

THE OLIVE LEAF

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Summer Days.

THERE is radiance in the sky,
 There's a smile upon the shore—
 When the summer comes :
 Then the sylph-like clouds sail high,
 And the torrents cease to roar—
 When the summer comes.

There is beauty everywhere ;
 Music like a magic tune,
 When the roses bloom,
 With a sweet song fills the air,
 Mystic as an ancient rune—
 When the roses bloom.

W. O. C.



To Boys and Girls.

SOME of you have, no doubt, seen jugglers and conjurers at a country fair. The tricks they perform seem very wonderful, though probably, if we could peep a little behind the scenes they are not so wonderful as they seem. But it is certainly startling to see a live rabbit taken out of an old hat that you were sure, a moment before, had nothing in it.

CLEVER JUGGLERS.

The greatest jugglers are Hindoos, some of whom are astonishingly clever. A Hindoo juggler will put a little dog into a basket, fasten the basket up ever so tightly, and then take a sword and run it through the basket again and again. You hear the poor little animal squeal inside, and the sword comes out covered with blood. You are just about to pounce on the man, when he opens the basket

and shows you that there is nothing in it, and at the same time the little dog alive, uninjured, and wagging his tail with delight, comes round a corner.

But all Hindoos are not so clever. It is said that Sir Hiram Maxim, the great inventor, was approached by one of these gentlemen not long ago. The juggler asked the inventor to lend him a watch. Now, Sir Hiram remembered the famous story of Robert Houdin, who, performing before the Pope, pounded to pieces in a mortar a valuable watch that the Pope gave him, rammed the fragments into a gun and fired them off at a rose-tree. On the tree the amazed company saw hanging the identical watch, or what seemed to be the identical watch. In reality it was an exact duplicate, which the clever conjuror had had made, and had hung there before beginning his trick.

GOOD AT SMASHING.

Remembering Houdin, then, the inventor handed over his watch, which was a costly affair. It was smashed, all right. The juggler managed that part of it splendidly ; but alas ! he was unable to restore it. It is still smashed, and no duplicate watch from a rose tree or any other mystifying source, came to take its place in the pocket of the chagrined owner.

The first lesson is : Don't trust a Hindoo juggler. The second lesson is : Don't trust a juggler of any sort, especially of the sort that juggles with character and conscience. The third lesson is : Don't trust anyone who intends to smash what is precious and promises to give you back something "just as good."

What, for example? Your innocence, or your faith, or your health, or your conscience. All these things are more precious than watches, even though they are gold-cased and jewel-covered ; and you may be sure that he who juggles with them, and smashes them, cannot replace them.

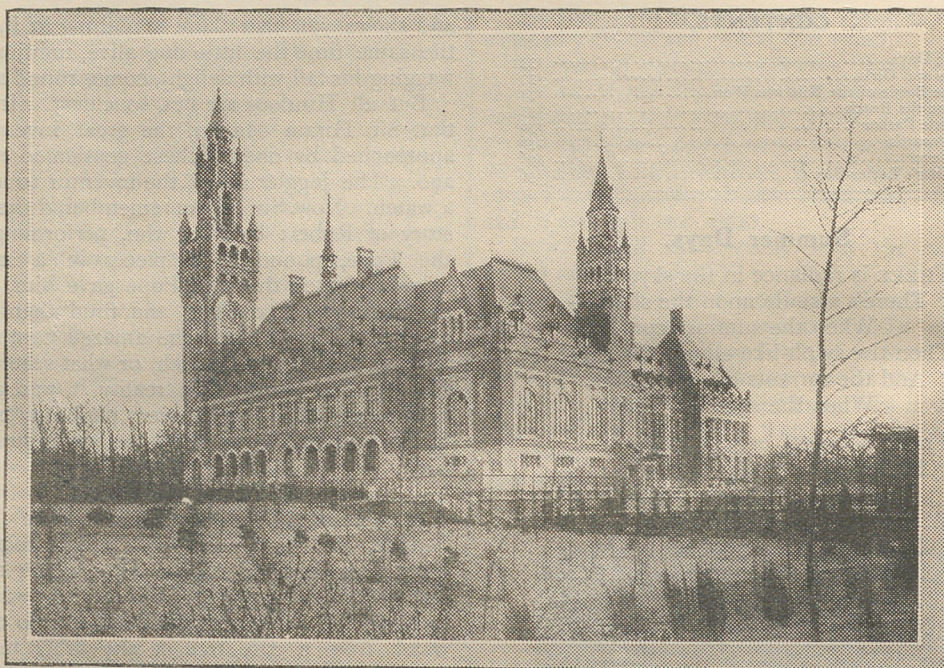
There are plenty of things that ought to be smashed, but they are the bad and worthless things, and not the things that are good and pure.

The Christian Age.

How the Battle of the Nile was Won.

NELSON had been for some time in search of the French ships. In the course of the operations in the Mediterranean he had been thrown off the scent and altogether puzzled. He could not find out where the French navy was. He was at his wits' end, for he had nothing to give him a clue as to the enemy's position, and there was no wireless telegraphy, or anything of that kind, in those days. The men who have since done such wonderful things in the way of transmitting messages—men like Morse and Marconi—were yet unborn. It

heard for some time, and its receipt had startled her. Sir John Acton was a wise Commander and a shrewd man, and saw his opportunity. He offered to read the letter while the maid continued her attendance on her mistress. The letter, of course, gave all the information as to the whereabouts and intentions of the French. The moment the Commander had read it he rushed off in search of Nelson; and the Admiral, acting upon the knowledge thus gained, found the French at a very advantageous position for himself, in the Bay of Aboukir, and gained the famous victory of the Nile.



THE PEACE PALACE AT THE HAGUE, TO BE DEDICATED AUGUST 29TH, 1913.

meant a very much more difficult task to be an Admiral then than it is to-day.

Now at Naples—you want to study your maps in order to learn the relative position of Naples to the scene of the Battles of the Nile—at Naples, in Italy, was Sir John Acton, the Commander in Chief of the land and sea forces there. At the time when Nelson was in the midst of his bewilderment, Sir John Acton was in his wife's room at Naples, where the maid was putting the finishing touches to her ladyship's dress. The maiden suddenly became excited, and drove the point of a pin into her mistress, for someone at that moment had handed her a letter from her brother, a French sailor, from whom she had not

It was mean and ignoble, you will say, to take advantage of the lady's maid. So it was, but Commanders in battle put all such considerations aside. "All's fair in War," they say, and act upon it too; but the point I want specially to make is that the Battle of the Nile was brought about by a pinprick. Some of us remember well, how long ago a war between England and France was nearly caused by a series of what were figuratively called "pinpricks."



"SELF is the only prison that can ever bind the soul ;
Love is the only angel who can bid the gates unroll ;
And when He comes to call thee, arise and follow fast
His way may lie through darkness, but it leads to Light at
last."—HENRY VAN DYKE.

Bairns on the Beach.

YES! The holidays will be here soon. No longer will the school bell be heard summoning the little folk to their lessons. The schools will be all deserted, and over them there will rest a profound silence. Instead of working at sums or poring over books or writing copies—their usual occupations—the little folks are indulging in all kinds of outdoor amusements. Little inky fingers have laid down the tiresome pen, and have caught up the cricket bat, or the tennis racket, or the sand spade, or the shrimping net. Sun bonnets or Buffalo Bill hats are clapped on little heads that a short time since were puzzling at hard sums and exercises, with now and then a bit of day-dreaming coming between them and their book. And now the pleasures they had in those day-dreams have really come, and the blue tides are rippling in at their feet and the sea breezes giving colour already to their cheeks.

NO PLACE LIKE THE SEASIDE.

People talk about farms and country houses, and hayfields, and so on, but there is no place like the seaside for little folks in the summer holidays. Children are nowhere so happy as on the sands. It is a pleasure to come upon a sand castle or a sand fort, and to watch the little serge clad architects and builders at work. What sturdy legs they have—bare, of course; and what brown cheeks; and, oh, the fun when the in-coming tide lays waste the result of their toil. Sometimes it is not a sand fort, but a garden, that is laid out with great delight. And some are quite pretty gardens, too, with the tops of evergreens cut off to serve for miniature trees, and little beds filled with real flowers, brought from the garden at home, and with a shell house or a hut made of stones. Then, too, what fun they have in the search for shells and the queer wet creatures that hide under the rocks. What numbers of soaked sandals and stockings there are before dinner-time. And yet, who stops to think over such small troubles? Next morning the same feet will go scampering among the same green boulders and yellow sand, for who cares? It is holiday time. Sit down for a few minutes and look at

THE WONDERFUL OCEAN.

Surely the sea is one of the most wonderful things in this wonderful world. The same remark has been made many times in different forms. Yet we do not grow tired of hearing or uttering it; and the reason why we do not is the largeness of its truth. However often we may put it into words, we can never express all our wonder or all our admiration. We can never realise, much less convey to anyone else, all that the sea says to our

hearts and intellects, for while we speak, or even think, of one aspect of it, we forget another. Think of its size. Your minds, perhaps, will hardly be able to grasp the big fact that the surface of the sea is 145,000,000 square miles in extent, and the body of it measures 778,000,000 cubic miles. What lies under these big tossing waves. Hills and dales, trees of wood, fresh water rivers, mountains of coral, grottoes of amber. And where does all the water come from? Ah! where indeed? And then you are sure to ask—

“WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?”

For one thing they are saying “How beautiful we are!” Yes, the sea is beautiful. Try and appreciate a quotation which is one of the most beautiful descriptions of the sea that was ever penned: “The innumerable miles of the ever-flowing sea.” See the light glancing on the ripples now; does it not look as if the sea were laughing? How the waters sparkle in the glorious summer sunlight. Then, when the wind rises, and the waves dash mountains high, breaking with white-foamed crests upon the beach, how grandly beautiful it is; or, as we stroll along the shore when the moon is bright overhead, we look upon the sea as a lovely picture, which gladdens us as none painted by the hand of man has power to do.

“We are useful,” the wild waves are also saying, for the sea is not only beautiful, it is useful as well. Why, our world without it would be a world without life. We could not till the land if it were not refreshed by the falling of the rain or the distilling of the dew, and all the clouds, the rain, the dew, the rivulets, and the rivers are children of the sea. But for the sea the earth would be barren, and as uninhabitable as the sea-less moon. The sea is the vital fluid that animates our earth as the blood animates the body, and should it disappear altogether, our fair green planet would become like the moon, a heap of brown volcanic rocks and deserts, lifeless, worthless, as the slag cast from a furnace.

And can you see the smiling, happy-looking convalescent in the Bath-chair yonder, and the vessel just visible on the horizon, whose white sails look like angels' wings? Well, they also should remind you of the many uses of the sea. How its breath gives life and strength to the millions who might otherwise fade and die. How it yields up to the man its stores of hidden treasures when he stretches out his hand to receive them. And how it bears upon its mighty bosom shiploads of men, and women, and children, who desire to visit far off lands in search of friends or gold, those who bring us food from strange countries, and those who go to make new homes among fresh scenes and unknown neighbours.

THE SANDS.

Now, let us walk along the sands, and note a very interesting fact about them. It is this, that a pint of dry sand, and a half a pint of water, when mixed, does not make a pint and a half but a good deal less. If you fill your pail with dry sand from above the tide mark, and then pour into it some water, the mass of sand actually shrinks. The reason is that when the sand is dry there is air between its particles, but when the sand particles are wetted they adhere closely to each other; the air is driven out, and the water does not exactly take an equivalent space, but occupies less room than the air did, owing to the close clinging together of the wet particles. If you add a little water to some dry sand under the microscope, you will see the sand particles move and cling closely to one another.

If you walk on the firm damp sand exposed at low tide on many parts of the sea shore when it is just free from water on the surface, you will see that when you put your foot down the sand becomes suddenly pale for some seven inches or so all round your foot. The reason is that the water has left the pale-looking sand (dry sand looks paler than wet sand) and has gone into the sand under your foot, which is being squeezed by your weight. The water passing into that squeezed sand enables its particles to sit tighter or closer together, and so to yield to the pressure caused by your weight. You actually squeezed water "into" the sand instead of squeezing water "out" of it, as is usually the case when you squeeze part of a wet substance—say, a cloth or a sponge. When you lift your foot up you will find that your footmark is covered with the water you had drawn to that particular spot by squeezing it. It separates as soon as the pressure is removed.

Western Weekly News.

The "Little Father."

THE Tsar, the "Little Father" of his people, appears frequently in the proverbs of ordinary Russian speech. The Paris *Figaro* some time ago published some of these popular sayings:—

The crown does not protect the Tsar from headache.
Even the Tsar's lungs cannot blow out the sun.

The Tsar's back also would bleed if it were gashed with the knout.

The Tsar's arm is long, but it cannot reach to heaven.
The hand of the Tsar also has only five fingers.

It is not more difficult for death to carry a fat Tsar than to carry a lean beggar.

The voice of the Tsar has an echo even when there are no mountains near.

What the Tsar cannot accomplish time can do.

The Russians have a score of such proverbs, intended to show that the Tsar is only a man, "just like any other."

Ever Onwards.

ONWARD, ever press onward—

On through the cheerless night;
Leave the darkness behind you,
And steadfastly look for light.

The sun is ever shining,
And ever the light is seen
By those who await its coming
Though the darkness intervene.

The light is not extinguished
Because the night is dark,
And the tempest black may threaten
To swamp thy labouring bark.

And through the darkest midnight,
And the blackest clouds above
Shines out, aye, brightly and bravely,
A star, the symbol of love.

So onward, steadily onward,
As noblest souls have striven,
For the heart of terrestrial darkness
Is bright with the Love of Heaven.

GLADYS DE LAVELEYE.



Very Clever.

"O mother," cried a youngster who had been visiting an elder brother in school, "I learned lots to-day."

"What was one thing you learned?" asked the parent.

"I learned in the 'rithmetic class," was the reply, "that the square of the base and perpendicular of a right-handed triangle is equal to the sum of the hippopotamus."

Chicago Tribune.

The
Editor's
Letter-Box.

COMMUNICATIONS FOR THE OLIVE LEAF, or in connection with the BAND OF PEACE, should be sent to the Secretary, 47, New Broad Street, London, E.C.

The Secretary will be glad to receive the names of new members, of whom a register is kept at the Office.

