

# THE OLIVE LEAF

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

No. 103. VOL. IV.

JANUARY, 1915.

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### Christmas, 1914.

THE world at Peace! so was it when  
 The Prince of Peace on earth was born,  
 When angels sang His birth to men,  
 And joy rang out that natal morn.

Through the long interval till now  
 The world has heard His advent song,  
 Which, as the list'ning myriads bow,  
 The heavenly choristers prolong.

But now, ah now! the hellish din  
 Of war and hatred storms around,  
 Confusing, hushing all within  
 The range of its inhuman sound.

Was Christ the Peacemaker then born  
 In vain, among the sons of men?  
 And must His kingdom yield to scorn?  
 Ah no! for list: He comes again.

W. O. C.

❧

### The Santa Claus Ship.

It is only a proof that the world is in the care of our loving Heavenly Father, and that in consequence evil can never triumph over good, that the worst wickedness and wrong carry with them something good, and the promise of what is better. Nothing can be more wicked or wrong, and, looked at from the prospect of anything good, more futile and foolish than the great war which is being waged. So, at any rate, must the children of Belgium think, many of whom are exiles, or starving, maimed and wounded, homeless and friendless,

because their country has been invaded, and for the time being stolen from them. Yet in connection with this horrid war there has occurred one of the most beautiful and Christian things imaginable, so unexpected and yet so full of grace and promise that it is impossible after it to feel hopeless about things any more. God is in His world, and the spirit of His Son is in the world, as we shall all discover this Christmas time in spite of the awful inferno of war which is raging scarcely more than a hundred miles away.

On Wednesday, November 25th, a most peculiar-looking vessel was seen approaching Plymouth Harbour from beyond the Eddystone Lighthouse. What took place on her arrival we learn from the local newspapers. The vessel was the American "Santa Claus" ship "Jason," laden, as a telegram from the United States Navy Department aptly expressed it, "with gifts from America's Tiny Tims to the 'Tiny Tims' of nations now at war." On behalf of the British Government this unique ship was accorded an official welcome. By that is meant that the "Jason," at the end of the first stage of her errand of sympathy and mercy, was met and escorted into Cawsand Bay by a flotilla of destroyers and torpedo boats, then she steamed up the Hamoaze, past ships which were dressed with masthead flags and flew the American ensign at the main, and finally came alongside the dockyard, when representatives of the Government and high officers of the port and garrison walked aboard, shook hands with the captain, and stood at the salute while the Royal Marine Band ashore played "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Earl Beauchamp, Lord President of the Council, and Mr. F. D. Acland, M.P., Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who had come specially from London to represent the Government, presented the official welcome. They were accompanied by a large number of public men, present by special invitation. The visitors remained aboard some little time, and in private conversation with the representatives of the U.S.



Government and officers of the ship, were told all about the voyage and the vessel's unique cargo. The weight of this is about 8,000 tons, and consists of about five million separate articles. Eighty per cent. of it was made up of new articles of clothing—caps, stockings, shawls, blouses, etc.—mostly for boys and girls; the remaining twenty per cent. of the cargo was represented by games and toys, including countless dolls, in the dressing of which the American girls lavished great care. Contributions to the huge store of Christmas gifts came from all parts of the United States. Children and women busied themselves in the making, San Francisco alone contributing 224,000 articles, which had to be conveyed by a special train. Philadelphia gave 9,000 pairs of socks. All the States, and every town and city in each State did their part, and a hundred bluejackets and as many soldiers were lent by the Government to assist in the packing. These gifts were for the children of England, France, Belgium, Germany, etc.—all the belligerents except Russia, whose share has been conveyed by another route. This is what the visitors learnt.

The official reception is described as very dignified but very dull; "there were neither cheers nor speeches, and one left with a suspicion that something had been omitted." What took place then, and at the grand banquet in the evening at the Royal Hotel, would perhaps fail to convey to the officers of the ship and the public, what the heart of Britain really feels about this touching expression of sympathy which American children—all the great continent over—feel for their brothers and sisters in Europe who have been made innocent victims of the war, or whose fathers are fighting at the front.

What is really felt was better expressed by the several hundreds of school children assembled with their headmaster and the Vicar on the Hoe, who cheered the ship as she passed into the inner

harbour, and also sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" and our own National Anthem, many tradesmen, too, decorated their shop fronts, giving chief prominence to the Stars and Stripes.

The ship had had a good send off. Thousands of children cheered the "Jason" as she cleared from New York, and the following message was sent to her by Mr. Daniels, Secretary of the United States Navy Department:—

"My hope and prayer is that the 'Jason' may have clear skies and fair winds on her auspicious voyage to Europe, laden as never ship before, with Christmas cargo, prompted by generosity and hallowed by the sympathy of American childhood, for Tiny Tim's counterpart in thousands of orphan little ones in the old world to-day, crippled by ruthless war, not actually, but in present happiness and future opportunity. God bless them every one, and may the Christmas spirit which prompted the American children to send these gifts help to hasten the day when 'Peace on earth and goodwill to men' shall be a blessed reality and when nations will go to war no more."

On this side the most official welcome really, as it is certainly the most interesting, was

that given by Queen Mary, who sent a gracious little letter through the wife of the American Ambassador.

The Executive of the Peace Society in a resolution, after describing the ship and her cargo, said:—

"As representing the friends of Peace of the Old World, they venture to convey to President Wilson, and through him to the children of America and those who have assisted them in this magnificent service, the gratification and gratitude felt by all, for this unique thoughtfulness, and unprecedented generosity.

"They further acclaim this new and noble incident, as symbolic of the force that alone will secure the World's Peace, and a signal illustration





of the spirit and method of true and effective Peacemaking, and are glad that these have found expression especially through the children, who are the hope and potentiality of the future."



**The Little Russian.**

WHAT a Russian-looking little chap you are  
With your curly coat and curly cap of skin ;  
Tell us is your home so very, very far,  
Far away beyond  
the fighting and  
the din.

There is naught to tell  
us in your laugh-  
ing eyes,  
Or the marks of  
little footsteps in  
the snow,  
For we sometimes, too,  
have whitened,  
feathered skies,  
Here, too, freezing,  
stormy, biting  
breezes blow.

Do the little flags  
and pony in the  
flask  
Tell their tale of  
country, or of hu-  
man kin ?  
Of the latter surely,  
why need any  
ask ?  
Russian boys and  
British, all are  
nearly twin.

w. o. c.



IN every heart  
Are sown the sparks that kindle fiery war ;  
Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze.  
Cain had already shed a brother's blood ;  
The deluge washed it out, but left unquench'd  
The seeds of murder in the breast of man.  
Soon by a righteous judgment in the line  
Of his descending progeny was found  
The first artificer of death ; the shrewd  
Contriver, who first sweated at the forge,  
And forced the blunt and yet unblooded steel  
To a keen edge, and made it bright for war.  
Him Tubal named, the Vulcan of old times,  
The sword and falchion their inventor claim ;  
And the *first smith* was the *first murderer's* son.

**The Lifeboat Man's Boy.**

"TA! ta! daddy ; mind you don't get drowned,  
For the storm is awful ; rain is falling fast  
When the boat is tossing, big waves all around,  
Sit tight, daddy, and hold on to the mast ;  
Button up your coat and don't you be afraid,  
The sailor-men are waiting for your aid."

"Cheer up, little man, daddy will not fear,  
God is always watching when we do the right,

And to Him as day-  
light is the  
darkest night ;  
In the path of duty He  
will be near,  
So, my darling, go to  
sleep, I must rush  
away,  
God will keep us  
all ; go, wife and  
bairnie, pray."

w. o. c.

**An Arab Legend.**

THERE was once a  
rich merchant, says  
the *Ave Maria*, who  
was travelling with a  
caravan of goods over  
a desert country.  
Night was coming on  
and brigands abound-  
ed, so he was in great  
haste, wishing to reach  
his destination before  
the light of day failed.  
But as he hurried his  
weary animals on, he  
saw a boy sitting by  
the roadside.

"What is the  
matter?" asked the  
merchant.

"I have a thorn in my foot," answered the  
young pilgrim, "and can go no further."

Then the merchant, forgetting the danger,  
stopped, extracted the thorn from the wounded  
foot, and gave the boy a piece of gold.

Years went on, and the merchant found himself  
in Paradise.

"Why do I have so many roses," he asked of  
an angel, "when others more deserving have so  
few?"

"Because," said the angel, "the thorn from  
that little pilgrim's foot grew and grew until it  
became a rose tree, and the roses are yours, for  
one good deed done on earth is returned manifold  
in Paradise."







### The Hottentot Terror.

VERYBODY who is acquainted with the life and labours of Robert Moffat, the great African missionary, will know who is meant. AFRICANER was known as the "Bonaparte of South Africa." This notorious Hottentot chief had become the *terror* of the whole country. The Boers had at some time wronged or offended him, and in revenge for their wrong or insult, with characteristic rage, he carried on a constant, cruel, relentless war with the natives living near the mouth of the Orange River. He was a terrible foe, feared by everybody, deaf to remonstrance and appeal. He stole cattle, he burned kraals, he took captives only to enslave those whom he did not destroy.

When, in 1817, Moffat started for Africaner's kraal, his friends warned him that this savage monster would make a drum-skin of his hide and a drinking-cup of his skull. But the noble hero of Namaqualand was not to be dissuaded.

Africaner was originally a Hottentot in the service of a Dutch farmer at Tulbagh, in Cape Colony. His usual work was the care of cattle; but he and his sons were often sent on raids of plunder against unarmed tribes further inland, a good school of robbery and of murder, where this Hottentot proved a quick learner; and on a slight provocation he shot his employer and his wife. Then Africaner fled as an outlaw across the Orange River, keeping near enough to harass the Boers, but far enough away to be safe from arrest and punishment. From this time, his hand, like that of Ishmael, was against every man. It mattered little whether white or black, native or foreigner, Namaqua, Hottentot, or Boer; whoever crossed his track, he hunted down like a wild beast, and fire and sword were his merciless weapons. The authorities of the colony would have paid any reasonable price for his head; but where was the man daring enough to attempt to capture or kill such a monster? It was like fighting a dragon. He might tolerate missionaries, but they could not hope to change him, and gave it up in despair.

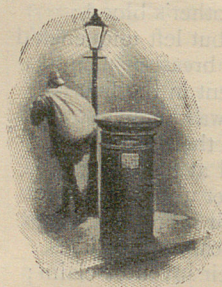
Robert Moffat won this hard-hearted monster

by the same old Gospel that has broken so many hearts of stone and melted so many other hearts of steel. Into the very soul of Africaner the truth of God entered, and, until the day of his death, there was no break in harmony of this strange friendship. During Moffat's sickness, it was Africaner whose hands ministered to his needs, furnished his food and the best of milk. And when Moffat found it needful to go to Cape Town, although there was still a premium upon his head, Africaner went with him. That whole journey is one of the romances of history. When the missionary stopped on his way at the house of a farmer who had been his host as he journeyed to Namaqualand, he had no little difficulty in convincing him that he was Moffat, for the man had heard that the Hottentot chief had murdered him, and knew a man who had "seen his bones." But when he saw Africaner, who had killed his uncle, and witnessed the change in his whole character and demeanour, the farmer could only exclaim, "O God, what cannot Thy grace do! What a miracle of Thy power!"

In the course of time, Africaner visited Cape Town, and the sensation produced by his appearance there defies description. Here was an outlaw, a robber, a murderer, for whose capture such large rewards had been vainly offered, himself coming back, risking arrest, trusting himself among them, a changed man. The lion had become a lamb. The Governor sent for him, and the reward offered for the seizure of the outlaw was actually spent in gifts for himself and presents for his people. As Moffat found it vain to attempt further work in Namaqualand, Africaner went with him to the Bechuanas. He first moved Moffat's goods and cattle and sheep to his new home at Lattakoo, and then, having faithfully fulfilled his trust, went back for his own moveables, that he might settle beside his beloved teacher. But his end was near, and he died shortly after at his old kraal.—*Dr. Pearson in "The New Acts of The Apostles."*



### 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.