



Vol. 5.—No. 4. [Entered at Stationers' Hall.] April 15, 1900. [Published Monthly.] ONE PENNY.

Harmonies.

Love took up the harp of Life and
Smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling,
Passed in music out of sight. *Tennyson.*

Each one's world may well be compared to a harp, of which some of the strings have got out of tune, and some have never been brought into tune, but of which the keynote in each has through all ages been kept up to a certain pitch by the great Creator. Getting his own harp in tune, and helping his neighbour also to get his harp into tune, together form a great part of life's work.



Does it not help much to know that harmony is the great test of being in tune? Each string may have been tuned up, one by one, by tones or semitones, or slightest alteration, but it is not till the octave is reached and found correct, and the various chords have been struck and the harmony proved, that there is the assurance that all is well.

Supposing, however, that we start and tune up from some other note than the keynote, then we may get a beautiful harmony of our own, quite perfect so long as the keynote is not included in the chord, but a hopeless jangle whenever it is.

Is not this so often the case? We set up some standard keynote of our own, and make up our harp strings all complete, and daily play our little tunes, and delight ourselves in our music, and carefully put a little cotton wool round the precious keynote and never touch it by any chance. Nay, further, we know what a discord it would make if it were struck; how it would show up the whole wrongness of the tuning of the harp, and what a labour it would entail to set

to work to pull our beautifully tuned strings all to pieces again, and retune them by this standard.

It is this knowledge, and this fear of the consequences it would entail, which makes us fear to have our keynote, Moral Conscience, struck; and so we carefully avoid those unpleasant people, or those uncomfortable books, which want to test the tunefulness of every string—the rightness or wrongness of every new work undertaken—by striking it with the keynote.

In a concert of any sort it is so very awkward if any instrument is tuned up to a different pitch to the rest, so Conventionalism is the commonest and easiest plea to make to oppose change. Why should I tune my harp differently to anyone else? I should be so conspicuous and so uncomfortable, and I should make everybody else uncomfortable. They have their harps all tuned to the strings *£ s. d.*; why should not mine be the same? I was taught from childhood to be *in* the fashion or I should be *out* of the world, and since I cannot bear to think of the latter, I must really be in the former.

Besides, it is a fuss about a trifle. The blame is not mine. When the other harps are all attuned to the same string then I will alter mine.

It would be really presumptuous in me to do so first. It would look as if I wanted to be better than anybody else.

No, no; go away. Don't bother me about conforming all my practices to my string of Moral Conscience. I have a few strings of theory which I have tuned to this, and I always play on those on Sundays, and they are very pretty. Hymns go very well on them; and the choir, and the organ, and the preacher all play on the same strings on Sundays, so I take my harp to church, and play on these strings, and find myself playing away in tune with everybody, and then I come home and wrap up these strings and play away on all the others, and still find myself in perfect harmony with the music of the world. What more would you have me do?

We have to learn that the ultimate of man is harmony with the Divine Will; a perfect harmony of every string with the keynote.

We have to learn, little by little, by lessons of failure and success, by daily training, by a life training, by a training extending over many lives, what harmony is and how to attain it. Again and again we shall have to pull our pretty chords to pieces because they have been carelessly or wilfully

set to a wrong pitch. Again and again the labour of years, or of a lifetime, may be found to be all in vain, because the fundamental basis has been forgotten in our work.

We can have no excuse for our own discord in the want of harmony in others. We can plead no false keynote in the world's customs as a reason for our being wrongly set. We have each this work set before us to do, and whether we take long or short, whether we take years or centuries, whether we take one life or many in which to learn the lessons, we have them to learn ere we can join in the choir of the blessed.

It is because we are out of tune with the Creator that we jar so with Creation and Creation with us.

What says the blessed Thomas à Kempis, "If thy heart were sincere and upright, then every creature would be unto thee a living mirror, and a book of holy doctrine."

Our hearts are not in harmony with that divine mercy which made all things for joy, and so we can only think of killing instead of giving life, of destroying instead of creating.

I see the gentle cattle in the fields grazing in happy innocence. I see the dappled cow, in the proud joy of motherhood, licking her offspring as he sucks her rich teats.

I think of the frail human babies who by the hundreds and the thousands come to the mother cow and ask to share with her calf the bounteous meal.

When the rapidly growing calf turns to the tender grass and takes his fill thereat, the mother cow still goes on giving to the grateful world of human mothers food for their starveling babies.

The whole scene is beautiful, and tender, and sweet, it is Eden back again. It is men and animals walking together in a fellowship of mutual confidence.

It brings to mind that wondrous saying which went out over the new born world "And God saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good."

And now there creeps into the fold of peace a serpent; full of subtle pleas and high sounding phrases, tipped with glamour.

The spirits of Cruelty and of Fear do not come in their naked demon shapes, but none the less they come.

Into the Eden of mutual trust and gratitude there comes a blood stained knife.

Crawling along, and creeping by stealth, it drives away the happy calf from its meal, and bringing up forms of terror, loneliness, and hunger, in a dark den it jumps to its throat and calls dread Death to his prey.

Unsatisfied, unsatiated, growing greedier as it feeds, it goes again to the field.

The mother cow has given of her best year after year, given of her offspring to the slaughterman, and of her milk to the wailing children, but her sacrifices shall not save her.

Stomach knows no gratitude and appetite no tenderness.

The knife is sharp and smells of blood, but it is not like the panther or the tiger.

From a branch and with a bound *they* leap, and in a moment the sunshine of a free life is over, and swift death has come as we all would like it to come.

But the knife is cruel, it drives the mother cows away by long roads and streets, by overfeeding and overcrowding, by agonies on ship and rail, by hours without water, by blows from sticks and prods from pikes, by tail twisting and rope pulling, by days of misery and nights of weariness the relentless knife drives them on to their doom.

Is not the presence of this blood-stained knife a terrible discord in life's harmonies? Who will dare to be its champion or stand up as its apologist.

Can we contemplate Creation and rest satisfied with its presence thus among us?

It may not be easy to find a remedy, and the task of reforming a world may appear hopeless, but our duty is to face the hopeless and to conquer the impossible.

I have nothing to do with difficulties. I have only to press home this question: Is the presence of this blood-stained cruel knife in harmony with our divinest concepts of Heaven?

If not, it is not a thing of eternal necessity, but only of transient existence.

There will then be a period to its tyranny, a limitation to its career.

The responsibility at once comes home to each age. Shall this age suffer its sway, or shall we rise in righteous revolt and destroy its tyranny, and proclaim again a kingdom of peace and of love.

I, for one, stand up and proclaim that the reign of the blood-stained knife is over. The kingdom of Joy is at hand.

There comes a message from the far off fount of music where the golden harps are ever playing, that in this world of ours the pitch shall be raised one tone higher.

Slavery once was moral. One higher tone is reached, and slavery becomes immoral. Butchery is still moral. One higher tone is being reached, and butchery shall become immoral.

Pan (the god of natural forces) wrestled with Cupid (the god of divine compassion) for the mastery, but the victory lay with Cupid.

Josiah Oldfield.

The Daydawn.

What is this—the vague aspiring
In my soul towards unknown good,
For no selfish end desiring
Blessings dimly understood?
Tis the World-Prayer drawing nearer,
Claiming universal good,
Its first faint words sounding clearer,
Justice, Freedom, Brotherhood.

What is this—the strong' emotion
Pulsing in my heart to-day,
Sweeping like th' inflowing ocean
Time-wrought barriers away?
'Tis the World-Hope drawing nearer,
Planning universal good,
Its first faint thoughts shewing clearer,
Justice, Freedom, Brotherhood.

What is this—the tender shining
In the eyes of those I meet,
As they turn to me divining
All my visions strange and sweet?
'Tis the World-Bond drawing nearer,
Pledging universal good,
Its first faint signs showing clearer,
Justice, Freedom, Brotherhood.

Isabella M. Croal.

KINDNESS.

See how, turn which way we will, kindness is entangled with the thought of God! It adds sweetness to everything. It is kindness that makes life's capabilities blossom, and paints them with their cheering hues, and endows them with their invigorating fragrance.

T. W. Faber.

Glimpses of Truth.



very intellectual step is a step out of one's self.

ORVILLE-DEWEY.

Let the senses of the mortal sleep, that the finer, truer senses of the immortal may awaken.

ANON.

Man's true good never comes from without, but only from the depths of Divinity within him.

HENRY JAMES.

The perfect man has no thought of self; the spirit-like man none of merit; the wise man none of fame.

ANON.

Where Love dwells there is contentment and peace; were Love the schoolmaster, wars would cease.

J. F. D'ARCY.

Cannot we live as though we always loved? It was this that the saints and heroes did; this and nothing more.

MAETERLINCK.

Man is at liberty to turn within and receive and follow the leading of the spirit, or free to yield to the solicitations of the animal nature.

J. H. DEWEY, M.D.

Man as a soul should affirm his rule and dominion over his body as distinctly as over any other machine he uses.

HENRY WOOD.

Stop finding fault with the weather, and speaking of every change of atmosphere as though sickness was contained therein.

SELECTED.

Rightly understood, pain is the conflict of two elements—a higher and purer element coming in contact with a lower, and trying to restore equilibrium. It is remedial.

HORATIO W. DRESSER.

Through overcoming the flesh and the errors that the great thought waves of humanity sweeping o'er us give to us, we come into the great, calm, peaceful ocean of Truth. As individuals, we see the Father's face and know Him.

ANON.

As the soil holds lovingly the seed implanted in it, clasping it close and feeding it silently, so you are held in the warm embrace of Nature and of God and fed silently from the exhaustless supply.

URSULA N. GESTEFELD.

What is it that has come to be recognised as evil? It is simply absence of good—the blank occasioned by withdrawing the light; the chill by which the lack of heat is detected; the sense of suffocation when free air is excluded.

L. M. MARSTON, M.D.

Let us lay a good foundation, and build fearlessly, for it is in so doing that we make real our ideal—by living in that ideal; not living in the ideal and ignoring the every moment's needs; but uniting the two every moment, utterly believing in the great truth that the so-called ideal is, in fact, the ever-present and actual reality.

MRS. GILLEN.

Tell me how much one loves, and I will tell you how much he has seen of God. Tell me how much he loves, and I will tell you how much he lives with God. Tell me how much he loves, and I will tell you how far into the Kingdom of Heaven he has entered, for "Love is the fulfilling of the law."

RALPH WALDO TRINE.

Even sin, which is the sting of Death, must have its reconciliation with eternal Life. We turn from the raggedness, the vileness, and the emaciation of the Prodigal, and regard only the unseen bond which brings him home, while we hear a voice saying—"This my son was dead, and is alive again, he was lost, and is found."

HENRY MILLS ALDEN.

Blots on Life.

By Mrs. Fairchild Allen.

(Read before the 3rd Annual Meeting of the American Humane Association at Columbus.)



ew, even for reform's sake, but would plead nerves too weak to listen to the description of the indecent haste and cruelty that characterise the deeds enacted in the shambles, where the strong-nerved visitor grows ashen pale at undreamed-of-horrors, and almost faints before escape can be accomplished.

He who can kill and dress—often while the animal is still living—in the shortest time, is the slaughterer counted most worthy of his hire, and so pitiless are the accepted methods, that many hides are not marketable, so numerous have been the repeated thrusts and stabs of cruel goad and pole-axe.

The cruelty of the journey thither almost outrivals that by sea. Whereas the animal, if only for human health and safety, should be conducted thither, not frantic with thirst and fear, but quietly, well-fed, and without excitement or distress—and should be killed quickly, painlessly, and without foreknowledge—foreknowledge manifested by deepest distress—of its impending doom.

The historian of the future will have an incredible array of facts to present as he describes this cannibalistic age, which demands on two continents alone, according to statistics presented by Sir. R. Giffen to the British Board of Agriculture, over *one million animals for food daily*.

The occupation of a large number of murderers confined in our prisons, according to a recent United States census, pertained to blood-letting and the taking of life.

Statistics recently gathered state that while in 1885 there were one thousand eight hundred and eight murders committed in the United States, in 1895 there were more than ten thousand.

And just here it is not inappropriate to recall the gentle admonition, beginning, "If meat maketh my brother to offend!" for it requires no persuasion to believe that no gospel message, no appeal to reform, can be successfully received by men and boys long grown deaf to the unheeded moans and cries of those they slaughter by methods brutal and revolting; men whose ostracized future is being forecast by such immoral occupation, not only for themselves but in inherited tendencies, blood-stained, in generations yet unborn.

This occupation has created a pariah class of men, whom we maintain to do this work for us—a class practically apart from their fellow beings, marked out by the police as the most dangerous portion of the community; among them are committed most crimes of violence, and the most ready use of the knife is found; "the slaughterer's twist of the knife," says an authority on the subject, "being characteristic of most crimes committed with that implement amongst our Chicago population."

Certain it is that this Reform is fraught with meaning no less momentous for human beings than for the dumb sufferers now claiming our attention.

The vegetarians claim there are neither drunkards nor murderers within their ranks, the exciting qualities of meat (and the condiments used to disguise), being replaced by food less stimulating and more nourishing, which, sustaining, cures

by preventing the dull craving which calls for frequent stimulation.

The growing belief in thought transference puts us in more willing touch with their belief that "meat diet feeds incarnate folly, vice and crime," transmitting to us as it does the passionate fear and frenzy of the tormented creature of whose existence we partake.

The number of men and women is daily increasing who testify to the delight and wholesomeness of their nerve-and-muscle-building fare—offered on their generously laid tables made beautiful and attractive by nature's lavish gifts—giving health and natural delight far greater than epicures ever enjoyed when indulging in tongues of nightingales or more substantial feast—escaping grave dangers also, incurred by those accustomed to a diet falsely valued for its over-estimated qualities of nutrition.

Three-quarters of the human race are non-meat eaters, and among them some of the finest specimens physically and mentally that the world can boast of. This Reform is attracting the attention of many thoughtful men and women, loud in their praise of their pure, simple fare; the "open secret" of their new found way bringing them rich reward in results hygienic, æsthetic and humane.

The subject of meat eating is exciting grave apprehensions in scientific circles abroad. At the recent reunion of the British Medical Association held at Barnstaple, the President remarked as follows: "It is admitted in a recent book on cattle tuberculosis, that among dairy cattle at the present time it has been estimated that at least twenty-five per cent are more or less diseased. This estimation has been made as the result of post mortem examinations of herds of cattle which have been slaughtered under the pleuro-pneumonia regulations, and as a result of observations made at public slaughter houses. . . . I may remind you," he continued, "of the facts made public quite recently of the examination of the Queen's herd of cattle, where, out of forty animals, thirty-six were found to be affected. If this be the case in the Royal herd, it is probable that tuberculosis is scarcely likely to be less prevalent in herds less constantly under supervision and not subject to the like care in the selection of breeding stock."

Mr. Gandhi, the Hindoo teacher, recently among us, when asked if vegetarianism did not impair the strength, silenced his interested questioners by saying that when the meat-eating Englishman went to India, the rice-eating Coolie had to carry him!! and when both were wounded in battle, he of the purer diet recovered far more quickly from his injury.

But nowhere, it seems to me, do the eyes of the dumb reproach rest on us with more piercing condemnation than from behind the prison bars where for our gratification we incarcerate them. Cheated and decoyed by our superior cunning away from their loved haunts where, in their God-given instinct, they delight to roam; caged in their cruel limits where in hopeless desperation they pace their narrow prison-house, until nerveless, emaciated, they become to all beholders a pitiable blot on God's great handiwork, and languish for long years a mocking travesty upon their former selves, a reproach to those who capture them and likewise those to whose enjoyment their cruel existence caters.

In their narrow gloomy dens the body lives and lives, but the spirit droops, crushed, hopeless, broken, enduring a life sentence that can never end.

Rather an uncomplimentary picture of our ethics and our progress is mirrored in the fact that in a great city, famed for its active humane work, the Zoo elephant died, staked in his

prison quarters, a prey to tormenting vermin which, as the report suggested, a little thought and a sprinkling cart could easily have removed.

Many of these show animals are tamed and trained (contradictory assurances notwithstanding) by merciless methods into God-never-intended dexterity and wisdom.

It is authoritatively stated that so great is the terror and distress of the wild bird that eight out of every ten die on first caging.

What is more distasteful than the sight of the parrot, long-lived, atrophied to its perch. Are we so dull of comprehension that we mistake its curious prattle as assurance of its cheer?

Every bird singing in its gold barred prison tells forth our selfish desire by which we buy the pleasure of its captive song.

Alas, man in the egoism which envelopes him, whose motto is all for self, whose central thought is that the world and all its contents are for his use, resorts to all and any means to get possession of that which he covets; at naught does his egoism seem to quail or hesitate in dealing with these defenceless beings.

He has thrown a net work of power and device about them; he has outwitted them with his intellectual cunning; no measures are too mean or cruel if in the opposite balance are weighed his pleasure or his profit.

All these dumb sufferers are our accusers, and to their charges we can but answer, "Guilty."

Around the forty millions of our human population is thrown the protection and benevolence of Church and State, while for more than four hundred millions of our animal population, until within the last few years, no law has been enacted, no voice publicly raised in their behalf.

There is no charity under God's just heaven so needing aid.

Every man and woman should help support it, and not a church in this broad land whose pastor should refuse to put himself on the side of God's oppressed dumb creatures; making urgent mention of their claims, and devoting at least one Sunday's annual alms to help us right their cruel wrongs.

No criticism of the Church's silence could be more just or more condemnatory than the following words spoken by one arrested for maltreating his horse—"I have been a church member for over thirty years, but I have never heard that cruelty to animals was a sin."

Friends, the wearied workers need your sympathy, your assistance, and your prayers—that we may hasten the time when the Lower Creation shall look upon the human race not as their oppressors, but as their friends—not as persecutors, but as protectors; when our attitude toward them shall be not that of cruel enemies to dread and flee from, but as friends, worthy of their confidence and trust.

How beautiful to be conscience-free of all offence towards them!

To be able to stand face to face with these our "lesser brethren," and say—"Golden in all things shall be my rule of conduct towards you. Your fur and feathers I will not covet for my adornment; neither will I cage you for my pleasure, torture you because of my self-induced diseases, nor devour your bodies for my daily portion.

This some day will be our great Peace Conference with them, whose whisper of harmony and sweet accord, promising mutual benefit from each to each, shall be loud enough to be heard throughout the world.

Chivalry Amongst Animals.

(Reproduced from an article in the "Contemporary Review," by kind permission of the Editor).

By Dr. Woods Hutchinson.

One of the most delightful things about our own species is its colossal, but quite unconscious conceit. Until within the past few generations it would scarcely have occurred to us to doubt that we were the central figure of the universe and that our fate was the chief concern of the gods. With an equally naive self-satisfaction we have arrogated to ourselves the sole possession of a moral sense. We cannot deny to our animal cousins the possession of many, indeed nearly all, of the primitive virtues—affection, courage, loyalty, and faithfulness to death; but we do deny them the moral credit for them, on the ground



that they are the result of "mere instinct."

The position is one which, for the sake of our own peace of mind, it were best not to pry into too curiously, as we should, I fear, find ourselves face to face with the discomforting fact, that not only are many of the best and noblest things of which we are capable done purely on instinct, but also some of our worst and cruelest actions from a sense of duty, or for "conscience sake."

There is, I think, little question that in the main there runs a sort of underwritten law through the animal kingdom, that infancy, and even childhood, are entitled to certain rights of immanity which must be respected. . . . The attitude of animals toward the young of their own species is, we think, almost uniform, most of us having probably seen instances of it. I was once the proud possessor of a fine English setter, a dog of handsome presence and a most Hibernian delight in the "fog o' fightin'," and extremely jealous, to the degree of quarrelsomeness, of every rival that came about the place. He would face any dog, and, indeed, had thrashed and been recognised as the master of most in the neighbourhood, but if a young puppy or kitten were suddenly presented to him, he would turn tail and flee in apparently abject terror. Upon several occasions I tried the experiment of holding him with one hand by the collar, and presenting the sprawling and whining object with the other, and it was really comical to see how he would shrink and shut his eyes, turn his face aside and whimper, just as if I had been thrusting a burning brand into his face. . . . It is, of course, possible that the feelings of the big dog are merely comparable to those of the average bachelor when suddenly brought into the presence of a wee infant and asked to "hold the baby."

There are few prettier sights in the world than to see a great, dignified, battle-scarred wolfhound lying in the sun, with an impudent, little doll's-door-mat-on-four-legs of a terrier puppy yapping in his face, tugging at his ears, and tumbling all over his back. If you can come upon him unawares, so that he does not know you are watching, you will see that he

is not merely submitting with passive toleration to these indignities, but is actually entering into the sport of the thing, taking the puppy's head, and even half his body, into his great mouth, flattening him down gently with a stroke of his huge paw, and I have actually seen him get up and follow the little chap as he toddled about the yard, as if loth to relinquish the sport.

This flag of truce is extended even to their natural enemy, the cat, while in the kitten stage. I have never had the slightest difficulty in bringing up kittens to cathood on terms of intimacy, even of warm friendship, with from two to a dozen dogs (any one of whom would have instantly flown at a strange cat) merely by introducing them as very young kittens.

But in my association with dogs I have found that it is only a very morose and ill-tempered dog who will seriously attack young kittens, and usually even he requires to be urged on by the "higher" (?) animal, man. . . . It might be mentioned in this connection that, as a rule, no dog of size or courage will condescend to attack a smaller or obviously weaker dog, unless the remarks and actions of the latter become insulting beyond endurance. The little dog seems to realise this thoroughly, so that it may be almost taken as a general rule that the smaller the dog the more quarrelsome and abusive he is. . . .

The sense of obligation to interfere actively on behalf of the younger or weaker members of their species is widely spread throughout the animal kingdom. In attempting to capture young pigs, which have escaped their pen, and are running at large among the herd of perhaps fifty or sixty full-grown hogs, it is necessary to be most circumspect in your method of picking up a youngster, for if once his shrill squeal of distress is raised you will have the entire herd down on you at once, bristles up, tusks gnashing, and fierce, barking war-cry ringing. It would be most unwise to await the onset, for a half-wild pig, when his blood is up and that danger-cry is ringing in his ears, is one of the most reckless and ferocious fighters that can be met with. . . . Cattle have the same curious susceptibility to the cry of a frightened calf, especially in their half-wild condition, up on the ranges. To startle suddenly a young calf from its nest in the long grass or the sage-bush upon the plains is one of the riskiest experiences that can fall to your lot, if on foot and at any distance from your horse or waggon. The little goose is almost sure to do one of two things; either to trot confidently towards you and shamble along after you as though he were your dog, which means that he does you the compliment of mistaking you for his mother; or with head and tail erect, and rigid with terror, he will give voice to an appalling succession of barking "blarts," totally unlike his ordinary dinner-cry to his mother; and every horned creature within three-quarters of a mile will go fighting-mad at once and come charging and bellowing down upon you. And woe betide you unless you can reach your horse or waggon before they arrive on the scene.

Animals, I am thankful to say, have never yet succeeded in absolutely steeling their hearts against the cry of infantile distress. Man alone has reached this pinnacle of virtue. And it is not the only elevation of the same sort of which he has a monopoly.

The toast of the "ladies" would be cordially received at any canine banquet, and the courtesy with which the privileges of the sex are respected is a most creditable feature of canine conduct. I do not, of course, refer merely to the elaborate display of politeness and fine manners seen everywhere during the period of courtship. Courtesy to and respect for the weaker sex goes far beyond this. No self-respecting dog will bite a female, except in the extremest need of self-defence. . . . So strong is this unwillingness to "strike a female," that it really becomes a most annoying obstacle in attempting to clear a neighbourhood of wolves, as few male dogs will attack a she-wolf, or in some cases even her trail.

Editorial Notes.



ould "fear" be excluded, what a beautiful world this would be—a world without fear! What is the most terrible experience of childhood? The heart beating almost to suffocation, and rendering one almost powerless to move, the shaking limbs caused by an overpowering sensation of "fear." What sight so terrible as the frightened eyes of a child or an animal!

On the other hand, what is more beautiful than the fearless trust of a little child, or a dumb animal? There are few people who are not secretly flattered by its manifestation towards themselves.

Here is a description which reads like a Visit to Eden, or a Picture of the "Golden Age"—

"I remember," says Dr. Barrows, "that when I was a student in New Haven, I heard the famous naturalist, Professor Dana, of Yale College, deliver an address before the students, on his voyages and explorations in the South Pacific seas amid the coral islands. But only one thing that he said remains now in my memory. He was describing a visit made by his ship to an island which had never before been touched by the foot of man. He went ashore in the early morning and beheld a scene of tropic loveliness, brilliant with beauty and abounding in life. A great flock of tall, white birds was on the beach, and as he walked toward them they looked at him with no fear and with nothing but a gentle curiosity. They never had been frightened by powder. They knew nothing of the cruelty of man. He walked among them and placed his hands on their tall, downy heads and necks, and stroked them as if they were pets in his own family. Then he planned to take one of them home for his museum; and selecting his victim, he took out his penknife, and stroking the head of the beautiful bird, pressed the keen point through the white plumage into the neck until the feathers were spotted with a single drop of blood. The bird turned his head and looked into the great naturalist's eyes with an almost human gaze of wonder and appeal. The knife was withdrawn. A deep fountain of pity and love was opened in the good man's soul, and he turned away and left these unfrightened creatures of God upon the beach."

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ARISTOPHAGY. It was with some hesitation and searchings of heart that I launched last month the new word Aristophagy.

It is always a responsible thing to create. It is better not to create at all than to bring into being some starveling, undeveloped and unwanted, which will soon pass again into the dim limbo of death.

I do feel, however, most strongly that the word Vegetarian—beautiful though it is in many ways, and hallowed by many a battle and many a victory—is not always the word one wants to use.

To so many people it smacks of cabbage and "three courses for 6d." and the feeling of a bloated void.

Vegetarianism is associated in many people's minds with crankiness and faddism; with back alley meetings and with the great unwashed.

* * *

EATING OF THE BEST. Of course there is always a grain of truth in every bushel of chaff, and there is some truth in all these gibes against our beautiful ideal.

* * *

THE TIME IS COME. The time is come, however, when we should neither any longer sit in the place of the scoffed at, nor offer our cause to the scorner.

The time of hiding in the caves of apology is passed. The time of proud consciousness of the right is come.

* * *

HOW TO USE IT. Every new thought, like every new discovery, is not private but public property; it is the possession of the common brotherhood of man.

How best can it be used? The president of the Oswestry Society (Mr. Thos. Owen) has suggested a capital idea, which

every friend in every town where there is a Y.M.C.A. or Debating Society could carry out.

On the appearance of last month's *Herald*, Mr. Owen promptly issued notices to his Society as follows:—

"The president will read a paper . . . to be followed by a discussion on

WHAT IS ARISTOPHAGY?"

* * *

LOCAL SOCIETIES.

Those of our members who do not feel capable of writing an original paper on any subject may, therefore, very simply take and read my paper on this subject before their local society, and the discussion which will follow will give ample scope for getting the whole question well thrashed out and all of our literature advertised.

* * *

THE PAPER IS REPRINTED.

To enable it to be readily used and read, the Executive of The Order have decided to print 10,000 copies of Aristophagy!

They can be obtained at 1s. per 100, post free, from headquarters, or a little cheaper by the 1,000.

I would suggest that this is a leaflet which might well be sent to that large class of people who profess to despise vegetarians, and who, like Carlyle, treat the subject as if it were only a "potato gospel."

* * *

LITERATURE.

While I am speaking of literature, let me specially urge the importance of being well supplied with a good stock of various pamphlets and leaflets.

I am sure that Mr. Newcombe—in spite of all the cold water he has received—is right. The best way to advertise the Cause is to fill the world with daintily printed, capably written, booklets. Something attracting, something compelling, something convincing.

* * *

SANCTIFIED COMMON SENSE.

We don't want shoddy articles nor hysterical nonsense, but sanctified common sense.

Now, one of the most important things which The Order has done is to create a stock of high class literature. This is being gradually added to month by month. It is published at less than cost price.

* * *

AMMUNITION MUST BE FIRED OFF.

It is, however, no use our filling our arsenals with ammunition if the soldiers in the forefront are content to lie under hedges and sleep the livelong day.

Ammunition is made to be used, not to be stored or to be forgotten.

* * *

PRACTICAL WORDS.

We are doing our share; will every reader do his and do hers?

A P.O. for 1s. sent regularly every month to the Manager, The Beacon, Ilfracombe, or an occasional P.O. for 5s., will bring down a parcel of mixed pamphlets and leaflets enough for the month's use.

* * *

WHAT AN INVALID CAN DO.

I know one lady who is a semi-invalid, and who has not had many opportunities of intellectual or social education. She says she cannot do much, but that she can do a little. So she takes a directory, and every week spends one hour in addressing envelopes. She puts a few leaflets in each and posts them the next day.

By this means she at length gets through all the directory, and then starts a new one.

* * *

THE MYSTIC SEED GROWTH.

This is the unseen, unknown labour of love which is going on beneath our feet and around our path, and which in the hereafter will bring forth beautiful fruit.

Men will gather of the harvest and will fill their bosom with the ripe sheaves, and none will remember the poor

invalid who has silently and secretly toiled so long—
Good work never dies.

* * *

INDIA.

Messages from distant lands and far off friends come in. From all quarters the cry is the same. *The Herald* is a

power for good. It is helping us on. May God bless it.

From India comes a long letter telling of work being done. Mr. Bilmoria has sent me a copy of the new magazine he has started. It is beautifully got up, but I can't read a word of it. It is Greek as well as Gujarati to me.

Mr. Bilmoria writes:—

"I have the honour to send to you a specimen copy of a new monthly, in Gujarati language for the Parsi community, started by me since the last new year, especially for females and children, entitled "*Cherâg*" (*The Lamp*). Its objects, among others, are to advocate vegetarianism, temperance, etc.

I have already got two articles translated from *The Herald*, of course, mentioning the authority, and I intend to translate others in future, for which I hope you will not take any objection."

"Take objection!" Certainly not. The contents of *The Herald* are for the good of Humanity—are free to Humanity. Let those who will, take of the articles and use them freely. It is nice, however, to have the source acknowledged.

* * *

LECTURES.

Mr. Harold Whiston is giving a series of Addresses at the Wesleyan Chapel, Langley, on important subjects which

closely touch our movement in its higher aspects. April 8th, "What is Man" (body, soul, spirit); April 15th, "In His own image" (the gift and power of thought); April 22nd, "The Three Planes of Consciousness"; April 29th, "Conclusions and Suggestions." 3 p.m. All friends will be welcomed.

* * *

CHEERING WORDS.

I like to publish at least one letter each month from among the mass of correspondence received, to show how *The Herald* is appreciated by the most thoughtful and the finest minds in the movement.

What a stimulus one gets month by month to do still greater and better things each month than the month before!

Mr. Light writes one of his characteristic cheering messages, and says:—

"I really have not time to write, but yet I really cannot help it. I have this moment put down your article on "Aristophagy," and cannot do less (although it is midnight) than to thank you for that article. Please coin another word to represent "readers only of the best"—and your readers may well claim that title.

I think this last article is the best of the best you have ever written, and in saying so much it is the highest possible tribute that I can think of. It must appear in pamphlet or leaflet form."

* * *

WORK AT HANLEY.

Here are some extracts from a very interesting report. Miss Elizabeth Redfern has enabled me to fulfil my promise by sending me splendid news of what she

and her fellow workers are doing at Hanley. Who will start a similar group in another town?

On February 3rd we held our first meeting. There were seven ladies present, including Miss Sylvester, Miss Bennett, Miss Brooks, and others. Having referred to the object of the meeting, and read the Proposal to help forward the above Movement, letters were read, and the parcel of literature kindly sent from The Order of the Golden Age were equally divided for home distribution.

Miss Sylvester reported that she had successfully introduced to numerous people of her acquaintance the all-important questions of Food Reform and Humanitarianism. She believed she had interested her hearers, and made an impression, for, to quote her words: "They want to know more, and I am to return with a still larger budget of information."

* * *

CHANGED HOMES RATHER THAN SACRIFICE PRINCIPLES.

Miss Bennett stated that she had introduced the subject in an influential family, which had given rise to discussion. She had enclosed several of the Leaflets in her letters. This young lady finding much difficulty in procuring a vegetarian diet, having to reside in apartments, has since

made her abode with us, in order that she may with comfort carry out her principles. She is very sincere.

Miss Brooks is the first and only member of her family to adopt a non-flesh diet. She has met with much opposition, but remains staunch; is deeply earnest, and is doing all she can to help us.

With regard to sister and myself, we have no opposition of this kind to cope with. The letters we write are too numerous to mention, and in one or other some social question forms an important topic. Having pupils also brings us in touch with many people, and we never fail to make the most of opportunities.

* * *

OUR AIM.

Our chief object at present is to make known The Order of the Golden Age and the principles of same, and when this is done, we shall then have a firmer footing. Until then we must only work and wait. When people know things, and are convinced that they are right, it is impossible for them *not* to act in accordance with their knowledge.

It is our sincere wish that The Order shall prosper in every way, for truly it is a mission of love which "Seeketh not its own."

* * *

THE VEGETARIAN MAGAZINE.

There has been a fusion in America, and our old friend *Food, Home, and Garden* has combined with its younger sister *The Chicago Vegetarian* to re-appear in a new dress as *The Vegetarian Magazine*. The

number which lies before me is the best vegetarian periodical which the American branch of the movement has yet produced.

I must, however, air one problem which has always vexed me in connection with our American vegetarian Journals. Why are the advertisements so full of books about disease and about shady sex problems? The mass of vegetarian publications surely should have a higher mission than to discuss disease or "amativeness."

* * *

THE BASIS OF PROGRESS.

I would repeat again and again, and, if necessary, *ad nauseam*, that it is not by opportunism that the best moral progress has been made, but that it is by adherence

to high principles that the better life is always won for the individual and the race.

The final and the highest touch stone of all things is not "Is it convenient?" but "Is it right?"

This is the basis of The Order of the Golden Age, and it is on this basis that The Order is winning its converts from the very pick of the land, and is asking, and rightly asking, for some token of sacrifice from every member who enrolls in its ranks.

* * *

SLAUGHTER-HOUSES.

It appears that, in consequence of the strong representations of the Medical Officer of Health for the City of London, that the Court of Common Council will,

at their next meeting, consider the advisability of abolishing all slaughter-houses within the area of the City boundaries. Apart from all the deeper questions of morality, there can be no doubt that the existence of private slaughter-houses within the crowded spaces of the City is a blot upon its sanitary administration, and I hope that the action taken by Dr. Sedgewick Saunders will result in their entire abolition, for this will be one step in the right direction, in that it emphasises the fact that slaughter-houses must not come too close to civilised cities!

* * *

THE HUMANE WITHIN.

The sentiment of humanity—a scrupulous, refined sentiment, if you please— "derives from what we have the likeliest God within the soul." William Blake, a

poet who wrote in the closing years of last century, expresses that view with much force:—

"Can I see another's woe
 And not be in sorrow too?
 Can I see another's grief
 And not seek for kind relief?"

And can He, Who smiles on all,
 Hear the wren with sorrows small,
 Hear the small bird's grief and care,
 Hear the woes that infants bear,

And not sit beside the nest,
 Pouring pity in their breast,
 And not sit the cradle near,
 Weeping tear on infant's tear?"

PLASMON. Proteid matter, or albuminous matter, as it is also called, is absolutely essential to human life and human development.

Human food, nay, the food of every animal—must, therefore, contain a due proportion of albuminous matter. The old idea that it could only be obtained from flesh food has been exploded long ago, and even the Board School boy knows that an ox or a sheep gets all the proteid matter it wants from roots and grasses and seeds, while the lion and the tiger get it from flesh, and the squirrel gets it from nuts.

In every animal's food there is to be found the source whence it gets its essentially necessary albumen. This may be from the realm of herbs and grasses, or from the realm of fruits, or from grains, or from nuts, or from legumens, or from animal products (e.g., milk, eggs), or from animal flesh.

It used to be thought that for the requisite amount of albuminous matter a man would have to eat a very large amount of vegetable matter if he took no flesh meat, but this has been exploded by observation of races who are and have been, practically, vegetarian for centuries, and who are very moderate and even abstemious eaters.

The majority of vegetarians, however, have to meet the attack of the Philistines, and the favourite stone in their sling is "But what about the nitrogen?"

Very gladly do Vegetarians welcome, therefore, every new nitrogenous food of which the source is pure. Now Plasmon has come upon the market as a scientific triumph, and as a vegetarian treasure. By its means the amount of albuminous food ingested can be gauged to a nicety.

To soups, chocolate, bread, sauces, or what not, you may add your quota of Plasmon, and you have at once a guarantee that the albumen in it will not fall below a certain fixed proportion.

In a later article the source of Plasmon will be dealt with, and some recipes will be given.

* * *

THE HUMANE REVIEW. Messrs. Bell & Sons, 5, York Street, Covent Garden, have just issued the first number of this quarterly Magazine. Mr. H. S. Salt is the editor.

When you have the unusual combination of a philanthropic publisher and an humane editor, you may expect to have a publication produced of exceptional merit.

In the *Humane Review*, I, for one, am not disappointed.

I am not biassed because an article of mine has been considered worthy of inclusion in the first number.

I have read the first number through from end to end, and I lay it down with the wish that I could send a copy to every reader of *The Herald*.

It is weighty without being heavy, impressive without being dogmatic, and Catholic without being intolerant.

The range of subjects is wide, but they all point to the same goal—a gentleman is a gentle—man.

* * *

I CAN'T SLEEP. How to antagonize insomnia in a normal way is, perhaps, one of the most important problems which are given to a brain-worker to solve. Blessed are they who can solve it in the right way; and unblessed are they who try to solve it in the wrong way. Let me record a personal experience which has been sent to me, which I endorse.

"After a day of more or less exacting brain activity is done I am in the habit of using some artificial and mechanical means to get the circulation away from the head back to the extremities. I used to think that walking would do this, and it is certainly helpful; but it is by no means always to be relied upon. Here is a little recipe:—Before getting into bed stand on tiptoe, letting the body down slowly as far as possible, then rising again with deliberation. Do this twenty to fifty times every night at least. I have heard of an octogenarian in my neighbourhood who attributes his long life and good health to a faithful observance of this little device.

For another thing I have found the "wassertreten" (water treading) of Father Kneipp to be a most valuable remedy for insomnia. Before retiring, step into a tub, with cold water up to the ankles and tread up and down in it till the feet ache and it seems that you cannot endure it a second longer. Thirty to sixty seconds will suffice, and the result will be that the blood, sent from the feet by the cold, will bound back to them, and relieve the brain from congestion.

A vigorous application of the massage-roller upon the lower limbs will also be helpful. I just give these hints from personal experience to illustrate the general rule that, for brain-workers, some device is absolutely necessary to determine circulation in a downward direction, and educate the blood to a habit of equilibrium."

* * *

THE NEW COMMERCE.

On another page one of the striking difficulties of vegetarian life is put forward for solution: "What can shop assistants do for food?"

It is a difficult problem.

Many a young girl has her digestion ruined for life by the bad surroundings under which she has to partake of her bad food.

Employers who will lay themselves out to provide good food, and who will try to teach their employés to feed wisely and well are deserving of all encouragement.

Mr. Franks is trying to solve this problem, and it would be very interesting if some of the readers of *The Herald* will accept Mr. Franks' invitation to call in and see over the premises at 59, Eastcheap, and write a report of how far they find that progress has been made in this direction.

The scheme itself—of which providing good food is only one part—is of far reaching importance.

There is nothing new in it. It is the application of Socialistic principles to daily life. It is an attempt to replace antagonism by co-operation in commerce.

The first aims are to

1. Pay wages above market rate where the market rate minimum does not allow a living wage.
2. Allow no one to work at one work for more than eight hours.
3. Provide light, sun, air, water, and good food.
4. Require every employé to be a shareholder in the Company.
5. Guarantee the high grade of all goods supplied.

There are many debatable points in the scheme as laid down by Mr. Franks, but none the less, if the spirit in which the experiment has been conceived be continued in the carrying of it out, it will be a step in the right direction, and will tend to more honest work and to fairer wages, and a happier and more contented community.

Under these circumstances the readers of *The Herald* will do well to place some of their custom with Messrs. Franks & Co.

* * *

A PRIZE SCHEME.

The capital suggestion of my Indian correspondent has been taken up warmly.

Mr. Glendinning promptly sent me a guinea with a kindly little note of

cordial approval.

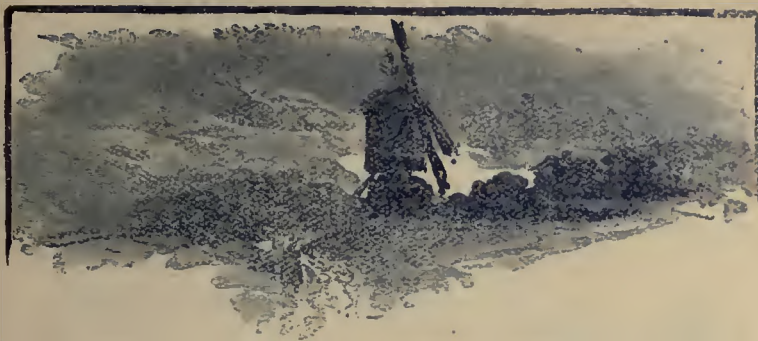
Another correspondent, whose name I have mislaid for the moment, sent another subscription, which will be acknowledged next month, and this morning, amongst my budget of letters, comes the following from Miss M. Tudor Pole:—

"We are much interested in *The Herald* for March, and particularly in Mr. Laxmidas' letter.

I will certainly help to raise the necessary sum to carry out his idea. We shall possibly get up a sale of plants and home-made confectionery in our garden, if you can wait until early summer for the money."

I think we ought to have at least £5 subscribed before we announce the competition in the Schools. Balance needed about £3.

“Light after Darkness.”



If there is one thing in this world which men and women need from time to time it is a word of sympathy, a word of hope, a word of inspiration.

There are times in life's struggle when the stress of business, the responsibilities and cares of manhood and womanhood weigh more heavily than at others, and when they seem to knock the very heart out of us, and when, to use a homely phrase, we get into "the dumps."

How especially true this is of all sincere, true-hearted reformers—men and women who are facing with brave hearts and often single handed, the errors and ignorance of our modern life!

Amongst the great number of those who are braving the bitter prejudices of life—who, at personal loss and discomfort are combating the evil habits of society—who are risking the sneer of friends and relatives—who are striving to stem the tide of public vice—who are seeking to abolish cruelty and blood shedding—who is there who has not at some time or other experienced the terrible "I don't care" feeling and found out that:

“—it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon the battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart?”

Who amongst these has not felt the utter hopelessness of the struggle: that soul-weariness and heart-ache which sickens the mind and overwhelms the spirit?

Who has not realized how totally incapable he is of diverting by a hair's breadth the current of public opinion, or who has not felt the horrible doubt creeping through the chambers of the mind, suggesting thoughts which in stronger moments we would scornfully fling aside as unworthy?

That there are many who, at times, suffer in this way is beyond any doubt, and to such I want to offer first a word of warning, and then a word of sympathy, inspiration and hope.

A word of warning? Yes! because there is nothing which will so completely crush out of human life all that is sweet, beautiful and pure, as this "I don't care" spirit—the spirit of despair! It prejudices the mind, it blights the intellect, it warps the memory, it enfeebles the will, and embitters the whole life. and when once a man has allowed it to creep into his experience and to continually find a place in his thoughts, he has raised the biggest devil in his life which he can create, and for whose creation he will have to pay a terrible price. And more than this, the presence in any life of this spirit of "give it up," "I don't care," means that the "angel faces" have disappeared from our view, that the "angel voices" no longer thrill our souls with those eternal fragments of the songs above. It means that the

"thousand unseen hands" which are reaching down to help us to their peace-crowned heights, have been lost to our inner consciousness, and with them has also gone whatever soul-vision was once ours—in a word it means a life without God.

History has on record, at any rate, one terrible reminder of the truth of these words.

There was a Judge, a man of great power of mind, a man whose life work was to raise the Nation from its apathy, its indifference, its despair to a position of national dignity and individual control. Up to a point he left no stone unturned in order to achieve the desired end, but ultimately he allowed his strong manhood to be overcome by the very spirit he had sought to crush in others, and as a result we read of him grinding "in the prison house" with both his eyes put out paying the awful penalty of his own want of persistent effort and unremitting toil.

And so to-day how many there are like Samson who are grinding in the world's moral prison house with both eyes—the eye of the intellect and the eye of the soul—put out by this spirit of despondency, of despair!

Moral blindness is the penalty we have to pay. Without any standard of either personal honour or personal purity—without a conscience keenly alive to warn us of danger—no hungering or thirsting after righteousness—no desire for God! This is the price we have to pay, and human experience every day bears out the truth that "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

But I spoke of a word of sympathy, a word of inspiration, a word of hope! Yes! the blackest night is always followed by the dawn of a new day. The crest of the most angry wave is fringed with its symbol of peace. The wildest clouds break up before the sunlight!

Do I speak to anyone who has been "going through the mill" lately, who has been in the shadow recently—in whose life the vision of things Eternal has been dimmed—whose ideal has fallen from its once lofty height—whose soul has been into the outer darkness and there cried aloud for God? If I do, let me say to such:

"Toil on, dear heart, although earth's pathway darken,
Work on, faint not, amid the busy strife,
Earth is not all."

Take fresh courage. Get back into the field again with thy "angel laces," and in the Eternal strength go on. Prejudice, ignorance, vested interests, and indifference to cruelty and suffering may surround us and seek to crush the very life out of us, but what are they when opposed to the great forces arrayed on our side?

For us are Truth and Justice, Mercy and Love, and against these who shall stand? Back again into the fray, brother! Let loose upon the universal ether only thought forces which will strengthen and uplift humanity.

Do not forget that just as every delicate shade produces an effect upon the fabric, just as every thread has its place in the loom, just as every gentle whisper impresses itself upon the wax cylinder of the phonograph, so every thought of power, of hope, of truth, and of God which you create and send forth, influences and impresses other minds, each one finding a place in that almost illimitable extent of mental territory upon which the thoughts of persons, spoken or unspoken, meet in mystic union. Never lose sight of the fact that very often we are doing the most real good when we least expect it, and perhaps the greatest source of all true inspiration is to remember that God is on the field even when He is invisible. To lift, if only *one* soul to higher and nobler

realizations on this side the veil is a work which will make the great army of the unseen shout and sing!

Those whose minds are earth-bound and self-contained never reckon with the silent unseen forces at work in the world. They forget that the mightiest agencies at work in the universe are the silent ones. In Nature that great ponderous law of Gravitation, for instance, came down the ages so silently that centuries of wise men passed away before any ear had caught so much as its footfall upon the Sands of Time.

Likewise in the moral and spiritual world other great silent forces are at work in terrible earnestness and entirely unseen by "Mr. Worldly Wiseman." These forces which make for Justice, Mercy and Truth, are leavening the whole lump. Never mind what "the world" says. Do not let the seeming contradictions around you influence your judgment, or even dim the light within.

Remember that the fool, especially "the learned and scientific fool" will always seek to overthrow our ideals and prove our principles false, but is the peaceful ocean disturbed by the screeching of the gulls? Are there not depths in the mighty deep never touched by storms or tempests? Is the summit of the Himalayas endangered by the weary toilers excavating in the valleys below?

No! the ocean of Truth, and the mountains of Eternal spiritual desire can never be overcome, nor even diminished in any degree, for they are of God, from everlasting to everlasting.

In our Food-Reform Crusade we need never lose heart, even though one here or one there may turn back and desert the ranks, or though the outward results may not be all that we should wish. Nothing can prevent the ultimate success of our Cause. Prejudice and ignorance may delay the work, vested interests may oppose our ideals, and indifference may defy our enthusiasm, but WIN IN THE END WE SHALL.

From all standpoints men and women are being influenced by our work. The beauty and the artistic nature of our diet appeals to the ever increasing numbers of aesthetic minds—the great social changes we shall bring about are attracting the attention of intelligent men—the high moral standard we claim for the work is impressing thoughtful souls everywhere—whilst the lofty spiritual ideals we ever keep in view are becoming apparent to not a few of the more enlightened ones who seek for illumination and Truth, and have the courage to follow it whenever it is found.

Work on, cheer up, my fellow-worker, wherever you are and whoever you may be. Keep your thought stream ever renewed from the Fountain of Life and fit yourself for still higher duties and more loyal service.

Let there ever be before your vision the soul that hath toiled and conquered—always "conquered," no failure. In order to escape from the disheartening and discouraging elements in life's battle, seek for the Great Peace each day. Enter into the soul's deep calm where all is lit up with that beautiful, sweet, pure Light which never was on sea or land.

It is only when stirred by the radiance of this inner Light, remember, that those higher vibrations beat upon the soul and lift it to still nobler possibilities and still greater possessions. Learn to tune your ear to all the worldless music of the stars and to the voice of Nature, and your mind shall be drawn out toward Truth and Goodness as naturally as the plant turns to the sun.

Listen day by day for the music which is swelling all around you on the water and the land, for only by seeking these fuller realizations of life and power can we hope to overcome the depressing influences around us which are created by other minds.

It is only by continually blending, in this way, our lives with the Divine life, that we can bring into practical daily experience those higher forces which will one day disperse the long night of error and give to mankind the Eternal Light in all its fullness, of which, as yet, he has but dimly perceived the first streaks which are ushering in the dawn of the Perfect Day.

Harold W. Whiston.

Our "Difficulties" Column.

"In case of doubt, decide."

This month Mr. McErrol returns to his subject of Biblical difficulties. If any other readers have been perplexed with other Scriptural problems which they have at length satisfactorily solved, their articles will be welcome.



"To be always obstinate or dogmatic, or to deny that difficulties ever exist, is the mark of a low intellect."

Several queries have come to hand about how to vegetate (1) when you are the only one in a large family and all the rest are against it.

(2). When you are an assistant in a drapery establishment where food is provided, and if you don't eat what is provided you have to go without.

(3). When you have been ordered meat by your doctor, and your husband is grieving over your being a semi-

invalid and trying to persuade you that you would be better if you only took a little meat once a day.

All readers who have met one or more of these difficulties and have surmounted them, are cordially invited to record their experience for the benefit of their struggling and doubting—and, sometimes, almost despairing—comrades in the great battle for the higher life in food.

* * *

Dear Will,—Your letter in answer to mine on the question of "abstaining from meats" (1 Tim., iv. 3) is before me, and, while thanking you for it, I must confess to a feeling of disappointment at its contents. Not that I am altogether surprised, for I remember the section of the Christian Church to which you belong, and I suppose that of all the various divisions, none take the words of the Bible more literally than do the members of the body known as the "Plymouth Brethren."

You do not take kindly to my proposal to argue out the question on a basis of principles instead of isolated texts, and write, "let me say of men's 'principles' I know nothing which will bear the light of God's word, and have decided that where any course of action is stopped by His word, it is for our blessing to accept His word, and let our thoughts of principles go." Is, then, the quality of mercy for which I pleaded one of men's principles? Surely not; a human being whose heart had not been either directly or indirectly influenced by power from on high would not understand what mercy meant. "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of violence," and but for the witness of God to man, both without and within him, we had never known anything else. This, I feel sure, you allow. How, then, are you justified in stigmatising the plea of those who ask for humaneness in the procuring of our daily sustenance as a setting up of men's principles in opposition to God's?

The second point you make has, I admit, a certain amount of weight. Indeed, I noticed it when writing my previous letter, and it was for that very reason that I was careful to say, "the whole sting of this verse as it concerns a vegetarian in his particular capacity as a vegetarian" You remark that we can in simplicity take it to include or exclude

foods obtained from the vegetable kingdom, and it would not alter the character of the admonition. This is quite true, and I should be very glad to have the opinion of a scholar on the exact meaning of the words in our text. A friend of mine did, indeed, suggest that they referred to meats that had been offered to idols, but this view does not appear to me tenable. In the only commentary (Barnes') I have by me, the author arrives at the conclusion that these words may fairly be applied to the Roman Catholic Church, especially when taken in conjunction with the prohibition against marriage. He thus concludes his remarks on this text: "There can be no doubt that in the apostasy here referred to those things would be forbidden, not because they were injurious or hurtful in their nature, but because it might be made a part of a system of religion of self-righteousness, and because there might be connected with such a prohibition the belief of special merit." If you or any of your friends to whom you show this letter can throw any light on the subject, I shall be, as I said, very glad indeed. In any case you will at least admit this, that there are some vegetarians who abstain from flesh-meat from other, and I venture to say higher, reasons than self-righteousness and a desire for special merit.

You now pass on to speak of the killing of the lamb at the first passover, and the sacrifice of Jesus Christ upon the cross. Of the latter, I would submit very reverently that it has nothing to do with the subject under consideration. As to the former, I look at it in this way (I may be wrong, and am open to conviction). God in times past, even as to-day, allowed many things to transpire which were not out of keeping with the standard of morality to which those then living had attained; but as we advance in knowledge of Him and His laws, we are not only justified, but woe might be to us if we failed, in gradually raising our standard and by faithful and careful walking slowly attain to a higher and yet higher plane of life.

Only one other of your objections would I here touch upon. You conclude, "I believe that science is fiction when it opposes God's word in any wise." So do I; but does science ever do so? I do not mean just on the surface, but in the very essence of things. True science I take to be a knowledge of the laws of Nature, and Nature's Creator, and how is it possible that the revelation God gives of Himself in His outward works can differ from that we receive through His written word? The Bible says the earth was formed in so many "days." Geology says the process took not "days," but "ages." Yet I believe that reason and faith can harmonise such apparent inconsistencies as these. Can that which directly opposes the Word of God be worthy of the name of science?

A lady said to me the other day, in speaking of the passing of John Ruskin, "Ah, now he *knows*." Such is, indeed, his blessedness, and such shall by God's grace at the appointed time be yours also and mine.—Yours sincerely,

JAS. McERROL.

BE TRUE.

To self be true, and let the world condemn thee as it may,
Its verdict will not touch thy soul when falls the
Judgment Day:

Love well thy friend, love deep and strong; yea, if thou
wilt adore,

But in thy love's intensest rage still love thine honour more.

To self be true, be ever prompt to speak the word of cheer,
But scorn to use a pleasant phrase with purpose insincere:
Be slow to anger; but be swift to battle for the right,
And when thou deal'st a blow for truth, strike home with
all thy might.

To self be true, though friend and foe appraise thee as a fool,
Let not their wit, contempt, or scorn deflect thy guiding rule:
Let none thy conscience hold in pawn with menace or with
smile,

And from thy loyalty to self let none thy soul beguile.

Harry Cocking.

The Use of Fat.

CHAPTER I.

What is of the greatest value in the animal world for at least three distinct purposes: 1, as a food; 2, as a covering to keep out the cold; 3, as an economising agent. If we consider fat in relation to its principal purpose we find that it may be absorbed either as a food for present use, or it may be stored away as food for times of need.

The blood contains about $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of fat, the muscles about 3 per cent., the brain 8 per cent., and the nerves 22 per cent., so that a large amount of fat is absolutely necessary to enable the organs of the body to perform their proper functions. Of course it does not follow that all the fat that is required for the use of the body should have been swallowed in the form of fat, because the cells of the body seem to have the power of forming fat from starchy, sugary, and albuminous foods, as well as out of fatty matters which have been presented to them.

It has been shown that a diet of bread after a previous fast has raised the amount of fat in the blood from 2.6 in the thousand to 3.1; a diet of meat has raised it to 3.8; while a diet of suet and starch has raised it to 4.1.

It is important here to remember that though fat is an essential food, it does not follow that an article of diet which raises the amount of fat in the blood is therefore a good food, because it may at the same time provide too great an amount of some other substance which may thus prove injurious.

Bread alone will provide sufficient fat if enough of it be eaten, but if a sufficiently high proportion of what is eaten be not digested, an impossible amount would have to be consumed, so that long before this point could be reached it would be found that too much sugar was being formed, and symptoms of glycosuria (sugar in the urine) would manifest themselves.

In a similar way experience supports scientific demonstration in showing that meat in certain conditions tends to increase the amount of fat in the blood, but at the same time as it does this it also provides a large amount of waste nitrogenous matters which eventually tend to *weaken* to as great an extent as the fat is able to *strengthen*. Ranke has observed "that an exclusively meat diet, instead of producing strength, caused weakness and muscular fatigue, the excess of waste nitrogenous products proceeding from the decomposition of this food in the organism seeming to act as a muscular poison."

We thus see that the requisite fat can be obtained by the body from many sources when it is necessary, but yet that by obliging it to go to these sources we may put such a strain upon it that we are doing it a permanent injury, and this is the reason why we should take great care that our food contains a due proportion of fat in a form readily assimilable, and not in a state when it is accompanied by a great bulk of some other food whose presence is injurious rather than beneficial.

Vegetarians have to be specially careful that they do not err in this respect when they give up those flesh dishes whose chief value lies in the fact that they provide a large quantity of ready-made fat.

Fat is one of the foods which is most often deficient in the food of the poor. The late Dr. Hughes-Bennett used to say the dearthness of butter was a great cause of consumption, and undoubtedly it is a fact that where children are fed on bread and treacle or bread and cheap jam, instead of the bread and butter which their instinct craves for, we find that consumption prevails to a greater degree.

Butter is expensive and olive oil is not sufficiently well known, so that the fat too often supplied is either in the form of fat meat—which the child very usually loathes, and which is either not eaten, or if eaten under such instinctive protest, is injurious or non-beneficial—or in the form of dripping, lard, or margarine, which are open to many serious objections.

It would be well if all vegetarian mothers would see that their children are well supplied with pure fat in a full

proportion, for the organ which needs fat most, and which most readily suffers from lack of it, is the nervous system.

Injured nerves mean a wrecked life, and nerves starved of fat soon become injured nerves. Every precaution should, therefore, be taken to ensure the presence of enough fat in the daily food.

The best ways to take fat are :

1. *Nuts*—and of these, pine kernels are the softest and the most free from cellulose and indigestible matter. Walnuts are always palatable and pleasant, and generally digestible. Butter-nuts are specially soft and fat, and are so rich that only one or two should be eaten at a time; they are very good for old people as they need but little chewing. Brazils, Barcelonas and cocoanuts are improved for most people by grinding them in an *Ida* nutmill, and using them with the sugary fruits, such as Tunis dates or new figs.

2. *Animal Products*—New milk, butter, cream, cream cheese, clotted cream, Devonshire cream, etc., etc., are forms in which fat may be most readily and pleasantly taken, and if a variety of these forms be used there will be little fear of that greatest of nerve dangers—fat starvation. For old people, cream with stewed fruit is an excellent way of taking fat.

3. *Oils*—Amongst these olive oil and cocoanut butter are the most commonly used, but olive oil and cotton seed oil and nut oil are also largely used for salads and for frying and other cooking purposes.

Where there has been a previous lack of oil in the food it is often wise to take a definite dose, two or three times a day, of one of the best and most palatable vegetable substitutes for cod liver oil, such as Vitol oil or Ambrosia.

Household Wisdom.

To those who are just adopting a reformed diet it may be helpful to have a repetition of useful hints which have appeared in this column from time to time.



I think I'll turn Vegetarian. Mice aren't really nice.

In the commencement of this new departure in our lives, it is wiser for the majority of people to modify existing habits gradually, and the process of entirely giving up flesh-eating might be in this order:—

1st: Abandon butcher's meat.

2nd: Poultry and game; and lastly, fish.

Animal food might be excluded from all meals except dinner; next, it might be alternated with a vegetarian dinner; then only resorted to once or twice a week, and, finally, substituted entirely by fish. Fish may then be employed in a similar manner, and continued in narrowing gradation till the

system feels accustomed to the new regime, and offers no resistance to the completion of the change. The trend of thought will greatly help the adaptation of the body, for it is certainly the *fear* of failure on the part of many in adopting the change in diet that causes their ultimate breakdown.

It is a confusion of terms that gives rise to the puzzled query, "But how can one live on vegetables?" As a matter of fact, a food reformer eats no larger quantity of vegetables than before, and could do without them if eating plenty of fruit instead. Such questions arise, to a large extent, from people's ignorance, and if they would only take the trouble to acquaint themselves with the values of simple hygienic foods, and purchase one of the numerous cookery books published, and exercise a little common sense in carrying out the advice given therein, they would soon find a way out of all their seeming difficulties.

One very important step is that baker's white bread *must* be replaced in part at least by wholemeal bread, home made if possible. This proves a great stay in itself, and is frequently a source of improved health. A good home made bread can be made by mixing half of white flour and half of wholemeal, and making in the usual way.

USEFUL HINTS.

Pine Kernels

are a splendid substitute for suet, when run twice through the nutmill. For a plain pudding use the same quantity as of suet, and add a teaspoonful of baking powder, and boil in a cloth 1 hour.

Cokernut Butter

is an invaluable substitute for lard. Some people like it better in the form of "Nucoline." It is a good plan to keep some which has been run through the nutmill in a separate tin, and it is always in readiness for mixing with the flour for pastry, puddings, etc. It makes a nice short pastry if melted before mixing in the flour.

A Nutmill

is indispensable as a time saver for grinding nuts, cheese, bread-crusts, pine kernels, nucoline, etc. Celery salt is very useful for flavouring soup and savouries, and is more wholesome than so much ordinary salt.

Mint Sauce

is excellent with any savoury rissoles, or pies. Some people seem to think that when they relinquish the fleshpots they must let go all the tasty sauces and accompaniments too, which is a great mistake. Bread sauce, onion sauce, apple sauce, tomato sauce, etc., are as much in request as ever, with just a little discretion in apportioning the right sauce to the right savoury. For instance, red currant jelly, though now wanted for mutton or hare, is an equally appetising addition to nuttose, protose, or lentil or haricot rissoles, etc.

There are those who object to many dishes which necessitate frying. To such, perhaps some of the following recipes for border moulds may give some new ideas.

They may be made of various ingredients, both for border and filling.

First purchase a deep border mould of tin or copper—the china ones will only do for steaming, not for baking.

Border Mould, with walnuts and mushrooms.

Take $\frac{1}{2}$ -pint milk and place in a saucepan with 2 oz. butter, and when it boils stir into it $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. of *dried* and sifted bread-crumbs. Stir constantly until it no longer sticks to the pan, and when cool add 3 tablespoonfuls of ground walnuts, the juice of a good lemon, some grated onion juice, a little ground mace, salt and pepper, 1 egg beaten with $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of milk. Beat hard. Butter well the border mould, and sprinkle with crumbs, turn the mixture into it, set the mould in a tin of hot water, cover to keep from browning, and bake from 10 to 15 minutes, or if steamed it would take rather longer.

For the filling of all border moulds there is endless variety. The recipe given above is very good served with a filling of grilled mushrooms, or tomatoes, or simply with a good *thick* brown gravy in which plenty of chopped celery has been cut in dice and cooked.

A Mould of Macaroni.

Cook about $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. spaghetti macaroni (for very small mould) in boiling salted water. Drain off any water, and add a cup of milk, and cook until it is nearly all absorbed. Then make a thick, white sauce, add a good lump of butter, salt, and pepper, and about $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. of grated cheese. Let it come to the boil after adding the macaroni, and when cool add one egg beaten light. Butter mould, and cook about 25 minutes. Serve with filling of grilled tomatoes, or tomato sauce.

Rice boiled in water and then in milk, until the milk is absorbed, and then pressed into border mould and steamed 5 or 10 minutes, and served with a filling of chopped carrots, or green peas and curry sauce, is an easily prepared dish.

Lentils may be cooked and used in the same way, or for variety served with a filling of hard-boiled eggs in white sauce. Spinach border mould is excellent served with curried rice filling or scrambled eggs. Prepare as follows:—Make a little white sauce, season with butter, pepper, and salt, add the spinach which has been cooked, chopped, and the water pressed out. Mix well, and add one beaten egg and a teaspoonful of sugar. After greasing the mould press the spinach in, and cook in a steamer $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.

Daisy Whiston.