

THE HERALD OF THE GOLDEN AGE

"Thy Will be Done on Earth."

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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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Aristophagy.



"Each good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun."
Whittier.

"We owe to genius always the same debt of lifting the curtain from the Common and showing us that Divinities are sitting disguised in the seeming gang of gypsies and pedlars."
Emerson.

I have taken a clean sheet of paper and have written upon it a new word—Aristophagy—and why?

Why? Because the world is always asking me "Why are you a vegetarian?" "Is it because you cannot afford to buy meat? Come with us and we will give you a dinner of fat things washed down with wine freed from its lees."

"Is it because your stomach is weak?" "Well then consult the learned physicians who know the secrets of metabolism and when they have strengthened your digestion come to us in our halls of feasting and we will give you all the good cheer which the hecatombs of the slain can provide."

"Is it because" a thousand questions they would ask, a thousand causes they would suggest, and to all I have but one answer.

I do not vegetare because it is cheaper so to do, or because flesh meat weakens the body and shortens the life, or because I had an inherited repugnance to the taste of it, but I do so because I want my feeding to be in harmony with my aspirations.

I want to eat only the best things.

I have been taught from childhood that if I want my musical taste developed on the best lines I must select only *the best* music to listen to, and if I do not like it and do not understand it at first, I must be willing to patiently wait and listen until at length some of its sweet beauty will creep into my soul and I shall come into joyful communion with the spirits of the higher aether.

I have been taught from earliest youth that if I want to understand *the best* in Art I must not fill my eyes with half-penny Comic Cuts, or with the sensational broadsheets of Police News, but must plead with myself until the mystery of a Turner begins to be revealed to my patient contemplation, or the grand breadth of a Velasquez comes within my power to understand.

So, too, in Literature, it is the sad experience of us all that much of the best and the most beautiful is lost to those whose mental food consists, not indeed of the Newgate Calendar and "penny dreadful," but of that frothy mass of waste mind which is thrown up like scum upon the glowing molten metal of life—novels, novelettes, magazines and serials, of a type which neither teach the ignorant, nor strengthen the weak, nor develop the immature.

To develop the mind it is wise, nay, it is necessary, to study *the best* in literature.

In all these things it is not enough to stand afar off and gaze in rapt admiration, as at some passing god, and then to sit down again in our slime.

He who would understand and develop, must put his own efforts into play in order to copy the master's work, so that he may comprehend it the more perfectly.

Has not Professor Shairst said somewhere "whatever good thoughts or feelings we have, we must try earnestly to embody them in act if we wish to grow," and is not this true?

Where the best are selected for this purpose we are said to be governed by what is called an "aristocracy"—a government by the best.

May I not, then, plead that we may have, too, a class of men and women who shall carry these principles of development, by selecting the best, into the realm of dietary also?

May we not too have our Aristophagists—our eaters of the best—men and women who refuse to eat the common garbage of the undeveloped, and who, in their earnest search for the ideals of life, refuse to be dragged down by contact with the food of the shambles.

I have no quarrel with the man who eats animals because he thinks that otherwise the animals will eat him. He has his place in the economy of Nature, just as hyenas and vultures have theirs.

I have no quarrel with the pseudo-dainty woman who refuses to go into a slum cottage because it is not clean, and yet who calmly sneers at Vegetarians as faddists, and

eats food which is much more unclean than the most neglected of living gutter children made in the divine image.

These children are alive—the meat is dead, and so it will remain unclean, be it spiced ever so highly, until it has been received into the mystic cauldron, resolved into its atoms, and been taken up into the whirl of vital force again. I have no quarrel with her, she has her place in Nature.

I have no quarrel with the blind that they cannot see nor with the lame that they cannot walk, but I have a message to those who are of high lineage and noble blood but who are bound down by chains of ignorance into a life that is not theirs.

Men and women of the highest caste who have been brought up to feed with the hyenas and wolves of life and have been taught that their dietary was the dead bodies of the slaughtered.

Unconscious of their divine origin and of their kinship with the princely host whose food is purest manna, they live in Egyptian bondage and believe themselves to be the slaves of Egyptian masters.

The Heralds of the Dawn, The Heralds of the Golden Age, The Heralds of the Century of Promise, come like Moses and Aaron of old to sound the clarion cry, to wake the sleepers, to call into responsive being that inner conscience, that silent but ever present string which waits but the right note to respond to.

The earth is full of princes of royal blood going about clad in the garments of the peasant. It is for us to proclaim to these their royal parentage and then they will cast away their torn rags and don the vestments due to their rank.

The call is not to all; it is only to those who are conscious within themselves of its truth and beauty when once they have been told that

Man's best food does not consist of the dead bodies of slaughtered animals.

There are thousands who are daily eating their bit of meat under a sense of duty mingled with a deep down loathing.

They have been told that it is necessary for them to eat it, and in sweet docility they have trodden down their higher promptings and have eaten daily.

To such I would proclaim in no uncertain voice the day of deliverance and of freedom from their bondage.

Flesh food is not necessary to the highest development of mind or body.

There are still thousands more who turn with tender pity to the lowing herds of thirsty cattle, driven to their doom, and vainly wonder what should be done.

With deep sympathy for all that sorrows and suffers, they turn away their faces from the slaughter-houses and shut out the terrible taint of blood-shedding from their dinner table.

With simple piety they take their mutton and forget its connection with the sheep playing in the meadows with the lambkins.

With simple piety they carve the beef and will not think of the gentle mother cows they often and again have milked and kissed and patted.

They dare not contemplate the *via dolorosa*, that sad lonely path of darkness and suffering, which leads, thorn-capped, from the happy fields to the black chamber room of death.

They would dream terrible dreams, or lie long nights sleepless, if only they allowed themselves to *think*.

So they sorrow and sorrow, and wonder what it all means, and pray for the time when all this terrible chapter of agony and sorrow will be ended and a new leaf will be turned, and the millennial joys will come.

To those myriad gentle longing souls I would say—your millennium is at hand:

No distant far off shores to seek,
No wondrous heights to climb;
No heaven of heavens impossible to reach,
Nor hopelessly sublime.

The light is shining even now within your breast and your own soul is trying to show you that here and now and to-day the joy of sacrifice may beautify your life.

These, then, are some of the types of the unknown kings and of royalty chained to common clay.

These are they who are called to be deliverers, to be Joshuas, to be Aristophagists.

And so I return to the place from where I started. Aristophagy—the eating only of the best—is, like Aristocracy, confined to the few. Many there will be who will come to vegetarian meetings; many there will be who will ask for literature; many there will be who will jeer and gibe and scoff; but few—only a few—are fitted to enter the narrow gate of the sacrificial fold, and who being so fitted, will be able to see the beauty of the land of promise—a land flowing with milk and honey, a land of harvests and of orchards, a land of vines and of pomegranates, a land of corn and of wine, a land of olives and of nut trees.

And even of the few who are caught within the golden doors there will yet be some who have come there by glamour only, and who will tire of food celestial, and who will long to go back to old Egypt with its caldrons of stewing flesh.

What matters it? If any hasten on too rapidly for their strength, what wonder if sometimes they sink by the way and flag. There is no need to be disheartened by these so-called failures. It is better to have aimed high and failed, than never to have aimed at all.

Some have entered upon the race and have broken down, and they have excused themselves upon the plea that the prize was not worth having, that its gleaming gold was but glittering glamour and its form of beauty but an empty mirage.

What has this to do with those who are still running stout and strong, and who are beginning, here and there, to see glimpses of the land itself. Their faith in the right is being already crowned with the sweet assurance of sight, and what matter it to them if thousands fall by the way. They know what they have believed and are satisfied.

Our duty to the weaker ones, who fall by the way, is to comfort and cheer them, and with helping hand assure them that "sometime, in His own time" they will be able again to take up the cry to victory.

My message is to those who can, to those who are conscious of the rightness of it all, to those who are Aristophagists by birth and breeding. To them, and to them only, do I send out the invitation to come and join The Order, for they alone are eligible.

Josiah Oldfield.

LIFE'S POSSIBILITIES.

Rot many of us at least are living at our best. We linger in the lowlands because we are afraid to climb into the mountains. The steepness and ruggedness dismay us, and so we stay in the misty valleys and do not learn the mystery of the hills.

We do not know what we lose in our self-indulgence, what glory awaits us if only we had courage for the mountain climb, what blessing we should find if only we would move to the uplands of God.

J. R. Miller, D.D.

How to Grow Beautiful.

The late John Ruskin, in the second volume of his "Modern Painters," where he discusses the principles of beauty, puts great stress upon the importance

of the intellectual element—"the operation of the mind upon the body, . . . the intellectual powers upon the features, in the fine cutting and chiselling of them, and removal from them of signs of sensuality and sloth, by which they are blunted and deadened." The mind, he urges, gives "keenness to the eye, and fine moulding and development to the brow."

Many a young lady of twenty dreads to grow older for fear her beauty will wane and thus she will become less attractive. Alas, the fact that she thinks of beauty as only physical shows that she probably will grow less attractive as she grows older. But what a pity it is that she does not understand that the finest beauty is of the soul, and that this she can have and keep and get more abundantly, and thus be more attractive at thirty than at twenty, and preserve her charm right on, spite of the years! That beauty that draws its deep life from the active mind and the noble soul is almost independent of years; nay it is likely to rise to its perfectest only with considerable fulness of years.

It has long been known that the most attractive women of history have not generally been young women. It seems also to be true that they have not usually been women of great physical beauty. Their power has oftenest been mental. Even Aspasia and Cleopatra seem not to have been so handsome as many another Greek or Egyptian woman. Their fascination was pre-eminently of the mind.

Closely connected with the intellect as a source of beauty stands the *moral* nature.

It is not simply the intellect that speaks through the face; the whole *character* speaks through the face. We have an old proverb, "Handsome is who handsome does." This is more than a neat way of saying that a good deed makes us forget whether the doer is handsome or ugly. There is something in the habitual doing of good deeds, at least there is something in the habitual doing of good deeds coupled with the habitual thinking of good thoughts from which good deeds spring, that tends to make the face grow kindlier, more refined, more spiritually attractive and beautiful. I am sure this is so.

Many a young person longs to be beautiful with a passionate longing. Many a young woman feels her life cursed because she is not beautiful. But it is the shallow beauty of the external that she thinks of. The deeper beauty which comes from intelligence, and specially the deepest, highest, most captivating, most enduring beauty of all, that comes from the graces of the spirit, she forgets. Yet this highest beauty waits all the while to be hers if she will have it.

There is a simple German story, entitled "The Fisherman's Daughter, or How to be Beautiful," that explains well what I mean.

Runs the story: By the Great Northern Sea there once lived a fisherman with his wife and children. The oldest child, a daughter, had always wished very much to be beautiful, but now that she was almost a woman this did not seem to have been the will of the Lord, for she had hardly ever been

well a whole week in her life, and sickness is an enemy to beauty. It is true the neighbours said that she was well enough only that she had been cossetted and kept so tenderly that she was like one of those potato vines one sees in a cellar sometimes, that has grown in the dark. But neighbours often say things without knowledge, and so while her father and mother and brothers and sisters were busy at their daily toil she sat before her mirror and looked at her sallow face, and thought of all the means she had employed for mending her features, and the medicines she had taken for her health, and mourned her hard lot and said, "Oh that I had the health of my brother and the features of my younger sister and the fair complexion of the child in the cradle, for then would I be beautiful, and all would love me and I should be so happy!"

And the Lord in heaven, heard the wish she made, and he said, "her wish shall be granted, only it shall not come as she thinks." For the Lord God sends health and beauty to us mortals as he does to the lily that blooms on the water: they come on the streams that have been flowing from the creation, and in the sunshine that has never ceased shining. So the Lord sent a wind that carried away this maiden's father and mother and her oldest brother, and they never came back, and she was left alone with the little children.

Then she forgot all about her vain desire for beauty, for the angel of duty came and showed her her work. And she took care of her brothers and sisters, and gave her life to the care of them as though she had been their mother.

And it came to pass that the attention of the neighbours began to be drawn to her as it had never been, and by and by they began to say, "See, her labour hath given health, and the love she bears the children shines out through her face and makes her beautiful."

This simple story is a parable for everybody. It teaches how the truest beauty that this world knows comes to human beings. Many persons, especially many women, long selfishly for beauty—the beauty that attracts the eye, and kindles a quick and shallow admiration, and creates envy. But their longing is not answered. God has something better for them. He gives them duty instead. By and by they learn to forget themselves and to bend lovingly to their tasks. Then out of their self-forgetting, out of their love, out of the duty doing, a higher beauty is born for them—ininitely higher—a beauty which all men love, and all women too—a beauty that makes nobody envious; a beauty that endures; a beauty that makes them akin with the angels and with God; a beauty that is of the soul!

This higher beauty it is that the poet hints of when he sings:

"Beautiful faces, those that wear
The light of a pleasant spirit there,
It matters little if dark or fair!

"Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

"Beautiful feet are they that go
On kindly ministries to and fro,—
Down lowliest ways, if God wills so.

"Beautiful lives are they that bless,—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains few may guess."

Does any one doubt this? I cannot doubt it. We cannot have really beautiful bodies without beautiful souls. There is no such sculptor as is the spirit within. The mind toils all its earthly years to carve a body after its likeness; and nobody and nothing can defeat its purpose. As a vacant mind



makes a blank and expressionless face, so a sensual disposition carves its sensuality on every feature of the countenance; a cold heart creates a hard and steely look; cherished hatreds make ugly features. Badness and any noble type of beauty will not long keep company. The experiment has been tried innumerable times in all the ages. But the badness in the character ere long becomes a tell-tale in the action and the look, as scrofula in the blood breaks out in sores on the skin.

On the other hand, nothing will carve the lines of a serene and noble countenance so surely as great and noble thoughts. Let a high purpose or a splendid enthusiasm burn habitually in the soul, and how certainly the face will become glorified by it! Let kindness be in the heart and what power can keep the face from revealing its sweet presence? Loveliness is only the outside of love. We are compelled to think of the angels of heaven as beautiful, because we think of them as pure, loving, and holy.

Says Emerson: "Beauty is the mark God sets upon virtue."

Says Bronson Alcott: "Were we not sinners we should all be handsome."

"Everybody feels a little wronged if he or she is *not* handsome. Somebody has sinned, and this is the symbol."

Says Thoreau: We are all sculptors and painters, and our material is our own flesh and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features, any meanness or sensuality to embrate them."

Sometimes you go to a photographer and sit for a picture. You want it a picture not of your ugliest but of your most beautiful self. What does the photographer do? Does he take a negative and then print impressions immediately from that? Not so. He does what he calls "touching up" the negative before he prints. Very likely in this process he takes out strength lines, character lines, if he be a bad artist. But if he is a good artist he only takes out ugliness lines. He notes those lines and wrinkles and expressions that have been put into your face by passion, by worry, by anxiety, by selfishness, by unkindness, by indulgence of your lower appetites, and these he rubs out, thus giving you as far as possible a picture of your face unmarred by your soul's deformities. But how very serious is the thought that your soul is thus all the while writing its character and its history on the very flesh and bones of your face. The artist can touch up his negative; can he touch up *you*? It is something to get the finger marks of passion, greed, worry, impatience, uncharitableness out of your photograph. But how much better if you can keep the ugly passions themselves out of your *souls*!

Thus we see that beauty is not primarily form or colour, or anything merely physical. It springs from sources deeper. It is life, it is spirit.

J. T. Sunderland.

Charity.

Every good act is charity. Giving water to the thirsty is charity. Removing stones and thorns from the road is charity. Exhorting your fellow-men to virtuous deeds is charity. Smiling in your brother's face is charity. Putting a wanderer in the right path is charity. A man's true wealth is the good he does in this world. When he dies, mortals will ask what property has he left behind him; but angels will inquire, "What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?"

Mahomet.

Glimpses of Truth.

The realization of the Divine in man constitutes the most absolute and all-sufficient happiness. ARISTOTLE.

Nothing can work me damage except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer, but by my own faults.

ST. BERNARD.

Better the sweet kinship of pain than selfish enjoyment; better the sorrow born from sympathy than the ease of indifference. SELECTED.

We must be strong, and know that hatred is death, that love alone is life, and that according to our love, so great

is the measure of the life and divinity within us.

BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

There is no axiom plainer than that the higher should control the lower, and no one but a positive materialist can deny that man is above his body.

HENRY WOOD.

The growth and development of the soul is only a process of removing the illusive fogs and shadows which incase its inner principles.

ERNEST LOOMIS.

The man who foolishly does me wrong I will return to him the protection of my ungrudging love. The more evil comes from him, the more good shall go from me.

BUDDHA.

Be unselfish; have an ideal outlook; see yourself as you would like to be—healthy, happy, well adjusted to life, helpful, looking for the good, ever happy, ever young, ever hopeful, and never discouraged.

HORATIO W. DRESSER.

Dream glorious dreams, splendid dreams, sweet and beautiful dreams only; know them for what they are, give them power by realizing that to you the day will come when those dreams will have taken shape in this world.

ALMA GILLEN.

Do not imagine that in your attainment of individual strength, you are to lose all interest in others' affairs. You cannot be strong until you see in other men the same life that is in you, until you view others as one with you.

ANON.

In the degree that we are able to get away from the limitations of the senses, and realize that so far as the real life is concerned it is one with the Infinite Life, then we begin to reach the place where we will always have the Divine illumination and guidance. To know this and to live in this realization, is not to live in heaven hereafter, but to live in heaven here and now, to-day, and every day.

RALPH WALDO TRINE.

Health of body is inseparable from health of mind. Can you have a raging fever in mind, fear and confusion, falsehood and hatred, jealousy and deception, and then be strong of body, calm of nerve, perfect in digestion, thorough and regular in all organic functions? Mind and body are a unit. There must and will be a likeness between the two.

URSULA N. GESTEFELD.

If we would be calm, quiet, strong and happy, we must live in the present, and not strain out and away into the future. It is a good plan to say: "I will live by the hour to-day; I will postpone for an hour all thoughts of fear and weakness." Then when the hour is up extend the time for another hour, and so keep on, and the result will be that you have a day of *living in the present*—a day of peace and strength.

W. B. A.

To Live Long, Feed Wisely and Well.

By Dr. Southwood Smith.

Longevity does not mean decrepitude: decrepitude cannot be sensibly prolonged, but years of sensitive vigour may be added before it. This is a fact of deep interest. Indeed, the exact age cannot be fixed at which a man becomes old. Some are older at fifty than others at seventy, and there are cases in which a man who has reached his hundredth year is sensibly no older than most men at eighty. To add ten or twenty years to life does not add this term to the time of decrepitude, but to the time of mature manhood—the time in which the human being is capable of receiving and communicating the largest measure of the noblest kind of enjoyment.

We must assume that there is some normal age at which death is natural to man; an age, therefore, which all might attain, if all lived naturally and were born robust. What, then, hinders the attainment of the full period, besides accidents and violence, and disease from external causes? Among evil habits we here give prominence to exhausting diet. There is a certain normal rate at which the decay of tissue ought to go on in the body. When decay is more rapid than is normal, the man is *living too fast*, which must necessarily tend to shorten life.

Liebig infers, from a comparison of the secretions of animals, that the decay of tissues is more rapid in the *carnivora* than in the *herbivora*. The experiments of Dr. Fife on human respiration led to the same inference concerning a man fed on animal as compared to a man fed on vegetable food. His conclusion is corroborated by the experience of Mr. Spalding, a professional diver, who noted his consumption of oxygen in his diving-bell, and learned practically that it was wise to avoid flesh meat and spirituous liquors, as these caused him to need more oxygen. From another quarter we have casual confirmation. Drs. Mercett, Oliver, and other physiologists attest that chyle elaborated from animal food putrefies more rapidly than chyle from vegetable food. The general result that we deduce is, that under the more stimulating diet, the human machine is worked beyond its normal rapidity—a fact which must bring on earlier the time at which the solids become dry, inelastic, rigid, and finally are ossified. This is the term of natural death.

“The more slowly man grows,” says Professor Hufeland, “the later he attains to maturity, and the longer his powers are in expanding, so much the longer will be the duration of his life; as the existence of a creature is lengthened by the proportion of the time required for expansion. Everything, therefore, that hastens vital consumption shortens life; and consequently the more intense the vital action the shorter the life. If you would live long, live moderately, and avoid a stimulating, heating diet, such as a good deal of fish, flesh, eggs, chocolate, wine, and spices.” Animal food and all other stimulating diet, particularly in youth, do incalculable mischief, though by such slow degrees that in general the evil is neither perceived nor suspected. The stream of life is hurried on precipitately, the passions are prematurely developed, and, like a plant that has been forced too rapidly by artificial heat and stimulating composts, the organism is exhausted, and it becomes diseased and old when it would, under a more appropriate diet, have been in its perfection.

“It has been established on the best grounds,” says Hufeland, “that our nourishment should be used in form rather coarse, securing full mastication and insalivation, and a

longer retention in the stomach. Plain, simple food only, promotes moderation and longevity, while compounded and luxurious food shortens life. The most extraordinary instances of longevity are to be found among those classes of mankind, who, amidst bodily labour and the open air, lead a simple life agreeable to Nature, such as farmers, gardeners, hunters, etc. The more man follows Nature, and is obedient to her laws, the longer will he live; the farther he deviates from these, the shorter will be his existence. Rich and non-nourishing food, and an immoderate use of flesh, do not prolong life. Instances of the greatest longevity are to be found among men, who, from their youth, lived principally on vegetables, and who perhaps never tasted flesh.” “It seems,” says Lord Bacon, in his “Treatise on Life and Death,” “to be approved by experience that a spare and almost Pythagorean diet, such as is prescribed by the strictest monastic life, or practised by hermits, is most favourable to long life.”

It is said that in no part of the world (in proportion to its population) are there more instances of extreme longevity than among the Norwegian peasantry, who scarcely ever taste animal food. In the severe climate of Russia, also, where the inhabitants live on a coarse vegetable diet, there are a great many instances of advanced age. The late returns of the Greek Church population of the Russian Empire give (in the table of the deaths of the male sex) more than one thousand above a hundred years of age, many between one hundred and a hundred and forty, and four between one hundred and forty and one hundred and fifty. It is stated that to whatever age the Mexican Indians live, they never become gray-haired. They are represented as peaceable cultivators of the soil, subsisting constantly on vegetable food, often attaining a hundred years of age, yet still green and vigorous. Of the South American Indians, Ulloa says: “I myself have known several who, at the age of a hundred, were still very robust and active, which unquestionably must in some measure be attributed to the constant sameness and simplicity of their food.” Both the Peruvian Indians and the Creoles are remarkably long-lived, and retain their faculties and vigour to a very advanced age. Slaves in the West Indies are recorded from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty years of age.

We cannot bring the argument to a scientific demonstration unless we could compare vegetable feeders with the feeders on animal food, in regard to longevity, *with all the other circumstances the same*. Nevertheless, it is clear that eminent physiologists and able impartial inquirers have been impressed with the belief that a vegetable diet *tends* to longevity. Flesh-eaters—nay, intemperate eaters and drinkers—are sometimes long-lived; but we are justified in saying that they would have lived *longer still* on a wise diet.

UNTO THE DAY.

Ask not, Lord, that life shall give to me
 All peace, and quiet sheltering from the storm;
 I would not rob my soul's experience
 By asking that the sun shine ever warm.
 I only pray, my Lord, whate'er befall,
 “Give Thou me grace to triumph o'er it all.”
 Come storm, come shine, let my life ordered be
 In each degree as seemeth to Thee best.
 I know that every day is destiny;
 My soul's assurance folds its wings in rest.
 Whatever comes, I only ask of Thee:
 Unto the day my strength sufficient be.

Bessie Johnson-Bellam.

Editorial Notes.

I have just been reading a short article in the *Journal of Science*, for 1882, by the late eminent authority, W. Mattieu Williams. He died before *The Herald*



THE BENEFICENT GOURMAND.

Our carnivorous proceedings—he says—are most beneficial in reference to animal life. There are no creatures on the face of earth who lead, from a purely animal point of view, so enviable a life as those which constitute our flocks and herds, and our domestic poultry.

They are provided with food and lodging of the very best kind they are capable of enjoying. The best efforts of science, are devoted to the selection of their food, and prizes are given to those who are the most successful in pampering them. They are supplied with human servants, who tend them with the greatest care, who drive away their natural enemies (flies and maggots included), who watch the state of their health, nurse them when ill, supply them with medicine, and do everything possible for their general welfare.

In all this world of ours there is no other set of animals enjoying so much animal happiness as these, and yet the sentimental vegetarians cruelly advocate the extinction of all this pastoral bliss, which has been a leading theme to poets of all ages.

THE APOLOGISTS OF SLAVERY.

Now this is just the way of old slave owners. How they did puff out their stomachs, and put their thumbs in their capacious waistcoat pockets, and blow out their fat cheeks, and roll their pious eyes, and say that a slave-owner was the pride of God's creation, that he was a benefactor of humanity, and a real father to the negro race.

You might talk about the degradation of character that resulted from keeping slaves, you might proclaim the terrible cruelties and brutalities that in fact existed, you might point to that longing for freedom which is innate in every living breast, but no matter, the slave advocate would always stick to his text—"the animals—niggers I mean, are better cared for, and ought to be happier, as slaves—with food, shelter, doctor, schools, etc., all provided—than they would be as starving freed men. Your advocates of the abolition of slavery are the greatest enemies that the poor niggers ever had!" Mr. Mattieu William's argument is similar in principle.

ANIMALS AS FRIENDS, NOT LARDERS.

As to wild animals, if they are happier in a cage with food and water and shelter provided, why do they die sooner than in their natural habitats?

As to domestic animals, we look after our dogs and our horses as well as we do after our cows and our sheep, but we do not demoralise ourselves by looking on them always as so much carcase. In a way, the former are our friends and not merely our larders.

DEATH IS A LAW OF NATURE.

But perhaps it will be replied—Mr. Williams goes on to say—we undo and reverse all this by killing them at last. If we are to be denounced for giving life and happiness to each individual for a limited period only, then must vegetarians similarly denounce the Creator and ourselves, and all the rest of the animal world, for giving us life, and at the same time making death one of its necessary conditions.

THE WHOLE THING IS WRONG.

What I object to is not the mere act of killing animals, but the whole tone of human opinion, which looks upon animals as only so much flesh and so much offal, and allows market exigencies to be the criterion of treatment,

Some animals might not be benefited by the abolition of flesh-eating, but all humans who voluntarily abstained from feeding upon flesh from motives of pity, of compassion, or of justice to the animal world, would thereby bring a benefit upon themselves and upon the human race as a whole.

SCIENCE APPROVES.

The vegetarian—he continues—who bases his system of diet on pure and unaffected selfishness, without any goody-goody pretences, may be perfectly consistent in believing that it is better to prepare the organic compounds and vegetables by the aid of scientific cooking, than by passing them through the digestive and assimilating organs of animals.

INSTINCT APPROVES.

He has, within reach, physiological arguments that are not easily refuted, especially in a warm climate, and he may fairly add to these the natural instinct or sentiment that regards the carcase of a red-blooded animal as a very repulsive object; but from the humanitarian point of view he is far more cruel than the flesh-eater, not only for the reasons above stated, but on account of the number of individual animals he slaughters, if mere killing is to be regarded as cruelty; for the boiling of a cabbage involves the immolation of innocent slugs and caterpillars, and tens of hundreds of thousands of aphides are sacrificed in topping a row of broad beans, to say nothing of millions of Colorado beetles that have been mercilessly murdered in order that ruthless, selfish man may satisfy his greed for potatoes.

STILL UNNECESSARY.

He admits that Science has much to say for us, and that a refined instinct revolts against the idea of eating the red flesh of a highly developed animal, but he fails entirely in his idea of proportion. A vegetarian does not eat more cabbages or broad beans than a meat-eater, and therefore does not kill more slugs or caterpillars or aphides.

PROPORTION.

I will write an article shortly on this interesting subject, for it is a stock joke of the irreverent scoffer that because a vegetarian of necessity destroys the lives of countless animalculæ in the air and the water that he breathes and drinks, he ought therefore of logical necessity to voluntarily go and cut the throat of a gentle, sensitive, highly developed mother cow, and eat her red flesh for his dinner! What nonsense!

THE LAW OF FORCE.

If the Scheme of the Creator—Mr. Williams continues—were based on the principle of sacrificing the higher animals for the benefit of the lower, and the race for the individual, the anti-vivisection, sentimental, and the vegetarian sisterhood, would be in harmony with Nature; but as it is they should open their meetings not with prayer and praises, but with the denunciation of the Omnipotent, who has constructed this world and all its inhabitants on a principle diametrically opposed to their superior ideal.

They should revert to the ancient idolaters, who worshipped bulls and snakes and beetles in temples erected to their honour.

THE DIVINE IDEAL.

Surely one may leave these last sentences to answer themselves. There is hardly anyone who believes in scientific religion who thinks that the law of force is the ultimate.

If Science teaches anything at all in the region of morals, it teaches the eternal supremacy of co-operation over antagonism, of gentleness over ferocity, and of love over hate. Members of The Order therefore abstain from flesh-eating by the very reason of their belief in the lovingkindness and tender mercies of God.

MISSIONERS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

Who is next going to stir up his own town to think about food reform? Mr. Sidney Beard gave a magnificent lecture at Paignton a few weeks ago, in which he dealt exhaustively with the scientific and moral aspects of vegetarianism. At the close Dr. Alexander felt obliged to confess that "There is a great deal of excessive meat eating in this country, and very many people eat more than is good for them . . . in hot countries it is much better to do with less meat; in fact,

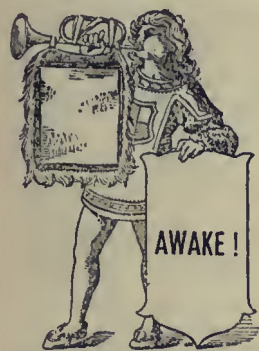
it can be done without altogether. I have never questioned," he added, "the fact that man can live without flesh food, and very well."

These are not bad admissions for the chief critic of the lecture. The editor of *The Paignton Observer* gave over two columns to a report of the lecture, and in his own notes upon it said "The local question of the hour seems to be vegetarianism. Mr. Beard is a master of his subject . . . and his address was eagerly anticipated. Mr. Beard makes no bones about condemning meat eating, which he considers injurious and unnecessary. The latter it undoubtedly is!"

This concedes all that I have ever asked from an opponent. If flesh-eating is unnecessary, why eat it? I have never had this question answered yet.

* * *

Not on the platform only but in the press too are the pioneers of the dawn to be found speaking straight and writing true.



Readers of the *New Age* have had a clarion call from the Rev. Arthur Harvie, and some of them are waking from their slumbers and calling for armour and weapons to fit them for the fray.

Stay not, spare not, rest not, the battle is not to the weary, nor the victory to the idle ones. Up and ever doing, in some way, in your best way, is the only way in which you who have seen the light can fulfil your duty.

The million daily readers of newspapers are willing to listen, to read, and to learn. Hold not back, then, but speak out, sound the right and the true. Here is an example—a few extracts from Mr. Harvie's letter. Take up your burden, too, and emulate his zeal:—

Many have caught themselves wishing that their lot had been cast in an age when some great moral crisis had been reached and martyrdoms were the order of the day. They have looked back at the times of the Reformation, the Puritan Revolt, or the Anti-Slavery Movement, with longing eyes, feeling that the present contains no such possibilities as those past days for splendid heroism on behalf of unpopular but Divinely inspired reforms.

A hundred years from now men will be envying this generation its opportunity of doing pioneer work in the greatest reform the Western world has known; I refer, of course, to the humanitarian movement in favour of a change in our present methods of diet.

A mere handful of men and women have perceived that flesh-eating is immoral, and consequently they abjure the practice. The great bulk of the people are against them, these new Reformers find just as much opposition in the Christian Churches as in any other collections of men; the Press is against them; orthodox medical science is against them also; few men of power and influence are on their side, while wealth, fashion and "Demos" ignore them entirely. Here is the Reformation over again, here is the Anti-Slavery campaign paralleled in our own day only with this difference, that the matters involved are a hundred-fold more important.

The rights of animals to enjoy their life to the full and to be spared the tortures of the cattle-market, the cattle-ship, the cattle-train, and finally the slaughter-house, are—in the eyes of these food reformers—sacred, and all the more so because our lesser brethren are incapable of asserting and securing them for themselves.

The inevitable degradation of thousands of men, and alas for many women, in connection with the provision of flesh-food, weighs heavily on our hearts and is alone sufficient to determine our course of action.

The fact that a bloodless diet is not only practical but when once adopted pleasanter, healthier and cheaper than the ordinary, is a small matter compared with the ethical imperative by which so many of us are driven to what the world calls "Vegetarianism."

The day is near when flesh-eaters will have to act on the defensive and Christians be called upon to explain why without necessity they shed innocent blood.

* * *

A word of kindness to a worker is like oil to a wheel. Both work on more smoothly and beautifully for a long time after.

HELPFUL LETTERS.

Here are just a few extracts from numberless letters that come to hand and gladden the hearts of the Executive. They encourage and cheer and strengthen, and where heads are weary and hearts are aching in despair,

a warm letter of appreciation comes like balm to the soul, "and hearts are brave again and arms are strong," and once again the shout of Alleluia "can ring out clear and loud.

A correspondent from Airdrie, N.B., writes:—

For some years I was a slave of Determinism and Agnosticism. I found them very unsatisfactory with respect to a philosophy of life, and they gave me a most unhappy time, for my sympathies were all the other way; but your writings (*i.e.* Mr. Beard's writings), opened my eyes to the fact that there is a God with whom we may be in communion.

You have shown me that there is a spiritual life when I thought a correct moral life the highest ideal.

Another correspondent from Hampstead writes:—

"You cannot think how greatly *The Herald* helps and strengthens me each month, and what happiness it gives me to receive it. Tremendous, indeed, would be its influence in the world if all alike were spurred onward and uplifted, and brought nearer to God . . . I will do, as a sacred duty, all that I am able to do to make it known."

* * *

Here is a charmingly earnest and helpful letter from India.

WHO WILL OFFER A PRIZE?

Who will help to raise the requisite fund for offering prizes?

Mr. Laxmidas is quite right; if you want the young generation to understand vegetarianism and to be well grounded in its tenets, it is no good handing them tracts or books to look at. *They must study the subject.* To induce them to do this, prizes may well be offered. One prize of a guinea, ten prizes of half-a-guinea, and ten prizes of five shillings, and a couple of pounds spent on bringing the competition before the scholars of a thousand schools, would be ten guineas well spent.

Who will help to cover this sum?

This is Mr. Laxmidas' letter.

I have read your Order's pamphlet *Is Flesh-Eating Morally Defensible?* by Mr. Sidney H. Beard. The learned and humane hearted writer has so well advocated the cause of vegetarianism that I venture to make the following suggestion to you, in order that the light shed by Mr. Beard may be spread far and wide.

If you will advertise two cash prizes of, say, five pounds each, for the best summary of the pamphlet, not exceeding one hundred lines, a large number of school and college students will be tempted to carefully study its contents, and this may result in the conversion of at least a few of them. In my opinion, this plan will be more effective than mere distribution of humane literature which may, or may not be read carefully.

I am a poor man, and have to send trifling sums every year to certain humane societies, so I am obliged to send you only one shilling towards the raising of the ten pounds for this year. If you cannot agree with me as to the plan above suggested, I beg you to keep the shilling as an humble donation to your Order for this year.

* * *

NINETEEN CONVERTS.

It is a far cry from India to America, but even thus far has the fire spread, and the flame is carrying into men's hearts the bright beauty of the sacrificial life.

Here is a message from Miss Lydia Irons, of Idaho, which gladdens one to read:—

"It is really wonderful how our cause is spreading out, even to the support of strictly vegetarian restaurants in almost all cities of any size in the U.S.A. There is very much to encourage the workers, yet the field of labour is an immense one, and there seems no end to the work that needs to be done. If I could take time to give you a detailed account of the growth of sentiment as I observe it, just within the past six or seven years, I know it would rejoice your heart. One incident will show you how the least little influence will spread. Five years or more ago, while in the field lecturing on the abomination of vivisection, I was entertained by a lady of high social standing. She gave a reception for me, and out of respect for my feelings, as I afterwards learned, she served only a light lunch, with no flesh foods or wines. To some of her intimate friends she explained that I was a total abstainer and "ate no meats." At the time I had no idea that I was the cause of the beautifully served lunch of fruits, nuts, wafers, etc., and hot and cold lemonade; or that I was the object of great wonderment that I could go through three lectures daily, with receptions thrown in, and look plump and hearty and able to tire them all out climbing to mountain peaks, and searching the ocean beach for miles for shells. But it seems I was a conundrum to the whole party, and after my departure became a subject of discussion, and only a few weeks ago one of the party told me that out of that social event NINETEEN people had grown to be vegetarians, and all claim that as their first awakening, while many more are almost persuaded. I was unconscious of the fact that I was making any impression. I simply said at the breakfast-table the first morning that "I ate no flesh food because I did not believe I had any right to take life, or cause it to be taken, when the earth was full of better and healthier food." So, verily, "how great a blaze a little fire kindleth."

LOCAL

ORGANIZATIONS. without pre-existing enthusiasm.

You cannot make a watch without a mainspring, nor create a local society or later clothe itself with the material gown of a bodily organization, and, if the spirit be right, the body will be full of vitality, whatever its gown may be.

Where the spirit exists it will sooner or later clothe itself with the material gown of a bodily organization, and, if the spirit be right, the body will be full of vitality, whatever its gown may be.

Miss Redfern, of Hanley, has felt the mission call, and, unable to sit still and enjoy her treasure in solitude, she is setting to work to spread the light in an eminently practical way. She writes:—

Being an Associate of The Order of the Golden Age, as you are aware, I have been considering for some time how I might help to assist the above Movement in a practical manner, and after a careful consideration I have come to the conclusion that with the aid of a few friends a small organization might be formed amongst ourselves, which would attain this end.

Miss Redfern has drawn up the basis for a local Club, and its high aims are manifest from the rules which she suggests.

Here are one or two:—

1.—That we bind ourselves together in order to support to the utmost of our ability the efforts of all Humanitarian and Food Reform Movements, and that we therefore agree to abstain from flesh and fowl as food, and from all fish, the preparation for the sale of which involves cruelty and suffering.

2.—To regard it as our bounden duty to make ourselves acquainted by observation and reading with the suffering and misery going on around us, particularly that touching the lower animal creation as being the least protected. To assert our own individuality and the right to think for ourselves, never hesitating to make known our principles on right occasions, and when opportunity serves. To study the Bible with the object of more clearly understanding its precepts, and to submit all the facts we glean to the test of our own Consciences, the Christian Faith, and Common Sense. And having made any decision after such careful consideration, to see that we carry it out in ourselves both according to the letter and the spirit.

3.—To make known to all our friends, acquaintances, neighbours, and whomever else we may come in contact with, our principles and work. To refer to the same in all our private letters, and to enclose in the same Pamphlets, Leaflets, etc., likely to awaken thought in those who may be in ignorance of the facts we bring before them, and who may not have hitherto given the matter consideration, nor looked upon it in the light of Humanitarianism, etc.; and to consider it absolutely wrong to withhold anything which may tend to change for the better the current of a person's thoughts, and consequently his life.

4.—That the result of the above efforts be to induce others to either subscribe to *The Herald of the Golden Age*, or to become Members of The Order.

* * *

The effect of such work as this is incalculable. I have already received a letter from one lady who has joined herself to the mission, and who writes:

A few of us have joined our forces together to spread the glad message of *The Golden Age*. We have encountered many to whom the idea of killing animals for food is repugnant, but who like myself find it so difficult to procure vegetarian food. We are distributing pamphlets and leaflets and doing all in our power to enrol others on the side of Justice, Mercy and Love, and by shewing up the evils of butchery, to induce them to adopt a pure bloodless diet.

I hope next month to be able to give a report from Miss Redfern of what has been accomplished.

Who will follow in this lady pioneer's footsteps, and institute local missions of The Order in their own towns?

* * *

A GREEK
ENTHUSIAST.

Mr. Nemati, the Secretary of the Budapest Vegetarian Society, is now in London studying Egyptology and folk lore at the British Museum.

He is a keen and ardent disciple of the scientific and spiritual bases of food reform, and is eagerly anxious to spread the Gospel throughout Hungary.

He is the author of a number of scientific works tracing the relationship between the Magyar language and the Cuneiform inscriptions. He has original ideas about the mystery meaning of the Sphinx, and I believe he intends to deliver to the world, in due course, his views on the subject, and to unfold some of the secret wisdom of the ancient sages.

He is trying to discover the fountain of their knowledge on health. He is not seeking to discover the cause and cure of Disease, but to solve the secret of Vital Health and of Life.

Mr. Nemati does not yet speak English, but vegetarians who speak German or French will find him a delight-

ful enthusiast, ready to talk, and anxious to learn. As Mr. Nemati purposes staying in England some time, I hope many members of The Order will have the opportunity of making his acquaintance.

* * *

THE
SALISBURY
TREATMENT.

Vegetarians sometimes have the Salisbury treatment thrown at them as if it were one of the most valuable methods of curing disease. People talk about the Salisbury treatment as if it were a weighty

argument against the adoption of a reformed dietary. But it is nothing of the sort.

* * *

THE ISLAND
CHIEF'S LOGIC.

I remember hearing the story of a South Sea Islander who told a missionary in all good faith that his child's life had been saved by human flesh, as that was the

only thing the little girl could be tempted to eat when she was so ill.

To the good chief this seemed a perfectly sound argument. The life of a chief's daughter was worth many slaves, and why should they not be sacrificed for her sake?

It was useless for the enthusiastic missionary to point out that there was no special nutriment to be got out of human flesh that could not be got out of other forms of meat, and that therefore since cannibalism was not *necessary* it was *wrong*.

The Island Chief would have his way—"The child will ill. Human flesh had saved her life. Cannibalism, therefore, must not be abolished."

* * *

THE
DYSPEPTIC'S
LOGIC.

The arguments of to-day, based upon the value of the Salisbury treatment, are just as primitive, just as selfish, and just as materialistic. "A friend of mine had very bad indigestion. She could eat

nothing. She was put on chopped beef and hot water. She made great improvement. Vegetarianism, therefore, is impossible!"

What an absurdity, when you come to think of it. As if every remedy, orthodox or quack, pills, powders, ointments, dietaries, systems, or what not, could not all produce scores of cases where the sufferers had previously tried everything, and all without avail, until at last the one thing which is being advertised is found efficacious!

* * *

THE VALUE
OF THE CURES.

It is quite true that a large number of people have been physically benefited — and very materially benefited — by a more or less exclusive dietary of beef

and hot water.

In the same way, too, many lives have been saved by the prompt and judicious use of brandy.

Yet these facts destroy neither the scientific nor the moral basis of teetotalism. They destroy neither the scientific nor the moral basis of vegetarianism.

The records of the Temperance Hospital show that there are many other non-alcoholic substitutes equally efficacious with brandy.

The records of the Vegetarian Hospital show that there are plenty of other substitutes equally efficacious with beef!

* * *

IS FLESH FOOD
NECESSARY?

Like the human flesh for the chief's daughter; no one disputes its value, but everyone disputes its *necessity*, and many therefore declare that cannibalism not

being necessary is *wrong*. I do not for a moment suggest that animal flesh-eating and cannibalism are in any way comparable from a moral point of view, but I give the illustration to press home a no less real truth, that no flesh-eating is *necessary*, and, therefore, to those who are conscious of this knowledge it is *wrong*.

Health Advice.

"It is better to keep well when you are well, than to risk being cured after falling sick."

There is so much interest being taken in the hygienic cure of consumption that the words of a medical writer in *St. Bartholomew's Hospital Journal* are worth reproducing. They show how far common sense is now beginning to dominate old customs, and how the mischievous coddling of our grandmother doctors is being replaced by a vigorous attempt to increase vitality by the influence of sunshine and fresh air, and simple nutritious feeding.

* * *

Since vitiated air, says the writer, and all that makes air vitiated, favours the growth of the bacillus, we must place our patient in good *fresh air*. Since it is a lover of darkness, we must give our patient as much *sunlight* as possible. Since it thrives best when the patient is inadequately fed as regards both quantity and quality of food, we must *feed* our patients well.

* * *

Then the influence of the mental condition of the patient is very striking. In no disease is the interaction of body and mind more noticeable or important. Excitement of all kinds is favourable to the bacillus; and hence comes another indication for treatment—*mental and bodily quiet*. Then there is a characteristic which has been long recognised, viz. *hopefulness*, and this in spite of all that might tend to make the patient the reverse; and recognising this characteristic helps much in the treatment. It is a trait that must be encouraged; and, given the conditions for successful treatment, we can confidently do so.

* * *

As regards the *climate*. I believe we shall need to do away with a good many preconceived ideas about this, as also about other features of the treatment of tuberculosis. Our prejudices are very deeply rooted; and this has many advantages, and no doubt prevents us from running hastily after every new thing that turns up; but still it has its drawbacks. We think at once of the great superiority of mountain air, where a maximum amount of sunshine is; and doubtless this sort of climate is suitable for certain forms and certain stages of pulmonary tuberculosis. On the other hand, this sort of climate is positively injurious to some, and they are better suited, as experience has shown, by a less elevated, moist, and humid climate. I believe that the future will show that, taking all cases together, our own much-abused climate will not be found so unsuitable after all.

* * *

The main essentials of the *site* are easily summed up:

1. The *air* should be pure and absolutely free from all soot of large towns and from dust.
2. The *soil* should allow the water readily to drain away.
3. There should be *shelter* from prevailing winds, best obtained by building on the slope of a hill, so that the summit affords the shelter; or it should be obtained by a bank of trees.
4. There should be a maximum amount of *sunshine*.

* * *

We need to look boldly upon a very large number of cases of pulmonary tuberculosis as being curable, and not merely those which we term incipient phthisis.

A patient is cured when there are no longer any signs or symptoms of active disease.

* * *

Some patients may be cured, and remain cured, after six months under treatment; others say after a year, others would need a considerably more prolonged stay. For a large number this will obviously not be practicable; but if we cannot cure them, we can do the next best thing—teach them

upon what lines they must proceed if they wish to become cured; teach them how to manage their lives. They must be drilled—drilled into a mode of life the exact opposite in many cases to that to which they have been accustomed—and they must be so effectually drilled that the new mode will become to them a second nature.

True Hygiene.

(For the Meeting of the National Sanitary Association, 1860).

What though our tempered poisons save
Some wrecks of life from aches and ails;
Those grand specifics Nature gave
Were never poised by weights or scales!

God lent His creatures light and air,
And waters open to the skies;
Man locks him in a stifling lair,
And wonders why his brother dies!

In vain our pitying tears are shed,
In vain we rear the sheltering pile,
Where Art weeds out from bed to bed
The plagues we planted by the mile!

Be that the glory of the past;
With these our sacred toils begin:
So flies in tatters from its mast
The yellow flag of sloth and sin.

And lo! the starry folds reveal
The blazoned truth we hold so dear:
To guard is better than to heal,—
The shield is nobler than the spear!"

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Should Women Shoot?

It seems almost a contradiction in terms to ask this question, so inconsistent is any form of butchery with one's idea



of a womanly woman, whose mission, surely, it should be to cherish life rather than to destroy it. Within the last few months I have asked many of my women friends the question, "Would you eat animals if you had to kill them yourself?" And in every case I have met with an unhesitating "No," in reply. But custom renders one callous, even to killing.

We have had to grow accustomed during the last few years to women in all sorts of masculine positions, but it is to be hoped that women as a body will make a very strong protest before they accept their sex as butchers or sportswomen.

Miss Isabel Savory, in her painful and repellent article, "In the Himalayas with a Rifle," says: "Women do not shoot with their husbands and brothers nearly as much as they might do, provided they are the right sort of women." One is inclined to ask if the authoress did not make a slip there; surely she must have intended to write, "if they are the *wrong* sort of women?" Women who can gloat over the dabbled plumage of beautiful birds, over the pain and terror of wounded beasts, must be entirely destitute of the tenderness of heart and daintiness of feeling that have hitherto been linked with their name.

"What a good feeling it is," says Miss Savory, "to be fit and well, to have your nerves steady and your head cool, to awake every morning simply revelling in being alive in the almost "fizzing air." And yet Miss Savory's keenest delight is to rob others of this great enjoyment, to risk the necks of herself and her party in order to attain some vantage ground where, sneaking in a tree or behind a rock, she may shoot the unsuspecting creatures that are harming no one, but enjoying their rightful heritage, the "fizzing" air, as much as she enjoys it herself. Does Miss Savory ever remember that the rainbow she so much admires across the hills was placed there in token of a covenant—not with herself alone or with her species alone—but with "every living creature?" The splendid great goats feeding quietly on their remote native hills, unsuspecting of harm, fill her with no admiration, only with chuckling delight that she should carry home their maimed heads and mangled skins. If she missed her shot she felt "inclined to commit suicide," if on the contrary she came across blood marks showing that she had wounded the poor beast her "spirits went up mountains high!"

Miss Savory shows her public very plainly in this article what the mothers and daughters of England will become if they follow her advice, and go shooting with their husbands and brothers. We have not yet become reconciled to the woman in knickerbockers on a bicycle, there are still many parts of the country where she is most unwelcome; but the woman in knickerbockers, standing safely up in a tree with a gun, whilst beautiful wild creatures are driven out for her to shoot, is a spectacle that it is devoutly to be hoped may not be seen twice in one century on this planet, and that it is still more devoutly to be hoped we shall never encourage.

But who can say when one learns that ladies welcomed here in high society are skilled pig-stickers!

What has become of the delightful tender hearted woman, in soft swishing skirts fragrant of roses and lavender, who screamed at the sight of a gun and cried if her cat caught a mouse or a bird. Are we to lose her altogether?

Ellen Tighe Hopkins.

Our "Difficulties" Column.

I was so glad to see that you had commenced a "Difficulties" column. It will be most useful and helpful, and I hope that scores of friends who feel perplexed will apply to you for help in their troubles.

Now I am going to accept your invitation, and tell you how many difficulties were smoothed away from me in my early days by the wise advice of a vegetarian of many years standing.

I was anxious to give up meat-eating, but somehow hung back from making the final plunge, and so I kept beating about the bush, like a good many others do, and made a great fuss about my difficulties. "What," I asked, "would become of the animals if everybody gave up eating their dead bodies?"

"In what way can I get enough nitrogen if I don't eat flesh?" I kept repeating as I continued my attack on the cold joint.

"What shall we do for leather for our boots if animals are not eaten?" was another pet question that I felt proud of trotting out.

Now, I wasn't really frivolous, and I didn't keep advancing my problems merely for the sake of argument.

I was really in earnest in my spirit, but my body pleaded with me for meat, and I hardly dared to think of giving up all the things I was so fond of.

I hardly felt as if I *could* give up my ham and eggs for breakfast, and then smoked haddock was a special weakness, while I hardly liked to think of what my Sunday's dinner would be without the roast beef.

Yesterday, too, I had some fried sausages for dinner, and at the picnic in the afternoon there was cold pork pie, and, as I ate and enjoyed, I asked myself whether I really *could* bid good-bye for ever to these toothsome dainties.

So I eased my conscience by leaning hard on my "difficulties."

I might have gone on from that day to this, always drawn *forward* by my conscience and *backward* by my appetite, and always satisfying *both* by giving the one "difficulties" to tackle and by giving the other the meat it craved for, only that one day I was talking with a sweet, genial old clergyman, and was, as usual, trotting out my well-worn objections with my usual complacency, when he stopped me.

"Do you believe in God?" he queried.

"Certainly," I answered.

"Well then, how do you account for evil in the world if God is Omnipotent, Omnipresent and All Good?"

"Well, to be quite candid with you, I've heard heaps of explanations about it, but I confess I never could quite understand it."

"Then don't believe in God till you can," he replied, very shortly and sharply.

"Oh, come," I answered, "don't say that. Don't you remember Newman's famous dictum—'difficulties are not doubts.' The arguments *for*," I went on, with some warmth, for it was a favourite line of dogmatic argument with me, "must be weighed side by side with the arguments *against*, and if I find the arguments in favour overbalance those to the contrary, I must accept them and be willing to wait for a wider knowledge and a greater light to enable me to solve the difficulties which I do not now understand."

"Quite right," he answered, "do the same about vegetarianism. You know that flesh-eating is somehow wrong; you may not know quite how, but that does not matter, give it up, and perhaps sometime you will understand the answers to your present difficulties—and perhaps not—and even if not, what does it matter? We are not sent here to solve abstract problems, but *to do good and to be good.*"

I gave up eating meat the same day. Some of the difficulties I have since solved, and for the solution of others I am still waiting—patiently waiting, for I know that I am in the right, and so can afford to wait. Yours faithfully,

Malachi Moss.

Can anyone advise whether a nurse in an ordinary Hospital could be a vegetarian?

R. Enners.

Would one of your readers who understands children explain why it is that they put on flesh and colour so much more rapidly on a vegetarian dietary, and why it is that meat-eating children have such a high mortality and suffer so largely from rickets and other diseases?

Country Farm.

Mr. James McErrol sends a further contribution to the Biblical Difficulty Problem, but it is unavoidably crowded out for want of space.—Ed., H.G.A.



The Gospel of Humanity.

By the Rev. Prebendary Moss,
Head Master of Shrewsbury School.

"Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn."
Deut. xxv. 4.

This is something more than a moral precept; it breathes the spirit of chivalry. It reads like the product of a far later age than that in which it was framed. For, that animals have rights, is a modern idea—an idea which even in our own day is recognised only partially and imperfectly. The words read as though the lawgiver's conscience were illuminated by a sudden flash of insight. "It is fair that even the poor labouring ox should partake of the food which he is preparing for the use of man: let him receive as well as give." St. Paul quotes the words of the text twice, in the first Epistle to the Corinthians and in the first Epistle of S. Timothy; and in both passages draws from it the inference that Christ's ministers have a just claim on the laity for support. When writing to the Corinthians he rushes, in his impetuous way, straight at his immediate object, and asks the question—"Is it for the oxen that God careth, or saith He it altogether for our sake?" replying to himself thus—"Yea, for our sake it was written." But let no one make the mistake of supposing that St. Paul here denies the direct and natural application of the commandment. It is only his way of throwing his own use of it into strong relief. The same mode of speech is found elsewhere in Scripture. "I will have mercy and not sacrifice," does not forbid sacrifice; it lays the strongest possible stress on the duty of mercy.

"Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn." The Jew, then, was to be grateful and generous to the animal that helped him, not to treat it in a grudging and churlish spirit. As we read, it is impossible to help wondering which object was more prominent in the lawgiver's mind, the good of the ox, or the refinement and elevation of its master's character.

Surely, few things are more mysterious than the purpose and destination of the animal life which abounds around us. In its higher forms its framework is curiously like that of human beings; its sensations are similar to our own; it is capable of pleasure and pain. There are animals which appear to share some even of our moral qualities—fidelity, dutifulness, sensitiveness to praise and blame, reverence, affection. The affection of dogs for their masters sometimes outlasts human friendships. Some will remember the scene in the "Odyssey," where Argus, the dog of Ulysses, recognises in spite of his disguise, the master whom he has not seen for close upon twenty years, and then dies instantaneously, as though in an ecstasy of joy. Very likely, this touching picture is drawn from life.

No doubt, there is a clear line of demarcation between the highest development of animal faculty and the lowest type of manhood. Man claims as his own a larger world of thought, imagination, and hope, into which no animal can follow him. He believes that he is destined for another life, where he may work out the innermost law of his being under new and more favourable conditions. He has faith in God's justice, and is confident that the Almighty will right the scale hereafter, if it has inclined against him here. But, quite arbitrarily, so far as I know, he ruthlessly shuts animals out from this loftier sphere of compensation.* Whenever *man* suffers unjustly, an

ample atonement awaits him in another world. The life of a *horse* or a *dog* may be one long misery, but it must terminate here, with its wretchedness unrelieved, its wrongs unredressed. Whether there is room for such redress in that eternal order which Christ has revealed, who shall say? Certainly he is a bold man who presumes to make his own narrow ideas of what is possible the limit of God's intentions. Is there not a truer wisdom as well as a deeper faith in the ancient utterance—"Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?"

You must not suppose that these reflections are unnecessary. It is said that, when Italians of the lower classes are remonstrated with about their cruelty to animals, the reply is almost invariably, "Oh! an animal has not a soul." As though that fact, if it *is* a fact, excluded the brute creation at once from the range of man's sympathy and God's pity. What a different spirit is displayed in our Lord's words—"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father."

Men are the earthly providence of any animals which they have attached to themselves. We exact from these animals such service as they can give, and, so far, we are within our right. Is it only quixotic—or is it not rather the natural impulse of a generous mind—to extend some little kindness to these poor servants of ours? They have been deprived of their inheritance of freedom in order that they may minister to our needs. It seems only fair that we should recompense them in some way for what they have lost.

"Oh! but," it is sometimes urged, "why should we treat animals better than Nature treats them? The weaker animals are often the prey of the stronger: they can hardly suffer more from human ill-treatment than they suffer in their natural state: think of the cruelty of the lion, the tiger, or the wolf; and, if they escape the persecution of such enemies as these, they are only too likely to experience untold agonies from cold, disease, and starvation, before death finally relieves them from their misery." In the first place, I would answer, it is hard for us to judge, how much the loss of liberty means to a beast or a bird. It is highly probable that these creatures never enjoy the same degree of happiness under any artificial conditions, however favourable, as in their natural environment. But, in the second place, why should we invoke, as a justification of our behaviour to animals, a principle on which we should be ashamed to act in relation to human beings? If Nature is permitted to work out her will without let or hindrance, she will visit whole regions with famine or pestilence, and exact millions of victims, before her wrath is appeased; she will strew long reaches of coast with the fragments of the vessels which she has destroyed, involving in a common doom young and old, rich and poor, good men and evil. Mercy, sympathy, kindness—she is a stranger to them all, at least in her harsher moods. But man owns a nobler, a more exalted, law, than that of Nature. Even the heathen poet could speak of tenderness of heart as the special prerogative of the human race. And Christianity has fortified the sentiment of brotherly kindness with a divine sanction.

What would be thought of one of us, if he refused to help a shipwrecked sailor, or a workman crippled by an unavoidable accident, because, forsooth, his misfortune was only the result of a natural law? It is in order to *counteract* natural laws that refuges, hospitals, orphanages, asylums, and multitudes of similar institutions, have been founded in our midst. I confess that I fail to see, on what logical ground, while we so often decline to accept the pitiless awards of Nature, where

* For a further discussion upon the question of a future life for animals see "Are Animals Immortal?" 1/- per 100.

we ourselves are concerned, we can appeal to the operation of natural law as an extenuation of human neglect, or human ill-usage, of animals.

We have no right to exclude anything which God has made from the benefits of Christ's redemption. In a very different degree, of course, but not the less really, the brute creation must have its share in that immeasurably great event,—must have its share, directly perhaps, but indirectly beyond all doubt. It is simply incredible that anyone whose spirit has been enlightened by the spirit of Christ, whose will has been brought into living contact with the mind of Christ, could deliberately act with cruelty or selfishness or want of consideration—even to an animal. Ask yourselves this question. However high an opinion you might have formed of the character of anyone, would he not instantly sink in your esteem—would you not feel at once, and rightly feel, that you had been mistaken in him—if you ascertained that he had been guilty of cruelty to a brute beast that was dependent upon him, yes, or to any animal under any circumstances? You would know at once that he could not be a genuine Christian.

No sentient being is outside the scope of God's loving compassion; and those are most like God who discern a sanctity in everything that He has made—whose kindness of heart refuses to shut itself up within any conventional limits.

Household Wisdom.

A word about soups. It is not difficult to make very good vegetarian soups, but there are one or two little hints which make all the difference in the result obtained.



One is always to fry in nucoline or butter, or some other fat, the vegetables of which the soup is to be made, for ten or fifteen minutes, before adding the stock or water.

Secondly, if possible, have some vegetable stock, *i.e.*, water in which vegetables have been cooked, to use, instead of plain water. Rice water, barley water, or oat-enade, too, will help to make a better soup.

Thirdly, always make your soup a day before it is wanted. If you have not tried this you will be surprised at the difference in the flavour of the soup after it has been standing (before straining), for 24 hours.

A great many people find a difficulty in beginning a pure diet, because their appetites crave for what they describe as "something tasty." May I suggest to these that it is generally the innocent and pleasant "Accompaniments" which add relish to the meal, and there are many dishes which may be improved—almost out of knowledge—by being served with good brown gravy, bread sauce, apple sauce, forcemeat balls, or even sage and onions.

A real Yorkshire pudding (not the stodgy batter pudding, which so often masquerades as "Yorkshire,") served with greens, potatoes, brown gravy, and apple sauce, provides a dinner, satisfying, and at the same time delightfully full-flavoured and tasty, and rich in the most essential elements of nutrition.

A real Yorkshire pudding should be light, as light almost as custard, and not thicker than a quarter-of-an-inch. I will give the recipe below, with directions how to make it.

Dried mushrooms are a great help in vegetarian cookery, but they are not to be procured at the shops. They are, however, so little trouble to prepare, and so *very* useful, that I can only advise my readers to lay in a good stock when mushrooms are cheap. Each time that I buy mushrooms for use, I take just a few of them, put them in a wire sieve in a warm place (not hot), and leave them until they are apparently shrivelled up and quite dry. They can then be put away in a bag or box until wanted. I must, however, warn you that they will smell somewhat strong during this drying, and even when dried the odour of them is by no means so pleasant as that of fresh mushrooms, but that will not affect the flavour when cooked. They are a delightful addition to vegetable pies, and invaluable as a flavouring for soups and gravies.

* * *

Yorkshire Pudding.

Ingredients.—4 level tablespoonsful flour, 1 pinch salt, just cover tin with Nucoline, 2 eggs, 1 pint milk.

Method.—Mix the flour with a little milk to a stiff paste, break the eggs into it and beat for ten minutes with the back of the spoon, add slowly the rest of the milk and the salt, stirring it well all the time. (It is better to make the batter at least an hour before baking it.) Put the Nucoline into the baking tin and make it quite hot, pour in the batter (which should only fill the tin to $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch), bake in a quick oven for 12 minutes and serve at once.

A very savoury dish may be made by laying a few small forcemeat balls on to the batter after it has been poured into the tin, and then baking as above.

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Plain Vegetarian Pie.

Ingredients.—Potatoes, onions, eggs, pepper and salt, pastry.

Method.—Boil the potatoes and onions until tender, boil the eggs until they are hard, cut the potatoes into slices and put alternate layers of potato, onion, and hard-boiled eggs. Add pepper and salt, and some of the water in which the onions have been boiled, cover with a good short crust, and bake until the pastry is cooked. This pie is very good cold.

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Stewed Chestnuts.

Ingredients.—1 lb. chestnuts, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter, 1 tablespoonful flour, 1 pint milk, 1 yolk of egg, 1 tablespoonful chopped parsley, pepper and salt.

Method.—Boil the chestnuts for a quarter-of-an-hour, then place in a hot oven for five minutes, when the skins will be quite easy to remove. Put the butter into a saucepan, and in it fry the chestnuts for a few minutes, stir in one tablespoonful of flour, add the milk gradually with pepper and salt, and let the whole simmer gently for half-an-hour. Just before serving, stir in the yolk of an egg and the parsley, chopped fine, but do not let it boil again.

* * *

Orange Marmalade.

Ingredients.—Seville oranges, sweet oranges, lemons, equal parts. $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. sugar to each pint of fruit when boiled.

Method.—First weigh the fruit, cut the fruit into fine slips, carefully taking out the pips. Place in a vessel with 3 pints of water to each lb. of fruit, and let it stand for 24 hours. Then boil it until the fruit is quite tender, and let it again stand for 24 hours. To each pint of the mixture add $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of sugar, and boil for $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour. Cost $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb.

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Mushroom Patties.

Ingredients.—Mushrooms, $\frac{1}{2}$ -pint milk, 1 oz. butter, 1 dessert-spoonful cornflour, seasoning, pastry.

[A dried mushroom to be calculated as being equal to a fresh one, because after stewing it swells out again.]

Method.—Stew the mushrooms gently in the milk, with the butter, pepper, salt, and a little nutmeg, for twenty minutes, take out the mushrooms and chop them, thicken the milk with cornflour, and add the mushrooms. Line your patty pans with good pastry, fill with the mushroom mixture and bake in a sharp oven till the pastry is done.

Gertrude Oldfield