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The Festival of Peace.

The world is wise, for the world is old;
Five thousand years their tale have told;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be:
Why is it? Why is it? O, answer me!

The world is strong, with an awful strength;
And full of life in its breadth and length;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be:
Why is it? Why is it? O, answer me!

Poor world! if thou cravest a better day;
Remember that Christ must have His own way;
I mourn thou art not as thou mightest be,
But the love of God would do all for thee.

The last Christmas in the Century is with us and by the majority of men and women in England it will be celebrated in the same old way as the last hundred Christmases have been celebrated.



The great point in Christmas celebrating is to eat beef—roast beef—good old English roast beef—and to wash it down with beer.

I have nothing for the moment to say about the beer, there are hundreds of busy pens that are

writing to-day, and are pointing out the evils that beer drinking brings in its train.

Upon me and upon a small band has fallen a higher duty—not that of pointing out the palpable evils of indulging to excess in alcoholic poison, but the subtle and more terrible evils which are inherently connected with even the moderate consumption of ox flesh.

The "rounds of beef," the "sirloins of beef," the "good old beefsteak" cannot be brought upon the Christmas tables without the infliction of atrocious pain upon countless sentient animals.

These foods are not necessary for the development of the best forces that the best men can produce.

These dire pains, therefore, are inflicted for the pleasure of the human race—the so-called "civilized" portion of the human race.

These dire pains are inflicted as part of a religious festival celebration.

The world is full of similar examples. Every age and every religion and every sect has had its celebrations of pain and its celebrations of joy.

Very often the joy of one portion of the community has been obtained by the infliction of pain upon another portion.

The proud joy of the leaders in the ancient Roman Triumphs was largely enhanced by the groans of the captives chained to the chariot wheels and by the satisfaction of knowing that ere night fell their racked and tortured bodies would have yielded up the souls they could no longer keep.

Many a gentle Roman maid and matron would sorrow a little in secret for the terrible pains and agonies of the day of Triumph, but they would ease their consciences by saying that Triumphs were necessary for the development of courage and valour and for the perpetuation of the rugged Roman virtues, and that the agonies of the vanquished were indeed a terribly sad item in the proceedings, but they were of course necessary, and were besides really too disgusting to talk about.

So too, to-day. Just as in those days, so also in these days. Just as in Pagan Rome, so also in Christian England.

We, too, have our days on which we celebrate our triumphs—our festivals of great rejoicing for victories won.

Of all these Triumph days the greatest and most joyous is Christmas.

It is a perpetual memory of the birth of the Great Victor-Emperor. The One who overcame death. The One who set free the captive human race. The One who brought into being a peace greater than the Pax Romana, a peace greater than the Pax Britannica. Yea, indeed, a peace which passeth all understanding.

In true Pagan style we celebrate our Triumph day. Our Prince overcame pain, therefore we will inflict pain in exquisite detail in memory of His triumph over it.

He came sanctifying the manger stall where cow and ox were tied, and He shared their hospitality, and was succoured and comforted by their warmth and shelter.

So we will exemplify our reverence for this beautiful kinship of the Lord of life with the gentle lowing kine, by taking them in their thousands and tearing them from their homes, and driving them with blows and dog-bites for weary miles, and forcing them with twisted, broken tails and dragging chain right up to the fatal axe.

And if perchance they were to ask what they had done to be thus tortured, the Christian world with one loud voice replies—"Your ancestors gave home and shelter and hospitality to our beloved Master on His birthday, so we celebrate the memory of their beautiful deed by torturing and slaughtering thousands of their descendants on the annual festival which commemorates His birthday!"

The Master came as the victor over Death and the inaugurator of the reign of Life, we therefore celebrate this festival by emphasising every form of butchered death, and we teach our children that we celebrate our own escape from spiritual death by inflicting a myriad physical deaths upon others.

The Prince came to teach that Love shall conquer Force and that the brutal must be replaced by the divinely gentle. We celebrate His festival by declaring that might is right, that the stronger shall ever prey upon the weaker, and that the brutal in man shall be perpetuated.

The Son of Man came to declare that the killing of animals and the offering up of their roasted carcasses was not pleasing to the Divine Father of all. We celebrate His festival by perpetuating for man's pleasure what God refused to have done for His own glory.

Thus the Pagan instinct of the Roman Triumph remains, and so long as there is only some killing to be done and some pain to be inflicted, the brute instinct in the human race is satisfied and is quite oblivious of the ghastly inconsistency of doing it to celebrate such a festival as that of the birthday of the most gentle and meek, the most self-sacrificing and humane, the most tender and compassionate of all who have ever been born of woman.

Gentle Christian men and gentler Christian women declare that they cannot "keep the feast" of the gentle Christ who accepted the hospitality of the kine, without they eat some of these slaughtered kine—roast beef—good old English roast beef!

They solemnly declare that the festival kept in memory of the most gentle, who came to teach the highest form of gentleness, cannot be "kept" without inflicting pain, terror and death upon thousands of gentle animals.

"Christmas," they say "would be no Christmas to us without our Christmas dinner, and our Christmas dinner would be no Christmas dinner without part of the dead body of a slaughtered ox for us to eat."

"Our Christmas festival is wrapped up in our Christmas dinner, and our Christmas dinner is so intimately connected with pain, slaughter and death, that we cannot understand anyone *enjoying* Christmas without roast beef!"

This is only the end of the Nineteenth Century.

There will perhaps come a happier and a humaner Twentieth.

For this we shall pray and for this we must work.

Josiah Oldfield.

It is possible to live the Divine life. Not only to see with the mind the oneness of all things, but to enter into that oneness, to live in it, to be one with every living thing, to let antagonisms vanish and only Love prevail.

KATE ATKINSON BOEHME.

The Overcoming of Pain & Death

"And I heard a great voice out of the Throne saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and He shall dwell with them. . . . And He shall wipe away every tear from their eyes; and death shall be no more; neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain, any more."

Rearly nineteen centuries have passed since the Seer of Patmos gave to the world the vision of a future Golden Age as it was revealed to



him. We are just so many years nearer to the fulfilment of the prophecy. He declared that it was "faithful and true," and although the last year of this dying century has been specially marked by violence and bloodshed, by tears and anguish, by sickness and woe—in spite of the fact that an

awful harvest has been reaped by death in Africa, in China, in India, and throughout Christendom—notwithstanding that Christians have fought against Christians on the banks of the Vaal, and that our Chinese brethren, both the guilty and the innocent, have been butchered in the name of the Christ by the waters of the Peiho, and notwithstanding that more than 300,000,000 sentient creatures, who are classed as 'cattle,' have been ruthlessly slaughtered during this 'year of grace,' 1900, to feed a degenerate race with a needless type of food, I believe that St. John's vision of a blessed future *will yet come to pass!*

From the depths of my soul I believe it—that the time is coming when pain and tears and death shall be no more! Not suddenly, nor by any miraculous manifestation. Slowly and with difficulty—a step at a time—will the great change be wrought. One by one will the sources of pain and sorrow and cruelty and death be discovered and removed. One by one will the stumbling blocks of error, ignorance, transgression and self-worship be swept aside, until upon this very earth on which we now tread, the kingdom of God will be established in transcendent power, and the reign of universal peace, goodwill, blessedness and spirituality be ushered in. Then, and not till then, will the time come when death shall be completely beaten back and overcome.

But how is it all to be brought about? By Angels and Archangels, by Principalities and Powers? No, not by these, but by men and women whose eyes have been opened to see the vision of a better time, whose hearts have responded to the divine call. By faithful souls who have been inspired with holy resolution to win their way to freedom and spirituality and Godlikeness, to strive against the forces of desolation, to sweep away, if possible, the giant evils which now devastate this fair world of ours. Angels will doubtless help them, the Higher Powers will enlighten them and endure them with strength, but the great work will have to be accomplished by the process of evolution, and by human instrumentality. If history teaches us anything it teaches us this.

But who are called to this work? To whom is this privilege of leading our race to a higher plane of experience to be given?

In every land at this present time the workers are being raised up. Without noise or publicity, in the solitude of the chamber, on the lonely hilltop, beneath the silent stars at eventide, the call to service and to the quest of the "Holy Grail" is being heard. The way of the Cross—the way of the Christ—is being revealed to such as are able to apprehend, and the still small voice is being heard as it whispers: *Follow thou Me!* Rich and poor, gentle and simple, of every tongue and clime, they are pressing into the ranks of the militant host which is to wage a holy war during the coming Century against the empire of Darkness and Wrong, and to prepare the way for the Era of Life, Righteousness and Peace. Not many mighty, not many learned—as this world's learning goes—but those who are able to "become as little children" as a preparatory step to "entering the kingdom."

'Tis a holy calling! To be chosen for the sacred work of 'prophecy,' of 'light bearing,' of 'preparing the way of the Lord'; to be commissioned to tell out the Truth and to challenge Wrong, to "turn many to Righteousness," to "break the bands of wickedness asunder and let the oppressed go free," to walk in the footsteps of the prophets of the past and to follow the great Nazarene Reformer and Revealer! Which of us is equal to it—who of us worthy? May we not all exclaim, in tones of wonderment, "Can this honour be mine, is it possible that this blessed privilege is for *me—even me?*" With all my proneness to evil, with all my love of ease, with all my fear of man and shrinking from self-sacrifice—can I be accounted fit to bear the vessel which contains the sacred fire? Can I be reckoned worthy to make some of the rough places smooth and the steep places plain?

'Tis well that we should feel thus! If we did not, perchance the call would not come to us. For 'tis only those who realize their own insufficiency who feel after that Divine hand which alone can uphold—who cry for that baptism of the Spirit's power which transforms the weak things of this world and makes them mighty. The Reformers and Teachers of bygone days have all experienced this sense of weakness. Jeremiah exclaimed, "Behold I cannot speak, for I am a child"; Moses said unto God, "Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh?" But even to us, as to them, will be given the Divine assurance: "Fear not, I will be with thee!"

"Neither shall there be pain any more." What a prospect! Some of us have become so sensitive to the wail of anguish that arises to Heaven from myriads of afflicted creatures, both human and sub-human, that the sound of the joyous Christmas bells is well nigh stifled altogether, and it sometimes seems that this Earth of ours must be Hell itself. This suffering will only be lessened, and ultimately brought to an end, by those who believe in such a possibility, who search out the causes of pain and disease and who address themselves in real earnest to the great task of removing them.

We know—that is, some of us do—that three-fourths of this affliction and misery is *preventible* even now. It results from ignorance and from transgression of the Laws of Health and of the Law of Love. Mised by blind guides, in bondage to degenerate appetite, poisoned by vendors of garbage, innoculated by serum-worshipping quacks, poor mankind stumbles on recklessly to the surgeon's operating theatre or to an untimely grave—often too prejudiced and too mentally befogged to be willing even to listen to the warning voice of reason and entreaty—sowing day by day

to the flesh (by eating the bodies of the dead) and of the flesh reaping corruption—living by the knife, and perishing by the knife—trampling upon humane, just, and merciful sentiment by ruthlessly slaughtering the weaker and more defenceless denizens of earth, or by sanctioning their torture at the hands of legalized Inquisitors, and by so doing, bringing down upon the human race the Nemesis which pursues all who wantonly inflict injury and outrage.

The New Century is dawning! The world in its unrest and despair is crying afresh, "Who will at this time show us any good?" Let us arise and dedicate ourselves to the work of proclaiming the remedy for this misery and confusion—obedience to Physical and Moral Law—regard for the Rights and claims of others—search after Truth—and effort to find the "Way that leadeth unto Life." As these things come to be generally followed and practised we shall see *Divinity* becoming manifest in *humanity*, the groaning and travailing of Creation will be hushed, and the glory of the Coming Kingdom will overspread the Eastern sky.

The very magnitude of the vision—of a world redeemed from pain and death—is calculated to make us doubt the possibility of its realization. Some may, perhaps, feel the end is so far away that it is almost useless to make any attempt to reach it. So felt the Israelites about the promised land. Only two of them had the faith to say "We are well able to go up and possess the land"—and those two enthusiasts, Joshua and Caleb, were the only two out of all the host in the camp who lived to "enter in." Let us remember that each effort of ours, however humble, may lessen to *some extent* the sum total of ignorance and pain, may let *some* light in upon the surrounding darkness, and encourage *some* struggling brother or sister to take heart afresh on the toilsome march to the Golden Shore.

And let us not forget that we shall not be left unaided and alone in this great work. The present unrest and expectation of the world is a 'sign of the times!' Spiritual forces of great magnitude are ere long to be brought into operation on this planet. Those who are most keenly sensitive to psychic influences can almost hear the sound of the mighty wind—the Breath of the Spirit—that is coming to hurl back the forces of evil in a manner that the world has never seen hitherto. When the hour has come, we shall know and understand. Meanwhile, it is for us to help on the "Coming of the Kingdom" by hastening that hour, and in so doing we shall not only bring blessing to others but shall ourselves enter into the joy of Him who saw, afar off, the result of the travail of His soul—and was satisfied.

The conflict against Death will be long and heavy. Scarcely any adequate or systematic attempt has yet been made to resist and curtail the ravages of the destroyer. Man even goes out of his way in this and other lands to add to the grim harvest, and laughs to scorn the Divine command "Thou shalt not kill." But we who are 'called' must combat this "last enemy." We must lessen the number of his prey, and at the same time strive to lessen his prestige as a foe. We must face the Goliath for our own sakes and for the sake of others who shall come after us, so that the idea may germinate and grow in human consciousness "that *death can be resisted and ultimately overcome.*" This attitude on our part is essential, for so long as man believes that Death is irresistible no serious effort can be put forth to overcome it. The belief must be first evolved that the "Life" consciousness within us can be so developed and strengthened as to become eventually stronger than death. We, individually,

may not reach the goal, at any rate in this incarnation, but we may, if we ourselves fail, make the attainment easier for others, by our attempt to overcome.

And we must remember that death is two-fold in its nature. There is spiritual death and physical death, absence of spiritual consciousness—the real death—and absence of physical consciousness—the seeming death. The real death must be overcome first. We must awake from the sleep of mere animalism to the consciousness of the *oneness* of our finite souls with the Infinite Soul, and learn to feel that the divine life throbs in the veins of our inmost being and that we are immortal. Then we shall no longer fear the change of body which physical death brings about—so conveniently and beneficently for some of us. And as the divine consciousness grows and waxes stronger, our command and influence over our physical bodies will become greater. We may then push back the 'King of terrors'—having torn aside his mask—lengthening our "allotted span" from seventy to a hundred years—increasing it from a century to a century and a-half—until, ultimately, those of our Race in whom the Spiritual Life has most completely transcended the animal life, will overcome death altogether, and will walk this earth as long as they wish to do so—*without dying*. We may not see it in this our day, but the time is coming when death shall be overcome by Life!

"But, how about arterial degeneration?" some sceptical materialist will doubtless exclaim. True, good friend, we cannot ignore facts and physical laws. And that is one reason why some of those who are seeking to lay hold of the Eternal Life wisely abstain from the flesh of dead animals—for it contains so much calcareous deposit. They want to keep their own veins clear of earthy incrustation, as well as disease. In this way, and by hygienic living, and by other physical means, they seek to aid the soul to "overcome." Now do you understand that there is some *method* in this 'madness,' and that when both physical and psychical means are adopted to prevent the causes of death and corruption from operating, there may be some possibility of success being attained?

If the historical record does not misguide us, the Elder Brother and Leader of our Race—the "first-horn amongst many brethren," reached this altitude of achievement and is clothed to-day with the same body—although etherealized and transformed—that He wore when His tired feet toiled up the steep of Calvary. Although the pith and marrow of His esoteric doctrine has been hidden from the world for nineteen centuries, having been smothered by accumulations of man-made dogma which have been piled upon it, the twentieth century will witness a bringing to the light of the great revelation made by Jesus. The impassable gulf which has been artificially created between Him and His lesser brethren by mediæval ecclesiastics, will soon be bridged and its paralyzing wideness be reduced by knowledge of the Truth. We shall then no longer feel mocked by the exhortation "Follow thou Me!" Then, as the conscious and rejoicing 'children of the Father,' we shall perchance aspire to climb the rugged steep to Heaven in the very footsteps of the first-horn Son. And "the Great Peace"—for which our inmost hearts so ardently yearn—will no longer be regarded as a wild dream of the Buddha of the Orient, but as a blessed state of Harmony and Rest which storm-tossed and sorrow-stricken men and women may with confidence hope to attain.

Sidney H. Beard.

"Forasmuch!"

"Forasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

Rot in the times of old, but quite lately in Hyde Park, London, on a sultry day in summer, there lay under one of the trees a poor sheep, panting, dying from the heat. By its side there kneeled a little ragged boy, a street arab, his tears marking gutters in the dust of his soiled face. He had run down to the water, again and again, and filled his little cloth cap with water, which he held to the mouth of the sheep, bathing its nose and eyes, until it began to show signs of returning life, speaking to it all the time loving words such as his own mother may have spoken to him.



A gentleman walking near, stopped, and looking with amusement at the child, said, "You seem awfully sorry for that beast, boy."

The cynical tone of the speaker seemed to grieve the little boy, and with a flushed face he replied, in a tone of indignant and tearful protest—"It is God's sheep."

The gentleman grunted and walked away. I felt the presence there of One who said to that child: "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these, you have done it unto Me."

When the prophet Jonah was in a bad humour because his prophecy of destruction to Nineveh had not been fulfilled, and his sheltering gourd had withered, God said to him:—"Thou hast had pity on the gourd, . . . which came up in a night, and perished in a night; and should not I spare Nineveh, that great city wherein are more than six score thousand persons (infants) that cannot discern between their right hand and their left; and also much cattle." "His mercies are over all his works." He cares "for every living thing."

Mrs. Mary Lovell cites the following:—"As a contrast to the pitilessness of man, how pleasing and how pathetic is the story, told by the elder Pliny, of a dog which belonged to one of the victims of Tiberius Sabinus, a Roman Knight of high distinction. This dog followed him to prison, and afterwards to the place of his execution.

The poor creature, just as a dog of to-day might do, remained by the corpse of his master, and with pathetic cries and howlings lamented his loss. When food was offered him he took it and held it to his master's mouth, and finally, when the body was thrown into the Tiber, the generous animal leaped into the river and endeavoured to keep the remains of his master from sinking.

In that day there was certainly a strong contrast between the disposition and behaviour of dogs and men; *sometimes there is strong contrast still.*"

Shall we perhaps at the last when "nothing shall be hid" which has been done in secret or openly, be made to see gathered together the sum of pain and agony suffered by God's creatures whom man has tortured? and may not the torturers perhaps hear, in a sense which they did not expect, the words addressed to *them*; "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these, you have done it unto Me."

Saul of Tarsus, convicted, asked in his terror, "Who art Thou, Lord?" and received the reply, "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest." "I am He whom thou torturest," is a word which may yet be heard. (Mrs.) Josephine Butler.

The Dream

(Which Changed his Life).

Tired out with the toil of the week and burdened with a sense of life's great responsibilities he threw himself down, one Saturday afternoon, on the couch in his study and slept. His sleep was long and deep. No sooner had the physical taken refuge in slumber, than the mind took its flight into dreamland—and the sleeper dreamed.

* * *

Night lay upon the city. The snow which had fallen during the day now covered the earth with its emblem of gentle purity. It wanted four days to Xmas—that day when all that is gentlest and most holy rose to its purest exaltation and took expression in material Form in Bethlehem; that day when the Eastern skies were lit up with those wondrous mystic lights which told of another-world Saviour's birth: when the angel sang "Peace on Earth." A day when harmony and peace, brotherhood and love, received their new, their fullest meaning—the meaning which was and is to redeem mankind.

* * *

Suddenly a sickening sense of horror and a dreadful sense of something terrible about to happen fastened itself upon the dreamer's mind. Staggering along through dark loathsome chambers, with the horrible stench of blood filling his nostrils—with the curses and blows of dehumanized beings, and the death-shrieks and heart-broken groans of sub-human creatures filling his ears—with his eyes everywhere resting upon sights at the same time heart-breaking and soul-damning, he turned to his angel guide and, in a voice filled with despair, asked for pity's sake to be taken out from such ghastly scenes. The angel gave him no reply, and before he could offer his request again, a number of lads and young men passed him—many of them well primed with whiskey and rum to enable them to do their work at all—it was the change of "shifts" and fresh hands were wanted to go on with the bloody work.

* * *

Again in desperation he turned to his guide and said "Surely lads are not allowed to work at this loathsome trade? Surely the manhood of the race thinks enough of its young life to insist upon keeping it free from such degrading toil and unholy occupation?" "Wait," said the angel, "look yonder," and passing through another of these dens, to which the most hideous nightmare ever known seemed but childish fancy, cursed right and left by those paid to slay, for getting in the way, he saw what awakened within him still more awful thoughts. There amidst entrails, gut offal, reeking hides, slimy skins, *women were at work*. Yes! women! the fairest of all the Father's children, the last human temple of the creation, that part of the Great Whole in which has been enshrined all the most tender delicate treasures of a Father's love—here they were, skinning, scraping and washing, the bellies of the slaughtered beasts! "Oh this cannot be," he cried, turning to the angel, "for such a thing would never be allowed." "Yes," said the angel "it is, and it is allowed, but in society one is not supposed to talk of such things now-a-days. The dens through which thou hast just passed are but types of hundreds of thousands elsewhere. It is near Christmas and all are working overtime in order to perpetuate the annual feast of flesh and blood."

"But this has nothing to do with Christmas," remonstrated the dreamer. "Christmas with us is indeed a time of

goodwill to all." "To all," replied the angel? "Hast thou then learnt to extend thy 'goodwill' to all the sub-human creatures? Hast thou learnt that the slender thread of life in the 'winged children' holds together a temple worthy of thy protection and thy care? Hast thou then understood that life which thou canst not give and which thou dost not understand merits thy reverence and thy support? Hast thou learnt this, and dost thou abstain from eating the flesh of dead animals, or do the scenes through which thou hast just passed tell thee of a horrible carnage which is going on day after day and for which thou, with others, art directly responsible? To satisfy the lust for animal flesh, all that thou hast seen and heard, ay! and even much more than that, must go on hourly in grim, terrible earnest. To gratify unnatural appetite, thy fellowmen are being degraded and brutalized and even the future mothers of the Race are taking part in the unholy work—work which thou couldst not, durst not, do thyself, but which thou dost pay other men to do for thee."

* * *

Paralysed, crushed and well nigh heartbroken, the dreamer realized, as he had never done before, that for years he had upheld a system which fills the earth with cruelty and which crushes all that is noblest and most ideal in Man. Never before had he grasped the awful truth that all this tragedy was unnecessary and was at the same time contrary to the spirit of gentleness and love. Never before had he understood that he had sanctioned the most terrible of all human occupations by eating animal food day after day.

* * *

The revelation was complete! "Now," said the angel, "to thine own earth thou shalt return, and henceforth thou shalt teach thy fellowmen that greater than all the possible earthly attainments of man is the growth of that pure love which not only touches, uplifts and strengthens the rights of their common brotherhood, but which also gives to the rights of the animals a new beauty, a truer purpose and a fuller meaning. It was of this love, this large tenderness, which extends its sympathy and its care to 'all that lives and moves and has its being,' that the angels sang, and for which the 'Prince of Peace' lived.

"O, holy love, which tells us whence we came and what we are,
O, holy love, which brings life's blessed dower,
O, holy love, which comes from heaven to earth,
And through life's jewelled casket leads us Home."

* * *

And the dreamer awoke!

Henceforth, for him, the Christmas festival should be freed from all cruelty and suffering. Henceforth, for him, throughout his earthy life he would know nothing of the taste of flesh or blood. Henceforth, for him, prejudice, ignorance, and long established customs, which savoured of the spirit of hell, should know no part in his life. For him, indeed, life should be "a jewelled casket" through which he would seek, not only for his own sake but also for the sake of the "four-footed dwellers on the earth and the winged children of the air," the way back again to the Father's Home.

Harold W. Whiston.



The Voice of Crying.

"O sacred heart of Jesus I implore
That Thou wouldst make me love Thee
More and more."

"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

And I looked, and, behold, outside the city on a rising ground where the night shadows fall the deepest, there stood a Cross, and the base of it, as it appeared to me, rested in the lowest hell, and the head of it reached to heaven. On the plain around it lay all manner of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, those who suffered in mind, body, or estate, the sick, the sorrowful, the dying; and not humans alone, but wild animals and those that are the friends of man, and of birds a multitude, lay also beneath the cross. And as I looked, there floated upon the swiftness of the breeze the legend—"God suffering in the midst of His creatures."

Then stood I greatly wondering, for of a surety, methought when the Lord's bright Eastertide filled earth with rejoicing and heaven with praise, and the cross lay low in the glory of the Risen Life, all this horror of great darkness had, for Him, passed away for ever. And so sings the Church in her alleluias.

For I understood not how that which is of the Infinite is limitless in duration; how that which is from the beginning, is now, and ever shall be.

How that which is from the beginning is the Eternal Love, and how that love for ever gives itself through sacrifice.

How the restitution of all things is not yet.

Nor is God all in all.

So dark was I before the Eternal Light.

Then there fell upon me a great silence, and the voices of the silence spake unto me, saying, "Behold."

And I looked, and lo, a field of battle, and while the careful ambulances gently came and went, bearing their weary burdens into rest and safety, from the arid ground a steed raised his head and wild eyes of anguish gazed into mine. And the night sped on and I stood alone, and still those wild eyes of agony, intense and without remedy, gazed into mine. And the iron entered my soul and I said unto God, "Dost Thou care for the white steeds of heaven, and shall this their brother perish in his loneliness and pain?"

And the voices of the silence commanded me saying, "Hearken," and within the silence, lo, a heart beat, and the silence trembled with the throbbing of that mighty heart.

For the soul of the universe is the great heart of God.

And as I looked the horse lay within it.

And the anguish of the creature was as nothing to that of the Creator in Whose Heart he lay.

For the pain of their anguish was one.

And the great Heart beat on, and the silence throbbed around me.

And I looked again and behold a city, and in the streets, and in the gates thereof, there lay a multitude, men, women, and those of the kingdom of heaven, and the priests of the Church had taught them how to die, and on their foreheads there flashed the holy sign. And the heavens opened, and the voices of the silence instructed me saying, "These are they which came out of great tribulation."

And as I looked, behold the Man, and there hung upon Him a purple robe, and upon His head a crown of thorns, and his hands were pierced, and the holy angels were about

Him, and as a mother when she comforteth, His arms were around every one of them. And the multitude as they slept rested in the sacred heart of Jesus, in which is the great paradise of God, and I saw them no more. And the voices of the silence said "Alleluia! They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light upon them or any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto fountains of living waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

And again I looked, and behold a meadow bathed in sunshine, and as the field of Ardath which is by the river Arorah for the beauty of its verdure. And in the midst a little lamb was playing. And there came a hand upon the lamb, and in that hand a knife, and soft pitiful cries floated across that meadow. And again the silence fell around me, and the voices of the silence said "Behold."

And as the mighty pulsations rose and fell in the sunset glory, I beheld and, lo, a heart, the blood-red heart of the living God, and the little lamb lay within it, and the pain of the twain was one.

Yet understood I none of these things.

And I looked, and in the far west a farm, and I sought therein for the inhabitants thereof, and of a verity my searching was not in vain. Yet was there neither bullock nor colt but birds only of such rare loveliness that my soul rose within me at the sight of them. And, as I marvelled, there came towards me a man and he tore the birds, and where the feathers of those made so gloriously had waved before the Creator of them all, was now but a bleeding wound of laceration and pain, and I cried grievously towards heaven as I saw this thing, and the voices of the silence said "Behold." And I saw a street and in that street a place of merchandise, and there entered a damsel of high degree and she commanded, saying, "Show me that which shall become me, that I may choose from among them." And there were brought before her feathers, wings and those I had beheld torn from the birds in their quivering anguish. And I said "Surely the heart of the damsel will faint within her."

And she said, "It is well that such should be created for my adornment, and before the altar of a merciful God will I wear them."

And again was I in the spirit beyond the western sea, and again I heard the cries of those who were thus tortured to make a Christian's millinery, and again the voices of the silence said "Behold."

And I beheld, and, lo, a heart and a dove flew therein, and amid the silence a still small voice which spake unto me saying: "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father, and in His book every torture is written and therewith the names of those who shall concern themselves therein." And among the names I beheld those of many damsels, and of women not a few.

And I looked, and behold a temple, and within the temple a throne, and upon the throne a King, and a silence deeper than that of the earth fell around me. And the voices of the silence said "Bend low." And the throne was indeed an altar, and on it a lamb as it had been slain. And from the million altars of earth, as that great sacrifice went up from them before the Father, there arose a cry like the roar of the ocean as it beats upon a thousand shores: "O Lamb of God, have mercy upon us."

And still upon the altar, which is the throne of heaven, the great heart of God beat on.

And yet around me there fell the silence, and in the silence uprose a chalice and the wine was red. And the voices of the silence said to me "Drink, that thine eyes may be opened, for the blood is the life and the life is the love." And as I drank I came seeing. Now understood I the end of those things. For round about the Altar which is the Throne of the Eternal were neither angels nor seraphim, but those alone who had suffered.

English Catholic.

The Value of Fruit as Diet.

Nature is not so kind to us in the ripening of potatoes as she is in fruits. In potatoes Nature creates raw starch, and leaves it in this condition, but this is not the case with the apple, and in this respect the apple represents the majority of fruits. Nature has done to the starch of the apple, by ripening it, what we do to the starch of grain by baking it, and, even more—and another thing as well—it has produced an acid which is antagonistic to the growth of germs. This is the reason the coating disappears from the tongue after living exclusively on fruit for a few days. The reason fruit is a good thing is because the starch has been digested by Nature.

It is a great deal better to let the sunshine do the digesting of starch than for the stomach to undertake it all. There are plenty of things in this world which are calculated to worry us without adding to our troubles the digestion of raw starch. It has been demonstrated by careful experimentation upon stomach fluids in the laboratory that fruit hinders the development of those particular germs that create the most mischief in the stomach. We found, however, that they flourished in beef tea—in fact, that beef tea is a perfect paradise for germs. On the contrary, when planted in fruit juices they are as thoroughly starved out by such a soil as a crop of grain would be if sown on the mountains of Gilboa, "where there is neither dew nor rain." For this reason we often place our patients on a diet of fruits for a few days. Fasting has always been considered beneficial, and this is a good way to fast; and we may sometimes extend this kind of a fast for a few days until the germs are destroyed. This may require a week. The value of this discovery cannot be estimated in dollars and cents.

There are some very acid fruits that some people with weak stomachs, and especially with hyperpepsia, should leave alone. Hyperpepsia means that there is too much acid present in the stomach, and, hence, it is not a good thing to add more. "Then," you say, "is it not a good thing to eat a very large quantity of very acid fruit in hypopepsia, which is a condition where there is a deficiency in the normal digestive fluids?" No, because the acid in fruit does not digest food, and so does not supply the deficiency. The presence of this acid rather hinders the production of the natural acid. That is one reason why it is not good to take hydrochloric acid continually. Such patients should take sub-acid fruits, such as peaches, pears and prunes. Baked sweet apples are not very acid, and in such cases are, therefore, excellent.

David Paulson, M.D.
in "The Signs of the Times."

THE INWARD TRUTH.

I searched through strange pathways and winding
For truths that should lead me to God;
But farther away seemed the finding
With every new by-road I trod.
I searched after wisdom and knowledge—
They fled me the fiercer I sought;
For teacher and text-book and college
Gave only confusion of thought.
I sat while the silence was speaking,
And chanced to look into my soul;
I found there all things I was seeking—
My spirit encompassed the whole.

Extract.

Glimpses of Truth.

There is nothing happens to any person but what was in his power to go through with.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

You cannot free yourself of one false thought without freeing yourself of some form of slavery.

ANON.

Ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write, but error is a scribbled one on which we must first erase.

COLTON.

Seek not to have things happen as you choose them, but rather choose them to happen as they do; and so shall you live prosperously.

EPICETUS.

Few indeed are they who serve for nothing, who have eradicated the root of desire, and have not merely cut off the branches that spread above ground.

ANNIE BESANT.

In the Temple of God, the golden words which first salute the eye of the devotee are, "Empty thyself and I will fill thee."

JEHANGIR SORABJI.

Thine own sincerity is the measure of what thou shalt receive, Look to it that no false bottom to thy measure or another's deceives thee.

EDWIN D. CASTERLINE.

Every thought that impoverishes or lowers consciousness is a waste-gate of life; every thought that enriches or heightens consciousness is a supply-gate of life.

REV. W. R. ALGER.

It is well to believe that there needs but a little more thought, a little more courage, more love, more devotion to life, a little more eagerness, one day to fling open wide the portals of joy and truth.

MARTERLINGCK.

Anger and worry are no more necessary than other passions civilized man has learned to control, and it is only needful to realize that they are unnecessary in order to make it impossible to feel, much less to show them.

HORACE FLETCHER.

VEGETARIANISM AND PROGRESS.

Vegetarianism is a deep-seated principle of human life—of infinite life—and cannot, consequently, be ignored by the truly progressive mind at this stage of human development. It is no longer a matter of speculation or doubt, but a real, tangible and intuitive scientific fact, based upon a close study and a correct knowledge of the laws of our being. It is the legitimate result of a divine unfoldment of the human soul to more exalted conditions of conscious existence; a veritable expression of the indwelling spirit of growth or the spiritual law of necessity.

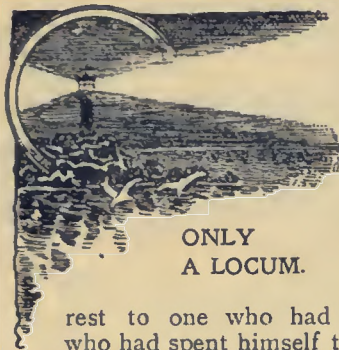
In the universal economy of life there is no practical substitute for it, therefore man, sooner or later, by virtue of his inherent powers, must become a vegetarian. To the truly inspired soul and scientific mind, there can be no doubt about the necessary and persistent workings of this divine principle of human life. Vegetarianism as a science of the soul, an art of life, requires a patient study or a spiritually receptive mind, or both, in order to fully comprehend its true mission on earth—life. Infinite life—the holiness of being—dictates the true course of all human life, as its integral or individualised parts, and there can be no deviation, with impunity, from its wise and impartial requirements to the end of human perfection, preparatory to the final reunion of the human with the divine in the universal centrality of being.

Let each and all diligently study and become master of this problem of life, and thereby introduce a new and necessary spoke in their wheel of human progress.

D. S. Cadwallader.

Editorial Notes.

With the New Year I resign my post as sole Editor of *The Herald*. It has been a pleasure and, at times, a real inspiration to focus the beautiful thoughts that have poured in from far and near, from England and from abroad, from rich and poor, alike earnest and enthusiastic for the fuller dawn of the Golden Age.



ONLY
A LOCUM.

rest to one who had overworked and overthought, who had spent himself to the utmost and who needed a short time of quiet communing with the healing forces of Nature.

* * *

BACK TO
THE FRAY.

of men's minds to higher things.

The work of The Order is, however, growing so greatly and avenues for expansion are opening so widely on every hand that we have thought it wise for the future to join hands in the editing of *The Herald*, and during the coming year, if all be well, Mr. Beard and I will be Joint Editors and together we will labour to bring our organ into that position of pre-eminent importance as a Missionary Journal to which it aspires to attain.

Mr. Beard will write the leading article for the January number, and the subject will be "A Holy War."

Every member should order a double number of copies.

* * *

PLEASE HELP
THE CHRISTMAS
NUMBER.

This reminds me to announce that several additional thousands of this Christmas number have been printed and we are relying upon our readers to circulate them. A very considerable extra cost has been gladly undertaken in the assurance that members of The Order will rise to their responsibility and will, as far as possible, each order a dozen copies and distribute widely. The Order will progress proportionately to the enthusiasm and self-sacrifice of its members and the distribution of bound volumes and Christmas numbers is a method of service open to all. Fifty copies will be sent carriage free for 5/-.

* * *

A NEW
CENTURY ROLL.

A great future lies before us in this coming Century, and we must make its dawn historic!

Many churches are having a New Century Roll. Why should not we? What more fitting than that we should gather into one Roll the autographs of all who have drawn aside from life's shambles and who are abstaining from having lot or part in the slaughter dens of the world.

* * *

PIONEERS OF A
BEAUTIFUL
FUTURE.

The time will come when all persons of culture will vegetate as a matter of course, and when only the lower classes will fulfil the functions of hyenas to the human race. Then they will turn with amazement and curiosity, not unmixed with reverence, to this Historic Roll and will point their children to the names of those who were the advance party of Humanity and the pioneers of dietetic Culture.

Among the archives of The Order will the roll be kept. In the Council Chamber of The Order. Until at some time in

the hereafter it may become a "sacred relic," and our far off descendants will wonder at an age which ate the dead bodies of animals when other and more beautiful foods were to be found in abundance on every hand, and will rejoice with a holy joy that we fought on for the barbarous age to be ended and for the age of reason and culture and humanity to be inaugurated.

* * *

ALL CAN HELP.

Sheets of vegetable parchment will be issued to all who will undertake to get enrolled upon them the names of those who, at the beginning of the new century, are abstainers from fish, flesh and fowl as food. In an addendum to the Roll will be included the names of those who abstain from flesh only, while they still eat fish.

The sheets will then all be bound into one volume and loving hands have promised to add artistic embellishments to cover and pages.

Thus there will be handed down to all time the real signatures of the men, the women and the children, who commenced the new century with an intention to abstain from participation in the brutalities and barbarities of the slaughter-houses.

* * *

A CENSUS
FOR ALL.

It is not for members of The Order only, but for vegetarians belonging to any society or to no society, the world over. Where there is any difficulty about signing one of the sheets the name may be written on plain paper and sent up and it will be transferred to the Roll.

Applications for forms and particulars should be made at once as it is hoped to get in all the names, English and Foreign alike, before the end of February. Every member of every vegetarian family should be careful to be included in this great census.

* * *

WORKERS
AT WORK.

On Monday afternoon, November 19th, Mr. Harold Whiston, one of the Executive Committee, addressed an important meeting in the Central Hall, Bradford.

The meeting was arranged by our enthusiastic fellow-worker Mr. Wright Gill, who is doing such splendid work in and around Bradford for the Food Reform Movement.

For fifty minutes Mr. Whiston spoke, in no uncertain voice, of the immorality of flesh-eating, and after dealing with the usual arguments, powerfully appealed to his intelligent and deeply interested audience to help him and all who were working in this great movement not only to try to lessen the appalling amount of animal suffering and human degradation which was going on day by day, but also try to bring about the total abolition of carnivorousness from our midst.

Mrs. Tom Mitchell, the granddaughter of Sir Isaac Holden, afterwards moved the vote of thanks to the speaker, and in kind and encouraging terms spoke of the enormous importance of this new movement which she knew was worthy of their sympathy and intelligent consideration.

The address was followed by a banquet, during which questions were asked and answered.

* * *

A LITANY.

When we say our Litany and sorrow for our sins of omission and mourn for our sins of commission, we should not forget to repent us of all our acts and thoughts of cruelty towards our little brothers and sisters of lowlier shape.

To inflict great pain upon any member of God's creation without compelling need, or excepting for the good of the animal that suffers, is a sin against *God's Divine Love*, and as such must be sorrowed for and repented of.

He who—of pure luxury and not of necessity—daily eats the dead body of an animal slaughtered in great pain and with exquisite suffering, must nightly repent him of his sin.

Hear the words of contrition taught by the Zend Avesta: "Of all and every kind of sin which I have committed against Thy creatures, against dogs, birds, or any kind of

animal, if I have offended against any of them, I repent it with thoughts, words, and works, corporeal as spiritual, earthly as heavenly, with the three words: O Lord, pardon! I repent of sin."

"Of all sins that I have committed against any creature of the field, if I have beaten it, tortured it, slain it wrongfully; if I have not given it fodder at the right time; if I have mutilated it, not protected it from the robber, the wolf, and the waylayer; if I have not protected it from extreme heat and cold, I repent in thought, word, and works. O Lord, pardon! I repent of sin."

* * *

AN OBJECT LESSON IN MERCY.

The Vicar of Burton Wood is arranging for "an Object Lesson in Mercy," in the form of a "Merciful Tree," at Christmas. He wants gifts for rewards to the merciful, and money to pay inevitable expenses.

Contributions, whatever form they take, should be sent before Christmas, to Rev. A. M. Mitchell, Burton Wood Rectory, Newton-le-Willows.

* * *

THE CONVERSION OF PEOPLE OF INFLUENCE.

Nobody, writes Mr. Laxmidas (from Junagad, India), can more fully realise than yourself the necessity of converting to our principles the rich and influential people, to please whom their subordinates and dependents are always anxious.

One great means of conversion is, of course, the humane literature of our Order and other Societies. And we must do what we can to induce the great to *carefully* read the appalling tales of cruelty for which they are responsible.

I fear the multifarious duties of these people leave them very little time or inclination to study our literature while on land. But while they are on water we may be more successful. So I would suggest that every member of the Order who may have occasion to travel by water should arm himself, or herself, with copies of *Is Flesh-Eating Morally Defensible*; *Butchery and its Horrors*; *Comprehensive Guide Book to Natural, Hygienic and Humane Diet*; *Why I became a Vegetarian*, etc., and present them to first-class and other passengers. The same should be done by railway travellers also.

* * *

USEFUL AND FEASIBLE.

Mr. Laxmidas' suggestion is a good one for two reasons. (1.) It is feasible. (2.) It is on right lines.

Many suggestions which I get would be good if they were practicable, but since they are not, they are useless. This one is eminently sensible and not difficult.

Those who have gone on long sea voyages know only too well how unutterably bored many of the passengers become for want of a new topic. To them at such time a powerful pamphlet on a new subject would be welcomed only too gladly.

Can any reader tell me how or to whom a packet of literature should be addressed to ensure its being put in the way of passengers on our steamships or sailing vessels.

With regard to railway travelling, I always make a point of taking some pamphlets with me and of placing them where they are likely to be read, and more than once, when a fellow traveller has handed me a tract on dogmatics and invited me to peruse it, I have been able to hand him in return a tract on dietetic ethics and to ask him whether he practised the divine precepts of justice and mercy to all creation, about which he fain would preach to me.

* * *

WASTE FORCE.

This suggestion of making a special effort to convert the influential and the cultured is on right lines. It is only in late years

that we have begun to realise that teaching *higher* truths to the *lower* classes is waste of force and dissipation of treasure.

The old "three course for sixpence" gospel has done infinite harm to an evangel of aristophagy. We don't abstain from flesh because it is dear, but because it is bad—bad for our beautiful bodies, bad for our beautiful souls, bad for our beautiful spirits.

Flesh feeds the tiger in us and appeals to the tiger in us, whereas we wish the ape and tiger to die and the angel only to live.

* * *

LET THE LOWER CLASSES EAT MEAT.

We don't want then, to go wasting our energies on those who are unfitted to vegetate. Our Gospel is only to those who already have the spirit within which longs for a gentler life and a happier creation.

Let the lower classes go on eating meat 'lest the animals multiply too rapidly and eat us!' Let those who, with Carlyle, scoff at the 'potato Gospel,' go on devouring their devilled kidneys, and let them feel their kinship with their food.

* * *

THE CULTURED ONLY SHOULD VEGETARE.

It is to those who have passed through the furnace of pain and sorrow, and can fellow-feel with the agonised, groaning creation, that we appeal; it is to those who would have their robes unbloody and their mouths stainless, that we can offer the Gospel of a beautiful freedom—a Paradise regained. It is to such, and to such only, that we send out our message to vegetare.

* * *

WANTED A TEACHER.

The *Montreal Herald* quotes the greater part of my article "Aristophagy," and then adds the following paragraph:

The idea of an aristocracy of food is new. If only our doctors would stop advising us to eat meat, and underdone meat at that! Will any vegetarian correspondent and any other vegetarian reader tell us what they do eat, whether they exclude butter, milk, eggs and fish, and give a menu for three meals according to vegetarian principles. The theory is convincing. Many of us are vegetarians theoretically, but putting our theories into practice troubles us greatly. When we have horseless vehicles in our streets, and use only vegetarian food in our kitchens, the air of Montreal will be less foul and the garbage pails less disgusting. We shall all be cleaner and happier, but—will it ever be? Tell us all about it, you practical vegetarians.

Miss Florence Helsby is promptly to the rescue, and under her enthusiastic influence Montreal is being taught something of the aristocracy of diet.

* * *

BE A DANIEL.

A correspondent from St. Albans writes me a letter of personal experience, in which he says:—

"As a guide and help to others, it might be well if I were to say that from personal experience I commend the reformed dietary to the consideration of those who are earnestly striving and desiring to 'keep under' their bodies, and to exercise a thorough control over them. A difficulty, however, came when I could not obtain suitable vegetable food. I think I may truly say the solution came to me as an inspiration. 'I will be like Daniel; it will be better for me to live on bread alone rather than partake of that which would do me harm, and I may trust Providence to look after me.' This thought I would also commend to those who find like difficulty of obtaining sufficient nourishing vegetable food, for I am well convinced that it is much better to live on pulse like Daniel, or dry bread, than eat animal flesh. May God help us all to live up to our ideals for our own sake and the sake of others."

* * *

A discussion on this hopelessly fatal ACTINOMYCOSIS. disease took place before the Clinical Society of London, on Oct. 12. A few words taken from two of the speeches show that they who scoff at the dangers of flesh-eating, do so in ignorance.

Mr. Howard Marsh said:—

"Actinomyces appeared to be more formidable in man than in cattle. Thus in the present case it ran a rapid course, was attended with considerable rise of temperature and loss of flesh and strength, and ended fatally in about three months. The gravity of the disease was shown at the *post mortem*."

Mr. W. G. Spencer said:

"In some neighbourhoods the farmers were alive to the disease in their cattle, which they treated. . . . They also fatted the beasts and killed them for market, whereas the farmers should be compensated and the cattle destroyed. The disease was transferable from cattle to man, and in this country it caused a considerable amount of disease amongst human beings."

JOYFUL TESTIMONIES.

Just on going to press a mass of correspondence comes to hand full of the gladdest of glad tidings. The world is moving. Men are thinking. Women are working. The time is at hand when for cultured people it will be an impossibility to eat flesh.

Invitations to lecture have come in from numerous sources. Scotland asks for a Missioner. Ireland offers a splendid, aye, an almost royal welcome. The Antipodes are calling. The Nineteenth Century closes with the finger pointed to the sky!

* * *

I am indebted to the Editor of *Home Chat* for the little block which gives the French view of English sport. It is from an illustration by the famous Caran St. Ache, and really is not so great an exaggeration as it seems.



When people ask what will become of the animals if we don't eat them we can always reply with a truth they perhaps never thought of, that animals are really

bred for the purpose of being killed.

Do we find that ordinary woods and forests are overrun with game? No. These creatures are bred by the thousands and watched and tended by a veritable army of keepers to enable the "sportsmen" to come round and shoot them down in battues, "to prevent them over-running the land and eating up men, if men don't eat up them!"

The argument would be childish and humorous, were it not that thousands of shattered limbs and dragging, bleeding bellies, thousands of twisted wings and dying beakless birds, thousands of maimed and lonesome creatures agonize and die all through "the season" as the result of this argument.

Poor wretched sportsman! Who can rejoice in blood, who can see the beautiful bird with feathers full of shining silver and scarlet and gold transformed to a shapeless, limp and blood-stained mass, with feelings of joy and gladness!

Poor sportsman! He will see the horror of it some day when his eyes are opened to the vision of a more beautiful picture, and his soul attains her culture.

* * *

AMERICAN PUBLIC OPINION

Mrs. Lydia Irons sends a few valuable facts about the change of public opinion in the United States.

It is public opinion that we must modify, and it is from the first little movement in public opinion that our coming avalanche of progress can be foretold. Mrs. Irons writes:—

"The work here in the U.S.A. is pushing on finely. It is so gratifying to see notices and newspaper items in *secular papers* regarding the vegetarian movement. We are no longer objects of ridicule, but are sought out to inquire of as to health, &c. It does not mean as much now to advocate "a bloodless diet;" i.e., people will listen now, and he who stands for a bloodless diet is no longer looked upon as of an *unsound mind*, very different from 18 years ago when I began to live the life of a vegetarian."

* * *

VIVISECTION.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome in accepting honorary membership of the London Anti-Vivisection Society wrote to Mr. Sidney

G. Trist as follows:—

"In the cruel practices of the Vivisectors I see not only a wrong done to the dumb victims, but also a subtle injury inflicted upon the human race itself. I see science inculcating the doctrine that any suffering to another is justifiable, provided it bring, provided even it may possibly bring, relief to one's self. I see mankind taught that it is justified in shunning the presence of death, if only for a few hours, at the cost of a mountain of torture to the lesser breeds. I cannot conceive of a God who can view without anger such outrage upon the lowest of His creatures done by man for no higher object than personal gain. If the Day of Reckoning be not a fable then those who do this thing, and those who stand by silent, should have their answer ready, and should see to it that it is likely to plead for them with Him who said: "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?" To answer: "I did not trouble myself about this question; it pained me, and therefore I closed my ears to it," will hardly, one thinks, be taken as an excuse."

MEN AND BEASTS.

The same writer thus expresses a common attitude of man in relation to the dog who will stick to his master whatever misfortune overtakes him, and defend him even with its life, if that is required:

"Ah! old staunch friend, with your deep, clear eyes and bright, quick glances that take in all one has to say before one has time to speak it, do you know you are only an animal and have no mind? Do you know that dull-eyed, gin-sodden lout leaning against the post out there is immeasurably your intellectual superior? Do you know that every little-minded, selfish scoundrel, who never did a gentle deed or said a kind word, who never had a thought that was not mean and low or a desire that was not mean and base, whose every action is a fraud and whose every utterance is a lie; do you know that these crawling skulks are as much superior to you as the sun is superior to a rushlight, you honourable, brave-hearted, unselfish brute? They are men, you know, and men are the greatest, noblest and wisest and best beings in the whole vast, eternal universe. Any man will tell you that."

Yet many of the wisest of mankind in all ages have believed that the lower animals as well as man exist after death, that all living creatures have minds, in however small a degree, and that mind is as indestructible as matter. Pierre Loti says:

"I have seen with an infinitely sad disquietude the souls of animals appear in the depth of their eyes suddenly, as sad as a human soul, and search for my soul with tenderness, supplication and terror; and I have felt a deeper pity for the souls of animals than I have for those of my brothers, because they were without speech, and incapable of coming forth from their semi-night." Ruskin observes that "There is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light, through which their life looks out and up to the great mystery of our command over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature, if not of the soul."

* * *

FOOD AND TEMPER.

Mrs. Ernest Hart wrote a striking article some time ago on the causes of temper, and she maintained that flesh food was bad for it, and that a vegetarian dietary

tended towards equality of spirit and amiability of character. It is interesting to note that Darwin, speaking of the *Polyborus Nova Zelandia*, a carnivorous bird of unusual rapacity, tells us that they are "quarrelsome and very passionate, tearing up the grass with their bills from rage." This would seem to lend confirmation to Mrs. Hart's contention that food has a potent influence on the temper.

* * *

AN EXAMPLE.

Here is a splendid example for all members to follow. If every member would do this once a year only, how much it would encourage and help the hands and hearts of the Executive Council. Mr. Edwin Holmes writes:—

"The Herald for this month is so altogether excellent, that I shall be obliged if you will kindly forward 12 copies to me."

* * *

REPRINTS.

The two first articles in this issue will be reprinted in pamphlet form, and may be obtained post free for One Shilling per hundred. Members are specially asked to devote a little time every month to distributing the literature of The Order.

Our Deficit Fund.

The Executive Council acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following sums towards the deficit of about £250 which needs to be subscribed before the end of the year so as to enable The Order to commence the New Century with a small balance in hand.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Sidney H. Beard ...	50	0	0	J. O. Quinton ...	10	0	0
Harold W. Whiston ...	20	0	0	Rev. E. E. Kelly ...	2	6	
Daisy Whiston ...	5	0	0	Mrs. Macdonald ...	2	6	
A Humanitarian ...	50	0	0	Miss Palmer ...	18	0	
Two Friends ...	10	0	0	Miss Oswald ...	4	0	
W. A. P. ...	5	0	0	Sir Chas. Isham, Bart.	14	0	
E. C. ...	5	0	0	David Thomas ...	2	0	
A Member ...	5	0	0	Miss Meynell ...	6	6	
Frances L. Boulft ...	2	2	0	Mary J. Carr ...	5	0	
N. S. ...	2	0	0	A Reader ...	5	0	
J. ...	1	1	0				
"Jersey" ...	1	0	0				
					£160	12	6

Testimonies

(From the Members of the Council of The Order of the Golden Age).

My Profession of Faith.



O I understand you aright, best of editors and men? Then you summon me to kind of experience meeting, in which we are solemnly to relate how the Spirit of Humanity met us, and made its claim upon us, and sealed us for its own.

I must take you back some nine years in my history, and to the ridge of a hill looking down upon the ancient town of Hexham and the beautiful valley of the Tyne, where we were then in summer quarters. And the immediate instrument of my conversion was, as frequently happens, a woman.

A copy of Mr. Plimsoll's pamphlet on American cattle-ships had reached me by post—from the unknown it came, and the sender remains as mysterious as ever; I had read it with sickening horror, and then laid it down without coming to any definite resolve; it was taken up casually by my wife, read through, and then evoked the remark from her.—

"I feel as if I would never touch meat again."

To which the answer flashed straight from my heart.—

"Then don't!"

And we never did. Our friends smiled compassionately upon us—they would bear with our temporary folly; one of the most highly motivated and conscientious amongst them gave us six months to get through with it; he still lives, and, I suppose, eats beef still; but we also, strange to say, do live—and flourish.

You will perceive that the compelling motive with us was not hygienic, but humanitarian—we were thinking of the cattle, not of our health. And I may here be allowed to express my conviction that there will be no stable converts, in the present state of the reform, unless on the grounds of mercy and compassion for the unspeaking creatures.

Mere dietetics will not nerve a man to withstand the pity, the gentle compassionate tone, the soothing condescension of his circle. It needs nerve to disappoint a kind hostess who has prepared roast turkey for one's special delectation; to behold the smiles, the lifting of eyebrows, the neighbourly asides as one sends away the joints and cutlets at a public dinner; to refuse the lamb and mint sauce set down by the waiter as a matter of course at a *table d'hôte*, and stand the artillery of all eyes while you arrange about potatoes and beans; and nothing short of humanitarian principle will give a man the requisite nerve. Neither will anything less give him courage to persevere amid the possible non-success of his wife's first efforts at reformed cookery. Not that I suffered much. Bread-steaks, potatoes, milk-puddings, peas, beans, fruits, all suggested themselves without any special study, and in three days after our conversion we were dining with all the satisfaction and success of Jack Sprat and his wife who "licked the platter clean."

Children have been born to us in these years, as before, some of whom have never known, and the rest have forgotten the taste of meat. The eldest is eighteen—strong, straight-limbed, clean-skinned, of indestructible health and vitality. All are healthy, vigorous, vivacious, clear-headed—neither

weaklings nor blockheads. I am stronger than ever, and do more work than ever. I work at high pressure, with much strain of nerve and brain, but between my beans and my bicycle I fear nothing.

My wife was never considered strong, but she was never so strong in her life as during these nine years; and she has thrice in that period come back from that valley of death into which every mother of children descends, not merely with her life, but making recoveries remarkable for their quickness and completeness—and that without the beer and beef so generally thought necessary, but by the help of oatmeal and barley-water.

What more can I say, dear friend? This:—that we are not healthier only, but happier far. Nothing is farther from my temper than Pharisaism or self-righteousness; I look with faith, hope and charity even upon the sins of my fellows; but I tell you it adds to the zest of life to know that no creature is the worse for one's existence.

I despise no man, but still less do I envy the mind which can consent to the appalling suffering of the animal world merely to dine with greater gusto. The gusto is really with us! It may not appear so to the palate vitiated by years of flesh-eating. But after some trial, nothing will be sweeter and more delicious and more appetizing than the cereals, the pulses, the fruits and the vegetables furnished forth so magnificently for us by the bounteous mother—prepared with rationality, and varied according to the methods similar to those so well set forth in Mr. Beard's new "Comprehensive Guide Book."

If I might say a word to any enquirer after the better way, it would be this—Be unselfish! Put soul before palate! Mercy before convenience! Love before habit! The little difficulties with friends will soon be got over. So will the little difficulties with cookery. Then will come a greater joy into the life—the joy of being at peace with Nature, in love with all Nature's children, a new happiness in the birds of the air, the beasts of the field and the troutlets in the summer brooks, yes, and a new and more hopeful outlook upon the world and man and the future, a new sense of bliss in earning the beatitude of him who said, "Blessed are the Merciful!"

(Rev.) Walter Walsh.

Gilfillan Memorial Church, Dundee.

A Call to the Christian Church.



ust at this time it seems right and meet to impart any good news or happy experience to some toiling brother, if perchance he may be helped over some stile into greener pastures.

The Incarnation of Christ is the point of sympathy where all creation meets. Around the cradle of Bethlehem, so famous, though only a rude ledge in a caravanserai, gathered angels and men and women and wise men of great renown, also the *lowly cattle*. We claim for the non-human races, in all cases, consideration and humanity, and, in some, special honour and care. We feel, in asserting that the animal world demands from the *Christian* great justice and immense thought in its use, we are fortified by the authority of Christ.

If I am asked what moved me first to become a Food Reformer, it was the distress caused to the sensitive mind of a friend by the callousness of the Christian Church to the

atrocities of the slaughter house and all its preliminary steps. Challenged as a minister of the All-Merciful as to my own conduct in the matter and my tacit approbation of the countless number of unspoken wrongs, I was enabled by the good hand of my God upon me to give up flesh-eating there and then.

It is nearly two-and-twenty years since I was graciously led to take this step and to free myself as far as I could from the unnatural habits of past centuries and to walk before God in a conscious fellowship and love, not only with those who are most akin to the beauty of the Divine Mind, but also with all the creations of God around me.

I have been confounded and perplexed at the clerical "non possumus" and the ecclesiastical cold shoulder given to this most Christian and most noble movement—the emancipation of the western races from their long linked habits of flesh eating with its concomitant evils. Possibly when the Jewish Sacrifices and the Mosaic Laws lose some of their cogency with Christian thinkers, there may come a large ingathering of the sincere and sensitive Christian people who now, I am convinced, tolerate what they do not like to think about, because they believe the Sacred Writings authorize and bless this habit of the human race.

To return to my own experience very briefly, I at once answer the challenge of my friend as to the inconsistency of Christian practice, by plunging heart and head foremost into the method of life indicated in Paradise and praised and often practised by some of the greatest prophets, teachers, poets and philosophers of the world.

People say, "Oh, I could not live without *animal food*." How do you know? Try it.

Abolish only the flesh. Use and eat all else, and Nature provides a splendid repast; all the best of the world's fruits and grain are in our shops and markets. With milk, cheese, butter and eggs, what can the heart of man desire more! And what will be your reward? A wider and intenser vision of good in human nature. The dawn within you of a compassion and love for all things that can live and suffer, which will touch higher levels and ministries in the revolving worlds elsewhere.

As to health, may you have what mine has been for many years. If good when you begin it will soon be *best*, and if weakly your health will be *better*.

We say that the *highest motive is that of love*—if that shall move you, all your way will be peace and pleasantness, and many another unexpected blessing.

Permit me, kind and honoured reader, of this short summary of the step I have taken just to say a few words about Bible teaching. Many are perplexed by the apparent approval of flesh-eating in the sacred Scriptures. The first page in the Bible tells us that man was *frugivorous* and *no eater of flesh*. When the subject of food is mentioned again we find *restrictive Laws*—a code meant to keep the Hebrew tribes from the worst excesses of heathen nations. The Tables of Israel, as a Royal Race, and the cradle of the Messiah-Hope, were purer than that of any other people.

God did not make reform of social habits *impossible* by laying upon a rude and flesh-loving people a burden beyond their bearing. Yet the Hebrew race was once more brought back into *some degree* of relationship with the story of man's first home of innocence.

There is a long interval between the first chapter of Genesis and the last part of the last book in the Bible, but we see in history, in fact in allegory, that man is travelling by

a road that led him from a Garden, and at last in some happier time he returns again to a Garden City.

We must be reasonable as well as consistent. It is impossible we can abolish all death and suffering. But it is possible we can prevent very much and lessen the suffering of what is necessary for man's preservation.

Whatever may be the past, our marching word is "Onwards,"—right on—forgetting the sorrows of the long travel of the human race and its rivers of blood. Our way is towards the City of Peace where there are no tears and no death.

I humbly venture to affirm that with such a believed-in-end in view, the Vegetarian mode of life is *most consistent* and *most helpful* to everyone who runs the race for eternal things in a world where the upward seeking heart is sorely let and hindered.

Try it, dear fellow human brother, and yours will be a healthier and a happier New Year. (Rev.) H. J. Williams,
Rector of Kinross, N.B.

The Joy of Gentle Feeding.



EXT to my own profession I consider that the advocacy of Food Reform is the most important work any man could undertake. Questions of Total Abstinence, Anti-Vivisection, Land Reform, etc., etc., are all weighty ones, but none, in my opinion, go so directly to the root of prevalent evils as this of "Humane Diet," therefore if I were not a minister of religion I should elect to be a Food Reform Lecturer and Organiser.

I am asked to give testimony, experience and advice. The above is my testimony, and I can only add that it becomes increasingly difficult for me to understand how my brother ministers can fail to see that by refusing to take part in this great crusade they are betraying the best interests of their own religion.

I was always a vegetarian in theory and partook of the flesh of sentient creatures under protest, believing such food to be necessary, and substitutes, if there were any, to be too expensive for ordinary use. A good friend of mine and a good friend of our sacred cause, Rev. James C. Street, is responsible for turning my theories into practice. Said he, "If you think flesh-eating a cruel business, why do you share in it?" My answer, embodying the objection hinted at above, was met with the assertion that so long as bread and butter was obtainable I could manage to live, and that life on bread and butter with a clear conscience was to be preferred to the fat of the land accompanied with blood-guiltiness. That decided me, and what is certainly no less important, it decided my wife. We never finished the piece of "meat" we had left in our larder. Not only the words but the personality of this veteran vegetarian influenced me. I knew him to be a hard worker, full of enthusiasm, clear-headed and strong of will, and the quiet earnestness with which he advocated the highest humanitarian claims was argument in itself.

Once determined, I found it no difficult path on which I had entered, guide-books abounded, friends were ready with advice, the whole matter became so simple that at last one came to look in sheer bewilderment at the long years which had passed before one had seen the open door and had had sense enough to walk through it into the light.

No longer now do thoughts of the awful sufferings of innocent victims assault me as I join in the family meal; there is positive joy in the assurance that before us every day is spread a *bloodless* repast, and joy, too, in the thought that never a day passes but by some word or deed of ours others are incited to enter into similar freedom.

The effects physically are striking. I am no athlete, but cycling for 100 miles a day for the best part of a week proves no strain upon a system which boasts a heart with a "leaky valve." In my ordinary work I do certainly not less than others, and never know the feelings of exhaustion and "Mondayishness" with which so many are troubled. If I can judge myself at all, I can safely say I have accomplished more in my four vegetarian years than would have been possible to me in any four that preceded them.

As to advice, I am such a beginner that it may come somewhat amiss; however here it is.

To those who have not yet abandoned flesh-food. Leave off at once, burn all your boats. Remember, brown-bread and butter is excellent food, and if you are really convinced of the immorality of flesh-eating you would rather have the most monotonous diet than sully your conscience. But no such alternative is before you. Vegetarianism offers greater variety than does the ordinary method of diet, it comes less expensive, and when you resolve to have only the simplest dishes, it proves itself the least troublesome of dietaries.

Then, read all you can upon the subject and *around* the subject too, till you have made not only an ethical but a scientific basis for your (dietetic) faith.

And lastly, help others. Preach this gospel, and you will find it become daily more precious to you. Join some Society or, if you can, join several. The Order of the Golden Age and the Vegetarian Society command your support, they are national institutions and union with them incorporates you into a truly glorious company.

To those who are with us, who live the life of consistent humanitarians, I would say "Rejoice and give thanks exceedingly."

(Rev.) Arthur Harvie.
Unitarian Church, Gateshead.

I claim greater Health, Fitness, and Happiness.



and my experiences! Oh yes! with pleasure, They hardly cover four years, but they may be of some use to those folk who are "backward in coming forward."

For 'verts I have never had a partiality, though I verted myself (in the right direction, of course) at the ripe age of forty —! Vegetarians, as a rule, have to be born, not made. "Train up a child in the way he should go." "The youth of a nation is as the spring of a year." Dear old Pericles! *He* knew what he was talking about. "The rising hope" of Vegetarianism is the childhood and youth, foolishly described by the Preacher as Vanity!

Now let us get to work at our experiences.

Experience 1.—Health.

How do I find my health since I ceased to be the butcher's friend? First rate, never better. Ask the local doctors, they know and will probably tell you—"The parson? oh he's right enough, seems to have taken a new lease of life lately,"

Judgment for the vegetarian! This is testimony of the right sort, this is the advertisement which tells. Three whole years and more without the doctor! There's an achievement for you! A father of six may well be proud of his vegetarian household. *Then*—the flesh-eating days—the doctor ever on the doorstep. *Now*—"thou art so near and yet so far."

An ounce of fact is worth a pound of theory any day and every day. "Look at me," is the best argument with the flesh-eating sceptic and carnivorous infidel. What is it people say to me, week in week out? "You look a lot better than you did." "You do be looking well, and the missus, and the dear childer." "How is it you are able to do without the doctor now?" "Why, we have ceased to play the fool, we have given up eating dangerous food; *you* know not what you eat, *we* eat what we know. Do as we do, be as we are, and you, too, will find the blessing of health; why should the doctor's bill be to you a sword of Damocles?"

"The Recipe of Health." Read it, remember it. *No cancerous flesh, no tuberculous joints.*

Experience 2.—Fitness.

Who does not like to feel "fit?" The best motto for the parson is, "I will eat no flesh so long as the world standeth." There's the secret of ministerial fitness on the physical side. 'The first duty of the priest is to be efficient.' Oh yes! I agree, but priestly efficiency is not to be confounded with the efficiency of swine's flesh and bullock's ribs. Bacon and beef-steak never fill church or chapel. Not they, their filling power lies in another direction—the churchyards and cemeteries. The efficiency of pork and chops is to kill—to kill with parasitical disease and wasting consumption. The new century looms near, and, behold—I am still a youth! Not "too late a week," in my case, to be full of buoyant life and youthful spirits. You should see me take the haystack! Thirty miles a week too, at the very least, without wheels and in vegetarian shoes! Wonderful, isn't it? I mean it all, every word, "Fit." You have my word for it, it is true. I know what it is to be "fit," aye, and to be "fitter," and at this very moment to be "fittest." "Fit, fitter, fittest," that's the record of a vegetarian parson, that's his "experience."

Whatever do you live on?" "Oh! the best, the very best and nothing but the best and very best. Aristophagist you know! An eater of the best and choicest foods. Come and see. Comfort, restfulness and peace on the Lord's Day, as many services as you like, as many 'talks' as you please, and still—fresh to the end."

Think of it, O men of God, think of it, ye who would "faint" in the Lord's House, on the Lord's Day, without swine's flesh for breakfast, bullock's ribs for dinner, and who at the end of the day, must repair the vast "waste" entailed by 'the exhausting labours of the Sabbath' with the breast and wing of a cock chicken. What do I eat? I eat to live, not live to eat.

Experience 3.—Happiness.

Yes! it's a happy life, happy as the day is long. The sense of "fitness" is in itself a real happiness. Then there is the blessed consciousness that *you*, anyhow, have caused no pain to satisfy the unnatural yearnings of the inner man for carnivorous food. To sit down with one's wife and olive branches at a board free from the blood of all living creatures, sheds abroad in the heart a happiness otherwise unknown. Such is *my*—is *our* experience. Besides which the food itself, the thing *per se*, is productive of a pleasurable and

satisfaction in the inward part, without which Happiness cannot enter into the life and dwell there. And all this, too, without taking into account the joy one finds in being able to enlighten the ignorant, and help the weak hearted.

That is happiness, I can tell you, and happiness I did not know until I was born into the newness of the Aristophagist life. Happiness! I should think so. And all along the line too. Week in, week out, the evening and the morning make one long, one happy day. The mind is happy, the whole man is happy, and therefore the face is happy.

Far, far too many unhappy faces; far, far too many much-wrinkled brows. No "oil of gladness" for these poor souls whilst life is lived among the flesh-pots. Come out from among them, and touch not the unclean thing; say your "vale" to the notorious evil liver, and say it soon, say it now. Health will be better, temper will be sweeter, tone will be higher; in one word, happiness will be your lot. Why not make a little sunshine in the dark, dark world? We were made to be happy and to make others happy.

(Rev.) A. M. Mitchell,
Vicar of Burton Wood, Lancs.

A Family won by Conviction.



It was a case of sudden conversion, a turning away from a dietary that included flesh-food, in some form or other, three times a day.

The truth, and the convincing way in which it was put, allowed of no parleying. No half measures, or gradual reform would meet the case.

It came about in this wise: a few moments to spare led me to the Salcombe Reading Room, and a good angel directed me to look at the cover of a book entitled *The Herald of the Golden Age*. Taking it down, I read one of Mr. Beard's powerful appeals which at once gave me victory over myself and enabled me to put away from that moment that which hitherto I had regarded as absolutely necessary for the maintenance of perfect health.

Returning to my home, I partook of a meatless dinner, and this elicited anxious enquiries. Explanations were given, literature was quickly sent for, and in a very short time, without coercion, the various members of my family, including a faithful domestic (who has served us well these five and twenty years) determined to dispense with the carving knife and fork. A dietary clean, healthy and humane, was adopted, perhaps with occasional misgivings when old friends predicted all sorts of disasters, but our conviction grew stronger, that the course we were pursuing, irrespective of advice from flesh eaters, was a wise and right one. Correspondence took place with other friends who were able and willing to send kindly, helpful advice, and very speedily we found ourselves upon a safe path that daily grew brighter and more interesting.

All this happened some four years or more ago and there have been no regrets from any member of my family. We at once set to work arranging meetings, and inviting friends to our home, many of whom have adopted our way of living.

A. W. Jarvis,
Salcombe.

A Mother's Appeal for Women



Every many times have I been asked to give my experience of the vegetarian pathway of life for the benefit of others, and it seems especially fitting at this time that those who are pledged to this great Crusade of Reformation should unite in a declaration of their common faith and an appeal to others, that will give the keynote of their purposes in the new century. The delusions of the past are doomed; progress and enlightenment are the promise of the future, for the world is on the march, and the music of a more harmonious life is already making itself heard.

The knowledge of Vegetarianism first came to me about 14 years ago, and through this gateway I entered a path of development totally unknown to me before. I regard it therefore as the best blessing of my life, and although I embraced it at first from purely personal motives of health, and saw none of the higher principle which came to me later, yet when the light did dawn, it illumined my whole horizon and gave a new colour to life.

The pathway has been rugged and steep at times, and faith has been brought to the test through suffering from accident and other causes, when, had it been merely a matter of health or expediency, I might have relapsed into the old ways, which sometimes appear to be easier. But when our feet are set on the rock of principle, we can withstand the taunt of failure and the times of difficulty, and added strength is the recompense of the trial.

Two of my children, now nearing 15 and 17 years of age, have never tasted flesh-food, nor would anything induce them to, and they are active and healthy. We have never found any difficulty in sharing the general life of the world through our vegetarian and temperance principles. Our habits are simple, and whatever personal views we may hold on minor matters of dietetics, we do not obtrude them on the main issue, which is abstinence from fish, flesh and fowl. We still use eggs, milk and its products, and tea and coffee in strict moderation. We make our own whole-meal bread every week from home-ground wheat; and soups, savouries, puddings, vegetables, salads, fruits and nuts furnish our table with an all-sufficient variety.

I feel assured that the vegetarian system of life is the best in health and the safest in sickness. It increases bodily endurance, it kindles a gentler spirit and promotes harmony between mind and body; it solves many of life's problems, and affords a practical ideal, which is well worth striving for, for it involves the welfare of all God's creation, human and non-human, and puts an end to a vast sum of needless suffering, for which we are responsible.

Viewed in this light, it appears to be Duty, not personal predilection or gain, which bids us give the question our most careful consideration, and blessed indeed are they who in their full strength are led to follow the voice of conscience without asking to see the way, nor waiting until broken health compels them to enter through the portals of suffering.

Who are most wanted in this great reform? *The Women of the World!* It is in their power to speed its progress or hinder its advance.

On which side shall we give our influence in the 20th century? Shall we support habits of selfishness, cruelty

and indulgence, or shall our example speak for love, mercy and self sacrifice? On which path shall we set the feet of our children? Shall we choose for them that marked by custom, but beset with the hidden dangers of Disease, Drink and Impurity, or shall we guide them by our side in the fairer paths of Health, Temperance and Self-control?

I would plead earnestly with parents for the sake of their Children, not to set this subject lightly on one side. The natural instincts of childhood are all in favour of vegetarian diet. Why bend the tree in the wrong direction?

While the children are ours, let us gird on them the armour of chivalry to help us to fight the evil customs of the world. Their young enthusiasm is waiting for us to direct. With the children as allies, we are conquering the future now, and the words of the prophet seem to sound anew:—"A little child shall lead them."

Mothers! be led through your children. Though you may shrink from the untried path for yourself, resolve to find the best for them. A little patience, a little practice, and the way will grow clearer, and you will find many hands held out in willingness to help you on.

An inheritance of great value awaits you; the world has need of you, and in leading her children to embrace the cause of Justice, Mercy and Peace, the time will come when they shall rise up and call you blessed.

Frances L. Boulton.
Editor of the Children's Garden.

A Simple Dietary for Health.



ielding gladly to a request from the editor of *The Herald of the Golden Age*, to give a short experience of my relation to the "higher dietary," I send my testimony hoping that some of the readers of *The Herald* who are not vegetarians may be induced to give up flesh-eating.

It is upwards of thirty years since I used the flesh of animals for food—I use no beef, mutton, pork, fowl, nor fish—I can honestly say I never had any desire to go back to the flesh-pots.

I came into the Vegetarian camp through the health gate. I had been in bad health for a considerable time—about two years—suffered from rheumatism, was with great pain and difficulty able to walk a very short distance. Three months abstinence from flesh cured me.

My food was very simple, brown bread, eggs, and coffee formed my dietary, almost entirely. Since that time I have tried almost everything available in the vegetable kingdom, but I live very simply, seldom eating of more than one dish for dinner, but never taking the same dinner two days in succession. I have found it a very good plan to take farinaceous food for dinner one day, and the next take vegetables, always having brown bread and butter on the table. Rice and sweet milk with brown bread make a dinner that I can always do mental work on, a heavy dinner is not good for either physical or mental labour.

I find the foreign fruits very nourishing, and use home and foreign fruits as they come into season. I seldom take an egg, I use no cheese, I take a small cup of tea, coffee or cocoa generally at the morning and evening meal, but would be better without them.

My ideal diet would be brown bread and good grapes, with water as my only drink, but I have not got this length yet.

Persons who have been vegetarians for a long period generally come to live very simply; but this diet would not suit beginners. They should use the cereals and pulses, with eggs, cheese, foreign fruits, and whatever they care for; but they should take small meals. The dietary is so nourishing that it is not prudent to eat too much. Some years ago the cheapness of the diet was strongly urged upon the public, but that argument now has to take a back seat. All aspects of the vegetarian question should be put before the public, some will accept one aspect, some another. So that they come in and stay in the vegetarian camp, the gate by which they enter is not so important. But if you can bring a man or woman to see that it is *wrong* to slaughter animals for food, there is little fear of backsliding. I have endeavoured in every possible way, whether by writing or speaking, to keep the higher aspects of the vegetarian question well to the front. I would earnestly urge on every vegetarian the importance of being always well supplied with literature on every aspect of the question. An article in print is picked up and read by many. The spoken word may soon be forgotten, but the book or pamphlet is always a silent messenger whose power cannot be calculated. Sending a copy of *The Herald* by post to intelligent persons would advance our cause greatly. Every vegetarian should do something, some may like to speak, let them do so; some may prefer to write, let them do so; but in some way everyone should be actively advancing the cause. And if all would work regularly and earnestly—work and pray—great success would follow their efforts.

J. S. Herron,
Belcast.

THE PRAYER OF SELF.

One knelt within a world of care
And sin, and lifted up his prayer:
"I ask thee, Lord, for health and power
To meet the duties of each hour;
For peace from care, for daily food,
For life prolonged and filled with good;
I praise thee for thy gifts received,
For sins forgiven, for pains relieved,
For near and dear ones spared and blessed,
For prospered toil and promised rest.
This prayer I make in His great name
Who for my soul's salvation came."

But as he prayed, lo! at his side
Stood the thorn-crownèd Christ, and sighed,
"O blind disciple,—came I then
To bless the selfishness of men?
Thou askest health, amidst the cry
Of human strain and agony;
Thou askest peace, while all around
Trouble bows thousands to the ground;
Thou askest life for thine and thee,
While others die; thou thankest me
For gifts, for pardon, for success,
For thy own narrow happiness."

"Not in my name thy prayer was made,
Not for my sake thy praises paid.
My gift is sacrifice; my blood
Was shed for human brotherhood;
And till thy brothers' woe is thine
Thy heart-beat knows no throb of mine.
Come, leave thy selfish hopes, and see
Thy birthright of humanity!
Shun sorrow not; be brave to bear
The world's dark weight of sin and care;
Spend and be spent, yearn, suffer, give,
And in thy brethren learn to live."

Priscilla Leonard.

Household Wisdom.

CHRISTMAS DINNER.

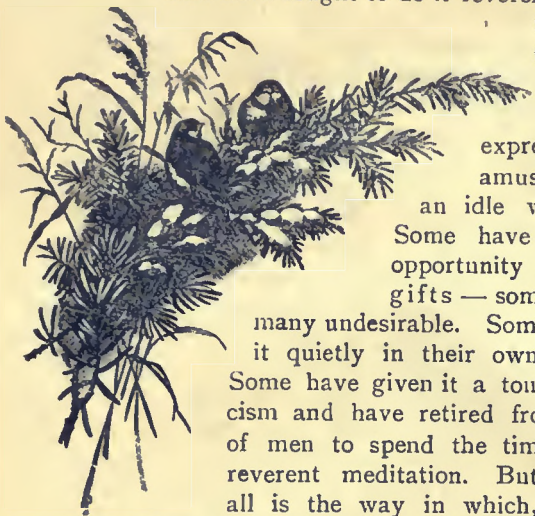
Christmas here again! with all its beautiful symbolism, its mysticism and its love. In all ages and in all climes men have sought to do it reverence. Truly has that reverence taken strange forms. Some have given it expression in selfish amusement and in an idle waste of time. Some have made it the opportunity for numerous gifts—some desirable—many undesirable. Some seek to spend it quietly in their own home circle. Some have given it a touch of monasticism and have retired from the haunts of men to spend the time in holy and reverent meditation. But strangest of all is the way in which, to-day, after nineteen hundred years of Christian teaching, after nineteen hundred years of struggle towards "the Ideal Life," men still go on eating and drinking, feasting and sleeping, to their hearts' content, regardless of the terrible price the feasting involves, and indifferent to the suffering their unnatural tastes compel. Whatever way we choose for the spending of our Christmas, let us, at any rate, keep it free from all cruelty and bloodshed. If never before, let us make this year a Christmas which shall be in full sympathy with the Spirit of the Master. Let the Christmas dinner be a thankoffering of only the beautiful fruits of the earth and let the shambles, with their terrible tale of anguish, creature suffering and human degradation, have no part in our homes.

For those who want help and advice, I would like to suggest a few practical dishes. For those who want their fare to be simple and homely—the simpler the better for all of us—some of the following recipes may be of service, and it is in this hope that I send them out, praying that they may in some degree lessen the appalling amount of animal suffering which is always intensified a thousandfold at this time of the year.

In offering the following suggestions for Christmas cheer, I make no attempt to imitate the recognised dishes of conventional usage, but rather to show the possibility of replacing them with bloodless fare, dainty, satisfying and attractive.

Those who serve us in our homes must welcome our way of cooking, for their work is light compared with those who have to cook the carnivorous diet.

Recipes have so often been given for plum puddings and mincemeat, and every housewife has her own pet recipe, that, to any who have not before had a Christmas pudding without suet, I would say—replace the quantity of suet by the same weight of pine kernels and nucoline, put through the nutmill, and for the mincemeat use fresh butter. The latter is infinitely preferable to the old "suet and beef" recipe and keeps quite fresh if placed in a cool, dry place. If too moist, add more chopped apple.



Menu.

(From which a selection can be made.)

Tapioca Cream Soup.	Chestnut Soup.
Mock White Fish.	Parsley Sauce.
Mushroom Pie (With Gravy).	Tomato Cutlets (With Tomato Sauce).
	Garnished Macaroni (With Chip Potatoes).
Flaked Potatoes, Cauliflowers or Sprouts.	
Plum Pudding.	Mince Pies.
	Cheesecakes.
	Chocolate Blancmange.
	Cheese and Biscuits.
	Salad.
Dessert: Fresh Fruits, Preserved Fruits, Figs, Nuts, etc.	

Chestnut Soup.

To prepare the stock, use water in which macaroni, rice, barley or white haricots have been boiled. Put into this 2 onions, sliced; 1 turnip and carrot, sliced; some celery stick, and let simmer gently two hours (best prepared the day before). Peel the chestnuts and throw into boiling water to take off brown skin. Then put them on to boil in the clear stock and, when tender rub through a sieve; add salt and pepper to taste, and $\frac{1}{2}$ -pt. boiling milk. (Just before serving the soup will be much improved by stirring in 4 tablespoons of cream). Use about 1-lb. chestnuts, weighed when peeled.

Tapioca Cream Soup.

1-pt. white stock, 1-pt. milk, the yolk of 1 egg, 2 large spoonfuls cream, 2-ozs. crushed tapioca, mace, pepper and salt. Put the stock and milk, with some sliced onion, carrot, turnip, and celery, into a pan and simmer gently 1 hour, and strain. Pound the tapioca small and boil in the stock till clear, and add seasoning. Beat the yolk and cream together in the tureen and when just off the boil pour on the soup.

Mushroom Pie.

Make a pancake batter and fry in spoonfuls as for fritters. When cold, cut up into small pieces. Take 1-lb. mushrooms, skin and chop them, and fry slowly with some chopped onion for 10 minutes in butter. Put a tablespoonful of Groult's tapioca to soak and mix with the mushrooms, adding a good cupful of gravy. Add seasoning and fill up a pie dish with alternate layers of fritters and mushrooms. If too dry add more gravy.

Gravy.

Wash the stalks and peelings of the mushrooms and put on to stew with an onion for an hour. Strain off the liquid. Brown 1-oz. butter with flour and pour on the mushroom stock, add seasoning and any other flavouring liked, mushroom ketchup or tomato, etc.

Tomato Cutlets.

Pour off all the liquid from a tin of tomatoes (keep that for sauce) and put them in a pan with 2 good cupfuls of mashed potatoes, butter, salt and pepper, and bread crumbs, to give it the right consistency. Mix well and add 1 beaten egg. Cook for a few minutes, stirring well and turn out to cool. Shape into cutlets, dip in egg and bread crumbs and fry.

Garnished Macaroni.

6-ozs. macaroni, 1 bottle of green peas, 2 eggs (hard boiled), 1 onion, 1-oz. flour, 1-oz. butter, 1-oz. grated cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ -pt. milk, a spoonful of chopped parsley, seasoning. Put the macaroni and onion into sharp boiling water. When tender, strain (keeping the water for stock), and make a sauce of the flour, milk and butter, add seasoning and cheese and stir in the macaroni. Arrange on a flat dish, lay the whites of the eggs in strips on the top, then the parsley sprinkled over, and lastly the hard boiled yolks rubbed through a sieve. Garnish with the green peas as a border.

Daisy Whiston.

[For a complete list of recipes for Christmas and the New Year; recipes for winter and for spring and for summer; recipes for the rich and for the poor; recipes which require much and others which require but little trouble; general advice as to food and feeding and the effect of foods upon health and life, you should purchase and consult "A COMPREHENSIVE GUIDE-BOOK TO NATURAL, HYGIENIC AND HUMANE DIET," by Sidney H. Beard. Price One Shilling, post free. In art canvas, Eighteenpence. From The Order of the Golden Age, Paignton, England.]

A Visit to our New Headquarters.

It was an evening in the late autumn when I first landed at Paignton on a visit to the new home of the Provost of the Order of the Golden Age.

The leaves were still on the trees, but the touch of gold and brown and russet was everywhere, and the fruition of the summer and its sun was seen in the rich harvest of apples and pears and nuts and berries and acorns that filled the orchards and forests.

As I passed through the lovely grounds of Barcombe Hall and marked the skill and taste with which the estate is laid out, and the perfection in which everything is kept, I was impressed with the thought that this is the first time in the history of the Vegetarian Movement when any of its great societies has had a real "headquarters."

Up to now the office in a town has been the nursing home of a movement which speaks of harvest field and orchard, and the town smoke has rested upon the machinery which was to create the ideal. But here all is different. There is a personal magnetism in the air which speaks of kinship with the spirits of cloud and sunshine, with the rulers of brook and flood, and with the wood nymph chaste.

But beyond and above the gods and goddesses of Nature, there is an air of solemn protection, a grand mysterious aegis which whispers of the Mount of Sacrifice and of the blessings of Moriah. The Order of the Golden Age speaks out some of its ideals from the grounds which encompass its Mecca.

Sweet chestnut and ever-green oak, tulip tree and dark pine fill the undulating park with a sense of infinite rest, while the sparkling waters of the bay below, and the red rocks of the cliffs behind, form a contrast as artistic as it is striking to the rich green turf and dappling brook which fill up the view between.

Up the drive we go, past the entrance lodge, along an avenue of semi-tropical *Dracæna* palms, till the old red sandstone Hall comes suddenly into view. Built in the Italian Renaissance style, its severe simplicity well matches the rocks that rise a sheer hundred feet behind. But it is not repellent or rugged in its massive simplicity. The ripe red of its masonry is seen through a halo of foliage which at once speaks of the richness of the soil and the sweet softness of the climate.

The fragrant eucalyptus with its leaves blue and bloom-kissed, *Chamerops* palms, yuccas and golden bamboos, arunda and pampas grasses flourish on all sides, while giant fuchsias and ferns, magnolias and arbutilons, great bushes of mimosa and enormous hydrangeas make it plain that the reign of frost is not here.

In front of "Barcombe" is a charming Italian garden, which was, even as late as November, brilliant with flowers and foliage of striking colours. A bed of begonias, enough to

make any gardener's heart proud, demonstrated what Nature could do in variety and brilliancy of startling colours.

On a lower terrace comes a specimen of what an English lawn can be at its best. Close-cut, level, green and true, with stately timber round. Up in the trees electric lamps are cunningly placed so as to give a quaint and novel effect as the lights gleam through the branches, while fountain, pond of fish and tiny waterfall, with many a shady nook and sheltered walk add a restfulness as well as a charm to the place.

Kitchen gardens extend far and away beyond, stocked with fruit trees and vegetables of the most delicate and finest sorts. Many things which in other gardens are looked on as scarce and rare, here grow in profusion. Globe artichokes "grow like weeds," and an orchard of figs was laden with their luscious burden, while the perpetual strawberry was full of ripe fruit, without heat, as late as November! Trees of peaches and apricots, fruit of grapes and pears, giant cob-nuts and enormous gourds made one

feel that the millenium was indeed possible. Mr. Beard is keen on horticultural experiments, and he has the promise of results which may, ere long, be widely heard of.

One would fain linger for hours in these gardens and grounds, with views of sky and sea and rolling landscape, were it not that a short glance within the Hall itself is necessary to complete the picture.

I shall say nothing of cellaring capable of holding a battalion of foot guards; nothing of the electric light plant and engine, and the extensive workshop replete with the latest tools, where many a

happy hour could be spent; nothing of the dining room, all fitted with quaint oak furniture of pure Gothic pattern; nothing of the oriental room, rich in treasures of Moorish inlaying and priceless mementos personally gathered from the bazaars of Cairo, Damascus, and Jerusalem, from the old-world haunts of Granada, Venice and Algiers and the older banks of the Nile. Suffice to say that there is no odour of a "universal provider" about the place, no taint of ostentatious "scarlet and gold," no attempt to obtrude that things cost many shekels; but, none the less, throughout there is that indefinable feeling of an artistic freedom, untrammelled by question of cost, of a result only to be obtained by an artist who was able to carry out his ideas unrestrained by considerations of £. s. d. It is a home of "rest," of "repose," of quiet tones, and of refined art and simple luxury.

I will only describe one room—the Council Chamber of The Order. Most Council Chambers are oak panelled and very cold, with tall chairs and stiff leather seats. Chambers that speak of formalism without heart, of motive without mercy, of rigidity of routine without elasticity of adaptation.

Here, too, is the dignity and solidity of oak. The doors are oak; an oak screen, in quaint early English pattern, with exposed arrow hinges to its doorway, is at one end, while the



Barcombe Hall (The West Front).

raised dais at the other is of oak parqueterie and forms the floor of a large and cosy Ingle nook; the book-cases and mantel are of oak and bear quaint mottoes carved in the wood or raised with copper lettering. The organ is in harmony with its surroundings. But while there is dignity and stateliness there is much more.

The heavy carpet and rugs, woven with the symbols of the Order, the rich curtains brought from an Indian mosque, the fireplace with its curious setting in antique beaten copper give a warmth of colour that speaks of heart as well as head in the planning out of the future Council and its deliberations.

Here too was the imposing simplicity of space. It is a large room, measuring 14 feet in height, 30 feet in length, and 26 feet in breadth.

The winter garden adjoins, and through the windows there is revealed the glory of many-hued flowers and plants of brilliant foliage, while the subtle perfumes steal in and bring their message of beauty direct from Nature's lap.

The walls are covered with Arras cloth, and this is surmounted by a frieze specially designed with many an occult symbol which speak of labour and love, of unity and amity, of passing time, and of boundless eternity—symbols which link the modern West to the ancient East, which unite the Thames and the Nile, which bridge the gulf, which separates the Order of the Golden Age to-day from the Golden Age of the fabled past.

The table is spread with the literature which is pouring in from East and West, from North and South. Until seen thus in its varied piles one hardly realised how many minds the world over are writing in English and French, in German and Dutch, in Russian and

Japanese, in ancient Hindostanee and in modern Greek, and in many a language beside, the marvels of the new inspiration. It was a veritable revelation of the magnitude of the forces already at work in the harvest field.

I must not end without a reference to a detail which tells its own story of loving thought.

Not even a chair has been bought from "the universal provider," but each one has been specially designed and each bears its own motto quaintly carved in the solid oak, so that when the Councillors meet and sit, each in his chair of state, they will be reminded of some of the deep truths which underlie all good living and true judgments.

The whole idea is grander and more beautiful than anything which has ever before inspired the Vegetarian movement—a Council chamber dedicated and sanctified. Nature and art, learning and wealth, devotion and religion, brought together to form a fitting setting for those who are going to raise aristophagy from a thing of economics to a divine duty of ethics, from a thing common-place and sometimes ludicrous to a thing most holy.

To this quiet sanctuary, so "far from the madding crowd," many kindred souls and workers for God and Humanity will doubtless feel constrained at some time, if they should be

journeying in the South of England, to bend their steps for the purpose of making themselves personally known to the Provost of the Order. The lovely grounds with their varied views of sea and land, of hill and dale, their quiet corners and leafy shades, will, by the courtesy of the owner, be open on Sundays and Thursdays in the afternoon to those who share the ideals and aspirations of The Order. Here may they enjoy a few quiet hours of communion with the God of Nature and receive fresh inspiration for service in the hard and busy world. Intending visitors should, however, send a letter intimating that they will call.

The climate and situation of Paignton is such that the locality may be regarded as being about the most desirable place of residence obtainable in this country for Food-Reformers and lovers of Nature in her gentler moods. Being situate on an east coast, the sea breezes are bracing, lying further south than Boulogne the air is genial and balmy, and it is warmed by the gulf stream which wafts a current of mild atmosphere on to our South-Western Coasts. The town is placed in the centre of Torbay—the English 'Bay of Naples'—there is no tidal current and the water is usually calm. The beach is an ideal one for bathing, and in summer-time some fifty private tents are erected for this purpose. It is close to the first-class town of Torquay (2½ miles distant) and has an excellent through service of express trains to London and the North.

A considerable number of converts to our principles have already been made in the district, and in course of time it is probable that a community of humanitarians of the O.G.A. type will be established here which may become an im-



The Council Room of The Order of the Golden Age.

portant object lesson to the Nation.

The nineteenth century is passing away, but the germ of great things is revealing itself for development in the twentieth.

As I turn away and leave this land of promise, I find myself plunged again into the great every-day world with its demand for beef and its cynical contempt for the horrors of the slaughterhouse.

I can enter somewhat into the despairing wrath of the great leader of Israel who, when he came down from the Mount bearing with him the fruits of the great Communion with the Divine Majesty, and full of the spirit of his burden of gentleness and justice, found the people worshipping the animal calf and calling *it* their god.

So, too, to-day, when from the sanctuary of a close kinship with souls knit near unto the gentle heart of a God who notes every sparrow that falls to the ground, one plunges down again into the busy camp of life, one is profoundly overwhelmed with the sense of blood and cruelty everywhere.

The message of the mystic voice is "Up, for the battle is the Lord's," and in the name of the All Merciful will we show Mercy and will we demand Mercy for all creatures that can live and breathe and suffer pain and agonizing die.

Josiah Oldfield.