

THE HERALD OF THE GOLDEN AGE

"Thy Will be Done on Earth."

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL
OF
THE ORDER OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

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

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Failures.



There is no summit you may not attain.
No purpose which you may not yet achieve.
If you will wait serenely, and believe
Each seeming loss is but a step toward gain.

That which you most desire awaits your word;
Throw wide the door and bid it enter in.
Speak, and the strong vibrations shall be stirred;
Speak, and above earth's loud, unmeaning din
Your silent declarations shall be heard;
All things are possible to God's own kin.

Between the mountain tops lie vale and plain:
Let nothing make you question, doubt or grieve;
Give only good, and good alone receive;
And as you welcome joy, so welcome pain.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

There is a cry in some quarters that our fold has many failures. I know no such.

In a cause like ours failures are not possible. Low aim is a crime; the inability to get to the goal is only a *pity*, it is not a *crime*.

You are justified in pitying the athlete who has entered for the great race, and who finds when he is half way through that the pace has been too fast for him, that his breath is failing and his strength giving out.

Wearied and spent he drops by the wayside and, with straining eyes, watches those whose limbs are stouter and thews stronger, passing out of sight in the distance and turning another lap nearer home.

It is but for awhile he lies and waits, it is but for awhile that his heart fails him, and that his courage flags. It is but for a few short minutes that he is exhausted, for a few short hours and days that his overstrained muscles crave for sweet rest and soothing idleness, and then—and then the blood is coursing high again and the proud spirit is taking up the mastery once more, and there is a cry for the battle and a longing to enter the lists anew.

Some have cried out from an inspired height of vision, "There is no death." They have seen with eyes which looked over and beyond the dark gates and the damp dungeons, and they have seen life, *life*, LIFE, fuller and more beautiful; beyond the agony of dying and the dread mystery of dissolution.

There is no death! is a beautiful truth that one by one we shall learn. Once we have touched the sacred fire of immortality we can never die. We shall change, we shall be transformed, we shall be metamorphosed, but upon us the power of death and the sting of annihilation can never come until we consciously will it.

This great truth holds within it another, a lesser truth, a truth which comforts the despondent and which cheers the sick at heart.

If, in the greatest of all, and in the most momentous of all issues there is no faltering of purpose and no loss of aim, how much more may we not be assured of the guiding hand of the all-wise Father in the lesser things.

Does not the poet say somewhere?

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

And does not this put into rhythmic measure the truth we all may learn—**There is no failure.**

Flotsam, jetsam, broken bits of life; strays and waifs and castaways; odds and ends and refuse sweepings, all have their function and their place in the building up of the palace Beautiful.

There is a reason for every one who steps upon the ladder of life, and who falls off with the summit unattained. There is a reason for every one who takes up the better life and lays it down again unfulfilled.

The gardener passes down his lettuce bed and he picks one here and one there, and anon he lays his hand upon a plant that is not quite ready, and then, after a moment's pause, he takes his hand away again and says to himself, "not quite ready, I'll leave *that* one a little longer."

The proud lettuces in the basket, unable to understand the working of the gardener's mind and judging only from what they saw, might have raised mocking voices, and conscious only of the honour that had come upon *themselves* might have sneered at those who had seemed to be chosen to like honour, and who were afterwards left behind.

Can you not hear them in their unconscious ignorance talking arrogantly about those who were not good enough to be chosen and those who, after being thought good enough, were found failures.

Little do they know of the great mystery of "the to-morrow." The gardener will to-morrow find more plants ready, and yet again—to-morrow.

The failures of to-day are the successes of to-morrow. **There is no failure.**

"In some time, in His own time, I shall arrive."

I present a book full of priceless knowledge, I offer a casket full of untold treasure, I speak a word full of momentous meaning to a new born babe.

How useless and how vain it all seems, the baby only cries for its mother's milk to drink and its mother's breast to lie upon.

The ignorant scoff, but the wise say "Wait." There is no need to hurry. In good time the child will develop and the animal pleasures of eating and sleeping will become subservient to the higher pleasures of mind and soul. The book will be read and the casket prized and the word of power be learned.

It is so with our pearls of great price, they are not for the babes who are only conscious of stomach worship and luxury adoration.

There are many who are quite unfit to vegetate, to them it is a folly, a delusion, a bauble, a plaything. The baby will only tear the leaves of the book and soil its pages. Its message has no meaning for him. Vegetarianism, too, has no meaning *as yet* for the undeveloped soul.

But wait awhile. The wise can afford to wait. One by one the undeveloped will develop, the less perfect will become more perfect, the children will become men and then they will understand the beauty—yea the absolute necessity—of eating only of the best and of abstaining from blood for food and from slaughter for food and from the bodies of the dead for food.

There is no failure.

Some commence before they are ready and, like the immature lads in the army, they fall out in the day of stress and in the time of hardship their strength fails them.

They have entered upon their high calling with a gay and careless heart. They have thought that our beautiful dietary meant only freedom from headache and indigestion, increased strength and a ruddier face, a longer life and a fuller pocket.

This was all and this was not enough. In the day of scorn and scoffing of friends, in the day of weariness of body and acute disease, in the day of prosperity and riches they had no rock to anchor upon and the fair fabric fell and they gave up their vegetarianism, and people mocked and said "Ha, ha, vegetarianism is a failure!" while all the while it was but the sifting back of the unfit to his lower grade, that he might be ground again and polished by longer experience.

Sooner or later, after one life or many, after fewer experiences or more, after more buffetings or less, all will in the fullness of time be found worthy to enter into the Canaan of promise—a land flowing with milk and honey, a land of corn and of wine, a land of oliveyards and vineyards, a land of figs and of pomegranates, a land of fruits, of orchard trees, and a land of rich harvests of grains.

There is no failure.

If one falls out by the way, bless him and pass on. He will follow a little later, and some day you will meet again upon a fuller and more beautiful shore where love and knowledge shall be found as one.

Josiah Oldfield.

Nature's Lesson.

Child of God, O why this sadness,
When around thee all is fair?
Birds are singing in their gladness,
Flowers upspringing everywhere.

Not a blade of grass but raiseth
Towards the heavens its smiling face;
Not a leaf but gladly praiseth
Him who giveth life and grace.

Shall the greatest of God's creatures
Praise Him less than bird and leaf;
Ever mar his noble features
Thus with self-made care and grief.

Mortal, from the flowers and grasses,
Read a lesson while 'tis day,
So shall life while here it passes,
Give thee taste of joy for aye.

Canning Williams.

FAITH AND WORKS.

When we reflect upon the true nature of faith we find that in religion, as in other things, faith and works must necessarily go together. We cannot believe in a Being of infinite power, holiness, and love, without loving Him and longing to work out His will in the lives of ourselves and others. We cannot approach the infinitely beneficent Sovereign of the universe without uttering from the inmost depths of our hearts, "Thy Kingdom come." And when that prayer is sincerely uttered it must lead to efforts in harmony with that most sacred aspiration.

In proportion as faith is genuine it establishes a close relationship between God and the human soul; and the closer this relationship is, the more powerful are the motives we have for toiling ceaselessly in the cause of righteousness. He who believes in God must be full of love for his fellow beings, and of hatred for sin. We cannot believe in God without having all that is most Godlike in our Nature stimulated into life and activity. We cannot spend an hour in worship without having our noblest impulses strengthened. Benevolence and opposition to unrighteousness are, therefore, inseparable from a life of faith; and faith cheers us up against those depressing influences which discourage noble efforts. Those who believe that God is infinite holiness and love have an assurance which nothing can shake, that, against all appearances, sin and misery must be vanquished; and this belief in the ultimate victory of the cause of righteousness is a perpetual inspirer of zeal to those who have consecrated their lives to noble endeavours.

"Indian Messenger."

Look Within.

Far hath he gone whose foot
Treads down one fond offence.

The Light of Asia.

Mathematical in its exactness; and universal in its applicability is the truism that the reformation of self includes all reforms. In its absolute simplicity this truth is difficult to grasp because it is difficult to practise. This is why there are so many reformers in the world who have not yet reformed themselves, and who are deluded into believing that reform is a purely outward thing, that it has little or nothing to do with the human heart, and that it can be brought about by the application of external methods.

It is so easy, and so gratifying to human vanity and selfishness, to take up some hobby for the reformation of others, without taking the trouble to examine our own heart, and to eradicate the evil that lies there, and which clouds the beatific vision of the soul.

I know a man who has suffered for years with a running sore in his leg. He goes from one physician to another, and they all advise him to apply liniments, plasters, and ointments, but the sore continues, because he *refuses to go to its source* (his own gluttony) and remove that. And this man's state is the state of the world. For untold ages laws have been framed, societies organised, and religions innumerable founded, with the object of remedying the evil of the world, which, however, continues to flourish because these methods are but outward applications dealing with *effects*, while the *cause*, which is the evil within, is nourished and fostered in ignorance and self-delusion.

And food reformers do not escape this pharisaic taint. Much of our literature is merely an appeal to human selfishness. A vegetarian of several years standing said to me recently, "In attempting to convert people to food reform, I always appeal to their selfishness." But if vegetarianism is to intensify man's selfishness instead of helping him to rise above it, wherein lies its utility, and how can it be classed as a *reform*? But let us see how this method works. The continual influx of backsliders from the vegetarian ranks has prompted me to enquire into the cause of the falling off. That cause is an eternal one, and is centred, not in food reform itself, but in the heart of him who practises it.

Everyone who adopts food reform is prompted primarily by one of these three motives: 1. Desire to economise; 2. Desire to improve the health; or, 3. Compassion for the sufferings of men and animals.

The first two motives are distinctly selfish, and the third is purely unselfish. He who adopts food reform from an Economic motive will only endure (unless he be of a miserly disposition) so long as his income is small; he whose motive is solely Hygienic will stand firm while his health is good, but the first sickness will find him flying back to his meals of flesh for strength and sustenance; even the mere approach of sickness is sufficient to cause such a one to fall. The sands of human selfishness are shifty and unstable at best, and afford no safe foundation on which to build the fair temple of reform. But he who is moved by Compassion to reform his diet, builds upon more solid ground. He is not prompted by the fluctuating impulses of self, but stands upon an eternal principle, that of Mercy. He is nearer to the eternal heart of things which, amid all change, changes not. The vision of love is his, and the storms of sickness, ridicule and opposition will leave him unharmed and unashamed.

But strong as such a one is, and not easily betrayed, yet even he may fall (so subtle is the power of the tempter) unless his compassion be combined with knowledge, unless he has learned to distinguish between truth and error in his own heart; for there are two great errors which are the cause of all deflection from the purer diet, and those are: 1. Depravity of appetite; and 2. Belief in the unqualified efficacy of flesh as food. He who gives up the eating of flesh, and yet allows these two errors to cling about his heart is deluded indeed. He is but plastering the sore from without while the cause is gathering force within, awaiting an opportunity to manifest itself in the life without.

Those two errors must be slain, exterminated by the practise of self-examination and the development of faith. To come to Jehovah with the lips while clinging to Baal with the heart is a vain and futile process. It is not sufficient to top the weeds in one's garden, they must be torn up by the roots.

Flesh-eating is a growth whose roots are in the human heart, flourishing in the soil of terror; it is an effect whose cause is to be found in the desire to gratify one's appetite no matter at what expense to suffering to others, and in the belief in the hygienic or medicinal efficacy of an outward thing the very procuring of which is grounded in unrighteousness.

Truly that which cometh out of a man defileth him, and that clarified vision, by which alone truth can be perceived, cannot exist in the heart that is clouded by error and self-indulgence. But when the appetite is conquered and subdued; when the last lingering remnant of belief in the necessity of flesh food to support life is torn from the heart, then terror is slain by knowledge, and doubt is dispelled by the clear light of truth. There is no more backsliding for such a one. The tempter may afflict him with sickness, he may seek to confound him with specious, learned and complex arguments, but he shall "find no part in him" on which he can successfully work, and he shall turn away from that pure and steadfast heart defeated and discomfited.

James Allen.

A Hymn of Praise to the Deity.

Awake! let songs of praise arise,
To Thee, great builder of the skies,
The earth, the sea, with all their train,
Proclaim the greatness of Thy name.
Thy matchless power no tongue can tell,
Thou formed the earth on which we dwell,
And all the countless forms that move
Attest the depths of sovereign love.
Thy mighty word the sun controls,
The stars revolving on their poles,
As nightly they peer forth and shine,
They magnify Thy power divine,
The moon from Thee receives her light,
And all the lesser orbs of night,
The meteor's flash and comet's glare
Are all the objects of Thy care.
The ocean's waves are ruled by Thee,
The raging billows on the sea;
The howling blasts and storms which rise,
And shrouds with gloom yon azure skies,
The forests smile at Thy command,
And speak the wonders of Thy hand;
The flowing carpets spread around,
The verdant fields that spread the ground,
The early dew, the gentle shower,
The cooling breeze and lovely flower;
The low'ring clouds, the mighty rain,
Extol and magnify Thy name;
Almighty God! eternal Lord!
Be Thou by all thy works adored,
Let your vast concave loudly ring,
With praise to our eternal King.

Jesse Hall.

Why I am a Food Reformer.

Since I became a firm believer in Food Reform, and a Member of "The Order of the Golden Age," there are times when the vital principles of our Cause



appeal more forcibly to me than at others, especially when, after being engaged in an animated discussion upon the subject, a period of deeper thoughtfulness seems to pass over me, and almost

unconsciously I ruminate upon all the arguments which have been used both for and against. As I continue to think I seem to awaken to the full responsibility and importance of the question, and then I *consciously* regard it from all points of view; and by striving to put myself in the position of those who may differ from me, I endeavour to solve what may be a problem to some—but not to me—the rightness of the Food Reform movement.

It is at such times, and the outcome of such thought, that I find myself bound to admit, with due reverence to the opinions of others, that of all reforms none appears to me so easy to be understood by all classes of society, and to claim the approval of so many high authorities; and which is able to pave the way for many other reforms; for reform in the matter of diet lies at the very root of all that is liable to effect the welfare or otherwise of mankind. And the time is quickly drawing to a close when the evils of the present day may be merely varnished over as it were; they must be eradicated entirely and, if we would set about in the right way, we must consider the "Eating Question" as well as the "Drinking Question," for these two are at the bottom, either directly or indirectly, of all the social evils we have to contend with.

Years ago I first heard of Vegetarianism, but somehow or other the term conveyed nothing more than to be a "Vegetarian," which seemed only to suggest *the idea* that a person might choose a Vegetarian diet in preference to a Flesh diet, and to me bespoke no deeper motive. Still, though Vegetarianism did not appeal to me at this time, and possessed no force to attract me, I was yet much exercised in mind as to whether mankind was justified in killing animals for food, and whether mankind could consistently claim to be in the image of the Maker by partaking of the bodies of God's creatures whose lives were drawn from the same source as his own, to say nothing of the ill effects such food might have upon his moral character and physical well-being. Now that I have joined the ranks of the Food Reformers, I support and go hand in hand with the Vegetarians, but am inclined to think that the term "Vegetarian" is not expressive enough and, judging by what I have met with in my intercourse with some people, I think it somewhat prejudices its own cause—and our cause—for we are one. I have found people who believe in Food Reform, but who seem to object to Vegetarianism, as though a Vegetarian was some uncanny creature quite out of their sphere. It is a curious fact, but none the less true, that a movement having two names should meet with such a divergence of opinion merely on account of one of its names. Well may one ask with Shakespeare "What's in a Name?" And in answer to this question it would appear that everything of the utmost importance lies in the "Name."

Therefore when anyone calls me a Vegetarian, I say "No, but a Food Reformer," which conveys an infinitely wider meaning, and helps rather than hinders Vegetarianism.

Food Reform may be regarded from many standpoints, but nearly all the issues arise from two chief bases, namely, Spiritual-mindedness, as opposed to materialism, and Humane-ness the bridge which spans them, so that people of all shades of opinion and creeds must acknowledge, sooner or later, the benefits arising from the proper study of Food Reform.

Take the first item, "*Spiritual-mindedness.*" The spiritually-minded person is quick to grasp all that is good and true as affects his body, mind, and spirit, for these three he considers as one great whole, and does not cater for the one at the expense of the other. He submits the question of eating animal food to his inmost soul and his religion; he asks himself the question: "Am I pursuing the Divine Ideal by joining in and consenting to the death of innocent creatures whose lives are as precious to them as mine is to me? Am I right in permitting a brother to pursue a trade in which his hands are filled with blood; am I not tending to demoralize him and to push him a little way at any rate towards a state which is more fiendish than the animal he slays when it is in its most violent moments, and so making him unfit to enter that abode wherein nought that defileth can ever enter? Are we, who claim to be the highest beings in the creation, making the right use of God's best gifts? And if we are the superior of all God's creatures, and in His image, are our actions in this respect superior to the lower creatures who have no conscience, and the worst of which, never slay in cold blood; and are they in accordance with beings created in the image of the Father, who created *all things for His pleasure, and whose mercy is over all His works?*"

The spiritually-minded person then submits the question to the test of the Scriptures, and there finds quite as many passages condemning slaughter, bloodshed, and the eating of blood (and all flesh contains blood), as there are to advocate these things. But the Bible is not to be taken literally, for we find there recorded, as in other books, deeds of crime and wickedness, and how they were dealt with by the Almighty; but it is not from this source we are to draw our examples, but from the whole tenor of its teaching, and the fact that never since the Bible was written has villainy in any form been enacted but what passages from the Bible have been brought forward either to condone it or to salve the conscience of the evildoer.

When our Lord was crucified, the Jews exclaimed "By our law He ought to die," and the most horrible deeds of the Inquisition were not without the support of Scripture. All this is well known, however, and if the Word of God is to be of effect we must look at its *motive*, and then ask if the present custom of killing animals for food, bringing them into being to suffer and die, is in accordance with its precepts, the teaching of Christ, and consistent with his belief that he himself is created in the image of God.

He then asks himself the question "*Is flesh-meat good for me*"—good for me physically and morally? Am I likely to contract disease by partaking of the dead bodies of creatures, who like myself are subject to disease and death? And even if I am quite sure that the flesh I eat is free from all traces of disease, and I continue to partake of it and exist, apparently none the worse, and perhaps believing myself better in health for so doing, is the good I gain equal to the bloodshed, misery, and wrong enacted to provide me with such food? Am I by

this losing my life to find it again, or does it not seem more like finding my life now to lose it hereafter?

A person who could so reason with himself would be bound to admit that the chances of contracting some disease was infinitely greater than the chances of receiving good; that it is not possible to vouch for nor rely upon the *absolute* purity of dead carcasses, and that whatever good he may think he gets is far beneath the amount of evil done.

The slaughtering business is an abomination to civilization in itself, and the person who supports, in any form whatsoever, the butcher in his loathsome calling, either by adhering to the tyrant custom or yielding to the *wilful* ignorance, puts himself in the same relationship to Cain, who, when questioned as to his brother Abel, said: "Am I my brother's keeper?" We are all our brother's keeper, and we all have a duty to perform towards our neighbour, irrespective of the command to "Love one another." Elizabeth Redfern.

(To be concluded).

Even for Me!

In the band of noble workers
Seems there place for such as I?
They have faith where I have yearning,
They can teach where I but sigh,
They can point the road distinctly
Where for me the shadows lie.

Lofty purpose, high endeavour,
Can these be ordained for me?
Wayside flower may strive its utmost.
It can ne'er become a tree.
Yet a child may laugh to gather,
And a sick man smile to see.

And I, too, in God's creation
Have my little proper part:
He must mean some service, surely,
For weak hand and timid heart;
Transient joys for my diffusing,
For my healing, transient smart.

John M. Stuart-Young.

A LIVING PHILANTHROPIST.

We have received an illustrated edition of a work containing a description of the various Free Libraries, Hospitals,* Convalescent Homes, and other philanthropic institutions founded through the generosity of Mr. J. Passmore Edwards. It reveals a record of philanthropic enterprise in all parts of the country which is almost unique. These Institutions have been partially or completely established and endowed by this distinguished Cornishman, and such an illustration of consideration for the interests of one's fellowmen cannot be too highly praised. The example may well be taken to heart by one and all, and especially by those who have the means to serve mankind in a similar manner. Such work reveals the fact that the brotherhood of man is becoming more fully realised every day, and that the sentiment is becoming externalised in a practical fashion. As this sentiment becomes more generally diffused and deepened, and as the sense of kinship is also extended to those fellow-creatures of ours who are not included in the "genus homo," the Golden Age will be ushered in. May God hasten the time!

*Mr. Passmore Edwards is a subscriber to the Humanitarian Hospital of St. Francis, S.E.

Glimpses of Truth.



When Heaven would save a man, it enfold
him with gentleness. LAOTZE.

That which is most needed is a loving
heart. BUDDHA.

It is well to seek within for illumination.
God dwells there, and love will guide
you into Truth. ANON.

Don't judge your neighbour's manners by your standard;
find out what his standard is, and judge him by that.

HUDOR GENONE.

Next to the generosity of doing a good deed yourself is the
generosity of allowing another to do a good deed unto
you.

ANON.

Not every love is generous or noble, or merits high encomium
but that love only which prompts and impels man to live
generously and to act nobly.

PLATO.

Educate your heart till it loves to practice the golden rule;
strengthen your will while it can be relied upon; see
aright, and smooth ways lie before you.

IDA GATLING PENTECOST.

"Love thinketh no evil," Say you so? Then I must draw
aside awhile and enquire of my soul whether I know
what love is; for only the other day I suspected one who
spoke me fair.

HUGH O. PENTECOST.

The man who is in an attitude of hostile resentment towards
any one, and who would, therefore, do him a personal
injury if opportunity offered, entertains an evil spirit as his
guest, and blocks his own way to spiritual progress.

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

The path of virtue is closed to no one, it lies open to all;
it admits and invites all, whether they be free-born men,
slaves or freedmen, kings or exiles; it requires no qualifica-
tions of family or property, it is satisfied with a mere man.

SENECA.

Let every word and act be perfect truth, uttered in genuine
love. Let not the forms of business, or the conventional
arrangements of society reduce thee into falsehood. Be true
to thyself. Be true to thy friend. Be true to the world.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

The world about us is a great vineyard, and the thoughts we
think are the seeds we plant. Every seed will bear fruit
after its kind. If we sow the seed of the thorn and the thistle,
we reap thorns and thistles; if we sow the seed of kind
thoughts, words, and deeds, we shall reap according as we
have sown, "for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also
reap."

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

Works must accompany words if people are to be convinced
of the truth of the words, for they demand proof, demon-
stration. "Give us a sign," always has and always will be
the cry when the declaration contrary to generally accepted
opinion is made. The insight that discerns, the intellect that
explains, the work that proves, constitute a trio that conquers
the world; a three-in-one in the person of the Prophet of
Nazareth, whose right to rule is conceded by millions to day.

URSULA N. GESTEFELD.

Editorial Notes.

Every Member and Associate will rejoice to know that the rest which Mr. Sidney Beard has been taking



in the quiet seclusion of his country home by the sea is producing a rapid recovery of health and strength and vigour.

By the time the summer is over and the close approach of the new century is upon us, Mr. Beard will be drawing his sword again, and with that spiritual power which he so pre-eminently possesses he will be standing in the forefront fighting for right and for justice and for a spiritualised humanity.

The prayers and the benedictions of the faithful should always be offered up for leaders who have been over wrought in the battle, for we doubt not that the prayers of the faithful are of mighty avail for the building up of new powers and for the renewing of great talents, while the benedictions are like balm in sorrow; are like balsams to a wound inflamed; are like the precious ointment which heals wherever it touches.

The Order of the Golden Age is a spiritual organization and this means that while we believe in things material and do not deny that the leaves of the twelve trees are full of healing power to heal the bodily afflictions of the nations; that while we believe in mental science and know that thoughts are things which can live themselves and can vitalise others, yet by our very creed we declare that spiritual powers are greater still for renewing individual force, for drawing men up to a higher life and for giving a new soul to a sorrowing world.

Whether it be for an officer recruiting, for a member falling, or for the speedy enlightenment of the human race to the beauty—to the compelling beauty—of Aristophagy, we must not forget that the mystical spiritual power of prayer is a grace which all may use, which all should employ—without ceasing.

For the complete restoration of the Provost to the fullest measure of power and grace ye shall therefore pray.

* * *

AN APPEAL FOR WORKERS. Mr. Beard is already taking our common friend by the forelock, and is issuing the following appeal to all the most able members of The Order.

In every town, and almost in every village, there is a public hall, or a parish room, or a debating club, or a Y.M.C.A., or at least two or three earnest thinkers who could meet for mutual comfort and strength.

The Order should be represented, therefore, throughout the length and wide extent of the land. Where you cannot have big meetings you can have small ones, and if you have small ones with enough grace and fervour big ones will follow sooner or later.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Harvie have made a start on these lines in Newcastle, and Mr. Clarke has placed his "Apricot" Restaurant in Nelson Street at their service for regular monthly "Humane Circle" meetings.

The great secret of success is not to wait for other people to start, but to begin and begin at once, *yourself*, to arrange something for the coming Autumn.

I shall only too gladly give space to chronicling fixtures in *The Herald*.

* * *

THE PROVOST'S LETTER.

Dear Sir,—The Executive Council of The Order are hoping, in the ensuing autumn, to inaugurate a more active propaganda in connection with O.G.A. work in the

form of addresses, debates, lectures, etc., to be given in the

various centres where our members reside. Our most able and ardent fellow-workers are invited to take part in this crusade by organising meetings in their respective localities, and they are specially asked to send particulars of all meetings beforehand, and a report of each meeting afterwards, to Headquarters for the purpose of publication in *The Herald*.

We consider that the time for earnest and unselfish public effort on the part of individual members of The Order is now opportune, and that a great amount of good may be done in this way. Let me ask, therefore, if you will kindly take part in such an effort and make arrangements to address public meetings in your district during the ensuing autumn and winter. If so, I shall be glad to hear from you as soon as your fixtures are arranged.—Yours fraternally,

SIDNEY H. BEARD.

* * *

THE STOMACH AGAIN.

The close connection between religion and the stomach has been known to all ages. When a man's liver is out of order his hope of immortality itself sometimes begins to fade. The healthy body and the sound mind and the steadfast soul are more closely interlinked than the ordinary man knows about.

If cleanliness is *next* to godliness, physical health is embraced by the *in* both.

Here is a curious little extract from "*The Farringdons*," which a correspondent has sent me on this subject:—

"Why do men think about mischief more than women do?" asked Elizabeth.

"Because, my dear, the Lord made them so, and it is not for me to complain," replied Mrs. Hankey; they've no sense, men haven't, that's what is the matter with them."

"You never spoke a truer word, Mrs. Hankey," agreed her hostess, "the very best of them don't know the difference between their souls and their stomachs, and they fancy they are wrestling with their doubts, when really it is their dinners that are wrestling with them. Now take Bateson himself, and a kinder husband or a better Methodist never drew breath; yet so sure as he touches a bit of pork, he begins to worry himself about the doctrine of Election till there's no living with him."

"That's a man all over to the very life," said Mrs. Hankey sympathetically, "and he never has the sense to see what's the matter with him, I'll be bound."

"Not he, he wouldn't be a man if he had; and there he'll sit in the front parlour and engage in prayers for hours at a time, till I says to him, 'Bateson,' says I; 'I'd be ashamed to go troubling the Lord with a prayer when a pinch o' carbonate o' soda would set things straight again.'"

"And quite right, Mrs. Bateson, but the Bible says true when it tells us that men are born to give trouble as the sparks fly upwards."

* * *

BEEF OR PLASMON.

The demand for nitrogen by the system is an imperative one. Man needs albumen in his food or he will die. The popular idea is that the necessary nitrogen is only to be obtained from the albumen of beef and mutton and veal. This is a fallacy. Ample nitrogen for the system can be obtained from legumens and from animal products.

A correspondent referring to my previous notes on the fallacies of the Salisbury treatment suggests plasmon as an ample substitute. He writes:

"In your issue of March 15th I notice two items of considerable interest to vegetarians and hygienists generally. The first is "*The Salisbury treatment*" of chopped beef and hot water. A person is treated as above for some disease, say chronic dyspepsia, and gets well. Why? Was it not because the patient was in such a weak state as not to be able to get the albumen out of vegetable foods, especially when largely mixed with starch? But the albumen could more easily be abstracted from minced beef; and when hot water was added as a stimulant and dilutant he was able to get enough nourishment to build up his body and so he got better. So far so good."

"Now as to the second item. I read in your advertisement columns that plasmon has the albumen we all need in a very pure and easily digestible form, that a teaspoonful of plasmon has the nutriment of 4 oz. of fillet of beef. And as plasmon is so easily prepared, would it not be a far purer and in every way better treatment than the Salisbury. Therefore may we not look forward to the Plasmon treatment as supplanting the Salisbury by all lovers of pure food."

"And as plasmon is such a pure and easily digestive food and at the same time so nutritious; may we not all rejoice that something has been found that can replace the flesh of animals by adding it to vegetables, puddings, or fruit."

* * *

SCIENCE IN THE DAILY MEAL. Mr. Broadbent has just issued a second edition of his little *brochure* (price 3d.) It is well worth possessing. It is a pioneer of many more books which need to be written on the subject. The problem of scientific feeding is one which has been far too much neglected. Formerly men ate what they could get and were glad to escape starvation. Then they ate what was set before them—and asked no questions—but were always glad to *over eat*.

Now they are beginning to select *the best* to eat, and herein there is needed the guiding hand of intelligence, observation and experience combined, with an entire absence of commercialism.

Mrs. Kress has just sent me a copy of her new cookery book, "Life and Health Cookery," price 6d, which shall be noticed next month after some of the newer recipes have been tried. I recommend readers, too, to peruse Mr. Fulleylove's "Plea for the portable Turkish Bath," it contains important facts for students of health.

* * *

CALCUTTA. It is cheering to be able to quote another correspondent to show how far *The Herald* is carrying its message. A correspondent from Calcutta, Mr. Stügelman, writes to tell me not only of his own appreciation of the paper, but of new subscribers to it. He adds that a young native Christian, Mr. Khan, has adopted the reformed diet and is using his influence on those around to follow his example.

"Your *Herald* is always an inspiration to me," he writes. Such kindly words of encouragement from my readers are equally an inspiration to me.

Mr. Stügelman adds a few words of philosophy which he asks me to quote. He says:—

When the old Ganga is at low tide it is content to flow on lazily and quietly in its old channel, but when the full tide makes its bank overflow it will dig out and run in new channels; thus ordinary mortals are content to yield to their environment, while original minds (full of life Divine) will make their environment yield to them.

* * *

VEGETARIAN NURSES. There are doubtless quite a number of vegetarians who find their creed of life a difficulty in their way to obtaining the usual comforts of home in their employment. As long as they live at home or are alone in lodgings it is all right, but the moment they take up a residential post they are met with difficulties of dietary and many have either to give up their practice of the higher life, or have to put up with almost starvation dietary.

There are, however, now, an increasing number of openings in vegetarian homes for lady helps, for manageresses, for residential secretaries, and last, but not least, the opening for good nurses is becoming much greater.

Now that St. Francis is extending its work, and Oriole is adding a new ward, and the Maternity Society is training pupils in midwifery, there are vacancies at the present moment for at least a dozen well educated women who have health, strength, and intelligence, and whose heart is in the right place.

After one, two, or three years training they would be fitted to get their own living, and would be independent in the best sense of the word. I shall be very happy to give advice and information to any enquirers.

* * *

MORE FUNDS. Mr. Laxmidas again writes some cheering suggestions from India which I commend to the readers of *The Herald*. He says:—

"I was just reading 'Proceedings at the Annual Meeting of the Society for the Protection of Birds' (1898), and I beg to quote the following extract:—'I would beg subscribers to increase, if possible, their payments to £1 is. annually, which, if done generally, would give us a fair and reliable income; and I would ask those who are already contributors of £1 is. to do their best to gain new members of the same amount.'

I earnestly beg you to make a similar proposal to the members of our Order in order to increase our funds.

I humbly pray that you may have sufficient money to get '*Is Flesh-Eating Morally Defensible?*' translated into every language of Europe, and that noble souls may undertake to offer prizes in all the schools of Europe, America, and the Colonies for the best summary of the priceless pamphlet every year."

* * *

THE PRIZE FUND. I am glad to be able to give the following list of subscriptions to the fund which was suggested by Mr Laxmidas.

About £5 is needed by September so that we may then communicate with all the elementary schools and set the boys and girls studying our subject during the winter months.

Next spring we will examine the essays they write and then we can have a grand field day for the distribution of the prizes they have won.

I shall be glad to receive suggestions as to which book should be selected as the hand-book for the children to study. The subscriptions are as follows:—

Mrs. Clara Turner	£ s. d.	Mr. Win. Arthur Taylor	£ s. d.
Mr. A. Glendinning	1 0	Miss Jeanne Hubert	1 0
Mr. Labhshankar	1 0		0 0
Laxmidas	1 0		

* * *

THE WAR. The war is drawing to its close. The glamour will soon be over. The unreality will have passed away and only the deeper imprints upon the bodies and the minds and the souls of the people will remain.

For the moment let me impress but one fact. This is perhaps the first war upon record where the sufferings of the animals have actually been taken into general consideration.

I do not mean from a commercial point of view. I do not mean that an attempt has been made to reduce the sufferings of horses and mules because they cost money to replace, but I do mean that in this war an attempt has been made upon a considerable scale to alleviate the sufferings of wounded animals wholly apart from a commercial point of view, and simply and purely from sterling and manly sentiment.

* * *

MINIMISE PAIN. "Our war is for righteousness and for justice to fellow men" is the claim and therefore it is rightly added "we must not let the innocent—whether men, women, children, or the lower fellow-creatures—enter into the valley of suffering further than absolutely necessary."

We have had many and many a harrowing narrative of the battle field from the point of view of suffering men and sorrowing women, but until now we have never had shown to us—because it has never interested men before—what a torture chamber, what an inferno, what a picture of hell, can be drawn by filling up paintings with only the sufferings of the animals.

Here is a picture from the pen of Julian Ralph, and one who has read it can never again contemplate with a light heart the raising the torch of war.

* * *

THE VULTURES' FEAST. I am told that a British officer who would not take a pin for his own use will steal like an Albanian to feed a hungry horse—and all our horses have been hungry of late, and many a gentleman has looted forage. It must be, then, that our officers feel as I do about this slaughter of horses in this war. Between battles a dozen deadly forms of disease seize them, and they have to be flung aside, and left to die in the dust. And in battle their legs are snapped off, their bodies torn, and their heads are shattered—and there is nothing to do but to leave them to the *aavogels*, as the vultures are called. There is no time, in battle, to shoot them.

Let the anti-cruelty people at home rave as they may, there are other things to think of beside humanity in the heat of great battles.

But of all the pitiful, heartrending sights I have ever seen, none has compared to this view of hundreds upon hundreds of dead and dying horses on this 100 miles of war's promenade. The poor beasts had done no man any harm—in fact, each one had been a man's reliance—and to see them tattered by shell and then ripped open by vultures, often before they were dead, was enough to snap the tenderest cords in one's breast. They had not deserved and they could not understand their horrible ill-luck. For some reason, hundreds had dragged themselves to the main road, and then had died either in the track of the waggons or by its side

**HORROR ON
HORROR'S HEAD.**

But the worst horror was to come when I approached close upon the last battle field, only twenty-four hours after the fight at Driefontein. On this field not nearly all the horses were yet dead. On the contrary, as I came up beside the prostrate body of a beautiful steed it would slowly and painfully lift its head and turn upon me a pair of the most pleading, woe-stricken eyes, full of a hunger to know what I could do for it. And all I could do was to drive on, for I had no firearms—even for my own protection, deep in an enemy's country, where we had put no single armed man to guard the route of our supplies and reinforcements.

My companion used to turn and look back at these dying horses only to find that they were still straining their sad eyes after the cart. Then he would say, "He is looking at us yet. Oh, it makes me ill. Look! he is staring at us like a guilty conscience. What can we do? I wish we did not see such things."

For my part, I would not look behind. Heaven knows, it was bad enough to see ahead where horses stumbled and fell from weakness while the horrible *aasvogels* swept in circles over them, eager to rend their living flesh. Oxen, too, were lying everywhere, with straight stiff legs silhouetted against the veldt. They looked like the toy animals that children make out of round potatoes with wooden matches for legs.

* * *

**PARIS
CONGRESS.**

Do not forget the Vegetarian Congress will be held in this month in Paris. The party will leave London on the 16th of June. For all particulars apply at once to the Sec. Vegetarian Federal Union, Farrington St., E.C.

* * *

LIVE HIGH.

A correspondent writes me "My motto for my nursing work is taken from Tennyson, which as you know, runs:
'Follow the Christ, follow the King,
Live true, speak pure, right wrong
Else wherefore born.'

I don't think my motto and that of your hospital of St. Francis 'For God and Humanity,' are much unlike."

* * *

NEWMARKET.

The home of horse-racing is not forgotten by the gods. We have one of our advance guard stalwarts in the heart of the enemy's country. Mr. Brayshaw has been working away for years to make his comrades *think*, and some of them are beginning to do so.

Here are a few extracts from a letter which I have just received from him which tell their own story:—

"I ordered 70 Xmas numbers to be sent to my friends. You might like to know some of the results.

Mr. J. Lamb says: 'We are not vegetarians yet but we eat less meat and more rice, oatmeal, beans, tomatoes, and fruit generally than we used, and I think we have decided that after this year we will not have any swine's flesh in our house. We take in the *H.G.A.*, thanks to your gift.'

Mr. J. B. Bowman says: 'We may not all agree with the objects of the Golden Age, but no doubt a pure vegetable diet is better for some people. I am a great eater of vegetables of all sorts almost, and find this course to suit me well. Let others try to find out the remedy for other ills which all flesh is heir to more or less.'

Mr. Slader says: 'Many thanks for sending me *The Herald*, which I had not seen before, and which interested me very much.'

Several have told me they would not eat swine's flesh after reading Dr. Kellogg's powerful article.

I should rather like to insert an advertisement of *The Herald* in our Congregational Church Magazine. I suppose you have no objection? [Only too charmed for you to do so. Ed. *H.G.A.*]

This morning I had a letter from a science student at Newnham, thanking me for sending her your leaflet, 'Are Animals Immortal?' and saying, 'I agree very strongly with the writer of it.'

We are getting on fairly well at Newmarket, and increasing in numbers, but of course we have our discouragements and difficulties.

I should like to know when the Annual Report of the Vegetarian Hospital comes out, so that I may order a few copies. Also if there is any book or pamphlet giving the result of vegetarian hospital treatment, and describing same, so that it can be repeated to a certain extent by those living a long way from a vegetarian centre.

I want something to hand to my friends who think flesh-meat and its extracts are necessary in case of illness; a booklet that shall be for invalids what Mr. Light's book is for athletes—a convincing statement of facts.

I was glad to see your remarks about the Friends' Anti-Vivisection Society, and hope you will keep pegging away at them. I should like to see a Friends' Vegetarian Society formed. I know several Friends who are Vegetarians, but have never heard of one who is a slaughterman. The killing business does not harmonise with the spirit of Quakerism any more than luxurious living. The Friends might take a hint from the Doukoborts (with whom they have so much in common) and drop all weapons of destruction."

CANADA.

Here is an enthusiastic pioneer in Canada. She writes with all the ring of real fire which will make dead souls wake and think. From the ends of the world these cheering letters come which not only prove that *The Herald* is a great power for good, but show that the living work is spreading far and wide.

I have omitted those parts of the letter which refer to business detail, but I should like every one who reads Miss Helsby's letter to know that she is carrying out my suggestions of a previous month, and is buying *Golden Age* literature and distributing it wisely and fully.

Here are some extracts from her letter:

"What a boon our *Herald* is! It acts like a tonic. I expect you have been told this over and over again, but still a good thing cannot well be repeated too often, the only fault I have is its shortness. As regards query No. 1 in our "Difficulties" column for March, Miss Lizzie Hendry was the only one in a family of six to start out on a reformed diet. At the time when I spoke to her she was in the doctor's hands and had been very ill with nervous prostration. She had never heard of a vegetarian and did not quite know what it meant. I explained it to her and gave her one of our *Heralds* to read. She was mighty delighted with it and the next day she said she would be a vegetarian. Of course I did all I could to help her for I knew she would meet with great opposition from her family and the doctor. She is at business all day, so of course she had no opportunity of doing any cooking for herself. She had first to leave off eating the flesh meat and making any little substitute she could, such as extra eggs and lentils. She told her doctor about it, and he insisted on her eating meat at least three times a week, but, I am proud to say, she resisted. This is over nine months ago and she is nearly quite well. We hope to enrol her as a member of our Order very soon. Since then her mother has turned, so now she is getting all she requires in the way of cooking. A couple of months ago the assistant minister of one of the Anglican Churches here called upon us. 'Well,' he said in answer to my query, 'our Rector is a vegetarian, but he does not think it is a sin to eat meat.' 'Well then,' I said, 'he ought to,' and I explained to him our aims, etc. But when I said I was sure if he had to kill his food before eating it, he would not do it, he laughed, and said, 'Well, I did kill a sheep once, when I was a clerk, but I admit it was not for my own dinner.' He promised me faithfully to read our *Herald* regularly so I am sending it to him and only hope he will keep his promise. We are all working and doing our best, but it is very slow progress, but no cause for discouragement, as of course it is practically new here. There are, however, a few hygienists who are all for self, self, until they make me weary. Will you please send me some membership forms and book of rules. I have only one left and I never know when I might need them, for we have plenty of people reading our *Heralds* and pamphlets. We are only waiting for the seed to germinate, so we must patiently watch, wait, and work. With all kind wishes and thoughts."—FLORENCE HELSBY.

* * *

KIND WORDS.

Mr. Howard Williams has laboured long and with cultured pen has written some of the standard literature of our movement. His "Ethics of Diet" will live for all time as a treasure store of information and his name will go down to posterity as one of the men who has helped to raise the question of humane dietary to the level of a philosophy.

Words of his are of no little weight and I gladly reproduce an extract from a letter just to hand, wherein he writes:—

"I most heartily wish that the *H.G.A.* and the Society which it represents may win all the success which it deserves so eminently. The mass of people, whether 'educated' or 'uneducated,' as far as my pretty extensive experience reaches, are as insensible as ever to the demands of the Higher Morality and of the Higher Civilisation. In respect to a more *propagandising* name than 'Vegetarianism,' it seems to me that 'a follower of the humane diet,' or, perhaps, 'an adherent of the Anti-Butchery Cause,' is as advisable a substitute as any that can be devised. Your word *Aristophagy* is a very good one for *occasional* use—but, like my *Kreophagy* (or *e.g.* like *Vivisection*), not being of the 'vulgar tongue,' is not likely to be 'understood of the people.' With best wishes for the success of the *H.G.A.* again."—HOWARD WILLIAMS.

* * *

**HOSPITAL
SUNDAY.**

Appeals have reached me from Oriolet and St. Francis asking me to remember Hospital Sunday in my notes. I gladly do so, and I earnestly ask every reader to do one little act of service for our higher humanity.

You would certainly give *something* to hospitals if you were quite sure they were sound about the burning question of Vivisection, but because you are doubtful you let the collecting plate pass you by and you send your money into other channels,

This year adopt another plan which will help to teach the clergy and churchwardens to *think*.

Put your mite (whether a sixpence, or a shilling, or a sovereign, or a postal order, or a bank note, or a cheque) in an envelope, addressed to "The Humanitarian Hospital of St. Francis, New Kent Road, London, S.E.," or to "The Oriole Vegetarian Hospital, Loughton, Essex," and put it in the plate or bag at your Church or Chapel.

If you put a *coin* in the envelope, use a registered envelope. Drop a post card to the Hospital saying that you have done this and naming the Church.

If this is done by every Member of The Order all over the country on Hospital Sunday, it will be the means of making thousands of new enquiries about our aims.

* * *

THE DRINK CRAVE.

I have just received a striking bit of testimony to the value of a simple dietary from Dr. David Paulson.

There are few diseases more hopeless than the drink crave disease. It is like lupus or cancer, cure it in one place and it breaks out in another. It undermines truth, it undermines the sense of honour, it destroys the independent dignity of manhood and the sweet pride of womanhood.

You think you have cured your case and he goes steadily along improving and then suddenly the cycle comes round and, like the poor wretch possessed with devils, he bids good bye to everything that makes life beautiful for the sake of pouring alcoholic fluid upon the degenerated internal coats of his stomach.

I am quite satisfied that the best method of treatment is by a simple non-flesh dietary with plenty of juicy fruits and vegetables and an abundance of phosphates and oil—coupled with patience, infinite patience.

* * *

THE FIERY THIRST.

This is what Dr. Paulson says:

It seems remarkable to us when we read that seven times were the devils cast out of Mary Magdalene, but modern missionary experiences furnish parallel cases. I am personally acquainted with a man who, during the last few years, has given his heart to God and backslidden to the drink habit thirty-three times.

He finally stumbled into our Medical Missionary Dispensary, bound down as effectually by this demon as ever were the men who wandered about the tombs on the hills of Gadarenes. The man made marked improvement under rational remedies properly applied, and then his most pathetic enquiry was, "who shall deliver me from this body of death?" I told him how spices, condiments, and meats were creating a fiery thirst in him, that even God had not promised to quench. It was a new idea to him.

He went away determined to try the force of the truth that I had sought to impress upon his mind. For a number of days he worked about Chicago without the slightest desire for liquor. Then, upon visiting with some of his friends, they persuaded him to dine with them after the "old style," and that meant to that poor man an invitation card to return to his old life. The result was it was beer in the evening, whiskey in the morning, and then a week of profound drunkenness.

* * *

THAT WATER CANNOT SATISFY.

Sorrowful, miserable and penitent, the man returned to our dispensary, and said he had demonstrated the truth of what I told him, and asked me, for God's sake, to help him upon his feet once more. This I gladly did in the name of the Master, who continues to pity and forgive our shortcomings, even beyond the "seventy times seven."

Twenty weeks have passed away. That man has lived carefully upon the natural products of the earth, has not felt one desire for liquor, and, physically, he is another man. He has learned the valuable lesson that in physical things, as well as in spiritual, God works in harmony with the laws He has instituted. If a mustard seed plaster is applied externally to even a converted man it will raise a blister, just the same as it would on a sinner. The same amount of mustard sprinkled upon meat and applied inside will just as surely create a thirst that water cannot satisfy. God Himself has established this relation.

Providence has opened a way for this man so he has secured a fine position, at a high salary; and his testimony when he comes to the mission, has an intelligent inspiration in it that has encouraged many a poor mortal to seek to investigate the cause for the fetters that seem to fasten him to a life of sin.

Our "Difficulties" Column.

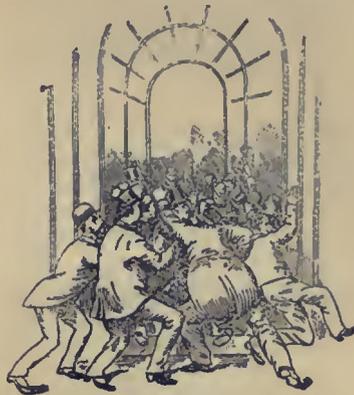
"Difficulties are not doubts."

This month two letters have come to hand. One raising difficulties, the other answering them.

Both are important and deserve careful and thoughtful reading.

Difficulties are not to be shirked or belittled or slurred over; neither are they to be magnified into mountain impasses.

We are not to sit still and wait until difficulties are solved, but we are to choose the better pathway and in spite of difficulties to press bravely on, knowing that in God's good time we shall understand what is good for us to know and



There are difficulties everywhere.

shall learn what is now beyond our power to comprehend.

In short the principle of dealing with difficulties is to 'outflank' them.

Roberts might have sat with Methuen in front of Magersfontein to this day crying out that he couldn't do anything because of the difficulty in the way.

Instead of this he says 'I recognise the difficulty, I can't overcome it, I can't solve it, I'll go round it and perhaps sooner or later if I press on to my goal, I shall find it will disappear'—and by outflanking it the difficulty soon disappeared.

We, too, must outflank our difficulties; recognise them, put a guard round them, treat them seriously, but press on without let or hindrance to the central goal—the Divine life we want to live—a life of Divine humanity.

* * *

Mrs. Brace writes from Stamford Hill:—

AN ANSWER. "Miss Redfern's 'Difficulties' are useful by the material they furnish for reflection, but are we not still too much wrapped round by the dawn-mist which is heralding the coming of the Golden Day, to lay down rules of action in such individual cases as she mentions. The principle upon which the Humanitarian Gospel is based is one of evolutionary development, and its first step was made by the first man who refrained from doing a mean action to his neighbour when that neighbour happened to be in his power. May we not feel sure that the 'kindly light' that has led man up to the height where Humanitarianism stands to-day, will still shine before those who seek it, showing them the next step they are to take as soon as they have planted their foot firmly upon the one beneath.

In individual cases, when temperament and environment play so large a part, it seems to me impossible for us to do more than *suggest* what our friends should do. A young person of humanitarian proclivities would naturally choose an occupation that would clash as little as possible with those proclivities. If, in fulfilment of duties undertaken, details presented themselves which conscience condemned, they must be settled by that conscience—whether another occupation must be sought or whether the 'situation' absolves from moral responsibility. In some cases, throwing up a situation would mean becoming a burden upon friends, or bring want upon those who owe their existence to us. When two evils are before us we must choose that one which seems to us the lesser; another cannot choose for us.

Persons, 'on tour,' actors or otherwise, must hold their vegetarian principles very lightly if they cannot get a good meal in any town or village containing a greengrocer's, a confectioner's, and a dairy. If they choose to go to places minus such trades they must of course make special provision. Difficulties with landlords usually arise from want of tact.

As for 'Difficulty 4,' if the fowls are kept for 'Eggs only' the cocks certainly won't produce eggs, even indirectly if they are killed: if they cannot be disposed of where they can carry out the purpose for which Nature seems to have intended them, surely the most humane thing to do would be to put them out of existence as skilfully as possible. I imagine

by allowing them to live they would become a nuisance to themselves and everybody about them. It would be another case of choosing the lesser evil, and such killing seems to me (in a moral sense) totally different from that done to animals brought into existence by man for the direct purpose of slaughter.

* * *

Dear Sir,—I send you the following extract from "Man and His Bodies," by Mrs. Annie Besant, as an answer to some of the difficulties propounded in your "Difficulties" column. May I add that we in India are much helped and encouraged by your words of light and leading and comfort in the midst of our many trials and difficulties.—Yours faithfully, Labhshankar Laxmidas, India :—

"You say, 'How much I should like to possess astral vision, to travel in the astral body!' but when it comes to the point you prefer a 'good' dinner. If the prize for giving up unclean food were a million pounds at the end of a year, how rapidly would difficulties disappear and ways be found for keeping the body alive without meat and wine! But when only the priceless treasures of the higher life are offered, the difficulties are insuperable. If men really desired what they pretend to desire, we should have much more rapid changes around us than we now see. But they make believe, and make believe so effectually, that they deceive themselves into the idea that they are in earnest, and they come back life after life to live in the same unprogressive manner for thousands of years; and then in some particular life they wonder why they do not advance, and why somebody else has made such rapid progress in this one life while they make none. The man who is in earnest—not spasmodically, but with steady persistence—can make what progress he chooses; while the man who is making believe will run round and round the mill-path for many a life to come."

* * *

A lady writes from Dublin :—

A DIFFICULTY. "I cannot profess myself a convert to all you advocate. For instance. My land here is infested —overrun by rabbits. They do serious injury to most crops—I am surrounded by estates on which the rabbits are equally numerous and troublesome. The owners however each year "let" the killing of the rabbits to men who employ trappers to destroy them. The cruelty involved is very great, not alone to the poor rabbits, but to other animals which get caught in these horrible traps, cats and dogs, one's pets, so caught are for the most part mercilessly killed; if they escape it is with mutilated limbs. On my land I will not allow traps or snares, but I have the rabbits shot. Again, what is to become of the dead rabbits if they are not used for food. I fear you will have scarcely time to read much less answer this letter, still the questions are seriously asked and there is much involved in the answer given."

Yesterday, To-Day, and For Ever.

THE PAST.

All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.
Shakespeare.

The past is the menagerie. I hear the deep note of the king of beasts, the roar of lions (the Neros and Caligulas of the old world) and my heart is filled with a nameless fear. The music is varied with the howling of wolves, and the rattle of the rattle-snake, all human. In the old world the sworn torturer was an institution like our coroner. The silence of the torture chamber is broken only by the harsh screech of mortal agony. The question is being put. *The human tigers are at work.*

Tell me not of the civilizations of the past! Tell me not of Doric temples and Phidian statues! My eyes are in the torture chamber. *(It is my brother who lies there).*

I see the fiend—the sworn torturer. The nameless cruelties of the dark past stand out in bold relief. I behold the human heart a beautiful tomb—a painted sepulchre. Inside I see dead men's bones and all uncleanness. *The temple of Love is not yet built, but the foundations are being laid.* "Other foundation can no man lay than is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

THE PRESENT.

The present is a transition state. The scenery is being changed in that mysterious pantomime called Life, and all is expectation.

The present is a mercenary age, a decaying age, a rotten age, an old age. "That which waxeth old and decayeth is

ready to vanish away." The present is a mere go-between. In the present we are trying to perform the impossible feat. We are trying to serve God and Mammon at one and the same time. The result is not a striking success. We please neither party.

In the present we are half devil, half angel. In the present we are human monsters. *There are no wicked people and no good people. Only imperfect people.* "There is none that doeth good, no not one." No river rises higher than its source, and no man is better than his age.

I see the temple of Love slowly rising, midst much wrangling and contention. The builders are at loggerheads. The divine stones are stained with blood. Occasionally they serve as convenient missiles to fling at one another's heads. 'Tis the age of hate!

Tell me not of nineteenth century triumphs, of steam, of electricity, etc. I see the lurid light on yonder battle field—the disgrace of our common humanity. I see that other slaughter house, whose doors never close, even in time of peace. Inside I see my humble brothers, my poor relations—the lower animals—in various stages of mortal agony. To every deep, a lower depth. *I see a nethermost hell. 'Tis the vivivector's den.* . . . The old order changeth, yielding place to new.

THE FUTURE (Prophetic).

I hear the cuckoo sing! 'Tis the age of love, brighter and purer than Ovid ever sang. "For lo, the winter is past, the rain (of hate) is over and gone, the flowers (of love) appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

Everything goes in cycles. Man has his seasons just like the year, only his cycle is larger. Here are wheels within wheels.

It belongs not to the dark past but to the bright future. The sons of God are now married to the daughters of men, and as a natural result the earth is filled with angels.

"For the tree of the field is man's life" (Deut., xx, 19). This great truth, propounded by Moses 5,000 years ago has at length found acceptance. *The world is vegetarian.* History repeats itself. "Man *did* eat angels' food." Man *does* eat angels' food.

The future is healthy, therefore holy. The future is healthy, therefore wise. The future is healthy, therefore happy. "They that are whole need not a physician." Joy dwells with man.

The golden-hours, the winged-hours dance from morn till dewy eve. Ugliness and disease have left the earth. "Neither shall there be any more pain" (Rev., xxi, 4). Those two fair virgins, Truth and Beauty, walk hand in hand in the garden of the Lord. . . .

That glittering palace of silver, the temple of Love, now stands complete; the joy of the whole earth, the true Solomon's Temple, the New Jerusalem of the future. "The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day, and there shall be no night there." "And the nations of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it." No honours outside of love. No medals now for man slayers, only for man savers. "I have come that ye might have life." The glory of this latter house exceeds that of the former. . . . "The mountain of the Lord's house is established on the top of the mountain, and all nations shall flow into it." "Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken; neither shall thy land be any more termed Desolate; but thou shalt be called Hephzibah and thy land Beulah; for the Lord delighteth in thee and thy land shall be married." (Isaiah, lxii, 4).

Shakespeare's fine description of man is applicable *only* to the bright future:—"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

The higher life of man! Think of it. It is a great fact gradually dawning on a dark world. As the ages revolve, the flower of man slowly opens and reveals new colours, surprising colours, heavenly colours—the *most exquisite tints*.

"The end of the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." Yes, and the end of every good man is precisely similar.

'Tis now the surprise comes. It is reserved for the last. The transfiguration of the race—the grand transformation scene in that sacred mystery play called Life—now takes place.

The subject is "*the restitution of all things*, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all His holy prophets since the world began." (Acts, iii, 21).

The light of love (God's face), shines upon all alike, making all look equally beautiful. He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good with a like effulgence. "In Thy presence there is fullness of joy, and at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

Who shall go forth to preach the gospel of Joy to a sad world? Listen to the anthem of the ages! "Behold I make all things new."

"Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended" (Isaiah 60, v. 20).

Abel Andrew.

Zoroastrianism and Animal Life.

Zoroastrianism is one of the Aryan systems of religion. It is sometimes called sister-religion to the Hindu, on account of the similarity of the language of their Scriptures, their antiquity, their philosophy, their worship, and even their social customs. A teaching common to both these religions, is



that they both enjoin their votaries to have compassion and mercy towards animals, especially the kine. The Hindus are well known for their sympathy towards animals; the high caste entirely abstaining from animal food. But as the modern Parsis are a flesh-eating race, it would be interesting to note how they have gone astray, like all other nations, against the teaching of their holy Saviour. As for the other Scriptures of the Parsis, the scholars differ in that they do not contain the teaching of Zoroaster, but the Scripture known as the Gâthâs carries greater weight among all classes of people as being that of Zoroaster himself, or, if not, at least the ideas embodied in them belong to that Holy Sage.

These Gâthâs, and the Yasna in which the Gâthâs are embodied, abound in references enjoining on every Zoroastrian to protect, feed and even clothe animals. The word used in the Avesta for animals is *gospenda*, which is applied by the modern translators to domesticated animals only; but if we take the root of it, *gow*, it can be applied to all living creatures.

Granting, for the sake of argument, that it means domesticated animals only, the Parsis allow to kill for their food those

very animals which are forbidden to be killed and are to be taken care of by them in virtue of their Scriptures. The 10th Hâ of the Yasna says:

"Salutations for the *gospenda*! Salutations for the *gospenda*! Good words for the *gospenda*! Victory for the *gospenda*! Food for the *gospenda*! Clothes for the *gospenda*! Labour for the *gospenda*! Because they are useful for our sustenance."

If these animals are to be taken care of because they are created for our food, as some people would have us believe, the Gâthâs would not have treated every one as "evil" who advises to kill animals. In Gâthâ Alunavaiti (Yasna, Hâ xxxii, 12) we are most emphatically told that:

"Evil are they who, through their deception, prevent men from righteousness, who advise to *kill animals*, and, going astray from the righteous path, act like the Karâpanas and desire the sway of the Drugas."

In Gâthâ Vôhûkshshtra (Hâ li, 15) we read:

"They [the Karapanas] do not teach by action or advice to take care of the kine."

It is to be borne in mind that the former passage has often been mistranslated in such a way as to disguise the true sense of it. Almost all the translators being flesh-eaters, they passed unnoticed, or wilfully disguised, the sense contained in the above passage. The original word for "killing" in the text is *moreuden*, which is rendered simply as "giving pain," etc. But the same word occurs at many other places in the Avesta, where it is rendered in the sense of "killing."

This rendering is consistent, again, with the teaching of a previous chapter (xxiv), in which Gaûsh-Urvânem (the soul of the Cow, World or Universe) complains Ahura-Mazda (God) that there is much cruelty and sin in this world and on that account Gaûsh-Urvânem was promised that Zoroaster will be sent into the world, thus establishing the fact that one of the missions of the holy Zarathustra was to alleviate the cruelty perpetrated by mankind on lower animals even at that remote time.

Zoroaster taught it; the Persians minded it not: they became luxurious, and the natural result was that they lost their reign, country, and even religion. This can easily be taken as *one* out of the many reasons of their losing their nationality.

In the pre-victorian days my Parsi brethren were not so luxurious in India in company with their natural cousins, the Hindus; but at present, we are sorry to observe, they are fast drowning themselves again into the mire of luxury in rank imitation of the nations of the West. While formerly they used to live—even the rich Parsis—on very abstemious food, using flesh food on rare occasions only, at present they, in company with their English rulers, are fast becoming luxurious—the poorest Parsi considering flesh food to be a daily necessity, and one of his daily avocations in the morning is to patronise the butcher! Not only the laymen, but even the priests, who were formerly in the habit of observing four days in a month, somewhat like the Roman Catholics, to abstain from flesh food, now consider it as superstition, and they daily require their flesh viands to propitiate their lower appetites.

The modern Parsis call themselves more refined, cultured, educated, intelligent, and reasoning, than their immediate forefathers; but they cannot claim to be such unless they become consistent in their food—consistent at least with the teaching of the Gâthâs, the sacred utterances of their Holy Master.

This is not enough. It behoves them to help, either physically, morally, or intellectually, all those movements which have now sprung up in the East as well as in the West,

to protect life, in whatever form it may be—say all the humanitarian movements—and join and work with them, if possible, with one accord in a united bond. In doing so, they will help in bringing nearer that millennium—that Golden Age—for which “the Bundahish,” the generis of the Parsis, gives us hope of immortality.

“In the millennium of Hūshēdar-Māh, they will desist from meat food, and eat vegetables and milk; afterwards they abstain from milk food and abstain from vegetable food, and are feeding on water, and for ten years before Sōshyans comes they remain without food—and do not die.” (Chapter xxx).

N. F. Bilimoria.

Household Wisdom.

“Frugality and beauty oft walk hand in hand.”

In reference to vegetarian cookery one frequently hears the remark, “It is all very well for those who can afford to buy the best of everything, but it is quite out of the question for those who have not means at their disposal for purchasing the more costly foods and fruits and who have little time to expend on cooking the necessary meals.”

Such a statement is not only incorrect but very misleading, for many of the most nourishing and wholesome dishes which the vegetarian housewife can provide are those which are the simplest to prepare and at the same time the least costly.

For the benefit of those who have not much time to spend on cooking and who wish to combine economy with a wholesome diet, the following recipes and suggestions may be of service.

* * *

For Breakfast, what more wholesome than a well-cooked porridge, of which there are many varieties for those who tire of the usual oatmeal. Let such try wheatmeal, frumenty, bominy, maize, or some of the prepared varieties for a change. Any of these can be made over night, and only require warming up for breakfast. Porridges are best made in a double pan, or a big jar placed in a saucepan of boiling water and left on the hob for almost any length of time that is convenient, taking care that the water does not boil away. Eat with syrup, sugar, honey, stewed figs or boiled milk, and always take brown bread with it—brown bread! wholemeal bread! If only people would discard the starvation white and nourish their bodies with the wholesome grain of the wheat! For all porridges see that the water is well boiling before sprinkling in the meal, and this done, an occasional stir is all that is necessary.

* * *

Rice Dishes are very nutritious, inexpensive, and at the same time easily prepared, both savoury and sweet.

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A nice change from the usual and oft-times sloppy milk pudding, is to add a handful of chopped dates, figs, prunes or raisins to the boiling rice and milk, and cook several hours, slowly as usual. This pudding can be made overnight in a slow oven and would be ready for anyone to take to their work who does not get home to the mid-day meal.

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Plain Boiled Rice is also very good eaten with any stewed fruit, jam or syrup, and is a dish which children are usually fond of.

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Savoury Rice dishes are also good and can be varied in many ways. Boil the rice, or stew it in a jar (rice requires barely four times as much water as bulk of rice according to the quality). Mince and fry some onions a nice brown and put alternate layers of rice and onions in a greased dish. When full add half a pint of milk and 1 egg beaten in it, and bake a short time in the oven. A few herbs may be added for a change and of course a little salt and pepper.

Fried or sliced tomatoes, fried carrots or other vegetables chopped up may be used in the same way as the onions or along with them.

* * *

Barley is food that is not appreciated as it should be, probably because it is not often cooked sufficiently. It should be always put in the oven over night with plenty of water, and if it is not a thick jelly next morning, it should be left to cook longer.

Barley can be used instead of rice in any of the above-mentioned ways, and it is also nice with sliced cheese baked along with it

It makes excellent **Soup** with the addition of some milk and water and fried onion or other vegetable. It is also nice for a change as a porridge, and no dish is more easily digested or suitable for children.

* * *

A nice Supper Dish can be made with boiled rice round the edge of a dish, and in the centre place some slices of buttered toast. Then get some Spanish onions, slice them and fry a nice brown and place on the toast. In the same pan brown some flour and a teaspoonful of dried sage, add a little boiling water and, when thick, pour over the onion as a gravy.

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Lentils may be cooked by putting in a jar in the oven, covering well with water and cooking slowly two or three hours. They can be cooked very quickly in a pan over the fire if wanted at once. Boil until almost all the water is absorbed, add some fried or chopped onion and eat with bread and butter or potatoes.

The lentils can be potted, in jars if thickened with a few bread crumbs, and will keep some days if a little butter is run over. Excellent for sandwiches if one is away for the day. Lentils may be cooked along with any rice that may be left or with cheese or tomatoes, and baked in a dish with a few bread crumbs sprinkled on the top.

Lentils are very good for soup if made more liquid. They may be seasoned in many ways, and any fried vegetables chopped up and put in.

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Excellent Soup Tablets can now be bought, which only require to be made with boiling water or milk, and which are entirely without animal food. These are convenient if there is no time for cooking.

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The Haricot Bean, both the white and brown, are invaluable foods to the hard workers and those who spend much of their time in the open air. They are suitable for putting along with vegetables into pies, puddings, or patties.

The brown bean makes splendid soup, first stewed in the oven in plenty of water, and next day rubbed through a coarse sieve, and a few herbs, fried onion, etc., added, and eaten with plenty of bread and toast. Some people like to pour off the liquid, season it, and drink it like “beef tea” and eat the beans with mint sauce and potatoes or bread.

* * *

A good Substantial Pie can be made with sliced onions, potatoes, carrots or turnips all boiled together with a cupful of soaked tapioca and when nearly cooked thicken with a little flour and water. Pour into a dish, add seasoning, cover with paste and bake, or simply cover with bread crumbs and bits of butter and bake in the same way. Haricot beans or brown beans can be added with advantage to the pie.

* * *

Peas, soaked and well boiled make good soup, or can be added to any of the above dishes.

These are but a few hints, and for those who desire more information and simple recipes, there are cook books which can be had from headquarters, **The Beacon, Ilfracombe**, for one or two pence, as well as the more elaborate ones.

During the summer months no one need have a difficulty, for one could live healthily and well without any cooking at all, if so desired.

Daisy Whiston.