

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.

Vol. 5.—No. 9. [Entered at Stationers' Hall.] September 15, 1900. [Published Monthly.] ONE PENNY.

The Duty of Joy.

Where'er great pity is and piteousness,
Where'er great Love and Love's strange sorrow stay,
Where'er men cease to curse, but bend to bless
Frail brethren fashioned like themselves of clay;
Where'er the lamb and lion side by side
Lie down in peace, where'er on land or sea
Infinite Love and Mercy heavenly eyed
Emerge, there stirs the God that is to be!

Robert Buchanan.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

I am tired of hearing apologies for sentiment. No one should apologise for what he knows to be true.



Sometimes great revelations come to us. The simplest thing that we have seen and known every day of our life, and that we have hitherto called the commonplace, suddenly reveals itself to our soul; suddenly takes on a new and wondrous garment; suddenly becomes a divine life poem, and we wonder why we never knew it before.

The old cottage home, with its low ceiling and its dark corners, with its broken firegrate and its shaky doors, becomes a holy place as our memory travels back to all the battles of our childhood—to our victories and our failures, to the little untruths we told, and the temptations to little pilferings that we resisted.

What we despise one day, we hold sacred the next. What is beautiful is always sacred, and, sooner or later, becomes sacred to us. There is nothing which may not be made beautiful except evil.

Evil is always and essentially ugly, whatever robes it dons. The good is always and essentially beautiful, whatever coat it wears.

From the beautiful it is but one step to the happy.

Happiness is one form of mental and spiritual beauty.

Thus the creed of the philosophers of old becomes justified in its fulfilment—"Call the good blessed, for theirs is the inheritance of happiness"—and the thought comes like

a swift message from the stars—"It is your duty to be happy," for it is your duty to be good.

I had always looked upon happiness as an ideal to be sought for with many tears, and with much sorrowing; and, lo, the message bids me pick it up from the stones beneath my feet.

I had always looked upon happiness as a personal possession, belonging only to each one's self, and that its pursuit was always tinged with selfishness—and lo the message tells me that it is a common property, and that what I have belongs to others, and that I must take up my share, not for my own selfish ends, but for the sake of others.

It is my duty to be happy in order that I may bring joy to others.

But is it possible to be happy in sordid dwellings and in sunless homes? Is it possible to be happy in the utter desolation of a wasted hearth and a homeless home? Is it possible to be happy in the work that jars, and in the idleness that frets where brain is busy and limbs are paralysed?

Is it possible to be happy in the loneliness of loved ones lost, or in the unequal yoke of minds all out of tune?

From palace and prison, from crowded slums and lonely desert, from the cushions of comfort and the cold rack of agony, from the lisping lips of children and from the parched palates of the dying comes the same testimony, "we are happy;" not in the trivial joys that come and go and flow and ebb and fret and flicker as the sunlight fades, but we are happy with a joy which is deep and peaceful and restful and eternal. It is the joy of resting upon the bosom of the Infinite. It is the joy of knowing that there is no more death, that there is no more loneliness, that there is no more restlessness, that there is only a little pain, a little weariness here and there, and this upon the surface only, while underneath there lies a sweet eternal calm.

I have heard of men singing amid the flames of their martyrdom. I have heard of women chanting during the agonies of their being racked. I have known and seen sweet smiles and radiant faces amid the squalor of grinding poverty and the long aching weariness of years of pain.

Happiness depends not on the without but on the within. Not on the possession of wealth or fair face but on the inner consciousness that all is well.

Have you watched the faces of those who have gone through great tribulations and have come forth with robes

unsullied? They are beautiful with a restful strength that has no care for the tiny slights and worries and pin pricks of the passing hour. They have faced the frown of death and have eaten bread at the portals of the temple of silence. Henceforth they live above the range of the venomous arrows of spite, and beyond the power of the magnet of seduction.

So is it with happiness. Those who will, may take of the cup of joy and pour it forth upon a thirsting world.

The world is groaning and wearying itself in sorrow and heartache, and all the time you refuse to fill the pitcher which stands beside you at the fountain, and to empty it within the upturned burning lips.

There is a duty of joy, a responsibility of happiness.

You are the holy pitcher, and the springing well of eternal happiness is ever beside you. Fill yourself full to the brim, full to the brim and running over, and soon around you the rough rocks will take on their coat of green and the jagged spines will blossom forth with a sweetness beyond compare.

There was an old garden with a granite figure standing in the centre, in each hand there was the horn of plenty, and from the mouth stood out the semblance of an open pipe, but all was barren and burnt and dry. The bare earth was cracked and parched and the withered boughs hung listlessly and rattled as they moved.

Well might the stalwart figure have cried "What happiness for me in such a forbidding desolate wilderness? How can I be joyful amid such marks of misery and such a burnt-up waste?"

But the remedy lay within. The turning of one small tap and the figure came into communion with the rich waterways of the world, and from hands and mouth poured out a ceaseless stream of limpid crystal.

The hours had scarce passed into days before the desert began to blossom and the earth sent up a chorus shout of living green. The trees burst forth into luxuriant foliage, the birds gathered round and the air was full of joy and sweet gladness.

Joy is a duty.

Whether you can water your own heart or not you must water other people's. You must pour out the happiness which you can obtain freely and without price for the sake of creation around you.

Well has it been said, "If you have drunk deeply of the cup of bitterness it is well—but if you pass on the cup to another, you are acting the traitor to your kin."

The privilege is there—

"You may be happy."

The possibility is there—

"You can be happy."

The duty is there, too—

"You must be happy."

And what is the first act of the man into whose lap a fortune has fallen? It is to give the first fruits to God, remembering that inasmuch as it is done to the poor, and the halt, and the maimed, and the blind, it is done unto God.

What then shall be the first act of those upon whom the priceless treasure of happiness has fallen?

It shall be to offer the first-fruits to God, remembering that inasmuch as we bring joy into the lives of the meanest of His creatures, we bring joy into the sacred heart of God Himself.

The untold agonies of the animal creation slaughtered for human food are untellable. Who then will rise up and say, "For me henceforth no mother cow shall be dragged across the bloody floor to the fatal axe. No patient sheep shall be cast headlong upon the trough for its poor throat to be cut from side to side, no sucking calf or frisking lamb shall be shut up in darkness and starvation until its time of death is come."

Inasmuch as I have received freely of the cup of joy, so shall I shed it out upon that lower creation which looks up to me for its very existence.

Even were flesh-food *necessary* I would daily mourn as I ate my piece of my little brother's dead body, and would sorrow for his cruel death as I partook of the sacrifice of his pain.

I would even then try and remember that the soul is more than the body, and that evolution of character is of greater importance than physical development, and would quote to myself that famous anecdote of Socrates until I had learned its meaning:—

"Where shall we bury you?" said the weeping disciple Crito to Socrates, when suffering from the fatal hemlock. 'Bury me!' exclaimed Socrates. 'Bury me just where you please,' he added, 'if you can only catch me.' Continuing, he said: 'Have I not told you, O Crito, and the wise men, that the body is not Socrates?'"

But since it is all *unnecessary* how can I dare to go on perpetuating an "animals' hell" merely as a tainted pleasure to my stomach.

Of joy and gladness I have fully received, of joy and gladness to all creation shall I not freely give. I cannot but vegetate.

Josiah Oldfield.

Looking Forward.

I lifted the veil of the future
 One day in a fireside dream,
 I gazed through the unborn ages
 On the promised land unseen;
 I looked with a wondrous feeling,
 All was so bright and new;
 The sights I saw in that fireside dream
 Were wondrous, strange, and true.

I saw in that fleeting vision
 A change in the earthly life;
 Though greater the city's commotion,
 No sign could I see of strife;
 No hungry, naked, or wretched,
 Downtrodden for earthly gain;
 The blush of health, and the pride of wealth
 Were present, a happy twain.

I sought for the sin-curst alleys,
 I asked for the haunts of sin;
 The people all heard and wondered
 In that future time I was in!
 They knew not the name of the outcast,
 The drunkard was known no more;
 And each one knew his brother was true
 In the promised land before.

I waked from my fireside dreaming,
 I rose from the easy chair,
 And wondered if such were coming,
 Such a promised land so fair;
 I'd hail such a restoration
 Of the age of liberty;
 I'd die for a sight of another night
 In that glorious land to be.

R. Crawford.

