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Birmingham Daily Post, Oct. 14th, 1904.

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Morning Post, Oct. 6th, 1904.

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The Lost Ideal of Christianity.

The ever growing prevalence throughout Christian lands of malignant physical disease and mental insanity, and the apathy which exists in our



Churches concerning these unmistakable signs of popular transgression against hygienic law, suggest the thought that the sublime Ideal of a worldwide Ministry of Healing, which was exalted by the Great Physician of Nazareth in the minds of His early disciples and followers, has become virtually lost.

For the complete emancipation from sickness, of body as well as soul, which He proclaimed as a present possibility, appears to have been forgotten in these days, and, instead, there is preached an imaginary and merely theoretical salvation for the soul alone.

The emphasis which He placed upon the necessity for living in harmony with the Divine Will (as expressed in Laws of physical and moral health, as well as in the Law of Love) has been transferred to the inculcation of a general obligation to accept certain theological concepts and to conform to certain religious rites.

The power to cure physical disease which He exhibited, and which by his influence and teaching He conferred upon the earnest band of helpers who gathered round him, is conspicuous by its absence.

And although it is a fact that wherever the Sabbath bells ring out, from the countless temples which have been dedicated to the continuance of the saving work of the Christ, their sound strikes upon the ears of sick and suffering human beings whose bodies are afflicted with painful and distressing maladies, no real concern is manifested by our Christian leaders (except in a few isolated instances). And no appreciable effort is being made by them to ascertain the *cause* of these evidences of the failure of Modern Christianity to save even its

own adherents from the dire penalties that overtake physical wrong-doing.

A large percentage of the members of our **The Need of Churches** who listen to the Gospel every Sabbath are slowly dying of preventible disease, and are painfully conscious as they sit in their pews, that their religion and its apostles are alike powerless to help them in their need.

Salvation in the next world is about all they are led to hope for, and in most cases, their only emancipation from the worst forms of painful malady is Death. For the Great Physician is virtually unknown to them, and His modern representatives have apparently failed to qualify themselves effectually for their important work.

And such being the state of affairs *inside* the Churches, and physical and moral health being so intimately associated, we need not be surprised to find, upon looking *outside* them, that many of the cities of Christendom are notorious for their wickedness as well as for their evidences of physical deterioration.

Neither need we wonder that materialistic, pagan and brutal sentiment is often so obtrusively manifest, as almost to overwhelm those indications of the survival of the humane and Christian spirit that are here and there observable notwithstanding the carnal conditions that prevail in consequence of carnal feeding and carnal idolatry.

And, as a natural sequence, agnosticism and infidelity flourish in our midst, for our modern presentation of Christianity is judged *by its fruits*, and superficial thinkers fail to differentiate between the Christianity of Jesus and that of the twentieth century.

A Disappointed God Well might the Bishop of Carlisle declare, as he did in Birmingham Parish Church last May, that "God is a disappointed God. It must be heartrending for Him to see how things are going on on this planet. It is obvious that something has gone wrong fundamentally in this world, which is not at all what God intended it to be."

Something has indeed gone wrong. Man has descended from that high plane of living which his Creator intended for him, and has descended to the level of the beasts of prey. By forsaking the fruits of the earth,

and batten upon the blood-laden corpses of murdered animals, he has violated a fundamental Law of his physical being, and has brought upon himself and his posterity the penalty of physical sin—premature decay and death.

And by committing this transgression he has poisoned his physical and mental life at the source, with the result that disease, carnal-mindedness, hardness of heart, soul-blindness, and self-idolatry have become so generally prevalent that our newspapers make daily record of thoughts and deeds which might well lead any visitor from some planet that had not "gone wrong" to look upon the people of Christendom with pitiful tears.

And the 'descendus averni' has now culminated in the establishment of such infernos as we find in Chicago, and such scientific inquisitorial hells for the systematic torture of animals as are set up and sanctioned by Church and State, in the cities of every so-called Christian land.

Need we wonder that more truly cultured nations, whom we in our ignorant conceit call "Heathens," point the finger of scorn at our 'Christianity' and its results—or silently pour contempt upon our flesh-eating missionaries, whose practice of their barbaric habit not only outrages humane sentiment, but soon causes their health in hot climates to break down and necessitates their return home as invalids?

And would it not be wiser for the Churches to make some adequate effort to reform and humanise the demoralized multitudes of Christendom, before attempting to evangelize the 400,000,000 followers of the Buddhist religion by sending out men and women who themselves need to 'come up higher' before they can be regarded as being in any true sense qualified to fulfil such a mission.

The Ministry of Salvation.

Before the advent of our Lord it was foretold of Him that He should "save His people from their sins" and heal their sicknesses. And well did He fulfil the prophetic words. Wherever His footsteps marked the Judean soil there could be found emancipated souls who had been healed of their diseases and told to "sin no more" lest worse things should come upon them.

And the first commission that He gave to the earliest batch of disciples whom He sent forth to further God's purpose and his own work, was to "heal the sick" and proclaim deliverance to all who were in bondage to error, sin and suffering.

But, to-day, we find that this important mission, concerning which a great responsibility rests upon the Christian Church—the cure of sin-sick human bodies—has been virtually repudiated; and the sacred function has been handed over to a separate class of men who generally practice the medical art as a secular profession, and, in many cases, altogether irrespective of its connection with the aims, ideals, spirit or power of Christianity.

Theological instruction and religious ceremony have been substituted for that saving ministry of which the world stands so much in need, and consequently the impotence of the modern Church to fulfil the work of its Founder stands revealed. Christendom is a veritable hot-bed of disease, sorrow and degeneracy, and the divine Art of Healing appears to be rapidly lapsing into mere serum-quackery and the indiscriminate use of the knife and cautery.

But is there no balm in Gilead? Cannot the lost Ideal be restored, and that consecrated Brotherhood of spiritually enlightened Healers, which Jesus instituted, be re-established in these latter days? Surely both Faith and Reason must bid us answer, Yes!

It is possible for this beneficent form of philanthropic service to be rescued from the quagmire of materialism, credulity, empiricism, and reckless cruelty into which it has been dragged by certain vivisectioning hierophants and the numerous esprit-de-corps-worshipping followers whom they have infected with their unholy influence!

It is possible, and the time has come for it, for the Christian Ministry to seek medical enlightenment in a *real* sense (not mere academical knowledge). And for a Medical Fraternity, of the Christ-order—spiritually enlightened, and thus lifted above dependence upon mere knife and drug methods—to be established within the Medical Profession, so that the work of curing bodies and souls (which are so intimately related as to act and re-act on each other) may be accomplished. And thus may the purpose of God concerning the evolution of a redeemed and perfected manhood be rendered possible of fulfilment.

Natural and Spiritual Healing.

Let no one suppose that I would advocate miraculous healing as being the true remedy for the woes of suffering mankind. For if transgressors against hygienic and physical Law were to be healed by a touch, and without any insistence upon the necessity for amendment of the personal life, they would be merely saved *temporarily* from the immediate consequences of their transgression—not from *the sin itself*, which is the cause of such consequences.

This could never be God's normal method, although in certain exceptional cases where physical affliction has been unmerited, and not the consequence of physical wrong-doing, such seemingly miraculous healing may often have taken place.

But spiritual healing in the bygone days was often termed "miraculous," when it was only the natural result of a super-normal understanding of occult spiritual law and therapeutics on the part of men who had reached the sphere of clear-vision and the transcendent life, and had consequently gained such knowledge concerning mental and psychic forces as enabled them to speak words of remedial efficacy or to impart healing magnetism by the touch of their hands.

It is obvious that mental and spiritual healing of the rational and orderly sort must, in all cases where violation of some Law of health has produced the malady, include the exhortation to "*sin no more.*" And in all such cases a complete cure must depend upon obedience to such exhortation, and upon understanding of the Law that has been transgressed.

The man who is dying of uric-acid accumulation, manifested in some form, must cease to choke his arteries and tissues by eating uric-acid-laden food (such as flesh-meat), and must commence to eliminate the toxic deposits by abundant exercise, ablution, pure dietary, and the free use of solvents such as soft water and fruit juices. He needs to be taught the 'way of salvation' rather than to receive a 'touch,' however potent it might be.

The cancer-stricken woman must make purification of the body the object of her concentrated effort, and

must by rigid abstemiousness, combined with such measures as have just been mentioned, endeavour to starve out the morbid cells, and help the life-force within her ('the vis medicatrix Naturae'), to overcome the malady and restore cellular harmony and health once more.

The sufferer from appendicitis must abstain from everything but water and fruit juice until the local inflammation caused by an accumulation of putrefying food in the intestinal canal has subsided, and must learn the wholesome lesson that man cannot eat the flesh of the decomposing bodies of animals without incurring the risk of suffering from internal 'putrefaction' and other grave disorders.

And thus it will be seen that the Art of Healing, if truly practised and to be permanently effectual, involves instruction concerning hygienic living as well as immediate remedial measures.

God's Call to Service. Upon our recognized Teachers of Righteousness (right-thinking and right-living) rests the responsibility to save the people from their physical sins, and from the penalties which afflict them in consequence of the same.

They have been officially called to preach the Gospel of Salvation and "to make known God's saving health among all nations," and having responded to that call, "woe unto them if they preach it not" *in its entirety!*

But not upon these alone does the responsibility rest. For, in a lesser degree, it is the privilege and duty of every truly enlightened follower of the Christ, to engage in this blessed work of ministry, and to lessen the sum total of human pain and sorrow, by proclaiming God's hygienic Truth that will set mankind free from bondage to sickness and disease.

We may all study the Art of Healing, and many of us may learn how to cure human malady by treatment that is based upon wisdom, common-sense, and knowledge of Nature's beneficent laws.

We may all be instrumental in preventing a great amount of pain and sorrow—and Prevention is better than Cure!

Many a poor victim of Cancer may be saved from an agonised death by our earnest effort to turn the misguided multitudes of our own and other lands from the loathsome habit of making the human body a walking sepulchre for the remains of murdered animals. For the amount of cancerous disease that exists in every country is in exact proportion to the amount of animal flesh consumed.

Many a slave to Dipsomania may be saved from ruining himself and cursing his wife and children, by similar means, for drunkenness is unknown amongst those who make pure and natural fruitarian diet their daily food.

And, for our encouragement, we may remember that it has been written that "He that turneth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a living soul and hide (prevent) a multitude of sins."

Let us then, as conscious Children of God, be about our Father's business, and preach the Truth in the press and on the platform and in the homes of the people, for Christian endeavour of *this sort* will yield an abundant harvest of result.

It is not by the acceptance of creed or dogma that the people of Christendom will be saved from their sins and sorrows. Nor by religious ceremonies alone, good and helpful though these may be.

Nor by the knife of the vivisector, and the inoculations of the serum-quack shall deliverance come. For God is *good* and *kind*, and a curse rests upon cruelty; and retribution will overtake all who uphold, practice or sanction it. And "with what measure we mete, it shall be measured to us again."

Not by these things shall salvation come to us and our children! But by obedience to Nature's dictates, by living in harmonious accord with the Divine Will and Intention a rational, pure and simple life, and by the study and observance of the Laws of Health, the physical and moral regeneration of our decadent Race will be accomplished.

Let us then get back to the Simple Way of the hygienic and law-abiding life on all planes. And by our example and precept let us persuade all whom we can influence to work out their own salvation and also to labour for the physical and moral upliftment of mankind.

Sidney H. Beard.

Back to the Land.

Let the warrior dream of the battle field,
Let the statesman dream of the throne,
Let the sailor plough the tossing deep,
Where storm winds love to roam;
Let hurrying crowds seek the city mart,
And the city's glare and din,
Where human life in shaded strife,
Drinks from its cup of sin.

But give me a home in the wildwood free,
Where the mountain daisies spring,
Where forest trees clap their hands in joy,
And feathered songsters sing;
Yes, give me a home far, far away
From the million's trampling feet,
Where twilight calm brings the soul its balm,
And earth and heaven meet.

Ah! give me a home 'mid the laughing flowers,
Where soft winds lullaby,
Where nature walks with unshod feet
While glad some days go by;
Yes, give me a home where Mother Earth
Filleth her lap with bloom,
Where the hand of God still decks the sod,
And gives it sweet perfume.

R. Hare.

TRANSFORMATION.

We all, reflecting as a mirror the character of Christ are transformed into the same image from character to character—from a poor character to a better one, from a better one to a better still, from that to one still more complete, until, by slow degrees the perfect image is attained. Here the solution of the problem of sanctification is compressed into a sentence.

Henry Drummond.

The Temple of Love.

There is a moment in the lives of most men when, journeying in the desert, they arrive at the Wicket-Gate which marks the entrance of the way which



leads into the Temple of Love.

If by the grace of God they pass safely through, then they begin to know what it is to Live; for apart from Love there is no Real Life.

One man, perhaps, finds this gate early in life—in infancy, in childhood, or in youth; another, maybe, is left in outer darkness for many long and weary years; perchance yet another may not see the Light of Love until, passing away, he glides silently out of this world's troubled waters through the wicket-gate of death.

One thing however is certain: that period of his life during which a man enters into the Temple of Love is the time of his Soul's Awakening. As he finds himself bathed in the golden sunlight of this City of Peace and Joy; as the burden of Self, the finite, falls from his weary shoulders and he becomes gradually absorbed by Love, the Infinite; and as the unfathomable mysteries which pervade the New Life slowly reveal themselves with ever-increasing radiance until the human will becomes absorbed by the Divine Will, so will his Soul—resting in God—attain the foretaste of Eternal Bliss.

Happy is he who, as a child, passes through the Wicket-Gate in the love of his Mother; for the love between parent and child—akin in its character to the love between God and man—is the highest and truest aspect of love as we see it made manifest in its personal and human relationship.

Speaking of those forms which men call love, Max Müller so truly says:—"These we still call love. But it is no longer the pure, full, joyous love of the child: it is love with doubt and sorrow, burning fire, blazing passion—love which consumes itself, like rain-drops on hot sand— . . . self-absorbed, desperate love. And this is the love which poets sing, and youths and maidens believe in: a fire which never warms, and leaves nothing behind but smoke and ashes. We have all at times believed that these rockets are sunbeams of eternal love. But the brighter the meteor, the darker the night which follows."

This is the flame which arises in the hearts of young men and maidens—the love which results, maybe, in betrothal and marriage, wherein each devoted soul believes that the Ideal and culmination of life's happiness has been found. But it is not so! And this love which begins by expressing itself in a Duality needs to continually widen its horizon until it arrives at the crowning point of *universal* love for *all*—the love of the Great Unity—the love of God.

Moreover, the love which associates itself with

marriage is seldom free from the alloy of earthly passions, all of which things must pass away before the true Life can be lived, and the soul steadily journeys to that End which is also the Beginning—the First and the Last—the Alpha and the Omega, which was and is, and always will be.

Then there is the love of friendship; and the love of Nature—of hills, of sunsets, of trees, or of animals. All these may serve to pass us through the Wicket-Gate that leads to the City and God, if only we have eyes to see with.

Indeed, there are so many different aspects through which Love is made manifest that unthinking people are often inclined to imagine that there are several different kinds of Love. Yet there is only one Love.

— — —

The True Love. What then is this Love? What is this transforming Power that so changes and illumines men's Souls?

True Love is a State or Beatitude which possesses the Soul; not a motion or reaching out towards finite objects only, but a Divine Radiation towards the entire Universe. True Love is nothing less than God's free gift of Himself.

To be truly in Love one must be in love with Love. Here alone is Joy unfathomable! Here alone is Peace and Rest! And no artist, be he writer, musician, painter, or poet, has lived in vain if he has even once brought the least ray of this heavenly Light into some place where formerly it was dark.

"It shall suffice if one swift word
Of thine, the living faith hath stirr'd
In one sick soul when faith was blurr'd."

Love is waiting—patiently waiting—for entry into every human heart. Love says: "Behold I stand at the door and knock." And oh! how happy are those blessed ones who have opened the door of the soul, and heard that sweet Voice which is the Melody of Heaven!

Yet, although Love is ever knocking at the door, we do not—and often cannot—open, through the entangling obstacles that have, alas! accumulated on the threshold.

Oh! that we could rid ourselves of all impediments, and gain that freedom of heart—that entire self-surrender—which would enable Love's life-giving rays to enter into and illumine the innermost chambers of the heart! But as Spinoza wisely remarked, "all things excellent are as difficult as they are rare;" and we cannot enter into the Temple of Love at will.

Nevertheless, if we will arise and fling down the barriers which separate our Souls from the full radiance of this Divine Fire—if we will make ready with humility and patience, purity and truth, for the coming of this Royal Guest—then, in an hour that we think not, Love himself will enter into our hearts and gently lead us towards home.

The Heavenly Gates stand open to all who dwell in the whole which is God, instead of in the part which is self; and those who, suffering patiently, endeavour to live their lives in the Truth shall one day pass through.

And those who, after many fiery trials, have crossed the threshold and attained to the vision of the unknown and perfect beauty are truly and indeed the children of light; for "these are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and

night in His temple. . . . They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."



**A
Mother's
Love.**

For myself, I can hardly say for certain when it was that I first passed through the Wicket-Gate of Love. Yet I know that it was through the love of my Mother.

How beautiful it used to be when ill, to hear my Mother's dear voice as she would sit by my bedside and read aloud out of one of those dear and delightful books of childhood. Around her presence all the most precious memories of the past ever seem to array themselves, and one of my earliest recollections of those beautiful moments in which the unfathomable glories of the heavenly spheres seem to cast some transient reflection upon our earthly pilgrimage, was on the memorable occasion when we sat side by side, and hand in hand, at a performance of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul."

It was in my school-days, and we had gone to hear what was my first experience of an oratorio. How well do I remember the scene. As we sat and listened to the sweet strains of "How lovely are the messengers," we felt to breathe quite a glorified atmosphere—a diviner and purer atmosphere than that of earth; and in an old schoolboy diary I find this performance referred to as "the happiest day of my life." Little did I realize that in the following year I should myself be playing in that very orchestra, and yet, young as I was, this was so.

But there were many events in early youth that made a life-long impression upon me. There was a time when my Mother was very very seriously ill—so ill that we feared she might pass away altogether. How I prayed and prayed to God that help might come! And one day when I looked in to see how she was, at a time when she was almost too ill to articulate clearly, she drew an old and tattered Christmas Card from beneath her pillow and gave it to me saying,— "Take this . . . it has helped me, oh! so much . . . for years and years . . . If I go . . . remember you must always live by it . . . just the same." And when, in spite of my tears, I managed to decipher the words, this is what I read—"I have called thee by thy name, thou art Mine. Be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

And then, too, a few years later, when the first grave clouds of my life began to gather and I knew not where to turn for guidance, so shut out did even the light of God appear to my suffering soul, how well I remember that sweet face as she read to me those wonderful verses called "School Life," commencing:—

"I sat in the school of sorrow,
The Master was teaching there;
But my eyes were dim with weeping,
And my heart oppressed with care.

I only thought of the burden,
The Cross, that before me lay;
The clouds that hung thick above me
Darkening the light of day.
So I could not learn my lesson,
And say, 'Thy will be done,'
And the Master came not near me
As the leaden hours drew on."

Afterwards, in that same year, when in the late summer we walked on the lawns at Walmer, never shall I

forget the halo of golden sunlight which shone upon the newly-mown grass, and the blessed light that illumined that dear face as a stray sunbeam crossed our path. How peaceful it was! How beautiful it used to be to sit together looking out over the sea as the flowing tide came slowly rippling in. And how wonderfully did the waving cornfields whisper to my soul their sweet messages of peace and glory as the evening sunlight streamed over the quiet country side. Ah! most truly did they speak to me, telling me of heavenly things.

And thanks be to God for those wonderful days that have so greatly helped in keeping the Ideal ever before mine eyes! For now in later years, whether uplifted with joy and gladness or bowed down with sorrow and grief, whether honoured and esteemed or humiliated and despised, whether taking a homely meal with a cottager or dining sumptuously as the guest of Royalty, yet still do I try—and would to heaven that I better succeeded—to ever remain as the "child" of former days.

Let us hope and pray that we may one and all of us succeed in attaining to this simple life here and now, for only in this wise shall we conquer illusion and death, and be found ready to pass from Symbols into the presence of the True Reality.

On these grounds will I continue to wear the bronze cross which my Loved One gave me one sad Christmas many many years ago. So also shall the piece of black thread remain quietly in the pocket of my diary, ready to fasten the bronze cross around my neck when I am called hence through the Wicket-Gate of Death.

For I have had before mine eyes, for many years now, a most heavenly Vision—a vision of unutterable blessedness and joy. In this vision I have seen myself standing upon the seashore, looking out over that sunlit path which extends across the peaceful waters until it loses itself in the light of the horizon. When lo! from out of the glow of this distant light my Loved One has appeared, journeying down this heavenward path to quietly fetch me home.

And I know that this glorious Vision is true, and that the promise it contains is true. But how soon it will be fulfilled, or how long it may tarry, I know not.

One thing only do I know, and that is that if I am faithful, at the time when I have finished my work upon earth she will come over the sea to fetch me away and bring me to my dear Lord whom I love. And when that blessed day comes

Reader, forgive me, but I cannot write for tears!



The Love of God. Although no mortal man can ever speak worthily upon such a theme as this, yet, poor as may be the words which are

uttered, there is still the chance that some soul who hears may surrender himself for ever and ever to the infinite Love of God.

As I hold quiet reverie here in this mossy dell, I feel to love the tree under which I rest, to love its dear leaves rustling in the breeze, to love the primroses upon the bank, to love the birds singing in the trees, to love the shepherd and his sheep as they roam over the hills in the golden sunlight, and to love the very hills themselves as the morning haze kisses their curving crests.

I love the cat by my side, with his black coat and amber eyes, and I feel to love every creeping thing—to love all—to love the whole.

And this is a state—a state of beatitude, a state of blessedness and joy unspeakable! I have no wish to centre my love upon any one person or thing alone; still less to feel the burning passion that men *call* love; nay, that would be but turning back—turning from the Infinite. Rather would I continue to dwell in this heaven, this heaven of rest and quiet joy, feeling and knowing that I love God, well-conscious of His presence as He reveals Himself on all sides in His glorious works.

A love which illumines the soul, that reigns with a quiet joy and happiness, that surrounds all things with a halo of light, that makes the universe to sing, that casts out fear and makes the heart content—surely and indeed that, and that only, is the True Love.

How can the passionate flame commonly called love compare with this? The one is warmth and radiance, the other is like gusts of fire and smoke; the one is fulness of peace, the other is filled with constant craving for reciprocation; the one is perfect freedom, the other is bondage and thralldom; the one is fulness of content, the other is but a vain effort to find rest in another unit, the setting up of an idol.

So all-absorbing indeed is this idol, that sometimes it even makes the lover forgetful of God Himself, forgetful of everything but the mad joy in another creature.

And oh! the stormy consuming fire, the longing and the misery, when this love is not returned! How many men and women have become mentally and physically wrecked and ruined, their lives spoilt and sometimes even brought to a horrible conclusion by this madness that men dare to call Love.

What a miserable paradox is that set before us when we read of people dwindling away and dying of love. Dying of love, forsooth, which is the source of life! The more one loves the more one lives, and love can never do us an ill. But alas! this of which they speak is not the pure fire of Love, but a base counterfeit. And when, oh! when will people learn to call things by their right names, and cease to degrade the sacred name of Love in such a manner?

Love depends not on creatures, and transcends the regions where finite desires hold sway. Love is a state of beatitude, which possesses the lover! And such love as this means eternal life.

Let not men or women who have never known the joy of a true marriage in any way repine; for even the most perfect marriage—and how few there are—can never in itself bring the completeness, the peace, and the joy of Perfect Love.

Truly, marriage may be the stepping stone that passes certain souls through the Wicket-Gate; but the Wicket-Gate stands open to all, and the stepping-stones are many. And though marriage may sometimes serve as the stepping-stone, yet those who are unmarried frequently have more time to search for and to find this Way of Life than have those who are married; for the latter generally either become absorbed in innumerable worldly duties connected with their position in life, or else are too apt, when their union is true and happy, to mistake this shadow—beautiful and inspiring as it is—for the full and true Life of Love.

Yet let no one, through what is here written, think lightly of marriage. A true marriage is so holy and sacred, a thing so full of joy, that it often seems to transform earth into heaven. And it is indeed here—in this

very fact—that the illusion, and consequently the danger, lies. It is so beautiful a thing that we are at times apt to look upon it as the climax of human happiness. But that only occurs when the spiritual life is faint; when we cannot see beyond the Veil, and cannot apprehend the inscrutable mysteries of Love the Infinite.

Love is the very essence of God's Being; supreme fulness of life is only to be obtained by dwelling in God. And since Unity with God is the final end and aim of Love, it is only those things which help us in attaining to this end for which it is really worth while to strive.

And Unity with God being a Spiritual State, all things which tend to hinder our progress towards this state must be removed.

Finally, let no one think that there is any lack of warmth in such love as we have endeavoured to describe; for how indeed should Love grow cold when, whilst retaining all those dear and special objects upon which it naturally sheds its radiance, it also flows out to the whole of God's creation. When any one is possessed by even some faint gleam of a Love such as this, he begins to Live. As these blessed rays shine upon him, his whole Soul is filled with unutterable peace and joy;—Light flows into his Heart, and the Universe may be said to Sing.

Oh! happy, happy man, who once has heard the Universe singing,—who, lifting up his eyes, has caught even some faint glimpse of the Beatific Vision,—for he has found that to which all else is but dross!

Ernest Newlandsmith.

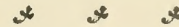


Love the Emancipator.

Self is the only prison that can ever bind the soul,

Love is the only angel who can bid the gates unroll,
And when he comes to call thee, arise and follow fast;
His way may lie through darkness, but it leads to light
at last.

The Deliverer.



EGOISM AND ALTRUISM.

“Egoism, is preference for self, partiality toward that part of the universe bounded by one's own skin.

It may consist simply of regard for self, but with regard for self is usually associated enmity towards others.

Egoism manifests itself in such qualities of mind as selfishness, cruelty, intolerance, hate, hardheartedness, savagery, rudeness, injustice, narrowness, and the like.

Altruism is just as natural as Egoism is. There is not so much of it in the world as there is of Egoism. But that is simply the misfortune of our place of existence. There is no reason why there might not have been as much, or even more under different conditions. And there is no reason why there might not be a world—several of them, in fact, or even a universeful—where the inhabitants have never known or heard of such an indelicate thing as of beings preferring themselves to others—where it is as natural for them to act toward each other according to what we call the Golden Rule as it is for us terrestrial heathens to violate it.”

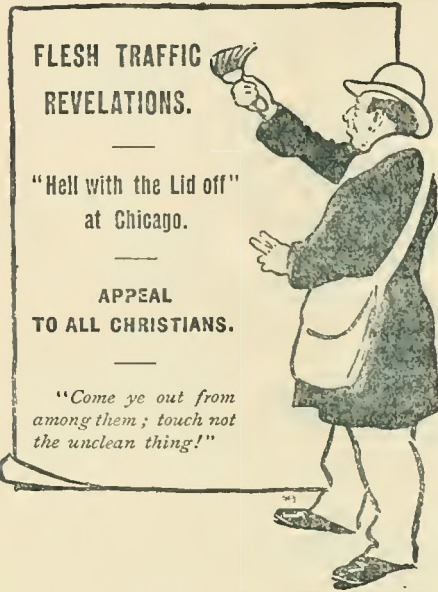
J. Howard Moore.

At the Shrine of Moloch.

At Chicago, on the shores of Lake Michigan, Christendom has erected its chief shrine to the Moloch

of these modern days—Carnal Appetite. And upon the Altars established by the Christian nations in this single city, upwards of 60,000 of God's creatures die a cruel and bloody death every day.

No mercy or consideration is shown these victims of human carnivoracity. They are killed, disembowelled, cut up, and packed off to the consumers who are waiting to eat them in the cheapest way possible. Time means money, and the worship of the almighty



dollar renders humane sentiment both impossible and preposterous.

Pigs, by tens of thousands every day, are hauled up by chains, their throats are cut, and then before consciousness has had time to cease they are thrown into cauldrons of boiling water, whence they are dragged by machinery to be scraped, disentrained, and prepared for the Christian breakfast table.

Cattle, in almost every stage of disease, and even when unable to stand, are dragged to their doom, and murdered to gratify the degenerate lust for flesh of the people of Christendom—and the lust for gold of the Beef Trust Magnates.

And men, women and children are condemned in these stockyards to a life of horror, compared to which Hell might well be deemed preferable—a life which crushes out of them almost every trace of God's image, and dooms them to a premature, and in most cases, a painful death.

And in this modern Inferno, food that is poisonous and reeking with ptomaines, with tuberculosis, cancer, and other diseases, is manufactured and sent forth to the countless cities and towns of the Christian world to fill the hospitals with death-stricken human beings, and the homes of the people with pain, suffering and sorrow.

Well might even our cautious and unemotional contemporary, *The Times*, remark that:—

"The conditions of work of these establishments are at best sufficiently demoralising, but they might at least be mitigated by humane treatment.

"On the contrary they are aggravated by a brutal system carried out by brutal agents, a system by which, in a land supposed to be free and democratic, the plutocrat grinds the souls of men and women as ruthlessly as his machines disintegrate his tuberculous cattle, his cholera-smitten hogs, and his putrid hams."

I invite our readers, both Clergy and Laity, to peruse the following extracts taken from the daily press during the past month and to read Mr. Upton Sinclair's great book, entitled *The Jungle*, concerning the flesh-traffic and its

horrors. And in view of the fact that blood-stained food is quite unnecessary, and that every Christian man and woman can enjoy better health by living upon pure and natural food, I further invite them, with all due respect, either to cease forthwith from further participation in, and patronage of, this ruthless system of massacre and exploitation, or to consider seriously whether it would not be advantageous to give up the singing of psalms, the making of long prayers and the profession of religion or Christian discipleship.

God is not to be mocked with impunity; and if our religion does not make us humane, and cause us to wash our hands from blood-guiltiness, and from the aiding and abetting of such a traffic as this, it is a pathetic farce! And it would seem to be as well to cease deluding ourselves. (Ed., H.G.A.)

The City of Doom. "At Chicago, the great centre of the trade, fifty thousand people, about five per cent. of them women and girls, are employed in the stock-yards. The capital invested is £60,000,000, and the annual turnover of money is £250,000,000. Over 5,500,000 cattle, 10,000,000 hogs, 4,500,000 sheep, and 450,000 calves are slaughtered yearly. The stock-yards cover 475 acres of ground, with 320 acres of pens for livestock.

"Those who have seen the processions of cattle, calves, hogs and sheep moving to their doom in Chicago are not likely ever to forget the spectacle. The slaughtering is done in four-storey buildings, and the process begins at the top. As the animals drop downward they lose hide, horns, hoofs, blood, viscera, and all resemblance to their original shape. They are cut into parts and shifted and shunted by machinery until the pieces lodge upon hooks in the cooling-room."—*Daily Mail*.

The Cattle from a Thousand Hills.

"A full hour before the party reached the City, they had begun to note the perplexing changes in the atmosphere. It grew darker all the time, and upon the earth the grass seemed to grow less green. And along with the thickening smoke they began to notice another circumstance, a strong pungent odour. . . . Some might have called it sickening. It was now no longer something far off and faint, that you caught in whiffs; you could literally taste it as well as smell it.

"Then the party became aware of another strange thing. This, too, like the odour, was a thing elemental; it was a sound, a sound made up of ten thousand little sounds. You scarcely noticed it at first—it sunk into your consciousness, a vague disturbance, a trouble. It was only by an effort that one could realize that it was made by animals, that it was the distant lowing of ten thousand cattle, the distant grunting of ten thousand swine.

"But Jokubas hurried them on, to where there was a stairway and a raised gallery, from which everything could be seen. There they stood, staring, breathless with wonder. North and south, as far as the eye could reach, there stretches a sea of pens. And they were all filled—so many cattle no one had ever deemed existed in the world. Red cattle, black, white and yellow cattle; old cattle and young cattle; great bellowing bulls, and little calves not an hour born; meek-eyed milch cows, and fierce long-horned Texas steers. The sound of them here was as of all the barnyards of the universe; and as for

counting them it would have taken all day simply to count the pens.

"And what will become of all these creatures? 'By to-night,' Jokubas answered, 'they will be all killed and cut up.'" *The Jungle.*

Death in Boiling Water.

"It was a long, narrow room, with a gallery along it for visitors. At the head there was a great iron wheel, about twenty feet in circumference, with rings here and there along its edge. Upon both sides of this wheel there was a narrow space into which came the hogs at the end of their journey; in the midst of them stood a great, burly negro, bare-armed and bare-chested.

"In a minute or two it began slowly to revolve, and then the men on each side of it sprang to work. They had chains which they fastened about the leg of the nearest hog, and the other end of the chain they hooked into one of the rings upon the wheel. So, as the wheel turned, a hog was suddenly jerked off his feet and borne aloft.

"At the same instant the ear was assailed by a most terrifying shriek; the visitors started in alarm, the women turned pale and shrank back. The shriek was followed by another, louder and yet more agonising—for once started upon that journey, the hog never came back; at the top of the wheel he was shunted off upon a trolley, and went sailing down the room. And meantime another was swung up, and then another, and another, until there was a double line of them, each dangling by a foot and kicking in frenzy—and squealing. The uproar was appalling, perilous to the ear-drums; one feared there was too much sound for the room to hold—that the walls must give way or the ceiling crack. There were high squeals and low squeals, and wails of agony.

"Meantime, heedless of all these things, the men upon the floor were going about their work. Neither squeals of hogs nor tears of visitors made any difference to them; one by one they hooked up the hogs, and one by one with a swift stroke they slit their throats. There was a long line of hogs, with squeals and life-blood ebbing away together, until at last each started again, and vanished with a splash into a huge vat of boiling water.

"It was then again strung up by machinery, and sent upon another trolley ride; this time passing between two lines of men, who sat upon a raised platform, each doing a certain single thing to the carcass as it came to him. One scraped the outside of a leg; another scraped the inside of the same leg. Another with two swift strokes severed the head, which fell to the floor and vanished through a hole. Another made a slit down the body; a second opened the body wider; a third with a saw cut the breast-bone; a fourth loosened the entrails; a fifth pulled them out—and they also slid through a hole in the floor. There were men to scrape each side and men to scrape the back; there were men to clean the carcass inside, to trim it, and wash it."—*The Jungle.*

The Pickling Rooms.

Can one imagine anything more horrible than this glimpse of the pickle-rooms? Of the men working there was "scarce a one that had not some spot of horror on his person. Let a man so much as scrape his finger

pushing a truck in the pickle-rooms, and he might have a sore that would put him out of the world; all the joints of his fingers might be eaten by the acid, one by one. Of the butchers and floorsmen, the beef-boners and trimmers, and all those who used knives, you could scarcely find a person who had the use of his thumb; time and time again the base of it had been slashed, till it was a mere lump of flesh against which the man pressed the knife to hold it.

"They would have no nails—they had worn them off pulling hides; their knuckles were swollen so that their fingers spread out like a fan. There were men who worked in the cooking-rooms, in the midst of steam and sickening odours, by artificial light; in these rooms the germs of tuberculosis might live for two years, but the supply was renewed every hour.

"There were the beef huggers, who carried two-hundred-pound quarters into the refrigerator cars—a fearful kind of work, that began at four o'clock in the morning, and that wore out the most powerful men in a few years.

"There were those who worked in the chilling-rooms, and whose special disease was rheumatism; the time limit that a man could work in the chilling-rooms was said to be five years.

"There were the wool-pluckers, whose hands went to pieces even sooner than the hands of the pickle-men; for the pelts of the sheep had to be painted with acid to loosen the wool, and then the pluckers had to pull out this wool with their bare hands, till the acid had eaten their fingers off. There were those who made the tins for the canned meat; and their hands, too, were a maze of cuts, and each cut represented a chance for blood-poisoning.

"Some worked at the stamping machines, and it was very seldom that one could work long there at the pace that was set, and not give out and forget himself, and have a part of his hand chopped off."—*The Jungle.*

The Fertilizer Men.

"Worst of any, however, were the fertilizer-men, and those who served in the cooking-rooms. These people could not be shown to the visitor—for the odour of a fertiliser-man would scare any ordinary visitor at a hundred yards.

"There is a place that waits for the lowest man—the fertilizer plant. The men would talk about it in awe-stricken whispers. Not more than one in ten had ever really tried it, the other nine had contented themselves with hearsay evidence and a peep through the door. There were some things worse than starving to death.

"Poor as they were, and making all the sacrifices that they were, would Jurgis dare to refuse any sort of work that was offered to him, be it horrible as ever it could? Would he dare to go home and eat bread that had been earned by Ona, weak and complaining as she was, knowing that he had been given a chance, and had not had the nerve to take it? And yet he might argue that way with himself all day, and one glimpse into the fertilizer works would send him away again shuddering.

"The fertilizer works of Durham's lay away from the rest of the plant. Few visitors ever saw them, and the few who did would come out looking like Dante, of whom the peasants declared that he had been into Hell. To this part of the yards came all the 'tankage' and the waste products of all sorts;

here they dried out the bones, and in suffocating cellars where the daylight never came you might see men and women and children bending over whirling machines and sawing bits of bone into all sorts of shapes, breathing their lungs full of the fine dust, and doomed to die every one of them, within a certain definite time.

"Here they made blood into albumen, and made other foul-smelling things into things still more foul-smelling. For the odours in these ghastly charnel houses there may be words in Lithuanian, but there are none in English."

The Jungle.

Corroborative Evidence.

"During a couple of years spent in Chicago I had ample opportunity to observe the operations of the stockyards. As a result, I can affirm that Mr. Upton Sinclair has given a mild version of the truth in his book, 'The Jungle.' All that happens in the yards could not possibly be told in print—it would be too revolting. It is a safe prophecy that if the report which President Roosevelt is so carefully withholding, is ever published, it will have to be carefully sub-edited for decency's sake.

"Of course, there are plenty of Inspectors. But in effect they are political pensioners, appointed for services rendered to the Republican party, for which the Beef Trust is one of the most stalwart supporters. They owe their jobs to the very men whose business methods they are supposed to inspect and supervise. What can you expect?

"They are perfectly content to pass the day smoking cigars and 'swopping yarns' in one or other of the comfortable offices in the stockyards. Inspecting cattle is the last thing they think of. In the first place, some of them could hardly tell a steer from a heifer.

"But they understand the beauty of living—thanks to the liberality of the Beef Trust—at the rate of 10,000 dollars a year on an official 2,000 dollars salary.

"They have some excellent cronies—the officials of the Humane Society, who are stationed at the stockyards to prevent and punish cruelty to animals.

"'Why don't I get busy?' said one of these gentlemen to me once. 'Gee! that would be a mug's game! I'm not here for my health—I'm in it for the spondulicks! Besides, they kill 600 pigs an hour, 700 sheep, and 250 steers. Am I going to look at all of 'em? Not on your life, sonny!'

"All the time I was in Chicago I only met one honest official who tried to do his duty in relation to the stockyards. He was Mr. Davies, the chief Factory Inspector of the State of Illinois.

"He made a fine, but vain, crusade against the abominable iniquity of child labour in the yards. Boys and girls of ten and twelve are commonly employed there, although the Law fixes the minimum age at fourteen.

"They are paid the miserable wage of one dollar a week, and forced to sign declarations that they are fourteen. The packers flaunted these documents in Mr. Davies's face, and, supported by purchased judges, defied him to do his worst.

"So far as my knowledge of the place goes, Chicago must be simply astounded at all this stir.

"Making money is all that matters there. An apologist of the Beef Trust has amazed Englishmen by saying that Chicago's business interests are more important than the possible harm caused by selling diseased meat.

Chicagoans will wonder why he wasted breath in uttering such an axiom.

"All Chicago is frankly cynical—not to say piratical—in its business methods, and the meat-packers have never hidden their loathsome ways."

CLAUDE BLAKE

(a former American Journalist), in *Manchester Evening Chronicle.*

The Mother Cows.

"One curious thing Jurgis had noticed, the very first day, in his profession of shoveller of guts, which was the sharp trick of the floor bosses whenever there chanced to come a 'slunk' calf. Any man who knows anything about butchering knows that the flesh of a cow that is about to calve, or has just calved, is not fit for food. A good many of these come every day to the packing houses—and, of course, if they had chosen, it would have been an easy matter for the packers to keep them till they were fit for food. But for the saving of time and fodder, it was the law that cows of that sort come along with the others, and whoever noticed it would tell the boss, and the boss would start up a conversation with the Government Inspector, and the two would stroll away. So in a trice the carcass of the cow would be cleared out, and the entrails would have vanished; it was Jurgis' task to slide them into the trap, calves and all, and on the floor below they took out these 'slunk' calves, and butchered them for meat, and used even the skins of them."—*The Jungle.*

The Wounded Cattle.

"It was late, almost dark, and the Government Inspectors had all gone, and there were only a dozen or two men on the floor. That day they had killed about 4,000 cattle, and these cattle had come in freight trains from far States, and some of them had got hurt.

"There were some with broken legs, and some with gored sides; there were some that had died, from what cause no one could say; and they were all disposed of, here in darkness and silence. 'Downers,' the men called them; and the packing-house had a special elevator upon which they were raised to the killing beds, where the gang proceeded to handle them, with an air of business-like nonchalance which said plainer than words that it was a matter of everyday routine."—*The Jungle.*

The Commissioner's Report.

"The revolting filth of the Chicago packing-houses, and the sickening practices of the Meat Trust and their utter disregard for decency, health, and sanitation, are described in plain language in the Report of Mr. Roosevelt's Commissioners—Messrs. Reynolds and Neill—presented to Congress to-day. The Report shows that the conditions under which meat products are prepared are so bad that it is difficult to conceive how they could possibly be worse.

The stockyards and pens where the animals are kept were found to be full of manure and refuse, slimy and malodorous in winter, and yielding clouds of ill-smelling, germ-laden dust in summer. The buildings in which meats are dressed, tinned, and otherwise prepared for the market are built of wood, and are never cleaned. The floors are sodden, slimy, and covered with filth, grease, meat-scrap, and other refuse. The meat is piled on the floors, dragged about and thrown on filthy tables, handled by workmen whose hands, aprons, and trousers are caked with filth, and who often

climb over piles of meat, treading it with dirty boots. The men are unable to keep clean, as no washing places are provided.

"Men and women workers thrust dirty hands into meat which is converted into sausage, dried beef, and other compounds. The sanitary arrangements are disgusting, the so-called lavatories for both sexes being simply corners of the work-rooms partitioned off and unventilated. In some rooms there are no sanitary arrangements whatever."—*Daily Chronicle*.

No Cleanliness. "The Report emphasizes the terribly degenerating moral effect of such conditions, and points out that the treatment of the workpeople is deplorable. Girls and women work in rooms at a temperature of 38 deg. Fahrenheit, unventilated and artificially lighted. The floors are wet and often actually under water, the workers having to stand on boxes to keep their feet dry. Frequently these people work ten hours a day without once sitting down, taking their meals standing in the evil smelling work-rooms. Most of them are suffering from lack of proper food.

"Summing up the existing conditions, the Commissioners say: 'Absence of cleanliness was found everywhere. The meat usually leaves the cooling-rooms in fair condition, but when it reaches the packing rooms, where tinned meats and other products are prepared, there is no regard for cleanliness whatever. The meat is simply thrown on the floors, and the scraps are shovelled from the filthy floors into barrels or chopping machines and conveyed from room to room in filthy box-carts after gathering dirt, splinters, and the filthy excretions of workmen, many of whom are suffering from consumption and other diseases. Physicians say that tuberculosis is terribly prevalent among the stockyards, and workmen who are victims of the disease are allowed to expectorate among the meat without restraint.'"—*Daily Chronicle*.

"A startling statement was made to-day by General Miles, who exposed the 'embalmed beef' outrage during the Spanish war. He declares that fully 3,000 American soldiers lost their lives through adulterated and poisonous meat, and that the health of thousands of others was ruined."—*New York Correspondent of the Daily Mail*.

Tuberculosis. "Dr. Whalen, the Health Commissioner of this city, has made a statement to-day, bearing upon the stockyard scandals, which will hardly have a tranquilising effect upon the country. He says it is quite true that cattle infected with tubercular diseases are allowed to be sold to the packing firms and that they are sold under his advice.

"'I shall continue to permit this practice,' said Dr. Whalen, 'as long as my orders to cut out the infected parts of the animal are obeyed.'

"After a statement of this sort it is evident that Government inspection of a most drastic kind is required. At present one inspector looks after the thousands of cattle scattered over 700 acres of stockyards, and as a result the inspection is most inefficient and desultory."—*The Chicago Correspondent of the Daily Chronicle*.

What it Means.

"What the purity and freshness in tinned goods means to this country may be gauged from the fact that last year something like 22,474,314 tins of meat were imported from America.

"The guarantee of inspection that exists at present is delusive, in that it refers to the carcase before killing, and not to the processes that follow."—*Leeds Mercury*.

The Carrion Traffic.

"Evidence of the disgraceful methods pursued by the great packing establishments is rapidly accumulating. Some astounding revelations are made by Dr. Milnes, who was for eight years the Government Meat Inspector in Chicago and Kansas City. He says the Trust's agents are ordered to buy live stock at the lowest possible prices. They systematically purchase diseased animals, hundreds of which are killed without examination. The Trust officials constantly placed obstacles in the way of his proper inspection.

Other investigators assert that the majority of the farmers and cattle raisers have no scruples about selling diseased pigs and cattle, and naturally they side with the Trust to oppose any interference with the present conditions. This gives the Trust powerful backing."—*Daily Mail*.

Beef Trust Official Recipes.

"Sausage.—If the meat sent to branch houses remains unsold until it is mouldy and decayed, return to packing house, add disinfectants, cook over a hot fire, and make into sausage.

No. 1. Lard.—Use the bodies of hogs affected with cholera and the heads of hogs affected with tuberculosis.

Sardine Oil.—Use the bodies of hogs dying from cholera and other diseases for making unrendered hog's grease. This is used all over the world for a variety of purposes. A large quantity is sent to France under contract, and is returned to America as sardine oil.

Veal Loaf.—Use the carcasses of immature calves.

To Freshen Putrid Hams.—Place the ham on a table where a man with a foot-pump can inject a quantity of 'embalming' fluid."—*The World*.

How the Pigs are Fed.

"There is a more serious state of affairs in regard to the meat supply from the United States which has not received any public attention in England.

I allude to the condition in which much of the bacon must be in from the horrible method of feeding pigs in some parts of the States. We were informed by an eye-witness—viz., an Inspector of one of the largest States—that these animals were frequently fed upon decayed carcasses of lambs, dead snakes, and offal of the most odious kind.

It is this meat, which may have a healthy appearance, which is the cause of so many diseases of the blood and their consequences in this country, especially among the poor, and not infrequently among the well-to-do classes."

ALBERT GRESSWELL, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.S., in *Daily News*.

What takes place in England.

"The meat inspection in England is most inadequate. With the exception of some of the bigger towns there is no inspection whatever of the meat sold in butchers' shops, and the butcher is at liberty to sell you the flesh of animals which have had anthrax,

tuberculosis, or cancer. The Sanitary Inspector has neither the time nor the knowledge to detect disease.

"Nor is there any adequate inspection of slaughterhouses. With the exception of the public abattoirs they are left to the Sanitary Inspector, who visits them once or may be twice a year just to see that they are reasonably clean. There is no one to see that the animals sold are healthy, nor is there anyone to protect them from the needless torture inflicted by brutal slaughtermen.

"A case occurred in a small country town where the butcher, being unable to get the beast into the right position for poleaxing, lost his temper, and hacked off one of its forelegs. He actually recounted the incident boasting to a gentleman, but no prosecution is possible, for no witnesses were present, certainly no Inspector. These crying abuses cannot be checked until public abattoirs are established and private slaughterhouses abolished.

E. RICHMOND in *Morning Post*.

The Working-Man's Food.

"Hitherto Dr. Forbes-Ross, the expert commissioned by the *Daily Mail* to inspect home meat factories, has confined his inspections almost entirely to better class factories supplying the middle and upper class public. Few invitations have reached the office from the manufacturers of preserved food who cater for the working classes.

"This omission is a very serious and significant comment on the trade. Yesterday three factories of this class were visited by invitation, one of which must certainly be described as being in an undesirable condition from every point of view. In this establishment, unless one strongly bore in mind the fact that a factory for the preparation of human food was being inspected, it would, Dr. Forbes-Ross writes, be very difficult to believe that one was not in a badly conducted depot for second-class food for dogs and cats. If this was a sample of the food the working-man and his family live upon, the fact that we are physically degenerating need occasion no surprise.

"Dr. Forbes-Ross's third report is as follows:—

"Messrs. — and Co. I visited this factory, which was conducted in a building too small for the purpose. Their methods were hopelessly confused and chaotic. Food intended for the public was placed to cool in tins on the ground, and dust and dried animal excretion was blowing over the exposed meat, many tins of which showed fungus growth (*penicillium glaucum*). Some of the tins, indeed, were liquefying from decomposition. American hams, otherwise good, and intended for human consumption, were soaking in a wooden tub which would have been condemned as a dustbin.

"A wooden 'stirrer' for pickled meats would have been out of place on a manure heap. An old wooden table, on which meat used to be chopped, rendered its obnoxious presence a feature *by its smell*.

"To crown a deplorable condition, if it were necessary, a large quantity of beef and 'inflated' veal hung in an outhouse within three feet of half a ton of foully-smelling, putrefying ox skulls, on which thousands of blue-bottle flies teemed, making frequent excursions to the meat intended for human food.

"A further labouring of these undesirable details are unnecessary to prove to the public that the President of the Local Government Board, the Right Hon. John Burns, could with profit devote his time to seeing that the working-man is supplied with clean food."—*Daily Mail*.

The Religion of Friendship.

From Abraham, the friend of God, to that One whose greatest honour was to be called a "Friend of sinners," the Bible glorifies the art of making friends. He who reads it without prejudice concludes that religion is but another name for friendship.

The ideal Man was, above all else, an ideal friend. Even the cold-hearted aristocrats of his day recognized that and flung at Him the term of reproach which has since become his glory.

Without making profession of being teacher, law-maker, or leader, He was simply the friend of any, and especially of every one in need. The ultimate evidence of his love for men, the noblest sacrifice of all the ages, he chose to regard as a simple proof of friendship.

This good Friend won men by his friendship. They were not persuaded by arguments or overborne by authority; but they looked into His face, and they said: "Tell us where you dwell. Abide with us."

The power that transformed the rude, dull fishermen into ardent, tactful, successful leaders of a great world influencing force was the power of friendship. They were changed because they loved Him. Liking led to love and love to likeness.

And to day men become Christly because they see in Jesus the most admirable qualities combined with the most attractive personality, such a one as they would love to call friend, whom they would travel far to know, and forsake many things to keep.

Many men are harassed over subtle definitions for the relations of the soul of man with the unseen. They fret their brains and hearts away trying to outline charts and determine soundings of the shores where the islets of our lives are lapped by the infinite ocean of the Most High. But *seeing* souls know that mathematics are futile there. They express the relationship in simple terms of friendship, as did the sages long ago. The highest form of religion, on this side of it, is the soul of man seeking after ever closer friendship with the Great Soul that broods over all being.

The world conception of the Supreme Being has developed from that of a giant who makes worlds, to the sublime thought of a Heart that suffers with ours, a Soul that seeks ours, a Being who is man's friend, and who cannot be satisfied until all humanity is embraced in the circle of His friendship.

On the other hand, the most helpful expression of any man's religion is in simple friendship for men. He is most like God who most loves man.

The best religion is that which is doing deeds of kindness in plain, everyday ways. It lays down its life for men not by dying but by daily living for them. By thoughtfulness, gentle consideration, practical helpfulness, by doing whatever the Friend of sinners would do for men, it proves that it is borne from above.

Friendliness is the simplest thing. Every man knows how to be friendly. Yet it is a sublime thing. It is the school where character loses the dross of self. It is the most potent agency in the world for its redemption.

Friendship has won more people to the good and the worth-while than all services or sermons. Nothing can a man do for his world of greater value than this—to be a true friend to his fellows, to be a helper and lover of men.

Light of Truth.

Editorial Notes.

The event of the past quarter has been the publication in the newspapers of the world of some of the sickening horrors connected with the Flesh-traffic that are revealed in Mr. Upton Sinclair's tragic and pathetic story "The Jungle." Christendom has at last been startled, and is now partially awakened to the fact that the habit of eating butchered flesh is not the harmless practice that it is generally supposed to be. And thousands have become so alarmed that they are giving it up altogether.

Thousands of others are realizing that there is something *wrong* about this system of wholesale and remorseless butchery, and in consequence are beginning to *think* about it all. And hundreds of enquiring souls are writing to The Order of the Golden Age for literature on the subject and for Guide-books to Natural, Fruitarian and Humane Diet.

Our Secretaries are very busy dealing with the heavy budget that comes by every post, and there can be no doubt that the psychological moment for our Movement has arrived. Now is the time for every Member and Friend of The Order to be up and doing. Now is the time to wage a courageous fight against this time-honoured but iniquitous system, both with pen and voice.

* * *

The Time for a Forward Movement.

For many long years the Food-Reformers of this and other lands have been gently proclaiming the truth concerning this matter, and meekly inviting the Clergy and Ministry to condescend to give the subject a few minutes' thought, and the Movement some slight evidence of their patronage.

But in view of these revelations that are now made public; that have been, as it were, *forced* upon the consciousness of all educated persons from the great pulpit of Journalism; the time has come for bolder action.

Our leaders of thought and our official representatives of Christianity and teachers of Righteousness must be faithfully and bravely, though courteously *challenged*. They cannot be allowed 'to sit on the fence' concerning this great iniquity much longer, and the hour is at hand for them to be compelled to take sides and to declare themselves either as avowed upholders of the butchery business (and therefore prepared to publicly defend it), or as supporters of the Food Reformation.

During twelve years of active service as a public advocate of Dietetic Reform I have upon every possible occasion challenged the carnivorous habit as a transgression against physical and moral Law, for humane, hygienic, and ethical reasons, and I have never known a Christian Minister to have sufficient courage to get upon his legs and defend it. Many have come to meetings with the avowed intention of doing so, but on every occasion they have decided to remain silent after listening to facts.

Now this being the general experience of other Food Reformers also, we may safely assume that the average

Christian Minister feels that flesh-eating as a habit is *morally indefensible*. And this being so, we are justified in challenging every public teacher of Christian morality and ethics to cease from upholding this great racial transgression against God's laws of Hygiene, Mercy, and Love, or to publicly give his reasons for continuing to aid and abet it by his example.

We must not allow this Sacred Cause, upon the triumph of which the welfare and happiness of millions depend, to suffer loss and hindrance through any false delicacy upon our part concerning the 'feelings' and 'opinions' and 'likings' of those who are in positions of great influence in our Churches. This is a matter of *Right and Wrong*, and we must faithfully serve God and Humanity by doing our duty according to the light that has been given us.

I therefore invite all who realize the true significance of the Food Reform Movement to protest against the Flesh Traffic and to make their protest heard—to compel those around them to think about the subject and to face the issues that are involved. For by so doing thousands will be blessed, and thousands more will be saved from disease and demoralisation.

* * *

Flesh-Food and Vivisection.

Some very significant statements were made by Hon. Stephen Coleridge (the Leader of the National Anti-Vivisection Society), at Torquay, on April 7th, which show how closely connected is the Humane Diet Movement with the problem of saving animals from Vivisection, and how hopeless it is to expect this evil practice to be suppressed while the daily massacre of God's creatures for the supply of a needless and unnatural type of food continues to take place and to enjoy the patronage of Christian men and women.

The following sentences were printed in the *Zoophilist* :—

"We claim that, being wicked, vivisection should be stopped," said Mr. Coleridge, "England was the only civilized country which legalised the practice of vivisection.

"Vivisection could be stopped only by Act of Parliament. Were it at present asked if it was prepared to totally prohibit all experiments upon living animals, whether painful or painless, Parliament would, however, declare that it could not do so, for the reason that if it did it would place the slaughterman, who was permitted to kill animals without using anaesthetics, above the man of science, who, before he could submit an animal to experiment, was obliged to anaesthetise it. For this reason Mr. Coleridge had drafted a Bill which sought to regulate vivisection rather than to suppress it."

Here we have the most prominent opponent of vivisection practically admitting that while the slaughter of animals for food continues to be tolerated and condoned by the majority of the units of this Christian nation, it is hopeless to expect the suppression by Law of the cruel and bloody sacrifices which take place in our laboratories.

And thus we are brought face to face with the fact that upon the triumph of the Humane Diet Movement virtually depends the cessation of legalised animal torture.

I have realised this truth since 1895, when I first dedicated my time and strength to the work of challenging the popular habit of eating butchered flesh as a violation of both physical and moral Law, with the object of bringing about the condemnation of the flesh traffic by the awakened conscience of Christendom, and thus, its consequent abandonment.

For I am well aware that so long as the men and women of this nation immolate animals upon the altar of a degenerate appetite, and thus stifle humane sentiment

within themselves, and blind their soul-vision, they are not likely to feel enough sympathy with the victims of the 'scientific' slaughter-house to make them willing to forego the suppositious benefits that are promised to them by the Vivisecting Fraternity as a reward for their legislative patronage and their benefactions (in the form of bequests and donations to Research Funds and Preventive Medicine Institutions) which provide handsome fees for the remuneration of such investigators as wield the knife, scalpel and red-hot cautery with sufficient callousness, and who advertise with sufficient astuteness, as to make themselves 'eminent' in the eyes of a gullible and purblind public.

* * *

The lack of Enthusiasm. This view of the case was further justified by another admission that was made on the same platform:—

"Mr. Coleridge deplored a lack of enthusiasm in the crusade on the part of religious bodies and leaders. Although the cause had a few leading clerical supporters—Archdeacon Wilberforce, Dean Kitchen, of Durham, and the Rev. F. B. Meyer, amongst them—the great religious bodies, in their corporate capacities, were strangely apathetic. They ought to have risen in their might to condemn the greatest iniquity of the age, practised for the most sordid of motives. The only exception was the Salvation Army, which alone had the courage to condemn vivisection."

The Salvation Army is the only Church of the people that officially endorses the Food Reform Movement, and advocates amongst its officers the adoption of a bloodless and humane diet—and because its Leaders and also a large percentage of its Staff subsist on such pure and natural food, they are able to see clearly the ethical significance of the Anti-Vivisection Movement and to show themselves courageous on behalf of tormented animals.

And when the Churches are purged from the sin of bloodguiltiness they, also, will become humanely disposed and be enthusiastic in their opposition to legalised torture.

I, therefore, invite my esteemed and devoted co-worker Mr. Stephen Coleridge, and all anti-vivisectionists, to support the Humane Diet Movement by their example and advocacy, as a most direct and most essential means to the accomplishment of their own ideals; and I would most respectfully suggest that it is illogical to patronize the Flesh Traffic which is a fatal and insuperable obstacle to the complete triumph of the cause of Anti-Vivisection.

But, at the same time, I would also invite all our Readers and Friends to support Mr. Coleridge in his effort to lessen the amount of torture that is being inflicted by our 320 licensed Vivisectors, by requesting their local M.P's. to Vote for the Bill that he has introduced to Parliament.

* * *

An important Dietitic Experiment. The Experiment in connection with dietetic economy which has just been successfully completed at the Lady Margaret Fruitarian Hospital, Bromley, by Dr. Oldfield (at the request and under the supervision of the *Daily Express*) has demonstrated some important truths.

For a period of three months four representative workers (a stonemason, a shoemaker, a clerk, and a Church Army officer), were fed exclusively on fruit, cereal and dairy food, and at a maximum cost of *fourpence per day* per head. They were under constant inspection, were confined to the grounds of the Hospital and were made to work every day.

At the end it was found that all the men had

increased in health, muscle, and weight. The lowest increase was 3 ozs., the highest 3 lb. 2 ozs.

When interviewed by an *Express* representative Dr. Oldfield said:—

"My personal feeling is that, taking them all around, these four men have increased in stamina, improved in general health, and are fitter and more ready physically to face life and to earn their own livings in the world at the present time than they were when they came under my care and observation on March 26 last for the purposes of this experiment.

"As to the experiment itself, I have not the slightest hesitation in assuring you that it is an undoubted success. All that I claimed in the first instance was that a man could live in this climate of ours, under all normal conditions of labour, on a diet which should not exceed in the aggregate a cost of fourpence a day.

"I have taken four men of varying ages, constitutions and occupations, and subjected them to certain rules, regulations, and conditions. My rules have been faithfully carried out and observed—on that point I am quite satisfied—and at the end of a sufficient period I find that they themselves agree with my own view and contention, that the food has been thoroughly satisfying and nutritious and that they all are better men than they were before undergoing the experiment

* * *

Personal Testimony. Corroboration of Dr. Oldfield's opinion was obtained from the men themselves as reported thus:—

"Each of the men in turn was questioned by the *Express* representative as to his views of the experiment.

"I have no hesitation in stating," replied Lieutenant Smith, of the Church Army, "That I have benefited wonderfully by the change. In my own social work the knowledge I have acquired in the matter of diet will prove of inestimable value to myself and my brother officers, and I am grateful that I have had the opportunity of this personal experience. I shall return to my army duties thoroughly braced and ready for anything."

The shoemaker, the oldest man of the party, who was in March in a somewhat poor state of health, said:—

"I am wonderfully well and have never felt so fit for years. I have lost the nasty cough I had altogether, and bodily I feel much stronger and better prepared to start all over again in the world and endeavour to retrieve my fallen fortunes."

The stonemason, who is a Scotchman, added:

"There is not the slightest doubt about my having benefited very considerably from the experiment. Good, substantial porridge suits me for obvious reasons. My muscles are distinctly harder and firmer, and taking it all round, it is an experience I would not have missed. I am hoping, anyhow, that it will prove the turning point in my luck."

The fourth man, the clerk, a finely developed young fellow who served through the South African war, was equally emphatic. "I have found," he said, "the life here very healthy indeed, and I feel in grand condition."

It will be remembered that the three men came from the Church Army home, and that they were all at the time out of employment. It is hoped that work will be found for them, and that they may be given a new start in life.

* * *

Four Significant Facts. The claim is made, and it is justified, that four facts of great importance to us as a nation have thus been demonstrated. They are as follows:—

(1) Flesh food is not necessary for the hardy health and stamina of average working men in this climate.

(2) Neither beer nor tobacco is necessary to the complete happiness and comfort and well-being of men, if only they are properly fed.

(3) The people of England could be far better nourished for the money they spend on food if only they were taught to use the best quality of cereals and legumens and vegetable fats in place of cheap meat and margarine.

(4) Starvation and distress are largely the result of waste, so that if only our people were taught to avoid waste they could live in comparative luxury on their present scale of wages.

I am sure that our readers will unite with me in congratulating Dr. Oldfield upon having rendered a most useful service to the community.

The Meaning of the Experiment.

Some truths to be learnt from this object lesson were set forth by Dr. Oldfield in the following manner in the columns of the *Daily Express*:—

"If I have demonstrated that all ordinary average men of whatever age, within limits, can be taken from the ordinary diet of the uncivilized poor and put immediately and at once upon Spartan fare of the best quality to their benefit, I have set a definite scientific standard from which all guardians of the poor and governors of gaols and councils of institutions and employers of the unemployed and unemployable may learn an important lesson.

"When great social forces like the Salvation Army and the Church Army appeal for funds, and when they state that these funds are to be used to provide the starving poor with the bare necessities of life, it will be the duty henceforth of all philanthropic donors to inquire whether their money is being wisely used to provide the best food and to encourage the development of the habit of thrift, or whether the lazy gospel of the handy scrap of meat and the tasty pickled herring still holds sway.

"When powerful bodies of men and women, like the guardians of the poor, are dealing with large sums of public money, it will be necessary in future to scrutinise closely the sums they pass for the feeding of their protégés, lest perchance they be found wasting the hard-earned pennies of the provident in providing luxurious and innutritious foods for the delectation of social wastrels and broken spendthrifts.

"The ordinary method of so-called economy by public bodies is to accept second quality goods upon the ground that they are 'good enough.'

"This is false economy when food is the question involved.

"My experiment is meant largely to demonstrate that it is better to spend 4d. per day on sound, wholesome cereal food of the best quality rather than to waste 1s. a day on second-quality meat food, which is often no better than shoddy.

"It is far better to feed men on the best quality of wheat and oats and rice and beans and raisins and dates and sugar than to give them the chemicalised meat mysteries about which we have raised our voices in vain until the late revelations have proved that all our accusations were far below the unseemly realities of the truth."

* * *

The Tennis Championship.

Our comrade, Mr. Eustace Miles, won the Tennis Championship for the Seventh time on May 9th, and thus again upheld the flag of Fruitarianism.

The effect of such athletic successes upon the public mind is shown by the following Editorial note in the *Daily Express*, under the title of "The Triumph of Beans":—

"The bean has met the beefsteak in equal conflict, and the bean is victorious. The scene was laid at the Queen's Club, and the trial took the form of a hotly contested tennis match. The beefsteak, mindful of three centuries of honourable tradition, fought well, but to no avail. The bean proved itself not only more nimble, but possessed of greater stamina than its opponent, to which it administered an unqualified drubbing by three sets to one. Great rejoicings may be expected in quarters where vegetarians congregate.

It is true that other issues entered into the contest at the Queen's Club. Mr. Eustace Miles—the bean—is an Englishman, and Mr. Jay Gould—the beefsteak—is an American; but international considerations sink to insignificance beside the larger interests involved. Yesterday's match was a battle between Orthodoxy and Reform, the present and the future. Vegetarianism and the Simple Life are gaining ground. In proportion to their numbers, the devotees of the cult have an unusually fine array of brilliant names."

* * *

A Summer Recreation School.

A method of spending a holiday that is commending itself to an increasing number of progressive persons, is that of attending a 'Summer School.' This means a gathering of kindred souls who are seeking physical

and mental recreation and culture, and who assemble at some rendezvous where an out-door life can be lived, hygienic food and surroundings can be secured, and games and lectures, and helpful instruction are provided.

A convention of this sort is announced to be held at the Anstey Physical Training College, The Leasowes,

near Halesowen, Worcester, from August 23rd, to Sept. 13th, and as several successful Summer Schools have been held here before, those who attend may expect a good time. And this year the attractions will be much enhanced by the engagement of Mr. Ernest Newlandsmith, A.R.A.M., to deliver three concert lectures during the first week, entitled (1) "What is the Use of Art?" (2) "Why do I Learn Music?" (3) "Art in Daily Life." These lectures will be illustrated by selections on violin and piano, on both of which instruments Mr. Newlandsmith plays in a manner that delights his audiences.

* * *

The Jungle.

The absorbing interest and tragic pathos of this book will cause it to rank with *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and in all probability, to exert as great an influence upon the destiny of mankind. Written to expose the awful fate of the wage-slaves of Chicago, and the conditions of the great slaughter-hell of Christendom, it has already awakened the dormant mind and conscience of millions, and has led to the alteration of the existing Laws of the United States. And, indirectly, it has also led to a reduction of the export trade of the Beef Trust from 11,574,440 lbs. (March, 1905), to 4,643,446 lbs. (March, 1906)—the figures for April, 1906, being still further reduced by 500,000 lbs.

The book is so powerfully written, its realism is so intense, its pathos so keen, its tragedy so hopeless, that its tendency is to make one shed unwilling tears, and to vow eternal warfare against this nefarious traffic in the bodies and souls of men, women, children and animals, and also against the degenerate habit of flesh-eating which renders possible and condones such horrors as are described.

I hope that every reader of this journal will read the book and induce others to do so. It is being published as a serial in the *Weekly Dispatch*, and in volume form in this country, by Messrs. Heineman, at the price of 6s. net. Copies can be obtained from our Book Department, at the price of publication.

* * *

The Corroborative Report.

The Report of President Roosevelt's Commissioners, which I have before me as I write, confirms all the main facts in the book, and even goes beyond them concerning loathsome details that I should not like to publish for decency's sake. Briefly it emphasizes the following points, viz.:—

No ventilation in buildings. Atmosphere heavy with odours of rotten wood, decayed meats, offal and entrails.

Toilet conveniences, entirely filthy, placed in the rooms where the work is done. No provision made for workmen to wash their hands.

Meat intended for food products thrown upon filthy floors covered with dirt, splinters and the expectoration of tuberculous and other diseased workers.

Aprons worn by the workers indescribably filthy, and meat in cutting process, held against these aprons.

No compulsory Government inspection after killing; meat used for sausages and canned products goes through many processes, from which contamination might result. Of these there is no inspection.

The use of labels "Quality Guaranteed" on cans is wholly unwarranted, for the Government knows nothing of their contents.

In the treatment of employees, even the ordinary decencies of life are completely ignored. Toilet rooms open directly into work-rooms. There are few rest-rooms, and these few are often inadequately partitioned off from the toilet rooms.

An awful moral degradation on the part of thousands of workers, as a direct result of these conditions.

The Slaughter Slaves.

And if further evidence were needed, it is supplied by Mr. and Mrs. Bloor (Mr. Sinclair's detectives who visited the yards and prepared the way for the Commissioners). Speaking to the *New York Times*

Editor, they said:—

"What impressed us most is the terrible spirit which animates the workers. Their surroundings have envenomed them against the world. They are prisoners in a life that is one long torture, and are utterly callous to the ills which may result from the distribution of diseased meat, rather glorying in its further defiling. They are all of them overworked and underpaid, and each class of workers have their own special ailment."

"The surroundings necessarily brutalize the men and degrade the women," she said. "*There is immorality everywhere.* It hampers a woman to have pretensions to virtue."

"Small wonder that they have no care to lessen the filth about them, which is to find its way to the consumers eventually, but rather seek to add to it. Tuberculous workers expectorate on meat in preference to the floor. It is a partial vent for the dull resentment which is ever burning in their breasts."

* * *

English Meat Horrors.

A distinguished Veterinary Surgeon is quoted in the *Daily News* of June 12th as writing to Dr. Cooper, M.P., concerning the state of affairs in connection with the meat trade in country districts. He

says:—

"I am glad that you are speaking out about the existence of meat horrors in this country as well as in America. From my long experience as a veterinary surgeon, I can assure you that the American disclosures are not much worse than what goes on here."

"I have a country practice; and what one sees is terrible. There are a certain class of butchers known as 'screw' butchers. These people visit all the farms, generally in splendid turnouts, and they buy up all the dying and diseased cattle they can. They refuse well-fed cattle when offered, because the others, of course, are cheaper. At night they send round a cattle float, well filled with straw, and off go the awful beasts to private slaughter-houses. I am confident that most of the meat gets through."

"I find it little use trying to persuade the owners of these ailing cattle not to have them slaughtered, seeing they do not know what terrible diseases they may be suffering from."

"Only to-day I visited a big farm, and was asked to look at a pig which had dropped down dead. I was told that it was to be dressed by the butcher and made ready for the market. Although I warned the owner of the consequences, it went."

"It is certainly time something was done in this country to stop this practice of selling the meat of dead and diseased animals. I believe the private slaughter-house to be responsible for much of the mischief."

* * *

The London Cows.

Dr. Cooper (late Chairman of L.C.C. Health Committee), made the following remarks to a *Daily News* representative after receiving the above:—

"I know the same kind of thing he describes as going on in the country is taking place in London. It is impossible to stop it until you abolish the private slaughter-house and get properly qualified meat inspectors."

"Do you know there are 4,000 cows in London kept for milking purposes alone? About a quarter of the number have to be renewed every year. I know that there are many honourable men in the business, but I also know that very few of the 1,000 cows which are displaced every year go to the *knackers' yard*. They go to the *butcher*. When a cow is drained of its milk it is not fit for human food. It often happens, too, that when these beasts in the London cow-sheds are ill the veterinary surgeon is not sent for, but the butcher."

"Indeed there are several men in London who make a good living by going round the cow-sheds and buying for a song the ailing cows or those that no longer yield milk. They have no difficulty in getting them slaughtered. If they don't possess a slaughter-house of their own—and many of them do not—they hire one periodically."

"The carcasses are often so bad that the men who trade in them dare not send the meat to Smithfield. They dispose of them to butchers privately. Generally they have no difficulty in finding a ready market, because they can afford to take less than the ruling prices, having bought the cows so cheaply."

The Brotherhood of Healers.

A most helpful and instructive booklet has been published by our comrade, Mr. James Macbeth Bain bearing this title, many extracts from which will be found on page 59. so as to give our readers some idea of its contents. Being a practical mystic and spiritual healer himself, the author is well qualified to speak words of wisdom on this interesting subject of psychical healing, and many souls will doubtless be glad to hear his message of Hope and Love and to ponder over it with a view to qualifying themselves to become helpers of mankind. The book is published at the price of one shilling net (1/2 post free), and can be obtained from the Book Depot of The Order.

* * *

Temperance Legislation.

A very reasonable programme is announced by the Temperance Legislation League which under the Presidency of Viscount Peel, has already secured the support of a large number of leaders of public opinion.

The present policy of the League is to promote Temperance Reform by securing the Amendment of the Licensing Laws by—

The enactment of a Time Limit to the operation of the compensation clauses of the Licensing Act of 1904, with a provision that thereafter all licenses shall be regarded as new licenses and be granted only on payment of the full monopoly value.

The provision of a method of arriving at the compensation value which will be as simple and as nearly automatic as possible.

The increase of compensation levies, which should also be made national and compulsory.

The restoration and extension of the powers of the Local Licensing Authorities so as to give them full discretion with regard to the grant or renewal of licenses and the imposition of conditions in connection therewith.

Giving to localities, within defined limits and under carefully considered conditions, power to enable them, as soon as practicable, to promote sobriety in such ways as local conditions and public opinion may render possible. This local option, or liberty of experiment should;

- (a). Authorise the Local Licensing Authorities to shorten the hours of sale on any or all days, and to require entire closing on Sundays and other special days.
- (b). Enable a substantial majority of the people in a locality to prevent the issue there of ordinary gin palace, dram shop, and drinking bar licenses, as distinguished from special hotel and restaurant licenses, and ordinary "off" licenses.
- (c). Give power to place all the licenses, or all the "on" licenses, in a locality under disinterested (not municipal) management, in order that the traffic there might be conducted without the stimulus of private profit, and under the statutory regulations which would prevent direct or appreciable pecuniary gain resulting therefrom to the locality itself.

Bringing clubs under more definite control. The distribution of liquor in them should be declared to be a legal sale, and they should be required to contribute to the revenue.

Giving power and providing facilities to enable Local Authorities to establish and maintain counter attractions to the public-house in the form of alternative resorts where full opportunity would be afforded for social intercourse and recreation, entirely apart from the sale of drink.

Let us hope that a Licensing Reform Bill drafted on these lines will be passed and that it will prove a solution of the problem, and tend to remove much temptation that is at present placed in the way of those who are tempted to excessive consumption of intoxicating beverages.

* * *

New Frutitarian Specialties.

Several useful dietetic inventions have been recently placed upon the market by Mr. Hugh Mapleton, of Ardwick Green, Manchester, and their excellence deserves honourable mention. Nutter (a first-class coco-nut butter) is now the most popular substitute for lard and frying oil, and it is a most excellent article for making pastry. Table-Nutter is such a good substitute

for Cow's butter that many persons prefer it. Its taste and appearance closely resemble the dairy product. And the nut and fruit sandwich cakes that are being introduced by Mr. Mapleton at the modest price of one penny are a great boon to travellers, cyclists and simple dietists.

The purity, tastiness, and wholesomeness of all these articles, as well as the Almond and Walnut butters, &c., sold by this firm, should make them very acceptable in these 'Meat Revelation' days.

* * *

Our Propaganda. The following donations towards the maintenance of the work of The Order, and the cost of disseminating our humane literature throughout the world have been received since our last issue (exclusive of amounts received for the purchase of books, etc.).

The thanks of the Council are tendered to these friends of our Movement.

The extent of our Missionary effort in various lands necessarily depends upon the support rendered to those who are superintending the operations of The Order.

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The New Times.

New times demand new measures and new men;

The world advances, and in time outgrows
The laws that in our fathers' days were best;

And, doubtless, after us, some purer scheme
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,

Made wiser by the steady growth of truth.

We cannot take Utopia on by force;

But better, almost, be at work in sin

Than in a brute inaction browse and sleep.

J. R. Lowell.

The Whining Habit.

There isn't anything in the world more disagreeable than a whining person, says a medical journal. He whines if it is cold. He whines if it is hot. He whines at this, he whines at that, he whines at everything. Whine, whine, whine.



It is just a habit he has fallen into. There is nothing the matter with him. It is just a bad habit.

The whiner is generally an idle person or a lazy one. What he needs is to be set to work; a real hardwork, mental or physical; work that will interest him and engage his whole attention, and he will not have time to whine.

We know two women. One of them does her own housework. She is happy and singing all the day long. The keyboard of her life sounds no whining note. It is a pleasure to be with her, a good wholesome tonic to watch her.

The other woman is so situated that she does not have to work. Nothing to do but to amuse herself. She has no zest in life, no interest in anything. She is a bunch of selfishness and whines at everything. Whining has become such a habit with her that her most casual remark is tinged with a whine. She is miserable herself and makes everybody else in her presence miserable. She is a weakling, a parasite, a drag, a heavy weight on something all the time.

Get the whine out of your voice, or it will stop the development and growth of the body. It will narrow and shrink your mind. It will drive away your friends. It will make you unpopular!

Omit your whining. Brace up. Be something. Stand for something. Fill your place in the universe. Instead of whining around exciting only pity or contempt, face about and make something of yourself. Reach up to the stature of a strong, ennobling manhood, to the beauty of a superb womanhood!

There is nothing the matter with you. Go to work.

"Vital Culture."

THE POWER OF COURTESY.

A delightful little incident appeared in the *Irish Times* about a monkey and a dog:—"A brave, active, intelligent terrier, belonging to a lady friend, one day discovered a monkey belonging to an itinerant organ-grinder seated upon the bank within the grounds, and at once made a dash for him.

"The monkey, who was attired in jacket and hat, awaited the onset in such undisturbed tranquility that the dog halted within a few feet of him to reconnoitre. Both animals took a long, steady stare at each other; but the dog evidently was recovering from his surprise, and about to make a spring for the intruder.

"At this critical juncture, the monkey, who had remained perfectly quiet hitherto, raised his paw, and gracefully saluted by lifting his hat. The effect was magical. The dog's head and tail dropped; and he sneaked off and entered the house, refusing to leave it till he was satisfied that his polite but mysterious guest had departed."

The Brotherhood of Healers.

All true healing is essentially a spiritual work, and is therefore the proper work of those who minister in spiritual things.



And the blessed work of the most highly evolved spirits among men is to give of God or Life unto those less evolved, and in doing this they only fulfil the will of the Christ in them.

The work of the healer or blessing is the highest and most beautiful manifestation of this universal process of mediation. It is the fair and full fruition of the perfected powers of the human soul, just as pure spiritual thought or apprehension is the perfected fruition of the spiritual mind.

And that the body of humanity sorely needs healing is well known to all its lovers. Therefore, of all spiritual faculties that function for the good of man in his present degree, that of healing, whether it be of mind or body, is surely the most lovely.

What hand more worthy of the kiss of honour than the healing hand? What plant more blessed than the healing plant? The healing hand may not be beautiful in form, but it is a sacred hand. I have held the horny hand of the iron moulder and the coal-begrimed hand of the miner, and for very love and reverence I could have kissed them, for they were the hands of the healers.

And no one, however antagonistic to spiritual doctrine, can discredit or ignore such a sweet and disinterested service to man; for one deed of healing is worth more than any number of fine-sounding words.

And what finer work can there be than to heal the delicate and beautiful organism of the human body, which is indeed the very dwelling place of the Holy Spirit.

But everyone who serves or blesses the body of humanity, socially or politically, is as truly a healer as the brother who cures paralysis or insomnia.

Everyone who serves or blesses the human soul is as truly a healer as the sister through whose hand sight has been given to the blind eye and hearing to the deaf ear.

And it is a fact that one cannot bless the body without at the same time blessing the soul, and *vice versa*. For soul and body are the whole man in manifestation, even as spirit and matter are the whole of being; and while the Healing Brotherhood gives itself to the healing of the diseased body of humanity its aim and effort are towards such social and moral healthful conditions as will tend to eliminate all disease from the human kind. For, indeed, they know that prevention is better than cure, and they fail not to work according to this wisdom of an enlightened love.

And so it is that to the Healing Brotherhood belong all true lovers, for all true lovers are moved by the will to bless, and all who will to bless are healers. Indeed, there can be no healing without love.

The Qualifications for Healing.

To be rich in love is the first requisite of the healing quality. A generous temperament is a necessary qualification; for love is the only healer. And so to anyone who would be a healer I always say: "Are you rich in love? If not, acquire first these heavenly riches and then you cannot but heal."

To this Brotherhood belong all who will to *give* rather than to *get*; this is according to the first principle above laid down.

They are in true life, for only to the *giver* is true life possible. They have learnt this truth by experience, and now they live it. It has become as natural to them to give life as it is to breathe.

To this brotherhood belong all who are willing to be known simply as healers, who know themselves neither as Presbyterian nor as Spiritualist, Baptist nor Theosophist, Methodist nor Mental Scientist, Congregationalist nor Christian Scientist. And to be, indeed, worthy of the name "healer," is the only honour to which they can aspire; for they see in it the highest distinction for a human soul.

Their one desire is to heal the body or mind of all creatures, beginning with man as their own kind, for their only law of life is that laid down by their great Prototype when He said: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

They recognise that the Spirit can only work in and through us according to our temperament and personal powers. Thus, they who are strong magnetically will make good magnetic healers, *i.e.*, they will heal those whose disorders arise from the want of human or animal magnetism or nerve power. They who are strong mentally will make good mental healers, *i.e.*, they can out of their plenty give of brain power to those who are feeble for lack of it; and they who are strong spiritually will make good spiritual healers, *i.e.*, they can impart of their abundant health to the psyche or soul that is diseased or distressed through lack of health, and by virtue of their great love they can heal its disease.

We know there are many ways of healing, and all of these have their spheres of action. Nor do we yet know all these ways of healing. So we condemn no means that has in it the power of health, and this is a very strong characteristic feature of the Brotherhood. It is only a narrow mind and a prejudiced ignorance that condemns any force that is found holy in nature.

We recognise that in every realm are the powers for healing the disorders of that realm; and those should be used. Thus, *e.g.*, we would not waste our powers on inflamed eye-lids, when we know that in the use of smoked eye-glasses is the cure. Nor would we seek to cure a palpitating heart by psychic means when we are sure that the disorder is only a symptom of indigestion. In the former case we would recommend the treatment by light, *i.e.*, the use of coloured glasses, in the latter case very probably abstention from food for a time, relieved by the frequent sipping of hot water.

And so we are strict hygienists, and insist on clean feeding and pure living, as well as on clean thinking and sweet feeling as all-important means to health.

We do not deny the existence and reality of matter, nor the disordered conditions that are in or of matter, and which are known as evil; for we do not profess to be larger in our activities than nature, nor wiser in our

principles than God. Nor do we deny the use of the elements of earth and of human skill in healing. We know the use and abuse of herbs, even as we know the use and abuse of drugs (and no thoughtful physician or druggist will deny that out of these drugs come more harm than good). We know the use and abuse of surgery and anæsthetics even as we know the use and abuse of faith-healing and hypnotism.

And so it is that the Healing Brotherhood desires sympathetic co-operation with all true physicians, and the help of all doctors ordained of the Spirit of Life to heal; and it has already been well satisfied that there are such men in the medical profession.

Funda- mental Principles.

The healing Brotherhood holds as a fundamental principle that, while the guiding and the power to heal is of the Spirit, and that "intuition" is the great and necessary light, yet the proving, substantiating and ultimate fixing of any doctrine can only be through experience.

They are positive in this, that while the Spirit teaches or guides, experience alone can prove. For they testify only to that which they have seen. Their body of knowledge has been tried, and found good by the very testing of the facts of life. And they esteem it a great wrong to impose on the human intelligence any doctrine based merely on speculation, and not on experience.

Their kingdom is not of this world, nor do they seek its glory. So far as their work here is concerned they are satisfied to be as a leaven, even as a spirit or potency that permeates and moves the mass, while remaining invisible as an organism to the mass it quickens, and in this they are guided by the great wisdom of the Spirit.

And, even in showing it the way of practical demonstration, it calls on it to realize the truth of the words of the Healing Brother whose life and doctrine it fulfils: "*Greater works than these shall ye do, because I go unto the Father,*" i.e., because my Spirit will be with you always. Truly has it been said: "Healing is the right hand of the Church." It was so among the ancients. In Egypt and Greece the temples were the abodes of the healers, and I say deliberately that the Church of Christ has not entered into her true heritage on Earth until she has realized that her function is to heal the bodies as well as the souls of men.

And finally, they maintain that any man and woman who is alive in the spirit of Love is of necessity a healer, and in very virtue of the fact of their spirituality. We may not be so constituted physically as to be able to heal all manner of bodily diseases, but we shall certainly be healers of the soul, and just in proportion to the degree of our spirituality will be our power to heal.

Hence it is that the spiritual or Christ-soul must, in order that it continue to do its work of healing, betake itself often into the quiet, where it may meet God in the silence. There it is recuperated, charged anew with the divine energy.

In a man of a pure soul, whose feelings are sweet with love, and whose thoughts are clean from all self-seeking or any unworthiness, the Holy Spirit will work as a power of blessing to his body, and to the body of every man or beast, or bird or plant, or any living creature he touches with his hand or his breath, or influences mentally; and that is so even though he be not robust, or in rude health physically.

This is an all-important principle of living, and we, therefore, as healers, must ever declare that the first essential to true or permanent healing is that the patient be born again in his soul, be regenerate in his mind, that he cast aside as unworthy of his spiritual nature all unholy thoughts and desires, that he clothe himself daily in a new soul of perfect love for all creatures. Thus will he renew his body.

True, a healer may patch up a diseased body, and, by virtue of his life principle imparted to it, cause, as it were, a whole skin to grow over its corruption, but so long as the psychic disease is beneath, the healing is only skin deep, and the disorder will assuredly break forth again, probably worse than before.

And so we still cry with the ancient prophet and spiritual healer: "Cleanse your heart, and turn ye unto the Lord of Life, even the Great Love, and ye will then be blessed." Indeed, there are cases where the disease is so evidently the fruit of the action of an unholy soul, that the healer, who is enlightened of the Spirit, would refuse to interfere with the working of the law of life, and would not wrong that soul by ridding it of its painful means of purification.

The Restoration of Self- Control.

There is no power in which people are so deficient as the power of self-control, and no greater service can we render to any soul for its present and future good than to help it to attain to this power. For attain to it, sooner or later, that soul certainly must, even though it be only by the way of manifold and cruel suffering.

Whether in our neurotic day this feebleness is more common than in the days of our fathers I do not say, but certainly it is the most serious symptom that is detected by the eye of every clear-seeing humanitarian.

Now, to heal the whole man of this disorder one must treat the whole man. His body of nerve and sinew must be built up and maintained by the pure elements of nature, and, of course, these pure elements can only be fully obtained in a wholesome or natural environment. In the exhausted and vitiated air of large towns this building of the nerve-body is not possible, for it is built out of the magnetism of the pure air and in the peace of pure nature. Thus it is that the Healing Brotherhood co-operates most strenuously with all those who labour for Food Reform and Social Reform, whose cry is: "Back to the land, and to the pure forces of Nature, for the upbuilding of the race."

And it is well that we get to know our whole selfhood, our body as well as our soul, to become as familiar with the conscious life of all our parts, psychical and physical, as we are with the life of husband, or wife, or child, or faithful dog, or willing horse.

We should actually come to feel to all our organs as to faithful friends and willing servants. And we should consciously talk to them as such. When we realize that they are indeed the servants of the Spirit of Life in us, we will reverence and care for them accordingly. It will not be possible for us to abuse them. If we so talk with our organs, realizing that, not only they are living and conscious bodies, but are even composed of organisms and cells, the most minute of which are also conscious entities, and thus expect and encourage them to serve our spirit, we shall surely receive through them the word of the wisdom of Life, and in that word the very counsel we need.

Every organism will thus give to us the Word of God, for it is an organ of the one Spirit and knows what it needs, and it will as truly tell you so as a pure palate that has not been vitiated by indulgences, will, as soon as a food or a drink touches it, tell you whether such is what the stomach wants for the good of the body.

And in healing, whether it be yourself or another, it is indeed well so to feel towards the disordered organ; to compassionate the over-wrought heart, to sympathise with the fagged brain, to pity the abused stomach. For thus will your love find the most effective way of serving that abused organ by awakening it to a response to your word of health. Verily our bodies are the living temples of God, verily, they are alive with the Spirit.

A Sacred Ministry.

There are souls suffering in bodies the just penalty of their sin. And such suffering is indeed of the Divine mercy, for these souls do certainly need this suffering.

But there are also bodies whom to heal is a sweet and a divine work, bodies inhabited by pure souls, to whom healing will be indeed a way towards greater service, and, therefore, a fuller life. And in healing such the healer is verily working with the Spirit of Life.

I see in this Movement one of the surest and finest ways of leading all who are ready for it into the great unlimited life of the only Love, even the selfless Love.

I know that the best way of disintegrating the old shell, the animal, or Adamic soul in you, is to inspire you with a zeal for the blessing of others, and, if only I can get you to become enthused of the healing of others, I know I have put you in the way of the true life of the Spirit, the only life that can satisfy you, for by it you will have died the death of the old self-seeking, self-possessing, self-loving man and woman in you, of whom you are indeed weary unto sickness. And, most momentous fact of all, you will thus be making ready the way of the Lord for the coming of the Ideal Humanity, for then, indeed, all the goods of life will be held in common. This is the necessary outcome.

And surely on the face of it this work of healing can only appeal to him who loves his brother more than his own soul, and who is, therefore, willing to give even of his very life for the good of his brother's body.

And I know well that the world-soul, which is indeed sick unto death with the disease of selfishness, ay, and sick at heart of it too, will welcome, as soon as it can recognize, those who thus do come, offering unto it the only medicine for its malady, even the great, the selfless Love, who is the Christ-spirit. And blessed will they be in the eyes of the world, and blessed in themselves, who bear unto her the only One whom she can truly love.

James Macbeth.

PRAYER.

When a pump is often used, the water pours out at the first stroke, because it is high; but if the pump has not been used for a long time the water gets low, and when you want it you must pump a long while, and the water comes only after great efforts.

It is so with prayer. If we are often in prayer, every little thing awakes the wish to pray, and words are always ready; but if we neglect prayer, it is difficult for us to pray, for the water in the well gets low.

The Deliverer.

The Need of Humane Education.

Since Matthew Arnold, in an inspired moment, quoted the line "there are our young barbarians all at play,"

as an accurate description of the youth of Oxford University many changes have taken place in our educational system. But to all judicial and discerning minds it is still indisputable that the bulk of the rising generation have strongly marked traits of character which can only be described as barbaric. The tender mercies of children are more often than not extremely cruel.



Numerous instances to the contrary will at once be cited of exemplary children who have displayed all the angelic qualifications for a place among the Fairchild family, and every mother in the land will repudiate the idea with scorn unless exception is made in the case of *her* children, but a candid scrutiny of affairs too often reveals the fact that the girls, and more particularly the boys of christendom are cruel to one another, inconsiderate to their elders, and brutal in their relations towards sub-human forms of life. City or village bred, mansion or cottage born, they are alike marked by a callous indifference towards God's creatures who share with them the gift of life.

Arm the modern young barbarian with catapult, air-gun or stick, and you will see the killing instinct manifest itself; that inherent desire to slay something, which will even find outlet in his switching off the heads of flowers as he goes along—just for the sheer pleasure of being alive.

He cannot see a butterfly gleam gaily across his path but he itches to beat it to the earth, he regards birds as being made to fling stones at, cats to set dogs after, and dogs to set on one another; flies and other insects as valuable material for vivisectional experiments, horses as being made for the whip; and in general the whole animal kingdom as existing chiefly to be shouted at, irritated or abused.

It is now even supposed by many persons that a really first class education is incomplete without some instruction in the noble sport of hare-hunting, and so the authorities of our most famous school provide a pack of beagles wherewith the future citizens or legislators of Britain may see that most timid of all animals torn in pieces to make an Eton holiday.

And, as the child, trained up in a way he should not go, does not, when old, depart from it, we find that the modern business man is often as merciless as he is astute, that hooligans of various grades throng our streets, that brutal "sports" are popular with rich and poor, that women deck themselves in skins and feathers got by atrocious cruelty from the animal world, that the torture of

living creatures is practised by the licensed inquisitors of a bastard science, and that on every hand there is marked disregard of such elementary virtues as tenderness and compassion.

These lamentable characteristics do not become manifest without predisposing causes, they are the result of persistent neglect from earliest years of education concerning those fundamental laws of forbearance and love on which all true manhood and womanhood must be based.

They have made of the British a nation which is feared, but is in no danger of being loved. But surely it is time when science and ethics are progressing so swiftly, for us to consider our ways, and endeavour, ere our neglect of humane teaching recoil upon our own heads, to cultivate some of the finer and fairer qualities of our nature in the hearts of the children of these Christian lands of ours.

For it is with the children we shall have to begin, since the future is with them; but although this is obvious enough it is not so easy to say how such lessons can be effectively given. "No humane being," said Thoreau, "will wantonly murder any creature which holds its life by the same tenure that he does." How unfashionable are such ideas to-day with a nation whose aristocracy hunt tame stags, whose working men indulge in rabbit coursing.

We may admit that the young ought to be taught to have sympathy and respect for apparently lower forms of life than the human, and to have impressed upon them the fact that an outrage done to a furred or feathered being is just as heinous as one committed on a human being.

But it would seem illogical to begin instilling such doctrines anywhere else while they are neglected in that centre of earthly impressions—the home. And surely there is not one father or mother in the land who would not readily assent to the proposition that if children are to grow up into humane men and woman the seed must be sown from earliest infancy by precept, example and practice, parents and teachers neither practising themselves nor preaching, directly or indirectly, cruelty or barbarism in any form.

Yet it is a deplorable fact that in thousands of homes throughout our land, once, twice, or even thrice a day, is given an object lesson in inhumanity and savagery which tends to render null and void all teachings to the contrary.

For the child is coerced into eating, and beholds his preceptors devouring with avidity, fragments of burnt flesh taken from the bodies of slaughtered animals, and the child mind is outraged by being led to suppose that this is a necessary and seemly thing, and that kindness and forbearance towards our lesser brethren are compatible with knocking in their skulls and cutting their throats for the gratification of sensual appetites.

And this object lesson pursues the child even outside the home, for in our streets where many ineffaceable impressions are made, are ghastly exhibitions of skinned, disembowelled and dismembered creatures in the butchers' shops. There the child sees the livid heads and mutilated bodies of the beings he is asked to regard as being made by the author of his own body.

Really it is a wonder that a visit to the slaughterhouse does not form part of the practical instruction given to the modern scholar; and is it surprising that some children who have daily watched their fathers carving dead animals, and who soon learn to practise the art themselves,

should ultimately come to carve living animals with unconcern?

How preposterous it seems to expect our children to grow into humane men and women, when we rear them at the cost of untold suffering needlessly inflicted upon defenceless and inoffensive creatures.

We pose as their superiors and exemplars and at the same time set them an outrageous example of thoughtless cruelty and wanton impurity. Then when some shocking case of cruelty committed by children cannot be kept out of the papers, we wag our heads and ask what the world is coming to. I would respectfully make to the fathers and mothers of these western lands, this appeal:—

If you desire your boys or girls to grow up into gentlemen or gentlewomen in the real sense of these over-worked words: if you wish to have them kind and pitiful to all animals, human or otherwise, considerate to those weaker and less fortunate than themselves, courteous and chivalrous in their dealings with their fellows: then I beseech you to begin by teaching them how easy it is to live without robbing others of life: how unnatural it is to contemplate with anything but horror the mangled remains of bodies once full of life and health: and how complete purity of body and soul is unattainable on a diet of decomposing flesh and blood.

Will you not, if for no other reason, make the trifling sacrifice that is involved in abstinence from flesh food for their sake?

Not that it is really any sacrifice at all since the rewards such a step brings are manifold in nature and blessedness. For you will notice not only a marked improvement in their health as well as your own, but you will experience a subtle change coming over both character and temperament. Unruly tempers will soften, and harmonious relations be established where such were rare or unknown blessings before. Vicious habits will be vastly easier to check, control and eradicate; in fact it is a common experience that the craving for these seldom comes when sense-irritating and inflammatory foods, difficult of digestion, are avoided.

And it is more than probable that the artistic sense and faculty, where at present dormant, might have more chance of development when the revolting spectacles of butchers' shops and the refined hideousness of our dinner tables are no longer allowed to cast their noisome shadow over the opening sensitive child heart.

And if it is objected to all this, that the bringing up of the young upon the most rational, pure and healthful food procurable, would rob them in later years of that stamina and valour which is supposed to make national life alone worth living, the answer is that such an objection is flatly contradicted by history both ancient and modern.

A temperate and hygienic diet would deprive them of the brutal and inhuman elements which prevail to-day, but it would increase rather than diminish true hardihood courage, and independence, and, while going far to extinguish that baleful lust of war with which we are cursed it would at the same time effectually prevent any relapse back into indolence or effeminacy.

Fathers, mothers, and teachers of our children, I implore you to awake to the possibilities that depend upon your influence and example.

Let me urge you to think well over these things, to think honestly and without traditional prejudice, and then arise and act as your enlightened reason prompts you to do FOR GOD AND HUMANITY!

Bertram McCrie.

Custom and Cruelty.

"You see it is the custom of the country and has been for centuries." Such is the superficial argument with which the unthinking are apt to bolster up many an abuse, and to seek to justify the most brutal and soulless acts.

We have seen in our newspapers, within a few days, a strange series of events—the betrothal of an English Princess; a royal wedding; a dastardly attempt upon the lives of the newly wedded pair, attended with an appalling loss of life; *thanksgiving* for the providential escape from death; and then the King and Queen at a Spanish Bull Fight, *seven bulls killed*, great enthusiasm.

"It is the custom of the country," you see, and the people expect the Royal patronage—Oh, the pity of it—Oh, the mockery of it—Oh, the degradation, the cruelty, and the heartlessness of it.

And to think that a sweet young English woman of Royal lineage should lend her womanly presence to such a scene in order to please the people, and keep up an old custom.

We read in the newspaper account "the bull was coaxed up to a blindfolded old hack, which was ripped open by the bull." Can any good thing come out of such doings as these? In the name of God and of pity, No!—a thousand times, No!

Fallen and corrupt are the people who bring them to pass—fallen and corrupt are those who take delight in witnessing them—and the depth of the corruption and the degradation lies in the fact that women are taught that it is brave and noble on their part to be present.

If that were true, then we had better fling away both bravery and nobility as hellish qualities, for they would but spell callous indifference to the pain and suffering of others. Cruelty is indifference to the sufferings of others, and indifference is the parent of cruelty.

It is only the indifferent among us who rigidly adhere to the custom of flesh-eating—indifference bred the custom, and custom has bred indifference, but rank cruelty is at the root all the time.

The only real and satisfactory Food Reform Movement must be based upon compassion for our dumb friends, for therein lies a great principle which once seen is never lost sight of. It is a change of heart, and not merely a change of diet.

People may be frightened into a Vegetarian diet by sickening revelations which are made public, but the promptings of selfish fear have no particular merit, and once the fear is removed, the old habit will be resumed.

Let us look to it that we are not bound by custom and habit to some evil which has become second nature to us. And let us be brave enough to choose right conduct rather than popularity, and so shall all forms of cruelty which men now practice pass away and become black shadows of the past.

Each one of us can do something to hasten that day, and perhaps the first step towards Universal Brotherhood among mankind is the practice of kindness and consideration to the sub-human races.

May the Leaders of the people set the example by setting their faces against all forms of cruelty to animals as displeasing in the sight of God and meriting His just rebuke.

Francis S. Blizard.

Mr. Bernard Shaw on Vivisection.

Speaking at the Holborn Restaurant at the Annual Meeting of the British Union for Abolition of Vivisection, Mr. Bernard Shaw made some piquant remarks concerning the way of certain medical men who follow the leading of the "knife and serum" cult of medicine.



"Medical men are like the police in respect of intimidation. I have lately been over to the other side of the Channel, where the police were desperately trying to keep up the pretence that there was a revolution, while the French people were absolutely and obstinately refusing to revolt on any terms, and had to be charged by dragoons before they could be persuaded to do so. (Laughter.)

"Doctors are always threatening that if we do not do as they advise us we shall die. With regard to myself, they have warned me against my diet, and I am convinced that when I do die, even if I should then be a hundred and ten, people will say, 'That's what comes of disobeying the doctors.' (Laughter.)

"To threaten people with death if they do not try certain cures is very lucrative. The medical profession write letters to the newspapers in which they tell us what advantages have been conferred on the human race by vivisection. It is only of late years that some people want to know why it is that in spite of modern remedies there are as many people who die of the diseases against which they are directed as before. The doctors reply that the absolute mortality may be as great as before, but that the *case* mortality has diminished. If this is so, it shows that although they have cured their patients they must have created the cases they have cured. (Laughter.)

"As with every additional penny on the **Fashions in Income-tax** the strain upon our virtue **Operations.** becomes greater in respect of declaring our incomes, so when fashionable surgeons can earn in a single day from sixty to three hundred guineas, it is evident that they have a strong pecuniary motive for mutilating their fellow-creatures.

"I cannot help noticing that there are *fashions* in operations. The surgeons are always discovering that certain organs are unnecessary and ought to be extirpated. At one time it was the tonsils, then the uvula, and nowadays no self-respecting person would think of going about with an appendix. (Laughter.)

"For a time formalin was all the fashion. One medical man tried it on some paupers, then on something a little more expensive, viz., rabbits—(laughter)—and finally on himself. It was discovered, however, that formalin does not kill the tubercle bacillus, but, on the contrary, the tubercle bacillus has a peculiar taste for it and thrives upon it. (Laughter.)

"The arguments of the vivisectionists much resemble in principle those of the militant anarchists. 'What does it matter,' the latter say, 'if we blow to pieces every one in this room provided we can thereby secure the Millennium!'"

Announcements.

This Journal is regularly supplied (gratuitously) to upwards of **One Thousand** Public Institutions in this and other lands, such as Free Libraries, Institutes, University Colleges, etc.

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The Secretary cannot undertake to supply books which are not advertised as being stocked in our Book Room—unless in very special instances.

Members' Badges can be supplied upon application to the Secretary—but only to Members of The Order.

The cost of circulating the literature published by The Order in all parts of the world, gratuitously, is met by the voluntary contributions of Members and sympathetic friends.

American and Colonial Friends will oblige by refraining from sending coins enclosed in letters, as the English Postal Authorities charge a fee of fivepence. Greenbacks, or postal orders, should be sent.



Publications Received.

"**The Philosophy of Fasting.**" By Edward E. Purinton (B. Lust, 124 E. 59th Street, New York).

A book that contains much philosophy besides that of fasting, and a good deal of wisdom and high thinking thrown in. It is called 'A Message to Sufferers and Sinners,' but it also includes many messages for discerning and aspiring souls that will help them upward.

"**The Best Beloved.**" By Amy Rean. (A. C. Fifield, 44, Fleet Street, London. Price 1s. net)

"**Cancer without Operation.**" (Ten Year's Record of Treatment). By Robert Bell, M.D., F.F.P.S. (Dean and Son, 160a, Fleet St., London.)

A book written by a Cancer Specialist, that should be read by all sufferers from this disease. It exposes the futility of surgery to reach the root of the malady, and suggests rational and fundamental treatment.

"**Twice Born.**" A Metaphysical Novel. (Philip Wellby, 6, Henrietta St., London, W.C. Price 2/6.)

"**Vegetarian v. Meat Diet.**" By D. D. Jussawalla. The Diet Question in the light of Medical Science, Religion and Theosophy. (Cherag Printing Press, Manordas St., Fort Bombay. Price 6d.)

"**The Rearing of Children.**" By Louis Kuhni, translated by Rev. C. C. Potts. (Fowler & Co., Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, London. 6d.)

"**The Indispensable A.B.C. for Young Mothers.**" By Dr. Ziegeltröth. (Richards & Co., 7 Dundas Street, Edinburgh. 2/- net).

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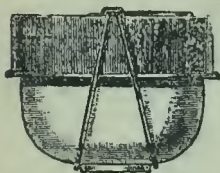
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