

**THE LORD'S PRAYER;  
A VISION OF TO-DAY,  
A SERIES OF ESSAYS**

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The Lord's prayer; a vision of to-day, a series of essays by Henry Harrison Brown

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**HENRY HARRISON BROWN**

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A VISION OF TO-DAY,  
A SERIES OF ESSAYS**



## Treatment for Self Healing

*"I come that ye may have Life and have it more abundantly."*

**T**hou art ever beside me, Divine One!  
In Silence I seek now thy aid!  
I take thy hand trustingly  
And am of nothing afraid,  
I cling to thy Love in the Silence,  
Forgot is Life's unrest and care,  
I trust in thy promise of healing!  
All is well, for I know thou art near!  
I rest like a babe on the bosom  
Of her who gave to it life!  
I've relaxed every nerve of my body;  
And Faith has o'ercome all my strife,  
Thus resting, I receive, O my Father!  
Thought's ocean is bearing me on!  
The winds of the Spirit are wafting  
Me unto the Peace of the One!  
One is the source of my Being!  
One is my Healer of pain!  
Drifting in Peace in the Silence  
I find my lost youth again!  
I am thine, O thou who art Patience!  
From thy Presence all suffering's flown!  
Sweetly over my desert of error  
The blossoms of Truth are now sown,  
The One Life my Being is filling!  
Health within me is weaving vs chain,  
I am healed! I am healed! O beloved!  
In Thee I am healed of my pain!  
Amen and Amen! In Peace now  
I resume my labor laid down!  
Love Divine in Truth has redeemed me!  
O Soul thou hast come to thine own!

—HENRY HARRISON BROWN.

*To be memorized, and repeated, "in Faith believing"  
at times of mental or physical distress.*

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Mr. Brown is also Editor and Publisher of a New Thought Magazine entitled "NOW" A Journal of Affirmation. \$1.00 a year. Address 589 Haight St., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

**P**RAYER is one of the elements of the religious life. It is the vehicle through which spiritual medicine is given. A valuable specific for the mental and spiritual disturbances that underlie all disease, it is a natural instinct of the soul. It is as natural for us under certain circumstances to look to a Supreme Power above us, or within us, for help as it is for birds of passage, at certain seasons of the year, to go south. We are drawn by a spiritual instinct to God in prayer because it is a part of the Divine plan that thus we should find relief. Prayer is a conscious recognition of our dependence and subjection to powers unseen, but superior to our own....The influence of a calm trust and faith expressing itself in prayer, uttered or unexpressed, over the functions of organic life, cannot be overestimated.—F. W. Evans in "The Divine Law of Cure".

## Contents.

Proem .....	11
Our Father .....	15
Who Art in Heaven .....	23
Hallowed Be Thy Name .....	37
Thy Kingdom Come .....	51
Thy Will Be Done .....	65
On Earth .....	75
As It Is in Heaven .....	89
Give Us This Day, etc. ....	97
Forgive Us, etc., .....	109
Lead Us, etc. ....	119
Deliver Us, etc. ....	135
Epilogue, For Thine, etc. ....	143
Forever .....	163

### The Silent Hour.

Theodore Parker's Prayer .....	167
J. L. Jones' Prayer .....	172
Help Thou Mine Unbelief .....	174
Agreement .....	180
Nature .....	181
Being .....	183
Experience .....	185
Self Trust .....	187
Harmony .....	189
Supply .....	191
Liberty .....	193
Love .....	195
Trust .....	197
Friendship .....	199
Guidance .....	201
Light .....	203
Peace .....	213
I Welcome All .....	218
Herein is Peace .....	218
God's Autograph .....	219
Mine Own .....	220



**M**ORE things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of. Where-  
fore let thy voice  
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
For what are men better than sheep or  
goats  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of  
prayer  
Both for themselves and those who call  
them friend?  
For so the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.  
—Tennyson, in "Idylls of the King".



O, God, give us the whirlwind vision! Let  
us see  
Clear-eyed, that flame creation we call  
earth,  
And Man, the shining image, like to Thee.  
Let the new age come swiftly to the birth,  
When this—Thy world shall know itself  
divine;  
And mortals waking from their dream of  
sense,  
Shall ask no proof, no message and no  
sign—  
Man's larger sight, the unanswerable ev-  
idence.

—Angela Morgan.

## PROEM.

**T**HROUGH this Prayer all the reverence, faith, trust, love and religious fervor of ages has been uttered. It may seem sacrilege, however sacredly we may question it, to put new interpretations to it. Like as an old Cremona retains the echo of an inspiration of the magic hands that have once set it into musical vibrations so this Prayer retains the music of the lips that taught us to pray, and the affections of whom we have heard utter it. As the English speech uttered by one unseen in our hearing in foreign lands brings to our thought a flood of memories, and to our eyes tears; as the flag of one's country on a foreign soil awakens into glow the loyal, throbbing heart; as the song mother sang still carries in later manhood all that mother's power, though sang by one unknown; as the photograph brings to vision the face we loved, but long lost to mortal sight; as the melody of boyhood makes the old man a boy again, even so do the words of the Prayer stir in us all that we have felt and thought since we lisped it at mother's knee. In this spirit I invite its study. Modern criticism and the added intelligence of to-day are throwing so much of the past that we hold sacred into the waste, that I would save this, which the heart rebels to

let go, to the reverent love of the present. I wish still to keep in it the echoes of childhood; the vibrations of the home; the throbs of early loves; the sacredness of filial and fraternal lives; the reverence that old age, the altar and the grave have left in it. Hallowed association and fond memories are the best avenues through which we may reach the Sacred Altar of the Soul. Here they are enshrined, and here I would leave them, merely adding to the dim religious light of oriel and nave, and to the vestments of religious faith, the glory of the scientific faith, and the awakened spirit of invention. We need not accept the thought of monk, priest and ecclesiastic; we need not repeat the creeds of synod, council, diet, edict or king. We will, however, find within ourselves the same reverence for goodness, the same love of Truth; and the same inspiration from beauty which all the past devotees under all lines of thought have wrought. While intellectually we differ widely, we are of the same humanity, and diverse in thought, we are one in feeling. Each will find in the spirit of the Prayer a common expression for a common need. In the Spirit of Unity, and with Peace in my heart and Good Will inspiring my pen, I send forth these Twentieth Century Thoughts upon the Prayer of the Ages.

*Truly your friend,  
Henry Harrison Brown*