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THE HERALD OF THE GOLDEN AGE
 THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE ORDER OF THE GOLDEN AGE
 For the proclamation of a Gospel of Peace and Goodwill on Earth and of Health Happiness and Contentment for all

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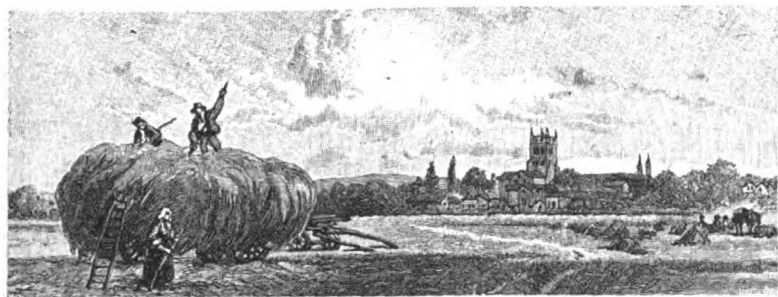
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Practical Holiness.



There are many kinds of Saints—or so-called Saints—walking about Christendom, and not a few persons fail to discriminate between the *practical* or genuine type of Holiness, and that which is merely *theoretical*—thus getting often misled in their religious lives.

Some of the representatives of *imaginary* or *theoretical* Holiness are very familiar to us. There is the good lady who makes a great merit of regularly attending “Conventions” as a means of obtaining spiritual recreation, and whose mind has become so confused by theological hair-splittings concerning “entire sanctification,” that she is in a complete fog about the matter. There is the old gentleman who always carries a Bible and quotes prophecy profusely, who frowns upon all levity and earthly pleasure, and whose interpretation of Scripture is simply infallible. We also know the Saints who have reached “sinless perfection;” and again those who feel they can afford to ignore such common graces as honesty in business, and courtesy or unselfishness in the home life—for do they not belong to some favoured Sect, the members of which having secured a clear title to “Mansions in the skies” by imbibing certain religious ideas, can look with pitiful contempt upon common-place every-day *righteousness*, as being merely *filthy rags*. There are also the Pecksniffian Saints, and those whose religion consists almost entirely in ceremonial forms of worship, nor must we forget the wranglers about the “two natures” in man, the folks whose faith is manifested either by wearing certain clothes, or in abstaining from every becoming article of attire, and

the good people who sing melodies about “The sweet by-and-bye,” but do very little to relieve the sorrows of the children of earth.

It is often amongst such types of the religious life as we have here quoted, that we find it difficult to discover any evidence of the existence of humane sentiment—or of sincere desire “to right the wrong” and to labour in any practical manner for the world’s amelioration. This fact is not to be wondered at, for many of these good people have mistaken *sanctimonious egoism* for *Holiness*. They are the sort of folks who are apt to be so engrossed by visions of their own personal interests in the world beyond the grave, that they turn a deaf ear to any appeal which is made to them, to lessen the sum total of suffering and misery *in this world* by making some act of personal self denial—especially if it should be the giving up of the use of food which involves pain and death to the animal creation.

Whilst, however, we may feel tempted to smile when we meet with such representations of *theoretical* holiness in our daily pilgrimage, let us not forget to aspire to the attainment of that type which is genuine and *practical*, for it is *the one thing most to be desired*. To this end were we born into the world—that we might become in character, *true and pure, just and merciful, unselfish and benevolent*—perfect in love like our Father in Heaven.

As children of the Living God, we may all manifest in our lives the attributes of the Divine Life—thus proving the reality of our relationship to, and union with, Him in whose image we were created. He spared not His own Son in the great work of saving the world from ignorance, sin, and misery. In like manner *we* are privileged to devote our best possessions—and even life itself—to this great undertaking. *We*, too, may follow Christ in the path of self-sacrificing labour to bless our fellow creatures. *We*, too, may consecrate our lives to the service of God and man, and work to make the world happier and better—striving to lessen the evil and suffering which exists to-day in as great a measure as it existed 1900 years ago.

The type of Holiness which Jesus manifested—that reforming, fighting, truth-proclaiming, “Going about doing good” sort of religion, which all sensible persons respect—

may be ours also! We may cheer human hearts, brighten human lives, help the fallen on to their feet again, and wipe away the tears from human eyes. We may heal the sick by pointing out to them the *cause* of their sicknesses, and urge them to cease from violating God's Laws. We may show forth the spirit of true Christianity, even if only by assisting some poor woman to carry a pail of water or a basket of clothes, or by helping some "lame dog over a stile." We may labour to promote national and individual Righteousness, and fight on behalf of the weak, defenceless, and oppressed.

This is *the sort of sanctity* the world wants, and if we can only *obtain* it and then *manifest* it day by day in our lives, we need not trouble ourselves much about religious formalities or the quibbles of orthodox theology. If we seek to prove our love to God *by doing His will* and by urging others to do likewise, if we demonstrate our love to our neighbours *by working to promote their true welfare*, we need not wear long faces, "strain at gnats," or worry about the conflicting theories of the various prophets who expound the subtleties of Sanctification. We shall soon find ourselves enjoying the glorious liberty of the Children of God, and our faces will begin to shine with the beauty of *True Holiness!*

SONGS OF THE DAYDAWN.

No. 3.

Thus far upon our way, O Lord,
From past pollution, now abhorred
To purer, happier life,
We pray Thee for Thy guidance still,
For strength our mission to fulfil,
For victory in the strife.

Let self no more our lives control
Nor flesh confine the striving soul;
Far upward may we climb,
So shall we breathe diviner air
And see with purer eyes, and share
An intercourse sublime.

And while we strive to walk near Thee,
Our ever constant aim shall be
Thy kingdom to reclaim—
The reign of Righteousness and Peace,
When cruelty and strife shall cease,
And sorrow, sin and shame!

Henry Brice.

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.

The Spirit of God in man constitutes the one and only Church. The old churches and the more recent churches, great churches and little churches, are alike in professing to desire unity; and they are alike in declining to recognise "one Lord," and His "one Spirit," as "the bond of unity." They make their own conditions of unity, and will not accept God's one and only condition. His spirit embraces them all; but popes and priests, ministers and people, will have no unity apart from their own stipulations. The self-approving churches are not prepared to cast the idols they have made and set up, to the moles and bats. It seems to me that the unity of the future must begin outside all the churches. O Human Race of all nations, One God is the Father of your spirits; you are, therefore, essentially brothers and sisters. Love God and love each other; and set an example to the old churches, of unsectarian, undissembled love; and so lead in the unity which is compatible with all your distinctions. Hail the new morning which is now making its loving and tender appeal to all hearts. Come out of your cold murky past into the embrace of one sun, one love, one God, one humanity.

Rev. John Pulsford, D.D.

Why I am a Food Reformer.

(Being a speech delivered at Manchester, at the Jubilee Meeting of the Vegetarian Society, October 18th, 1897.)

BY MRS. ANNIE BESANT.



The Food Reform Movement has outlived the period of ridicule; it is entering on a period of successful propaganda, and of respectful recognition amongst all thoughtful and intelligent people. Looking now for a moment at the causes which lead people to adopt vegetarianism as a rule of life, there are many aspects in which the principle might be presented to the public. But I will confine my remarks to a review of those principles which deal with it from the general standpoint of the Law of Life—which, spoken in other words, is the Law of Love.

We may adopt a bloodless diet to purify the body, or in order that we may have a body that will be less an obstacle to intellectual and moral growth; and such reasons as these justify the practice, and no man or woman need be ashamed to confess them. But still deeper and more attractive than such an object is our *principle* as vegetarians, our recognition of the *unity* of life in all that is around us, and that we are but parts of that one universal life. When we recognise that unity of all living things, then at once arises the question—how can we support this life of ours with least injury to the lives around us; how can we prevent our own life adding to the suffering of the world in which we live? We find amongst animals, as amongst men, power of feeling pleasure, power of feeling pain; we see them moved by love and by hate; we see them feeling terror and attraction; we recognise in them powers of sensation closely akin to their own, and while we transcend them immensely in intellect, yet, in mere passional characteristics our natures and the animal's are closely allied. We know that when they feel terror, that terror means suffering. We know that when a wound is inflicted, that wound means pain to them. We know that threats bring to them suffering; they have a feeling of shrinking, of fear, of absence of friendly relations, and at once we begin to see that in our relations to the animal kingdom a duty arises which all thoughtful and compassionate minds should recognise—the duty that because we are stronger in mind than the animals, we are or ought to be their *guardians* and *helpers*, not their *tyrants* and *oppressors*, and we have no right to cause them suffering and terror merely for the gratification of the palate, merely for an added luxury to our own lives.

Man in this universe of unbroken lives has his duty. All who are weaker, all who are in his charge, all whom he is able to influence come or should come within the circle of his love. Those creatures that are around us and that help us by their lives, whose strength is yielded to our service, are knit to us by ties that humanity forbids us to disregard. But how can we talk about the prevention of cruelty to animals, and punish the carter, the ploughman, and the ignorant amongst us, if we set them the example of the worse cruelty of the cattle truck and the slaughter-house, and teach them that they have no ties of brotherhood with the creatures that we slay for the maintenance of our own lives? Thus looking upon the animal kingdom, a sense of duty awakens within us; we feel that they are not intended simply to be slaves of men's whims, to be victims of his fancies and desires; they are *living creatures*, showing forth a Divine life, in lesser measure than ourselves,

it may be, but it is the same Divine life that is the heart of their heart and the soul of their soul.

If that is so, if in *their measure* also they show forth the *love* that is Divine, should we check that manifestation, should we retard that evolution by letting them meet from their superiors, cruelty and death, instead of training, education and aid in their evolutionary growth? For the animal evolves under the fostering intelligence of man. The horse, the bullock, the dog, the elephant, any of the creatures that are around us in different lands, all develop a growing intelligence as they come into healthful relations with their elder brethren, men and women. We find that they answer with love to our love, and also with growing intelligence; and we begin to realize that it is our duty to train and help that growth by making them co-workers with ourselves, to develop their intelligence by human companionship; and not to slaughter them and thus make a gulf of blood between them and mankind.

Surely man should not go through Nature leaving behind him a track of destruction, of misery, of hideous injury. We ought to be the beautifiers of the world, but wherever man goes terror treads in his footsteps; wherever he travels fear continually stalks behind him. If he lands upon some island where hitherto human foot has not trodden: around the strange creature man, wild animals will gather, birds will come around him, curious, desiring to investigate the new form of living creature; and sailors tell us that when these creatures have crowded around them in trustful ignorance, coming close beside them they receive—what?—they are struck down in every direction, clubbed with dreadful weapons, their skins and feathers torn from off them, and they are often left uselessly slaughtered, bleeding witnesses of man's cruelty and tyranny. And as this has occurred time after time all through the animal world, the feeling of fear has arisen, so that when we walk through the wood or over the field, all the fair creatures of the woodland fly from our approach as soon as they hear our step; and it is only now and again in the history of mankind when some noble soul has been born to humanity—some saint of compassion and of love unbounded, like St. Francis of Assisi—it is only then that we have seen what man should be to the brute, what man *might be* to his younger brothers—for even the very birds, wild to others, would fly to him and settle on his shoulder, recognising the outpouring love that was within him, and trusting him as all innocent creatures trust one another.

So that one standpoint we may take up as Food Reformers is the standpoint of Love, of recognition of our true place in the world. Not only that we may have cleaner materials in our bodies, not only that we may have a better instrument for our minds and souls to work with, but that *we may be better channels of Divine Love to the world on every side*. For this reason, fundamentally, I am a vegetarian, and I would not take for myself, needlessly, the life of any sentient creature that lives around me.

And there is one other thought closely allied to this. What of our duties to our fellow-men? And here I appeal particularly to my own sex, because women are supposed to be rather the *standard* in the community of refinement, of gentleness, of compassion, of tenderness, of purity. But no one can eat the flesh of a slaughtered animal without having used the hand of a man as slaughterer. Suppose that we had to kill for ourselves the creatures whose bodies we would fain have upon our table, is there one woman in a hundred who would go to the slaughter-house to slay the bullock, the calf, the sheep, or the pig? Nay, is there one in a hundred who would not shrink from going to see it done, who would not be horrified to stand ankle deep in blood, and see the carcasses lying there just after the animals were slain? But if we could not do it, nor see it done; if we are so *refined* that we cannot allow close contact between ourselves and the butchers who furnish

this food, if we feel that they are so coarsened by their trade that their very bodies are made repulsive by the constant contact of the blood with which they must be continually besmirched; if we recognise the physical coarseness which results inevitably from such contact, dare we call ourselves refined *if we purchase our refinement* by the brutalization of *others*, and demand that *some* should be *brutal* in order that *we* may eat the results of their brutality? We are not free from the brutalizing results of that trade *simply because we take no direct part in it*.

Lately, I have been in the city of Chicago—one of the great slaughter-houses of the world—where the slaughter-men, who are employed from early morn till late at night in the killing of thousands of these hapless creatures, are made a class *practically apart from their fellow-men*: they are marked out by the police as *the most dangerous part of the community*; amongst them are committed most crimes of violence, and the most ready use of the knife is found. One day I was speaking to an authority on this subject, and I asked him how it was that he knew so decidedly that most of the murders and the crimes with the knife were perpetrated by that particular class of men, and his answer was suggestive although horrible. He said: "There is a peculiar turn of the knife which men learn to use in the slaughter-house, for as the living creatures are brought to them by machinery, these men slit their throats as they pass by. That twist of the wrist is the characteristic of most crimes with the knife committed amongst our Chicago population." That struck me at once as both a horrible and significant fact. What right have people to condemn other men to a trade that makes them so readily take to the knife in anger; which marks them out as specially brutalized—*brutes amongst their fellow-men*? Being constantly in the sight and the smell of blood, their whole nature is coarsened; accustomed to kill thousands of creatures, they lose all sense of reverence for sentient life, they grow indifferent to the suffering they continually see around them; accustomed to inflict pain, they grow callous to the sight of pain; accustomed to kill swiftly, and sometimes not even waiting till the creature is dead before the skin is stripped from it, their nerves become coarsened, hardened and brutalized, and they are less men as men because they are slaughterers of animals. And everyone who eats flesh meat has part in that brutalization; everyone who uses what they provide is *guilty of this degradation of his fellow-men*.

If I may not appeal to you in the name of the animals; if under mistaken views you regard animals as not sharing *your kind of life*; then I appeal to you in the name of *human brotherhood*, and remind you of your duty to your fellow men, your duty to your nation, which must be built up partly of the children of those who slaughter—who physically inherit the very signs of this brutalizing occupation. I ask you to recognise your duty as men and women who should *raise* the Race, not *degrade* it; who should try to make it *divine*, not *brutal*; who should try to make it *pure*, not *foul*; and therefore, in the name of Human Brotherhood, I appeal to you to leave your own tables free from the stain of blood, and your consciences free from the degradation of your fellow men.

THE HUMAN WILL.

There is no chance, no destiny—no fate

Can circumvent or hinder or control

The firm resolve of a determined soul.

Gifts count for nothing; *will* alone is great,

All things give way before it, soon or late.

What obstacle can stay the mighty force

Of the sea-seeking river in its course.

Or cause the ascending orb of day to wait?

Each well-born soul must *win* what it deserves

Let the fool prate of luck. The fortunate

Is he whose earnest purpose never swerves.

Whose slightest action or inaction serves

The one great aim; why even death stands still

And waits an hour, sometimes, for *such a will*.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Dreamers.



The world has never been without its dreamers—well for it that it has not!—and the fashion among a certain class of people, from Joseph's brethren downwards, has been to regard these with a mixture of scorn and amusement which is pitiable enough in its way. "Behold this *dreamer* cometh!" has been repeated on countless occasions regarding countless persons; the epithet denoting a man of no account, a useless man; in short, an unpractical man; and to be unpractical is the last disgrace of all.

Of the two rough divisions of mankind into men of ideas and men of action, the first, which includes all dreamers, is incomparably the greater: that is, it monopolizes most of the higher qualities with which the race is endowed. Just as we hold our bodies to be the lower part of us, acting under orders, as it were, from the spirit within, so in society the individuals who only *work* are inferior to those who *think* and *originate*; the workers are "under orders," and their masters, little as they may like to own it, are none other than the dreamers they so much despise. Where would be your "practical business man" if it were not for dreamers? Does he not rely on them for the means whereby he may carry on his work? What about his machinery?—he did not invent it; his chemical processes?—he did not discover them. Inventors and discoverers he would call dreamers, forgetting that he owes to them the very simplest results of his daily operations. Why, the foundation stone on which the enormous edifice of modern commerce has been raised was laid by a dreamer. What was George Stephenson? Verily, a builder of castles in the air, a dreamer of dreams—laughed at, reviled as a fantastic fool, but triumphant over all. The dreamer passes away—the dream, substantiated, remains.

But there is a class of dreamers infinitely more despised than those whose dreams issue in something tangible, palpable, actual, and yet whose work is of far greater importance to society. These are literary men, poets, painters, artists. They are preachers of the ideal, and to prove their value we have only to consider what ideals mean for us, what the world would be without them. The ideal is simply a *study of what we may attain to*. Ideals do not disdain realities; rather they aspire to change themselves into realities. An ideal is not a fleeting will-o'-the-wisp that draws us onward only to retreat the farther; not a bubble merely, that bursts ere we can touch it; it is a glorious *possibility*—a steady, clear, unflinching light that will guide us onward to higher things; something actual, only waiting for us to grasp it to become a reality. For an *ideal* good is always a *real* good even before it becomes a reality, because it always possesses an attraction for us—elevating and ennobling.

It is difficult, indeed, to separate the ideal from the real, and it may be said with truth that ideals are only true realities. In this way, if we acknowledge that only what is good and noble is enduring and eternal, then we can truly say that only what leads us towards goodness and nobility is real and abiding also. A force within, which compels or persuades us to live nobly, must be a living reality; and this is what a study of the ideal does. By holding up a picture of what the world may become—of reforms to be perfected, of principles to be enforced—the

ideal so attracts individual thought and so inspires individual effort, that it becomes *in itself*—intangible, unreal, unpractical as it is—the very greatest and most potent *reality*. What the world would be without such an inspiring force we dare not think. "Banish the ideal from the life of men," says a modern philosopher, and by the operation of the inexorable law, '*corruptio optimi pessima*,' men will sink below the level of the lower animals."

And, saying so much for the principle, what need be said for those that preach it? Surely nothing should be needed, no words to insist on their greatness, their intrinsic value, their eternal worth! Yet they are so often looked upon as aimless dreamers, not unseldom as harmless lunatics! "Art is the tongue of the ideal" it has been said; Art is the medium through which its high and ennobling influences come to us, reach and touch us. Artists are always idealists; and this, instead of being a reproach, is their eternal honour. It is the function of art to aspire—away from vulgarity, sordidness, selfishness; to put into our hearts a more intense conception of beauty—every kind of beauty; to nourish and feed those emotions which keep us simple and sincere, in sympathy with goodness and righteousness. Here, then, is a great power, a strong current in "the stream that makes for righteousness," largely neglected by the very people it would most benefit. Those whose daily work takes them into the thick of the struggle of commercial life; who grow materialistic unconsciously, but of necessity; these are they who need to keep alight the lamp of faith, of imagination, of tenderness. They are in danger of forgetting that the best half of their nature has a true existence at all; it has cried so often for food and they have stifled its voice, that now it has no voice to use, and without it they are becoming hard, mechanical, even inhuman—extreme as the word sounds; but, indeed, they are neglecting the very faculties which make them human, which raise them above the brute creation.

Ah, how we narrow our great, glorious world into little more than a "Tom Tiddler's ground for picking up gold and silver!" Here comes a man to tell us of other things—of beauty and grandeur and love; we call him a *dreamer*, and say, with comfortable conviction, "All poets are mad." Not until we have learned to admire what is truly admirable, and value what is really valuable, shall we be worthy to be called civilized, not to mention Christianized.

Art, no doubt, is "sentimental," and we sneer at it accordingly. It is concerned with men's feelings, rather than their actions. But how can we limit its influence? how deny the power of feeling over action? The truth is, we cannot afford to despise sentiment: all our life is not bound up in doing; we have hearts to feel, and heads to think, as well as hands to do, and we *must* reckon with them, whether we like it or not. Many of us need more sentiment, more refinement of feeling, more spirituality; we are growing all on one side, and are warped and deformed in consequence. A recent writer on Materialism, says that even the educated classes are "given over to industrialism, and to the exact sciences which minister to it; respecting nothing but accomplished fact, and palpable force, with nerves more sensitive than their hearts; seeking to season the platitude of existence with a more or less voluptuous æstheticism." To us who are in close contact with the teeming life of great commercial centres, such words have a profound meaning. How indeed are we "given over to Industrialism!"

Carlyle preached a great religion when he insisted so strongly on the sacredness of work, but he was himself one of the greatest dreamers the world has ever seen. His idea was to induce men to take life seriously, not to fritter it away carelessly, selfishly, and his work is a splendid proof of the power of the ideal. Mr. John Morley spoke wisely when he said he would be sorry for the country whose young men had ceased to dream dreams. We shall be in a grievous plight if that day ever comes to us. It is most true that we need more faith—faith in ourselves, and in what we can attain, as well as faith in Goodness, Truth and God. We need more imagination, too, to brighten our dull lives and lift us out of sordid anxieties; more than all, we need earnest aspiration—the fervent desire to be noble as far as in us lies; and sneer as we will, these things are generated in us by Dreamers.

A.

The Grape Cure.

BY DR. M. L. HOLBROOK.

By the grape cure is understood the daily, and for week's continued, eating of grapes, with the observance at the same time, of a prescribed diet. The action of the grapes upon the system is controlled by the kind of diet and by the quantity of grapes eaten as determined by the symptoms in each case, and by the constitution of the patient. In accordance with this, the prescribed diet is either liberal or restricted. Usually the amount of grapes eaten varies between three and eight pounds daily.

In eating the grapes, the following conditions must be observed: the fruit should be completely ripe, and should be washed before being eaten in order that impurities and insects may not be eaten with them. The grapes should not be bitten with the teeth, but pressed with the tongue against the roof of the mouth, by which the blunting of the teeth is lessened. The skins and seeds should not be swallowed. The cure is begun by eating a small quantity of grapes, usually one or two pounds each day, increased by half a pound daily until the desired quantity is reached. The cure should not be suddenly interrupted, but the quantity eaten gradually diminished daily.

To those who have an aversion to grapes on account of the disagreeable feeling which they cause in the teeth and in the mucus membrane of the mouth, I would give the freshly pressed juice. There are small presses for this purpose which the patient may use to extract the juice for each day's consumption. The objection sometimes made to this expressed juice, namely: that it may ferment before being drunk, and thus cause much injury, is not valid, since the time that intervenes between the pressing and drinking is not sufficient to admit of any change in the *must*. The fermentation may be wholly prevented for a length of time by closing up the juice securely in bottles; hermetical sealing of the bottles cannot, however, prevent fermentation, since the cause of fermentation, the germs, enter during the preparation, and cannot be excluded by the subsequent sealing. The juice enclosed in bottles may indeed keep longer than that exposed to the air, but certainly not for any great length of time. According to Neubauer, the juice keeps for years good and pure when well filtered, put into bottles, well closed up, and then the germs made incapable of development by heating the filled bottles one quarter of an hour in a kettle of boiling water. He also says that he has kept it thus treated in his cellar for a length of time, and that it may be used for the purposes of the grape cure at any season of the year.

We return now to the subject of the cure. The grapes to be eaten each day are divided into three portions. Exercise in the open air is necessary during the act of eating. The first portion is eaten before breakfast, fasting, between seven and eight o'clock, though patients who cannot bear this may first eat their usual breakfast and an hour afterward take the first portion of grapes. It may also in some cases be necessary to allow no grapes at this time, or to allow some bread crust to be eaten with them. When the grapes are eaten fasting, the breakfast may be eaten an hour later, and should, of course, be light. It may consist of bread, tea, thin chocolate, or light soup. The second portion of grapes is taken in the forenoon, at least an hour before dinner; the third portion in the afternoon, between three and five o'clock, but always from one to two hours after dinner. Some physicians allow a fourth portion after supper (Schulze)."

The season of the cure falls within that of the ripening of the grapes, which varies according to the location of the grape cure, as southerly or northerly, and between the middle of August and the middle of October.

With regard to diet, the following articles are permitted—bread, butter, milk, thin chocolate, and fruits in limited quantities. The protection of the teeth requires their being cleansed with some powder which will neutralize fruit acids, as prepared chalk.

Regarding those best for eating, the following are the chief requirements: that the grapes should not be too small; that the skins should be thin; that they should possess a sweet and agreeably aromatic taste; that the juice should not be too watery, and should have a good body, and the berry should be somewhat fleshy; that they should have a certain consistency or hardness. According to the number and degree of these qualities, table grapes are classified as very fine and tolerably good.

It is in European countries that the grape cure has been most thoroughly studied and highly developed; but there is no reason why it should not be made popular in every country.

CHEERFULNESS, AS A MEDICINE.

Cheerfulness is a potent factor in the cure of all diseases, especially those of the stomach and liver, as these organs are dependent on the healthful circulation of the blood for their large supply of secretions in order to insure good digestion. The quality and quantity of these secretions are materially influenced by a happy mental state, whilst the opposite, as occasioned by fear, anxiety, or anger, is destructive in disordering the digestion, increasing or stopping the flow of bile, irritating the heart and brain, and rapidly exhausting the nervous system. These emotions, more than anything else, tend to a disordered state of circulation.

I have in my mind a family under my care who adopted the plan of being merry at meals, conjoined with good healthful living, for the sake of one very delicate member, with astonishing results which were evidenced by all. In many cases considered hopeless, hope and a cheerful state have been the starting point. We begin to see that those of olden time had some use for the merry-making clown at the dinner table. A merry, hearty-looking man stated to me he was never sick, and he supposed the reason was that he was very moderate and took everything easy, never worrying or anxious about anything. This, seemingly, would not suit most of us, who look at life in a careful practical way, but no doubt many of us would be much benefitted by adopting more of this cheerful, happy-go-lucky state.

Who does not enjoy the company of the laughing man or woman who is continually taking *Nature's* "Swedish movements"? Some may say this is all very well, but our temperament is not of the cheerful kind. True, but we can cultivate the habits of body and mind most conducive to this state. Let the mind take in cheerful impressions and close to what is gloomy. Of course, it is not a cure-all. One may be cheerful and happy and yet suffer, as in severe cases of organic trouble, but if agreeable emotions can be started, they set in motion nervous currents which stimulate, if ever so feebly, the blood, brain, and nervous system, into healthy activity, making a good starting-point for the careful physician to use treatment, which should be as nearly allied to nature's methods as possible.

Let us be sociable, and do not give up to gloomy thoughts of our future, and pictures of want and misery in our old age, but pluck up hearts gracefully, and go about our daily task rejoicing!

W. D. H. Brown, M.D.

THE SUNSHINE OF LIFE.

If you become as an angel in the use of language, it is worthless without love; if you secure all wisdom and faith and benevolence, it will be of no value without love.

"The night has a thousand eyes, and the day but one,
But the light of the whole world dies with the setting sun;
The mind has a thousand eyes and the heart but one,
But the light of the whole world dies when love is done."

Christian Leader.



Edited by Sidney H. Beard.

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Notes by the Way.

It is a strange fact that in this practical age, in which the close relationship of cause and effect is so generally believed in, we should have so carelessly embraced the idea that man is born to a certain inheritance of more or less physical evil, without seeking a possible cause in some important violation of Physical Law.

It is true that much research is made into the mysteries of bacteriology, with a view to combatting certain forms of disease, but in spite of it all, the fact remains, that one-fifth of the English race are swept away before the prime of life is reached, by Consumption; that the still more horrible malady Cancer is increasing in this and other countries to an alarming extent; that Dipsomania claims annually a vast host of victims, besides deluging the world with crime, vice, poverty, and misery of every description; and that the average length of human life in civilized lands is less than half what it should be.

The remedy is a more general observance of Hygienic and Natural Law, especially in the matters of pure food, pure water, and pure air. A *carnivorous* people can never be a *healthy* people, for they are violating God's physical laws from Monday morning until Sunday night.

"Citizen's Sunday" has been well observed throughout the metropolis this year. Important Sermons upon the duties of Christians as Citizens have been preached by the leading Clergymen and Ministers of London.

Dr. Clifford laid emphasis upon the fact that the world's history has proved that an *unhealthy* people physically, tend to become an *immoral* people. After quoting Professor Huxley's statement that 800 cubic feet of air are necessary for each person, he stated that 111,000 people lived *two in a room*, in London, 37,000 lived *five in a room*, and 6,000 *seven in one room*; the record going as high as *seventeen* men, women, and children in *one apartment*. He declared that this over-crowding meant the destruction of the health and the purity of many thousands, and that the problem of over-crowding of cities was of such importance that the solving of it would decide the future of our race.

There is only one plan which we know of which bids fair to solve this problem, and that is to get the people back on to the land by creating such a demand for fruit and garden produce as will necessitate the employment of millions of additional agricultural labourers.

The Jubilee Anniversary of the Vegetarian Society which took place in Manchester, on October 18th, was a complete success in every way, and the evening Meeting in the Central Hall was a "record" gathering. The spirit and enthusiasm manifested in every speech, and also by the audience, evinced a most unmistakable belief in the future success of the Movement.

Seven Members of The Order—six being *Councillors*—delivered speeches upon this occasion, thus demonstrating the fact that we are a *fighting force* of Reformers *who mean business*, that we wish to strengthen the hands of all fellow-workers, and that we desire to pay the fullest tribute of grateful recognition to the pioneers of Food Reform in this country, for the great services they have rendered to the community during the past 50 years by sweeping away the popular barbaric superstition—that health and strength depend upon the consumption of animal carcasses. The able speech from the Chair, delivered by Mrs. Annie Besant, we publish in extenso, and we regret that our space does not permit of our adopting the same course with the other addresses in this issue; but we hope to print some of them later on.

We record with sincere sorrow the death of Mr. Edmund J. Baillie, F.L.S., a Member of the Council of the Order and an earnest worker in our Movement. He was a contributor to the first copy of "The Herald," and has spoken through its pages on many occasions since, manifesting a deep interest in the Movement, and aiding it in many ways. His useful life, devoted to the advocacy of the highest human culture and practical religion, came to a sudden termination on October 18th, whilst the Jubilee Gathering of the Vegetarian Society was taking place, the sad news arriving just after the reading of his last literary effort, which was entitled "A Guild of Good Life." We mourn the loss of a true comrade and fellow-worker: but as we gaze upon his picture, in its frame in the Council Room, we look forward to a joyful reunion in that country which lies beyond the Valley of the Shadow.

Under the title of "Scientific Murder," *The Echo*, quotes Dr. Edward Berdoe's criticism of the experiments for the artificial production of Yellow Fever in healthy subjects, made by Professor Sanerelli, which were reported in "The Boston Evening Transcript." After pointing out the fact that Sanerelli makes the triumphant announcement that he produced all the terrible effects of Yellow Fever in his patients—including the *final collapse*—by means of the yellow fever poison made in his laboratory, Dr. Berdoe sums up the matter thus:—

"It has come to this then, that *deliberate murder* can be committed in a laboratory for scientific purposes. This is what I have always maintained is the *logical outcome of licensed vivisection*."

An important circular has been issued by the Peace Society, advocating the formation in every city of a Council of International Concord, which should consist of well-known, competent, and esteemed persons willing to undertake the duty of promoting International conciliation.

The main idea of this proposal is that the false news and misrepresentations, concerning the attitude and rights of other Nations, which are frequently circulated by political wire-pullers through the newspapers which they control financially, should be subject to criticism and exposure. The sparks of jealousy, commercial rivalry, and vague antipathy which arise from time to time, might, instead of being fanned to a flame, often thus be extinguished by the publication of the true facts of the case and the manifestation of the spirit of International Fraternity.

It is to be hoped this excellent idea will be heartily taken up, so that the people may have a greater voice in making decisions concerning National disputes, instead of being hoodwinked and plunged into disastrous strife by mammon-worshipping

politicians as they have often been in the past, and are still more likely to be in the future. It is specially desirable that such a scheme should be carried out forthwith in view of the fact that we are making enemies throughout the world by our numerous wars of aggression and our territorial greed.

It is impossible to take a thorough survey of the civilized world, without seeing that most of the evils which thoughtful minds deplore, are the result of certain erroneous ideas which are held by the Community. For instance hundreds of thousands of men are ready at the word of command, to leave the wives and children who depend upon them, and to march with their lives in their hands at the bidding of political wire-pullers, to the slaughter of fellow-creatures who have never done them any harm, and with whom they have no real quarrel, simply because they have got the notion in their heads that it is a *patriotic duty* to adopt this course of action, without any consideration as to whether the murderous onslaught which they make upon their neighbours is either *necessary* or *justifiable*.

Another, and alas more generally accepted idea throughout Christendom is that for the sake of promoting our own comfort, welfare, health or aggrandisement, we are justified in ignoring the rights of fellow-creatures who happen to be weaker than ourselves, and in sacrificing them upon the altar of our selfishness. This latter false principle is one of the greatest obstacles which stands in the way of the amelioration of the world, and of the ushering in of an Era of universal peace and happiness, therefore we invite all good and true souls to unite with us in combatting it.

We hear much nowadays about men being *self-made*, and are often thus reminded of the homely retort of an American election constituent, who in response to a boast of this kind from the candidate, shouted out to the speaker—"You would have done better to put the work out to contract." Whilst it is true that self-culture is a supremely important duty, and formation of character rests to a great extent with ourselves, many men would have avoided shipwreck, if instead of considering themselves perfectly sufficient to shape their own destinies, and to steer their own bark across life's stormy seas, they had invoked the aid of a Divine Pilot, and had sought Heavenly wisdom.

We offer the heartiest congratulation to Mr. Josiah Oldfield, M.A.—the able and devoted Secretary of the Vegetarian Federal Union, and the Warden of the Oriolet Vegetarian Hospital—upon the attainment of his diploma as a Physician and Surgeon. His influence for good and the cause of Humanity, which has been great in the past, will doubtless be increased by this additional achievement.

Conference is to be held in London, on December 7th, in connection with the recently-formed "Moral Instruction League." The object of the Society is to promote more definite instruction in the Board Schools, on the subject of *morality, humaneness and good citizenship*—in place of *Sectarian Theology*. Those who are interested in this good work can obtain particulars from Miss Z. Vallance, The Deanery, Stratford, London, E.

One of the hardest things to bear as a result of joining The Order—is the irony and satire of those, in opposition to whom we are bound to take our stand. We should like to instance a case of a young man who has recently joined our ranks, and who had the courage to wear our Badge of Membership in spite of the fact that in the whole of the mills in which he is employed he is the only one who has thus taken a firm stand amongst his fellow men, on the side of Truth, Righteousness, and Mercy. Needless to say, he has met ridicule and opposition, but we should like to remind him, and all who are

placed in similar conditions, that some of the most blessed promises which Christ ever made on earth, were made to those who are obedient to the dictates of conscience, and not afraid to confess loyalty to Him, and to the spirit of His teaching, before men.

There has been a steady demand for Leaflets and Pamphlets this month, but some members are still content to *look on* while others *work*. Are you amongst the *Camp followers*, or in the *Fighting line*?

Our Christmas Number will be enlarged and well illustrated; it will also be made as attractive as possible, and we trust that our Members and Friends will aid us in giving it a large circulation. Suitable and Original articles will not be too late if sent in *at once*. We hope to include a reproduction in Sepia of a celebrated work of art, which has hitherto been unobtainable, except at considerable cost. The price will be Threepence, and we trust that our friends will send in their orders promptly, so that we may know how many to print.

One of the chief reasons why the Food Reform Cause has not made greater progress in the past, is that God's power and co-operation has not been sufficiently sought by *individual workers*. This great Movement is essentially a religious one. The Western world is not going to be turned from this much-loved but evil habit of flesh eating by *mere human persuasions*, or by a presentation of the economic or hygienic advantages which are attached to a vegetarian diet.

Not long since, a Nonconformist Minister spoke to us, and after expressing his warmest appreciation of the laudable intentions of the Food Reformers, he summed up the whole matter, as far as he was concerned, by saying "But I like a good steak," as if that settled the question. Now, if this is the attitude of a representative (although truly an unworthy one) of the Christian ministry, who are supposed to look at things from an *ethical* standpoint, how are we likely to convert *men of the world* from their primitive barbaric ways, by merely telling them of the advantages of a Reformed Diet? They will generally reply in spirit, if not in word, "If you like it, adopt it, but I like my steak and mean to have it." No, the only way to convert Christendom to humane and righteous living, is to seek that Divine power which will enable us to convince their consciences that flesh eating is not only *harmful*, but that it is *wrong*; that the appalling cruelties which are inseparably connected with it, are an outrage upon Moral Law and Eternal Justice because totally unnecessary—and that it behoves all who seek to walk with God and do His will to sever themselves from connection with the shambles, to come out from amongst the world of "riotous eaters of flesh," and to touch no more the unclean thing, called animal food.

GOING TO THE SLAUGHTER.

Poor weary kine, that tread the stony way,
Far from the clover meadows, green and sweet;
Look not about with large and mournful eyes,
There is no pity in the souls you meet.
The hearts of those who drive thee to thy death
Are harder than the flints on which you tread,
Man's greed for flesh consigns thee to thy doom,
To lay beneath the axe thy trembling head.

The slaughter lowers upon the evening gloom,
Thy gates gape wide to swallow thee within,
And fiends behind thee shriek and lash thy side
With thorny sticks, till they with blood are dyed.
And yet, thou art a useful beast indeed,
And never hath committed any sin,
But man hath sinned, and so thou now must bleed,
To satisfy his gluttony and greed.

Astley Walton.

THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF FOOD REFORM WORK :

Being a Paper read at the International Vegetarian Congress, London, 1897.

By THE EDITOR.

There are many reasons why the advocacy of Food Reform should be regarded as a *religious* work, and there can be little doubt that an immense impetus will be given to the Vegetarian Movement if this aspect of the question is more thoughtfully considered by Food Reformers, and this idea is more generally apprehended.



If to proclaim to men and women practical truths which belong to their peace; if to urge them to cease violating God's Laws and to obey His Will constitutes *religious work* and a *definite form of Christian service*, then the advocacy

of a natural, hygienic, and humane diet should commend itself to every truly religious person and follower of Christ.

The gospel of Food Reform is all this, and more. Not only is it calculated to go to the root of a great deal of human misery and social depravity, but it strikes at the great stumbling-block which stands in the way of the advance of God's Kingdom of Righteousness upon this earth. No one who has thoroughly investigated the subject, can avoid the conclusion that a flesh and blood diet strengthens man's carnality, augments his passion, and brings upon him physical diseases—which, in their turn, induce mental and spiritual ailments having most disastrous consequences. In addition to this, carnivorous food prevents man attaining that spirituality of mind and those heights of philosophic thought which reveal to him opportunities for rendering beneficent service to his fellows. It also weakens his spiritual power, and has a tendency to hold him in bondage to the self plane of consciousness. Nothing can be more distressing than the realization of the immense amount of altruistic aspiration and effort which has been lost to the world, through the beclouding of human intellect and spiritual vision in the past centuries, by flesh and blood diet.

There are very few Food Reformers who have not received glimpses of these truths as the outcome of their own experience. This being the case, it ought not to be difficult to convince you that there is no more direct method of serving God and man than by devoting one's energies to the work of challenging this terrible violation of physical and moral law from every standpoint from which it can be logically attacked.

The past experience, however, of the Vegetarian Movement has demonstrated that it is exceedingly difficult for the prevalent customs, which are the outcome of centuries of ancestral habit, to be changed by merely making those who eat flesh aware of the fact that their dietetic habits are wasteful and injurious, and that it is possible for human beings to follow a more excellent way. This method has been tried, and whilst it is true that some success has been obtained, yet when one considers the *magnitude* of the evil, the deplorable consequences which result from it, and the *overwhelming arguments* which can be urged against it, the number of those who have been won over from the ranks of the carnivora is, to say the least of it, somewhat disappointing. *Something more is evidently needed*, and it is to this *something* that I would invite the attention of every earnest worker in this great cause.

There is a psychic force known in this world under the name of *moral suasion*. It is something quite different to *intellectual persuasion*, and it is set in operation by a direct appeal to man's conscience or spirit—the force of that appeal depending upon the amount of spiritual force, energy, or vitality of the person who makes it. This spiritual force, in turn, depends upon the extent to which a human soul has become endowed with divine or spiritual life, has apprehended eternal verities, and is actuated by loyalty to truth and obedience to the voice of God—which is ever calling men to self-denying service for the sake of Righteousness and the benefit of their fellow creatures.

It is this power of exercising moral suasion, when manifested by those who have possessed spiritual vitality, which has transformed the ideas and actions of mankind at various periods of the world's history, and the great reforms of the future, will, in all probability, be brought about by this force and no other—

for, in plain English, it represents *the power of God working through human instrumentality*. This being the case, and in view of the stupendous magnitude of the task which is set before us as Food Reformers; in view of the glorious harvest which awaits those who can awaken Christendom to a realization of the true nature of carnivorous practices and the ethics upon which they are based; in view of the incalculable amount of suffering, misery, and sin which can be prevented through the coming generations, if the world can be induced to amend its thoughts and its deeds in this respect, does it not behove us, *one and all*, to seek a clearer apprehension of these great facts, and also a personal endowment of this spiritual force which will alone enable us to fight this battle against the barbaric notions and customs of Society, *in such a manner as to win it*.

The time has come when we should cease merely to apologise for our existence and to endeavour to persuade people that we are actually able to survive upon bloodless food. The time has come when we should boldly challenge the morality of flesh-eating when practised by any man or woman in a civilized country, and ask all those about us, in as tactful but yet forcible a manner as circumstances permit of, to justify their unnecessary participation in the murder and consumption of their fellow-creatures, *if they can*, or else to abandon it.

The few years' experience which I have had of Food Reform work have had crowded into them a great deal more than falls to the lot of the average Vegetarian. The thousands of letters which I have received, together with the numerous interviews which I have had with men and women on this subject, convince me that moral suasion is the great dynamic by which the Era of butchery is to be brought to an end. I find that when a man ceases to eat flesh in obedience to the voice of conscience, not only does he fight his way through the initial difficulties of the change, but he begins at once to become a missionary to his neighbours and friends, and, in most cases, burning the bridge that lies behind him, boldly avows himself a *Vegetarian for life*. On the other hand, I am continually coming across Vegetarians, who simply adopted the change of diet at some time, from hygienic motives, and who, after a few years, through inconvenience, an attack of indigestion, or some other cause have backslidden to the flesh-pots. Again, I have often found that upon making known to these backsliders the religious aspect of the Vegetarian Movement, they have at once acknowledged the force of the plea, and, expressing astonishment that the matter had not been put to them in that light before, have declared that they will start anew in the Food Reformer's pilgrimage and will seek to tread the path actuated by loftier motives than before.

There are thousands of young men and women standing idle in our Christian Churches who will gladly embrace a definite call to practical, common-sense religion, and a form of Christian service which promises them an adequate return for their labour. If we go to these and talk to them of Vegetarianism, as a mere change of diet, they often smile upon us and pay little heed to our message. If, on the other hand, we approach them and tell them of a practical method of hastening the accomplishment of Christ's purposes towards this fallen world, and of sapping the drink crave at its foundation; if we hold out to them a reasonable hope of removing the great hindrances which have barred the advent of God's reign of righteousness and love upon this earth; if we tell them it is possible to bring a practical and tangible blessing both immediately and throughout the coming years into the lives of the men and women about us—whose cry at present is "Who will show us any good in the midst of our hopeless struggle against the old Adam and the diseases which seem so certain to come upon us?"—they will respond to our appeal to join us in this great and noble work!

For the sake of the work itself, for the sake of the new volunteers we may enlist, for the sake of this poor sin-cursed world which we are seeking to help, and *for our own sakes*—in order that we may labour with nobler enthusiasm, with more consecrated zeal and more determined effort, as well as with more distinct and evident success—I take this opportunity of urging upon you, one and all, to look upon the work of promoting Food Reform from the standpoint of religion, to consecrate yourselves to it as to a service which is infinitely more acceptable to the Almighty than singing Psalms or making long prayers, and to join hands with those of us who are seeking from God

such qualifications of mind and heart as will enable us to turn many to righteousness, and thus ameliorate the condition of tens of thousands of our fellow-creatures, both now and throughout the coming centuries.

Let us think of the awful scenes being enacted in the operating theatres of our hospitals and the sufferers who are languishing under the affliction of loathsome diseases in the various wards. Let us consider the hopeless, despairing millions, dwelling amidst squalor, vice, and depravity in the slums of our great cities. Let us reflect upon the condition of the broken-hearted women whose husbands are drifting rapidly down the drunkard's "descensus averni." Let us imagine the despair of the sad but helpless multitude of our fallen sisters, who, outraged by man and wronged by society, are being offered up at the shrine of human carnality. Let us think of the millions of gentle but sentient creatures who are being daily massacred or tortured in consequence of the tiger spirit which is dominant in the Human Race. Then, realizing the vicious degeneration of body and demoralization of soul which results from violating God's physical laws in the important matter of diet, and being convinced by experience and study that the habit of eating flesh and blood is the chief cause of this great tragedy which is being ceaselessly enacted, let us make such a consecration of our time and talents as will be a worthy response to the needs of the case, to the light which God has shed upon our path, and to the call which He makes to us, as His children, to break the bonds of ignorance and sin asunder and to let the oppressed go free!

COMRADE!

We have never seen each other, you and I,
Yet our hearts shake hands, my brother; you and I
Have a bond beneath the skies;
By a light in Freedom's eyes
We are linked like steel together, you and I.

We vowed to end her sorrow, you and I,
When hope she scarce could borrow; you and I
Have loved her all forlorn,
And whoe'er may be forsworn,
We have kept our troth like true men, you and I.

We have lived, and for her solely, you and I,
'Mongst the outcast and the lowly, you and I;
In the depths without a name
Have felt the blast and flame
Of the soul destroying furnace, you and I.

We have known the hungry craving, you and I,
But scorned the servile slaving, you and I
Have trampled iron-shod
On the one and only god
Of the slave and money-getter, you and I.

Where Dives crows the loudest, you and I
Could climb; aye 'mongst the proudest, you and I,
But nothing ever vies,
With the light in Freedom's eyes,
And the love we two have for her, you and I.

In waking and in sleeping, you and I
Our hope and trust are keeping, you and I;
When the lurid lightning runs
'Midst the thunder of the guns,
To charge amongst the foremost, you and I.

On that day of Armageddon, you and I,
Will show what food we fed on, you and I,
By the records and proceeds
Of the past know well what deeds
Are wanted in the future, you and I.

Though we've never seen each other, you and I,
We're children of one mother, you and I,
And when wrought her high behest
She will clasp us to her breast,
For the deathless love we bore her, you and I.

This poem was sent us by kindred spirits in Australia. It awoke an immediate response and we send it forth as a greeting to other Comrades.

Peter.

BY GRACE ANDREWS.

For three brief years I have learned of, and lived with, my Master. And now I have denied Him.

After following Him and cleaving to Him, after daring to believe, to think for myself—I have come to this!

He had taught me "Brotherhood." At last—for I was slow to believe—but at last I had come to see that all men were *one* with Him, with my Master, Christ; and as He was one with God, so were *they*. Ay, and greater things than that should I know in the future, He had said. And this is the end!

Oh, that I might pour out my soul in tears—if that would blot out my life. Oh, that I could be as when I first saw the Christ, and following Him afresh—could keep His commands more faithfully, and leave out this black despair of guilt!

Oh, that Jehovah would kill me in His anger! But He slayeth me not, He standeth far off and mocketh at me. He sayeth: "Thou hast assumed and now hast thou fallen. Thou hast thought to be what thou wast never worthy to be, and the punishment has descended upon thee. Thou shalt suffer, and know that thou hast added to thy Master's grief!"

My Master! My Master!

Thou art the Christ! I truly said that in the days that are gone. And I was Thy disciple, and now—have forsaken Thee, and denied Thee.

He wrestled alone in the garden, and I—I slept! He woke me, and I slept again; I might perhaps have stayed far off, waiting—but I slept.

And then, I forsook Him. Again, at the last, *denied* Him.

I see His eyes now. They are turned upon me, not in anger, but in *love*, in *pity*. He knew that the anguish would come upon me. He, mocked, insulted, spat upon, yet remembered His false disciple and—*loved* him.

My Master! My Master! Thou art far from me, and I cannot pray Thee for forgiveness!

What shall be the end of this? If Thou art freed, and crowned King of the Jews, I shall never venture near Thee.

But that will not be. For Thee is pain and agony unutterable; for Thee is anguish of soul, and God will be far from Thee. And I—I shall never dare to think of ever standing near Thee in Thy last great anguish!

If I die, I shall never forget—no, nor ever lose the memory of those eyes.

I will arise and say that I have sinned. I will remember His words and teach them, saying that I, who forsook Him, cannot but keep all men in remembrance of His mighty deeds and words. I will go to the vilest, for I am viler still. I have forsaken and denied my Master.

I will say to all men that all are one, and that I, the traitor, am *still* His disciple, though He never look upon my face again.

The wind blows chill. The stars shine faintly now. The morning comes.

For me, Peter—now there is naught but to *live* for Him, for I am not worthy to die for Him.

I will arise and go forth. The night is over and day is come.

A Mere Matter of Taste.

BY HENRY BRICE.

The village of Dulderness was in a very isolated Devonshire district. It was said to be ten miles from anywhere, and



it was at any rate ten miles from the nearest railway station, which means a good deal now-a-days, either for good or evil, according to one's tastes or requirements. The inhabitants were left considerably behind the times, and did not know much of what was going on in the world. A visitor or new resident was a rarity; of the latter, the Vicar had been the only one for several years, and he had already been here long enough to feel somewhat stranded and stagnant.

Fortunately for himself, he was not a man of advanced views or restless temperament. He did not object to a quiet, secluded life; he liked the country and severely blamed himself for not altogether

liking the natives. The neglected condition of the old church and the apathy of the parishioners troubled him not a little. He had done his best to brighten up the building and to effect some improvement in the dull method of conducting the services; but he had to be careful in his attempts. Even the adoption of the white surplice in the pulpit was looked upon with disfavour, and so was the placing of flowers on the communion table; and the suggestion of a surpliced choir of boy choristers created so much alarm that it had to be abandoned.

Even the celebration of the Harvest Festival, so usual in country churches, had almost fallen into abeyance, so great was the indifference manifested. In this matter the Vicar felt very anxious to do something worthy of the occasion, and that would create a greater interest in the district. Not wishing to startle his sleepy flock too much however, he thought it wisest to consult his churchwardens as to the extent of the decorations, and he therefore asked them to call at the Vicarage one evening towards the close of the harvest, for that purpose.

One of the wardens was a farmer and the other a butcher, each of the usual type, and possessing just the amount of intelligence that might be expected under all the circumstances. The Vicar explained his view of the subject, and rather wasted his eloquence on them in describing the wonderful recurrence of seed-time and harvest, the duty of gratitude to the Divine Author of all good, and a display of the same at the worship in His temple. He proposed a supply of sheaves of wheat, loaves, fruit and flowers; and that the ladies should be asked to assist in decorating the chancel, pulpit, desk, and font, and as far as possible the other parts of the church.

The farmer, in his vacant, smiling way, seemed very pleased with the idea, and offered to supply any amount of grain, vegetables, apples and pears. The butcher looked a bit puzzled, but he wished to be equally generous, and had no idea of being outdone by his fellow warden. He said—"grain and vegetables and fruit was all very well, but sacrifices and offerings was always of beasts, and besides, them was the mainstay of life. Why shouldn't there be a fine, fresh-killed heifer laid down in front of the communion rails? Perhaps a show of 'eads and 'earts and inwards might be objected to; they didn't look quite so

purty, and some people were so nasty particlar, but a nice little sucking pig now, smiling with a happle in his mouth, and festoons of sausages hung all about, would make as purty a show as anybody could wish. So *he* thought at any rate; and he would send as much as ever was wanted."

Now most men would have scouted such a suggestion as this, and laughed at it as mere nonsense; but the Vicar was accustomed to take things seriously, and he was both shocked and angry. But for the obvious sincerity of the churchwarden, he would have taken the proposal as an insult. He said he had never heard such an absurd suggestion in all his life; he might call it profane and disgusting. How any man with a grain of common sense could even dream of such a thing, he could not understand. It was shocking, it was irreverent; it was in fact so ridiculous that he would say no more about it.

He felt the more angry because of being angry with himself for having said all this. He should have treated such nonsense with silent contempt.

The butcher seemed surprised and hurt; the farmer chuckled. "Tell'e what" he said to his brother warden "us may bring that sort of truck along wi' us to church, but we must hide it away in our ins'des; that's all the difference, I take it."

The Vicar had risen indignantly to terminate the interview. "Well," said the unfortunate butcher, "I don't know what you'm so put out for, sir. Why should us be ashamed of what we eat? And if it's nice to eat, how can it be desgustin?"

The Vicar's dinner bell rang soon after the churchwardens had gone; but when the joint was placed before him, he sent it to the other end of the table and declined to partake of it. The butcher's question still haunted him—"Why should we be ashamed of what we eat?" or rather, as the Vicar himself transposed it—"Why should we eat of that of which we are ashamed, and which is so disgusting?"

It was only the æsthetic view that affected him, although one might have thought that as a teacher of all that is pure and holy, the ethical view would have influenced him most. But this latter had not been presented to him with such brutal frankness; and the one motive, the lesser, sometimes leads to the greater.

The Harvest Festival was after all a great success; and never had the old church looked so bright and cheerful, filled as it was with the beauty and fragrance of all the fruits and flowers in season, "the kindly fruits of the Earth," as an acknowledgment of the bounty of Heaven.

THE WRONGS OF MOTHERHOOD.

Motherhood is the gateway through which perfected manhood and womanhood must come. It is under woman's beating heart that the nations march into existence, but hitherto, she, like the Israelites of old, has had to make bricks without straw, has had to furnish body and brain without the needed elements, the requisite conditions for their perfection.

The woman movement of the last half century means more than the ballot. It means more than equality with man in all the pursuits of life. It means an entire reconstruction of society. It means a system of society in which the motive powers to action shall be brought to bear upon the moral instead of upon the selfish elements of character.

It means a system of society in which human beings are considered of more value than property, and the knowledge of how to improve *our kind* of more importance than how to improve *animals*. It means a system of society in which all that tends to the physical, mental and moral well-being of generating *mothers* shall be considered of more importance than cathedrals, palaces, bank accounts, or any form of public or private wealth held for the use of individuals or the building up of sects. In a word it means a system of society that shall give us *motherhood*.

But how is it now? Ah, *how is it now!* Let the mothers of the one half of the children born with so little life that it will not last them over five years, answer; let the mothers generating the coming generation in garrets and cellars, answer; let the mothers who are weaving the coming life in the loom of bare walls, smoking chimney stacks, scant food, excessive toil and stifling heat, answer!—*Louis Waisbroker.*

Capri and its People.

BY M. DOUGLAS FAIRBAIRN.

Nature seems not only to have fashioned this island into a harmony of form and colour, but also to have forced man to build his dwellings in fantastic and idyllic character. The little town of Capri, built up between the hills of San Michele and Castello, is most original. The small white houses have flat roofs, raised in the middle; flowers are cultivated on these, and in the evening the inhabitants sit there and enjoy the breezes and



view of the roseate sea. All the rooms are vaulted like the lower stories of the villas in the time of Tiberius. The house is either surrounded by a terrace, or opens up into a roofed loggia, or verandah, that looks very cheerful, as it is generally overgrown with vines and beautiful flowers, blue hortensias, purple carnations, and pink oleander. If the house possesses a garden, the pergola, or vine-clad arbour, is before the door; it is the most beautiful ornament of these island-dwellings, for consisting as it does, of a double row of white pillars supporting the vine, even the poorest house acquires a certain air of refinement, a something antique and ideal in its architecture. These columns, overgrown with vines, often resemble the arches of a temple; they remind me of the pillars in the houses at Pompeii. Here and there a palm-tree stands in the garden. Each of these houses seems the home of happiness and peace.

Everything here is graceful, small, and dainty, and especially charming the occupations of the girls in their homes, where they reel up the fine golden-coloured silk, or roll it off, and weave gay ribbons. Many looms are at work here; the girls weave busily from sunrise to nightfall. It is pleasant to watch this tranquil Homeric occupation, so essentially and fascinatingly feminine, in the little vaulted rooms, or on the terraces beneath the flowering trees and in continual sight of the sea.

A typical Caprian Girl.

Were I to paint poverty in its happiest and serenest aspect I would represent it in the shape of young Costanziella. After carrying a pyramid of stones on her head throughout the heat of the day up to the picturesque old convent, she reposes in the evening, leaning against the porch of the house, taking pleasure in her own sweet music—for she is a finished virtuosa on the Jew's-harp. Many a fascinating melody has she played to me with inimitable grace and skill—all manner of ocean fantasies, chants of the Sirens in the Blue Grotto, songs without words, marvellous ditties that no mortal has ever heard or could name. All these she played to perfection, her black eyes laughing, her curls waving about her brow as though they danced for joy.

When Costanziella had concluded her concert, she invited me, with the most gracious dignity, to supper up on the roof with her mother. The repast consisted of ripe prickly pears, which Costanziella deftly pulled from the solitary tree before the house without injuring her small fingers with the thorns. Her mother was what one calls a subject for a picture, and displayed more interest in the viands than in anything else. Costanziella never tasted meat; she only carried stones all day, and played the Jew's-harp in the evening; her diet was dry bread, fruit and potatoes with salt and oil. *When I asked her whether she had ever tasted roast meat, she laughed aloud.* Yet no Olympian Hebe, no Circe, and no Delian Diana was rosier, nor more curly of locks, and none was more gay or expert with the Jew's-harp.

Answers to Enquirers.

Questions concerning Practical Truth and Reform will be answered under this heading. Those who have mental or social difficulties concerning the ideas we advocate are invited therefore to make them known.

(27.)—**How was the Passover Feast observed by Hebrews who were abstainers from animal flesh—such as the Essenes, Nazarites, etc.?**

A Jewish Rabbi told a prominent speaker and worker in the Food Reform Movement, who asked him this question recently in Jerusalem—that a separate table was always provided for them, at which only bread and wine were served. The fact is thus revealed that the orthodox method of observing the Paschal Feast was not considered *essential* or *compulsory* upon pious Jews.

(28.)—**If a man has a grazing farm, what can he do if he embraces the conviction that butchery and the traffic in animal flesh for food purposes is wrong?**

Many farmers by keeping poultry in an intelligent manner for the purpose of supplying eggs to the market, have realized a much larger return from their land than when they reared cattle. We know a large estate upon which the only tenant farmer, out of a considerable number, who thrives well and pays his rent with a smiling face—is the one who adopts this plan. The raising of dairy produce, or better still, fruit and market garden stuff, can also be carried out, and if necessary, horses and donkeys can be bred.

(29.)—**What were pigs created for, if not for human food?**

Their habits reveal that they are by Nature scavengers, designed to eat up filth of any description. This is why they are considered in many countries to be the most polluted and polluting of creatures. Their flesh is infested with the germs of many diseases, such as measles, swine (or scarlet) fever, etc., and with parasitic worms of various kinds.

(30.)—**Is Swiss Milk less likely to be infected with disease germs than ordinary Cow's Milk.**

We are informed that Nestlé Swiss Milk is boiled in vacuum, and that germs are thus destroyed. Whether this boiling is sufficiently prolonged to kill the *bacilli tuberculosis* (30 minutes being necessary at least) we cannot ascertain, but it must be much safer to take than unboiled Cow's Milk. As, however, the latter can easily be heated to boiling point for an hour in a double saucepan, and thus be rendered quite harmless, there is no need for any one to run unnecessary risk.

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

Unhappily I have asked this question of my flesh-eating friends. "Do you consider it wrong to commit suicide?" The reply has been "Yes, very wrong, very wicked."

"Why?" I then ask.

"Why? (indignantly) *why?* because it is wrong to take the Life which God has given. He gave us Life; we have no right to take it. *He only* has the right to take again the Life He has given." "Then why may I ask, is it *wrong* to take from *yourself* the Life which God has given and *right* to take it *unnecessarily* from other *highly organized sentient beings*, to whom He also has given it. How can you, unless you are able to urge the plea of *necessity* or *humane consideration*—defend your custom of taking by violence from the animals and birds the life which God has given them? According to *your own showing*, *God only* has the right to take their lives."

No one has (as yet) produced any reply to this. One lady said "It *does*, where one looks at it *so*, seem wrong to eat meat" and I left her pondering the subject."

* * * * *
"Hurt not others with that which pains yourself."

* * * * *
"Whether now any man kill with his own hand, or command any other to kill, or whether he see with pleasure the act of killing—all is equally forbidden by this Law."—E. PIKE.

Domestic Information.

ON BREAD AND BREAD MAKING.

By FRANCES L. BOULT.

Bread has long been recognised as our chief "staff of life" and it is of great importance to have this "staff" of the best possible description, since it constitutes the basis of most people's diet. Those who are commencing their enlightenment on the Food Question, soon come to recognise what an incomplete "staff" ordinary *white* bread is and how unsustaining compared to good *wholemeal* bread. Every part of the wheat grain serves a purpose in up-building the human body, and used in its *entirety* it is an almost perfect food, but if in some cases *white* bread seems preferable, it should be supplemented by an infusion of bran or crushed wheat used as a drink, so that the body may not be deprived of the necessary *phosphates* or nerve food.

It is however the making of *wholemeal* bread that I propose to deal with here, as that supplied by the trade is often far from satisfactory; and I hope I may succeed in convincing my readers that there is no mystery about bread making, but that the process is a simple one and only requires a little experience and practice to enable any woman to become proficient in an art which conduces so much to the health of the household.

The first essential is to procure fresh and *finely-ground* meal. The *finer* the meal, the more nutritious the bread, and the unsatisfactory results which some people attribute to *wholemeal* bread can generally be traced to coarse meal or over fermentation in the making. The most satisfactory method of ensuring genuine *wholemeal* is to possess oneself of an "Elect" wheat mill and grind the corn at home. For all who can make this practicable I would strongly recommend the investment, which repays itself in a comparatively short time. The same mills can be used for grinding any kind of grain or pulse and it renders the housewife delightfully independent, when she can produce her own pea meal, lentil flour, ground barley, rice, &c. at a moment's notice. The difference in flavour between bread made from *freshly ground wheat* and that made from *bought* meal—which may be stale or of inferior quality, can only be compared to the difference between coffee made from newly roasted and ground berries and the same beverage made from stale coffee.

These mills can easily be worked by a child, and are supplied by Mr. Reuben Sutcliffe, of St. Thomas Street, Manchester. *White* wheat makes the lightest coloured *wholemeal* bread, and an excellent quality is supplied by Mr. Hebditch, of New Cross Farm, South Petherton, Somersetshire, especially cleaned and prepared for home grinding. Good *wholemeal* can be bought from Bax & Co., Fleur de Lis Street, Commercial Street, London. Some persons prefer to mix some *white* flour with the *wholemeal*.

We now come to the question of the making. In all towns the French and German dried yeast is the easiest to obtain, while in the country the brewer's liquid yeast is generally used; a teacupful of the latter is about equal to 2 ozs. of the former. The less yeast that is used, the more wholesome will be the bread, and if the kneading is rightly done, the lightness of the dough will be increased by a plentiful incorporation of air into it. Half-an-ounce of yeast is sufficient for 5 to 7lb. of meal, but some find they get better results by using more.

Method.

To make 4 tin loaves (5lb. meal, $\frac{1}{2}$ -oz. yeast, 2-oz. butter, about 3 pints water). Put the 5lb. of meal into an earthenware pan, break up the $\frac{1}{2}$ -oz. of yeast (or rather less) in a small basin with 3 lumps of sugar, or a little treacle, and stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ -pint of *warm* water. Set this near the fire for ten minutes, and when the surface is frothy, make a hole in the centre of the meal and pour the yeast in. Melt 2 ozs. cooking butter with some hot water in a jug and fill up to about 3 pints in all, of a temperature warm to the hand.

The Mixing.

Stand the pan on a wooden chair of convenient height, mix the meal rapidly with the right hand and pour in the butter-water gradually with the left, till the whole is worked up into a soft dough. A much larger proportion of water is necessary for mixing *wholemeal* than *white* flour, on account of the coats of the grain (bran, pollards, &c.) which absorb the moisture as they expand and which would result in a dry, crumbly loaf when baked, if a larger amount of water had not been used in the kneading. When the dry meal is all worked in,

take both hands and commence lifting the edges of the dough over from the outside to the centre, using the fingers and the "ball" of the hand; by this means every part becomes turned over, worked in again and again, and incorporated with air. Kneading is a *knack*, but not difficult to acquire; the chief point to remember, is that the dough should not be flattened or pounded with the knuckles, but should be raised deftly and coaxed by quick manipulations into a round even shape, which, after working some minutes, should become springy and elastic to the touch. If it leaves the hands and sides of the pan quite clean, the consistency is right; but if it sticks much, a little flour must be sprinkled round. About twenty minutes kneading should suffice for this quantity. Cut the top cross-wise with a sharp knife, and if it leaves the knife clean, the dough is right. Set the pan down near the fire, cover it with a clean cloth and leave it to rise for an hour. In no case should the time be allowed to exceed an hour and a half, for after this time the dough becomes over fermented and is rendered less wholesome.

The Baking.

Let the bread tins be well warmed, and rub over the inside with olive oil. Flour the bread board and turn the dough out and knead it into shape; then cut into convenient portions; flour the hands and shape each to the size for the baking tin, drop in the dough and stand in front of fire till all are ready. Whatever kind of oven is used, the heat should always be sharper during the first part of the baking than later on, when it may be gradually reduced, and the oven door should not be opened or the loaves turned, till after the first half-hour. Half-quartern loaves will take from an hour and a half to two hours to bake: when done they should slip easily from the tins and sound firm and biscuity when tapped on the bottom.

If a soft crust is desired, it is a good plan to put a basin of boiling water into the oven, but if the dough is made sufficiently moist, it should not harden unduly in an oven of right temperature. When the loaves come out, stand them up on edge till cool.

A Good Plain Cake Loaf.

The following recipe makes a good plain cake loaf, which can be made on baking days, either with *wholemeal* or *white* flour dough. Sufficient dough to half fill one tin. Work into it 4 ozs. currants, 2 ozs. sultanas, 2 ozs. candied peel, 2 ozs. butter or nucoline, 3 ozs. moist sugar, and one egg well beaten. Mix very thoroughly with the hands and have the tin well greased. This will require the same time to bake as the bread.

In another issue, recipes for unfermented rolls and griddle bread will be given.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

If you want to secure a volume of "The Herald" for 1897, it would be wise to order it before they are all bespoken. The price will be Three Shillings, post free, although the cost of printing exceeds this amount.

We have received so many more articles on Food Reform than we can publish, that we must ask the indulgence of Contributors whose papers are kept for some time waiting their turn. We are always glad of piquant sketches on other subjects to make variety.

So many Journals from all parts of the world reach us, that we have not space to announce them each month. We are glad to receive them however and to exchange with the Editors, in order that mutual aid and fraternal sympathy may be promoted.

LIST OF SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The following amounts have been received or promised towards meeting the deficit of £300 which is foreshadowed in the accounts of The Order at the end of the year and which was announced at the Convention. This sum is needed to enable the Executive Council to commence next year's operations free from financial hindrances, and it is hoped that the requisite amount will be subscribed by those who have the interest of the Movement at heart.

(The full lists of all subscriptions to the work of The Order throughout the year, will be published with the Annual Statement of Accounts, in January next.)

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