

# THE OLIVE LEAF

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

No. 82. VOL. III.

SEPTEMBER, 1910.

ONE HALFPENNY.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Holidays .....	73
Balanced Sails.....	73
Holiday Sport.....	74
As the African Boy Sees Things .....	74
The Home-School .....	75
Band of Peace Union .....	75
Band of Peace Page.....	76

### Holidays.

UNBEND the bow, old Æsop taught,  
 If you would have its use for long ;  
 But keep it bent, 'twill go for naught,  
 Albeit the yew be stout and strong.

The mind and thews are like the bow,  
 And cannot bear a constant strain :  
 Ease up a while, if you would know  
 Acquired vigour, naught of pain.

Vacation's good for man and boy,  
 Though boy and man have different need ;  
 Each seeks again the old employ  
 With vigour that is strength indeed,

Re-born in processes of rest ;  
 The very ridges fallow lie ;  
 And life renews itself with zest,  
 For golden harvests by and by.

w. o. c.

### Balanced Sails.

WE had rare times during the holidays. Will and I were all day long on the sands, and you may be sure we found plenty of things to do. It was ever so much better than lessons, and yet in a way it was all lessons, too. There was always something fresh to see and to try and understand. We were never tired of this, but often very tired ourselves, more tired than in school, but that we didn't mind a bit. I shall never forget what funny creatures we saw in the pools, and under the rocks, and in the very sand itself ; what beautiful shells we gathered, and lovely seaweed. And then Auntie told us all about them and taught us to

arrange them prettily, in little boxes and on card-board, so that we might carry away a souvenir of the sea shore.

But what most of all delighted us was a little ship that father bought for us. We were "Yachting" morning, noon and night. Close by the little harbour there was a small lake—not "a place where swans swim," as Polly Smith wrote in the school examination in answer to the question, What is a lake? but a pond where boys, and girls, too, just as eagerly, could sail their tiny ships, without wetting their feet or losing their boats. We learnt how to place the rudder and fix the sails so that our little cutter would go right across, slantwise, to the other side as well as the rest.

One day, however, as we were running down to the pond Will tripped and fell, and the bowsprit, the little spar that runs right out from the bows, broke off at the stem, and the sail fastened to the end of it hung limp and loose. "Come on," cried Will, "come on Dolly, it's all right; that won't make any difference, the boat itself isn't broken, and she will sail right enough, never fear!" But it did make a big difference, as we soon found ; the boat wouldn't sail at all, but after going a little way would turn right round and kept shaking in the wind and drifting before it, and she got right down to the farthest side of the pond, shaking about and turning from one side to the other all the way. That wasn't sailing a bit, and there was no fun in it. We didn't know what to do. Will got quite cross and impatient, and I—I felt just as bad, only I didn't like to let on, I didn't want to be laughed at.

At last we caught sight of old Jack, sitting on a seat away up on the bank just under the trees, and decided that we would go and ask him to put things right for us. Jack was always kind, we found, and we weren't a bit afraid of him.

"Bless yer dear hearts!" he said, when we got up to him, "we'll soon put the bonnie boatie to rights," and his old eyes sparkled and his face

lighted as he took the little yacht in his hands and squinted down quite knowing-like as he held her before him. "Wouldn't sail, missie," said he, "course not, couldn't expect her to; her bowsprit's gone, and with it the jib, there ain't nothing to balance the mainsail," that's what he said, "and so she keeps turning up in the wind, and keeps shivering and shaking, not sailing, until she drifts away before the wind down to the lee shore." Then he gave us a little lesson, quite as learned as teacher's, I'm sure, and ever so much more interesting, about the principles of sailing, and beating to windward, and running before the wind, and sailing on a reach, and explained how the sails were to be placed and kept, and what was to be done, and how the first thing to be done with Will's little craft was to put on a new bowsprit so that the staysail and the jib might balance the mainsail and gaff-top-sail, and so drive the ship straight across the pond.

Nor did the old sailor omit what father calls the application! "Never forget, little missie and matey," he said, "that life is a voyage; it is like sailing your little cutter across the pond; you must have all spars sound, and your sails set, and not only set but well-balanced and well-trimmed. And don't ever forget either that if ever a rope gives way or a spar breaks, the first thing mind! the very first, is to lie to, and *repair*, for if you don't make all sound, you must never expect to make the voyage, to say nothing of winning the race. And if you can't do it yourself, why turn to the great Captain, missie, and He will do it for you."



### Holiday Sport.

WE enter'd our boat in the model yacht race  
On the pond near the end of the jetty;  
And thought she would win in the very first place,  
With a margin not doubtful or petty.

Our cutter was made of the very best pine,  
With sails of the whitest; and pretty;  
She looked just  
As if we placed her in line—  
Meet theme for an Olive Leaf ditty.

Alas! in the race she was nowhere at all,  
But sailed like a lame woggle wiggle,  
For her bowsprit was broken, her foresail too small;  
And her course it was all of a wriggle.

W. O. C.

### As the African Boy Sees Things.

ONE day several years ago a little boy from a neighbouring village came to our mission to play with some boys he knew. One of the boys had a knife, little village lad had one of his fingers cut. When his people discovered the accident they demanded a large payment for damages. Miss Susan Collins, who was at Quessua at the time, told them that the mission would not pay the money, but if they would leave the boy in the mission his sore finger would be healed and he would be taught many useful things. They agreed to this; the boy entered the mission, and is with us at the present time. He is sixteen years old now, and at times assists Mr. Schreiber in teaching day-school pupils.

During these years in the mission Mgedi has learned to understand English. Last summer I happened one day to speak to him in English, when to my surprise he answered me. After a few questions I found he already understood a great deal and wished to learn more. I began to give him lessons and afterwards took him to assist me in my kitchen work, so that he might have more practice in the language. One day as we were working there a man and a woman came up the road to our house. The woman carried a basket on her head, and the man followed behind with a stick in his hand. "Mgedi," I said, "why do your women always carry the burdens?" "That's the custom among our people," he said. The woman set down her basket, and as she turned around I saw a baby on her back. "What would you boys think if Mr. Schreiber would let me carry the baby around and a basket besides, and he go behind empty-handed?" He laughed and said, "He would not let you do that." "But why does the man carry that stick?" I asked. "He beats the woman if she does not walk fast enough." "Which do you think is best, your custom or ours?" "Yours," said the boy decidedly.

ANNA SCHREIBER.

### The Home-School.

LESSONS IN ESPERANTO.

NEW SERIES. VII.

*Continued. See page 67.*

Mia horloĝo fruas (malfruas).	My watch is fast (slow).
Mia horloĝo trorapidas (malrapidas).	My watch gains (loses).
Ĉu vi tion faros por mi? Plezuro. Kun plezuro.	Will you do that for me? With pleasure.
Mi tre dankas vin.	I thank you very much.
Dankon. Multe da dankoj.	Thanks. Many thanks.
Estas por mi plezuro, ke mi povas esti utila al vi.	It is a pleasure to me to be able to be of use to you.
Vi estas tre afabla (kompleza).	You are very kind (obliging).
Mi tre bedaŭras, ke mi ne povos.	I am very sorry that I shall not be able.

#### TRANSLATION OF PREVIOUS EXERCISE.

A long time ago there lived on a farm an old horse. For many years it laboured, working a threshing machine. To do that it had to pull round the end of a long pole, whose other end was fixed in the machine, and therefore it was always walking in a circle. The work was very useful, but the road led nowhere. At last the horse became too old to work, and the master put it in an orchard to browse and rest. But it could not rest, but was always walking round in a circle, until the master grew weary of the never-ending marching round and had it shot.

### Band of Peace Union.

OUR readers will be glad to hear of the very wonderful success that has come to our Band of Peace Union. It is no longer a British institution; it is now really international. You were told last month that it had been introduced into Belgium by the Baroness de Laveleye and her friends, and the statutes (or rules) of the new organisation were given you in French for translation.

At the Peace Congress held at the beginning of August, in Stockholm, we had a children's session, when much was said about the education of the young and the promotion of Peace. Our good Vice-President, Madame de Laveleye, spoke about our Union and its extension to Belgium, and Signora Adami, from Milan, told the Congress in a very eloquent speech about her work among the young in Italy. Mrs. Fanny Fern Andrews, of Boston, U.S.A., in a large public meeting, pleaded for school Peace work in America, so that in the Congress meetings the subject was discussed pretty thoroughly.

But the real work was done afterwards. For, during the excursion to Dalecarlia, which followed the Congress, these ladies all got together, discussed the matter, and decided to organise the movement so as to make it really and widely international. Accordingly, they adopted a Constitution, appointed Committees and Secretaries for various countries, and then started a subscription list for the preliminary expenses of the new organisation, and quite easily and quickly—for everybody was ready and anxious to "give a push"—collected a total of 214 francs.

Don't you think that very satisfactory? You may be quite sure that it was to the Secretary, Dr. Darby, who has stuck to the Band of Peace movement for so long. It was, he thought, one of the best things connected with the Eighteenth Universal Peace Congress.

The Union, too, is making real progress at home. New Bands are being formed and the outlook is very encouraging, so that we may all "thank God, and take courage."



MORE things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy  
voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
For what are men better than sheep or goats,  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,  
Both for themselves and those who call them  
friend?

For so the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

## BAND OF PEACE PAGE.



A BAND OF PEACE DEMONSTRATION.

MUCH may be done even in the holidays to push forward our great work, among the children especially. At Cambridge on Thursday, July 28th last, nearly a thousand children took part in the demonstration and field day arranged by the Cambridgeshire Band of Hope Union. The venture was the first of its kind that the Union had attempted, and favoured by glorious weather, it proved a huge success, and one upon which Miss Legerton (hon. sec.) and Mr. David Moore (agent) had every cause to congratulate themselves. The demonstration was far more interesting from the point of view of the spectator than such functions usually are, inasmuch as prizes were offered for the best decorated society, tableaux, and cycles. The twenty Bands of Hope and other temperance organisations taking part entered keenly into the spirit of the thing, and the parade proved a very picturesque one.

Efforts are being made to get the Union to organise a branch of the Band of Peace Union, and to forward its interests Miss Legerton had entered a tableau, not for competition, which bore the inscription, "In honour of King Edward the Peacemaker." In the vehicle were representatives of various nations, united in the bonds of Peace, while two boys at the rear held hemispheres inscribed, "We aim at Universal Peace." There were a number of mottoes hung round the car, one of which set forth that England's friends are Peace and Temperance.



### 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.