

# THE HERALD OF THE GOLDEN AGE

"Thy Will be Done on Earth."

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL  
OF  
THE ORDER OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

Founded to proclaim a Message of Peace and Happiness,  
Health and Purity, Life and Power.

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## The Goal is Sure.



"Strong limbs may dare the rugged road which storms,  
Soaring and perilous, the mountain's breast,  
The weak must wind from slower ledge to ledge,  
With many a place of rest."

"The firm soul hastens, the feeble tarries, all  
Will reach the sunlit snows." *The Light of Asia.*

Few of us see the terrible sorrows and sadness around us; few of us think of the daily agonies that join sunrise to sunset, and link sunset on again to the following day, but sometimes ask ourselves whether there is any use hoping for better things, and whether there is any use working for better times.

Is it true that "everything comes to him who waits and works," or is this only one of the bogey whips which are used to keep men's noses ever to the grindstone and their tired feet ever climbing the unending treadmill of time?

The end of the century is upon us, and like all preceding centuries it ends in war and bloodshed, and treachery and hate.

If we believe that the Transvaal war is a war for justice and right, is it true that our soldiers go out in a spirit of greater sanctification than in centuries gone by?

Cromwell's soldiers prayed in companies and sang in battalions. The spirit of the Lord of battles was in their hearts, and their brutality was tempered by their spirituality, Has the race progressed on spiritual lines since then? Has the brute died down or the angel grown up?

Do men realise more now than then that it is the spirit life which is permanent, and that it is the spiritual which must dominate the physical? Sometimes as one realises how

the spirit of the Inquisition lives in the hearts of the Jesuits to-day, and that if only opportunity occurred, the terrible atrocities of the past would be repeated to-morrow, one despairs of the power of religion to make men gentle and true.

Sometimes as one realises how the spirit of research drives men on to-day just as it ever drove them; how, in the search for good, men are still willing to do evil; how, in the search for ease, men are willing to inflict the most agonising pains, and how the spirit of the tormentor is still enshrined in the eager ecstasy of the vivisector, one is led to despair as to whether Science has any power to make men gentle and good.

But times of despair are but fleeting. Deep down in my heart of hearts I know that the world is growing brighter and better.

Though men commit as great crimes now as ever they did, yet, owing to the press and the telegraph wires, every crime now-a-days is blazoned far and wide, so that every crime is known, whereas, in times gone by, each castle, each rocky fastness, each prison, each palace, had its yearly tale of horrors of which none knew, any more than we knew a decade ago of what was doing in Benin, the city of blood!

More, too, and much more, there was no public opinion; or if there was, it was lukewarm or actually pro-brutal. Men watched a poor woman ducked to death on the plea that she was a witch, and laughed at her death as a joke. Men and women often looked upon imbeciles and idiots and blind people as objects fit only for starvation and cruelty, and prisons and workhouses were hells upon earth—and public opinion saw no harm in it.

The world has progressed, and up the spiral stairway the mass of the race is creeping, and it is only now and again and here and there that an individual or a race sports back to the barbarous past, and we shudder and think that all is in vain.

The lesson of confident faith must be learned. The goal is ahead. To it all will some time reach. Does not Paracelsus say:—

"I see my way as birds their trackless path,  
I shall arrive.  
What times, what seasons first, I know not;  
But unless God shall send his hail  
With blinding fireballs, sleet, and stifling snow  
In some time, in His own time,  
I shall arrive."

The goal of the race, the goal of the individual is before us, and some more quickly, some less quickly, are drawing on towards it.

"The firm soul hastens, the feeble tarries, all  
Will reach the sunlit snows."

Shall this knowledge make us slothful? Shall this belief make us less eager to missionise? Shall it make us cease to spend ourselves on teaching in season and out of season the sweet gospel of the humaner living?

Shall I lie down and say, "What matters it. I shall get there some time whether I work or work not, therefore for myself I need not worry. Every other man and woman, too, will 'some time, in His own time' reach the sunlit snows. What is the use, then, of my wasting my time for others. I cannot hasten their progress nor retard their advance. With stately and measured tread the march goes on. With me or without me it is all one?"

No! ten thousand times no. If I am driving along a lonely road which winds o'er moor and fen, and the mists of eventide are falling, and if I pass a woman plodding wearily along with back all bowed and head sunk down upon her breast, shall I look at the empty seat in my carriage beside me and say, "She and I are bound for the same distant town, but since some time, somehow, she as well as I will arrive there, why should I offer to pick her up and give her a help on her journey? It is possible that my carriage may be overturned and she might then be injured, so that if I pass her by now she may get there just as soon, or even sooner. It is better to leave fate alone, and let her plod along in the way she has always been taught to plod."

No! We have learned the power of self sacrifice in the physical world, and the same power holds good in the spiritual world.

If I am willing to suffer and agonise, I, too, may be found worthy to be a co-operator with God in hastening on the progress of some other soul towards the sunlit snows.

"Go ye out into all nations and teach and preach the good tidings of the Kingdom of Peace," is the command which is upon us to-day. The sorrowing creation is groaning in agonies untold; by ship and rail, from lair, slaughter-house, and shippon; in hunger and thirst; in over-fattening and under-feeding; child from mother torn, and mother robbed of child; from the cage of the bacteriologist, and from the trough of the vivisector; from the gin of the keeper, and from the iron teeth of the huntsman's trap, the cries of pain and anguish are rising day and night.

If to each cell is attached its fateful pain, what shall they not suffer who join into their own bodies, consciously and willingly, the cells of the dead animals with the Nemesis of pain attached.

He who causes pain to be inflicted on a sentient creature will, with the dead body of that dead animal take in the penalty too, so that he who eats shall be responsible to pay the debt he has incurred, the reflex of the pain he has inflicted.

It is from suffering and sorrow to come that I would save men, by moving them to vegetare. It is from a deep conviction that pain inflicted means pain to be suffered, that makes me long for the time when cruelties shall cease. When that time comes the sufferings of the human race will soon be terminated. Who is there who has lived in our slums, visited our workhouses, peeped into our prisons, or walked our Hospital wards, but knows something of the awful toll of human pain which is daily paid.

Not for the animals only, but for the sake of my brothers and sisters of human shape am I willing to plead for the abolition of the cruelties necessarily connected with flesh-eating.

In connection with this important subject of the closer kinship of the human with the divine by means of the exercise of self-sacrifice for those that are weaker and lower in the scale of life, I would reproduce a few words—powerful words, thoughtful words, inspiriting words—uttered by the late eminent physician, Sir Andrew Clark. He says:

"There undoubtedly exists at the back of the universe a great Power—a Power which permeates the universe, and of which Power we are, in some way, a part. On this point there has been a great advance in late years. Mr. Herbert Spencer, as the representative of the agnostic position, says, as all agnostics will say, that, undoubtedly, there does exist behind the universe a Power which permeates the universe, and of which we are, either directly or indirectly, a part.

I then examine myself to see if there is any relation between myself and the Power behind the universe. And the first thing I think I see is that that Power must in some sense be *personal*; for when I examine my own inner life I find that I am an intelligent being, and that my mere body does not express all that there is of me. When I examine the operations going on within me, I find I must speak of my affections, my feelings, and my will. Yes, I feel that this *I*, this mystery which exists in every man, is a power within his body, a power which is, perhaps, quite independent of his body, but associated with it.

Furthermore, having got so far in the belief of a Power behind the universe, and in the belief that this is a personal Power, I find on watching the events of my inner life that there are *two voices*, or *guides*, or *laws* within me. I do not know what to call them. I find there is a law or guide within myself, by which I discern, I desire, I take what I desire, I gratify myself in every conceivable way. And I have observed that every individual and every nation which permits itself to be governed by this law of *Self* invariably degenerates and comes to destruction.

Furthermore, I find that whilst I am following this law of *Self*, whilst I am eating and drinking and making merry, and thinking of nothing but my own gratification, there is another voice or guide in myself, quite of another kind and inarticulate.

And when I am following my own will, and following it to my own destruction, this mysterious inarticulate voice protests, warns, and sanctions, and speaks strange things about sacrifice and holiness.

What is this? that whilst I seek my own will, do my own will, and follow my own will, doing that which seems good to me, I am interrupted by this inner inarticulate mysterious voice.

What is it? People call it *Conscience*. Everyone admits that it has a power which it seems to have a *right* to exercise. Whatever their theological or religious opinions, everyone will admit that it has a rightful supremacy. Well, what is the meaning of this? I have asked myself over and over again, and I have come to the conclusion that the only possible explanation I can give is, that it is a revelation of the Power which lies behind the universe, and that it is in some way *Divine*.

But if it be true that the something which we call conscience is in some way or other *Divine*, and is some part of that Power which lies behind the universe—what does that supposition involve? Very wonderful things, and very helpful things too, I think.

First, it involves a community between man and that Power behind the universe—we will call it God; and, second, it unfolds a relationship between the whole creation.

I ask myself, therefore, 'What is man?' I answer, 'Man is Divine.' The constitution of man is thus three-fold—he has a body in common with the earth, with matter; he has mind in common with animals; and he has spirit in common only with God. Like Him, if it is not irreverent to say so, he has trinity in unity, and in the trinity and unity he is linked, on the one hand with God, and, on the other, with the whole creation."

Man, then, as Sir Andrew Clark admits, is the link between the animal and the divine, and great and glorious are the privileges of being able to exercise towards the lower creation what we pray that the inhabitants of the heavenly spheres will exercise towards us. Josiah Oldfield.

## From Many Minds.

The following from an article entitled "The Votaries of Eternal Silence," in the *Wide World Magazine* for December, bears strong testimony to the healthfulness of a vegetarian diet.



"It is true that they (the Trappist Monks) get up at two in the morning; that they limit their meals to a small allowance of fruit and vegetables, washed down with spring water; that their days are devoted to hard manual labour relieved only by frequent intervals of Prayer."

"It is certainly a fact that they enjoy extraordinary health and spirits, and usually attain to a good old age. . . . Indeed, the eloquent fact remains that whenever there has been an epidemic in their neighbourhood it has always spared them, though they have not shrunk from lavishing their ministrations upon the sick."

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**MR. GLADSTONE AS A HUMANITARIAN** The following declaration by Mr. Gladstone of his views regarding our relations to the animal kingdom, will, doubtless, be of interest to our readers:—

"It is plain that this chapter (Gen. I.) presented to the mind of man the fact that he had a common origin with the rest of Nature, both animate and inanimate, and thereby that he was constituted in a definite relation to all created things. As we know through subsequent communications from the same high source, this is a relation partly of dominion. But it is of dominion regulated by duty, and duty governing our conduct generally governs that part of it which concerns the animal creation by an appropriate law. We are to use those which are appointed to our use, whether for labour or for food, with the obligation to avoid excess in the one, and infliction of unnecessary pain in the other. We are to destroy those which are noxious to human subsistence. And we are to avoid all wanton injury, as to the greatest, so also to the least among them. In those men or women who are by Nature tenderly disposed, Nature itself may supply the needful dispositions. But one of the sad and afflicting incidents in our Nature as it actually stands, is the widespread proneness, even in childhood, to cruelty! to a cruelty not systematic or reasoned, but what may be termed a cruelty of indifference which treats the inferior creatures as without any interest or feeling that should be taken into account, and which instinctively feels delight in the exercise of power although without an object."

It will thus be seen that Mr. Gladstone was a sincere humanitarian, and, had he not laboured under the delusion that certain animals were "appointed for food," it is just possible we might have been able to number him amongst the noble band of distinguished men who have practised the "better way in diet."

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### BUDDHA'S OPINION OF DISEASE.

It would appear that the pathogenic properties of flesh-meat were already recognised 2,500 years ago. For Buddha is recorded to have said: "There were formerly three diseases: desire, hunger, and decay, but from the slaying of cattle there came ninety-eight." It is astonishing that after all these ages the world is still ignorant of the fact that the eating of flesh-meat is a prolific cause of disease!

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### AN EARLY FORM OF ANAESTHESIA.

It has been said that Nature is "red in tooth and claw;" her methods are, however, occasionally tempered by mercy, as is evidenced by the following fact quoted by Darwin in the voyage of the *Beagle*. "Certain wasp-like insects, which construct in the corners of the verandahs, clay cells for their larvae, are very numerous in the neighbourhood of Rio. These cells they stuff full of half-dead spiders and caterpillars, which they seem wonderfully to know how to sting to that degree as to leave them paralysed but alive, until their eggs are hatched; and the larvae feed on the horrid mass of powerless half-killed victims." This sounds ghastly enough, but it is infinitely merciful compared to what men do. These insects do it out of maternal instinct for the sustenance of their helpless young; but men half roast and stuff geese with lingering torture, for the sake of obtaining a disused organ as a dainty, but men strip the skin from the mother seal and leave her raw bleeding body for her young cubs to wail and starve round; but men inflict suffering untold upon highly sentient cows and sheep and oxen in order to obtain what everyone admits is an unnecessary article of food.

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### FLESH-FOOD IS NOT GOOD FOR STRENGTH.

Many may have wondered whether the huge antediluvian megatheroid animals of which fossilised remains still exist, were carnivorous or vegetarian. And it would appear that their habits were even a puzzle to naturalists until Prof. Owen solved the problem. "Their teeth indicate," says Darwin, "by their simple structure, that these megatheroid animals lived on vegetable-food, and probably on the leaves and small twigs of trees; their ponderous forms and great strong curved claws seem so little adapted for locomotion, that some eminent naturalists have actually believed, that, like the sloths, to which they are intimately related, they subsisted by climbing back downwards on trees, and feeding on the leaves. It was a bold, not to say preposterous, idea to conceive even antediluvian trees, with branches strong enough to bear animals as large as elephants. Professor Owen, with far more probability, believes that, instead of climbing on the trees, they pulled the branches down to them, and tore up the smaller ones by the roots, and so fed on the leaves." E. M. Webb.

## FREE SOULS.

Thanks be to the Infinite Life, some souls are still free;  
Some spirits untrammelled; unbending their knees;  
Like the oak of the mountain, deep-rooted and firm,  
Erect when the multitude bends to the storm;  
When traitors to Freedom, to Truth and to Good  
Are bowed to their idols polluted with fraud:  
When recreant souls have forgotten their trust,  
When Truth, Love and Justice lie low in the dust;  
'Tis then that brave souls from their shackles have broken;  
'Tis then that brave souls for Freedom have spoken!

Jessie Haynes.

## Flesh-Eating in the Light of Humane Thought.

**W**hile the subject of flesh-eating is gradually gaining importance in the eyes of liberal reformers, the average person is not yet aware that it is a matter to be seriously considered. The great rushing world around us is too busy in devouring the weaker portion of earth's inhabitants—some of them in a literal and others in a figurative way—to listen to any doubts about the lawfulness of its proceedings. Even the most kind-hearted people, including many professed friends of animals, are apt to think lightly of vegetarianism as an unpractical thing, springing from exaggerated and mistaken tenderness. Some very active and admirable opponents of cruelty still hold this view; nevertheless, it is becoming more and more exceptional among those who are in the habit of thinking and of following out their own best thought. To them it is mainly a question of moral consistency. Temperance workers and dietetic reformers are finding other arguments in favour of the vegetarian practice; but it appeals to humane thinkers chiefly as a matter of principle.

To some extent the moral advantage of the vegetarian position is obvious from the outset. In this rough world it is difficult for the best of us to keep free from complicity with barbarous deeds. Our ordinary customs in dress, and especially in diet, involve an enormous amount of undeniable cruelty; and this fact is used with considerable effect by the advocates of vivisection to prove the inconsistency of their flesh-eating opponents. It must be admitted that the answer to this charge is not so easy or so clear as we could wish. The common reply is that there is a vast difference between the mere act of killing and the infliction of torture. Theoretically the difference is indeed immense, but when we look into the practice of these two gruesome acts they seem to approximate closely in their methods and effects.

The scenes which are every day repeated in our slaughter-houses, large and small, are scarcely less horrifying than those of the worst vivisectional laboratory. Whatever they lack in the quality of prolonged and ingeniously aggravated pain is made up by the increase in quantity of suffering. This fact is proved by the testimony of many witnesses who have visited such dens of slaughter as Armour's packing-house in Kansas City, where 20,000 animals can be killed and dressed daily. One reporter writes: "Inside the vast enclosure it looked like a battle-field—the floors were crimson; the men were deep-deyed from head to foot. The cattle were driven into pens, scores at a time, and the echo of the pole-axes was heard like the riveting of plates in a ship-building yard. Then the kicking animals were shot on to the floor, to be seized by the hoofs by chains, and hoisted to the ceiling and sent flying on their way to rows of men, who waited with knives and skinned and quartered and washed them."

Notice the horrible significance of that last sentence. "Still kicking," the hapless cattle are hoisted by their hoofs and "sent flying" like so many logs of wood to men who forthwith begin to chop and flay the quivering limbs. The practice of commencing to skin an animal before it is dead is apparently very common, the butchers saying that they cannot afford to wait.

In recent years New York has had several public contests between butchers, with a prize for the one who should kill and skin an ox in the shortest space of time; and a very brief

space it was. This, again, is frightfully suggestive of vivisection, and it is quite as difficult to interfere with the butcher as with the more scientific tormentor. In both cases the supposed necessities of humankind suffice to sanction a horrible trade, and to conceal from our view its most intolerable horrors.

We must remember also that the death scene is usually but the dreadful close of a long line of tortures. From the millions of cattle that have starved and frozen on our Western plains, down to the dumb, unpitied tragedies of every day in a hundred thousand farm yards, the insatiable human lust of slaughter works misery inconceivable, breeding myriads of timid, gentle creatures that are literally only born to die. As a rule, our innocent prey has to run a gauntlet of savage tortures on the way to a cruel death. We might well figure the sad procession moving day and night, footsore, on dusty roads, or crowded together in cars and cattle-ships, terrified, thirsty, and hungry, goaded by brutal men, and trampled by each other. To satisfy an imaginary need, to strengthen the savage forces in our society, and to sustain a selfish, artificial system—for this the endless train is driven along the dolorous way. Is it worth while?

Butchery is an original source of cruelty, and the school in which we have learned many barbarous customs. The habit of regarding other creatures merely as our "meat" is greatly in the way of that wider sympathy which humane workers are trying to promote in all communities. This would be a fatal objection to it, even if we could separate the system from its atrocious cruelty. But how can we do this? It is useless to say that killing is not necessarily cruel. Men being what they are, they will be cruel so long as carnivorous customs continue to flourish among us. Any mitigation of methods under present conditions can only be local and temporary. If we had the best possible laws dealing with every phase of the subject, it would require an army of inspectors blessed with unflagging zeal and courage and resolution to enforce them. Who shall provide this army? and who shall watch the watch-dogs, that they do not also become corrupted by living in a perpetual carnival of bloodshed?

Whenever a really humane person undertakes to defend the slaughter-house, these outrageous wrongs are ignored, or treated as if they were readily separable from the system. It is said that if a man takes pains to rear sheep, cows, swine, and fowls, and if he gives them a pleasurable life for a certain number of months or years, and then kills them in the quickest and easiest way possible, it is a fair exchange. But in making a general rule out of this hypothesis the actual state of things is almost as much idealised as it ever was in the paradise of a vegetarian dream.

To use a hackneyed but convenient phrase, it is a condition, not a theory, that confronts us. This theory implies that all men are wise and kind, or else that the work of providing animal food is or can be confided to persons of that sort only. Whereas, we have to confront the existence of a dangerous passion of cruelty, long established in the fibre of human nature, and an almost universal appetite for "meat," in the United States. This necessitates not only the hideous butcher-shop in every street, but also the existence of many such infernos as the one already mentioned, and a host of attendant evils that seem inevitable.

The monstrous size of the every-day demand requires a degree of haste and a great scale of operations which are incompatible with gentle and considerate treatment.

## Redemption by Sacrifice.

Here is the picture of Elsa, a fairy story maiden, well known to the children, big and little, who love their Grimm and Hans Andersen, and which of us does not?

As little ones, the stories of marvels, giants, fairies with wands of wonderful power, invisible coats and inexhaustible purses appealed to our imagination, and we listened with eager ears and wide-opened eyes to the story of the Flying Trunk, and the dogs who guarded chests of gold with eyes like saucers, and steeples, and mill wheels.

But later on the poetry and the pathos of such stories as the Little Mermaid and this of Elsa strike a deeper note in our being and we begin to find the old, old truth, which is still as new to-day, handed down from the sagas and fairy stories of our distant kinsmen the Danes—the story of how all good is wrought by self-sacrifice. Here is the gently-nurtured maiden toiling with burning and blistered hands to work the stinging nettles, which have to be gathered for the purpose from the graveyard, into the coats of mail which shall free her brothers from the terrible spell cast upon them. In loneliness and silence she must work, cheered only by occasional glimpses of her brothers in their own true form. Reproaches, accusations of witchcraft are hurled against



her, but with indomitable faith, patience and courage she toils on to the moment, when apparently overcome by her enemies, and deserted by all, she is led to the pyre to be burnt as a witch.

Then, surely by the tender consideration of the Poet for the children, at last she is allowed to proclaim her innocence of the charges made against her by throwing the nearly finished coats over her disguised brethren and seeing them resume their princely form. Is it only a fairy story? or did that deep student of human nature, who by his own sufferings had learnt the way to the hearts of men, intend to teach a lesson to the children of larger growth?

Can we not work and labour for the brethren whose divine origin seems lost under the form of lower humanity? So working, even in the noisome places of death, rooting up the noxious weeds of evil habits to transform them into the cloak of virtue, are we not even now, sometimes cheered by finding our true brothers hidden away under the disguise so hard to penetrate? Surely we may

believe that if, like Elsa, we are called away before our work is finished, our great Poet Creator shall grant us, sometime and somewhere, to see the finishing touch put to our poor work by the Master-hand who has employed us.

[The Block is from the latest edition of Grimm's Fairy Tales, published by Messrs. Macmillan, and kindly lent to us by this firm]

Such an occupation is not only hardening in effect, but is from the first intolerable except to hard and coarse natures. The refined and sympathetic persons who could be trusted to minimize the horrors of butchery are (as in the case of vivisection) precisely those to whom the whole business is impossible. Therefore, so far as we uphold the butcher's trade, we help to create a pariah class of men, doing in our stead a loathsome and cruel work on which we could not bear to look. We would not make friends of them, and yet do they not stand to us in a still nearer relation as the unacknowledged substitutes who, for a petty wage, do our dreadful and demoralising work?

Anti-vivisectionists have learned to distrust "the tyrant's plea, necessity," and it is difficult to see why they should give it more credence as an excuse for "devilish deeds" in the butcher's case than in that of the vivisector; or why the enjoyment of eating savoury food, more than any other pleasure, should be allowed to blend "with sorrow of the meanest thing that feels;" or why the supposed benefit to physical health should be a decisive plea in this case, since we

utterly reject it in other cases, holding that *moral* health should be the first consideration. In short, there is no thoroughly logical ground for humane thinkers except that of the so-called vegetarians. Our civilization wallows every day in a bath of blood, but it has not wrought so well for health and beauty that we should believe in its efficacy. Surely some day the spell of even this superstition will be broken:

"Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;  
Then springs the crowning race of humankind:  
May these things be!"

Caroline Spencer.

### COMING HEROES.

Mourn not for vanquished ages,  
With their great heroic men,  
Who dwell in history's pages  
And live in the poet's pen.  
For the grandest times are before us,  
And the world is yet to see  
The noblest work of this whole earth  
In the men that are to be.

## Editorial Notes.

"The Scots Guards very soon retired on our right," says a correspondent from the Modder, "but our captain told us we were Grenadiers, and could not retire." Isn't this splendid! It is simply great. We can dash on and conquer, we can lie down and wait, we can quietly die in our ranks, but there is one thing we cannot do—we cannot retire. The words of this unknown private are the words of every member of our Order. We have put our hands to the plough and we cannot go backwards. I would like to strike this chord as the opening peal of The Herald. With



much searching of heart do I venture to take up this part of the great work that Mr. Sidney Beard has carried out with such enthusiasm and striking success for the last four or five years. His retirement from the fighting line is but a temporary one, and with the new century we all hope to welcome him back again to take up the reins; his body renewed by rest, his mind refreshed by a cessation of strain, and his soul filled with that clear light which the seer must now and anon retire into the desert solitude to gain.

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### WANTED A PICKED BAND.

Members of The Order are not as members of an ordinary Vegetarian Society who may give up eating flesh-meat to-day for reasons of economy or health, and who may commence again to-morrow when fortune has smiled or health returned. Members of The Order can be so only upon a real conviction as to the rightness and the wrongness of the question. Only those who can understand and see the moral issues involved, are eligible for enrolment as members of an Order which has the Golden Age for its goal. For such there can be no looking back; for such there can be no order to retire.

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### WHAT ARE YOUR NUMBERS?

One by one are they gathered in, living enthusiasts for the coming cause of Right Living. Numbers are no criterion of value. The whole-hearted devotion and purposeful loyalty to principles of a single company is of more value than the loud-voiced cheers of a wavering battalion. With, then, this spirit of zeal for the cause, of loyalty to leaders and of confidence in each other, let men and women join The Order of the Golden Age, and pledge themselves as follows:—

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### THE PLEDGE.

"Having thoughtfully considered the aims, constitution and regulations of The Order, as set forth in the Official Prospectus (dated 1897), it is my desire to be admitted to The Order as a Companion (an Associate). I will endeavour to promote the doing of God's Will upon Earth by my personal example and influence, to cultivate a spirit of love and benevolence towards all fellow-creatures, and to defend the weak, defenceless and oppressed. I promise to abstain from the use

of animal flesh, fowl (and fish) as food, as well as from conscious participation in any form of cruelty." Applicants desiring to be admitted as Associates will cross out the words "Companion" and "Fish."

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### THE TREASURY CHEST.

The minimum subscription is 2s. 6d. but, in order to carry out one tithe part of the work that is already planned, ten times as much money is needed as the Bankers have in hand. Companions, therefore, and all friends are asked to give of their substance as freely as they can afford, and to give regularly and systematically some little, month by month. Collecting boxes will be gladly sent to those who like to put aside a little at a time, and who will allow their friends and visitors to join them in their daily acts of self-sacrifice.

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### HOW YOU CAN HELP.

I am both charmed and grateful for the many kind offers of help that have already reached me.

"Tell us how we can help on *The Herald* that we all love so much" is the burden of the cry. Well let me tell you one or two ways.

(1) Whenever you come across anything in your reading that you think specially beautiful, either cut it out or copy it out and send it to me.

(2) Take in half-a-dozen copies each month, mark any article that you think specially suitable and post a marked copy each month to six influential persons—either people known to you, or else to leaders of thought and culture in the land. If you are at a difficulty for addresses, I will send half-a-dozen names and addresses to any reader who will forward to them a marked copy of *The Herald*.

(3) Cut out striking paragraphs from *The Herald* and send them to the newspapers, and mark them "from *The Herald of the Golden Age*."

There now, there are a few suggestions. If every reader will carry out one or other of these this month, I will give fresh ones next month.

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### IS NATURE CRUEL?

May I answer some of the problems which are sent to me in a few words. I am told that vegetarianism is against Nature, for Nature is essentially a reign of force and cruelty, and that he who tries to lead a crusade on any but natural lines, is but fighting a vain battle, and dashing his hopeless head against granite and adamant. I admit much of what is said. It is quite true that Nature is cruel, relentlessly cruel, that the talon is ever red with gore, and the tooth stained with blood, that the cry of pain follows the roar of rage, and the wail of agony is a sequel to the hiss of hate; it is true that the survival of the fittest is precluded by internecine war, and that the supremacy of the select means the destruction of the reject. It is war, war, blood red war, hatred, pain, and fighting, from the earliest dawn of protoplasmic life up to to-day.

While this is true, it is not the *whole* of the gospel of the ethics of life. Antagonism and hatred and cruelty have had their share in the development of character, but so also have co-operation and affection and kindness. Family life is the type of these primitive virtues and the lesson which life teaches is that the state of Enmity is of the barbarous past and the semi-barbarous present, transient; while the state of Amity commencing in tiny embryo in the far off past, is also of the semi-civilised present and will be perfected in the future—permanent!

This is why I am a vegetarian. Flesh-eating is not an essential of living, but an accident of fashion. It harmonised with many other brutalities in the barbarous past, it harmonises with some of the brutalities of the semi-barbarous present, but it jars upon the sweet harmonies of the evolving future. It is, then, for the apostle of the higher ethics to keep ever to the fore, in precept and practice, the possibilities of a non-flesh dietary.

RUSKIN.

Ruskin is dead. The beautiful art leader has passed away, and yet, as I write the words, I remember the rugged saying of the Monk of Arabia: "I have come to tell thee that thy father is dead," said a messenger full of excitement. "Thou blasphemest," replied the Monk unmoved: "My father is immortal and can never die." It is but a trite saying that Ruskin is still alive in the hearts of all, that his influence has moulded men to gentler and nobler aims, that he has emphasised by his labours the sweet dignity of toil and the sacredness of all productive work. I well remember when I was at Oxford how his somewhat uncouth figure was occasionally laughed at in the streets by men of the sporting set, but in the lecture hall of the Museum how reverently we all sat and listened to the rich eloquence of the passing master. Why did Ruskin give up his Slade Professorship at Oxford? I am not sure that everyone knows the reason. He was, in a sense, one of the martyrs for our Golden Age. It was not money that he lost by resigning his post, for he had enough and to spare. It was not prestige, for he had a reputation which no professorship could add to, nor loss of one detract from; but Ruskin lived in his realm of idealism, and to him Oxford was the light still burning in a barbarous world and linking past to future by a golden cord of culture. If Oxford herself be untrue to the humanities, who can hope any more for the common clay of commerce and agriculture! Only those who knew Ruskin's sensitive nature could know what it cost him to see his ideal broken and his Dagon shattered.

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THE GREAT BATTLE

There was a great fight at Oxford. St. George and Humanity fought against the Dragon and Cruelty. Convocation voted a sum of money for science. Suddenly waking from centuries of study of dead dogmas and classic legends; suddenly becoming conscious that her sneering at men of science as men of stinks and fossils was an empty folly; suddenly becoming aware that science was a force as terrible to destroy as it was powerful to create, the university changed its sneer to a smile, its spurning to a caress, and its neglect to a fulsome attention.

\* \* \*

SCIENCE FALSE AND TRUE

Then did pseudo science pose as true science and claim its prerogatives, and the university losing its prescience, and unable to discriminate, missed its greatest opportunity for enthroning a sanctified science in the great temple of learning.

\* \* \*

THE GREAT CHOICE.

Shall vivisection be endowed by a university of culture? St. George and Humanity cried 'No!' and a gallant band of stalwarts, led by Ruskin, joined in the fray and fought beneath the banner of "For God and Humanity," but the Dragon for the time was triumphant, and the stalwarts were defeated. As a last die and with a generosity worthy of its great object, Ruskin threw his own personality into the scale and said, "Well, then, if you will have it so, you must have it so. It must be Ruskin or vivisection; it cannot be both; choose which ye will." And the fathers of culture, copying the historic crowd, replied, "The blood of the tortured animals in the agony chambers of science be upon us and upon our children." And they cast out Ruskin and chose vivisection.

\* \* \*

THE MASTER DEPARTS.

So Ruskin departed from the Slade Professorship, and Oxford knew his sweet voice no more—but she still has the sad wailings of the pain-racked animals ever within her walls, crying night and day for another Ruskin to come and deliver them from the bondage of their living death.

\* \* \*

HIS PARTING WORDS.

"These scientific pursuits are now defiantly, insultingly, separated from the science of religion; they are all carried on in defiance of what has hitherto been held to be compassion and pity, and of the great link which

binds together the whole creation, from its Maker to the lowest creation."

\* \* \*

THE NEW DELIVERERS.

victory—unto this last.

May a double portion of Ruskin's mantle fall upon some reader of this page, that he may take up the battle and fight on for a humaner science unto death or

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THE VEGETARIAN ALMANACK, PRICE THREEPENCE.

For 22 years Mr. Herron has brought out his almanack. As it is on my table to-day, I well recall the first time I made its acquaintance and thought it one of the most common-sense of vegetarian productions. As I read through its collection of little essays I still feel the same. There are many points on which I entirely differ from Mr. Herron's views, but none the less he always puts them in a way which commands respect, and from beginning to end you never find a sneer at a fellow-worker.

Honest, hard-hitting and common-sensed, the almanack is of matter worth reading, and worth thinking over.

I am sorry to have no room for long extracts, but here is a little bit culled from the article "Animals and Man," which I reproduce in the hope that it may induce many readers to study the whole essay—

Man seems to imagine that if he did not kill animals of all kinds that they would run him off the face of the earth, through their numbers and their multiplicity. But he should remember he breeds animals specially in order to kill them, and he also breeds them and preserves them that he may amuse himself at certain seasons of the year by wholesale slaughters. And if he did not do this he would find that, instead of the animals infesting him and pushing him out of the world, he would not have animals either to hunt or to eat.

The large animals, such as cattle, which are the chief sustenance of the British nation, could not exist in Great Britain at all, if they were not specially bred and reared and preserved from the elements for man's exclusive use. No grazing animal if left to itself can exist in a climate where grass is not to be had the whole year round, and all grazing animals belong to countries where the climate is mild. A severe climate would settle them in one or two seasons: the reindeer is the only exception to this.

\* \* \*

LEGAL AMENDMENT WANTED

Recently, in Weymouth, three young men were prosecuted for setting four dogs on a cat, which was worried to death. According to the witnesses, one of the men, when remonstrated with, exclaimed, "It's a fine piece of sport!" The magistrates commented severely upon the extreme brutality of the case. To set four dogs to worry a cat, is, certainly, revoltingly brutal; yet, is it not equally brutal to set four, or forty, dogs to worry a hare or a tame stag? Yet the latter is not, at present, considered criminal and is called legitimate sport because it is fashionable.

\* \* \*

A DOCTOR'S VIEWS.

Dr. J. H. Hughes is reported in *The Animals' Friend* to have spoken as follows: "I wish it were in my power to denounce the horrible practices of vivisection in the most powerful manner, so as to arouse the indignation and disgust of the people generally who I fear know so little about the matter. I oppose vivisection on moral grounds, because most decidedly I think that God, who made all animals, did not, or could not intend one set to be gainers by the cruelties and horrible tortures of another set. I am certain it leads to error by taking men off the right track. Since my student days I have been impressed with the uselessness of vivisection as a scientific aid, and I do not remember to have experienced any difficulty when treating any patients that have been committed to my care, and in ignoring altogether the so-called discoveries which vivisection is said to have revealed.

"I am clearly of opinion that no good will ever come of vivisection as long as the world stands. Animals were created to fulfil a purpose and they have their rights; man may have his right of dominion over them, but he also has duties to perform in regard to them."

**THE WAR!** War! War! terrible and bloody war is being waged by two nations who call themselves Christians. I shall have something to say next month upon the after effects of such a war upon the ethics of the race, but for the moment I would warn every humanitarian to resist to the utmost the attempt which is being made to foist a military despotism upon a free people. All the advocates of great armaments and compulsory conscription are beginning to seize their opportunity, and if we do not speak out and stand firm we shall find that the present emergency has been used to rivet upon our limbs the chains of militarism, and to entangle us in the tentacles of the devil fish of conscription. The present war had to be fought because the civilised world refuses to



THE DEVIL-FISH OF MILITARISM.

progress and to put into force upon international questions the machinery which has been proved to be best in internecine struggles.

Towns used to fight against each other in bye-gone years, and barons warred with fellow barons, but now the great mother State steps in and keeps her children at peace by asking all to help her to enforce justice in individual cases. If Liverpool had tried to fight Manchester over the Ship Canal with guns and bayonets, the army supplied from all the towns in the realm would have stepped in and made a fight impossible.

In the same way shall there be an army of all civilised realms, a standing army of the Parliament of the world, supplied from all nations, which shall in time to come make wars between brother countries of the federation of the world impossible, and then shall dawn the day of the great Peace.

\* \* \*

#### LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

There are one or two traits which redeem the war while they at the same time show up its horrors and its pathos.

Read the following extract from a special correspondent's report and ask yourself if the best spirits in both armies do not long for peace and would not be willing to suffer much and to sacrifice much on behalf of peace.

Surely the time will eventually come when the greed and obstinacy and ignorance of the worse portion will not be allowed to outweigh and override the reasoned humanity of the better portion of the race.

For a period the dragon conquers and the reign of force persists, but the time will come, yea it is even now rapidly nearing us, when the spirit of love shall dominate and man shall come into the sight of God again and shall walk in His presence and not be ashamed.

Upon you and upon me the responsibility and the privilege lie of bringing one day nearer to us the Millennial peace.

This is the paragraph I refer to:

"Our burying party sent out was received by the Boers sympathetically. They rendered assistance also to our men. Over the grave they sang a hymn, and some of the leaders made impressive speeches, expressing abhorrence of the war, regretting the heavy losses on both sides, and declaring the hope that the war would soon be ended.

One wonders if ever before in the history of war the victors in such an engagement stood round the graves of the men they had just shot, sang a hymn, and amid these solemn surroundings, impressively bewailed the strife of blood, which they fervently hoped would soon be ended. Mystery of earthly affairs, that we must shoot such men. Alas, for human wisdom!"

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Here is a letter I have just received from a staunch young vegetarian, aged 13.

**BY BEAUTY TEACH THE BEAUTIFUL.**

It illustrates how out of joint the present method of life and thought is to those who are living and thinking as

logical humanitarians.

How funny and coarse and impossible the habit of mind of the Nineteenth Century will appear to the humaner civilisation of the Twenty-ninth!

Miss Dorothy Brace writes:—

"Will you allow a little girl to tell you of the Pantomime at Drury Lane we have just been to see, it has left upon my mind two such curiously different impressions.

There were two striking scenes. The fruit and vegetable scene with lots of children dressed to represent the fruits of the earth; one of the dances was particularly pretty where three groups representing lettuce, endive and radishes danced together.

The end of the Century scene was more handsomely beautiful than I can describe: raised on a kind of throne was a most life-like representation of Queen Victoria, in front of which walked many figures draped in green velvet, garlanded with roses and musical instruments in their hands.

All this was very lovely and left a beautiful impression on my mind; but the scene which has left such a different impression was the meat market, and although we knew that the meat was not real it made us feel sick to look at it. I think the person who wrote such a scene did not know much about children to think that such a 'horrible sight' would be appreciated by them. All the fowls were represented by little children dressed with feathers for the tails of the hen, duck, goose, etc. This fact makes it all the more ghastly, as we children, who are learning to know of the unity of Nature and the kinship of all that breathes, regard all non-human animals as our little cousins that (intellectually) never grow up.

We wish them to have as happy lives as possible according to their Nature, just as we desire better conditions for the poor little children born in the slums of great cities, and we want this for the same reason that I have read Wilberforce and Clarkson freed the poor negroes, and Cobden and Bright worked so hard to make bread cheaper.

It is very good and thoughtful of the theatre people to make these lovely Pantomimes for us children every Christmas holidays, but it seems so odd that they do not understand that their work would leave a still more lasting enjoyment if they left out those bits that show the pain and sorrow around us that we see so much in our daily life and that we are doing our little best to gradually lessen.

I think Pantomimes should show us how happy we can be and how much fun we can get out of this beautiful world, without hurting anyone or making them sad."



## Mind Cure.

**W**hen the world becomes more spiritualised, the Universities will teach far more than they teach now; professors will know vastly more than they know now. The successors of the modern clergymen and doctors will be far more learned men than any who have yet occupied pulpits or adorned the medical profession. The word "doctor" really means a teacher (it is simply a Latin word meaning a teacher), and the original intention was, that the doctor should educate his patients instead of treating them in some mysterious manner with minerals and drugs. The very fact that doctors of medicine were spoken of, as well as doctors of divinity, proves that the word doctor was intended to convey the idea that patients were to get well through their own understanding of truth, by their acquaintance with the laws of being, not by continual dosing and experimentation. If, therefore, the true position of the modern doctor is understood, and any man or woman is entitled to write M.D. after his or her name, they should be teachers of medicine—not administrators of drugs—teachers of the people in the science of health.

We are told of an Oriental monarch who kept continually by his side a celebrated physician whose work it was always to keep the king in health, and who would be decapitated if the king fell ill, but had large revenues as long as the king remained in good health. While we should not advise the penalty of decapitation for infliction upon the doctor who allowed his patient to become ill, we can see far more reason why a doctor should be paid for keeping persons well, rather than for his attendance whilst they are ill.

Whenever persons become enlightened they take less and less medicine. One of the most influential and learned men in America and a great ornament to the medical profession—Oliver Wendell Holmes—made a statement almost equivalent to the following:—That if all medicines had been thrown into the sea, it might have been good for men but bad for the poor fishes. There are a great many doctors who by diligent study have come to the conclusion, and have openly made the statement, that the less medicine taken the better. Such doctors are of course in no sense quacks or impostors. The honourable and scientific gentlemen who adorn their profession are they who instruct their patients how to keep well, instead of advocating dosing or taking medicine. If you take a really learned doctor's advice it will often prove well worth a great many times his fee. If you had observed those rational laws which the doctor laid down for you concerning diet, exercise, fresh air and proper moral conduct, it might have been a very good thing for yourself and your family that you called in an intelligent scientific man when you or anyone else felt indisposed. If a doctor is really qualified, if he is what the term "doctor" implies, he is a teacher of health and a teacher of morals; such a doctor must be numbered among the instructors of the rising generation and the benefactors of the less well informed.

We affirm that Mind Cure in and of itself means simply that the mind must cure whatever is wrong both in mind and in body, and that the universal specific is mental and not physical. "Who shall minister to a mind diseased?" is the question continually asked by sufferers. How long will physicians continue to treat ailments which are purely mental as though they were bodily, is a question which comes up in all our popular literature. We need greater sagacity and a

much wider sweep of intelligence to reach the mind than merely to reach the body; to endeavour to tinker up the flesh while the mind is ill at ease is of no use whatever. The endeavour to cure people of dyspepsia when it is not their food that disagrees with their stomach is absurd. Their ailment proceeds from mental unrest, from grief, disappointment and unhappiness, from something that weighs upon the mind, a heavy load upon the heart, a sting of conscience rebuking them for an error, and for such cases it is all in vain to rely upon pills, powders and mixtures. If you could get at the reason why people suffer from dyspepsia, if you could get at the reason why good food makes them sick, or remains undigested, if you could get at the reason why they are unhappy and unable to obtain relief, you would then be able by dealing with and removing the cause of the unhappiness to heal them. If you could not remove the thorn from the mind, which afterwards produced the semblance of a thorn rankling in the flesh, you would at least be able to do what a spiritual teacher was able to accomplish in his own case—help them to receive from heaven, grace sufficient to bear it.

If you could reach the innermost springs of human nature, find out why people are miserable and touch their mental and moral condition, it would be surprising to see how many wasting lungs would cease to waste, how many pallid cheeks would begin to glow again with the bloom of health, how many dull sad eyes would be lighted with the fires of youth, happiness and peace, how many poor miserable dyspeptics would enjoy their food, and find that anything that was fit for man's consumption agreed with them.

If we can touch the springs of action and go directly to the sources of trouble and annoyance by reaching the realm of causation instead of for ever dealing with effects, we are able to change the condition of a person, because we change the source whence that condition flows.

Mind Cure, even in its humblest forms, even in its seemingly unscientific application, has, without doubt, produced results far beyond what could be produced by any form of drug medication or mineral administration.

W. J. Colwill.

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## Working and Waiting.

**I**n the beautiful economy of Nature no energy is lost. Every detail of your life and mine is provided for with a care, a foresight unutterably wise; that is, the moving is here—the tendency, it is a chance whether or not one accepts the opportunity, but Nature does not fail.

In order to test the presence of this prompting, pause again and again and await its coming. Begin the day in this spirit, and do not rise or take up any work until you feel that the right time has come. When you do not know what to undertake, wait until you do. If you are at a loss to know how to settle an important question to-morrow, ask yourself if you have something right and wise to do to-day; if so, do it well. When to-morrow comes, someone will come to your assistance, you will meet the right person at the right time, guidance will come. For, if you are doing a work which is necessary to the universe, the universe will see that you are clothed and fed. When you are moving in harmony with Ultimate Power, know that the regular march of events will swiftly bring what you require, when you require it—never before. Impatience is discord; trust is harmony. The law is as exact as mathematics.

H. W. Dresser.

## The "Difficulties" Column.

"The mind is, as it were, a photographic plate, which is gradually cleansed by the effort to think rightly; and which, when so cleansed, and not before, receives impressions from the Light of Truth." *Tyndall.*

"Difficulties are not doubts." *Newman.*

It is very curious how differently different minds meet with difficulties. To one, the higher life in dietary is a straight path of entrancing beauty, and from the moment the angel voice whispers to him that man need not kill to eat, he straightway accepts the gospel of good tidings and sees naught but the golden gate of paradise before him.

To another, the way is hard and rugged, and every hill mounted is but the stepping stone from which still higher are seen ahead.

Difficulties on every hand, doubts on every side, failure all around, and yet if only the longing soul can get a comrade to see the pitfalls that *he* sees, and to hear the ominous warning voices that *he* hears, he would be willing to pluck up courage and go bravely on if his comrade will only go with him too.

Comrades then in difficulties, brothers then in days of doubt, let us help each other. Where one has seen a quicksand and got safely by, let him set up his lighthouse and tell others the way. Where one has escaped a quagmire or a despond slough, let him tell out his story of danger and of victory, that others too may pass by unscathed. Where one has fallen and lain among the potsherds awhile, but by God's grace has been plucked up on to his feet again, let him speak words of warning and of hope and of comfort, that other feet may not slip, and other feeble steps may not fall.

This is not a column for disputation or discussion, but for each to tell out his own way of conquering difficulties. Let no man criticise his brother's arguments, or sneer at his brother's want of logic, but let him be glad that some by one argument and some by another are made strong in the faith.

May the following letter be but the forerunner of hundreds more to follow. Let each write in his own way and not state arguments for argument's sake, but just tell from the honesty of his heart how he has met difficulties, so that they are now to him—as Newman said—"difficulties indeed but not doubts."

The following is a letter from an earnest missionary to an earnest enquirer:—

"Abstaining from Meats." *I Tim. iv, 3.*

Dear Will,

I received your kind letter wherein you question the wisdom of my action in abstaining from flesh-meat as food, and draw my attention to the passage in Paul's Epistle to Timothy, where he deals with certain "seducing spirits" who would make their appearance in the Church in later times, forbidding the disciples to marry, and "commanding to abstain from meats, which God had created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth." I am sorry that I have not been able to answer you sooner, for, ever since receiving your letter, I have felt that it required an answer, not that my position may be vindicated, that is of little moment, but that one facet of truth, as it appears to me, may be brought to light.

Believe me, I do not in the least mind that you attack me regarding my abstinence from flesh-food (for that is what I take your letter to mean) because it is a well-known fact that anyone who ventures to protest against recognised custom in

any form whatever at once lays himself open to such; but I do regret that you have chosen to do so with the weapon of a *text*, instead of a *principle*, because I can meet you with another text, you will reply with a different one again, and I also, and so the argument might go on, until one of us gave up in sheer hopelessness. Still, as you have taken a text, I will try to meet you fairly, and first, it seems to me that the whole sting of this verse, as it concerns a vegetarian, *in his particular capacity as a vegetarian*, lies in the word "meats." If "meats" here means "flesh-meats," we, who not only abstain from the flesh of animals as food, but urge our neighbours to do likewise, are on slippery ground indeed. But, happily for us, it is not so, for "meats" here means any kind of food, whether flesh, fruit, grain, or fish, and that is easily seen by turning to the original Greek, where the word employed (*broma*) means anything used for food. This you can prove by turning to *Matthew iii, 4*, where we are told "John's 'Broma' was locusts and wild honey!" *Matthew vi, 25*, "Is not life more than 'broma'?" *Matthew x, 10*, "The labourer is worthy of his 'broma.'" But in *Romans xiv, 15*, and in *I Cor. viii, 8*, where the same word is used, the sense of the passage shows that the translation as "meat" is correct, while "food" would not be so. The Greek word for "flesh" is (*sarx*) and is translated thus in *Revelation xix, 18*, and in *I Cor. xv., 39*. "Broma" could not be used in this sense.

Now you will allow that I may fairly change the reading of our verse, thus: "commanding to abstain from foods which God had created. . . ." Do I then deny that God created animals? Not at all. Do I deny that God created animals for our use? Not at all; we are told that we have dominion over them. But are "use" and "eat" of one and the same meaning?

Do I deny that God created animals in order that they might be food for us? Yes, I do, most emphatically. I dare to say, and that without fear of effectual contradiction, that when animals were created they were not intended as food for man, otherwise what possible meaning can be attached to the statement in *Genesis i., 29*. The mere fact that lions and tigers now eat flesh does not prove that God made an error when He said they were to eat herbs. The mere fact that David, "a man after God's own heart," had more than one wife, does not prove that our Creator made a mistake when He allowed Adam only one. The mere fact that Paul sent Onesimus back to his master does not prove that slave holding was right. An unbeliever might as well tell me that because the wicked flourish like a green bay tree that therefore honesty is not the best policy, as tell me that because we are able to assimilate flesh, that therefore it was the original Divine intention that we should thus live.

Did He who gave the breath of life form the body into which He breathed it? You admit it; then how do you account for the fact that eminent physiologists tell us that our bodies are made in such a way as to favour the use of grains, nuts, and fruits as food; being of essentially different construction to those of the carnivorous animals; always bearing in mind that, as I have said before, the mere fact that we eat flesh does not prove that such was the original intention.

A chisel, especially if the edge were slightly blunted, would make a very passable screw-driver, but a wise man would hardly defend its use as such. Barley is a very good thing, and scones or soup made from it are fine tackle for a hungry man, but if I distil it in such a way as to form a harmful liquid, and then seek to justify its use as a good creature of God, do I not lay myself open to a charge of cant?

Now, leaving the text, and coming for a moment to the principle involved in slaying, I ask :

Is mercy, or is it not, an essential quality of our Father ?

Does His lovingkindness extend only to the human part of His creation or to the whole of it ?

Can the killing of animals, except when they are diseased or in pain, be, by any kind of straightforward reasoning, considered an act of mercy ?

And in conclusion, seeing that we have around us ample practical proof of the absolute needlessness of animal food to support our bodies, do we not in using such, do violence to that spirit of mercy which is to be one of the chief features in the coming Kingdom, for the early advent of which we long and pray ?

Yours very sincerely,

James McErrol.

## The Sword of Peace.

"Earth at last a warless world, a single race, a single tongue.  
I have seen her far away—for is it not earth as yet so young ?  
Every tiger madness muzzled, every serpent passion killed ;  
Every grim ravine a garden, every blazing desert till'd."



he prophets' words are always being quoted. Orators use them to round a period, and gentle teachers give them to their classes to learn.

"They shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks."

Members of The Order can take a very practical step to bring home these words both to themselves and to all visitors who may call on them.

Though the ordinary good citizen has no use for either a pruning-hook or a ploughshare, he has constant need for a poker !

Now, a short sword makes an admirable poker. The blunt point will cleave along the lines of a large lump of coal, while the flat blade will lift up the fire in a capital way.

It can be easily kept beautifully bright and shining, and being of fine steel it will outlast a dozen pokers of the same price.

With the drawn blade lying at one side of the fire and the bright steel scabbard at the other, you have at once a combination of the useful and the decorative.

I have had one in use now for over a year, and it is as good to-day as it was the day I bought it. It is an old French sword, said to have been used in the Franco-German war. Its handle is fitted so that it may be used as either a sword or may be fixed on a rifle as a bayonet.

As I sit in my quiet study, and the midnight silence steals over the house, I pick up my sword to stir up the dying embers. Visions of the past steal into the room and voices from the dead speak words of cheer and hope.

Forged in the Government armoury, stamped with the famous words, "St. Etienne, Janvier, 1874," and numbered "81959," my sword started life as an individual unit pledged to bloody deeds.

"*Sans peur et sans reproche*" may have been its motto, but its very existence was based upon the right of force. "May I never be drawn without need, or sheathed till the need is ended" may have been inscribed in unwritten letters upon its

brass-bound hilt, but none the less its type remained of "right by might."

My sword speaks to me of the 'strong man armed' keeping his house against the foe, whilst I would fain have all my doors unlocked and my windows unbarred.

My sword brings back memories of hatred and greed and ambition, and I wonder where and when and how those souls which were so black, have been washed whiter and are being made more beautiful and gentle and divine. Just as this sword, born for war, stained maybe with blood, thirsting for death and merciless as hate, has passed on to a gentler aim and a kindlier vocation, so, too, have the minds that formed it so progressed.

I believe in the development of the soul, the progress in life and after death, the final sweetening of the sour, the cleansing of the foul, the making beautiful of the ugly, and the ultimate communion of the human with the divine.

Well may the poet sing

"That nothing walks with aimless feet,  
That not one life shall be destroyed  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made His pile complete."

I had not meant to sermonise, but at midnight the temptation is great.

As I lay my sword down again in the fender I need not write upon it the famous words, "Let no man draw me in anger or sheathe me in fear," for its function is changed, and in the quiet repose of my study it fills a new and gentler rôle the while it preaches to me the actual progress of the world towards the prophetic ideal.

## The River of Life.

Pure, sparkling, doth the living water spring  
Bubbling with brightness from its unknown source ;  
Now in a tiny brooklet wandering,  
Laughing and babbling on its infant course ;  
Now growing larger, gaining greater force,  
Till in a stream impetuous, breaking o'er  
All barriers, with defiant voice and hoarse ;  
And now a deep, wide river, calmer, slower,  
With ever changing beauty rising from each shore.

Reflecting now the glorious face of Heaven  
As in a glass ; now surface blurred and dyed  
With impure sediment ; now tempest driven  
On barren banks, a sobbing, moaning tide.  
Now clear again, by sunshine glorified,  
By far receding shores left broad and free.  
At last by tides celestial purified  
Gliding out softly to the unknown sea.  
So runs Life's restless river to Eternity !

Henry Brice.

## DIFFICULTY.

Man owes his growth and his energy chiefly to that striving of the will, that conflict with difficulty which we call effort. Every pleasant work does not make robust minds, does not give men consciousness of their own powers, does not train them to endurance, to perseverance, to steady force of will, without which all other acquisitions are nothing. Difficulties are more important to the human mind than what we call assistance. Work we must if we would bring out and perfect our natures.

Channing.

# Household Wisdom.

## NUTS AS FOOD.

Generally considered, nuts are regarded as a dessert luxury, or to be eaten between meals. Their culture as a special article of food has received but little consideration. Present investigation is developing the fact that they are a valuable constituent of the real "bread of life." What the fat of beef and mutton is to the flesh-eater, nuts may be to the non-flesh-eater. They are fat forming, heat and force producing—are far more nutritious than flesh and animal fats—are always ready for use and cannot be adulterated.

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The nut growing industry is destined in the near future to assume immense proportions and will be found exceedingly remunerative, as the demand for nuts increases with awakened intelligence of a progressive people. There are almost endless varieties of nuts, many of which are obtainable in this country, viz: the almond, walnut, Brazil nut, hazelnut, chestnut, pine-nut, cocoanut, and others.

\* \* \*

Nuts are not only superior to flesh as an article of diet, but may be used in many forms of cookery, either whole, chopped, grated, crushed, or ground through a nutmill. The latter is almost indispensable where many nuts are used. The softer or very oily nuts, as for instance the pine kernel, may be crushed with a rolling pin on a board. Dust the rolling pin and board with flour and crush a few at a time.

\* \* \*

There seems to be nothing lacking in nuts to produce the finest results in cooking.

One of the most useful is the *Pine Nut or Kernel* which can be bought ready shelled at 8d. per lb. from a good grocer or first-class fruiterer. It is very oily, and has an agreeable flavour, and is excellent for shortening, instead of butter, in biscuits, cakes, bread, puddings, etc. It is a good substitute for suet in many boiled puddings, and at the same time this nut is very good for dessert, or eaten with raisins or dates.

\* \* \*

The *Chestnut* when in season is a valuable food, and one that is not used or appreciated as it should be. Dr. Lauretta Kress, in *Life and Health*, says that chestnuts are really an ideal food, containing nearly three and one-half times the nutriment found in eggs or beef steak. She says, "the chestnut has for many centuries been the staple article of food among the poorer classes of southern Europe, some being compelled to depend almost exclusively upon it for sustenance. It is probably the most perfect food obtainable aside from bread, containing all the food elements in nearly the right proportions to supply the needs of the system, while its nutritive value is higher than any of the cereal foods.

\* \* \*

The *Walnut* is most useful in cooking, and, when ground through the nut-mill, can be used in many ways for cutlets, gravies, etc. They will keep some time bought ready shelled, if put in an air-tight tin and in a dry place.

The *Almond*, though less oily than most nuts, imparts a nice flavour to any puddings, cakes, etc., of which it may form a part.

\* \* \*

The *Hazelnut*, filbert or cobnut, as it is sometimes called, is chiefly used for dessert purposes, though a pleasant oil, resembling olive oil, is sometimes expressed from it, and in portions of Europe this, like the chestnut, has been used in limited quantities for making bread.

\* \* \*

A very good chestnut flour can be purchased, which is very useful for soups, sauces, etc., when the nuts are out of season.

The recipes given below can only give an idea of many ways in which the different varieties of nuts may be used, and the housewife must experiment and produce her own results.

### Chestnut Soup.

Boil and shell about  $\frac{3}{4}$ -lb. of large French Chestnuts. Skin them and place them on the fire, almost covering them with water. When done remove from the fire, rub through a sieve and return to the pan with the water they were boiled in. Add a good lump of butter, salt and pepper to taste, and by degrees a pint of boiling milk. Thicken with corn-flour and let it come to the boil and serve.

### Walnut Hash.

Take some cold boiled potatoes, mash them, add a small cup of milk or hot water, and a good lump of butter and a little salt. To this add a heaping cupful of ground walnuts, pine kernels or Brazil nuts and mix all well together. Put into a greased pie dish and bake in a moderate oven until nicely brown. Garnish with slices of boiled beet and serve with good walnut gravy,

### Walnut Gravy.

Place in a small pan, 1 tablespoonful flour, 2 tablespoonfuls ground walnuts, a large lump of nocoline or butter. Stir until a *very dark* brown and then add by degrees brown bean or other stock until the consistency of thick cream. Add a little strained tomato, or flavouring of any kind and season to taste. Let it cook slowly half an hour.

### Chestnuts on Toast.

Cook skinned chestnuts until nearly soft. Melt 1 oz. butter in a stewpan, place in the chestnuts, which should be whole, and toss them over the fire until they are coated, pour over a thick dark walnut gravy and stew very gently until the nuts are quite soft but not broken. Season and pour the mixture over slices of buttered toast.

### Chestnut Macaroni.

Make a pint of white sauce, add 1-oz. butter,  $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. grated cheese, and season with pepper, salt and mace, and add to this  $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. chestnuts, cooked and sieved, and mix well. Boil  $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. macaroni and cut into small pieces. Butter a deep dish, put in a layer of macaroni, then one of chestnut sauce, and repeat until the dish is full. Scatter bread crumbs on the top and bake until brown.

### Almond Sauce. (Also suitable for other Nuts).

Blanch  $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. almonds, grate in the nut mill and make into a paste, with 3-oz. castor sugar and the yolk of one egg. Place in a pan and add gradually a gill of milk. Stir until it thickens. Suitable for sweet puddings.

### Savoury Chestnut Sauce.

4-oz. chestnuts, boiled and skinned, stew until tender in brown stock; rub through a sieve and return to the pan with enough milk to make a thick sauce, add 1-oz. butter, pepper, salt, and a grate of nutmeg. Make hot and serve.

*The two following Recipes are taken from "Life and Health," although personally I have not tried them.*

### Stewed Chestnuts

3-doz. chestnuts, 4 stalks celery, one cup tomato, one cup nuttose, a little parsley. Boil or bake the chestnuts until well done. Shell them, chop the celery fine, and mix together with the tomatoes (previously stewed and strained), chop the nuttose fine; also the parsley or onion and add to the mixture. Butter a baking dish and bake slowly for one hour.

### Chestnut Roast.

1 cupful of mashed chestnuts, 1 cupful strained tomatoes, 1 cupful bread crumbs, a little sage or chopped celery. Mix all together, and turn into a baking dish, with a little butter and bake until nicely browned.

Daisy Whiston.