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THE WORLD'S NEW THOUGHT JOURNAL

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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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From all Life's grapes I press sweet wine.

—Henry Harrison Brown.

NOW

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

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No. 10

"Give To Him That Taketh of Thee"

Aye, give to whomsoever asks, thy love!

On any plane they seek, their hunger feed!

Remember, thou hast suffered in thy need
And give; no questions ask; but rise above
All thought of how or what, thy worth to prove

Or vice to shun! Ye are one! Then be content

To know thy happiness itself has lent
To one whose brow has known the bloody bead!

Give freely of thy life, thy love, thy all!

From him that asketh turn not, thou away!

Thy God hath given thee Himself! Then call

Thy brother and thy kindred in, nor stay

Thy hand! Thou hast all other gifts above!

Must give to have! The gift of gifts is,
Love!

HENRY HARRISON BROWN.



Sunset

Pure gold, pure gold, beneath a bank of storm,

And poplars standing up amid the gold!

Ah, God, to find in colour and in form

The faith that grows not old!

To feel all bitterness forgot, as now

That setting sun forgets the wrath of years,

And wear, like Heav'n, upon a gentle brow,

The peace that follows tears!

—Gerald Gould.



It must not be forgotten that the vogue of a vast deal of pseudo-medicine—the patent remedies, the half baked pathies, the hosts of charlatans and mountebanks are thriving on, a department of medicine that the legitimate practitioner has simply and plainly neglected, and they are thriving to no small extent because of that neglect. The good results they obtain—and no one can deny that they do obtain results sometimes—are obtained by the effect of their practices on the minds of their patients. Here is a fact in which medicine has neither availed itself of its opprotunities, nor measured up to its responsibilities, and until it does both of these, it can ill afford to throw stones.—Wm. A. White, M. D., *Journal Am. Med. Association*, for June.

Trust

Let your light shine—*Jesus*.

The crowning point of life's manifestation is trust. "Though he slay me yet will I trust in him," is an affirmation beyond which there is none greater. To so trust is to realize the immortal life here and now. Toward this goal our New Thought is leading the race. Is leading it back to that perfection which was manifest in Jesus. His life was trust, perfect trust, and this led him to a conscious unity with the Power in whom he trusted.

This trust relieves us of all care for our present; from all regret for our past; and from all anticipation for our future. We are content to be and do today under the conditions of today, and in this doing find happiness.

The Universe is wisely guided; all circumstances are legitimate results of Cause. All things come in order. Everywhere and at all times is the universal wisdom manifesting its unchangeable purpose.

This we declare, but do we really believe it? Do we rest upon that belief in the manifestations of our own life, as we rest upon the regularity of night and day? Is there no complaint upon our lips for weather, losses, disappointments, fears, worries, apprehensions? Aye, have we no wishes? For what are even wishes but lack of trust in the universe, that it will bring to me all that is best for me? My part is to receive joyfully and as best whatever comes. In perfect trust I am to receive and enjoy and in this enjoyment to let that which I am, and which I believe, manifest that perfect trust in my life. To simply let myself be to my felows that which I am in mind and spirit. Anything more or

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

—Edith M. Thomas

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less, any effort to change things or to change external conditions, is a lack of trust, is an attempted interference with the universal wisdom.

All duty centers in my *self*. I am to care for my-self to be and then to let. "To let my light shine" is to let brothers alone that their light may shine, also. For me to meddle with them is to dim their light. Thousands of mortals have been killed by interference. Hedged in and smothered by the attempts of busy-bodies, reformers, teachers, friends. They have dimmed the spark of divinity that was struggling to let its radiance beam.

"There is a light that lighted every man that cometh into the world." Every man is to let his light shine and has nothing to do with the light of others. "Shine that others may see" was the command of Jesus. Others seeing your good works may by their own shining "glorify the Father."

There is but one way of glorifying the Father and that is by a complete trust that manifests itself in daily, joyful acceptance of whatever comes, and in manifesting that joy to our fellows that they may also trust.

This is the opposite of the spirit of claiming to possess and which persecutes, that has ever characterized self appointed redeemers and which is ever present in the reformers of all times.

"Trust God" is the cry, but it means really "Trust God in me and in my way." If you will not, then be an apostate, sinner, heretic, and be condemned and persecuted. This so-called trust is not a trust in God. It is trust in some prophet, some revelation, some creed, some organization, in some man. It is saying "God is not able to do his work without me," or "us, or "it." It is as Emerson says:—"Poor God with no one to help him." "God called me to preach!" I do not doubt it. He called you just as he calls another to write, invent, engineer, legislate, trade, buy and sell, marry and propagate. He calls equally to theatre and church. He gives priest

and prophet no more special call and no more right to condemn than he gives one inventor, one discoverer, one poet, right to condemn, right to dictate to another. Of all atheism the worst is that of the religionist that asks for laws and policemen, to help him to help God to make men religious. By force to make men keep the Sabbath, to be temperate, to be good. Where is God that he cannot and does not protect his own work? Does he rule. Then *let* him rule. If he wants Sunday kept in a certain way, it will be so kept. If a few self elected counselors of the Almighty want it kept in a certain way there is tyranny. Tyranny always implies force. That any external power is necessary to carry any law into effect, that any external force is necessary to maintain any organization, shows that there is an absence of God's desire, and God's will. It is a man-made ordinance that needs this support. Do you trust God? Where? If in your own soul then you will trust him in every soul.

This trust in Self is Self-government and therefore God-government. Toward this is the race unfolding. The brute man knows only external force. As he develops manhood, he depends more and more on God in the soul. When man has sluffed off the animal entirely, he is Self-governed.

Ultimately there will be only self-government. In the present conditions of half-developed manhood, the present churches, altars, rites and statutes, are as necessary to man as the first leaves and shoots to the plant. When Humanity tree fruits, it will bear only self-governed men. Says Whittier in regard to present credial conditions:—

Suffice it now:—In times to be
Shall holier altars rise to thee
Thy Church our broad Humanity!

The Voice said to Longfellow:—

"Look into thine heart and write:
Yes, into Life's deep shrine."

So does the Voice say in words of Jesus: "Let the soul write, let the light shine!" Whose Heart? Whose Light? Whose Soul? Thine—*mine*. Thus trusting and

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

—Emerson

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letting do I mind my business and do my work. By living as the light within directs, I am one with God, am doing my whole work. Am minding my entire business when I *let* that which I am shine in my thoughts, my words and acts. Liberty of expression is necessary that I may *let*. I cannot be free if I would impose my will, my thought, or even my wish, upon another.

As I trust God in myself, I must trust him in my fellows. Trust will lead me to do right by my fellows, no matter what they do to me. I shall always have from the inner wisdom the guidance I need no matter where I am or what may be done to me. I shall know that as God is in me, so Wisdom is in me to direct, and Power is in me to do. In all conditions I shall never question whence these conditions come but shall rejoice in them. Never ask how to meet, for I shall know I am wisdom and power to meet them. And I shall so meet them as to constantly rejoice, even in what otherwise would be tribulation.

This trust manifests in Peace. *Always peaceful because always trustful.*

We are not so now: are not so all the time. But we have seasons of peace. These seasons grow more frequent and last longer. When they are not present, I affirm:—"I trust! I love! I am!" They come back. Sometime, and that is *now*, I reach that "Calm condition where I neither wish nor will!" by enjoying being, doing and letting in consciousness of Unity.



But oftener,

When I am very still,
Deep in my heart I feel a sudden thrill;
A messenger
From the Unseen signals, and would confer.

Some day, I know,

That Presence will appear—
Too high to reach, too beautiful to fear.
My songs I owe
To a strange sign it made me long ago.

—Elsa Barker.

* **AFFIRMATIONS** *

"Forgive as I forgive."

How shall I do to my brother?

Even as ye would that he should do to you!

How shall I act toward my brother when he deceives me?

As ye would have him act to you.

When my brother harms me shall I return the blow?

When he smites on one cheek turn ye that he may smite the other also!

When he steals from me, shall I prosecute him?

If he takes thy cloak, give him thy coat also!

Divine Love, why should I do this?

Because thy brother is thyself and in doing unto him in Love you are showing Divine Love to thyself.

Why not return like for like?

Love beareth all things.

Why not make him pay for what he has taken from me?

Love fulfilleth the Law.

Why not put off to a future time the settlement?

Now is the accepted time!

Why forgive?

What right has thou even in thought to judge?

O Divine Love! I ask thee to forgive as I forgive! Why do I thus pray?

Only within thyself is condemnation and forgiveness.

I forgive then, O Divine One!

Then thou are forgiven!

I feel a Peace steal upon me!

It is the Peace of a Soul at rest within.
I have found it!

Peace comes from cleansing myself from all condemnation of my brother.

I love him all the better because he needs love, living in the thought of evil.

In this cleansing of myself I find rest.

It is the rest promised to those that —"Come!"

I COME! I take thy yoke. I bear thy burdens!

All is easy and I am PEACE.

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

—Ingersoll

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At The Court House Door

No, no, I don't defend him;
You needn't, sir, be afraid;
Of course he's bad, and he broke the laws,
And they've got to be obeyed;
But I can't help kind of thinking,
I beg your pardon, squire,
If we had a start like him
We mightn't got much higher!
"So poor?" 'twan't that, 'twan't that, sir.
A home may be awful bare,
And keep some kind of quiet
And show of comfort there;
But when it's all dirt and disorder—
I never saw such a place—
And you see folks said 'twould't always be,
Because it was in the race.

And it had been so, that's true, sir,
His father was very bad,
And the poor boy looked some like him,
And 'twas all against the lad.
Folks wouldn't allow that anything good
Could come of such a stock;
Kind folks they were, too, in everything else,
But here as set as a rock,
They wouldn't employ him to labor,
They didn't want him around,
There were plenty of nice young fellows,
That needed work, to be found.

And his mother, she was a drunkard,
And that was against him, too;
And so no home, no comfort,
And nothing to get to do.
O, well, folks always expected—
His poor old father, you see—
'Tis curious how their figures
And the way he went agree.
But I've thought a good deal about it,
And I've kind of made it out,
That the way to bring up a fellow
Isn't just to kick him about.

I don't think much of talking,
And I haven't much to say;
But the better you use a creature
The more you will get for pay.
And we who have had our chances,
And friends to give us a lift,
It won't be too hard on this one
That the town had set adrift;
For if the neighbors had took him,
And tried to help him along,
You see, it may be, brother,
He hadn't gone quite so wrong.
—Anonymous.

What we call actual "Sense" is perception of the Soul—a perception which cannot be limited to things merely material, inasmuch as it passes beyond outward needs and appearances, and reaches to causes which create those outward needs and appearances.—*Marie Corelli.*

After Sensation, What? Thought.

Silent we stand when *feeling* most.—*Byron.*
Emotions are the masters, the intellect the servant.—*Herbert Spencer.*
There is an autonomous life of feeling, independent of the intellectual life, and having its cause below.—*Ribot.*
Desire precedes intellect in infancy and survives it in old age.—*Paul Deussen.*
He hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth. He giveth to all life and breath to all things. They should seek the Lord, if happily they might *feel* after Him for He is not far from any one of us, for in Him we live and move and have our Being.—*Paul (Acts 17).*

We have only to indulge a few moment's rest, and immediately we become aware that our mind is peopled by a motley crowd of phantoms. . . . Where does it all come from? Yet a moment more, and we see that the crowd is not a random one, but that it is inspired and given form by the emotions, the feelings, the desires, lying deep and half hidden within. . . . Feeling (or desire) lies beneath. Thought is the form which it takes as it comes into the outer world.—*Edward Carpenter in "The Art of Creation."*

The atoms of the body were once nebulae, then rock, then loam, then corn, then chyme, then chyle, then blood; and now the beholding co-energizing mind sees the same refining and ascent of the third (seventh or tenth power of daily accidents which the senses report, and which makes the raw material of knowledge. It was sensation; when memory came, it was experience; when mind acted, it was knowledge; when mind acted on it, as knowledge, it was thought.—*Emerson in "Poetry and Imagination."*

The only foundation for Science, Philosophy, and Metaphysics, is *feeling*. All reasoning arises in the one common phenomenon of sensation. Whence this feeling? Whence this common experience of all forms of life? It arises from the ONE in whom we live and move and have our BEING. Paul shows that he was very near the confines of modern science when he says: "If haply they might *feel* after Him and find Him, though He is not far from any one of us."

Would we know anything, we must *feel* after it. Until found in feeling, we do not possess it. Accepted opinions are those some one has felt out and we take them without feeling. When they occasion feeling in us, we begin to know.

Truth for Authority, No Authority for Truth.

—Lucretia Mott

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From feeling all Truth comes and *to* feeling all Truth tends, and *in* feeling all Truth ends. All Human Feeling is Love in greater or less degree. Who would understand the Science of Mind and the Science of Mental Healing must master this sentence:—*From, though* and *in* feeling, Truth originates, works and ends.

Truth is recognition and transfusing of sensation into thought. Truth is Life transformed through sensation into consciousness. What Life is, Truth is. What Life is, Sensation is. Sensation is not merely a bodily condition. Let us use terms in this science as we use heat and light and sound in ordinary physics, to signify both the motion from without and the effect within. A standard work on physics gives this definition of heat: "Heat is either a sensation or that which produces sensation."

My International Dictionary gives this peculiarly twisted definition of heat: "The sensation produced on bodies by the near approach of heat in excess of that in the body." Still I ask, what IS heat in the body? I have no better from any authority than this: "A mode of motion." And this is false for it is *not* heat until the vibration is changed to feeling. I do not feel heat; I AM HEAT. Why? Because I am *feeling* and *heat is feeling*. Heat is not something outside me. It is I. In dealing with heat, the scientist is dealing with feeling, and with those vibrations that cause me to recognize that I am that feeling which I call heat.

This point is important and will help to an understanding of all Affirmations, and will reveal the significance of the work NOW is doing in being the only journal in the world that is entirely devoted to Affirmation and the only one that shows its science and significance. The Soul is ALL. There is outside the I AM nothing but that infinitude of Vibrations which combined make Universal Energy. I am conscious of all that which Vibration awakens into expression. When I say, "I feel heat, I see

light, I hear music," I place heat, light and sound outside myself; but they are not outside,—they are manifestations of my SELF. I am Heat, Light, Sound, and I am all that I can affirm of Infinity.

In saying "Heat, Sound, Light," I am simply naming sensations awakened in me by something without my conscious Self and, for want of some better hypothesis science today says—"Vibration—Modes of Motion." Motion in What? In Something. There our investigation ends.

I am INFINITE in every direction of feeling. Since thought is but feeling transformed, it follows that I am infinite in Thought. Feeling awakening in the soul before it is transformed into thought, we call Desire. I am already that which I desire. I have only to manifest that which I AM.

Thus are we led to say: Sensation is either an effect on the Soul or is that bodily condition which produces this effect. Never an effect without a cause and never a cause without an antecedent cause. Never in philosophy will ultimate cause be reached. I have shown this in "The Ultimate of Power."* Where lies sensation? In Soul; in the Real Man; in Mind. When Soul is awakened by a touch from without, it responds by an outward motion—an e-motion. We are feeling. Feeling is Soul manifesting its Power of Recognition. When one feels, then and not till then, does Life in him manifest its latent possibilities of Self-Consciousness. Expression is the out-motion from Soul in response to the in-motion. This in-motion is Vibration from the Universal, from the Absolute, from that which is Not-Me, upon the individual, the special, the Me. It is God all the way, but from Me to God, and from God to Me is the motion from circumference to center, and from center in response to circumference. Only thus does Soul, which is a center, know its SELF. By the awak-

*See "Man's Greatest Discovery."

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

—*Bayard Taylor*

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ening of latent God-forces in Itself, through this vibration in the Universal, does Soul come to know its Individuality. It senses (or feels) and says: "I am."

By thus realizing SELF, it becomes an independent ego—a center of God in God. Out from the undifferentiated, out from the Absolute, the ONE thus centered is able to say I AM. God has evolved into individual expression. IN GOD! These two words mean much in this science. There is no separation. God is indivisible. Each "I" is an individual center with all the Absolute for its circumference. Therefore all that which the Absolute is, I AM. The absolute finds individual expression in Me. I cannot want.

To consciousness, the Absolute is only sensation. I *feel* IT. The IT that feels is the individual Ego. The IT which is felt is God, the Absolute. This feeling is but a response to the thrill that IT sends to me. I call that thrill in the Absolute, vibration. As IT affects me, I name the sensations, and because others have felt the same they know what I mean. They know me only as they know themselves—FEEL ME IN THEMSELVES. Thus is each man present in every other man. Thus can I say: I AM ALL MEN.

It is I—the Conscious Absolute—that feels. All feeling is one. Can we truly say that in any particular direction one man feels unlike any other? No! All notes on the same pitch are one. So all feeling in different men, born of the same vibration, are one. In Hottentot or Californian, the burn of the fire or the fear of death is one.

It is in feeling alone that I can say: "My Father and I are one!" God is to the Human Consciousness only feeling. Whether conscious or sub-conscious, Soul is ONE with all that is, because it vibrates with all that is as a part of all that is.

This Oneness is to the conscious man of secondary importance. He learns by realizing Unity that he is one with POW-

ER. Learns that Power is differentiated in and through him into millions of manifestations. The Power which he subconsciously is, he is to awaken into conscious activity and to DIRECT it. Were Power conscious, it would say: "I and Man are one!" Then Man would be of importance to God, but to himself nothing.

But Power is not conscious of its own existence. IT is. What shall we name IT? Whatever Human Consciousness can conceive for the best. The old Hebrew called IT "The Eternal." Eternal what? *Eternal Possibility*. It is ever potential, never actual. God is potential, things the actual. God is Power, Man is Expression.

Realizing this, it is clear that, in Unity, I am the important part. I am *The One* in God. I am the Center through which God manifests. I, because I am self-conscious, direct my expression and thus, when I realize that I am power to be directed, I do direct the manifestations of God in me. I thus become Fate. Thus I am that which Emerson, in the line I have called the mightiest man ever wrote, calls *Conscious Law*:—"And Conscious Law is King of Kings."

"God and I are One," and the important One in this Unity is the Human Expression of Soul, for this expression directs into conscious expression the Power in which it lives, moves and has individuality. It is this fact that makes mental healing and all other forms of mental expression possible. For Feeling being a manifestation of the Absolute, without individuality there can be no recognition of it by another Ego. Feeling is Vibration, as are vibrations from the sun a million of miles from earth. These vibrations in the subconscious, which is the Absolute, are not feeling—but reaching the individual they awaken feeling—which is but consciousness of their presence. When they touch a human center they are transformed into feeling. Vibrations in God have no expression until they touch the centre which I, the Ego, am. The recog-

The deeper I drink of the cup of life the sweeter it grows.

—Julia Ward Howe

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niton of this touch is thought. *I Think!* This is the fact below all other facts. I feel, is of secondary importance to me. I think, is of secondary importance to God. Thinking gives me individuality. I feel with all men. I think alone. No man thinks as I do. I put my stamp upon feelings and they flow from me as from a center outward, and wherever in Unity they are, there am I. I am omnipresent because I am a center from which thought goes outward and where thought is, there am I.



No Foreknowledge

"I received the April number of NOW and am charmed with its contents. I cannot yet grasp the idea—there is no more fore-knowledge in the one mind than there is in the new born babe.' It seems to me that there must have been a plan originally and everything was working through evolution up to the Divine Man."—MRS. E. M. I., *New Zealand*.

I am not surprised that, owing to all previous opinions about the Universal, that you do not for sometime see the fact that the Absolute, under whatever name you may call IT, has only a backward look, and that is through ITSELF AS MAN. "And God said, 'Let there be Light,' and there was light!" said the ancient author, realizing that whenever the Creative Power he worshipped thought, the thing was done. For Infinity to think would make it no longer Infinite, but finite. Only limitations—finiteness—can plan and work up to it. To BE infinite, and know, is for it to BE in expression that which it Knows. Fore-knowledge in God would cause IT to manifest all IT knows. MAN does this. God could do no less. Says Whit-tier:—

"Who fathoms the Eternal Thought,

Who talks of scheme and plan?

The Lord is God, he needeth not

The poor device of Man!"

But the Quaker poet little understood the limitations that follow the lack of this scheme and plan, in the one One Ab-

solute Substance from which all things and conditions proceed, as from the child, all the manifestations of Man proceed. The child has no plan. It acts. So the Absolute in obedience to the urge of Creative Evolution acts, and the external universe is the result. Emerson saw all this when he said, in "Self-Reliance":—"It must be that when God speaketh he should communicate, not one thing, but all things; should fill the world with his voice; should scatter forth light, nature, time, souls, from the center of the present thought; and new date and new create the whole."

The Absolute must work absolutely; the Infinite must work infinitely. In our ideas of God we are anthropomorphic; we make him manlike—and limit him to Man's ways of expression, forgetting that Man IS God as one expression, even as sun and sunset are other expressions. God did not know that he was sun and sunset, till he found himself thus expressing. Neither did he know he was Man, till he found himself "I AM!" through a human brain. Any other god is not God, but is *A* god; manufactured out of the Absolute God by, and for the gratifying of human limitations. Let GOD be God. Do not shear him of the Locks of Power and Infinity by making Him work as Man works.

Henri Bergsen says:—"Nature is more and better than a plan in course of realization. A plan is a term assigned to a labor: it closes the future whose form it indicates. Before the evolution of life, on the contrary, the portals of the future remain open wide. It is creation that goes on forever in virtue of an initial movement." *Plan closes evolution. Think of this.* Also the two words "Initial movement" are important. That is all there is from monad to Man, a "Movement." Creation started and had no determined end, any more than water, which is a movement, had a determined end when it is given its initial movement by gravity at top of mountain. It will go till it is stopped.

I thank whatever gods may be For my unconquerable Soul.

—W. C. Henley

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Under The Redwoods

San Francisco, July 20.

It was a delightful R. R. journey, for at night I passed the hot portion of the way and had the Syskiyou region during the day. Beautiful mountains. Wonderful the engineering, thus to wind in and out, but all the time up, till the summit was reached. Sometimes we saw the rails three lines of them below us, and then later, three lines of them above us. Once we tunneled under as we descended the hills we had climbed up. What cannot the Mind—the Universal Mind as Man—do? Who shall place a limit?

All the engineering skill of the ages accumulated in the Sub-conscious, did this work. Beginning with the unfoldment in the first subterranean habitation primitive man made, the One Mind has been coming into consciousness of Itself. This is the present result of God's Evolution into consciousness of Himself. What will it be in the next million years? If we cannot imagine, why set a limit to what the "I" as myself can do? Away with all speculations that end in limitation. In imagination live now as God's Expression. Enjoy immortality now! Enjoy the sense of the limitless I AM now. This I affirmed as we descended the mountains and came into view of the wonderful Shasta, California's symbol of place and power. We had crossed the line between the states sometime before. So did I thrill with thoughts of Home that had I been delayed on my way now, I felt that like a little child denied its promised pleasure, I would cry, but when Shasta spoke to me of poise and power I recited Whittier's hymn and found peace:—

Amidst these glorious works of thine,
The solemn minarets of pine,
And awful Shasta's icy shrine,—
Where swell thy hymns from wave and gale,
And organ thunders never fail,
Behind the cataract's silver veil,—
Our puny walls to Thee we raise
Our poor reed-music sounds thy praise:—
Forgive, O Lord, our childish ways!"
Ah! soon, amid the "solemn minarets"
of my Redwood Grove I would build to

Truth still more awful shrines of Love and Reverence and Thankfulness, for I had been so happy away, and was so happy in returning. In it all I had realized God's Hand in the hand of my Brother, and in the leading of the Spirit. I could only soul-sing:—

Gudie me still, Thou Great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this sunny vale.
Thou art great, I am thy image,
In me thy Love shall never fail.

'Tis not in any hymn book, but I have as good a right to write my hymn as Watts or Wesley. So soul-singing, I came to Shasta Springs, where this same Hand pours from soda springs refreshing waters. O, every step of the way it was God's Hand! Never more so than on this last day home. I saw how it had been, and still was, and knew it would ever be. I slept the last night to awaken as we were on the ferry in Vallejo. As I passed into the crowd at Ferry Station in City some one touched me and to my surprise David was there. I had not expected him; but having told him the train by which I'd arrive he came down in hopes of meeting. Here was God's hand again. Jolly, but I was glad! Boy again and at Home!

I found all ready for me. David had well attended to all my business matters in the city. A few days here to fit into the groove again of business, then leaving the city home in charge of a kind friend, Dave and I started for our respective homes for a vacation. He goes to San Luis Obispo, and I to Glenwood. Wonderful the manifestation of Mind, that has sent such co-workers, and into whose hands I could leave my affairs and find them going as well apparently as if I had been there. Not one of us is really important in the world's affairs. When we step down and out, another steps in and civilization goes on the same. "Though the individual withers, yet the world is more and more," declares Tennyson. Here I found it true.

As I arrived at Glenwood, I found the same beautiful scenery all along that three mile drive. Herschell seemed as

if I had but left him for a day, as he greeted me as I alighted from the cars. As we drove up to the hotel door it seemed as if I had but just left. All had been doing their work well. All was happiness just as I had left it nineteen months before. MIND—Love—knows neither time nor space. I had not been away.

Sam had changed because he had fasted and reduced his weight, and was proud of the results of his self-denial.

Leona had retained all that enthusiasm for Truth, that has ever made her a willing co-worker, and Margaret, after a winter and spring in Kansas had just returned with renewed love for California and the Redwoods and the work.

My welcome was as if I had not been away. Strange that we had all grown the same in Truth. So often friends grow apart. But every friend I had made elsewhere only showed the home richness to me. Why fear that Love will run dry, because one loves another? Love requires constant expression and the more friends, the warmer the love for each. I come home laden more richly than Caesar from his wars. My spoils are hearts I love and hearts that love me. Emerson tells me:

The sense of this world is short,—

Long and vigorous its report,—

To love and to be loved.

Men and gods have not outlearned it;

And, how oft so 'ere they've turned it,

Not to be improved.

On this tenth day of August I write this for September NOW, under the Redwoods where I so often while away imagined myself to be, and yet I am the same as when I wrote the Notes all along the line. I am the same I. I realize now the impotency of externals upon man's inspiration, health or happiness. I have only what I bring with me, and I have all that I have had every where I have been. It seems to me that the only thing or condition I ask for hereafter is opportunity to give Truth and to have by me those I love. Trees, sun, sky, birds, flowers, all are nought if friends and

their thoughts, and my thoughts of them, are not with me in love. My morning Lessons are my habitation; all the rest seems but the shell. Sometime the shell will break, and I'll be free and live the life of gods, and happy thought, the life of men! And why not *now*? Yes; I live it now for I affirm with Walt—"Nothing external to me hath power over me!" And here, NOW-reader—Lover, companion, friend—we meet in spirit and are One in Mind, in Love, in Truth. Every day as I rest, in this hammock and think what to say to you; as I write in the shadow of these trees; as I love where sun shines, and birds sing and where all Nature has made for herself the finest of all climates I have found; I think in love for you, with you, and send through YOU my thoughts into the world, to become part of its atmosphere and to be a silent working force in the Sub-conscious life of the race. Thus do we all join the choir immortal, and will ever find our reincarnation in the lives of all future generation while we still unfold our individual expression AS the One mind forever.

"Forever with the Lord! Amen so let it be! Life from the dead is in that word! 'Tis immortality!

Here in the body pent apart from Him I roam
But nightly pitch my moving tent a day's
march nearer home!"

I can use these words of Montgomery, favorites with Theodore Parkes, but I mentally translate them into:

Here in my Consciousness
Ever with Him I roam.
And daily pitch my moving tent
In dearer love of Home.

AUGUST 20.

Oh! But it is good to lie here in my hammock and really rest. A hard tussle has it been to forget all the work that has piled up while I was away. but, pshaw! it is all fiction now. I see that I have allowed tomorrow to usurp today, and no wonder I find myself tonight weary with attempting the impossible. Now I've come back from the Unknown and in the Known I rest. I know I am. I know I am in this hammock. I know I am in this grove where so many times

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

—Archie L. Black

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I've imagined myself to be and now I command:—"Henry Harrison, rest!" Twilight deepens. In the hush is so peaceful I am finding myself. I have looked at the "Emerson tree," commencing at the root and studying every foot till I lost myself in the blue space above. Did I sleep? I don't really know! I have taken no note of time, even of its loss. It might as well have been a thousand years as one moment for such growth and awakennig have I had. Yes! I AM! Such a flood of thankful emotion comes over me because I am. Yes, this I is Henry Harrison with all his weaknesses, faults, sillines, mixed with all the opposite. This makes me, the I, I am. So as in this quiet I lie rejoicing, I am recalled to the external consciousness by a tree toad, down by the creek, and, then, I hear the cricket's chirp. I hear the phonograph from the Hotel; night birds with call are abroad and make the silence more deep. And all this has been and I, shut in the closet of meditation, have not heard.

"Swing low, sweet chariot," if you will but in vain you tempt me, this hammock and this grove are enough for me. "Trust no future howe'er pleasant" my poet says. No future holds more than Now. For a while I'll still rest and watch the stars through the redwood boughs and dream I'm already in heaven. Guess I am, for here come all the friends I met while on my tour, and I am having classes and lectures. Strange that I can talk in so many places and on so many themes at once? Alone? How can I be with all these? I wonder, did any one ever before have such a crowd of friends as I to welcome him Home. "Swing low, sweet chariot" of memory, and let me grow stronger still in Love and Truth." The hammock gently swayed and I heard a footstep and Herschell came through the grove and I realized it was bedtime. Stars had long been jumping from the tops of the trees into the Great Beyond whither I in sleep had followed them again.

**Power Of One Person's Will Over
Another's--A Myth**

Are you aware to how great an extent the fear of evil thought, the fear of being under the will of another is prevalent now and how great the amount of unhappiness, sickness and sorrow that one false idea is creating? I have known it before but it needed my experience on my tour to bring it still more vividly to my consciousness. Insane asylums, private sanitariums, hospitals, and homes without number contain the victims of this fear. I have long been conscious of the need of education here. The pleas, "Some one has his mind upon me," "Some evil thought from some person affected me," "Some malicious emanation poisoned me," "Some one has his will upon me," "Some one hypnotised me," are all in their effect terrible errors. Were it possible that one will *could* control another; for evil thoughts to influence another, this universe would be a pandemonium of conditions worse than Dante's hell. It is not true. There is not the slightest fact in experience, in science, nor a phase of philosophy that gives encouragement to that belief. It is held this day as a remnant of the belief in the "evil eye" and in witchcraft. It remains in this scientific age as many omens remain, as many of the old beliefs concerning the influence of the moon remain. Once all insane persons were because the moon made them so—"Luna-tics." The old wives' soap did not come, because it was bewitched, she started in the wrong time of the moon. The beans ran to vines because planted in the wrong time of the moon. No matter how many times scientific farming disallows the bean story, and chemistry the soap story, still we hear it among those who live in the past. So no matter how many times the truth is proven that only one's own thoughts, one's own will, can control him, still this belief is used as a scapegoat by those who wish to shift responsibility from their own shoulders to those of another.

The old idea of Hypnotism is as false as the old idea of lunacy. And the idea of evil thoughts, as false as that of witchcraft; and the idea of "malicious emanations" as false as that of a personal devil going about influencing people.

To disabuse minds from these errors I wrote "Not Hypnotism, but Suggestion." A book for missionary work. My eastern trip has taught me that it is a needd book. I can do nothing better for my fellows than to keep it in circulation. Now I make this offer. All Subscribers for 1912, who have not paid up, who will pay up before Dec. 1, and send their subscription for 1913, will receive a copy of this book free. I do this with the expectancy that they will use it as a missionary—a besom—to sweep away the error of this belief of evil thoughts, evil powers, evil emanations, from the human mind. This paragraph from the "Introduction" gives a little key to its philosophy.

"The object of this book is to remove all mystery from hypnotism, to cause these phenomena to be considered as natural and normal as are the functions of everyday labor, and, by so doing, to prepare the way for a clear understanding of the Principle of Suggestion. . . . Ignorance of Cause, gives birth to the belief that hypnotic phenomena are caused by one person having the will of another in thrall. No person can thus enslave another. No person was ever so enslaved. These phenomena are the work of the person who manifests them."

The book will be sent postpaid on receipt of 25c.



Emerson On Mental Science

Mrs. Eddy taught her first student in 1870. Emerson in his "Journal" for 1840 wrote the following, and it is the germ cell of all later mental healing. That germ can be traced in philosophers back through him to forgotten ages:

It is marvelous how this American Seer not only anticipated in the words of Prof. Tyndal, "Every scientific discovery of the age," but he also anticipated every social and economic discovery. He expresses Universal Mind for the race. Here are his words on page 428 of the edition of Journals for 1838-1840," published by Houghton, Mifflin Company and edited by his son. Boston, 1911.

"Practical faith we have not. Let us believe in unity until our actions are united. Let us not believe, as we do now, in means and medicines, but in our actions recognize that the world flows ever from the Soul, and instead of attacking the toothache or the dyspepsia, or any other symptom, raise the aim of the man—and toothache and indigestion, cramp and croup, pain and poverty, will disappear in troops, as now in troops these calamities come.

It makes no difference what a saintly soul eats or drinks; let him eat venison or roots; let him drink champagne or water; nothing will harm him or intoxicate or impoverish him; he eats as though he eats not, drinks as though he drank not. But we are skeptics over our dinner-table and therefore our food is noxious and our bodies fat or lean. Looking at means and not at grand ends, being in our action dis-united, our bodies have come to be detached from our souls, and we speak of our health."



We come to this: Life is all one thing. There is but One Life in the universe. That Life is the Healing Power. We share it. Our share depends on conditions, some of which are under our control. But we could not be sharers unless in connection with the Source, as the hydrant could not share the stream unless connected by pipes that reach the reservoir. Life, therefore,—our share of it,—is incomplete if the connections are incomplete, if interrupted, impaired, obstructed. Sometimes the obstructions are physical, and can be removed by physical agents. If a dash of water in the face may recall me from a swoon, a dash of some inward application may be like the touch of a whip to a lagging organ or like a check to some over-excited function. The doctor and nurse know, or ought to know, the value of certain well-known remedies. Here is room for both science and art; and every true science or useful art is what religious men deem a gift of God and a cause for thanksgiving. The mechanical methods of the surgeon are as legitimate as those of the cabinet-maker or sculptor. All healing is divine. Often it is conditioned on the human use of means, and such means must belong to the divine order. — From a sermon on "The Healing Power" by Rev. C. G. Ames (Unitarian), Boston.



"Maids of as soft a bloom shall marry
As Hymen yet has blessed,
And fairer forms are in the quarry
Than Phidias released. —Emerson.



To be sad when there is opportunity for joy is as much a sin, for it is an enemy to life.—*Collier's*.

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

—Whittier

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Vol. IX. OCTOBER, 1912 No. 10

NOW

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

Mr. Brown will be at the Mountain Home all October. Classes and Healing his work there.

* * *

I have held my classes every day except Sundays since I came home. Shall probably continue them till last of October.

* * *

Remember this is the October NOW. Two more issues and the Vol. closes. To all New Subscribers I will send the November and December numbers. Old Subscribers can send new subscriptions with their renewal for 50c each.

* * *

This is Number 10 of Vol. 9. Quite a number of old subscribers have not remitted for this volume. I have lovingly carried them. One dollar is not much in any one pocket, but when each will remit, it will be quite a sum in mine.

Am thinking of Sunday meetings in San Francisco soon.

* * *

The earliest rain for over sixty years has washed the vegetation and the leaves look as if they were waxed for a fall parade. New vegetation is springing. O, if every one knew how beautiful these mountains and groves and vineyards and even sand hills are they would soon leave the noisy paralyzing cities and rush here. NOW, friends—COME! Enjoy! Live! Love and give thanks!

* * *

Do you, California friends, wish a few lectures in your various cities this fall and winter? If the CALL is loud enough I will come on a few weeks tour!

* * *

We have had a fair number of guests during the season. But October and November are delightful months with us. We will welcome all who come and—Think—GRAPES are ripe then, and fresh from the vines they are much more delicious than when picked half ripe and shipped to the city. Come and feast with us.

* * *

Fruit is falling. Prunes are ripe, and this Sept. 10 Herschell is drying them. It is strange that prunes, one of the most delicious of all fresh fruits, are not for sale in the market. I enjoy them more than any other of our California fruits. It is meaty, sweet, and of delicious flavor. The plum is insipid beside it.

* * *

I spent one day in Santa Cruz. It has improved much in the two years since my last visit. There has been a very busy tourist season. Its beauty and advantages as a seaside summer resort are becoming more known and transportation now is easy and it is destined to rival any resort in the West. It is only eight miles from NOW Home to this city and beach. We have the rare advantage enjoyed in only few sections of the glory of mountain and sea.

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

—Whittier

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Pretty College Romance Culminates In Marriage

Miss Lulu Gale, of Chillicothe, Ill., and Dr. Ray M. Salter, of Williams, Cal., were united in the holy bonds of marriage Wednesday, August 21st, at high noon, by Dr. H. Harrison Brown of Glenwood. The ceremony took place not in a cathedral created by man, but one created by nature, one of the great towering redwoods, at the summer home of the bride, the Mrs. Ed. N. Ketchum's place, near Glenwood, in the Santa Cruz mountains.

Only a few immediate relatives were present at the beautiful ceremony. The altar was banked with ferns and pine boughs, interspersed with roses. The bride wore a gown of crepe de chene, trimmed with shadow lace, and her veil hung from a Juliet cap, caught with natural orange blossoms. Her bouquet was a lilies of the valley and white roses. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Gale, and arrived with her mother but a few weeks ago.

After the wedding a luncheon was enjoyed in the bungalow, and the happy couple started off in their automobile to spend several days in and near the bay cities. They will make their home in Williams, Colusa Co., Cal.—*Santa Cruz Sentinel*, Aug. 22, 1912.

This was a most interesting occasion for me. Mr. and Mrs. Ketchum are neighbors and the only New Thought family that I am aware of for miles around. The bride was their niece and the groom had recently settled in a good practice in California. Once they found the glory and sacredness of "The Redwoods," they decided that the vacation passed at the Aunt's bungalow should be their mating time.

"No church so sacred as these groves," remarked the Doctor. The lady said, "I could think of nothing but a ceremony in this beautiful grove." Only the family were present. Not a curious eye looked upon that which should always be considered too holy for any eye but those of the nearest and dearest.

Under a bower of ferns built between two redwoods six feet in diameter and 250 feet high, while companion trees stood round as witnesses. The sun glittered through the branches, flecking the scene with light and shade. The wind gently sighed and all Nature was hushed

as the vows that made one of two were uttered. God through the Silence said "Amen!" The symbol of that Omnipotence was in the trees; of that Providence that which promised seed-time and harvest was in the vine-clad hills and the Love that baptized us in the sun, was the symbol of the promise of that Home, which from this union should rise as one more pledge of the security of National freedom and honor. Naught else could come from this environment. Naught but peace can come to these two who lovingly and wisely chose that Grove for their marital pledge. The memory of its peace and the sense of the Divine Nearness will ever be their Comforter in times of need.

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There is no darkness but ignorance.

—Shakespeare.

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