

# THE OLIVE LEAF

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### Things Before Words.

THE great words never were writ,  
The great songs never were sung :  
They that were greatest did their deed  
Without the pen or tongue.

The word from a heart of flame  
Blazed and flickered and died,  
The moving song the minstrel sang  
Passed with the time and tide.

But the words that never were writ,  
And the songs that never were sung,  
In the silent hearts of heroes wrought  
Without the pen or tongue.

Instead of the word—a deed,  
Instead of the song—a man :  
The things that are greatest were fashioned thus  
Since the world began.

HARROLD JOHNSON.

### The Oldest Love-Letter.

A FRENCH newspaper records the discovery of what appears to be the oldest love-letter in the world. It was written on a brick about 2200 B.C., by a Babylonian gentleman to a lady living at "the Two Sippars"—a city known to readers of the Old Testament, as Sepharvaim. The lover's name was Gimil, and he writes as follows to Kasbuya—a name that means a lamb :—

"May the sun of Marduk give thee eternal life. I would fain know if thy health is good. Send me a message that I may be informed of it. I am at Babylon and cannot see thee,

and therefore am very anxious. Send me a message to tell me when thou wilt come, so that my heart may rejoice. Come in the October-November month. Mayest thou live long so that I may enjoy thy love."



### An Old Age Prescription.

THE oldest graduate of Yale University is Henry P. Hedges, of the Class of 1838. He was born in 1817. In the *Yale Alumni Weekly*, he says : "If asked to give reasons for attaining great age I would name these : Sleep eight hours, exercise enough to keep the machinery from rust, eat no more than what is easily digested, all overplus is an extra load to carry. Cultivate peace of mind ; worry hinders and never helps. Abstain from all intoxicants as a beverage. Be an optimist if you can, and if you cannot don't be a pessimist. Do good to your fellowmen—that will do you good."

SELECTED.



### The Man Who Wins.

THE man who wins is the man who works—  
The man who toils while the next man shirks ;  
The man who stands in his deep distress  
With his head held high in the deadly press—  
Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who knows  
The value of pain and the worth of woes—  
Who a lesson learns from the man who fails  
And a moral finds in his mournful wails ;  
Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who stays  
In the unsought paths and the rocky ways,  
And, perhaps, who lingers, now and then,  
To help the fallen rise again.

Ah, he is the man who wins !

Baltimore News.

### A Hard Command.

"Love your enemies ; do good to them that hate you."

THIS is one of the commands of Jesus. It is as binding upon us as any of the Ten Commandments. It is one of God's Commandments. At the time Jesus gave this command the people who listened had never heard anything like it. It had not been taught in the Jewish Scriptures. Up to that time it was thought that the only thing to be done to an enemy was to punish him, to give him as good as he gave, or, rather, as bad as he gave. And although nearly nineteen centuries have rolled by, it is very imperfectly understood and obeyed now, even among Christian people. Truly the heart is desperately wicked, and it is hard to love anyone who has injured us, and harder still to do them good.

A little time ago there was a picture in *Punch* of an Anglican vicar and an aged female parishioner. The aged female's feelings had been hurt by some ill things a neighbour had said about her. "Well, my dear friend," said the vicar solemnly, "you know you must heap coals of fire upon her head." "That I would with all my heart," quickly replied the old lady, "but with coals at two shillings a hundredweight I can't afford it." The old lady's reply shows that she misunderstood what the good vicar said, but her reply also gives the explanation of why we do not forgive—it is, we think, too costly. We would have to swallow our pride, and to show a side of our nature that we think is a weak side, and so we hold back.



"WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, MY HOLIDAY MAID?"  
 "I'VE BEEN OUT A MILKING, SIR," SHE SAID.

There is a mistake in this. To forgive is not weakness ; to love an enemy is not showing the white feather ; to do good to our enemy is not cowardly. These are really the strong things in character. And the very fact that it is so hard shows that it is the grandest, not the weakest side of human nature. Think of it—God forgives ! God loves His enemies ! God does good to the evil and to the good ! "To err is human ; to forgive, divine."

Jesus Himself acted upon His own command. Even when they lifted Him upon the cruel cross, and let it come down into the ground, and as the blood ran from His wounds, there was no revengeful feeling in His heart—nothing but love—and His prayer was, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Laurence Sterne, in "The Sentimental Journey," says that a coward never forgives ; it is not in his nature. And that is true. Cicero said finely of Cæsar that he "forgot nothing but injuries." That was grand, but not so grand as to love your enemies, that is to remember the injuries and to try and do them good because of it.

It is said that Louis XII. of France had many

enemies ; and when he succeeded to the throne, he caused a list of these to be drawn up, and marked against each of their names a large black cross. When this became known, the men whose names had the black cross fled, because they felt sure it was a sign that he intended to punish them. The king, hearing of their alarm, recalled them, and gave them an assurance of his goodwill, saying that he had placed a cross beside their names to

remind him of the Cross that brings pardon to all; and he urged them, by his own example, and especially by the example of Him who prayed for His enemies, to go and do likewise.

It is also said that Dr. Cotton Mather's great ambition was to be able to say that "he did not know of any person in the world who had done him an ill office but he had done him a good one for it." Let that be your ambition. Live above your meanness and littleness. Try the loving, helpful way with all disagreeable people, and you will never wish to try any other plan. Love shall be the conqueror.

By REV. JAMES LEARMOUNT in *The Examiner*.



### Conscription in France a Hundred Years Ago.

THE first Secretary of the Peace Society, Mr. Evan Rees, as a young man suffered a great deal from ill-health, and was advised by his doctor to take a series of voyages round the coast. His health improved but it was still so bad that it was decided he should spend the winter in the South of France. This was in the year 1814. After a good voyage to Bordeaux, where he spent two weeks, he went on to Toulouse, Montpellier, Nismes, etc. At Toulouse he saw the ravages of a battlefield, which he touchingly described in his letters. On the way great fear was expressed among the people lest Napoleon Buonaparte should escape from Elba, where he was then confined. The hostess of the inn at Marmonde spoke very feelingly of the miseries inflicted by the Conscription. "Had not the English armies arrived," she said, "I should have lost my son, for he was just the age to be taken for the Conscription, and in a few days he would have been obliged to quit his home, most likely never to return."

The letters of Evan Rees from France were naturally full of allusions to the subject; and it is very probable that the prevalent fears of, and repugnance to, this system of recruiting the army, together with the evidences of the demoralising and pernicious effects of war, which were under his daily observation, tended very materially to mould his opinions, and to open his eyes to the utter inconsistency of war with true Christianity. At Portsmouth he had seen the glitter and glory: and in France he now met the contrast, the true meaning of it all. At the same time his own religious state was undergoing a great change. The combined influences of these were observable in his subsequent writings, and the zeal and energy which he afterwards displayed in the service of the Peace Society were probably due to the strong impressions made on his mind during this residence in France.

This is his comment in one of his letters respecting the Members of the Society of Friends where he was staying: "They who profess with us here," he says in a letter, dated February 28th, 1815, "have a testimony against war, but when compelled to march, serve in the army. Several of their young men have been taken by the Conscription, few of whom are returned. One of them lost his legs in Prussia, and is supposed to have died in consequence; a second was killed in Spain; the parents of a third are still mourning, uncertain of the fate of their eldest son, swept away to the bloody plains of Moscow, where, in all probability, he has fallen a victim to [another's] ambition. Did they possess firmness to suffer for their principles, they would enjoy a higher degree of consideration in the world." He was undoubtedly right there.

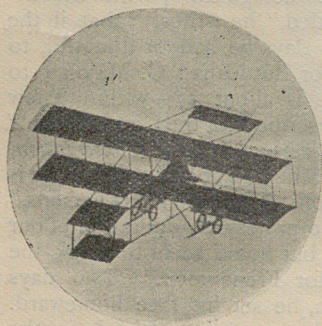
On March 25th he wrote: "In this retreat our repose was interrupted by [news of] Buonaparte's arrival [in France]". The incredible had happened. "Few," he says, "believed until official intelligence announced his arrival at Grenoble, and soon after at Lyons. Then consternation was at its height; the peaceful villages resounded with imprecations on the head of the man whose ambition had interrupted their tranquillity; mothers wept over their sons just opening into manhood; the mournful recollections of the past embittered the prospects of the future, and, in imagination, they beheld them, wasted with famine and fatigue, sink into a tomb among the frozen snows of Russia, or in the battle's shock hurled instantly into an awful eternity! Such were the reflections that embittered the happiness of thousands. The military exulted in the return of their ferocious leader, under whose bloodstained standards they loudly threatened to renew their atrocities, and again to deluge Europe with blood."

"We have concluded," he writes, "that if the news in two or three days be bad or doubtful, to depart immediately for Bordeaux: G. Majolier to accompany me. He is about 17—within a few months of the age prescribed for the Conscription." *It was always and everywhere the Conscription, the Conscription.* "Since Napoleon's arrival he is in a great hurry to set off. There are many persons," he adds naïvely, "who profess an admiration of our principles in theory, but some seem to think the practice too much for Frenchmen." Two days later, on March 27th, he set his face homeward. "In the morning," he says, "our friends in the village collected to bid us farewell. It was a formidable ordeal. It was with no small regret I took leave of the simple and affectionate villagers, to whose kind attention during my stay among them I am much indebted." He dilates on the peculiar situation of these friends which evoked his

sympathy, and then tells how G. Majolier, especially, found it a sharp trial to part from his relatives. "The Mayor's son came to take leave of us. 'It seems, Sir,' said he, addressing himself to me, 'as if Providence had sent you here to snatch this youth from the impending evils, and may He grant you a safe passage to your native land!' We at length made our escape amid the loud wishes for our proposed journey, and desires for our return. 'Wilt thou not come back again!' was repeated on all sides. Several of them accompanied us as far as Sommieres."

Then follows a hurried and graphic narrative. "We set out for Montpellier. At the gates of Toulouse our passports were taken from us, and were again procured with some difficulty. At Agen we were informed that the tri-coloured flag was hoisted at Bordeaux" (Buonaparte was in power). "On arriving there we found that most of the English had left, and there were only about 30 or 40 remaining." Here, too, fresh and almost insuperable difficulties arose. It was impossible to find a ship until, at length, after more than a fortnight's delay, they secured a passage in a Russian vessel, and embarked on the 13th April, "highly gratified with the prospect of leaving France." Another fortnight passed before, on the 27th April, they sailed out of the river, and, a week later, on the 8th day after leaving the Gironde, they arrived in the English Channel, where fresh difficulties, dangers, and a wonderful escape awaited the fugitives from War and Conscription.

They arrived in London on May 25th, 1815, when, after attending the Friends' Yearly Meeting, the wanderer returned home to Neath, his life soon after merging into the larger life of the Peace Society, after the creation of that Body the following year.



### War in the Air.

MOST of our young friends will have read Lord Tennyson's prophecy, in "Locksley Hall," of the future of the air ship, with its terrible suggestion of a naval battle in the air. It was then a far-off

dream, for aircraft, as it is termed, was at that time in its infancy; now it is nearing reality. Already, in fact, the nations of the world have entered into competition, and are building fleets of airships for fighting purposes. It is bad enough that the

horrid business of human slaughter should desecrate the land and crimson the sea; it will be a thousand times worse to carry it into the very air. And this is taken quite as a matter of course. A Glasgow newspaper, for instance, a short time ago, had an article on "France and Aircraft," in which, after referring to the friendly feeling and intercourse between the two countries, it went on to stimulate the very opposite, under the guise of friendliness, of course; all the war makers talk Peace. The article begins, "At a moment when France and Great Britain are busily engaged in the exchange of fraternal felicitations, it is not unprofitable to remember that the two nations have helped each other by the keenest rivalries. Iron has sharpened iron. And even when that rivalry expressed itself in fiercest war, as not seldom happened, the two nations provoked each other to high enterprise, immense rivalry, and mutual respect." It is strange, passing strange—the use of language made by the mischievous war makers. There is a definite object, however, and it is against that we warn our readers. The new military aircraft is "not unprofitable," to someone, therefore push it. The article referred to, after detailing what France is doing, concludes:—"Over the whole field of aeronautics, of course, there is no keenness of rivalry between France and Great Britain; we are hopelessly out of the race at present, and the rivalry is with Germany. Is it desirable or creditable, however, that we should lag so far behind?" and so forth. So the mischief is done. The following is Tennyson's prophecy; let us hope that if part of it come true, the whole will in time:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,  
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that  
would be;  
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic  
sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly  
bales;  
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a  
ghastly due  
From the nations' airy navies, grappling in the central  
blue;  
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind  
rushing warm,  
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the  
thunder-storm;  
Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-flags  
were fur'd  
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the World.  
There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm  
in awe,  
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

### The Editor's Corner.

COMMUNICATIONS for the OLIVE LEAF, or in connection with the BAND OF PEACE, should be addressed to the Editor, 47, New Broad Street, London, E.C.