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The Festival of Harvest.



Far and near, wide and far,
The beautiful bells are ringing;
Silver bells of tasselled barley,
Golden bells of drooping oats,
Bearded wheat and ragged rye;
All, all are singing
The world-old Harvest song.

Autumn flowers ripening their seeds full of rich colour are joining in the same glad heaven-born melody. Men of every age have been drawn towards God as the winter stores were gathered in. Barbarian and civilized, bond and free, a little flame of love to God sprang up, a little spark of faith was lighted, a little ray of hope of a hereafter shone into dark lives, when the earth spread out the fullness of her stores, and a bounteous harvest of field and forest and orchard spoke of loving fatherhood, and of immortality, and of a life to come.

Come with me for one moment into the sanctuary of nature and listen to the message from her altar—a message which has been ringing out through all the ages the same sacred lesson of life.

Men have peeped out from beneath the heavy forest trees as they cowered in fearful terror at the storm, and saw the lightning flash. Men have watched it from the cave mouth when they dwelt burrowing in the bowels of earth. Men upon the desolate plains shivered as the sky blazed with fire, and the wanderers upon mountain-tops, or burning desert, thrilled with a wondrous dread as the mystic lightning played its jagged forks across the vault of heaven.

Age after age passed on; race after race lived and died. The world passed from its youth to its age, and not till then was the meaning of the electric power revealed.

So with many another wondrous manifestation; there they stood, signs against the sky, standing boldly up in letters

large enough for all to read who willed, and yet no one deciphered the message.

The letters upon the wall in vivid fire flame played clear and startling, but all that the watchers could do was to wring their hands and declare a portent and await an interpreter.

The message of Harvest is one of **plenty**.

Not one seed replacing one seed or one grain following to succeed one grain, but on every hand the bending ear carries its twenty-fold, its fifty-fold, its hundred-fold.

With lavish hand and free the great mother nature pours out into every lap double the measure it can hold; full and free, full and free is the burden of her song.

Food for the wild creatures of the forest; food for the birds of the limpid air; food for the countless insects of grass and ground; food for man and yet enough and to spare to reproduce the seed of its kind in endless succession.

"Be not niggardly," the voices seem to cry, "do not lay up treasures merely for your own pleasure and comfort, be not satisfied to put aside for the sons and the daughters of your own body; be wide and generous in all your provisioning. From him that asketh turn not away your face, and for him that needeth lay up bounteously and give out generously."

The time of harvest is an ever reiteration of an example of **infinite unselfishness coupled with infinite care for self preservation**.

But to us there comes a message still more striking and still more pathetic.

The pathos of a creation sorrowing, and of a creation pleading with mute appeal for mercy, for pity, for peace, for **justice!**

The pathos of the yearning of hopeless anguish, the pathos of dumb voices crying out for some one to pity, the pathos of loneliness and pain in death.

I have heard of other harvests. Men talk in hushed whispers of the Harvest of Death, of the Harvest of Death, of the grim Harvest of Death.

Plague and pestilence; famine and war; earthquake and cataclysm bring in their train the dread scytheman who cuts down the fair striplings of life and lays them in dank swathes upon the rotting earth.

It is a Harvest indeed, and jackals and cormorants, vultures and hyenas prowl and gloat and lick their blood-stained chops, and, snarling all night and croaking all day, they tear and claw and hop like ghouls among the graves.

The battle is fierce and long and men and horses fall wounded and dying, and overhead the host of the unclean hover and lower and watch and wait, and the failing strength and glazing eye is agonised with the thought that all too soon the carrion host will pounce down and begin their feast upon the helpless living and upon the hopeless dead.

To whom and to what does such a feast appeal? To the highest or to the lowest in nature? To that part which is aiming to grow up by tiny rungs and by gradient steps until it can touch hands with the divine, or to that demonish element in the Cosmos which is dragging life down again to the pit whence it was digged and to the hole of anguish whence it is being delivered?

Rightly did the ancients dedicate the doomed to the gods of the lower world. Violent death speaks of degradation and retrogression and decadence, because it inculcates disregard for the most sacred thing the world knows—**Love and Life**.

The one Harvest, sweet and beautiful, draws men up towards the All-Bountiful, the All-Merciful; the other Harvest, deadly and brutal, drags men down towards the All-Cruel and the All-Merciless.

To which of these Harvests do the hecatombs of Deptford and the shambles of Smithfield belong? Go ask your highest instincts whither they lead you! Go ask the best within you what answer it gives to your aspirations! Call out the secret occupant of your chamber beautiful and bid it whisper to you.

Can you decorate your temples with scalps and bones and teeth brought from the terrible battle fields of the Transvaal or Natal?

No, for though we war with men, we know that our God is a God of peace, and that in warring we must go out with a heart praying for peace, even though the hand be armed with sword and lance and rifle.

We must only make war of necessity, and not of convenience or luxury or pleasure. We must ever keep before us the time of the great peace when swords shall be sharpened for the other Harvest, and spears shall be bent for the same.

We must learn that the time of Enmity is only a transient stage, and that the reign of Amity is the eternal.

We cannot hang scalps in our temples because our best instinct rebels against it, and when we analyze the reason why we learn that it is because the God of our hopes and of our affections is not a God of war, but a God of peace—that war may be a transient necessity, but that we must ever labour for its final termination.

But our highest instinct, our inmost best, our secret monitor, tells us that we cannot pollute our Harvest Festivals with naked ribs, or raw red sides, or hanging entrails.

We cannot decorate our pulpits with dead oxen, nor hang the slaughtered lamb beneath the picture of the Good Shepherd.

We cannot lay piles of opened sheep upon the chancel floor, nor bring the Mosaic condemned hog within the altar rails.

And why not? The grapes hang there in ripe clusters; the wheat sheaves stand up rich and brown; the oats and barley nod in tasseled harmony from lectern and prayer desk; the texts with their wondrous messages of meaning are embowered in the produce of field and orchard; the very altar table itself has its pile of rosy fruit—why do ruddy fruits and golden grains and nestling nuts speak of God in a sweet harmony with our hymns and our psalms and our prayers and our longings to touch the divine?

Why do the red fruits of raven and the livid products of the abattoir strike a discord so jarring that we dare not so decorate our churches?

The answer is the same—our God is not a God of cruelty, but is a God of mercy.

He is not a God of brutal selfishness but of infinite self sacrifice.

He is not a God of perpetuating pain, but One who ever comes with the sweet soothing of rest and peace.

This is why no Harvest Festival in a Christian land can hold a decoration of the dead, or offer up the produce of the slaughter-house in the temple of the divine.

This is why every Harvest Festival, year after year, in lowly village and in crowded town is holding up the beautiful gospel of our humane dietary.

Unconsciously the priest in the pulpit is preaching Aristophagy at every harvest time.

Unconsciously every choir who sings, every gentle lady who helps to decorate, every joyous school-child whose face beams at the beauty of the church, is learning and is teaching the great moral gospel of vegetarianism.

Unconsciously, all unconsciously, but none the less surely, the coming race will learn from the festivals of the church that flesh eating is condemned by the moral instinct, and must therefore die its death.

Flesh-eating is doomed to die, and its death-blow is being dealt by those whose eyes are blinded to the truth they are teaching, and whose minds are all unconscious of the modification of the race which they are helping to accomplish.

Take up your story, you who are brave, and teach the best at all costs. Take up your parable, you who are preaching the good tidings of peace to the world. Tell it out from pulpit and desk and altar rail, that the message of Harvest is a message of freedom from blood-guiltiness, is a message of peace to all creation, is a message of deliverance to that creation which is groaning and travailing in pain and anguish and sorrow, and longing for the deliverance which the White Christ has promised shall come.

- Josiah Oldfield.

THE WEB OF LIFE.

As in the gloom-embroidered night
 The stars, like yellow blossoms, gleam;
 As on a dark pool's turbid breast
 The fairest lilies whitely beam,
 From trodden grapes the red wine flows,
 From heaven's tears the rainbow springs,
 From Love's despair of anguish born,
 The nightingale so sweetly sings;
 As rise the coral's rosy reefs
 From tiny burdens ceaseless borne;
 As pearls upon the sea-shell's wounds
 Grow fast and heal the edges torn—
 So shall thy deeds shine forth to make
 Or mar thy life's fair tapestry,
 Each noble act that thou hast done
 Comes back in fruitage rich to thee.
 The smile that cheers the fainting heart,
 The word that makes another glad,
 The hand that heals thy brother's hurt,
 Uplifts the wan and soothes the sad,
 Upon thy robe of life shall shine
 In priceless gem of purest ray.
 Weave well thy web in fashion fair
 With cunning hand, nor ever stay
 Until the Master's voice shall fall
 In sweetest cadence on thine ear:
 "Well hast thou wrought, O faithful one!
 Lay down thy task and enter here."

Alice F. Schmall.

A New Form of Chivalry.

In olden times when it was customary for strong and unscrupulous men to trample upon human rights—and especially those of woman-kind—trusting to thick walls or sharp weapons for protection from any interference, many true-hearted souls consecrated their lives to the task of combatting oppression and injustice—of upholding the cause of the defenceless. After counting well the cost of waging war



against prevalent lawlessness and barbarity, and of proclaiming themselves champions of Right against Might, they held a solemn vigil over their arms and the insignia of their knighthood, and then with earnest purpose they went forth to

strive against tyranny, to help the weak and down-trodden ones of this world, and to enlighten the intellectual darkness of their time by exalting noble ideals in a materialistic and degenerate age. As we read of the doings of such men and apprehend the altruism and romance that shed a halo over their lives, some of us, perhaps, find ourselves wishing that we had lived in the 'good old days' of the 'Bayards' and 'Galahads' and of King Arthur's round table, so that we, too, might have embraced chivalry as a career and have won both the golden spurs of knighthood and a deathless fame.

But the olden times have gone and in particular that type of chivalry has passed away with them. We cannot now ride forth in armour, thus to do and dare with trusty lance and sword. If we would be knights in any true sense to-day, we must seek a knighthood that is adapted to the age in which we live, we must search for such wrongs as stand in most urgent need of redress in this closing year of the nineteenth century, we must embrace a life of chivalry under changed conditions and in a different garb. Yet such a life can be ours! We may emulate the deeds of those who carve their names upon the scrolls of history by their unselfish efforts to befriend the friendless, to uplift the fallen and to deliver the captive ones of their day and generation.

The Order of the Golden Age was founded for the express purpose of creating just such aspirations as these in the hearts of men and women of this present day, and of banding them together into a holy and united Brotherhood which should be pledged, essentially, to just such a life as those knights lived in the by-gone days—to the doing of the same sort of deeds—to the uplifting of the same kind of ideals. For nearly five years, messages have now been sent forth to the ends of the earth, calling earnest souls to a crusade against prevalent tyrannical customs and degenerate ideas, against the unjust exploitation and sacrifice of whole races of weak and defenceless beings, against widespread inhumanity and pitiless massacre. By hundreds they have responded to this call and in all lands these first recruits of a great crusading host, which is destined to transform Christendom, are now striving to further the three main purposes which we have at heart—the promotion of spirituality, enlightenment and humaneness, the creation of a general recognition of the rights of all our fellow-creatures (both human and sub-human), and the abolition of cruelty, butchery and carnivorousness.

It is no Utopian programme which we have before us. Our ideals are so practical and utilitarian in their nature that they concern all the great social problems of our time. The plan of campaign which we, as workers for God and Humanity and for a Golden Age, have adopted, promises to bring about a solution of these problems more speedily and more thoroughly than any other methods yet put forward either from the pulpit or the press. We are not mere visionary enthusiasts! There is common-sense in our strategy—as time will prove! We are not beating the air, nor does the chivalry we advocate savour of mere "carpet knighthood." Heavy fighting is before us, but our warfare is pregnant with limitless possibilities concerning the world's amelioration. Its beneficent nature is twofold! We seek to deliver the oppressed and at the same time to bring blessing to the oppressors—to save countless millions of sentient beings from pitiless ill-treatment and from the death penalty unjustly and mercilessly inflicted, and to prevent an incalculable amount of human pain, sin and misery by removing the cause of the same.

We strive to uphold the Laws of God, physical and moral, we deprecate the general transgression of such Laws which is now taking place throughout Christian lands with such disastrous results, unchecked and unchallenged by Church or State. We strive to uplift noble ideals, to exalt true gentleness and courtesy, to promote the quest after Truth and the search for the "Holy Grail," we seek to follow the Christ and to establish the Kingdom of Love, Righteousness, Spirituality and Power which He came to proclaim.

Having thus endeavoured to show that the form of chivalry which we have embraced is practical, real, and worthy of respect, I will now say something about a new form of Knighthood which is to be established. For some time past the Executive Council have realized the necessity of recognising in some way such distinguished service and conspicuous devotion to the interests of our great Cause as is displayed by some of the Members of The Order. This is necessary, not so much for their own sakes as to encourage others to follow their example; but at the same time it is felt that they will be strengthened and inspired to put forth still greater effort in the future if they realize more fully the dignity and honour which is connected with such work, and which is attached to it by those whose enlightenment enables them to justly appraise its value. As a result of this conviction, the Council have passed a resolution to the following effect, viz.: "That the time has now arrived when the interests of The Order demand that some special distinction shall be conferred upon such members as put forth earnest effort to accomplish the fulfilment of its ideals and who consecrate time, strength and money to this end. That the rank of Knighthood of The Order of the Golden Age be therefore created and that the distinction be conferred upon such members as the Executive Council may consider, from time to time, to merit and to be likely to worthily bear the same, and who are prepared to make the following pledges in writing to the Council.

1.—I hereby declare that I embrace the ideals set forth in the Prospectus and Rules of The Order of the Golden Age and that I will devote as much of my time, strength and money as I conscientiously feel I can do, to the accomplishment of those ideals.

2.—I further promise that for so long as I remain a Member of The Order, I will, in the spirit of true loyalty and brotherhood uphold and stand by the Members of the Executive Council and the Knights of The Order. And if a time should ever come when I feel that I can no longer do this, or

if a majority of the Executive Council should consider that I am no longer worthy to bear the title of a Knight of The Order of the Golden Age and should request me to resign the same, I will peaceably acquiesce in their decision and will return my certificate and badge of Knighthood, and refrain from doing any injury to the interests of The Order or its leaders, either by word or deed.

Apart from the distinction thus conferred upon our most able and devoted workers with a view to their encouragement, the Council feel that a band of front-rank men and women will thus be formed who can be depended upon to stand together in any hour of trial or emergency, and to worthily uphold the prestige of The Order and the interests of our Movement upon public platforms and in the Press. 'Quality' rather than 'quantity' has been our motto from the first, and we have not sought to enlist mere 'adherents' by enrolling all and sundry in our Fraternity who chose to offer themselves. The door to Membership has, nevertheless, been necessarily open to such as would sign the pledges printed upon our application form, and who we had reason to believe (after making enquiry of others), were conscientious and sincere persons of sound mind and of true heart.

With very few exceptions our Members have proved to be true and steadfast souls, and such defections as we have had during the past five years could be counted upon one's fingers. Many more might have been expected, seeing that we call upon all who seek admission to The Order to become pledged abstainers from animal food and advocates of our principles, and that we can only test the thoroughness of our converts by experience. Yet, although the Council feel gratified and encouraged on account of having such a record, and although they feel they may look to the majority of our Members to bear themselves worthily, and to uphold the interests of this Order, they cannot avoid the conviction that an inner circle should be created of fully accredited representatives of the Brotherhood—by whom the world may judge it—an inner circle of Members who not only understand and share our ideals, but who have proved that they are individually prepared to labour earnestly for their advancement, and to deny themselves daily in some manner, in order to bring about their accomplishment.

On the first day of the Twentieth Century the first Members of this new Order of Knighthood will be elected and enrolled—to battle for the conversion of the world in general, and of Christendom in particular, to a recognition of the kinship and the rights of the sub-human races; to the conviction that carnivorousness on the part of man is a transgression against physical and moral law which entails certain penalty; to a realization of the fact that the wanton and needless infliction of torture, pain or death upon defenceless but sentient creatures, either by individuals or communities, is an outrage of the principles of Justice, Mercy and Love, which, as such, stands condemned at the judgment seat of Heaven; to the belief that God requires the manifestation of kindness and benevolence on the part of man towards his earth-mates rather than a correct theological creed; and to the apprehension of the truth that purity of food tends to promote purity of thought and life, that carnality, whether of body or mind, entails death, and that spirituality, if earnestly sought after and attained, will bring to its possessor Life, Happiness, Power and Immortality.

On the last day of the dying Century those who are to be enrolled will be asked to spend some hours alone with God, face to face with the responsibility of such a life-work as this,

and to pass the last two hours before the dawn of the coming Century in a solemn vigil. Their gold Badge of Knighthood will be before them and they will be asked to fully count the cost before they take it up and make it their own. After election they will be entitled to wear the hood and stole of The Order at public and private conventions of the same, to attend all meetings of the General Council, and to write the letters K.O.G.A. after their names if so disposed. The Executive Council will henceforth rely upon them to make their presence felt in the front rank of our fighting-line, and to aid the leaders of this movement as much as they are able, and in any way which commends itself to them. Other names will be added to the Roll from time to time as new converts and workers come to the front, but the Council feel that all Members will understand the many reasons which exist to cause them to proceed slowly and prudently in this matter. There are some who may be worthy of the distinction who are not yet sufficiently known to the Executive Council to make their election possible. Such will become better known and recognized in due course. There may be others who could win their way to this distinction but who have not yet fully realized the greatness and significance of the mission of The Order as an agency raised up by the Higher Powers for leading Christendom to a higher conception of life and duty—a "Christian" conception in place of the semi-pagan one which at present generally prevails. Such consequently have not yet engaged in this work in a whole hearted manner; they have not yet put forth the effort which they could do; the divine fire has not yet reached them to kindle a burning enthusiasm and a prophetic zeal. Let them reflect upon the world's pain, let them read about and dwell upon the awful pangs which are being hourly endured by creatures who can feel and suffer just as we do, but who are condemned to life-long slavery, to continued beating and ill-treatment, to execution at the hands of human brutes, or to appalling torture at the hands of human fiends. Let them realize the fate of the horses that fall dead by scores upon the streets of the Metropolis of Christian England, overlaid and pitilessly thrashed to death after only five years of existence, or of those tens of thousands of still more wretched victims who have been mutilated or overworked to exhaustion, and left to the vultures, by Englishmen in Africa. Let them visit our abattoirs and slaughter-houses, let them get into our laboratories for physical research (if they can) and learn what atrocities are licensed by the elected legislators of this Christian land for the supposed benefit, ultimately, of selfish men and women who cheerfully acquiesce in such deeds, whilst singing psalms and crying to Heaven for mercy *for themselves*.

If such Members or Friends thus became acquainted with stern facts they may feel constrained to consecrate their lives and their best efforts to this work of "breaking the bonds of wickedness asunder, and of letting the oppressed go free."

We expect that thousands of such Crusaders will be raised up, for the hour has arrived when God wants this work to be done. *There can be no Millennium until it is done!* Pain and Death cannot be abolished until orthodox Christendom ceases its wanton, selfish, and heedless infliction of the same. The groaning of creation will not cease until the Sons of God are made manifest upon this earth—those who like their Lord, "the first-born amongst many Brethren," are gentle, harmless, and self-sacrificing, and bent upon promoting the doing of God's holy and beneficent will upon Earth. Neither can the abolition of human pain, suffering and misery be accom-

plished until man ceases to violate the physical laws which govern his being. Already there is evidence that a new dispensation is at hand, a humane and spiritual dispensation. It is for those who have "eyes to see" to hasten the advent of this brighter day—by throwing themselves heart and soul into the glorious work of exalting such ideals as will humanize mankind and christianize Christendom.

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

Sidney H Beard.

Performing Animals.

The trainers of performing animals have of late been enjoying a very pleasant time in London. They have been well to the fore in the variety theatres,

and the section of the press to which the public looks for information about trainers and their ways, has published a series of interviews and articles all tending to show that the men who train animals are little lower than the angels. Now, in point of fact, the case of the unfortunate dogs, bears, and other animals put through ridiculous exercises for the amusement of an unthinking public, is no better than it was some years ago when I called attention to a few of the barbarities practised, and the *Daily Chronicle* appointed a Commissioner to enquire into the matter. No good may follow further exposure, but protest becomes due

when well-meaning, simple writers go to men who train animals, ask them if they are cruel, and on receiving the inevitable reply in the negative, gravely state that kindness does all that is required.

Some time ago one of our most popular weekly papers published an interview with a man who trains bears. "Training is the embodiment of everything benevolent," said the trainer in effect. "Sugar and soft words avail to make bears swing upon the trapeze, balance themselves upon big balls, and go through the rest of their funny manœuvres." The article duly appeared, and Mr. Trainer went on from London to a theatre in the North of England, where the chief engineer of the house, entering upon the scene of daily practice one morning unexpectedly, found the trainer behaving so cruelly to his unfortunate beasts, that he went up and remonstrated with him. "Leave me to mind my own business and attend to your own," said the gentle trainer, who had previously explained the possibilities of kindness to a credulous journalist. "English law does not come between a man and his bears." This is strictly true, bears are in law *feræ natura*, you can torture them daily if the pastime is sufficiently amusing.

More recently I was watching a troupe of performing animals on a London stage. The trainer put his hand up to his ear, a cat ran up to him and began to lick his hand—to the audience it appeared as though the cat were talking to the trainer. "There is no cruelty in that," said a lady who accompanied me. I made careful enquiry. Mr. Trainer feeds his cats once only in the twenty-four hours, always after the performance, they come upon the stage in a starving condition. Before he works this particular trick he rubs some rancid fat on the palm of his hand, the starving cat rushes up to lick it off.

I went to a director of one of our great variety houses and said to him: "Mr. X., whose performing dogs are here, is as cruel a brute as you will find in London. He tortures his animals; their life is a short experience of hell, for happily many die off." The director is a kind good-hearted man, who would not have a horse driven with a bearing rein. He asked me to come into the auditorium. Mr. X. was giving his turn, the public was applauding vehemently. "Now," said the director, "you see what the public wants. When X. is on the stage he may not ill-treat his animals; the shifters and carpenters have instructions to report any case of cruelty to the stage manager. I can't be expected to interfere with what is done outside the theatre, and the public chooses the form of its own entertainment." *Voilà tout.*

The condition of trained animals is going from bad to worse, for with every season competition between the trainers becomes keener, and the intellect of the animals is not progressive. I say in all seriousness, and with deep regret, that the majority of elephants, lions, bears, dogs, and cats, exhibited before the public suffer constant and unremitting torture, that the delicate tricks performed can only be accomplished under most rigid coercion since they are entirely foreign to the animals' understanding. There are a few, a very few, humane trainers; the simpler tricks can be taught by kindness, and severe ill-treatment is not usually inflicted upon horses or monkeys, for the horses sulk and the monkeys die. If the public could see the training instead of the performance, there are half-a-dozen men regularly appearing in London who could not face an audience without a fair chance of being lynched.

I do not write with any hope of an immediate improvement in the condition of trained animals; while the public remains indifferent, the blot upon our public entertainment must remain. I merely wish to protest against the misleading stories of training by kindness with which the reading public has been recently overwhelmed. The seekers after truth must go to the trainer, he must find out where the trainer keeps his animals and make a few casual inquiries in the neighbourhood. He will find that the neighbours know all about training time. Then he must inspect the animals, or get an unprejudiced person to do so—a task often difficult, but one I have not yet failed to accomplish. The very last person in the world to consult is the trainer himself. "I lof mein animals," said a particularly brutal foreigner to me one night, little suspecting that I knew all his black record by heart, "unt mein wife, she lofs the animals also." He and his wife have been known to kill animals in training if they could not do the work required, and of the two his wife is, if possible, the more vicious. Doubtless the inexperienced writer would take Mr. Z. at his word, and declare that his animals enjoyed one long holiday from birth to death.

Sometimes when I look round the house in some brilliant palace of variety, and see the audience that applauds performing animal "turns," I am satisfied that if the truth could be brought home to them, they would prefer to protest rather than to applaud. Many a manager only awaits the first unmistakable indication of the public's preference for other turns, to banish the performing animals from his house. I know journalists whose influence and humane feeling are equally great, and editors whose natural kindness of heart would astonish Miss Corelli. And yet week after week I see the dull hopeless procession of tortured animals; I know when their trainers leave London they carry contracts to return, and that they will devote all the spare time to making fresh experiments utterly regardless of the means to the end. Elsewhere I read glowing reports of the success attending the labours of the R.S.P.C.A. I see that the mutilation of horses, dogs, and poultry is being sternly discouraged, diatribes against bull-fighting and cock-fighting are as regularly recurrent as the odes to Spring. Dubbing and docking are out of fashion. Improvement is rife everywhere, except upon the variety stage where cruelty, hideous revolting, and, above all, unnecessary remains rampant.

S. L. Bensusan.

Editorial Notes.

I have several times pointed out that every member of The Order should do something to help on the Cause.

We must not *dream* about others working, we must not merely sit on the roadside and clap our hands as the toilers wear their way to the front, we must not be content to pray for the Golden Age, we must work for it, we must self-sacrifice for it.

* * *

One of the simplest and at the same time one of the most efficacious ways of working is to get little paragraphs or letters into the ordinary Press.

The circulation of all the vegetarian papers put together is not equal to that of one of our great London dailies.

The vegetarian journals circulate largely among vegetarians, who already know a great deal of the truth, while the ordinary press circulates among the Philistines, whom we want to teach and whose eyes we are anxious to open.

* * *

A LITERARY LEAGUE.

We ought to have a picked band of writers who will be ready to send a letter whenever an opening occurs in a newspaper and who will be prepared to support each other when a correspondence is once started on our subject.

The Literary League which I founded years ago in connection with *The Vegetarian* is doing splendid work as an adjunct of the Vegetarian Federal Union, but we ought to have twice as many members upon it as we have.

Mr. Downes, on going out to Mashonaland, had to resign the work he had so enthusiastically taken up, but Miss Ethel Springett has undertaken the Honorary Secretaryship and will welcome all new members who will help with their pen.

* * *

A PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION.

Here is an illustration. You see a paragraph in your local paper which relates to a case of cruelty in killing an animal for food. You promptly cut out the piece and send it to Miss Springett, marking on it the name and address and date of the paper. You also write a letter to your newspaper pointing out the essential connection which exists between Butchery and Cruelty, and demanding in the name of our common Humanity that the vulgarisation of character, which cruelty always brings with it, should be terminated.

The secretary on receipt of your cutting, sends a message to two or three other members of the League and they promptly write letters to the Editor of your local paper supporting you, and thus all the readers of your local Press get instruction on this most important gospel of Humaneness.

* * *

WHAT ALL CAN DO.

There are some who cannot do even this, but there are other things that even *they* can do.

First: They can send us cuttings from any papers they read, so that if unable to write a letter themselves, other members can be got to take up the matter.

Second: They can cut *something* out of *The Herald* every month and send it to the Editor of a newspaper. If this is done judiciously, a good many of these paragraphs will be printed, for Editors are always pleased to receive and use suitable articles.

By this means not only will the name and existence of *The Herald* become widely known, but our Gospel will be preached to an immense audience that we otherwise could not reach.

METHOD.

Do not forget that no good work is done by spasms. Carnivorous animals work spasmodically and do but little to improve the character of the world. Vegetarian animals work with a patient perseverance which makes the desert bloom and transforms the wilderness into a home of fertility.

We must remember our kin and ever work with patience and with perseverance, with one steadfast aim, and with one single purpose win our way to influence and to power.

* * *

THE RESULT.

I quote the following as an interesting illustration of the result which can be achieved from my advice.

The *Daily News*, in an article entitled "A Few Vegetarian Dishes," written in reply to an enquiry, says to its thousands of readers:—

Vegetarians have already divided themselves into sects, which may roughly be classified as the broad, the high, and the low. Taking the broad as a basis, the field of possible dishes may be regarded as large enough to supply a man with all he needs, if he be not habituated to a very frequent eating of meat. Eggs and milk are full of nourishment, and any recipes dealing with these may safely be selected from ordinary cookery books, only taking care to substitute butter for dripping. The latter is, of course, a heresy, proceeding as it does, from cooked meat. Vegetables fried in butter largely supply the flavour to soups and broths which the meat-eater would at first most certainly miss. Macaroni is valuable indeed to the vegetarian, if he can only get it pure. Wholemeal bread should be preferred to white for the same reason. Macaroni made in England is, as a rule, composed of ordinary flour, instead of wheatmeal. This robs it of at least two-thirds of its value. It should always be thrown into boiling water. The Italians cook it in the following way:—Fry an onion in slices in some butter in the bottom of a saucepan, and when the onion is a golden brown, add some chopped mushrooms, and add sufficient water in which these may simmer for two hours. Plunge half a pound of macaroni in a pint of boiling water, and when it is tender drain it, pour cold water over it, drain again, then add it to the stock. When thoroughly hot, serve it with grated Parmesan. Quenelles of macaroni are excellent. The latter is boiled till tender, then passed through a sieve, mixed with finely grated bread-crumbs and well-beaten eggs, with pepper, salt, &c. It is formed into balls, poached in boiling water, and served with tomato sauce.

* * *

SOUPS.

Excellent soups can be made of tapioca, eggs, and cream; tomatoes and rice; apples, celery, cream, and bread fried in butter; chestnuts, butter, and cream; artichokes, salsify, and many other kinds of vegetable. The well-known "potage à la bonne femme" is quite a vegetarian dish, composed of lettuce, sorrel, tarragon, chervil, cucumber, and cream. Eggs may be largely used in soups as a substitute for cream. There are at least one hundred and fifty ways of cooking eggs, and if our supply were only as fresh and abundant as it ought to be the vegetarian would find in them an infinite variety. Omelets with tomatoes, herbs, or cheese are not difficult to make. There is the whole range of puddings, pies, and patties open to the vegetarian, if only he remembers to use butter instead of suet or dripping.

* * *

HARMONY OR DISCORD.

Here is a beautiful little sermon which some kind friend has sent me. We must be in harmony with the beautiful and not at discord with the best within us.

This is the message.

Who is there that does not acknowledge that his own well-being consists, not exclusively in the absence of physical pain and the presence of the sources and conditions of physical pleasure, but also in the moral, spiritual, and emotional relations in which he finds himself with human beings, the animate and inanimate nature around him, and the all-embracing and all-pervading Spirit in whom we live and have our being?

The man who in advocating any line of supposed progress, finds himself attempting to benefit humanity by securing some degree of physical comfort at the expense of establishing a spiritual discord between man and his surroundings, should surely ask himself whether he is not misconceiving the essential conditions and objects of human action.

* * *

SPIRITUAL OR MATERIAL.

When we get nearer to the borderland we begin to learn that it is the spirit which lives and the body which dies—that it is the spiritual which is all important, and that it is the material which fades into insignificance.

Let us learn to live in the spirit and we shall live indeed.

This is the message which I gather from the speech of the aged Prince Hohenlohe, the German Chancellor, when he

was addressing the Berlin Academy of Science, and when he said :—

I have grown old in the belief in the progress of man, and, indeed, in his upward progress. Now I must confess that my belief has in latter years become somewhat shaken. The naturally necessary struggle for existence has lately assumed a direction and a form which remind one of occurrences in the animal world, and make one fear progress in a descending line. So it is beneficial to see so many distinguished representatives of science, the heroes of mental work, assembled here, and to gain the comforting conviction that there still exists sufficient spiritual strength and power to dam the threatening torrent of material interests back to its right level. May you also further succeed in the solution of this task.

A science which will restore spirituality and put fetters upon materialism, that is science indeed.

* * *

ABATTOIRS AND PRIVATE SLAUGHTER- HOUSES.

The Executive Council of The Order of the Golden Age has passed a unanimous resolution to the effect that

The Order can in no way advocate the substitution of Abattoirs for Private Slaughter-houses.

The Council has decided that while other societies may advocate half measures and substitutionary ideals, it can have no lower aim than the termination of Butchery for commercial purposes and no lesser measures than the abolition of the vulgarity of using flesh for human food.

To The Order and its Members, therefore, the Abattoir and the Private Slaughter-house alike must be *anathema maranatha*.

* * *

REASONS.

For the moment I cannot give the reasons which have weighed with the Council in arriving at this conclusion, but would rather point to that beautiful bond of obedience which in our Order unites all so indissolubly in one.

The Council have weighed the subject and considered it with the greatest care, and having arrived at a definite decision, lay it upon the members to carry it out and uphold it earnestly, loyally, and strenuously wherever they may be.

* * *

MUNICIPAL PUBLIC HOUSES.

I am tempted, however, when dealing with this subject, to quote the words of the great Temperance authority, who is also a staunch Vegetarian, Mr. Joseph Malins.

If what he says is true about a preparation made from the grains of the field, how much more would it be true about that which can only be obtained by agony and death, by torture and suffering, by moans and weariness, by long drawn-out pain, by deterioration of character and brutalising of mind, by turning men from gentle angels of mercy into death-dealing emblems of destruction. Mr. Malins writes :—

Strong as the liquor traffic is as a private monopoly, it is nevertheless vulnerable. As a municipal or public monopoly we think it would be almost invulnerable. But this is a case in which we should not ask, "Is it expedient?" but "Is it right for us to enter into and carry on the liquor traffic—even to reform it?" To say we Temperance men are already in the traffic is to play with language. The nation, as such, is implicated in it, but we individual abstainers and prohibitionists are not in it. God keep us clear of it still. This proposal for us to join in carrying it on is well meant, but is rotten in principle, and would be horrible to practise.

Even with a narrow municipal archway over it, it is still the gate of hell, and so it will remain—even though Nonconformist ministers straighten the road to it, and clericals perfume its paving with incense or sprinkle it with holy water. It is a time for plain speaking. When it becomes right for Y.M.C.A.'s to engage to sell to Satan a milder brimstone, and to apply the profits to Christian missions, it will be time for holy men to enter this traffic in alcohol in order to moderate its evils and apply the profit to Temperance recreation rooms.

* * *

RED WAR.

The more I read of the war the more dreadful it all seems.

There is no use striving to prevent individual wars and blaming men here and men there for causing them.

Individual men can't make war. It needs the spirit of two nations before a war can be entered upon.

It is *character* therefore which must be altered, and *mind* which must be modified, before wars will cease and nations live at unity and be willing to bear and to forbear.

For this development of the divine character ye shall labour and shall pray.

* * *

A DYING WAR HORSE.

Mr. Hales of the *Daily News* is a fearless correspondent. He writes his opinions without caring for any man. Of man and beast alike his reports are infinitely pathetic. Here is an example of the latter :—

A horse drops wearily upon his knees, looks round dumbly on the wilderness of blackness, then turns his piteous eyes upward towards the skies that seem so full of laughing loveliness, then, with a sob which is almost human in the intensity of its pathos, the tired head falls downwards, the limbs contract with spasmodic pain, then stiffen into rigidity; and one wonders if the Eternal mocked that silent appeal from those sad eyes, eyes that had neither part nor lot in the sin and sorrow of war, how shall a man dare look upwards for help when the bitterness of death draws nigh unto him?

The grey lines above, on flank and front and rear, were with greedy speed converging to one point, until they flock in a horrid, struggling, fighting, revolting mass of beaks and feathers above the fallen steed, as devils flock around the deathbed of a defaulting deacon.

A soldier on the outer edge of the extended line swings his rifle with swift back-handed motion over his shoulder, and brings the butt amidst the crowd of carrion.

The vultures hop with grotesque ungainly motions from their prey, and stand with wings extended and clawed feet apart, their necks outstretched and curved heads dripping slime and blood, a fitting setting amongst the black ruin of war.

The charger now looks upward from eyeless sockets; his gutted carcass, flattened into a shapeless streak, shrinks towards the earth, as if asking to be veiled from the laughter of the skies.

But there is neither pity from above nor shelter from below as the red wave of war, like the curse of the white Christ, sweeps over the land.

God grant that merry England may never witness, on her own green meadow lands, these sights and sounds which meet the eye and ear on African soil.

* * *

MY CORRES- PONDENTS.

One of the happiest duties in connection with our great movement is to receive the good news of its rapid spread.

Men's minds are opening to receive the good tidings of the simpler life, and women are beginning to ask themselves if it is not just a little bit vulgar, now-a-days, to be seen eating dead bodies.

From East and West, from North and South, from rich and poor, from young and old, the cheering words of sympathy, of strength, and of progress pour in.

Mrs. Hume, who has herself been a practical pioneer, and who has taught many a hundred visitors to her home in Bournemouth that variety and beauty, that fulness of satisfying nutriment, are to be obtained from the fleshless foods, writes :—

"I am so glad that the good tidings are spreading, as far as one can judge, I only wish that the Golden Age had indeed come when men's hearts would be fuller of love for their fellows and for the lesser animals too.

I am thankful to you for all the good things you write in *The Herald*. I look forward to its coming very much."

* * *

PIGEON SHOOTING.

Verily the dark places of the earth are full of cruelty and evil. If you ever hear of a pigeon shooting match, ponder over the striking words of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, uttered in the House of Commons in 1883, in which he says :—

In my opinion, the sight of a pigeon-ground, abounding with masses of feathers and blood, and wounded birds surrounding the trap, contrasting so hideously with the green grass and trees all around—with the sun, perhaps, shining brilliantly on the scene—is without exception the most horrible and repulsive sight possible to imagine. I have had the opportunity of watching the sight at Monte Carlo, though I never had the satisfaction of killing a pigeon myself. The pigeon shooting at Monte Carlo was conducted on the same principles as that at Hurlingham, and under similar rules. I saw the birds taken out of the basket, and before being put into the trap a man cut their tails with a large pair of scissors. That probably was not very cruel, because he only cut the quill, though at times he seemed to cut very close. But worse followed. After cutting the tail I saw the man take the bird in one hand, and with the other tear a great bunch of feathers from the breast and stomach of every pigeon. On asking the man what he did that for, he replied that it was to stimulate the birds in order that, maddened by excitement and pain, they might take a more eccentric leap into the air, and increase the chance of the pigeon gamblers.

TO-DAY.

It may be answered that Lord Randolph Churchill described the "sport" as it was years ago. But it is the same to-day. The fronts of houses are altered, new signs are put up, fresh paint is applied. But the same old drinking goes on inside.

A cruel "sport" is *always* cruel, whatever glosses may be put upon it, and whatever names it may be called by.

Here is a letter which proves my point, which I have cut from to-day's *Daily Express* :—

Valuable as the provisions of the Cruelty to Wild Animals in Captivity Bill may be in other ways, they will not go very far to suppress the cruelties of pigeon shooting. The proposal is to make it an offence to maltreat a wild animal while it "is kept in close confinement, or is maimed, pinioned, or subjected to any appliance or contrivance so as to hinder or prevent its escape."

But as soon as the pigeon trap was opened the prohibition would cease to apply. Thus the essential cruelty connected with the actual shooting and wounding of birds which are kept in captivity and released only in order that their dash for freedom may test the skill of "Sportsmen" is left untouched. Any preliminary cruelties would, of course, be made offences; but so long as the "sport" itself goes on unchecked it will be very difficult to obtain the evidence necessary to secure convictions for these.

The so-called "sport," with both its regular and its irregular cruelties, should be put down altogether. What is really wanted is the revival and the passing of the Spurious Sports Bill of 1893, which proposed to make it an offence to hunt, course, or shoot, within one month of its release, "any animal which has been kept in confinement, and is released for the purpose of such hunting coursing or shooting;" and which also proposes to make it an offence to keep or use or assist in the management of any place for the purpose of such hunting, coursing, or shooting.

Stop the principal cruelty and the subordinate cruelties will cease. Even if public opinion is not ripe for the Spurious Sports Bill in its general application, it is certainly ripe for the application of these provisions to the case of birds. Then that first step will make the others easier.

J. DUNDAS WHITE.

I caught a blue rock pigeon on Saturday morning which had evidently been used for the purpose of affording some brutal "sport" to so-called Englishmen. The bird was shockingly mutilated—one of the legs being broken—the tail pulled out, and the wing flights twisted. Needless to say, I quickly despatched the poor thing out of its misery.—A. GEO. SMITH
Streatham Hill, S.W. (a pigeon fancier).

* * *

NEW ZEALAND.

From the uttermost ends of the earth the post brings in its varied budget, but every mail is a good one and every month sees fresh converts and new realms permeated with the gospel of humane living. Mr. Reynolds' thoughtful letter will be read with deep interest by thousands of readers and will, I hope, be the forerunner of many more to follow. Letters are always welcome.

"I cannot see my way clear yet," Mr. Reynolds writes, "to start a Food Reform Depot in New Zealand, not having sufficient capital to work upon. However I have handed the matter to the Secretary of the Christchurch Vegetarian Society to see what he can do in the way of introducing food reform stuffs to the public in Canterbury, New Zealand. I sent him a parcel of literature on vegetarianism, and he has informed me that he intends procuring a large parcel of books, papers, etc., from you regularly for the Society."

The cause is steadily progressing in New Zealand. The people are awakening to the fact that flesh-eating is unnatural and a bar to the progress of high living and thinking. At the same time, there is a great deal of aggressive work to be done yet. We have not even got public abattoirs for the slaughtering of animals in some of the principal townships in New Zealand. Cancer is terribly on the increase and yet very little is being done amongst the medical fraternity to lessen the disease. When will the New Zealand people open their eyes to the living truths before them of the great advantages to be derived from a non-flesh diet. The consumption of flesh food in the colony is enormous and the diseases produced thereby are rapidly on the increase. Send as much literature to New Zealand as you can. The people need it to educate them up to a higher standard of living.

* * *

WORK AND BUTCHERY.

I am working single handed in the cause of Vegetarianism in Akaroa, and, though I have had many a battle to fight, I consider it a greater victory when I have secured a convert than a victory secured on a bloody battle field. When will war cease—the killing of our fellowman? Eh? Not until the slaughtering of animals for food ceases. Killing man or beast cultivates the brutal instincts in man and must have a detrimental effect upon humanity. The present war at the Transvaal will either make or mar the future of England.

That nation which bestows upon the world humanitarian benefits must eventually predominate. The causes of the rise and fall of nations have been uniform the world's history over. We need not go so far back as the Chinese Empire, we may revert to Egypt, containing within itself the splendid powers and results of ages of civili-

sation that preceded it, the seat and citadel of learning, of science, of government, of wealth, of power—Egypt also held within her breast the germs of the same destruction that had caused the decadence of the nations of the East, namely, with prosperity came first disease, the desire of ambition, aggressive wars, pestilence, famine, destruction.

The Grecian and Roman Empires, supposed to represent the acme of human civilisation and culture, and even now pointed to as the highest and best efforts of human enlightenment and human civilisation, owed their decadence to the existence of two distinguished faults, isolation and ambition—isolation from the rest of the world because of their supposed superiority; ambition which restricted itself to material and intellectual instead of combining spiritual excellence also; and these caused the final overthrow of the finest evidences of civilisation that have yet existed upon the earth, because the later nations have not yet reached the acme of their power.

* * *

MORAL PROGRESS.

Spartan Lycurgus would be considered immoral to-day, since he caused to be put to death every imperfect infant that was born, and since no deformed person could be allowed to live. To-day that would be considered murder; it was then considered the epitome of moral law. It is considered by the majority of the British people at the present day perfectly moral to kill animals to satisfy man's depraved appetite; in three or four generations it will be considered murder to destroy warm-blooded animals who are essentially sentient creatures.

* * *

A WORLD'S SAVIOUR.

He is the world's saviour who invents a method or devises a means whereby millions of human beings may be put in possession of the means of life, for the great question with the mass of humanity is not what to do to each other, but how to live. The great question with the masses is not simply the moral law, and the higher code of nature, but what to feed their children with, and I affirm that the destiny of any race will greatly depend upon what it feeds its people on. Flesh foods demoralise and corrupt a nation. A mixed diet for a race, consisting of fruits, nuts, cereals and vegetables, elevate that race physically, mentally and morally. New Zealand is a fine country, and if the land was cut up into small sections it would support twenty times the present population (800,000 about, inclusive of Maori population). It is the large runs in New Zealand that prevent the rapid progress of New Zealand.

I enclose you a donation of £1 and shall be glad if you can send me 16 copies of *The Herald* monthly in future for free distribution. All new literature published by *The Herald* will be gladly accepted by one who desires to see New Zealand possessing an ideal and lofty humanity.

With kind greetings to yourself and co-workers in the cause."

* * *

ORIOLET HOSPITAL

I am asked to print the following notice and to extend a welcome to all members of The Order. This I very gladly do.

The Annual Festival of this Hospital (which is under the control of the Council of the Humanitarian Hospital of S. Francis, New Kent Road, London, S.E.) will be held on Saturday, Sept. 8th, from 3.30 to 7.30 p.m. Visitors will be received by the Council of the Hospital.

An Address dedicatory of the new OPEN AIR WARD to "God and Humanity," will be delivered by the Dowager Countess of Portsmouth. Nurses' Certificates will be presented by the Lady Gwendolen Herbert.

Tea in the Grounds (which adjoin Epping Forest), and Silver Collection. Festival Service in the Hospital Chapel, and Address by Dr. Josiah Oldfield.

Application for Invitation Tickets should be made at once to the Sec., Hospital of S. Francis, New Kent Road, S.E.; or Oriolet Hospital, Loughton, Essex. Loughton is half-an-hour from Liverpool Street Station.

* * *

Miss Braddon is busy working for The PHOTOGRAPHS. Order in North Devon, and to a long and helpful letter she adds:—

"I greedily devour *The Herald*, and assimilate it to the help of my soul directly I get it, and lend it—after marking—to anyone who will read it. I always wish it was a weekly paper, but I don't *forget* how busy those who compile it are, and so am content.

I should also be glad to know if pictures of the Editor, and the late Editor, and all the moving souls in the Cause are to be had at your publishing house? I want especially Mr. Sidney Beard's and Dr. Oldfield's to be amongst my collection of "Makers of History."

The Herald as a monthly paper is doing work which no weekly paper can ever do. A weekly paper is almost necessarily a *news* paper; *The Herald* is an *Evangel* paper.

Photographs of most of our workers can be obtained from headquarters at the usual rates, and there is an album there ready to receive and welcome the photograph of every member of The Order.

Six Months' Hard Labour.



Few people have very accurate ideas of "Dungeons," "Bread and Water," etc.; others seem to think that Gaol should contain all the advantages of Hotel life.

To give my readers a fair idea of "durance vile" I shall place myself in the prisoner's position and serve "Six Months' Hard Labour."

It is a breezy day in April and I am walking down High Street, in a contemplative mood, when I feel a hand laid upon my shoulder and I hear a voice say: "Mr. Y——, I

believe?"

I wheel round, and in a moment my hand is grasped affectionately, and I am gazing into the eyes of a shrewd-looking individual.

"Hadn't we better take a cab?" I suggest; and in a few minutes we are bowling along in the direction of the Town Hall.

Arrived there, I am led upstairs into an office, and after supplying my name, address, age, etc., and yielding up my worldly possessions, I am introduced to a mug of weak tea and some bread and butter (?) A door is then opened and I am ushered into a long corridor, on the right of which are about half-a-dozen cells. At the end is a lavatory and three water closets.

The windows, strongly barred, look down upon a court, where several scavengers are at work.

There are no other prisoners in the station, so entering one of the cells I sit down upon the wooden bench which runs along the side—a combined seat and bed. The clock is just above me, and I can hear each quarter chime.

About four o'clock the door is opened, and a dishevelled figure lurches in. He mutters a greeting, staggers into the nearest cell, and immediately falls asleep.

How long that night appeared! At 6.30 I am washed and impatiently waiting to be taken down to the Police Court.

My friend the "drunk," after washing himself and imbibing a great deal of water, appears sufficiently sober to deny the charge of having been "disorderly" on the previous day.

At ten o'clock the door is thrown open, and I am at last invited upstairs. After answering the superintendent's searching questions, we proceed through the courts to Dickenson Street. The ready courtesy of the genial "Head" has supplied a cab to convey us to Minshull Street, and in a few minutes I am walking down some steps that lead to the "cages."

About 11.30, I and my new companions are released, and, ascending a narrow staircase, we are placed in the partitioned space immediately below the dock.

I need not describe the case, etc.; all who delight in their newspaper will be familiar with the scene.

At about 3 o'clock I am introduced to the prison van. It is a dark conveyance, divided down by the centre by a screen, the men being placed on the one side and the women on the other.

It is almost dark, only having a few holes in the roof for ventilation. We are huddled in like sheep in a pen. I am

wedged in a corner, and the monotony of the journey is relieved by my nearest companion, an old burglar, who relates some of his most startling adventures.

At last we arrive at Strangeways, and, following the warder who has guarded the door during our short journey, we are ushered into the reception ward. Here, after being carefully examined, the particulars of our complexions, colour of hair and eyes, defects and tattoo marks (if any) are entered into a large book. We then have a hurried bath, and receive a new suit of "brown." In a state of half-dress we are then placed in a long line, and one by one are examined by the doctor. He sounds each one of us, and, after asking a few questions, we pass out by another door and finish dressing.

One of the head warders now appears with a card of rules, and after reading these in an impressive manner, we are each locked in a small box-like compartment. How long we remained there I cannot say, but eventually the doors are opened, and we are led to the Central Hall. Here we are again placed in a line, and the warder-librarian passes along with the question: "Protestant or Catholic?" Each prisoner receives his books and we are then passed by the Governor.

It is now apparently supper time, for warders are hurrying hither and thither, and soon a babel of voices is calling for Jones, Brown, or Robinson. I hear a voice calling Y—— Y——, and, stepping hastily forward, I am seized by the arm, and a tin and piece of bread being thrust into my hands, I am hurriedly led upstairs into my cell.

"Too busy to speak to you to-night, sir, see you to-morrow," and clang goes my door.

I look around me, I am in an apartment about 14ft. x 12ft. The walls are freshly white-washed and the floor is tiled. Light is admitted by means of a high window, strongly barred; the panes are of thick muffled glass, so that I cannot view the scenery from my "home." A table and stool seem to be the only furniture. Several tin utensils—water can and washing bowl, are placed against the wall, and in a corner is a small shelf upon which are placed salt-box, small drinking can, soap, wooden spoon, slate and pencil, and comb and brush. I look at my newly-acquired treasures and find that I hold a Bible, a Prayer Book, and Hymn Book. I place these on the shelf and sit down on my stool. On the opposite wall are hung three cards. I rise to examine these, and find that one is a brief account of the Prisoners' Aid Society, the second contains hymns and prayers, for morning and evening use; and the third is headed in bold black letters—"Progressive Stages for Prisoners." From this I learn the following particulars which I have, of course, condensed:—

"There shall be four stages, and each prisoner shall go through all or as many of them as his term of imprisonment admits.

A prisoner shall be able to earn eight, seven, or six marks per day, according to the degree of his industry.

He shall commence in the first stage and shall remain in that stage until he has earned 8 x 28 or 224 marks.

In the second and third stages until he has earned further 224 marks or 672 in all.

In the fourth stage during the remainder of his term.

A prisoner in the first stage will (1) Be employed on hard manual or bodily labour for not more than ten nor less than six hours each day, exclusive of meals. (2) Sleep without a mattress for the first 14 days of his sentence. (3) Be allowed books of religious education.

A prisoner in the second stage will (1) Be employed on labour of a less hard description. (2) Receive school

instruction if eligible under the Prison Rules. (3) Be allowed a library book which shall be changed once a week.

In the third stage (1) Be employed on labour as in the second stage. (2) Receive school instruction. (3) Be allowed a library book which will be changed twice a week, as well as books of instruction. (4) Be allowed to write and receive a letter, and have a visit of 20 minutes.

In the fourth stage (1) Be employed on labour as in the second stage. (2) Receive school instruction. (3) Be allowed a library book which shall be changed twice a week. (4) Be allowed to receive and write a letter when he has earned 112 marks in this stage, and a further letter and visit for each 224 further marks.

On the opposite side of the card are a list of rules. These rules have been greatly modified within the last 12 months. There are about 25 offences which render a prisoner liable to punishment, but only two render him liable to corporal punishment, *i.e.*, Mutiny or incitement to mutiny, and assault upon any officer or employé of the prison or works.

In a little while the warder comes round for the empty supper tin and I am left to slumber.

The prison day commences at 6 a.m.; breakfast at 7.30; chapel on alternate mornings at 8.45; exercise at 10.30; dinner at 12; supper at 5.45; bed at 8. In a few days I am quite at home, and after the first two months have elapsed I am enjoying the perusal of two library books per week. I need not say how eagerly I had anticipated this privilege, and how I valued my homely-bound "friends."

As before stated, from the hour when he enters into the cell which crime or misconduct has assigned him for a place of punishment, a certain solace of books is granted to the prisoner. Besides his Bible, Prayer, and Hymn Books and a little Book of Prayers, he has a simple primer or "reader" which may be connd for learning or amusement. With ability to read this is not such a hopeless beginning of a sentence of "hard labour."

How long does it take to read the Bible through? I think there are scores, if not hundreds of persons in Strangeways Gaol who could answer the question at once. In the first four weeks of my six months I had opportunity of reading it through twice, and I am not ashamed to admit that, although I have always posed as an authority on certain doctrines, I found out many errors which had once held me in their thrall, and I have left prison with a better understanding of the God-Man than I had six months ago.

The library is in the care and under the personal supervision of the Chaplain. With the business of the library is associated that of the educational department of the prison, over which the Chaplain presides, assisted by a qualified and experienced schoolmaster, who has under him one (or two) warder-schoolmasters.

Mere literary education experience has taught us is not the panacea for crime which the reformers of the early part of this century fondly believed it to be; and it is obvious that the fruits of the best system that could be devised must be extremely slight in the cases of undeveloped *adult* prisoners confined for short periods, and assuredly not satisfactory in the cases of hardened criminals, whose morals are apt to grow blunter as their wits become sharper.

Instruction is principally given to prisoners who are below that standard of education at the time of their reception, and who would therefore derive most profit from study.

Unlettered prisoners are taught every day in class, and they carry on their lesson work in their cells, rigid separation,

except during the hours of exercise and chapel, being the chief feature of prison life. As stated in the Rules just quoted, the privilege of coming under the schoolmasters' hands, is not granted to the convict until he has earned 224 marks.

It is curious and perhaps amusing to observe prisoners of forty years old and upwards bending laboriously over copy-books and primers. Prisoners above forty, I understand, do not, however receive instruction, except in special cases. The *quite* illiterate prisoner of middle age is beginning to "disappear." "Prisoners found to have no capacity for learning, or who are idle, are excluded from instruction." (*vide* Rules).

The limits of instruction in the prison are: *Reading* as far as Standard III inclusive; *writing* as far as transcribing a portion of the book read, and reading what has been transcribed; *arithmetic* as far as casting simple money accounts.

Certain special inducements and encouragement are held out to prisoners to take the utmost advantage of these teachings. Thus no prisoner is allowed a library book until he can read with a certain degree of fluency, and prisoners who cannot write well enough for their letters to be intelligible to their correspondents are after a period of instruction required to write for themselves, and are forbidden, except by very special favour, to have letters written for them.

Prisoners are not allowed to hear public news, or explain the prison routine to their friends; consequently their letters are amusing in their eager demands for news of everyone's health. It is said that a French prisoner wrote thus to his wife after a two month's absence.

"Ma chère Marie,—Je vous écris parceque je n'ai rien a faire; et je finis parceque je n'ai rien a dire.—JACQUES."

I am inclined to take this with the proverbial pinch of salt, but the fact remains that a dearth of subjects is realized by prisoners.

I have said sufficient to show that the convict, while he remains in Her Majesty's keeping, has reason to devote himself to such accomplishments as are recognised and rewarded within the prison walls. Curious to know in what manner our English system compared with the Continental systems, I looked up the subject and learned the following facts from a little book by Du Cane.

In the United States the prisoners are generally allowed a *free use of newspapers*, which appear in most cases to be their chief reading. In British prisons newspapers are never permitted. It seems a startling statement, but it is nevertheless a fact that there are at the present moment some hundred thousand of more or less educated persons in our prisons who are unaware of the fact that there is a war between our country and the Boers.

On the Continent considerable attention is given to the prison libraries in the Protestant countries, especially in Holland, Sweden, and Germany. Some of the German and Norsk Chaplains have taken great interest in this matter. In France and most of the Catholic countries the subject receives less attention.

I should imagine that in our prisons we have struck a balance between Europe and America.

Considering the character of so large a proportion of the prisoners, the books are very well treated. No prisoner cares to be convicted of spoiling his book, for he is then at once deprived for a time of the privileges of the library, and this is a very sore penalty, for I learned myself that the library is the first and last boon of the prisoner. The book that it lends him is his one actual and only link with the world which has (for a time) cast him off.

With his novel he carries himself back to the life which his misconduct has lost him; and it relieves the weary monotony of the wheel, oakum picking or bag-making.

Prisoners like to read over their meals. Dinner allows them an hour, breakfast and supper about half-an-hour and twenty minutes respectively. If the prisoner works hard through the day he can complete his task by six o'clock so that he can call the two hours between six and eight his own. Sunday might be given almost wholly to his book. In the summer months he can read until nine, or until he tires; and in winter his gas is not put out until eight.

Have I drawn my picture with a too sympathetic pencil? Are my colours too bright? Probably some dozens of persons will read this article who have visited one of Her Majesty's prisons, and I think all will agree with me when I say that I have only stated the bare facts. Much depends on the prisoner himself. If he determines to do his duty and is able to adapt himself to circumstances, his stay in "durance vile" will be instructive and interesting. John M. Stuart-Young.

Mr. Sheldon in a Dilemma.

Amongst the numerous questions publicly presented to Rev. C. Sheldon for solution, at the Christian Endeavour Convention, recently held at the Alexandra Palace,

was the following:—Ought Christians to butcher animals for food? The author of *In His Steps*, who may now fairly be regarded as one who poses as an interpreter of Christian Ethics to the youth of Christendom, and who is enthusiastically accepted by such of them as are enrolled in the C. E. Movement, replied that he would answer the question on the following day. As this response evidenced

apprehension of the gravity of the subject, and the intention to hold consultation and to 'weigh and consider' the question

before answering it in the presence of a large number of earnest and enquiring souls, it was a commendable one. But the action of Mr. Sheldon on the following day, when he failed to fulfil his promise and shelved the matter by declaring that the subject was outside the scope of the C. E. Convention was anything but commendable. It was *weak*—to say the least of it. For it was manifestly a paltry excuse for refraining from facing a straightforward question which he either could not or dared not answer.

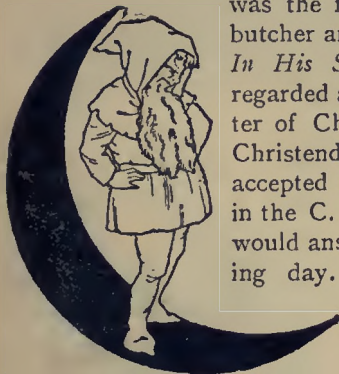
This statement may, at first, seem rather hard, but we must remember that the meeting was held for the express purpose of answering questions concerning Conscience and Duty, and that Mr. Sheldon had dealt with the subject of smoking and had considered that comparatively harmless habit to be worthy of public pronouncement on his part—which, if his words are correctly reported, was to the effect that a man could not be regarded as a strict Christian if he indulged in smoking. Therefore the practice of inhaling the fumes of dried tobacco leaves (a practice which even many rigid hygienists have felt to be so innocuous, generally, as not to merit condemnation on their part after investigation) comes within the scope of Christian Endeavour ethics, whilst the cruel murder of our fellow-creatures of the animal king-

dom by countless millions, in order that their flesh may be devoured, and that a most unnecessary, unwholesome, and barbarous type of food may be supplied to the followers of the compassionate and merciful Founder of Christianity, apparently does *not* do so.

This would appear to be the opinion of Mr. Sheldon and his colleagues, and its manifestation forces intelligent persons to come to the conclusion that these good men lay themselves open to the charge of "straining at gnats and swallowing camels." For Carnivorism *must* involve blood-guiltiness on the part of those who practise it, seeing that purchasers of animal flesh are accessories—"before and after the fact"—to the cold-blooded butchery of the victim who is sacrificed in order that their degenerate appetite may be pandered to. And flesh-food is now generally admitted, by most intelligent persons, to be liable to cause serious physical maladies in the bodies of those who consume it, and especially when it is in a diseased condition (as is so frequently the case). It is true that the bloodshed involved is "*only that of animals*," who are not, at present, supposed to possess any "rights" or any title to just and considerate treatment. Fifty years ago the enslaved human animals in America were regarded just in the same manner by the purblind teachers of Christendom, as the sub-human animals are to-day. The fact that *they* could both feel and suffer, and that *they* manifested love of life and freedom, was ignored just in the same way—*because their skins were black*. Biblical texts by the dozen were also quoted in support of the enslavement and exploitation of those weak and defenceless fellow creatures of ours. Before many years have passed away religious leaders of to-day will be compelled by the growth of public opinion to grasp the fact that other animals than human ones come "within the scope" of the Divine regard, benevolence, and care—even if they do happen to be born with four legs instead of two.

Nineveh was spared because it contained both humans and sub-humans, and Jesus taught that not even such a small and easily destroyed creature as a sparrow falls to the ground without the notice of God. Does not the Omnipresent Being then regard the needless butchery of a million large creatures every day—sentient creatures who yield up their lives in terror and anguish in slaughter dens which few Carnivorous Christians will venture to visit, lest their peace of mind should be banished by the horrors which are there enacted? Will He not visit the consequences of this pitiless barbarity upon those who consciously condone and acquiesce in this wholesale system of murder, and the physical transgression which is also involved in flesh-eating. Is He not doing so by the operation of inexorable Law? Are not the good people who punctiliously attend religious services and who hurry home to feast upon the limbs or internal organs of their Earth-mates sorely afflicted by the "maladies of Egypt"—which even they themselves ascribe to the "mysterious dispensations of Providence"? Do not they die untimely deaths of consumption, cancer, gout, rheumatism, and Bright's disease? Do not they suffer from parasites, from calculus and other uric-acid complaints, from fatty degeneration, and from ptomaine poisoning? Why should "Providence" thus mysteriously punish them, in spite of their correct theology and conventional uprightness? Is there not some cause? Yea! Verily! The Law—"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap"—is in operation!

Now this question asked of Mr. Sheldon merits an answer of some sort, for it involves a great Principle—and religion is concerned with Principles. Can a Christian wantonly and



needlessly murder his fellow creatures, by proxy or otherwise, without suffering deterioration of character and without incurring judgment and loss? The subject is too serious to be brushed aside in this off-hand fashion — which is the plan adopted by too many professional teachers of ethics and religion. The ostrich may think to escape the hunter by hiding its head in the sand, but ministers and others will not escape the facing of this problem — of pitiless and wholesale butchery — in such an easy manner. There are already thousands of earnest and resolute men and women who are determined to press home the enquiry whether they can justify their participation in this shedding of innocent blood — and the number of such is increasing every day. Can they defend their action by any sound reasoning, and plead the only argument which can justify the infliction of pain and death upon a highly-organised sentient creature — *stern necessity*? If not, then in God's name we respectfully ask them to wash their hands of this unjust and merciless system of traffic in quivering flesh, as an example to the youth of Christendom. If they can demonstrate that they eat this type of food "in faith" and "to the glory of God" it is high time that some of the representative leaders of Christian thought came forward to do so, and we would courteously invite Mr. Sheldon or Dr. Clark to answer this question either in the columns of one of the religious papers or in the pages of this journal. In the name of the Council of The Order of the Golden Age I offer these gentlemen two pages or more of our next issue for this purpose. A copy is sent regularly to nearly every Y.M.C.A. Reading Room in the United Kingdom, as well as to other Institutions both at home and abroad. A large audience of Christian young men will thus be enabled to hear what they have to say on the subject and many will await with interest their response to this invitation. If they should maintain a policy of discreet silence, these young men will draw their own conclusions and probably form the conviction that flesh-eating is not morally defensible, and that the Presidents and Leaders of our Churches dare not publicly face the question: "Ought Christians to butcher animals for food."

The thought at once suggests itself to our minds "What would Jesus do" if He were upon Earth to-day and this question were asked Him? Of one thing we may feel sure — He would not have considered a matter which involved the principles of Justice and Mercy (two of the three "weightier matters of the Law") as being "outside the scope" of His teaching, for His words have been ringing throughout these nineteen centuries in the hearts of men, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

Sidney H. Beard.

Household Wisdom.

For the first two of the recipes this month I am again indebted to Mrs. Jarvis, of Salcombe, and I feel they need no further recommendation.

Potato Scallops.

Ingredients.—4 medium sized potatoes, 4-oz. cream or butter, 1 unbeaten egg, 1 teaspoon finely minced parsley. Pepper and salt.

Method.—Boil the potatoes in their skins. Mash while hot, mixing in the cream or butter, the egg, parsley, and seasoning. Line the patty pans with a short paste, fill with potato mixture and bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes till a light golden brown.

The Short Paste.

Ingredients.—4-oz. Nucleoline, 2-oz cooking butter, to 1lb. of flour.

Method.—Mix with cold soft water to fair consistency, and roll out thin.

Hash.

Ingredients.— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bread crusts, 1 large onion, 3-oz. cooking butter, 1-oz. cold boiled rice, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, a pinch of thyme, 2 peeled tomatoes, pepper and salt to taste.

Method.—Soak the bread overnight in cold water. Fry the onion (finely chopped) in 3-oz. butter. When quite cooked add the bread, squeezed dry, with the rice and other ingredients. Mix it thoroughly and chop finely. Then let it simmer, to blend the flavour, for 1 hour. Serve with rice garnished round.

Creamed Potatoes.

Ingredients.—Potatoes, white sauce, yolk of egg, seasoning, pepper and salt.

Method.—Boil the potatoes and cut up into slices and fill a pie dish. Make a good white sauce and add to it the yolk of the egg and the seasoning. Pour over the potatoes and bake for a quarter of an hour.

White Sauce.

To make a good white sauce the method *must* be followed absolutely.

Put 1-oz. of butter into an enamelled saucepan and let it melt; stir into it, *off* the fire, 1 tablespoonful of flour, then add gradually $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk and stir over the fire until it boils. This method gives quite a different flavour and quite avoids lumps.

White Soup.

Ingredients.—6 onions, 9 potatoes, 1 quart milk, 1-oz butter, salt, water, 1 doz. peppercorns.

Method.—Peel onions and potatoes and boil together in saucepan with 1 quart water for about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Rub the whole through a sieve; put back into the saucepan, adding the milk, pepper and salt, and butter; boil for about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Serve with fried sippets.

Stewed Fruit with Curd.

A way of using up sour milk.

Few people know how delicious curds are served with stewed fruit and cream. The curd may be made by boiling sour milk or by adding a tablespoonful of lemon juice to fresh milk. The curds must then be strained and pressed into a shape.

Cup Arrowroot.

Ingredients.—1 dessertspoonful arrowroot, 1 slice lemon rind, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, sugar.

Method.—Mix the arrowroot with a spoonful of cold milk, boil the rest of the milk with the lemon rind and sugar in it, and pour on to the arrowroot. Boil it up and take off the fire and stir in the yolk of the egg, beat up the white to a stiff froth, and just before serving, mix very lightly with the arrowroot.

This may also be made into a pudding if put into a pie dish and baked for a few minutes after the whites of egg have been added, and this method of adding an egg will be found a great improvement to any of the soft milk puddings.

Now is the jamming season approaching its close, but there is still time to make marrow jam, and the following recipe will be found delicious:—

Marrow Jam.

Ingredients.—Marrow, loaf sugar, lemon juice, lemon rind, whole root ginger.

Method.—Peel and slice the marrow, cutting it into finger-lengths, weigh it, and to every lb., allow 1 lb. of sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ gill of lemon juice. Put the marrow, sugar, and lemon juice into a vessel, and let it stand two or three days. Then add to every 3 lbs. of marrow, the grated rind of 2 lemons, 2-oz. of the whole ginger (which must be crushed and tied in muslin), and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water. Boil altogether till the marrow is quite tender, turn into a pan, and let it stand 24 hours, drain off the syrup and boil it alone, adding the marrow when putting into the jars.

Scrambled Eggs with Tomatoes.

Ingredients.—Allow one egg to each person, and one medium sized tomato, $\frac{1}{2}$ -oz. butter. Pepper and salt.

Method.—Put the butter into the saucepan and add the tomatoes (peeled), let them cook a few minutes and then add the eggs well beaten, Stir all together until just set. Turn on to slices of toast to serve. When cold this makes a delicious sandwich.

Gertrude Oldfield.