

# THE OLIVE LEAF

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### Memories.

“LET me to-day do something that shall take  
A little sadness from the world's vast store,  
And may I be so favoured as to make  
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

Let me not hurt, by any selfish deed  
Or thoughtless word, the heart of foe or friend ;  
Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need,  
Or sin by silence where I should defend.

However meagre be my worldly wealth,  
Let me give something that shall aid my kind ;  
A word of courage, or a thought of health,  
Dropped as I pass for troubled hearts to find.

Let me to-night look back across the span  
'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say :  
‘ Because of some good act to beast or man  
The world is better that I lived to-day.’



### The Memories of Youth.

THE memories of youth are indelible, and after the long, long years of life they come back to the aged with unusual freshness. They are the most lasting of any. The things of yesterday vanish quickly, while those of long ago remain. It is a wise provision that the Great Loving Father has made for His children on earth, that the bitter, biting things of experience should so many of them die away, and be forgotten, and that the aged, in the days of feebleness and vacancy, should be alone with their youth. “Second childhood,” we call it, but only in the sense of waning vigour, and of the

clear-cut memories of long ago, has the phrase any true meaning in the majority of instances. Unfortunately the black memories of youth remain too. This is the point we want to impress upon our young readers, so that in the days of youth these may be made as few as possible, and that what there are may not be all black, but all of them silver-tinged. The unkind word, the unjust deed, the outburst of temper, the cruel blow of every sort, have a knack of standing out clearly across the years ; and awaken bitter sorrow and repentance. Prevent them if you can, for, as the good book phrases it, they leave no place of repentance—of recalling, or changing your mind—though it be sought diligently with tears. The good deeds and kindly acts stand out, too ; especially do they shine, like light sparkles on a background of gloom. Of all benefactors, those of youth are the most cherished and honoured. What then ? An old author once wrote : “ Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes, but know thou ”—that is, only remember —“ that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.” The words have been generally misused, but surely they mean this : Make the best of your youth ; be happy all you can ; God meant you to enjoy it, and to be glad all the time ; there is nothing wrong in that, only don't forget to-morrow, the years that may follow, and the connection of things ; that deeds are seeds, that an unfailing law—the law of the harvest—binds all together, that like produces like, and the judgment passed is according to their character, good or bad, kind or unkind ; and that the harvest is always in full measure, according to our deeds.

Little kindnesses are most prolific seeds, and produce beautiful flowers of memory. A popular novelist tells of a cute, crusty, cantankerous

old fellow, as some people thought him, sharp and shrewd at making a bargain, particularly in horse dealing, who in a sad, sunless youth had special kindness shown him, and in a most unexpected and beautiful way he repaid the debt. It is a most interesting story, and quite true to life, for no injustice can live in God's world, and kindnesses repay a thousand-fold. It is worth living to-day for happy memories to-morrow.

DAVID HARUM.



### Flowers and Friends.

ONE of the prettiest stories seen for a long time tells, in "St. Nicholas," how a girl found everything all made new, including herself, through her determination to make the most of such happiness as she had, and this was her flower garden. She longed for beauty, and so she set herself faithfully to care for her garden, and from one small step to another the flowers were her messengers that carried her friendly word to others, and little by little won her the friends who filled her life with many of the very high things which she had wished to have. These friends even changed her, so that instead of being a forlorn-looking maiden in a dull brown gown, with her hair all dragged tightly back from her face, she was a daintily-dressed girl in blue, with soft fluffy locks and laughing face. And all this came by cultivating beauty and love, making the most of such beauty as she had.

This tale of friendship for, and through, and by flowers, is something very full of pleasant thoughts. The great and good poets and teachers of all times have loved flowers, and used them as apostles or teachers of ideas. Certainly no girl can have a happier way of expressing herself than in owning a flower garden, making it as lovely and fragrant as she can, and sharing it with her friends.



WHERE SUMMER SMILES.

### The Pin and the Needle.

A FABLE FOR YOU.

A PIN and a Needle, being neighbours in a work-basket, and both being idle folk, began to quarrel, as idle folk are apt to do,

"I should like to know," said the Pin, "what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head?"

"What is the use of your head," replied the Needle rather sharply, "if you have no eye?"

"What is the use of an eye," said the Pin, "if there is always something in it?"

"I am more active, and can go through more work than you can," said the Needle.

"Yes, but you will not live long, because you have always a stitch in your side," said the Pin.

"You are a poor, crooked creature!" said the Needle.

"And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking your back."

"I'll pull your head off if you insult me!"

"I'll pull your eye out if you touch me; remember your life hangs on a single thread!" said the Pin.

While they were thus conversing, a little girl entered, and beginning

to sew, she very soon broke off the Needle at the eye. She then tied the thread round the neck of the Pin, and attempting to sew with it, she pulled its head off, and threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken needle.

"Well, here we are," said the Needle.

"We have nothing to fight about now," said the Pin. "It seems adversity has brought us to our senses." "A pity we had not come to them sooner," said the Needle. "How much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out they are brothers till they lie down in the dust together, as we do!"

ALEX.

**Filial Affection.**

HE was only a mite of a boy, dirty and ragged ; and he had stopped for a little while in one of the city's free playgrounds to watch a game of ball between boys of his own and a rival neighbourhood. Tatters and grime were painfully in evidence on every side ; but the little fellow attracted the attention of a group of visitors, and one of them, reaching over the child's shoulder as he sat on the ground, gave him a luscious golden pear. The boy's eyes sparkled ; but the eyes were the only thanks as he looked back to see from whence the gift had come and then turned his face away, too shy or too much astonished to speak. But from that time on his attention was divided between the game and his new treasure. He patted the pear ; he looked at it ; and at last, as if to assure himself that it was as delicious as it appeared, he lifted it to his lips and cautiously bit out a tiny piece near the stem. Then, with a long sigh of satisfaction and assurance, he tucked the prize safely inside his dirty blouse.

"Why don't you eat it, Tony?" demanded a watchful acquaintance.

"Eat it? All meself? Ain't I savin' it for mother?"

The tone, with its mingling of resentment and loyalty, made further speech unnecessary. Whatever Tony lacked — and it seemed to be nearly everything — he had learned humanity's loftiest lesson. He had another dearer than self, and knew the joy of sacrifice.

*Baptist Young People, U.S.A.*

**Motherly Devotion.**

A TOUCHING story, illustrative of a mother's forgetfulness of self, is associated with Süss, a village of the Lower Engadine, that wild, bleak, pent-up valley of Switzerland, which a barrier of many glaciers separates from Italy. At the period of the Reformation, the pastor of the Süss church was Ulrich Campill, whose

wife, Annie, was a devoted mother and a brave woman.

One day a flood, caused by the melting of many glaciers, came roaring down the Engadine, and carried away a score of bridges. A narrow gorge, separating the village from the minister's house, was spanned by a small bridge. Ulrich was on the village side, and his wife essayed to cross the bridge to bring him home.

As she reached the middle pier, the flood swept away the two side piers, and she was left standing alone on the tottering bridge. They heard her clear musical voice singing, in Latin, the Saviour's last words on the cross :

"Father into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

Then the prayer-chant ceased, and an expression of a sudden recollection passed over her face. They saw her tear away the keys from her girdle and fling them ashore, and heard her say : "There's the keys, children!" as she disappeared down the ravine.

The mother sweeping into Heaven, remembered that she had the keys of the cupboard at her girdle, and that the children would need their supper.

*Schooldays.*



SWEET YOUTH AND PLACID AGE  
EACH REFLECTS THE OTHER ;  
NEAR AT HAND THE SACRED PAGE,  
LOVED OF CHILD AND MOTHER.

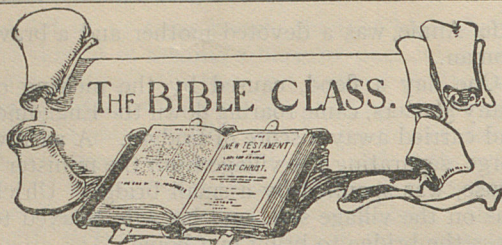


WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,

Whene'er is spoke a noble thought,  
Our hearts in glad surprise  
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
Into our inmost being rolls ;  
And lifts us unawares  
Out of our meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds,  
Thus help us in our daily needs,  
And by their overflow  
Raise us from what is low.



## THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

"THE design of the Book of 'Genesis,' or 'The Beginning,' is, in itself, enough to show its immeasurable superiority to all other remains of primeval literature, for it is an introduction to the story of the kingdom of God among men from Eden to Calvary, and beyond. Human interests and occupations of all kinds are touched in the development of this one great subject, but they are noticed only as they bear on it, and always as strictly subordinate."

The first chapter of the Bible reveals the supreme fact that there is but one Only and Living God, the moral Governor of the Universe; reigning in unquestioned majesty over all things; the Creator of the heavens and the earth, and the God of the Spirits of all flesh. The first chapter, too, tells us that man—male and female—was made in the image of God, the child resembling its parent. Later, we shall see how when Noah left the Ark, and Society was reconstituted after the Flood, human life was declared most sacred, "for in the image of God made He man" (Gen. ix. 6). Reference, too, is made to this high relationship (Ps. viii., 4-8), and Jesus in His preaching made His great appeal to this likeness (Matt. v., 45, 48). The bearing of this on the question of Universal Peace has been already suggested in the last lesson. The Lord Jesus implied it all when He pronounced His benediction upon the Peacemakers, "for they shall be called 'sons of God'"; again the relationship and its implied likeness are referred to. The Father is Love; the true son cannot be hate.

The new narrative in the second chapter goes on to the story of the Garden in which the first, the typical man, was placed "to dress it and to keep it."

The few verses in which Scripture speaks of our first parents leave so much untold, that a natural curiosity has, in all ages, wearied itself, by filling up the outline as fancy prompted, while no subject has been more earnestly or more largely discussed than the locality intended by Moses in his account of their residence. It is not, however, necessary to settle these details; the essential truths involved in the narrative are quite clear without that.

1. The *ideal human life* is in no sense military, and that is not at all an essential feature of human existence. Modern militarism declares that it is. A pamphlet published in 1905 under the authority of the late Earl Roberts, and with a preface by him, insists that war is the natural condition of human life, and Peace only a preparation for war; "a limited period which can be greatly lengthened by a strong force behind it but can never be made perpetual": "Peace," it says, "cannot be considered as anything except a lull between the storms of war." That is the military ideal: it is not the Divine—which is "And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it, and to keep it."

2. *Man is subject to law.*—Let us read on: "And the Lord God commanded the man, saying—" The man was subjected to discipline. God set him a

task and entrusted him with a duty. He was taught moral obedience. The moral law is the Will of God. To that are we all subject. Jesus taught us to pray "Our Father which art in Heaven . . . Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." Morality is obedience to the will of God. There are not two kinds of morality, as even the preachers sometimes tell us—one for the individual, and another for the State. There cannot be, for the moral law, that is, the will of God, is the outcome of God's character. God is, as the philosophers say, the *absolute*—absolute Goodness, Benevolence, Love. He cannot approve of war; therefore, murder in the individual or war in the collection of individuals, i.e., the nation—for it is the same thing, the nation is composed of individuals—is absolutely forbidden. We are told that the State may do what the individual cannot. It is not so. Nor is this a Bible idea. No one can read through his Old Testament—to say nothing of the New—and say that. He has only to see how the Bible addresses the People of Israel, and refers to other nations all the way through, to be convinced of that. No, there is not a dual morality, and morality does not admit of war.

3. Again, the story of the Garden shows that *moral responsibility is always personal*: "And the Lord commanded the man." Commands by a person; obedience to a person—God; that is what morality means, that is what life is subject to? But what has that to do with War? Everything. God cannot approve of murder, single or wholesale, He can never order it, whatever men may think, for "He cannot deny Himself." But if anyone be disobedient He must himself answer for it. There will come a voice some time: "Adam, where art thou?" And he must answer. So says the American poet, Lowell, of war:—

'Taint your eppyletts an' feathers  
Make a thing a grain more right;  
'Taint afofferin' your bell-wethers  
Will excuse ye in His sight;  
Ef you take a sword an' dror it,  
An' go stick a feller thru',  
Gov'ment aint to answer for it,  
God'll send the bill to you.

And no Minister of State or commanding officer will have anything to say in the settlement.

There are other things to be found in the story of the Garden. We have room only for one or two.

4. *The temptation.*—This, you will notice, is not at first a contradiction or defiance of God, but a suggestive question—a subtle, smart suggestion:—Yea, hath God said . . .? Did He really say that? Yes, says the woman, He did—and then she repeated the orders. Then came the denial. It is not so, for God knows better than that. He knows that in the day you eat, etc. So the thing was done, and both of them ate

"Of that forbidden whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world and all our woe."

How often have we heard the argument in these days. Where the tempter does not say flatly, as he often does, "God commands this," he suggests: But what could we have done? He knows that we could not help ourselves, and so on. Then let us notice, too, that while each one is responsible, each has his due and appropriate sentence. The male and female—the unit of the race—act together, but they are judged and punished apart.

"Thou art, O God, Thy will is the law of all things but Thy Love is the law of Thy will." War is not LOVE.