up individual men and you have a noble community. All character rests upon Self-Trust as its foundation. I recently read an essay by Prof. Howard of Stanford in which I find much along this line. I quote a few sentences:

Every great reform is built on the scale of one. We must get back of legislation, back of socialism, to the individual unit if we would make the work of reform sure. \* \* \* Personal righteousness is the foundation. \* \* \* Any work on the masses will fail that does not involve a prior work on the man. \* \* \* We cannot have fair business dealing nor straight politics until our citizens are willing to put more conscience into their business and their politics.

Conscience? What is it? The Inward monitor that says, "Do right, my boy!" Rely upon what **you** think is right. Trust yourself!

In closing these Business Lessons I can but repeat, **Your business is the expression of latent forces. Is the formation of Character.** All else is failure. Character is Success. The three Principles of character are expressed by Tennyson in the extract with which I close. I recommend that you take as your Business Manual, Emerson's "Self-Reliance." Every morning read

a few sentences to meditate on during the day. And for your Sunday Ritual use his "Compensation." Thus will you win the greatest of victories in the world's dream of success—Manhood.

Memorize for your morning affirmation this:

Self knowledge, self reverence, self control.  
These three alone lead Lite to sovereign power.

In connection with my article on food in the Nov. NOW, read this extract from an article in the *S. F. Examiner* concerning the experiments of Prof. Cannon of Harvard Medical School: Fear causes a complete failure of the secretions. Pleasant emotions generally facilitate the flow. Not only do the secretions cease in case of fear, but also the muscular movements of the stomach and intestines which are necessary to digestion.

In the cat any sign of rage, or distress, or mere anxiety was accompanied by a total cessation of the movements of the stomach.

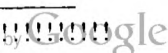
I have watched with the X-rays the stomach of a male cat for more than an hour, during which there was not the slightest beginning of activity, and yet the only visible indication of excitement in the animal was a continued to-and-fro twitching of the tail.

When the cat was stroked the right way during his meal and addressed as "Nice pussy" the rhythmic contractions of his stomach proceeded with great regularity at the rate of one every twenty seconds, and the hydrochloric acid flowed freely. As soon as pussy's coat was rubbed the wrong way the contractions of the stomach became slower and more irregular. When he displayed irritation by lashing his tail they stopped entirely. Digestion ceased altogether. \* \* \*

There is no doubt that the activity of the intestinal and stomach functions in man are stopped by worry and anxiety. This cessation is caused by an inhibitory impulse sent through the sympathetic nervous system.

An emotional disturbance affecting the alimentary canal is capable of starting a vicious circle. The stagnant food, unprotected by abundant gastric juice, naturally undergoes bacterial fermentation, with the formation of gases and irritant decomposition products. These in turn may produce inflammation, and thus affect the mental state.

The depressed mental state that accompanies indigestion may still further prolong the indigestion.

Please RENEW 

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

—George Eliot

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### **Auto-Suggestion, the Director of the Objective Life.**

Among all the facts made patent by the study of Suggestion, there is none other than, in its bearing upon the future of the race, is equal in significance to this, i. e., by Auto-Suggestion (or as I prefer to name it Affirmation) each individual has power to make his objective life, through his will, to his desire.

There is a line of evolution that has not been grasped by the physical scientists. They have found the evolution of form and of intelligence; have traced development from the homeogenous to the heterogenous, from the Absolute to the Individual, from the simple to the complex, but they have not yet grasped the real meaning of the law they have found. The real line of evolution is from the control of the Absolute to Individual Self-control. It is from Law to Independence of law. Is from Limitation to Liberty. Only a study of Mind can reveal to man the secret of Power. When found it is his greatest discovery.

The theologians have ever quarreled over the Immanent or the Indwelling God, the Transcendent, or the "Absentee God" of Carlyle; over the Absolute God and the Personal God; over Free-will and Foreordination. When once the purpose of the Human Incarnation is understood these factions are seen each to be true. The trouble is, neither looks upon both sides of the one fact—Life.

God is Transcendent. He is all that is outside man, and all that transcends human thought. He is all that is not man. As long as man is ignorant of his place and power the Transcendent God rules him, through circumstance, or, as science terms it, through environment. God Transcendent dwells in sun and sand, in wind and wave, controls life and death. This is the Absolute, the Undifferentiated, the Impersonal, the ONE that "inhabith

eternity"—God, the Eternal Energy. It (or He) has methods and order in the recurrence of phenomena that we term laws. Each individual is born into the objective life a slave to these Laws of the Absolute. Until he learned his lesson of independence he is under the control of the Absolute Itself. The error of the advocates in church and school is, they fail to grasp the fact that the line of evolution is from Absolute to Individual; that when the Individual comes He becomes LAW. He then controls the Absolute in himself. What the Absolute is to the Universe, the Individual is to his universe, which is his body and to all that environs it.

Therefore the Personal God also is. This Personal God is the Individual when he enters into a realization that he is a manifestation of the One God. Such a manifestation has Power to know Itself and can make its own laws, for the Power of the One lodges in it as an invisible portion of the One.

The Individual is free from those limitations called Laws, that are the established order of the Absolute. He establishes his own methods; becomes his own Law. In the Laws of the Absolute there is Foreordination. In the Individual is Free-will.

The line of evolution is from Fate to Free-will. Freedom is only possible when the Individual becomes conscious of his power. In the Personal God—the Perfect Individual—there is that which Paul calls "the Liberty of the sons of God." He is self-governed. Man when conscious of his power chooses; his choice is Law. He is free from the dominion of the Absolute, **because** the Absolute in him has become Self-conscious; that is, the individualized Soul is conscious of Itself. The Absolute has delegated no power, for It is Power, infinite, everlasting Power. This Power has in the Human Soul evolved Self-Consciousness. Each Soul is God incarnate in



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

—*Bayard Taylor*

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the flesh. It possesses, in potentiality, all power. When any man arrives at his estate, he finds that Power and Dominion have ever been his. By virtue of his Individuality he is master of his objective life, whenever he chooses to so exercise Dominion.

That Man individually and collectively **can** so control destiny, is the latest discovery. It transcends all the others he has made. It means the reality of the promised millenium. For, when man uses his power he will have neither poverty, pain, disease, nor death.

This is not the dream of a visionary, nor the speculation of an enthusiast. It is the careful results of scientific investigation of the phenomena of Suggestion. As Franklin, Arkwright, Edison, Marconi, foretold the possibilities of their discoveries, so do those who have investigated and demonstrated along these lines foretell the future of their wondrous discovery. It is easier to prove our position than it is to demonstrate the unity of the force in the lightning, with the current over the trolley wire. Make experiments through Affirmation in your own person, and carefully observe them.

Those who have demonstrated number millions; but few in each million fully grasp the significance of their demonstrations. Let your first experiment be the simplest triumph of mind over the body. Suggest to yourself that you are oblivious of pain. Try the experiment the hypnotist tries upon his subject. Prick yourself, and not feel it. When you have succeeded, you have demonstrated all that I claim in this article. Follow up that victory with others and you will cure yourself of any disease, and make your body into perpetual youth.

This is the meaning of the experiments that the crowds have laughed at, and the professor himself knew only as an exhibition of some power. They mean the realization of the Psalmist's words, "Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands." Jesus

repeated the same when he said, "All things are delivered me of my Father." Paul still more positively stated the same when he said, "The last enemy to be destroyed is death."

These words of early seers are all barren of any theological import, but they do have a deep scientific meaning. The center of power has been located heretofore in the Transcendent God, instead of locating it where Jesus did, within the individual. Where God is, all dominion lies. No power from without can influence man without his choice and will. All that environment can do is to call into expression the power that man is.

When the operator says to the subject, "Your hands are fast and you cannot open them," they stick; not from any power the operator possesses, but because the subject **thinks** they stick; his will holds them to the thought that for the time being he has chosen. The operator has no power over any body but his own. He can use his will only upon himself. The subject accepts the Suggestion from the operator, converts it into an Affirmation (an Auto-Suggestion), and then, like all affirmations (which are positive convictions) it controls his body. Thus it is that "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." As one holds Truth, so is he; is my rendering of Solomon's thought.

One thought of importance in this discussion. All Life is one, it is a manifestation of Eternal Energy. How shall that Energy manifest, in lightning or in dynamo? Man answers, "I will direct it to my desire by harnessing it to my car." In the evolution of Human Intelligence we have reached a place where the same question is asked of Eternal Energy that we call Life, "How shall Life manifest, in health or disease"? and man answers, "I choose health, and will it so to manifest in my body," and it does so manifest. The objective man directs the expression of the Soul to his choice

## As a matter of fact, a man's first duty is to mind his own business.

Geo. C. Lorimer

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and will. In the brute life obeys the will of the Absolute. In the Human, God's will is the will of that which says, "I am." Man has come to see that that which differentiates him from the brute is his power to choose and to direct his own life. To a greater or less degree he is conscious of doing this. He has always placed limitations upon his power. Intuitively every man feels that he is power, and belief in the possible has been the way of development. Imposing limitations upon himself, he has accepted these limitations as though imposed by the Absolute, and **because** he so affirmed, they have been limitations, and he has not tried to escape them. To God there is no limit. To the sons of God there can be no limits. To God in man there is no more limit than to God outside man. God—the Absolute—can manifest infinitely and eternally God in man can so manifest. He will so manifest when the race beliefs, born of past Suggestions, are removed. The God incarnate in every man is the only Personal God and He can control to his desire the manifestations of the Absolute God in him, by suggesting to the Real Self—the God in him—the direction in which he, the objective man, desires to go. This is done by an Affirmation. That he can so think, is Man's greatest discovery of Power. He found it through Telepathy and the phenomena of Suggestion.

Coming home from lecture recently a friend said, "Dr. D. was there, and he said so and so," but after a further conversation he found that I did not understand. We were evidently talking of different persons. It then transpired that he had been thinking of Dr. W. He thought "Dr. W." but said "Dr. D." The objective consciousness had compelled the subjective thought to clothe itself in the symbol of the person whom he had been used to associate with that office. A few evenings ago one of the ladies in my

class offered herself for experiment to a gentleman in the class. He said, "I shall make you forget your name. Now you cannot speak it." She made every effort and at last spoke his. Surprised I asked her name, when she again gave that of the gentleman. After the Suggestion was removed she declared that she had spoken her own name, for she "was saying it over to herself all the time." But the Suggestion she accepted as fact in the objective, had changed the grey brain matter, so that when the words came, they were not those the subjective thought, but those of the objective will.

Thus does the Absolute obey the objective through Auto-Suggestion. Suggestion when converted into Affirmation rules the individual expression of the Absolute. Man is fast learning this and is becoming conscious master of his fate. Soon disease, pain, sorrow, poverty, and death will be no more. How? By simply applying the principle taught in this magazine. Many have already won victories along this line.

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A river of thought is always running out of the invisible world into the mind of man. \* \* \* Thought is the most volative of all things. It cannot be contained in any cup, though you shut the lid ever so tight. Once brought into the world, it runs over the vessel which received it, into all minds that love it. \* \* \* Consider that it is our state of mind at any time that makes our estimate of life and the world. If you sprain your foot, you will presently come to think that Nature has sprained hers. Everything begins to look slow and inaccessible. And when you sprain your mind, by gloomy reflections on your failures and vexations, you come to have a bad opinion of life. \* \* \* Now if you can kindle imagination by a new thought, by heroic examples, by uplifting poetry, instantly you expand—are cheered, inspired, and become wise, and even prophetic. Emerson (Address at opening of Concord Public Library)

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Note well the paragraph on page 192 beginning thus: Digitized by Google

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

—W. C. Henley

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**HARVEST.**

We reap as we have sown,  
The seed to fullness grown  
Waits now the sweeping scythe  
Its harvest ripe to yield,  
Scathless it has withstood  
The storm, and wind, and flood,  
But tares shall claim their tithe,  
And scarlet flecks the field.

As we have sown we reap.  
In vain repentance weep  
That we no garner need  
But purifying flame.  
Yet one who seeks may find  
A little sheaf to bind  
Of perfect grain; good seed  
That ripened mid the shame.

*Kate Greenwood.*

**THE YOUTH'S COMPANION**

is the one exchange that I would miss most. It is my mental rest. Every week its coming brings cheer. I leave it till evening when I begin at the last page of reading matter and laugh off my cares of the day. I then leave its stories as my night-cap. After my head is on my pillow—for I find I always rest best when lying down, and the best of the best is when the clothing of the day is removed and the body is free. Thus I find, not my "lost youth," for I keep my youth, but find again the pleasures of youth, which the duties of the day have denied me.

Now comes the "Announcement for 1911." You will have to send for it to learn what a wondrous galaxy of literary, learned, and celebrated stars will write for it. In addition to much that is educational and scientific it will print fully two hundred and fifty stories. The subscription price of the paper is but \$1.75, so that the stories cost less than a cent apiece, without reckoning in all the rest of the contents.

The Announcement for 1911, beautifully illustrated, giving more detailed particulars of these stories and other new features which greatly enlarge the paper, will be sent to any address free with sample copies of current issues.

Enlarged and improved next year it will remain at the same price, \$1.75. I have made arrangements by which I will send NOW for one-half its price to all who will send me \$1.75 for the *Companion*. Making both periodicals for the year 1911, \$2.25. Each subscriber to the *Companion* will receive the "Companion's Art Calendar for 1911." Send to 144 Berkley St., Boston, for a sample copy, but if you wish to secure BOTH for \$2.25 send your subscription to this office.

**"The Ministry of Beauty"**

is the title of a book by Stanton Davis Kirkham, author of "Where Dwells the Soul Serene," and "As Nature Whispers," published by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco and New York. A copy of this book was sent NOW for review just after the disaster of 1906. I have since its receipt kept it on my library shelf next Emerson, and it has been a constant source of inspiration to me. I know of no other book that I can recommend for its clear philosophy and spirituality. Every page is an uplift from the materialism of today into the Spiritual Life of the Coming Man. The affirmation on the title page is key to the book: "Beauty is soul-perception. It is nearest akin to the speech of angels. It is the archangel of expression, the trump of whose harmonies shall waken the deadened Soul in the name of Beauty—for only to loveliness of soul is loveliness fair."

The rhetoric is a model and well might all metaphysical writers imitate his beauty and clearness, and above all, his directness of language. His insight shames much of the superficial that is called philosophy. I have made many selections for NOW and yet any one fails to show the power of this Ministry of Beauty. However, I give a passage from pages that are all nuggets of Truth and Beauty:

Our life is from God; source other than this is none, nor life other than this. Life is happiness; power, serenity. Spiritual mindedness alone is life—carnal mindedness alone is death. Live then! Live to the ends of beauty. Let us live like angels and not like bugs feebly crawling for one poor hour. He who knows never the presence of God, nor sees it stirring deep in the heart of humanity is as one already dead. Love, perception, reason—the divine possibilities—these are the considerations of life. He is king who obeys the summons of genius, or lacking in this, the call of love, of unselfishness, of a work of mind and heart—a real work, a loving work, a life of work. Alas, if we have no higher call than expediency or policy; then is SHAM written over our door!



## Hold your thought, your mind, your will in principal and you will succeed.

—Eva C. Huling

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### MY NEIGHBORS.

My neighbor is the lark, when day is nigh,  
That stirs me in my dreams with faint alarms,  
And fills new-morn with far-off melody.

My neighbor is the sun, at whose command  
The eager sea mounts up the empty sky  
And leaps in tempests to the thirsting land.

My neighbor is the soft, insensate sod  
(With opulence oppressed) the plowshare  
turns,  
That takes seed-aims, and gives as gives a  
god.

My neighbors are, at eve, the lowing kine  
That slowly homeward through the scented  
air  
Bring luscious nectar unto me and mine.

My neighbor is yon boat-like moon so bright,  
That sails the sky with cargo in her hold  
Of dreams and hopes and fears and fancies  
light.

My neighbors are the stars I contemplate  
At night, with wondrous deep imagings,  
Until my very soul is satiate.

My neighbor is the willing wind that speeds  
Low-burdened argosies to waiting shores,  
To fill by fair exchange each nation's needs.

My neighbor is the man whose fields are sere  
From drought at harvest time when mine are  
ripe,  
Though he dwell on the under hemisphere.

My neighbor is the one who suffers pain  
And want; not by a patent flaw or self  
But through a blinder brother's greed for  
gain.

My neighbor is the one who through life's  
span,  
While suffering much, obeyed the Law of  
Love  
And brushed aside the finite law of Man.  
A. F. GANNON.

### Under the Redwoods.

If thou are worn and hard beset  
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,  
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep  
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from  
sleep,

Go to the woods and hills! No tears  
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.  
—Longfellow.

It was good to see Herschell at the  
station to meet me as at early twi-

light I arrived at Glenwood. And  
hitched, ready to take me home, was  
Barney. I threw my arm over his  
neck and told him how glad I was  
and how good he was to come after  
me, and he pressed his nose down up-  
on my shoulder, expressing as plainly  
as he could his gladness also. And  
oh! to get amid the old surroundings  
today for it has been a sad one for  
me. In the morning I had spoken  
words of comfort at the funeral of a  
dear young friend. A sweet spirit full  
of life, courage and faith. Filled with  
NOW Philosophy and living it. Full  
of invention. Planning when his in-  
ventions would help on NOW work.  
He passed through the Gates of Gold  
through accident. Whittier's words  
after the spiritual resurrection of his  
sister were in my mind from time I  
learned of the event and are here now:  
I cannot feel that thou are far  
Since near at need the angels are.  
And when the sunset gates unbar,  
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,  
And white against the evening star  
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?  
Yes! And till then we are one in love,  
truth and labor.

\* \* \*

The ride from station home! Deep-  
ening twilight and deeper wood shad-  
ows! No language have I for them.  
Stars peeping through trees; a "light  
in the window" of some home, and all  
twilight sounds welcomed me back to  
the early and native home of Man-  
out-of-doors. The three miles were  
passed all too quickly. A warm wel-  
come from the "Folk", a home-cooked  
dinner, and I was "home again."

\* \* \*

Leona and the guests had decorated  
the dining-room with ferns and flow-  
ers and a Jack-o-lantern burned be-  
hind a bank of long, drooping fern,  
that rose from a bed of fruits. A Hal-  
lowe'en entertainment, to which a few  
children and the teacher of the public  
school were invited. An informal  
"country" party where you feel at ease

## The power of higher life is the power of Higher Thought.

—Francis Ellingwood Abbot

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and pay no attention to dress, jewels and etiquette. I know all NOW Folk would enjoy such with us.

\* \* \*  
The rain of October prepared the ground for work and started the weeds. When a boy I had to weed my garden in spring and all summer. Once clean it here in the spring and it needs no more attention till the fall rains, which usually come early in October. While it started weeds, it also started feed for stock and washed the foliage, and the woods are a beautiful green. The redwoods have their new robe, and the madrones have shed all the last years dress; the firs and bays are at their greenest. Only the few maples and sycamores tell it is fall. When I first came to this Coast, the year seemed to me like a room when the clock had stopped. Here the almanac seemed to have stopped. But now by the late mornings and early eves, and by the changes of the vegetation, I know when the spring and fall is here. The "wet season" that I used to think, when I read of it, was all rain, is like an eastern spring. Occasional rains with plenty of sunshine for plowing and seeding. Hershell is plowing and soon he will sow wheat, barley and oats, for hay. Cut when the grain is in the milk, it makes rich hay. That with alfalfa is the ordinary stock food. I have never seen timothy or other eastern grass tried here. The pastures have a grass that grows in tufts rich and succulent. It cures without rains and stock will fatten upon it when a stranger will wonder what they find. I thought when I came to California that the hills were barren, but I have learned that those barren hills support great herds of stock.

\* \* \*

Nov. 4. Begin harvesting the Verdell grapes. Five Japanese are picking, culling out the bad fruit and packing in baskets. Four baskets are put in a crate. Crates carried to station and shipped to firms in various cities.

Then we wait for the returns from the commission men. By and by we will count the profit or loss. Probably ten acres to gather. Formerly these acres paid well as they come into market so late. But now too many are raised in the foot hills of the eastern mountains so Santa Cruz vineyards do not have the monopoly of the late market, and we lose the advantage they had who planted years ago. A basket of sweet-water is my table—I am taking the "grape-cure" because I prefer to, just now.

\* \* \*

Had Jerry to assist me trimming my berry bushes and while he tied them to the trellis I burned the rubbish of the garden. The smoke in huge, translucent columns rose almost perpendicular to the tops of the redwoods, veiling them in a tender gauze. As it rolled up so gracefully, I could but cry, "bear me away on your snowy wings." I went in silence beyond the limits of senses and returned just in time for one of Sam's good dinners. O, there is beauty and poetry in all if we have it in us! You remember that little poem of Emerson's on "Music," which his editors hardly dared, at the request of his son, to include among his poems, but which at the centennial celebration in Concord was the most quoted of all his poems; even Doctor Holmes made a protest against it. So uncertain is the verdict of culture. The heart of the masses is with him as in that he sings:

Let me be where'er I will  
I hear a sky-born music still,  
From all that's fair, from all that's foul  
Pebles forth a cheerful song,  
But in the mud and scum of things  
There's always always something sings.

And it makes all work play when we hear the song and see the beauty. Then I had my bed of Sharpless dug up, they have not proved profitable and I reset the bed with Magoons. They have proven the most profitable of my strawberries so far. The Ore-

## The true incentive to a useful and happy labor must be pleasure in the work itself.

—William Morris

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gons are fine and fairly profitable. But my Hood Perpetual are the choicest even though not so prolific. But they have that flavor of the wild berry that causes every one to exclaim in praise upon sampling them. Now we will have enough fruit for our Thanksgiving dinner and probably for New Years. Would were they on the hillside where it is sunny.

\* \* \*

Was not up till seven this morning. Fog very heavy, but I took my bath out of doors and the sprinkle of the mist was a gracious baptism for the day. The water from the ram is not needed and so the troughs were filled with leaves. But I missed its regular tapping so I cleared the troughs and here it comes the water with its rhythmic stroke, keeping slow time with my typewriter but wonderously in harmony with my thought. O everything here helps me to express the happiness I am!

\* \* \*

Margaret has returned from a long vacation with eastern friends and has taken up the care of the poultry. We have hens enough but few eggs. She is going to try scientific feeding and care, and there will be eggs, for what she starts for she gets; for she has learned that THOUGHT IS POWER, and works to the end desired with thought and hands.

\* \* \*

It is a fact that out of many called but few are chosen. Many hold the Principle of Co-operation, but those who have found its spirit are few. Our experience has been that the majority of those who would come with us lack this spirit. But we have been very fortunate this summer and fall. Mr. Straub, a miner, has been with us all summer and has proved an admirable addition. He has left us now to go into mining with the purpose of finding wealth to carry out our plan. He has learned that dollars are not always the best pay; but that compan-

ionship, opportunity and consciousness of growth are more than wealth. A German friend, Mr. Rothing, has just returned from a visit to his fatherland and is with us. He was with us before for a year and is fully in sympathy with the work we have in hand. Recently a gentleman from New Zealand, Mr. Bently, has come among us and we find him a congenial friend and a sincere co-worker. There is plenty to do.

Only those who have the spirit of brotherhood fall in place. We are all "busy bees" and are making a hive for such. These with guests, students and patients, who pay their way in dollars, make a jolly company; a delightful Home within and without all the year.

\* \* \*

As I sat on my porch I noticed a leaf fall from the maple near by. It is bronze-yellow. My mind went back to the horrible thoughts impressed upon my senses at Sabbath school concerning Autumn. I was naturally a serious, sober child, but to sing:

See the leaves around us falling,

Dry and withered to the ground;

Thus to thoughtless mortals calling

In a sad and solemn sound.

Son of Adam, once in Eden,

Where like us he blighted fell—

Never mind the rest of it, if it was not sang to you, you can imagine the rest. It made autumn gloomy for many years. But now it is the harvest-time and the time of fulfillment, the Glory of achievement; and I revel in its joy. I cannot better close these notes from the Out-of-doors NOW office, that have come floating while the November number is being prepared for mail, than by quoting the words of the "Shepherd of the Hills":

"David, I never understood until the past months why the Master so often withdrew alone into the wilderness. There is not only food and medicine for one's body; but there is healing for the heart, and strength for the soul in nature. One gets very close to God, David, in these temples of God's own building."



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

—Whittier

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BRANCH OFFICE  
589 HAIGHT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Vol. 7 DECEMBER, 1910 No. 12

## 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

Personal communications should be mailed to the San Francisco office, 589 Haight Street. Visitors will find it easy of access from all parts of the city by transfers.

\* \* \*

This is the last number of Vol. 7 and if you subscribed for the Volume it is the last number paid for.

\* \* \*

Meetings are held by the Editor at "NOW" Parlors, 589 Haight St., every Sunday evening.

\* \* \*

I wish I could express my appreciation and gratitude for lessons and letters. But words cannot do it. Let me say that I am faithfully applying the rules laid down and endeavoring every hour to lift myself to the standard you have set for me, as an expression of the I AM.  
N. E. C., Calif.

## This is the Time to Renew Your Subscriptions.

This is the last number of Vol. 7. All the subscriptions taken before October are now complete. I hope that every old subscriber will renew before the next mailing day. Here is a paragraph from the Regulations of the Post Office Department: "A reasonable time will be allowed publishers to secure renewals of subscriptions, but unless subscriptions are expressly renewed after the term for which they have expired within the following periods: . . . Monthlies, within 4 months . . . they shall not be counted among the legitimate list of subscribers and copies mailed on account shall not be accepted for mailing at second-class postage." "Within" in these regulations gives me the right to send only three numbers. Persons who do not therefore receive the magazine after the March number, will understand that they have not paid for the year and that I am not allowed to extend further credit without incurring the danger of forfeiting my second-class privilege. I hope YOU will remit before that month, and thus save loss on your part and inconvenience on mine.

## Christmas Presents

are now in order. Why not make a gift of a subscription to your friends? Remember, I will send two subscriptions, if you are an old subscriber, for \$1.50. You may send four subscriptions for \$3.00, and five for \$3.50, and all above that for 50c each. Why not count your friends and bless them with NOW each month at this club rate? Do you not feel that you should do some missionary work? How would you have found Truth if others had not wrought for you? Will you not help cancel your debt by scattering NOW?

BOOK NOTICES.

THE DESTINY OF LIVING.

Vol. 1 No. 1 of Individual Life Series by Ruby Archer Doud and Frank Newland Doud. Price 15 cents. Granada Park, Los Angeles, Calif.

All who have read the excellent book by Mr. Doud, "The Evolution of the Individual," will welcome this, his return to the intellectual field.

LESSONS IN LIVING.

By Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass. Price \$1.00. Pages 185. Silk cloth binding. That this book is well written goes without saying. New Thought readers are all familiar with Mrs. Towne's clear and forceful style. The book is the ripened fruit of the experience of a woman who, out of poverty, discouragement, and ill-health, has won not only financial success, but by right of merit has earned an enviable place among thinkers. The author tells in simple language how the ways of prejudice may be surmounted, and how, by doing our share we not only get the most out of life for ourselves, but we *help God to advance*.

October NOW was worth the price of the whole year.  
*M. D. P.—Calif.*

I am taking other new thought magazines but think NOW the greatest of them all. I attended your lectures here last winter and through your presentation of the New Thought Philosophy I got a perception of truth to me entirely new that has been of incalculable benefit to me. With best wishes, I enclose money for a renewal and subscription for a friend.  
*A. J.—Portland, Ore.*

NOW has helped me wonderfully.  
*Mrs. L. F. R.—Iowa.*

I did get the "Vibration" from September NOW before I took off the wrapper.  
*L. H. K.—Pasadena, Calif.*

I am just beginning Lesson No. 4 (in Suggestion). I am certainly getting a great deal of benefit from the exercises recommended in No. 3. The lessons become easier and clearer as I go along. \* \* \* In your reading you described me to a hair. I certainly never knew it was possible for any one to be so completely turned around as I am since I began to studying your lessons and reading your books. Life is sure worth living now. In fact, I see where I was merely existing before.

*L. C. Y.—Calif.*

Sample copy free to any address.  
Please send names of your friends.

HOW TO CONTROL FATE THROUGH SUGGESTION, by Henry Harrison Brown, publisher of that virile little monthly "Now" (San Francisco, Calif.), is a genuinely notable book. It definitely declares the *science* of Suggestion and Auto-suggestion, and elucidates their working power with luminous simplicity.

Mr. Brown is terse, clear and true: he knows exactly what he wishes to say, and he says it distinctly. And *what* he says is infinitely good to hear: it simplifies complexities and lifts the thought into that atmosphere where all is pure light, and where pure Cause proceeds directly to pure effect. He lifts away the delusive veil in which humanity has wrapped itself, and reveals Man as the glorious entity he really is. Mr. Brown deals wholly with *Reality*—the Reality that is Spirit and All, yesterday, today and forever.

The power of the book lies in the author's applied individual attitude toward Truth—an attitude permeated with such conscious oneness with Truth that egotism is impossible; but *character* is fully manifest in the delightfully clear, direct statements, which are so self-evidently *true* as to render the book of exceptional value.

It deals with Life from the principles of Unity and unfolds a practical Philosophy from that point of view. This occupies part one. Part two shows how this Principle of Unity and the Law of Vibration may be applied to daily thinking and living.

No one can fail to be won by Mr. Brown's manner of speaking the Truth: his words are potent, for they radiate both the light and warmth of Love, and they positively and constantly affirm that ALL IS GOOD.

It is a glorious little volume, truly scientific: it places Man in the NOW—all vain imaginings pushed aside—and directs him *what* to think of Himself and *how* he must needs act in consequence of his oneness with the Supreme Spirit of us all.

It is daintily and practically published in paper for twenty-five cents, and will wonderfully repay all readers.  
*—Boston Ideas.*

A gentleman from Oakland renewing subscription for himself and adding one for a friend, adds: "Sometimes I do not like to tell a man to his face what I think of him or his work. I prefer to think it. But you, your magazines and your principles, will ever have my best thoughts and efforts."

The next number begins Vol. 8. Send your own subscription and one for a friend for \$1.50.

**The dependence of liberty shall be lovers;  
The continuance of equality shall be comrades.**

—Walt Whitman

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**Children's Presents.**

Stop!—before you purchase! Consider if by giving ready-made toys you are not injuring the child? I regard the toy shop today as one of the great evils. As a paver of the way to useless and non-practical lives. Toys destroy the initiative, and make of the child a leaner. I have a great respect for the child that at once pulls his toy to pieces to see what is in it, or how it is made.

Give the child (boy or girl) material, tools and patterns, if you like, but above all give them something to do. Toys are DON'T'S—material and tools are DO'S. Every child wishes to create. Toys develop no creative power. Give your girl a doll to dress after she is big enough to handle shears. Let her cut and spoil. Give the boy hammer, nails, pieces of board, a ball of twine, and encourage him to do. A little girl used to come into my study 25 years ago and say, "Pa, I want to do something!" I found something. Sometimes scissors and picture-papers; sometimes paste brush and an old book; sometimes as a Brownie she had the table to right. "Something to do!" See that your toys give the child something to do. I take little interest in any crusade upon saloons, billiard parlors, etc. These are fed by grown-up children that wanted something to do; who found it for themselves; children stopped by a "Don't." No candy shops and toy shops and there will be a derth of saloons. Men who can entertain themselves do not loaf. **Be a companion to yourself, my boy, and you are safe anywhere.**

A Washington State Teacher writes: "I love the magazine. I find it always an inspiration and a real treat. I really needed the messages in the October number. I believe NOW is doing a needed work and I shall feel it a privilege to give the thought at noon on the 20th, 25th and 30th."

**A Few Questions.**

What can I do to help NOW?

I can subscribe for myself.

What else can I do?

I can subscribe for a friend.

Is that all?

No, I can advise others to subscribe.

I do not like to use my copy as a sample. Can I have more?

Yes, all I will send postage for.

What else? Let me think. Oh! I will put it on news stands.

Now is there any thing else before I begin? Yes, I will think of all the people that I feel sure are thinking upon new lines and send their names to the editor.

Anything else? Yes. Send every day for one minute the thought, "NOW IS SUCCESS!"

These things will I do and thus make myself and others happy.

---

A prominent physician of this city writes from his sanatorium under date of October 29th, as follows: "My Dear Mr. Brown: Your circular in reference to the magazine 'NOW' has been received this morning and I want to tell you that I have read the whole circular and think it a very excellent expose of all the magazine stands for. I am not desirous of accepting all you offer in the circular, as I feel that it is more liberal than you can afford to offer from a business standpoint. I enclose my check for \$2.00 to cover two annual subscriptions, one to go to my son, Dr. ———, and the other for myself. Trusting that all your anticipations will be realized and wishing you the greatest amount of success both for yourself and the magazine, I remain, as ever, sincerely yours, ———."

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An old subscriber before our earthquake times writes from New York: "Like the face of a dear old friend was NOW when it reached my office in New York nearly a year ago. Somehow most of the New Thought literature that reached me since NOW was discontinued has been either too deep, or too muddy for me. It has really seemed not to mean much of anything for me. And whatever has been plain or convincing and helpful has been said before by yourself. Unfortunately the mass of meaningless words has lessened my interest in the whole thing, though I find myself applying your teachings every day."

PLEASE RENEW!!

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## MEETINGS IN SAN FRANCISCO AND BAY CITIES.

**Soul Culture Meetings**—589 Haight Street, San Francisco. Every Sunday at 8:00 p. m. Henry Harrison Brown, lecturer. Admission free.

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**Home of Truth**—Alameda and Grant Aves., Alameda, Sunday, 11 a. m.

**Rest Home and Free Reading Room**—719 14th St., Oakland. Services every Sunday, 11:00 a. m. Primary Class, Tuesday and Friday, 3:00 p. m. Healing Lesson, Thursday 8:00 p. m.

**Unity Meetings**—2646 Bancroft Way, Berkeley. Meetings Sunday and Monday. Mrs. Cora L. Thomas is just opening these meetings at her residence.

**Soul Culture Home**—589 Haight St., San Francisco. Hours from 10 a. m. to 1 p. m. Healing and advice.

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#### ADDRESS

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A Chicago Editor writes: “To see *NOW* again is to enjoy meeting an old friend. This one line is worth the subscription price of your journal, ‘From all Life’s grapes I press sweet wine’.”

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### THE ARROW.

With all my strength I bent my bow,  
And aimed the shaft with anxious eye;  
A sudden breath from heaven; and lo!  
The arrow from its course did fly.

With pain I sought, with joy I found,  
The brighter mark to which it flew;  
A hidden Hand the trial crowned,  
And aimed it better than I knew.  
*Edwin Morton in The Radical (1869).*

Joaquin Miller thus speaks of Walt Whitman's death:

“Then staunch Walt Whitman saw and knew,  
Forgetful of his “Leaves of Grass”;  
He heard his “Drum Taps,” and God drew  
His great soul through the slining pass.”  
Edwin Markham says of that last line: “Nothing in our poetry surpasses that flash of splendor.” And Walt was worthy of it.

Addressing an audience of university students, Rev. Dr. W. C. Biting, a St. Louis pastor, said: “The world is good enough for me. I do not want to go to heaven. I had rather be here today than be in heaven. It is not heaven to me, either to thrump on a harp or wear a heavy crown of gold and attend eternal prayer meetings. Most of those meetings we have today are bad enough.”—*Exchange*

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Under anxiety, grief and fear, the amount of air consumed in a given time is less by 25 or 50 per cent than ordinarily, while faith, hope, love correspondingly increase the respiration.

While we sigh we brood over some trouble till we almost cease to breathe for awhile. Finally we take a full breath, empty our lungs as if we never intended to fill them again.

The relation existing between the mental condition and the circulation of the blood is very intimate.—*W. D. English, M. D.*

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