

THE OLIVE LEAF

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The World and You.

THE world is well lost when the world is wrong,
 No matter how men deride you,
*For if you are patient and firm and strong
 You will find it in time (though the time be long)
 That the world wheels 'round beside you.*

If you dare to sail first o'er a new thought track,
 For a while it will scourge and score you ;
 Then, coming abreast with a skilful tack,
 It will clasp your hand and slap your back,
And vow it was there before you.

*The world means well, though it wander and stray
 From the straight, short cut to duty ;
 So go ahead in that path, I say,
 For after a while it will come your way
 Bringing its pleasures and beauty.*

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



What War Means.

A TALE OF TWO SOLDIERS.

"YES, yes, sonny ; I am an old man, now. It is many years since the battle of Balaclava, but one incident is as fresh in my memory to-day as it was on the day my father died."

"Tell me, grandfather, all about it. I like to hear of battles, and soldiers, and bravery."

"Ah, poor lad ; but you don't understand all there is to understand in warfare. War is not all glory !"

"Tell me, grandfather ; I want to know."

"Yes ; and when you know, I hope you will feel as bitter against war as I do—curse it."

The lad looked up in amazement. He was very fond of his grandfather, but he had never seen him look so strange before. He could not understand why the reference to war should make his grandfather so excited. He felt as though he would ask his grandfather not to tell him anything. Yet he had learnt at school that the bravery of British soldiers was something to be proud of, and something to imitate. In his enthusiastic moments he had inwardly resolved, when old enough and big enough, he would be a soldier.

"Perhaps you would rather not tell me, grandfather?" he said, interrogatively.

"Yes, sonny ; I will tell you ; I must tell you. You are old enough, now, I think, to learn the wickedness of war and the wretchedness and misery it always brings."

There was no mistaking the emotion of the old man. Every fibre of his body was convulsed. His face turned pale, and his lips were drawn and ashen. It was a serious matter with him, evidently. He essayed to begin :

"I will tell you about the fight in which my father was wounded. You have read about the Charge of the Light Brigade, haven't you ?"

"Yes, grandfather."

"Well, it was a fight between England and Russia, or rather, the soldiers of England and Russia had to fight one another. And one of these battles took place at Balaclava."

"England won, didn't she, grandfather ?"

"Won ! Yes, England won. But it was a dear win ! But I must tell you all about them—all about my father and my mother, I mean. My mother was a Russian governess, who was living in England while teaching the children of a wealthy English family. She was a very clever woman, and knew several languages. She met my father, and they got married. Oh, they were so happy. And father and mother were saving up all the money they could to buy

my father's discharge. Then the war with Russia broke out, and they would not let him leave the army."

"Who wouldn't let him, grandfather?"

"Why, the War Office. The Government.

The people in Parliament who control the Army. They sent him out to the Crimea. My mother was so upset she became very ill, and the doctors thought she would die. But she got better, and used to write to my father every day. I don't know whether he got all the letters, but we had very few from him. The most we knew was what was posted up at the War Office, or in the papers. . . . My father, you must know, was in the Light Brigade, and one day came the news of the Battle of Balaclava, and the Charge of the Light Brigade."

The old man paused. He was struggling hard to control himself. The effort was pathetic.

The boy was watching his grandfather, and was himself feeling affected. He was beginning to feel alarmed at his grandfather's distress, but he could say nothing.

Then the old man resumed:—

"My mother had a brother—he was my uncle, of course. He used frequently to visit England as the trusted servant of the firm he worked for. He always came to see us. . . .

In Russia every man has to be a soldier, if he is big enough, and strong enough. . . . The same in France and Germany. . . . My uncle was in the Russian artillery. He was at the guns at

the Battle of Balaclava. . . . Boy, I must stop a minute. . . ."

"Don't tell me any more, grandfather, if it hurts you!"

"Yes, I will tell you presently. You must hear. . . . Get me a drink of water, sonny. . . . Thanks. . . . Well, my uncle was a clever artilleryman, and he trained his gun so accurately that very few of the Light Brigade within range of his gun returned to their own ranks. . . . My father was a splendid horseman, and could wield a sabre like a walking-stick. . . . (But why do I praise these accomplishments?) . . ."

(To be continued.)



Music and War.

A WRITER in *The Independent* says: "The most popular of all serious orchestral music in Berlin just now is Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, which had six performances inside of thirty-six hours recently in that city. When Beethoven finished this symphony, in 1804, he dedicated it to Napoleon, for whom as liberator and hero of the French Republic his enthusiasm kindled. When he learned later that Bonaparte had proclaimed himself Emperor, he took the score of his "Eroica," tore its title page in two, threw it on the floor, and stamped on

it. His idol was shattered. It is an interesting speculation whether Beethoven would not have done the same thing last summer if his symphony had been dedicated to Kaiser Wilhelm II.



Wartime.

THE woman must work while her man afar
Follows the changes and chances of war;
She sits and dreams at her cottage door—
Dreams of the one who may come no more.

The Newsboy.

WAR-TIME is the newspaper boy's harvest. News of a victory is especially welcome to him, for then his stock is in great demand and he must be alert and busy. Sunday evening is a great time for him. All day long most of the people have been good, church and chapel going, and although they have wanted to, they have hardly dared to look at a press placard. As to buying a paper, perish the thought! That would indeed be a sin. But when evening comes, after the long day's news-fast, you may hear the newsboys with strident voice and rapid step in suburban streets, shouting "Spesh-ul Edition," and muttering loudly some after-words which imply there is a lot of important news. That does the trick; the temptation to indoor folks becomes too great; and the sales go on. When there is real news, however, there is a special alacrity in step and voice.

How very different is the spread of news from what it was at the time of the last great war, which ended at Waterloo, in 1815. The flight was not so fast as nowadays, there was no "wireless" or telegraphs of any kind, and it took days, weeks, years almost, for news to circulate. Charles Dickens has described for us how the news was spread throughout the country by coaches and mailcars, and Browning sang how they carried the good news to Ghent. Alas! poor Ghent now! Let us work, and will, and pray that the madness of war be soon banished from the earth.



Thinking.

It is quite certain you will never get on well with your home lessons unless you know what it is to think well and think hard.

One day, many years ago, a boy, named Galileo, saw a lamp hanging from a long cord. It swung back and forth, as the boy watched it. Thousands had seen it swing before, but it was such a little thing that they thought nothing of it. But Galileo began to think that by the swinging of the lamp he could measure time. He was only eighteen years old then, but he kept on thinking about that swinging lamp for fifty years, and then he perfected the

pendulum, which enabled people to measure time. The clock was thus the result of that little thing.

Newton was lying under an apple tree, and the wind swayed the boughs and caused the apples to fall. Perhaps one of them hit him upon the nose, but whether it did or not, he began to wonder why apples fell down instead of up. He thought it would have been just as sensible if the apple had gone up to the clouds instead of down to the earth disturbing him when he wanted to rest. Apples had fallen ever since the first tree had borne apples, but perhaps no one had ever asked why the fruit fell down instead of soaring upwards. It was silly of Newton to ask such a question. Yet, though the apple was small and the question silly, it led to the great philosopher's discovery of what is known as the law of gravitation. Everyone knows that the law which was discovered through the falling of an apple is one of the most important in nature. But it all came about through thinking.



When!

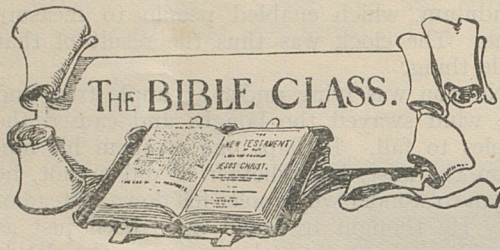
WHEN cherries grow on apple trees,
And kittens wear lace caps,
And boys their sisters never tease,
And bears wear woollen wraps,
When all the nursery dolls and toys
Begin to dance and play,
Then little girls and little boys
May lie in bed all day.

When donkeys learn to sing and dance,
When pigs talk politics,
When London is a town in France,
When two and two make six,
When drops of rain are real pearls,
When coal is clear and white,
Then little boys and little girls
May sit up late at night.



How!

How can the War be ended?
How can the world be mended?
Not by sword, or cannon ball,
But by love and care for all.



FIGHTING AND THE FLOOD.

We have seen how disobedience ended in the expulsion from the Garden of Eden, and how the working of evil in the heart led to the murder of Abel and the banishment of Cain. Nothing can mark more vividly the progress of that evil than Cain's bearing after his crime, of which banishment from the home of Adam was the punishment. "And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord [that is, the place where God was worshipped], and dwelt in the land of Nod on the east of Eden." That is all we know of its position. There "he builded a city, and called the name of the city, after the name of his son, Enoch" (ch. iv. 16, 17). Poets have described the first city as vying with the glories of Babylon or Nineveh, but it is far more likely that a very lowly ideal would be nearer the truth. Macaulay imagines it to have been very magnificent, and in his poem on the marriage of Ahirah, the daughter of Cain, with the eldest born son of Seth, he describes how in the royal halls—

With naked swords and shields of gold,
Stood the seven princes of the tribe of Nod ;
Upon an ermine carpet lay
Two tiger cubs in furious play,
Beneath the emerald throne where sat the signed of
God.

But this, no doubt, is mere poetic licence. It is much more likely that "the city" was simply an aggregate of huts or tents, secured against attack from wild beasts by a rude stockade.

Probably at this supposed stage of the history the swords and shields were unknown, for in our last lesson we saw how Lamech, the sixth descendant from Cain, had chanted his song of the sword over the brand which had been forged by his son, Tubal Cain. The curtain falls on the race of Cain with this picture of savage ferocity, glorying in revenge, and merciless in its fury. What nations sprang from this earliest separation of the human family is not told us ; for there is no hint, even in the names of Cain's descendants that have survived ; and Scripture is more concerned with the story of another branch of the great stream of life, the race of Seth, whose name appears as that of a third son of Adam.

What we do know is that the race of Cain persisted, that it possessed the spirit of Cain and Lamech, and that it spread and became predominant, and ultimately brought disaster upon the whole human race and made its continuance impossible.

This is what we learn from the narrative itself, meagre and un-detailed as that is. If we think, and read between the lines, and translate the whole into modern ideas, it all becomes very clear, indeed, and

carries with it a terrible warning. Whatever may be meant by the story of the Deluge, its causes, character and fatal results are all too apparent. It is also apparent, and is in fact the recurrent lesson of all history, that the same causes must, by the nature and necessity of things, produce the same results. Whether there was a universal flood or not, or whether in the figurative language of the East some terrible catastrophe is thus depicted, there is a reference to historic fact, the widespread existence of the legend among so many peoples witnesses to that fact, its character and consequences are beyond doubt.

The notice of this appalling and unique catastrophe, which has thus imprinted itself on the memory of the world from the most ancient times, is fitly introduced by a statement of the condition of things among mankind, which drew such an awful punishment. But the Divine punishments are not arbitrary, they are the natural consequences of wrongdoing. This is the description : "And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth. . . . There were giants in the earth in those days ; and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children unto them ; the same were the mighty men of old, the men of renown. And the Lord saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually, etc. . . . And the earth was corrupt before God, and the EARTH WAS FILLED WITH VIOLENCE. . . . And God said unto Noah, The end of all flesh is come before me ; FOR THE EARTH IS FILLED WITH VIOLENCE THROUGH THEM (Gen. vi. 1-13). It is impossible to miss the significance of all this. Evil had grown rampant, and threatened utterly to extirpate good from the world.

The immediate cause of this portentous corruption is, moreover, stated ; though in language so dark from its metaphorical expression, that endless controversy has risen as to the meaning of some essential words. "There were giants on the earth," it is said, in those days ; but the name means only "famous" men, for stature or deeds, though they may have been of unusual size. This has sometimes happened, as among the Cimbri and Teutons of antiquity, and the Pomeranians of the present day. It is added that "the sons of God allied themselves with the daughters of men," and that their children became "mighty and renowned men." By the "giants" or "nephilim," says Dr. Geikie, "seems to be meant a race of violent chiefs, who made themselves great names by deeds of war, filling the earth with violence." This is the key to the whole incident. We must not let the interpretation of the words make us miss the meaning of the history—the earth was filled with violence, with the fighting spirit (the Cain spirit) and with fighting practices, and so human life on the earth became impracticable. Stated in modern terms it is this : Militarism—soldiering—the military régime—became universal and made human life impossible. That is what must always happen in the necessity of things—please think it out.

That is what has happened now, and brought about this terrible condition of things in which nations are destroying each other from off the face of the earth. What does what we call "Prussianism" mean but this ? And this is what will certainly happen in our own beloved country if the same system be introduced here, as so many are trying to bring about.

Call the result a "Deluge" or what you will, it means the "corruption" of man and the inevitable destruction of human society. It cannot be otherwise.