

THE OLIVE LEAF

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

No. 108. VOL. IV.

AUGUST, 1915.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Contrast	177
What Should We Have Done?	177
Intelligence	178
Made to Last	178
The Courage of the Cat	179
Official Cats	179
The Fisher Cat	179
The Bible Class	180

The Contrast.

How sweet is the smile of smiles
That rests on the brow of June,
The calm glad light that day beguiles,
When earth and sky are in tune,
But melting in Peace away
Is gone with the dying day.

And what are those raucous sounds
That startle with wild affright ;
The sulphurous cloud that life confounds,
And crimson the lurid night ?
What hellish noise distracts the ear ?
What horror awakens fear ?

W.O.C.

What Should We Have Done ?

ONE of the most fatal things in the thought of the present day, as you young people will find when you grow older, is the idea that we have each to do what everybody else does. Especially is this urged in reference to our conduct as a nation. Because Germany built ships we had to build. One of our Ministers, about two years ago, made a speech in which he said some strong things about the folly, insanity, and wickedness of the mad race in armaments and the ruinous spending of huge sums of money in instruments of destruction, and then, when it seemed he ought to have said, we will have nothing to do with such madness, what he did say was, we must go on with it ; they all do it, and we must do like the rest. Other Ministers talked in the same strain. Well,

we went on like the others, and when the time came to use the ships and armaments we had to go on still, and here we are, in the midst of the most terrible war that ever was.

But what could we have done ? we are asked. Germany prepared, and we had to prepare. Germany began the fight and we had to fight. Tell us, they say, what should we have done ? and if you answer, " There is a better way ; seek first the Kingdom of God and His rightness, and all other things shall be added unto you," they get very impatient if not very angry. For very few seem to believe in these things now. There is a great deal of talk about God and a great deal of prayer to Him for success and victory, but very little real faith in Him, and apparently none at all in His rightness. " Nonsense !" they say. " God works through human beings, He uses nations to punish nations and He is using us to crush Germany." Yet Germany is not crushed, and never will be, any more than we shall be if the war goes against us. " Nonsense !" they say. " How foolishly you talk ; where should we be now, if we hadn't done as we did ?"

Well, there is a really true story in ancient history which shows how false all such reasoning is. We commend it to our politicians and their ministers. It is introduced into a little book, called " Talks about Peace and War," by the Hon. Mrs. Penrose, with the words, " A little song, sometimes sung in our schools, expresses a fact which we shall all do well to remember :—

" Two it takes to make a quarrel,
One can always end it.' "

She continues, " I will tell you a story from ancient times which shows us how true this is. The story is from Roman History, written by the early historian Livy (Book vi., cc. 25, 26).

" The two cities, Rome and Tusculum, had

been good friends for many years, but in 378 B.C. the Romans found that some of the Tusculans had been fighting on the side of their enemies, the Volscians, and consequently declared war against them. But the Tusculans did not want to go to war with their former friends, and when the Roman General, Camillus, with his army came into their territory, he found the people going on with their usual work. On reaching the city he found the gates wide open, and instead of soldiers to meet them, the inhabitants came out unarmed and brought them provisions. He went in at the gates of the city, and found the shops and market open, the schools buzzing with the voices of the children at their lessons, and people walking about as usual. There *was no one to fight*, and Camillus, overcome by the peaceful ways of the enemy, asked for the principal men to be called together, and invited the Tusculan Dictator, or chief ruler, to Rome. The result was that a stronger friendship than before was formed between the two cities."

That was in 378 B.C., and in 1915 A.D. we have, what? — the nations of Christendom, each doing what the others are doing, and it is not Christian, or even human or rational.

Among the many books called forth by the war there is one published by Thomas Murby & Co., entitled "The Great War for the Greater Peace," in which the idea of the Roman incident is applied to the present war, in a supposed conversation in the year 2020, wherein a British and a Chinese statesman discuss the war, those who made it and those who fought it; the Peace which followed, and so forth. Now if there is to be any possibility of truth in the supposed conversation, we have got to hurry up with our Peacemaking. It does not look a bit like it now, or like anything but a drawn battle with a bigger and bloodier war by and by.



Love is law, where life is love.

Intelligence.

THE soul of a dog and the soul of a boy
Are stirred by the same surprise;
Together they see and together enjoy,
As told by delighted eyes.

Is the soul of the dog like that of the boy,
As is the light in their eyes?
Yes, intelligence blends with their mutual joy,
For both seem merry and wise.

Do they differ? O yes, as the wise men tell,
And the wisest book of all;
The boy has a soul, but is spirit as well,
The other but soul withal.

Duality—body, intelligence
too—

Is the one as you may
see;
The boy is a trinity, not
seeming so—
The riddle pray read to
me. W.O.C.



Made to Last.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, in the midst of his labours to establish the Republic on a safe and solid basis, came into his house one day and found his little daughter sewing:

"Those buttonholes, Sally," he said, "are good for nothing. They will not wear. If you make a buttonhole, child, make the best buttonhole possible."

Not content with rebuking the child, he went down the street, and sent up a

tailor, who had orders to instruct Miss Sarah in the art of making a buttonhole properly.

A great-grand-daughter of the American philosopher, a woman who has a national reputation for her inherited talents and executive ability, told this anecdote lately, adding with pride: "Since then, the Franklin family make buttonholes that will last."

What great statesman now, employed in the formation of a nation, would observe such a seeming trifle? How many young girls of Sarah Franklin's age think it worth while, if they make a buttonhole, to make the "best possible"?

Few men of any age have combined, as did Franklin, a broad and lofty grasp of thought with the minute attention to practical detail; but it is



this very quality of thoroughness in the most trifling work which falls within one's duties, that gives to the work and to the character of the worker truth and vitality. The stone palaces of a great king, if poorly built, will crumble to pieces, but the finely-cut facet of a ring will endure to delight ages.—*Ex.*



The Courage of the Cat.

THE self-mastery which a cat shows when, having been caught in a position from which there is no escape, she calmly sits down to face out the threats of a dog, is a marvellous thing. Everybody has seen a kitten on the street door-step attacked by a dog ten times her size, as apparently self-possessed as if she were in her mistress' lap. If she turns tail and runs down the street she is lost; the dog will have a sure advantage of her. Even as it is, if he could get up courage enough to seize her on the spot he would be able to make short work of her.

"You dare not touch me, and you know it," is what her position tells the dog. But she is intensely on her guard, in spite of her air of perfect content. Her legs, concealed under her fur, are ready for a spring; her claws are unsheathed, her eyes never move for an instant from the dog; as he bounds wildly from side to side, barking with comical fury, those glittering eyes of hers follow him with the keenest scrutiny. If he plucks up his courage to grab her, she is ready; she will sell her life dearly. She is watching her chance, and she does not miss it. The dog tries Fabian tactics, and withdraws a few feet, settling down upon his forepaws, growling ferociously as he does so.

Just then the sound of a dog's bark in the next street attracts his ears and eyes for a moment, and when he looks back the kitten is gone. He looks down the street and starts wildly in that direction, and reaches a high board fence just as a cat's tail—a monstrous tail for such a little cat—is vanishing over the top of it. He is beaten; the cat showed not only more courage than he had, but a great deal more strategy.



THE Lord is just but wonderful! It is not by the sword that He will have His gospel propagated.

LUTHER.

Official Cats.

CATS are "appointed to" all public buildings in the colony of Togo, where natives gather, such as schools, hospitals, and prisons. The government of the colony has issued a decree to this effect to prevent the introduction of plague by rats.

Cats have won a place in China by making the places where they are kept free from the ravages of this enemy of human life.

In Hong-Kong orders have been made for the maintenance of one cat in each house and three in the larger houses. An investigation at Lome (Togo) showed that there were rat-eating cats there and that rats were not found in houses where cats were kept.

It is officially advised that in all coast towns where there is danger of the plague's entrance the number of resident cats be largely increased as rapidly as possible.

World's Chronicle.



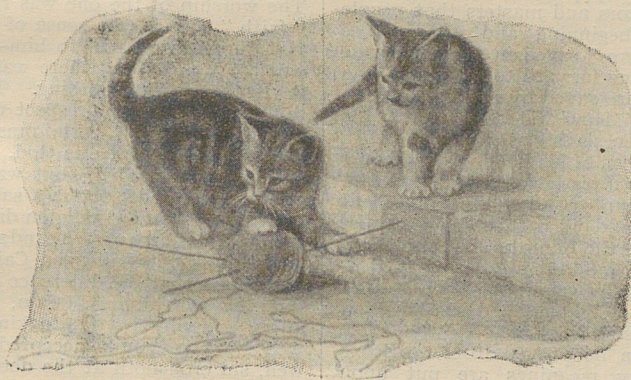
The Fisher Cat.

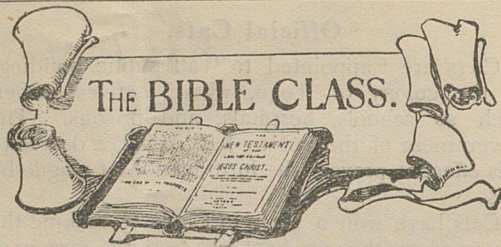
WE naturally associate the cat with dry land. It is a common sight to see pussy trying to avoid wetting her velvet feet by jumping over little

puddles of water in crossing the street, and if, by an accidental step, she should happen to get a little wet, she anxiously shakes her paws to rid them of the water.

It is very seldom we see a cat indifferent to the water, but the writer knows of a case, and was an eye-witness, where it was a seeming delight to the cat to run about in the shallow water in pursuit of fish. This cat lived in Provincetown, Massachusetts, where the tide goes out, leaving extensive flats with very shallow water near the shore. It was a common habit for this cat to go down on these flats at almost every low tide and run about in the water, where it was some three or four inches deep, to catch the minnows (a fish about as large as a mouse) which swim in schools near the shore. This cat had a good home with plenty to eat, but seemed to take pleasure in chasing the fish, not always eating those caught, but would generally take the last one in her mouth and carry it home.

J. H. B., in Cat Review.





THE STORY OF CAIN

How are we to understand this beautiful old-world story? Perhaps I ought to point out how we are *not* to understand it, for when the writer was a boy he was taught that this was an illustration of Christian doctrine and nothing else. Many unthinking people seem to hold that opinion still, for some time ago a prominent gentleman, when reference was made in his hearing to the story of Cain, remarked that he didn't see what that had to do with the question of Peace and War; and another gentleman, equally prominent, perhaps more so, as a theologian, thought it referred only to the doctrine of sacrifice.

This was the current popular idea. We were told by our spiritual pastors and masters that people long ago, at the very beginning and after, those of the Old Testament, were "saved in the very same way as ourselves by looking forward to a Saviour who was to come, just as we are saved by looking back to a Saviour who has come." How well we remember the words! Did not the Genesis story say that Abel, who brought of the firstlings of his flock, was a keeper of sheep, and does not the Epistle to the Hebrews say, "By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain," etc., and did not John the Baptist point out Jesus Christ as "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world"? So the matter was settled, Abel was a type of Christ—or was it the lamb?—that was not very clear—and that settled the matter. It was a remarkable instance of reading the Bible backward. Anything can be proved from the Bible in that way, if arbitrary meanings are put upon Bible texts, without any regard to their connection. If the readers of the Epistle had paid attention to what they read they would have seen the "faith" of Abel which made his sacrifice acceptable was not the belief in a special doctrine or the acceptance of particular opinions. The writer is careful to explain what he means. Faith, he says, is vision; it "is the giving substance to things hoped for, the making evident of things not seen," and that applies to every one in the long Bible list of saints and heroes.

Another instance of reading the Bible backward was the discovery of the Modern doctrine or "law of primogeniture." We were taught, quite seriously, that it was right for the eldest son of a rich man to inherit his father's estate, and for his younger brothers to be subject to him, because, Abel was Cain's younger brother, and God said to Cain, "Unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him." Again, it was insisted, incredible as it may seem, that the interpretation was conclusive. It required no learning and only ordinary attention to discover that it was based on a grammatical error, and had no reference to Abel at all.

Now let us put aside these fanciful interpretations, made long centuries later, in comparatively modern times, and go back to the simple story, which is very clear indeed, and raises no question or difficulty at all.

Let us remember that this book is dealing with the origins, or beginnings of things, and this is the beginning of human society set forth in a simple narrative form. The unit of the race, says the early teaching, is man, created male and female by God; the unit of society is the family. The biggest nation, or collection of nations, is traced back to the single family, for it is only a mighty and mysterious collection of families. Adam and Eve the first unit, their family the second, and from these all the rest—that is the Bible picture.

But the family does not lose its personal character, any more than the nation or international family does. There are two brothers, there appear to be other members, but the interest of the story centres in these two. They were both religious men, with the difference that has prevailed among the avowedly religious in all ages. Externally there was no division between them. They both worshipped God, after the notions of their times, and each brought of his best as an offering to their God—the tiller of the ground brought of the fruit of his labour, and the shepherd, of the firstlings of his flock. So far they were alike and no difference was apparent. But there was a subtle difference, nevertheless; it lay in the men themselves. The worship of the one was real and sincere—he had "faith," that is, the sense of the invisible. God and His worship were real to him—the other had not, his worship was formal, there was no truth in it, and so it really meant nothing. That made the whole difference; God had respect to the real worship but rejected the sham. He must do that always and everywhere, since He is God.

Cain was offended, that was very natural; he was angry and carried about a sad and sullen face. How often since then has religion divided brothers and been the fruitful source of strife and sorrow. What happened was this—God challenged Cain, and what He said to him shows that the difference lay not in the offerings, but the worshippers. Cain, He said, Why are you angry and why are you looking so sullen? If you do well, shall not you be accepted also; but if you do not well, sin croucheth at the door, and "unto thee shall be his desire and thou shalt rule over him."

But Cain did not, and one day the crouching wild beast sprang upon him, and "Cain rose up against Abel his brother and slew him."

Is it asked what has that to do with war? The answer is, it is all there in the story of the first two brothers. All the wars that have ever cursed and crimsoned the world followed from that. War is murder. "One murder makes a villain," said Bishop Porteus, "millions a hero." War is fratricide, and the preparation for war is, planned, incipient fratricide. It cannot be anything else for any people or in any circumstances, and all men are brothers.

What is God's attitude? He notes it all; not a single murder of all the millions is unnoticed. He calls the murderer to account—"What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood cries unto me from the ground." He inflicts punishment—none shall escape Him. "And Cain said unto the Lord, my punishment is greater than I can bear." Nor is that the end, God branded the murderer lest other members of the human family should smite him. All that was long ago, and we are Christian and civilized. But God is not changed, nor is His rule of men, and a servant of Jesus gave it a very deep and significant meaning when he said

"He that hateth his brother is a murderer."