

THE OLIVE LEAF

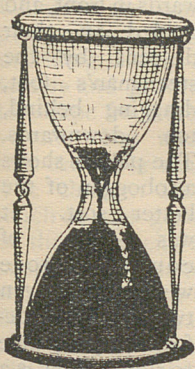
A · MONTHLY · JOURNAL · FOR · THE · YOUNG.

No. 95. VOL. IV.

JANUARY, 1913.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The New Year	125
Putting off—not always bad	125
Unbrotherliness	125
In Canada	126
The New Year in Turkey	127
A Sage Maxim	127
Lost	128
Nativity	128
Puzzling	128
For Christmas.....	128



The New Year,

A YEAR is like an hour-glass
 In which the granules quickly
 pass
 From bulb to bulb, till all are
 gone ;
 But turn the glass they still
 flow on.
 So ceaselessly the moments fly
 Throughout the year, till all are
 by ;
 And yet the New Year brings
 no end,
 But change of date, to foe or
 friend.

A restless, endless stream is Time
 That flows unchecked through every clime ;
 From verdant youth to age its range ;
 Its climates, not its currents change.

A happy New Year, readers all !
 The best of life, whate'er befall ;
 May sweet content and inward peace
 With growth of years and love increase.

Use well the moments as they fleet ;
 With nobler soul each New Year greet ;
 For streams that pass come not again,
 And wasted moments none regain.

W. O. C.

Putting off—not always bad.

“What made you stop right in the middle of your sentence, and then start talking about something entirely different?” The questioner laughed, and her friend joined in as she replied to the puzzled query.

“If I think in time, I make it a rule never to say to-day the mean thing that can be put off until to-morrow,” she exclaimed. “By to-morrow it is out of date and does not get said at all.”

Which goes to prove that putting off—of a certain sort—is not always the bad habit we have been used to believe it. How about the falsehood that tempts? What is put off until a quiet moment, is easily banished for ever, and one can be honestly glad that he did not “do it now.” What of the doubtful amusement? Put aside until one has time to investigate or think it over, it loses its lure. Whoever repented of the dishonest deed put off until later reflection or greater courage came to conquer it?

Oh, yes, putting off—of a certain sort—is a pretty good thing. Some things there are that must be settled on the spot. Others there are which can be most easily disposed of—and killed—later on, with mustered strength and courage, which perhaps were lacking at the earlier moment.

—The Comrade.



Unbrotherliness.

“I WANT my stocking hung quite high,
 To reach up almost to the sky.”
 The mother thought, “My darling one,
 He thinks the angels go and come ;
 And if I hang the stocking high,
 They will not have so far to fly.”
 But oh, alas ! the darling one
 Said, “If you hang the stocking low
 Baby will reach it, that I know,
 And she can't have my pretty toys ;
 They're not for girls, but only boys.”

Christian Commonwealth.

In Canada.

MARY was a little English girl. She had never learnt to skate in the winter, for she was too young; and she had never seen the hills covered with snow, there were none where she lived; or the ponds frozen over, for her home was near the South Coast, and the waters seldom froze so near the sea. But when Mary was quite young her father and mother took her away across the sea in a big steamer. She was very sorry to go and to leave grandma, and aunties, and cousins behind, perhaps, never to see them again. The journey, however, was full of change and excitement, and her sorrow was soon gone; then came the ocean, the big ship and the crowds of people on board and the wonder of it all claimed her attention; and then, one day her father held her up on the ship's side to count the icebergs; there were twenty of them in sight all at the same time.

They landed in Canada, and, after waiting some time near Quebec, they went "aboard" the train and travelled west—a day and a night, and a day and part of the next night—before they reached their new home. It was the summer, but long before the strangeness had gone winter came, and then they discovered how very different the new land was from the old. One day there was a blizzard and a snow storm that lasted ever so long and was like a frozen Noah's

deluge, where not only were the fields and the river valley covered with the white hard water, but even the tops of the highest hills.

Then what a rare time followed. It was very cold, degrees colder than in England, but the air was dry and the cold was not felt so much. There

were carriages without wheels, and the bells on the harness made perpetual music, and the sleigh rides were just—lovely. There was tobogganing, too! Ah, what was that? Sliding—the children called it "coasting"—down snow-covered slopes, on little sledges, some of which very simple and without runners, called toboggans. These were curved backwards in front, and guided in their descent by the steersman's foot, dragging behind, toe downwards. The picture shows a toboggan of the better sort. It was long, of course, more winters than even two or three, before Mary was able to ride. This is a picture of her taken a few yesterdays ago, and this is her Christmas sport. Don't you wish you were there to share it?



THE YOUNG TOBOGGANIST.

❦❦❦
A Wise Life.

So live that when the sun

Of your existence sinks in night,
Memories sweet of mercies done

May shrine your name in memory's light;
And the blessed seeds you scatter, bloom
A hundredfold in days to come.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

The New Year in Turkey.

THE Season's Greetings ; in our own land, the Season's good cheer, and the New Year's hopes of happiness, are creeping everywhere like a sweet smile. There is none too poor to do it reverence ; no home so mean that it is not brightened ; none so sad as to be altogether outside the radiance. And for all our young folk it is *the* time of the year. Young Britishers!! in the midst of your Christmas mirth and New Year's gladness, we want you to spare a thought, nay, many thoughts, for the children of the lands which since autumn began have been devastated by war ; who are shrinking at the memory of the booming of the great cannon, and fearful lest it begin again. There is no destroyer of happiness like fear. The sad thing about war is, that the innocent—the non-fighters, the children, suffer most ; and they cannot help themselves. It is a terribly, terribly sad thing. The saddest of all about war, I think is that often, children, very often young people, youths especially, are active in the fighting. But the children cannot ever be far away, and cannon-shot is no respecter of persons. In the picture snapshots of the present war which have appeared in the newspapers, it is astonishing, and unspeakably sad, to see how prominent the children are, little infants in the arms of fugitive mothers—boys and girls trudging along over rough roads in the unending slush, racing with their fear-stricken fathers and grown-up friends, in their eager haste to escape from the stricken field and the pursuing victors. But what of the misery and suffering that cannot be snapshotted, or printed in the press. The children are in all that, too, and suffer as much as the grown-ups ; they suffer to the extent of their capacity for suffering, and the grown-up people cannot suffer more. The Balkan hills are snow-capped, but this year they are a white terror. Beautiful Constantinople sleeps, during the armistice, on the calm Bosphorus ; but who knows what the New Year will bring. But the sleep is over-shadowed by the nightmare of fear, and may have an awakening of horror. Will not our young readers think of their Eastern Cousins sometimes, and pray the Common Father of us all to make Wars to cease to the very ends of the earth? Will they not do all they can to hasten the fulfilment of the Christ-taught prayer—"Thy Kingdom come ; Thy Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven"?



FOR what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life with the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them
friend ?

TENNYSON.

A Sage Maxim.

FORM the habit of firmness ;
Don't be flabby and weak ;
Be both gentle and steadfast ;
The fussy in vain shall seek
To win, or the rough, howe'er in earnest they be ;
Suaviter in modo and fortiter in re.

Know your own mind, don't waver ;
The weak are humanity's pest ;
To lead the van you must ever
Move on ahead of the rest.
But your holdfast the dual control must reveal
Of a velvety hand with its sinews of steel.

In matters of form don't trouble,
Except to be courteous and kind,
When no vital point is in question
'Tis always best to be blind ;
But where right is touched, be clear-eyed and
swift to see ;
Suaviter in modo but fortiter in re.

Even then, however, be tactful,
And accentuate the best ;
Let the iron resolution
Be softly felt or guessed ;
And the harder the grip the gentler the grasp
must be :
Suavissime in modo, fortissime in re.

W. O. C.



TEDDY BEAR ! Teddy Bear ! Whither so fast ;
Are you in haste for some Christmas repast ;
Or have you stolen the pudding away ?
Your eyes say Yes, but which is it, pray ?

Lost.

POOR little Kitty, lost in the snow,
 For whence she came she does not know,
 Or where to turn, or where to go ;
 Poor little Kitty !
 She'd a restless fit, and so would roam
 In the dazzling whiteness far from home—
 Was it not a pity ?

Was it so strange
 she soon got
 lost ?

Kittens and boys,
 too, find to their
 cost

When they wander
 away in the
 snow and frost,
 They get into
 trouble.

But happily, too,
 they need not
 fear,

As pussy soon
 found, for
 friends were
 near.

 And the joy
 was double.

 W. O. C.

**Nativity.**

LOVE was born in
 winter hoar,
 Cradled in a
 manger,
 Laid at sorrow's
 bolted door,
 In the path of
 danger.

Love was outcast
 from the gate,
 Mocked, despised, forsaken,
 Spurned by cruel feet of hate,
 Tempest-overtaken.
 Shaken in the arms of Death,
 Rocked to wails and cursing ;
 Was there ever human breath
 With so shameful nursing ?
 Love began to grow in grace
 As the world grew colder ;
 Sorrow hides her streaming face
 Now on Love's strong shoulder.

 A. W.

Puzzling.

In a children's sermon of Mr. Save-all and Mr. Money-love in the "Pilgrim's Progress," the preacher said the doctor should be bent on curing, and the soldier on doing his work, quite apart from lower considerations as to pay. He did not, of course, use the word "kill" of the soldier, for warfare is seldom painted in its true colours. The

words he used were "gain the victory," which amounts to the same thing. The preacher's words suggested the following :—

The doctor's paid to
 make men well,
 To cure them when
 they're ill ;
 The soldier's paid to
 hurt and wound,
 Or, if he can, to kill

If these be of the
 nobler sort,
 They'll rise above
 their pay ;
 The one will do his
 best to heal,
 The other one to slay.

 J. FORBES
 MONCRIEFF.

**For
 Christmas.**

IT isn't the cost
 of the gift,
 dear,
 That brings the
 Christmas
 cheer ;

It's the thought that in some mind, dear,
 You hold in memory's place
 A spot that is tender and bright, dear,
 Undimmed by time or space.
 It's Peace and Faith and Love, dear
 That human hearts most crave,
 It's a constant, natural longing
 From the cradle to the grave.
 For a word or wish from a friend, dear,
 Which is *really* and *truly* meant
 The sweetest Christmas present
 That ever could be sent.

 ANNA GUY TAYLOR.

