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Lux Cuique.



Holy Father, cheer our way
 With Thy love's perpetual ray,
 Grant us every closing day
 Light at eventide.

At eventide upon our Western coasts there are always crowds strolling to and fro, and watching with never-wearying interest that most beautiful and solemn of Nature's acts—a sunset.

As each man stands at the water's edge, he sees a pathway of light stretching away from himself right up to the golden bosom of the setting sun.

It is his own pathway, his very own. As he gazes at the dancing light flecks and sees this clear cut line uniting him directly to the distant orb of glory, and as he gazes to the right and to the left and sees nothing but the sombre gloom of the dark waters and hears nothing but their melancholy croon coming up the fading horizon, I can well understand his proudly thinking that upon him has fallen a crowned honour—upon him alone.

The infinite has spoken to him—to him alone. The pathway to the eternal glory has been revealed to him—to him alone.

Can you not see him throw up his head? Can you not hear him talk in commanding tones? Can you not feel the dogmatic halo which is surrounding him? This man has indeed received his revelation but he has not grasped its meaning.

The blight of the ego has fallen upon the golden glory of the sunlight, and the curse of the self has dropped its blot upon the majesty of the very beautiful.

He who seeks to find God in himself too often finds self as his god.

He who sees the face of his brother in every weeping eye is not far from a vision of the Kingdom of Heaven.

The man on the shore forgot his neighbour and thereby he forgot God.

Had he remembered his neighbour he would have found that he too—each one, all along that Western shore—had his line of light which led him to the sun.

From hill and valley, from lonely rugged rock and sweeping level strand, the watchers look out on to the sea, and to each one who lifts his eyes up to the sun, the beautiful line of light is sent.

Glittering, rippling, dappling, right on from the watcher up to the very bosom of the golden sun, the pathway of light is carried.

And further, not only to every one who fixes his gaze upwards and sunwards is the pathway of light vouchsafed, but to him who can rise high enough to look down upon the sea, a further vision is unfolded.

The whole sea that looks so dark and mournful, that shrouded mystery that sobs and wails, that dim weird gloom that fades off into the night is gone—from above, it is a sea of light, every wavelet, every ripple, every bubble catches up the sun ray and laughs in happy glee as it throws up the light again to the sky.

The wide bosom of the ocean is a dancing ripple of soft light, a halo of glory rests everywhere upon its fair face.

Thus does the vision of the ocean speak to me a great lesson of life and of hope.

For every one who will turn his face upwards, a vision of light upon his pathway is shed.

There is a divine light which plays upon all my road, and so long as I will only look straight, the leading light shall not fail.

I then may be a prophet, I then may have my sacred mission. Humble, lowly, unknown and alone, to me, to my own soul, a special vision is granted, a special revelation of light is vouchsafed.

All work is beautiful, all toil is ennobled, all weariness is clothed with halo, for unto me my own sweet light is granted, unto me my own gentle voiced message is sounded.

If it teaches me nothing else, it impresses on me the importance of my own soul and its close kinship with the divine, a communion which none can injure and none can destroy.

But the lesson of humility follows closely on the lesson of importance. If I learn that *my* life is important because I have a divine pathway marked out for me, I soon learn that *every* life is important too, for every eye that lifts its humble gaze to the far off fount of life is at once blessed and becomes a potential saint.

Beggar man or king, poor man or millionaire, maimed or comely, diseased or whole, it matters not, to each there is his own pathway to the stars and his own kinship with the eternal.

No more can I despise the publican and the sinner; no longer look down upon the outcast and the fallen, for all are on the same road, all have the same noble birth and the same grand heritage.

Where the knowledge of the sonship of God tends to make me radiant with a joyful importance, the realization of the brotherhood of man must surely make me gentle with a restful humility.

But climb just a little higher, and another still grander truth is learned.

There is no darkness.

From the mountain top I may look down and see the ocean bosom, one great expanse of rippling light.

So too in the spiritual world. Get up high enough and all the gloom that is brooding on the face of the waters will have disappeared and the sweet peace of a great and abiding light will shine around.

There is no night.

The dawn is breaking now, lead kindly light, lead on.
The shadow fears are passed, the terror dreams are gone.

I am tempted to write as I have done to illustrate some of the problems of our beautiful practice of humane dietary.

There are some who make sport of vegetarianism and look upon it as a fad and a folly.

They forget that it is no light matter to be the possessor of a divine message, and to be bound to deliver that message to the most rebellious of all audiences—your own stomach.

It is no light matter to be the messenger of God to a rebellious and stiff necked people, who plead and plead again that because they *like* flesh, that therefore they *will* have it.

It is no light matter to be suddenly illumined by a flash of truth which shows up the cruelty and the repulsive loathsomeness of one half of your favourite foods.

It is no light matter to hear a voice which bids you, in the name of the all merciful and the all gentle, to come right out from the tents of butchery and from the dens of slaughtering, and take up a new life in an untried land.

The divine afflatus, wherever it falls, is no light burden to bear.

The call to vegetare is a message which comes from above, and which brings in its train its full meed of pain.

Those only who scoff at all that teaches of progress by self-sacrifice should sneer at vegetarianism as a fad.

All who reverence what makes for mercy and compassion, and for gentleness and peace; all who look for the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven upon this earth, must thank God daily for every vegetarian who chooses to live upon the food of angels rather than to perpetuate the flesh-pots and slaughter-dens of Egypt for his daily meal.

The diet of Aristophagy is the selection of the best food—the selection of the best food for the sake of a principle; for

the sake of a principle which recognizes that for a man to become like God, he must uphold in his own life the divinest attributes; the divinest attributes of self-sacrificing mercy and gentleness towards lower lives that are in his power.

By brute right the strong man knows that the lower and the weaker creatures are sent for his use and his pleasure (the weak are always sent for the use and pleasure of the strong); but by divine inspiration the gentle man is conscious that might is not the highest right, and that though the right may be his, there is a higher beauty in consciously and voluntarily abstaining from exercising it than in demanding the uttermost anguish of death in order to live upon the carcasses of the slain.

If the sacrifice of my own pleasures for the sake of saving pain to my weaker fellow-creatures is to be called a "fad," then language has lost its balance, and chivalry its meaning.

The second lesson, too, comes home to some of us. Each man has his own revelations, his own pathway of light.

I must not think that because vegetarianism has come as a sun ray into my life that therefore it is the end-all and be-all of life.

Another has been summoned to fight in the battlefield of alcoholic intemperance, and I must reverence his mission.

Another will sacrifice ease and rest to abolish the evils of slavery or of war or of impurity—for these and for every other worker who lifts his face to heaven and gets his call to work for the higher life, I must offer my humble tribute of reverential service.

And lastly, the all-light of the rippling ocean bosom teaches the beautiful fact that all our pathways are but individualisings of the all-truth. We are fellow workers in very deed.

There is no darkness, for high enough up, light is everywhere.

There is no darkness outside of ourselves.

If we are only willing to rise high enough upon our old dead selves, we find that what seemed darkling gloom is rippling light.

Arise then, despondent one, there is a holy mission for thee.

Whosoever scoffs at his neighbour's work, let him arise and do reverence to the divine that is in it.

Arise then, thou that sittest in darkness and in sorrow, for upon thee the light of the eternal is ready to dawn.

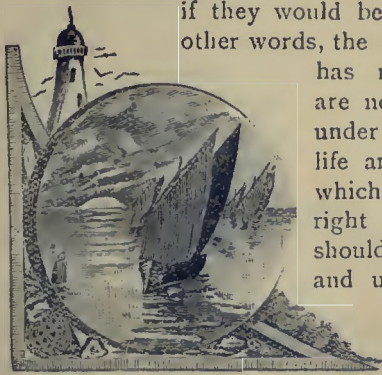
Under the canopy of holy thought
I turn to Thee; and in the silent awe
Of Thy felt presence reverently draw
Nearer Thy light; while marvellously brought
Within a sphere divine, I am taught
New revelations and sublime law
Unearthly; and I see what prophets saw
When in their spiritual soul Thy glory wrought
The work of inspiration; then absorbed
In Thine own and all that's pure, inorbed
Within an ineffable beatitude
Freed from all worldly taint, all element
Unworthy, I became a light-beam blent
In the vast fountain, the source of joy and good.†

Josiah Oldfield.



Faith and Works.

The charge of being faddists, which is levied at all reformers, often simply means that they have seen the vision of an ideal, towards which they must strive if they would be true to themselves; or in other words, the spirit of their higher nature has realized that all things are not as they seem, and that under the white gauze of to-day's life and custom there are wrongs which need righting, that it is not right that one half the world should be indifferent to the misery and unhappiness of the other.



Work without faith is dead; for without evidence of things not seen work would be about as interesting as the treadmill is to the convict who sees nothing to labour for, and only the prospect of the same to-day as yesterday, with despair instead of the joy of something attempted as the result.

The food reformer has no room for despair. Through the eye of faith he views a new country, a land verily flowing with milk and honey.

No longer through the length and breadth of the land does the animal creation groan and send up wails and tears to its Heavenly Father. The slaughter-house, with its unutterable woe and cruelty, the shambles with its dead and dying, and even the butcher's shop with its rows of murdered animals hanging hideous in the ugliness of death, has been put out of existence never to return.

Ah! we see through the eye of faith the land of the Golden Age, for the Golden rule is the universal rule of life. The children of this land are friends with all nature. The timid rabbit no longer runs away at their approach, and the squirrels are their playmates. The lark singing his song of liberty in the deep blue sky, happy in happy nature, no longer flutters dead at the feet of the sportsman, nor is entrapped and condemned to a life of misery in a nine inch cage.

Let us take heart, for there is much to encourage us. People who eat the food of the tiger are beginning to be ashamed of themselves. "They don't take much meat," they say, "only a little," and they are beginning to doubt whether or no that little is as necessary to the weal of their bodies as they have been brought up to believe.

It is not now our turn to apologise for being food-reformers, but they who are content to eat the flesh offered to the idols of perverted appetite and lust; it is their turn to make answer for the wrong they are doing to man, and for the way they are putting off the time when the slaughterman shall turn his poleaxe into a ploughshare and his knives into pruning hooks, and when he shall kick off his blood-sodden clogs and throw away his blood-smearred apron, and take his place in the world as a man made in the image of God.

But if work without faith is dead, faith without work is dead also, and there is much to be done yet before the age of gold is abolished and the Golden Age is ushered in, aye and hard work too.

The clarion must be sounded with no uncertain sound. Every food reformer should be up and doing, using to the very best of his ability, pen, voice, and example in the glorious work of the emancipation of the slaves.

The charge of being faddists, which is levied at all reformers, often simply means that they have seen the vision of an ideal, towards which they must strive if they would be true to themselves; or in other words, the spirit of their higher nature has realized that all things are not as they seem, and that under the white gauze of to-day's life and custom there are wrongs which need righting, that it is not right that one half the world should be indifferent to the misery and unhappiness of the other.

There is no time to be wasted, for while we are resting on our oars the dreadful scenes are still being acted in the slaughter-houses, our boys from the home and the Sunday School are daily being put to a degrading trade, and the appealing voices of a million a day of sentient fellow-creatures are being raised in protest, as they are put to deaths, which, if meted to the worse criminal in the land, would cause the whole country to rise in righteous indignation—and they are innocent.

The land must be flooded with literature; every available voice must be raised, the Press must be used for all it is worth, and the public conscience which has slept the sleep of indifference so long must be awakened.

The time is coming, and must come, when the children of men shall no longer be satisfied with the food from the shambles. The Kingdom of God is within us, and we can feel its silent working. Many to-day, far from being tempted by the sight and smell of roasting flesh, feel a loathing thereat, and the sight of a butcher's shop, with its rows of carcasses, is more repulsive than that of a drinking saloon.

Let those of us who have faith in man unite with that faith work. For even as we look back with wonder upon the times past, when upon the neck of the negro the yoke of bondage rested, and upon the time when Englishmen were bought and sold with the ox and plough, so shall the future races of mankind look back upon this present time and wonder where were our hearts that we could live by eating the dead bodies of our sub-human friends.

Good old times, indeed! May they be past for ever. Man must rise until, instead of being below the level of the brutes, he shall be perhaps a little higher than the angels.

For the spirit of the Christ is upon us, because He has appointed us to preach the Gospel of the Kingdom to the poor, to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the morally blind, and to set at liberty them that are bruised. Wm. Arthur Taylor.

DO YOU WISH?.

Do you wish the world were better?

Let me tell you what to do,
Set a watch upon your actions,
Keep them always straight and true.

Rid your mind of selfish motives,
Let your thoughts run clean and high,
You can make a little Eden
Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser?

Well suppose you make a start,
By accumulating wisdom
In the scrap-book of your heart.

Do not waste one page on folly;
Live to learn, and learn to live,
If you want to give men knowledge,
You must get it ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy?

Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness,
As you pass along the way.

For the pleasures of the many
May be oft-times traced to one,
As the hand that plants an acorn
Shelters armies from the sun.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Why I am a Food Reformer.

(Continued.)

Then comes the question of *Humaneness*, the bridge which spans the gulf between spiritual-mindedness and materialism. Humaneness is essentially a

quality of spirituality, but a materialist may be equally affected by humaneness in some form or other; and as far as I can see Humaneness is capable of being made the strongest link to connect the material with the spiritual life.

It may be even more effective than love itself because we do not always love the thing we do not hate, and to be humane is to be kind and benevolent in our feelings towards

all creatures we meet with in our daily lives, whether they be animal or human.

Humaneness is not actual love, but it is a part of love. We may not love a cow, a horse, a cat, or a dog, and least of all a pig, but common humanity revolts at the sight of murder, especially when accompanied by torture, caused either wilfully or by neglect. Common humanity should make the heart of all civilized persons ache at the sight of any kind of suffering and distress. What person is not sickened to see a poor sheep, cow, or even a pig led to the slaughter? Who is not sickened by the sight of the butcher splashed and soaked in blood? These sights meet the eyes of everybody, but what can be said of the horrors of vivisection; and the horrors connected with the fur trade, especially that done in sealskin, not to mention the feather trade; so-called "sport;" the training of animals to perform; and the caging of animals, birds, etc., for show? These things and their attendant evils are glaringly apparent, and if women in particular, as far as their furs and feathers are concerned, would only bring their innate curiosity to bear, and enquire *when* and *how* these luxuries are procured, I cannot help thinking, notwithstanding the love of finery possessed by the majority, that their gentleness, compassion, and good sense, would prompt them to strenuously set their face against such horrors, by refusing to wear, or purchase, furs and feathers procured at such dreadful cost.

There are many organizations at the present time, not only to protect the lower creation, but to foster the spirit of humaneness, and although custom still prevails to thwart the efforts of this noble army of workers, immense good is being done, though hardly perceptible when compared with the evils which still exist. Take "sport" for instance; a poor man, brutalized perhaps by his surroundings and lacking gentle training and education, is fined, and occasionally imprisoned for cruelty to his horse, whilst the hunter or sportsman is let off scot free because *custom approves and sanctions*. Can any person be said to be a supporter of the grand movements to protect all dumb and defenceless creatures and birds, who can so slavishly adhere to custom? Before these people talk of supporting societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals let them give up their "sport," and, in the case of the ladies,

their furs and feathers; and let them remember that cruelty *is* cruelty, wrong-doing *is* wrong-doing, and that if there is any justification for either, it is surely more to be used on the side of the poor man. The fact that the law allows, and custom condones, cruelty, does not render cruelty *not* cruelty, nor does it mitigate the pain and suffering of the poor animals.

Then look at the practice of vivisection. What good has it ever done to the afflicted and diseased? Disease has not, nor does not lessen. Judging from the number of hospitals in all our large cities and towns, and the great number of medical practitioners in *every* town, it speaks neither well of the people, nor of the cures effected, and one would think that disease was largely on the increase.

We are menaced with an inquisition—a medical inquisition, but not less horrible than the religious inquisition, which had no effect upon the people for the purpose for which it was carried on. But what of the suffering? To read of these large Hospitals being kept up, and of the continued practice of vivisection and experimentation, puts one in mind of a set of men being kept to renovate a huge building fallen into decay, who must needs continue to undo all that they do to keep themselves employed.

In addition to the foregoing, which reveal some very strong reasons why I am a Food Reformer, and a friend of the lower creation, I quite agree with the opinion that, by adopting a non-flesh diet, it would effectively deal with the *Agricultural problem*. This in turn would help to deal with the overcrowding in the cities by finding the people employment in the country, and preventing the country people rushing off to the towns. If the population would consider the question of food reform, and adopt it, there would be greater demands for agricultural products, and the fact that food reform or vegetarianism is not a fad, but an absolute necessity, would serve to clothe the agricultural calling with a dignity hitherto unknown, and so make it to be quite as much sought after as other trades.

The advanced strides made in education have not passed over the country places, but unless the effect of them is seen into, they may prove more a curse than a blessing, in this way, by making the country people discontented with the sphere in which they are born, so that when their schooldays are over they must leave the country to find employment more congenial to their tastes and ideas. A lad in the country who has attended school until he is fourteen or fifteen years of age, after a year or two dislikes to be looked upon as a simple, unsophisticated, uncouth plough-boy, and the man as a domestic servant. But unless there is work in the country, what are they to do?

Then I am with those who believe that a non-flesh diet would help to deal with the *Drink problem*, for it is a known fact, and is testified upon high authority, that total abstinence from flesh would abate the inordinate craving for drink. As is well-known, the drinking habit shortens life, but, worst of all, it is causing the race to degenerate physically and morally. They, who claim to be patriotic, and who wish to see the British Empire—yea all the world—truly great should seriously consider these questions. To educate the people is of no use unless it tends to reform them—it is like running after the shadow and leaving the substance. It is a work the churches and chapels of every denomination might with profit take in hand. A grand day it will be when ministers of religion will fearlessly proclaim the truth from the pulpits. When will they prove themselves to be true leaders of the people, and not "Blind leaders of the blind?" It is a grievous



pity that reforms should have to be the work of private enterprise, and very often quite outside the pale of any church.

Temperance workers might look into it, and so dive to the root of the drink evil at once; Socialists might look into it, and regard it in its bearing upon the overcrowding; Statesmen might study it with regard to agriculture; Educationalists might think upon the advisability of teaching it in the day schools; Medical men might teach their patients, and let, above all, the public denounce custom as the greatest tyrant of all, and act like beings of common sense and independent thought.

But my strongest motive for abstaining from dead flesh food is the deep significance I attach to our Lord's last act upon earth, and the Holy Communion; and my arguments from this point of view I have found to make the deepest impression where people have brought forth passages from Scripture which in their isolated sense would seem to justify and condone slaughter and flesh-eating. In order to arrive at the point it is necessary to review the Bible, and divide the period from Genesis to Revelation into three parts, or dispensations.

In the beginning a law was given unto man by God, which if he broke he should surely die, *i.e.*, his body should die, not his soul, because it was not a sin of the soul. After the lapse of about two thousand years the law was given unto Moses, which if any of it was broken "That soul should be cut off from his people." But here stepped in the sacrifice of the Atonement, and the lamb offered was as mediator between the breaker of the law and the offended God. Another two thousand years rolled by and ushered in the Saviour of the world, and the third or Christian dispensation. Jesus said "I come to fulfil the law and not to break it." Jesus was a true Jew, and this sentence clearly proves that a true Jew ought to be a true Christian and vice versa, and that the law and the testimony must be taken into conjunction.

But this is not the question at issue now. It is this, Christ instituted Baptism as a sign of regeneration, and did away with the sacrifice of the Atonement, by offering Himself "the Lamb of God" as the Atonement for the sin of the whole world from the beginning to the end of time. Now, if Jesus the Christ broke not the law of Moses, and yet did away with the sacrifice for atonement—the slaughtering of the Lamb for the soul—is it consistent with reason and common sense that Jesus would either approve or sanction the slaughter for the body—that is, to slay animals for food? I cannot conceive for a moment our Lord supporting the butchers, or eating the dead flesh they offer for sale.

Then there is the nature of the Last Supper to be considered. We read that our Lord took *bread*, blessed and brake it, and gave unto His disciples saying: "Take, eat: this is my body." After which He took the cup, gave thanks, and said "Drink ye all of it: for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." The bread was symbolical not only of the purity of the body, but also of what man's food should consist, namely the product of the soil. The wine was representative of the fruits of the earth in their pure state. The bread and the wine were the flesh and blood they were to partake of, His own flesh being the substance, and blood the life. And this Last Supper He commanded them to observe "In remembrance of Me." The Holy Communion is the holiest and sublimest act of devotion in which an earnest, devout, and practical Christian can take

part. It is not merely a rite of the church to be observed, but it is one—the all-important one—wherein the soul and spirit, claiming the redemption of the body, may enter the Holy of Holies and *commune* with the Almighty, and *remember the tremendous sacrifice* of the Son of God.

It is not a mere effect of the senses when one prepares in the early morning to attend this sacred service; when the day is as yet pure and innocent of sin: and the mind is in a contemplative mood and ready to receive the powerful prompting to henceforth live a life nothing short of Divine. He enters the church; he is awe inspired; in overwhelming thought he prays, and oh! happiness grandest of all when he reaches the chancel and kneels down to hear the whispered words diving down to his inmost soul: "Take, eat: this is my body." "Drink ye all of it: this is my blood."

Is it possible that anyone so purified and exalted can leave the sanctuary of the Most High, and hurry homewards to partake of his bacon or ham—swine's flesh, and to ask the Creator's blessing upon it? This, without taking into consideration the life brought into being and taken, perhaps, with great cruelty too. Can ladies, too, attend this solemn service with peace of mind, decked out in finery—either furs or feathers or both, and think of the Saviour's words: "Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say that *Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.*" It is not an effect of the senses to be awe-inspired, to be drawn into heaven as it were, but the senses are sickened by the filthy odour of dead flesh cooking. The two I could not unite; I must forego one or the other; I could not serve God and Mammon.

This then is my greatest reason for being a food reformer, and instead of adhering to isolated passages of Scripture, I take the whole life of Christ, the greatest Jew, the only one *who broke not the law* as making it quite clear the teaching of the Bible, and a protest against bloodshed and murder in every form. We are to eat to live, and *not* to live to eat, and I believe that if people would only think for themselves, and understand the deep significance of the 1st chapter of Isaiah, the 11th and 12th verses, and the 15th verse which says: "And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes; yea, when ye make many prayers: your hands are *full of blood.*" But a little further on the prophet writes: "Come now, and let us *reason* together, saith the Lord." Truly, the words relate to the sacrifices, but the case of the butcher is infinitely worse because there is no sacrifice. "The earth is full of the goodness (good things) of the Lord," which renders flesh as a food absolutely unnecessary.

If the Kingdom of God is to be with men, and the Revelation says it is, then must the body—the temple—be kept pure, and this is impossible if we pander to a degenerate taste, and feed off things impure. Food Reform is neither a fad nor a mere theory, and they who say it is do us a great wrong. It is a reform far-reaching in its effects when understood, and is one which is not too deep for the most illiterate to comprehend nor yet too simple for the most learned to despise. Would that we were not fettered by custom and wilful ignorance. But the day is fast approaching when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed by the Light of God, and then we shall know the full meaning of the words "Many come, but few are chosen," and "Not everyone that saith unto me 'Lord, Lord,' shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven, but *he that doeth the will of my Father*"—Whose mercy is over all His works, and for Whose pleasure all things were and are created.

Elizabeth Redfern.

Editorial Notes.

I had a curious cynical message the other day. I don't think it was meant so, but by its thoughtlessness it threw a lurid light on the present attitude of the ordinary human mind towards the killing of animals. The Society for Promoting Kindness to Animals sent me a card requesting "the pleasure" of my company to see some animals slaughtered by the Greener method!



an invitation, and characterise the meeting as one of "pleasure."

AN INVITATION.

It seemed as if the next step would be for the Howard Association to send out invitations for the "pleasure" of my company to inspect the next execution at Newgate by a new and improved process!

REVERENCE IS DUE.

upon the death-chamber of our little brothers as the place for an intercourse of pleasure—even as a figure of speech!

INSTANTANEOUS DEATH.

The bullet in its brain, or the point of the axe in its medulla, sent a lightning shiver through every muscle of its body, and with a ghastly stiffening tremor, the animal fell in a quivering heap upon the floor.

NOT DEAD.

them apart, the poor animal struggled again. The exact length of time which elapsed between the moment when the bullet entered the skull, and the time when the reflexes of the eye were absent, was longer in seconds than between the time when the poleaxe struck the base of the skull, and the abolition of these reflexes.

This seems to prove that the poleaxe, followed by that tremendous smashing up of medulla and cord with the cane, in what is called "pithing," may be actually a more rapid method of killing than the bullet of the Greener blunderbus.

THE SIGHT OF THE EXECUTIONER.

right in front and trying to place something against its forehead, is far more terrifying to the poor lonely creature than the advent of the butcher, when from the side he brings down the axe upon the bullock's head before he is even seen.

CURIOSITY AND HORROR.

On the whole of my journey to Islington I was filled with a sense of mixed curiosity and horror, and the premonitions of the horror of an execution predominated; and I wondered with a strange wonder how a council of humanely minded men and women could send out such

But omitting for the moment all the HOODWINKING. ghastly horrors of the prentice hand hitting till he finds the right spot, and the horrible mistakes in the stroke made by the drunken, and the careless, and the overtired, I want most solemnly to warn every reader against the miserable attempt which is in some quarters being made to hoodwink and deceive the tender-hearted and the compassionate.

THE PIN-PRICK FALLACY.

Again and again I have been told by those who wanted to save their consciences, that vivisection is but a "pin-prick." Again and again I have been assured by those who wanted to save their stomachs, that animals could now be killed quite painlessly and quite instantaneously.

Both statements are accurately true in the letter, but both statements are hopelessly false in the spirit.

PAIN.

Take a pin sufficiently large and jagged, and charge its point with certain pathogenic organisms, and drive it down into the quick of your nail, and you will know for long days, and longer sleepless nights the direst agony of pain—and yet it was but a pin prick!

AGONY.

Drag an animal from its home and its comrades; drive it by dog and by stick long journeys by road and by rail; deprive it of food and water for hours, till in its hunger and its thirst it bellows and moans the livelong night; prod it in its tenderest places to force it up narrow passages; twist its tail till the joints are broken, to get it past the reeking blood channels which fill it with nameless terror; haul it by the inexorable chain in front, and by the sharp stinging blows behind, until the eyeballs start from the sockets and the blood-stained froth falls from the champing mouth—and then—and then when after all this you have forced it to hold its stretched head for one long moment in a tense strained agony of motionlessness, the sharp axe pierces to the brain, and in a moment of time the sweet messenger of death has brought peace and sweet oblivion.

DEATH.

And they blind their eyes, and harden their hearts, and go on feeding upon the slain because they are told that now animals are killed instantaneously and painlessly.

CRIME.

All death is instantaneous—one moment you are alive and the next moment dead—and all death is painless—none feel themselves die—but it is what goes before the moment of death, which is the important problem.

It is here that the horrors of slaughter come in, and it is here that the crimes against humanity are being perpetrated.

BLUNDERBUS OR POLEAXE.

What does the Greener method do to lessen this terrible crime? Nothing, for it *can* do nothing.

I am of opinion that a poleaxe in the hands of a skilled man is as efficacious an instrument of death as a Greener blunderbus.

I am of opinion that for butchering purposes the Greener blunderbus is no better, and is more dangerous, than the poleaxe.

STREET ACCIDENTS.

I welcome it however as a merciful messenger of death for street accidents to horses.

If every police station was provided with one, then we need have no more scenes of the shattered horse lying on the pavement for hours waiting for someone to come and kill it.

As a painless method of death for an animal that trusts you, and where there is no skilled slaughterman at hand

I welcome the Greener blunderbus, but as a substitute for the poleaxe in the abattoir or the slaughter-house, it will bring no balm, or rest, or healing, or respite, to the agonized crowd on their *via dolorosa* to death.

* * *

A PARSON BUT NO PRAYER.

There was a young parson present at this demonstration. I suppose he belonged to the Anglican Christian Church, and yet it seemed to him a novel idea to look upon killing as an essentially religious matter.

I had half hoped, half hoped against hope, that he had come as a messenger of the God who will not let the sparrows fall unheeded, and that he would propose to offer up a priestly prayer of invocation and for forgiveness for the deed of death that was to be done.

I had hoped that the Church Society for Promoting Kindness to Animals, had learnt that the church which claims a special place beside the dying, would in its special society take up some striking position to teach reverence in death and sanctity in dying, but—it was not so.

* * *

JEW'S PRAY.

The Jewish Shochet utters his prayer over every animal he kills that he may remind himself and teach his people that the act of killing is a priestly function of great sacredness, but the Christian priest who represented the Church Society for Promoting Kindness to Animals, was simply one of a curious crowd who quietly watched and gossiped while the butchers performed their paid labour of slaughter.

* * *

SALVATION ARMY TO THE FRONT.

Recognising the great message of stirring import which Mr. Bramwell Booth has sent round to his staff officers, I look to the Salvation Army to be the pioneers of the Church in the *real religious* doctrine of the sanctity of life and the essential evil of cruelty, rather than to a Society which seems to be satisfied if it can hold a few demonstrations upon quicker methods of killing!

* * *

AN INVITATION.

Do not forget that the Provost's letter, which I quoted last month, is a standing invitation—yea, an exhortation—addressed month by month, and week by week, and day by day, to every member of our Order, to be arranging at once for a meeting in the Autumn.

The rapid growth of The Order throughout the length and breadth of the world renders it impossible for the Executive to know all the members, and there may be hundreds therefore who want to work and are only waiting to be asked.

"By this message the Provost and Executive ask you."

You who read are invited to arrange, at least, one meeting—it may be a drawing room circle, or a social gathering, or a public debate, or a Town Hall meeting.

It may be small or it may be large, but it must be meant to be earnest, and it must be meant to be devotional.

If you have no speaker the Executive will send you one; but the Executive can only help those who will begin to help themselves, and who will write and ask for help.

Remember that The Order does not want quantity, but quality; not the show of a hundred meetings on paper, but the earnest enthusiasm of a dozen meetings wherein men and women of higher thought and culture will be enthused to a great sacrifice and to greater devotion.

* * *

A NEW BOOK.

Mr. Sidney Beard has been busy during the last few months in preparing an important work for publication. It is now in the press, and before the next month is over it will be ready.

There has been a long felt want for such a guide to health on vegetarian lines, that it will meet with a warm welcome.

Orders should be booked at once. Full particulars will be announced in next month's *Herald*.

A VEGETARIAN COMPANY.

Vegetarian Company ventures in commerce in London have not always been wholly successful. Many of them have started with a splendid aim, but have not been as happy in their business administration as they have in their ideals.

There is, however, room, and room enough, in London, for scores and hundreds of such restaurants as are paying well enough in the provinces, and there seems no reason why meat-eaters should not help to pay the cost of the vegetarian propaganda by providing dividends for the cause.

While therefore I very heartily welcome the new venture which is just being floated (*vide inset*) and wish it all the success possible, I give no opinion whatever as to its financial future.

If the Directors are capable business men who understand what the public want and will provide it for them, it will do well, and shares will double in value; but if not, shareholders need expect no dividends.

The name seems to me very cumbersome and unattractive—but there, the company will not succeed through a good name, nor fail through a bad one.

It is the capacity of the Board and the demands of the public which will settle its future.

* * *

A CANADIAN PIONEER.

Last month I quoted some extracts from a letter of Miss Florence Helsby to Headquarters. This month I have received several numbers of *The Montreal Herald*, and in them I find that Miss Helsby is doing splendid service in her own city by keeping the Press well informed, both of our principles and of our method of life.

If only there were a hundred Miss Helsby's who would send recipes every week to their local paper with just a word of patient pleading for the sub-human races, how much more rapidly would public opinion be swayed and turned and guided to a higher level and a more honourable state.

Here is just one bit from a letter as forceful as it is winning:

You say "If only our doctors would stop advising us to eat meat." I am very thankful to say there are a few in this city who will tell you the truth and not sacrifice principle for money. A doctor means a teacher, but how many of them are brave enough to teach the laws of health, even when they are high enough up to grasp the truth. If we were all vegetarians there would be very little use for the ordinary practitioner. The author of the pamphlet, "Aristophagy," is a medical man, but he wrote in the capacity of the editor of *The Herald of the Golden Age*. We use milk and eggs. We do not see any harm in using them, but there are plenty of vegetarians who exclude them entirely from their diet. We members of The Order of the Golden Age pledge ourselves to avoid all foods necessitating bloodshed and cruelty. To hasten the coming of the Golden Age, when love and good-will towards all fellow creatures shall reign in every human heart. To plead the cause of the weak, defenceless and oppressed, to deprecate war, injustice, oppression, and cruelty, and all that is opposed to the true spirit of Christianity. This last is in answer to your "but will it ever be?" I hope and pray so. That is what we are all striving for. The race of meat-eaters will die out as the cannibals are doing. Don't let us forget that all the sub-humans are entitled to our love and protection as God's creatures. If it meets with your approval I should be pleased to furnish one day's living per week on vegetarian lines, as the six meals given you only represent a fractional part of the vast variety of the products of our beautiful earth.

* * *

INSTINCT REJECTS FLESH FOOD.

When people tell me that they *like* meat, and that this therefore proves that flesh food is natural and good for them, I always try to raise them up one step—from physical liking to mental selection. "Does not your instinct revolt at the idea of eating a piece of the dead body of an animal?" I ask.

They may reply, as their mind travels to a vision of smoking cutlets or steaming sirloin, that they have no feeling of repulsion—that their mind approves what their physical appetite enjoys.

Again, then, they seem to score a point and are supremely happy.

THE FORCE OF HABIT!

Dealing however with this mental plane, and not going on to the higher plane still—the spiritual basis of our antagonism to flesh eating—I am always anxious to impress upon them the fallacy in this argument.

Is it the mind which approves, or is it only an instinct blunted by habit which is unable to make a sign?

It is habit and habit alone which enables civilized men and women—even women—to sit down and cut up a dead animal into pieces and actually to put those pieces of muscle or fat into their mouths and swallow them without being violently sick with nausea.

It is habit, it is custom, it is not instinct.

* * *

A STRANGE BEASTIE.

This is easily proved by trying a new animal—some strange beastie. The man who will deliberately dissect a cow and eat slices of her body, would turn away with real instinctive horror if I were to give him the body of an ass to cut into pieces for food.

Yet wherein is the difference? Chemistry knows none. The ass is a clean feeder—far cleaner than the pig.

The ass is a healthy animal—far more healthy than the sheep—and yet instinct—true instinct—tells a man that it were a loathsome, unholy thing (excepting under the direst need) to take a lowly ass and cut its throat and skin it and carve its flesh into pieces and eat them.

* * *

THE PRACTICE OF COW EATING.

And why not the cow? Simply because we have grown up eating cows from childhood, and have got habituated to the practice before our mental faculties of discrimination became developed. Bring in a new animal and the feeling of loathing comes over us at once.

* * *

HORSEFLESH.

The Rev. E. E. Kelly sends me a striking illustration of my contention, which he has copied from Dr. Ashe's book entitled, "Besieged." He writes:—

HORSEFLESH.

In relation to this unfamiliar viand, which for some time failed to achieve popularity, Dr. Ashe tells a good story about Colonel Peakman, who was in command of the mounted forces at Kimberley.

"The first day horse was served out some of it was cooked for the officers' mess at the mounted camp. At the table Peakman said:—'Gentlemen, I am sorry to say that we were unable to get all our ration in beef to-day, and we had to take a part of it in horseflesh. This which I am carving is beef; the horse is at the other end, and anyone who prefers it can help himself.' Nobody did prefer it, and so they all ate beef, and made a good dinner. When they had finished, Peakman suddenly exclaimed: 'By Jove! gentlemen, I find I have made a mistake in the joints; this is the horseflesh and the other is the beef.' It was just a dodge of his to get them started on the horseflesh."

* * *

A COLLECTING BOX.

Here are the first fruits. What will the complete harvest be? Those who can do nothing else can take a collecting box and help to raise some funds, but it is my experience that those who work hardest with voice and pen and personal influence are generally willing to help to collect funds. One hundred collecting boxes regularly sent in every quarter would double the income of The Order. Who will help? Miss Kay writes:—

"According to promise I now send you the contents of O.G.A. Collecting Box. Enclosed please find P.O. 10/- and stamps 4½d. I will try again and send the cash to you September 21st."

* * *

HELPFUL WORDS.

This month brings its quota of cheering words and kindly helping thoughts. If members only knew how much they would help Headquarters by letters of sympathy and advice and experience and encouragement, I am sure our post bag would be even double its present bulky proportions.

Miss Wigglesworth in writing for a fresh stock of leaflets adds:

"I am so pleased with our Monthly. I tell all my friends about it and show it to them, and I would like to forward it to some friends at a

distance. I wish it was in the hands of every thoughtful person, it could not fail to be a power for good, it is so stimulating and helpful. I do not know when I have read anything which gave me so much pleasure as the leader on "Failures."

* * *

I have just received a letter from the South, from a gentleman who is not a vegetarian, yet his views make it quite illogical for him to eat of the dead

bodies of the slain.

Ah well, it is better to confess the right, even if your poor weak body goes on craving for the wrong, than to hide your conscience in wilful blindness and to go on teaching falsehoods merely for the sake of covering your own misdeeds.

My correspondent stands as a sign post towards his own salvation. In good time he needs must follow his best self. He writes:

"I am convinced that the butchers' trade and the shambles are disgusting and demoralizing; they blunt the sensibilities and foster indifference to suffering; they also foster the avoiding of reflection and consistency, for if these were given play people would eschew animal food."

* * *

DIVINE SYMPATHY.

The Rev. Chas. Voysey, preaching on the "Sympathy of God," says:—"Sympathy is one of the fairest, if not the most lovely, of all human qualities. The sympathy which begins and ends in hysterical shrinking from the sight of pain and misery, which consists only in highly wrought nerves and a keen imagination, is no true sympathy at all. True sympathy . . . is the fervent longing to give relief to the sufferer, or prompt action whenever it be possible."

A vegetarian writer adds:—"The sympathies of man are often very limited. Race, country, creed, social status, often form boundary lines; so far as the sub-human races are concerned, it is only by slow degrees that men are realizing that animals have feelings very closely akin to their own. Brutality to animals will cease only with the growth of a larger sympathetic imagination in the highest of all animals.

God, who is the all-sympathizing, feels every pang experienced in any part of His conscious creation. The awful dread of the dog stretched on the vivisector's table, half-conscious of its impending fate; or the slow weeks of lingering agony experienced by the "inoculated guinea-pig," as it slowly perishes to prove or disprove some physiologist's theory, are alike known and shared by the ever-present God.

The tortures inflicted on the millions of innocent cattle and birds, not only in the moment of their deaths in the various "slaughter-houses," but during the long dark railway journeys in those barbarisms known as "cattle trains," or the fearsome sea-voyages; the tail-twisting, eye-prodding, hide-tearing atrocities of every cattle market, not to mention the awful pangs of thirst and other unrelieved wants, to which millions of sentient creatures are yearly subject in order that we may eat a kind of food which is by no means essential, are all felt by that Eternal Love to whom we daily pray, "Give us this day our daily bread."

Is it not our duty to imitate the holy St. Francis, and so love 'our little brothers and sisters' that we will no longer feed on, or profit by, their mangled and tortured bodies?"

* * *

Here is a bit of true pathos, true poetry, MISUNDERSTOOD, true inspiration. It has reached me without name or clue, but I gratefully thank the author of it and pass it on to a wider audience:—

"To be misunderstood even by those whom one loves is the cross and bitterness of life. It is the secret of that sad and melancholy smile on the lips of great men which so few understand; it is the cruellest trial reserved for self-devotion; it is what must have oftenest wrung the heart of the Son of Man; and if God could suffer, it would be the wound we should be for ever inflicting upon Him. He also—He above all—is the most misunderstood, the least comprehended. Alas! alas! Never to tire, never to grow cold; to be patient, sympathetic, tender, to look for the budding flower and the opening heart; to hope always like God; to love always—this is duty."

Never to tire, never to grow cold, to hope always, to love always—this were sublime.

SOUTH
AUSTRALIA.

From another part of the great Australian Continent I get a letter this month. It is just as full of interest as the one I published a short time back from Victoria, and records the same spirit of earnest devotion. Mr. Fawcett writes:—

"I am extremely pleased with the April number of *The Herald of the Golden Age*. Its contents are very much to the point. Your note in regard to literature I am quite in agreement with, and sincerely wish we had funds to order largely from you."

"To what extent are the churches encouraging our movement and work in England? For my own part, I am sure if we follow out Christ's teaching in the true spirit of its teaching, we must see the folly and wrong in taking the lives of poor dumb creatures. I am practically a life vegetarian of 24½ years, but am desirous of proving the importance of true living from the highest standpoints."

"During the last nine months I have had the opportunity of distributing some literature in Hobart (Tas.), Sydney (N.S.W.), and Melbourne (Vic.), also St. Pine (S.A.). I trust soon to arrange another Public Meeting, with music and addresses."

* * *

VIVISECTION.

The Council of the Metropolitan Radical Federation have decided to speak out about the destination of public monies subscribed for hospital purposes. They rightly claim that if a poor man subscribes a shilling to a hospital to enable it to supply medical and surgical skill free to the destitute, this hospital has no right to grant a penny of it to another institution—used for the education of students and for vivisection researches—without the consent of the donor.

It is the old story of money given or left for one purpose being used for another.

In their comprehensive reply to the unsigned statement of the Executive Committee of the Prince of Wales' Hospital Fund they say:—

"That the medical schools and the laboratories licensed for vivisection which publish no accounts should be subsidised by grants out of funds subscribed by the charitable for the tending of the sick remains, in the opinion of the federation one of the gravest scandals of our time, against which, as representing a very large body of working men, they feel bound solemnly to protest.

That the Committee of the Prince of Wales Hospital Fund, should make no effort to discountenance this scandal, but should even fail to fulfil a definite pledge made by his Royal Highness that his Hospital Fund should be free from it, cannot but be a matter of serious concern to every one who regards the interests of the patients as paramount in our hospitals.

But the profoundest regret of all is felt by every member of the Federation that His Royal Highness should allow the pledge he gave in this matter to be openly disregarded by his committee, and should suffer the great influence of his name and person to be employed in defending the diversion of money by hospital managers in London to purposes for which it was not contributed.

* * *

THE WORLD
OF THE
UNSEEN.

Mrs. Annie Besant has written many beautiful and striking things. She has fearlessly taught stage by stage what she has believed to be the truth.

There were many in years gone by who looked upon themselves as far above her, but they have lolled on lazily and are now stupidly conscious that she has reached and passed them in the evolutionary development of ideals and of character.

They were insolent when they thought themselves better, they are indolent now they know themselves worse. What *will* arouse the conscience hypnotised by selfishness and custom?

Here are some thoughts which Mrs. Besant has written and which cannot pass unheeded. They must be weighed. They must be weighed carefully:—

"The killing of animals in order to devour their flesh is so obviously an outrage on all humane feeling, that one feels almost ashamed to mention it in a paper that is regarding man as a director of evolution. If every one who eats flesh could be taken to a shambles to watch the agonised struggles of the terrified victims as they are dragged to the spot where knife or mallet slays them; if he could be made to stand with the odours of the blood reeking in his nostrils; if there his astral visions could be opened, so that he might see the filthy creatures that flock round to feast on the loathsome exhalations, and see also the fear and horror of the slaughtered creatures as they arrive in the astral world and send back thence currents of dread and hatred that flow between man and animals in continually re-fed streams; if a man could pass through these experiences, he, at least, would be cured of meat-eating for ever. These things are, though men do not see them, and they befool and degrade the world."

Our "Difficulties" Column.

"Difficulties are not doubts."

A valuable letter, clear, sound and logical has come for this column this month. It is written by one of the leaders of vegetarian thought to his nephew, and incidentally it answers several of the questions raised last month.

If doubters would be content to be answered on their own plane, there would be much less difficulty in convincing them of the soundness of the vegetarian platform, but they so often slide away.

They bring logic, and when you answer them with logic they want to introduce religion.

They bring religion, and when you answer them with the basic foundation of religion they bring the letter of a single creed.

We cannot emphasize too often and two widely that (1) we cannot solve *all* difficulties, that (2) difficulties about *details* are not doubts about *principles*, (3) that our life has to be lived *in spite of* insoluble difficulties on every hand.

Contributions for this column will be very gladly received. The first letter is as follows:

* * *

Dear Alphonso,

I am glad you have sent on your questions to me, and I have perused them with deep interest. They are such questions as present themselves to the minds of everyone when they first begin to think upon the question at issue. As far as I am concerned, the questions have been finally solved long ago, and I earnestly hope that I shall be able to give you such light as will enable you to arrive at a satisfactory solution yourself. I believe you are free from prejudice upon this matter, and are bringing a dispassionate and truth-seeking mind to the study of this subject, and if so, the light will soon be revealed to you. Passion and prejudice blind men; the earnest seeker sees at last with unclouded vision.

Your letter is rightly framed, and is not pedantic. You conclude your letter by asking me to point out any fallacious premise which may have been introduced. The opening argument in your letter contains several such false premises. It reads—"Imprimis, I argue that animals were created by God to be of some use, directly or indirectly, to mankind and other animals. Dumb creatures have no hereafter, they live their span here below, they die and are seen no more. For what purpose, then, could the Almighty have created animals? Of what use is their life if not to benefit higher organisms, especially man?"

Now, logically, the above paragraph contains two propositions, the first of which takes this form—"Animals were created by God for a purpose, men eat animals, therefore animals were created to be eaten by men." The Heaven-inspired Plotinus long ago demonstrated the falsity of this proposition by the following sophistical syllogism—"Man was created by God for a purpose, fleas prey upon man, therefore man was created for fleas to prey upon."

The second proposition contained in your argument, logically put, is as follows—"That which dies and passes away and is seen no more, has no hereafter, animals die and pass away and are seen no more, therefore animals have no hereafter." This is likewise proved to be false by the following syllogism—"That which dies and passes away and is seen no more has no hereafter; men die and pass away and are seen no more, therefore men have no hereafter."

Now the tribunal to which you appealed, namely, that of logic, has proved your argument to be false, by the untenability of the conclusions to which it leads, and now if you will take just one short step into the laws of ethics, you can easily prove to yourself that all justification for flesh-eating that is based upon false conclusions, at once falls to the ground; your duty, therefore, is now to seek for sounder and less vulnerable premises.

You recognise that the purpose of the cow may be to yield milk, and not necessarily to provide beef, that the sheep "gives us wool, which is much more valuable than mutton," that the goat supplies hair and milk, and that the elephant and horse are beasts of burden; and now you want to know for what purpose the pig, rabbit, lion and tiger were created.

The hog is a natural scavenger; this is admitted even by those who eat its flesh. What useful purpose the rabbit serves in the economy of nature I do not know, though doubtless it has its use. Until quite recently birds were looked upon as vermin, but it is now known that, as destroyers of weeds and baneful insects they are the agriculturalist's greatest friend and helper. Formerly it was considered that worms impoverished the land, and that they served no useful purpose, but it is now known that they act as natural drainers to the land. Even rats are found to be of great use in their proper place, namely, the sewage culvert, and it may yet be discovered that the rabbit serves some useful end. But when you say, "Since we are obliged to kill some of them (rabbits), why not eat the flesh?" I think you are treading on very dangerous ground, for seeing that we have to kill rats and mice, and other undesirable creatures, why not eat them also? Do you not think that the better way to dispose of dead bodies is to bury or burn them? They make passable manure.

With regard to the beast of prey, we must assume that it has its part in the cosmic plan, although at present it may be indeterminate by us, and here I would refer to the argument so frequently and thoughtlessly employed, and also used by you in this particular, that "all things were created by God." In its spiritual sense this is true, but in its literal application it cannot be true. Creation, or the beginning of things, is a postulate of the mind of man, which feels the necessity of having a beginning and an end to everything, but in reality there is neither beginning nor end. We find in the universe involution and evolution as the result of supreme law, but creation we cannot find, it is outside experience, it eludes our final grasp, it is a figment of the limited thought of man. He who says "God created, or did this or that," not only errs, but falls into the sins of irreverence and assumption, for he is attributing to God that which exists only in his own mind; let us therefore clothe ourselves with humility, and seek diligently and reverently for Truth.

You think that the vegetarian Turk compares very unfavourably, as regards enduring power, with the flesh-eating Englishman, but the late Graeco-Turkish war certainly proved that, in courage and hardihood, the Turk, when brought to the test, is in no way inferior to the Englishman. Nevertheless, the flesh-eating nations are those which, by constant and aggressive warfare, subdue the earth. This seems to prove that flesh-eating fosters a selfish and fighting spirit. But the flesh-eating nations do not endure. They are quickly burnt up by the fire of their own internal passions, and their short-lived glory passes away. But the eastern nations, which are practically vegetarian, and are meek and unaggressive, persist through the ages, in spite of slaughter, slavery and conquest. Here we have an inkling of the prophesy which is to be fulfilled, "The meek shall inherit the earth."

Finally, you say, "A prominent scientist has argued that in taking meat, we take in certain forms of nourishment from plants already assimilated."

It is easy to build up plausible theories, but such theories are utterly valueless if they fail under the test of reason and experience; and the above statement does so fail: under the scrutiny of reason, because it is an argument which would justify cannibalism, and in the light of experience because the lives of more than half the human race prove and have proved that vegetable products are more easily assimilable than flesh, and upon their use man is happier, healthier and more divine.

I shall be pleased to aid you in the solution of any other difficulties which may present themselves, and that you may be ultimately led into the light of untrammelled knowledge, is the sincere hope of—Your affectionate UNCLE,

* * *

AN ANSWER.

Mrs. Brace writes from Stamford Hill—"Is not the rabbit difficultly mentioned by the 'lady from Dublin' another of those many details about which we cannot at present lay down any definite line of conduct, but which do not in the least weaken the basis upon which Humanitarian teaching rests? Nature is a stern mother, and in her cleansing fires of the long 'Martyrdom of Man' her children are taught they cannot with impunity transgress her laws. In his too great eagerness to carry out his self-imposed task of scavenger of certain forms of life, Man has upset Nature's balance: by his inability to grasp the connection between cause and effect, and by moral short-sightedness, he has got himself into some holes so deep and dark he cannot yet quite see where hands are held out to rescue him. We sadly want a 'moral' Newton to make 'all light.' In the meantime we must grope along by what glimmerings we have, and surely they are sufficient to show us that two wrongs do not make a right. Is it not adding insult to injury to advocate the building into our hearts, brains, and nerves, of the poor unwanted corpses of a too prolific mode of life, that by an unfortunate 'necessity' needs considerable limitation. Eighty per cent. of the twenty-three thousand cats received at the 'Home' have been mercifully destroyed; why not ask what is to become of these cats if they are not used for food?"

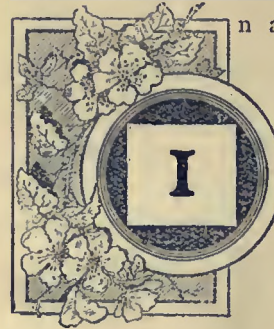
BROTHERHOOD.

The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star, is Brotherhood;
For it will bring again to Earth
Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth;
Will send new light on every face,
A Kingly power upon the race;
And till it come we men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come, clear the way, then clear the way!
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path;
Our hope is in the aftermath—
Our hope is in heroic men,
Star-led to build the world again.
To this event the ages ran:
Make way for brotherhood, make way for man.

Edwin Markham.

The Dangers of Flesh-food.



In a powerful letter to the *Macclesfield Courier* Mr. Harold Whiston deals with the important subject of the danger to the health of the community which arises from flesh-eating.

Mr. Whiston has done more than stir up the readers of the *Courier*. He has convinced the Editor himself of the pressing need of some reform, so that in a subsequent issue the subject is further

dealt with in an editorial article which supports

Mr. Whiston's position.

There is an opening now for all who would like to join in the fray and who will send short, thoughtful letters in support of the position of The Order of the Golden Age to the Editor, *The Macclesfield Courier*, Macclesfield.

The following paragraphs from Mr. Whiston's comprehensive letter will be new to the readers of *The Herald*:

Numbers of cases are continually brought before the public, through the daily press, of people who have been half poisoned by some kind of animal food. Our walls are frequently placarded with posters, telling us to beware of sometimes "incipient swine fever," sometimes "anthrax," sometimes "sheep scab," sometimes "pleuro-pneumonia," and only the other day we had the President of the Board of Agriculture, Mr. W. H. Long, telling everyone to beware of "foot and mouth disease," and stating at the same time that he understood that the flesh of animals which had brought the disease to Deptford from Buenos Ayres had not been condemned by the sanitary authorities, although on the "Ethelhilda," out of 244 head of cattle, landed at Deptford, 154 were certified to be affected with "foot and mouth disease"—truly an interesting list and a strange state of affairs for flesh-eaters to contemplate!

Only very recently the London County Council was recommended by Sir William MacCormac (President of the Royal College of Surgeons), and Sir William Broadbent (President of the National Association for the Prevention of Consumption), to abolish all private slaughter-houses so as to "ensure the proper examination of meat," and also to reduce "the present mortality from tuberculosis." In their recommendation, both of these eminent men refer to the "urgent necessity for such measures," owing to the large amount of "meat of a dangerous quality" which must of necessity find its way into the households of the people, under the present system of slaughtering.

Then, Sir, following on this, came the important meeting at Marlborough House, fresh in all our memories, under the Presidency of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Here, again, Sir William Broadbent reminded his hearers. "It is now definitely known that consumption is a contagious disease, that it is communicated from person to person and from animal to man, and that it arises in no other way." At this meeting Lord Salisbury stated in the presence of some of the most able of our statesmen that legislation could do very little in the matter, but that it was a question upon which public opinion must be educated.

Then upon the top of this weighty testimony comes the *British Medical Journal* for March 10th, 1900, containing

the Lettsoman Lectures on cancer by the eminent Liverpool surgeon, Sir William Banks. Here, again, is an admitted high authority, definitely stating that cancer is the outcome of free and unrestricted use of animal food, and moreover proving the undeniable increase of the disease to be in ratio to the increased consumption of the flesh of dead animals. Now, sir, here we have the two most terrible of our national diseases, consumption and cancer, deliberately and recently traced by three of the most eminent of English surgeons to our animal diet, and all united in condemning private slaughter-houses as a primary step towards checking their growth.

(I might mention in passing that a personal friend of mine, whilst cutting into a roast leg of mutton at dinner one day, with guests at the table, cut into two large cancers and instantly the matter which filled them ran all over the dish, making all present sick and ill. Needless to say they have never touched animal food since and never will again).

Whatever may be the opinions of your readers upon the wider issues involved in the Food Reform movement, I would like to ask them a few questions in the face of the testimonies which I have put forward—Is it worth the price? Is it worth while running the awful risk day by day of contracting terrible diseases by eating food which in all probability is infected with some kind of disease? Is it worth while allowing the present systems to exist considering they are fraught with such mischief to the health of the people?

Love Much.

Love much. Earth has enough of bitter in it;
Cast sweets into its cup when'er you can.
No heart so hard but love at least may win it.
Love is the grand primeval cause of man.
All hate is foreign to the first great plan.

Love much. Your heart will be led out to slaughter
On altars built of envy and deceit.
Love on, love on! 'tis bread upon the water;
It shall be cast in loaves yet at your feet,
Unleavened manna, most divinely sweet.

Love much. Your faith will be dethroned and shaken,
Your trust betrayed by many a fair, false lure;
Remount your faith, and let new trusts awaken.
Though clouds obscure them, yet the stars are pure;
Love is a vital source, and must endure.

Love much. Men's souls contract with cold suspicion.
Shine on them with warm love, and they expand.
'Tis love, not creeds, that from a low condition
Leads mankind up to heights supreme and grand.
O, that the world could see and understand!

Love much. There is no waste in freely giving;
More blessed is it even than to receive.
He who loves much alone finds life worth living.
Love on, through doubt and darkness, and believe
There is no thing which love may not achieve.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

CHARACTER.

Character is more precious than craft or skill. Fullness of being is superior to encyclopedic learning; the graces of gentleness and pity and love are more beautiful than all the accomplishments of art. Integrity and wisdom and chivalrous temper are better than power and fame. To be a capable artisan, a successful salesman, a great financier, an eloquent orator, a brilliant writer, or an accomplished teacher, is of much less importance than to be a true whole man, a true whole woman.

Extract.

Glimpses of Truth.



ut one enemy exists—the lower nature. All outward forces are powerless to save or destroy.

HESSAY GRAVES.

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The power to think is the power that makes for civilization.

J. ELIZABETH HOTCHKISS.

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To a noble soul no vice is more revolting than that of pretending to be the virtuous person you are not.

REV. J. RICE BYRNE, M.A.

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Congregations of men thrive materially best in valleys, but spiritualized souls seek the mountain-tops—alone.

EDWIN D. CASTERLINE.

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Our life is an apprenticeship to the truth that around every circle another can be drawn; that there is no end, but that every end is a beginning.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

* * *

If a man by causing pain to others, wishes to obtain pleasure for himself, he, entangled in the bonds of selfishness, will never be free from hatred.

BUDDHA.

* * *

As the stormy weather and the raging billows call forth the mariner's greatest energies and develop his skill, so the trials and difficulties of life bring out the strength of the soul and develop the powers of man.

B. W. WILLIAMS.

* * *

Even those who do not know you, who are merely told of your acts of goodness and deeds of love—if you be not good according to the invisible goodness—these, even, will feel that something is lacking, and that they will never be touched in the depths of their being.

MAETERLINCK.

* * *

If you do this work that is yours to do, you shall be crowned with it; you shall wear that most royal of all crowns, the crown of thorns. Woven into a regal diadem instead of ranking in the flesh, these thorns shall show their powerlessness beside the power of him who overcomes.

URSULA N. GESTEFELD.

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To love God and man proves to be not enough; there are other creatures to be taken account of. As it now appears, goodness and gentleness cannot stop at the line that separates human from other life. The heart that has attained to the highest sympathy will manifest its quality towards every creature it has to do with.

NEWTON M. MANN.

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If we desire to become possessors of our own souls we must have a rock under our feet that is our own, and not that of another. To feel this foundation we must dare to live up to our own convictions; to stand in the world as a representative of what we discern to be the Truth, even if opposition and adverse criticism should be called forth for the time being from those ignorant of our motive and purpose.

JOSEPHINE VERLAGE,

* * *

The Fountain of Youth, like the kingdom of heaven, is only found when unselfish love opens the eyes. Then the dreamer awakens, and beholds the beauty and grandeur of the true life, and the narrow way that leads to the fountain from which flow the spiritual waters of Life. This fountain is not hid away in some unknown land, but it is *within*. Its waters are free and open to all. They are pure, clean, and unclouded by hate or discord. The vibrations of pure, spiritual love open this fountain; they are regenerative, giving health and happiness.

J. G. WAIT.

Household Wisdom.

This month I have suggested one or two recipes which were quite new to me until lately, but which have proved very satisfactory upon trial. The Hiawatha patties are made from the tinned green corn, and are delicious. I do not know if there is more than one brand, but what I get is called "Mountain Sugar Corn" and is 6d the tin, which is more than sufficient for a dinner for 4 people. Many other dishes may be made from tinned corn, and I shall hope to give other recipes later.

For a long time I was distressed at the feeling of waste in throwing away the tender sweet pods of the early peas and when I was told that they would make excellent soup I hastened to try it, and the result is very good.

Hiawatha Patties.

1 tin mountain sugar corn, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoonfuls of flour, salt and pepper, fat for frying.

Put the corn into a bowl, add the eggs and beat well together, add the flour, pepper and salt and mix thoroughly. Put one tablespoonful to each patty and fry in boiling fat. Garnish with parsley.

Spring Stew.

Young carrots, young turnips, cucumber, onions, tomatoes, fennel.

Cut up all the vegetables (except the tomatoes) into small pieces. Put into a saucepan with only sufficient water to cover them. Add pepper and salt and stew very slowly for 1½ hours. Add the tomatoes and enough milk to cover them again. Bring all to a boil, and thicken with a dessertspoonful of flour mixed with a little milk.

Green Pea Soup.

Young pea pods, 1 pint of green peas, sprig of mint, butter, pepper, salt and milk.

Let the pods stew for about 3 hours with the mint. Rub them through a wire sieve, a few at a time, until nothing is left but the thin middle skin. Put back into the saucepan with an equal amount of milk and an ounce of butter, thicken if necessary with a little flour and add the pint of cooked peas whole.

Broad Bean Sandwiches.

A delicious sandwich may be made from cold broad beans, mashed with a little butter, pepper and salt, and laid between 2 pieces of bread and butter.

Savoury Maccaroni.

Maccaroni, onions, batter.

Boil the maccaroni until tender, cut the onions into slices and fry a rich brown. Make the batter—4 tablespoonfuls flour, 2 eggs, 1 pint of milk.

Place the onions in the bottom of a pie dish, then the maccaroni, sprinkle with a little pepper and salt and pour the batter over it. Bake in a brisk oven for 20 minutes, serve with brown gravy.

Gertrude Oldfield.

Plasmon Snow Cream.

Take 3 teaspoonfuls (1 oz.) of plasmon, and ½-pint of luke-warm water.

Mix the plasmon into a thick paste with a little of the water, then add the remainder and put into a saucepan, and stir well until it boils, then set aside until quite cold. It will then be in a jelly form; then whip with a whisk (a wheel whisk that fits a 1 lb. jar is the best), it will soon become a lovely snow cream.

In this condition it can be used in a great variety of ways, as cream for tea, coffee, or cocoa; or it can be added to soups, fruit, or other forms of food, rendering them most nourishing and delicious. If icing sugar be whipped with the plasmon snow it can be used as icing for confectionery of all kinds.

Egg Dariols.

Take 4 eggs, chopped parsley, a few bread crumbs (browned in oven and sifted), pepper and salt. Chop some cooked beetroot finely (if liked) to colour moulds. Butter four small tin moulds and sprinkle in some chopped parsley, or bread crumbs. Break 1 egg into each mould, place the moulds in a shallow tin of hot water in a moderate oven for about 20 minutes until the eggs are set firm on top. If oven is very hot put a piece of thick white paper in bottom of tin before adding water. Turn out of moulds on a dish and pour celery sauce round.

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Life and Health Cookery, by Lauretta Kress, M.D., price 6d. Contains not only the usual recipes for food, but much useful information regarding the laws of digestion and principles which should govern our methods of preparing and taking food. There are many recipes given which should be very welcome to the wearied housewife who sighs for novelty, and they have all the charm of simplicity. Very little flavouring of any kind is used, the vegetables or legumens being cooked and served in the simplest manner. The union of nuts and legumens is a distinct novelty. A useful chapter is the one on sick room cookery where special emphasis is laid on the necessity for a dainty method of serving meals for the sick.

An Order of Simplicity.

It will at once be recognised that **SIMPLE TASTES.** simplicity of life will be one of the first results of the New Order. If we and our friends are to do the necessary work of society, we will not wish to be burdened with unnecessary toil. All kinds of luxury will surely disappear, for we shall have neither the time nor the inclination to waste our energies in the production of trifles that owe their existence to-day to the whims of selfish and thoughtless people, and are made not by choice but under the compulsion of the market. This tendency towards simplicity will probably make itself felt in every department of our life. Much of the clumsy paraphernalia with which we load down our houses, notably bric-a-brac and stuffy upholstery, could find no place in rooms of which we ourselves were the guardians and caretakers. The funeral garb of modern mankind and the costly dresses and jewels of wealthy and vulgar women would at once be banished from a society of equals. Starch, stiffness, and "respectability" will speedily give way to beauty and comfort. Womankind will learn once again that true beauty is always simple.

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In the matter of food the change is likely to be a radical one. Whether we learn **SIMPLE FOOD.** to cook for ourselves, or allow our friends to cook for us in return for services rendered to them, the return to simplicity would be equally marked. In neither case would we wish to cause more trouble than was necessary, and we will make our diet plain and rational. It is probable that vegetarianism would largely prevail under such conditions as these. If we had to kill with our own hands the animals and birds that now come unto our tables, we should turn with horror from this flesh food. To-day we have brutalized a class to perform this disgusting work, but in the future we shall feel more inclined to turn our attention toward the development of a humane diet.

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The place of woman in a Socialist society is likely to be on the plane of frank equality with man. Unmarried women would take their share in the national industry, either in or out of their homes, at the tasks for which they are most obviously fitted, e.g., sewing, domestic work, &c. Married women would be able to make their sphere in life as wide or as narrow as they choose. It is rational to suppose, however, that their chief duty and privilege then, as now, would be the care of the children.

R. Blatchford,
Editor of Clarion.