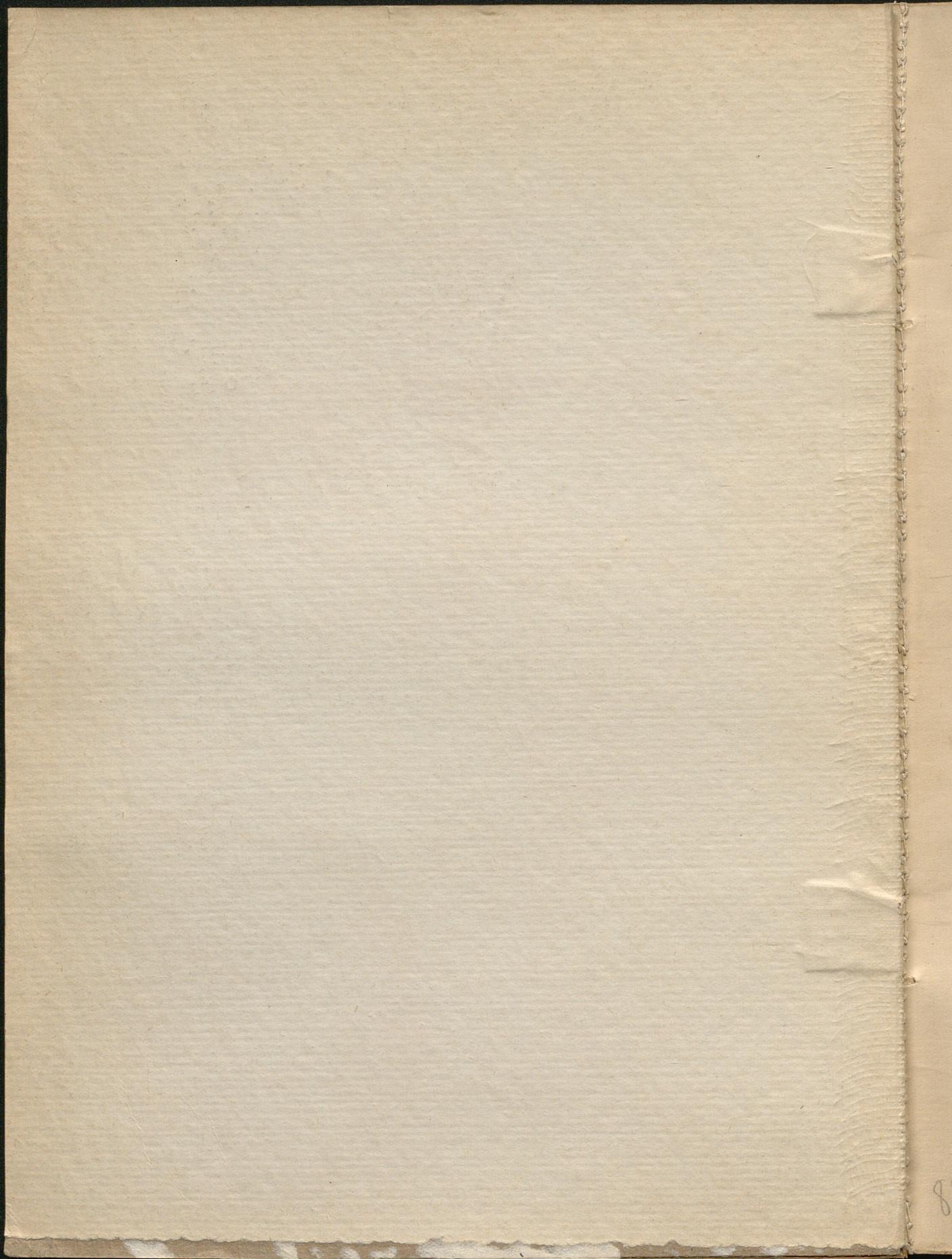


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THE OLIVE LEAF

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

No. 74. VOL. III.

JANUARY, 1910.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
New Year's Greeting—1910	41
"A Merry Christmas, Sir"	41
"Latent Force"	43
The Home-School	43
Peace in Nature.....	43
Band of Peace Page.....	44

New Year's Greeting—1910.

A HAPPY New Year once more
 To every girl and boy!
 More happy than any before,
 And filled, throughout, with joy!
 For joy is the spice of life,
 And happiness is its strength;
 But joy is always killed by strife,
 And happiness dies at length.
 For self comes back again;
 'Tis only who forget
 Themselves that find escape from pain,
 And all that brings regret.
 True happiness comes to those
 Who live for others' good;
 The New Year's joy waits, at the close,
 On those who self withstood.

W. O. C.

“A Merry Christmas, Sir.”

THE streets of London were wintry and wet. For it was Christmas Eve, and the weather was stormy. The sky threatened snow; but the busy people who formed the throng hurrying towards the railway stations, or the Tube, to catch the earliest train homeward did not think of looking above the electric lamps that shut out the sky and the signs of the coming storm. There is no drearier place in the universe on a dark sleety night than the streets of London, and no lonelier spot either, if you have no companion. “The wilderness of the people”! Yes, my little readers, it is worse than the loneliness of the veldt, especially if you are heart-hungry and home-sick, as was the youth who trudged along slowly in

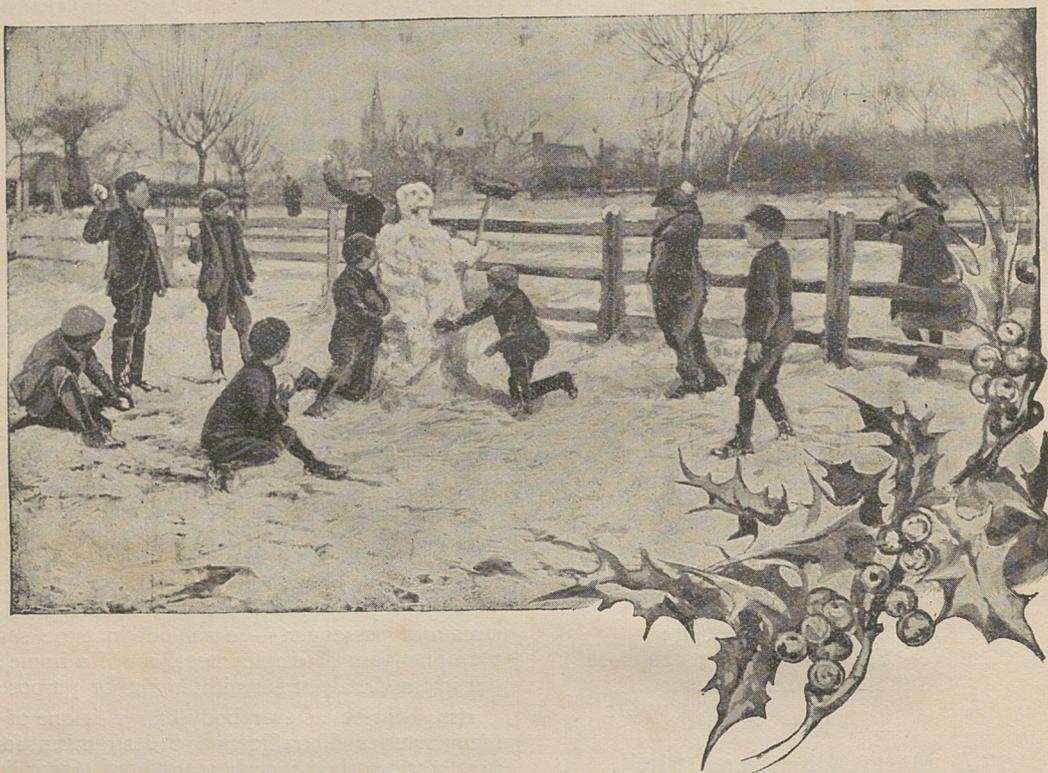
Broad Street near the Peace Offices, about seven o'clock last Christmas Eve. He had come up from the country to London, as do so many boys, full of hope and ambition, hardly fancying that the streets were paved with gold, as long ago such boys were supposed to do, or feeling sure that the road from Highgate led inside as well as up to the Mansion House door, for school books and school boards have made that impossible; but dreaming, nevertheless, that London streets were the pathway to success which he meant to reach. He began wrong, that was the mistake; he was too sanguine, and self-confident, and, if the whole truth must be told, too self-conceited. It is a common mistake. He who begins with the idea that he knows everything, and can do anything, and that the world must come round to him, not that he must adapt himself and stoop to conquer, will, in a very little while find himself “out,” and as we have intimated, there isn't a worse place for anyone to be “out” in than London. This is what Jack Jones felt as he strolled along in the stream of passengers—he was out in more senses than one—out of employment, out of a home and out in the drizzly street without aim or purpose.

Broad Street, as everybody knows, is one of the main arteries of traffic and pedestrianism, for it runs between the City, where the Lord Mayor lives, and the two stations through which pass more passengers than any other in the world. All day long the stream of buses runs Cityward, and twice a day a curious phenomenon may be seen. In the morning, for at least two hours, it is like a river bed filled with a living stream, also flowing Citywards. In the evening, for about the same time, the stream flows in the opposite direction—flow and ebb—too and fro rushes the stream without break, filling the street to overflowing. It is a sight worth seeing—especially for visitors from the country, where folks are fewer—this business river of living beings. The stream was ebbing now and getting “slack,” as the sailors say. It was very interesting, still, although Jack hardly thought so as he

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sauntered along, head down, in a brown study. "Out! out! out!" he thought, "I am out, what shall I do?" How he wished he might go home for Christmas; but his pockets were empty and he couldn't. Besides, his letters had told a story of success, and he daren't show himself or tell them at home how things were. But the picture of home seemed to grow until all the light, and mirth, and fun, made a picture within him, and the street, and the people, the houses and the passing vehicles, grew dim and ghostly all about him.

which was the way home, and, though he had forgotten that, to the home of his brother, who lived at Ilford. It was the merest accident, of course, how could it be otherwise? It only happened, but for all that Jack Jones was no longer "out," for he had to go straight off to Ilford with Dolly and her father, where he had a jolly Christmas Eve, and, as the little voice said. "A Merry Christmas, Sir." There is no hap, or chance; things never only happen. And then, you see, it was Christmas Eve. That is the wonderful time—



“LATENT FORCE.”

Then he came to himself with a start and a shudder: "Christmas Eve and out."

At this moment, just as he came to an opening, out danced a bright little scarlet form, almost like that of a fairy; a bright little face looked up to his, and a merry little voice said, "A Merry Christmas, Sir," and then, turning to someone just behind, "Why, daddy, it's Uncle Jack!"

It is hard to say which was the most astonished! Uncle Jack it was! but he was dreaming of home in the country, and deploring that he couldn't get there, for he was out! Something within had directed his steps towards Liverpool Street Station,

the time of romance when all kinds of strange and unexpected things happen. Then too, a kindly feeling spreads everywhere, filling the old streets like the glow of electric light or like the warm breath of the spring that melts the snow and ice and makes the fields green, and the sky bright and the flowers beautiful. Jack Jones says he will never forget how, in the midst of his misery, the little fairy pounced upon him from the opening leading through the old churchyard; and vows that when he gets in he will take good care to profit by his experience last Christmas Eve, and stick to his post like glue.

"Latent Force."

WHAT shall we do with this latent force?
 "Harness it well," says the fighter;
 "When the stream is given a definite course,
 And direction begins at its very source—
 To turn it at will is lighter;
 "In his earliest years teach the boy to shoot
 And talk to him well of duty,
 Then he'll serve your turn in some near *emeute*,
 And if you can rope in the girl, to boot;
 'Twill grace her better than beauty."
 What shall we do with this useful force?
 Husband it well, and train it
 For highest ends, give it upward course
 And unselfish aims, that no fell remorse
 May either mar or pain it.

W. O. C.

The Home-School.

LESSONS IN ESPERANTO.

NEW SERIES. I.

In beginning a new series of lessons in Esperanto, it is well to ask "What is Esperanto, and why should we learn it?" Esperanto is a new language which—"A new language!" some reader exclaims, "what is the good of a new language, when there are so many already?" Ah! that is just the point, there are so many already! You can never learn them all, and so there will always be people with whom you cannot talk, unless they can speak your language.

But suppose that in all countries the people were to agree to learn one special language, not instead of their own, of course, but in addition to it, then we should all be able to understand each other throughout the whole world, and many of the quarrels which arise from misunderstandings might be prevented.

"Very good," says someone, "but why should we have a new language for that? Why not choose one of the old languages, French, for example?" Well, there are two chief reasons against that. One is, that unhappily the great nations are very jealous of each other, and none likes another to get any advantage over it. If French were chosen, the English, Germans, Russians, Japanese and others would have to spend a long time in learning this *foreign* language, and while they were doing so, the French themselves could be learning or doing useful things which the others would not have time for, so the French would have a great advantage. And so it would be whatever natural language was chosen.

Now Esperanto is an *invented* language, which does not belong to any one nation, so all would have a fairer chance.

The second reason is, that all natural languages are very difficult, and it takes many years to learn them properly. Think, you who are learning French or German, of all the many rules, and worse still, all the exceptions to the many rules! Think, for example, of the different ways of forming the plural of French or German or even of English nouns! In Esperanto there is only *one* way.* There are very few rules, and positively *no* exceptions. And one always knows at once how to pronounce the language, for every word is sounded exactly as it is spelt†, and the accent is always on the same syllable, the one before the last‡.

I think you will all agree with me that Esperanto is the best language to adopt as a common language for all nations. In the next number of the OLIVE LEAF I will tell you more about it. Till then you might try with the help of the notes to pronounce the words in the Esperanto paragraph in the *Herald of Peace*, and find out the nouns in it.

Peace in Nature.

THE true note of Nature is everywhere Peace;
 Not bloodthirsty wars which hatreds increase,
 The nightingale's trill, the coo of the dove,
 The lark's song on high—all tell us of love.

God's Peace, too, is present in all His fair earth;
 His power it is gave to all things their birth,
 And so throughout Nature the great Rule is
 Peace;

In man's world how fearful has been its decrease!
 And we, as God's servants, His law must fulfil—
 The Law of sweet Peace which none changes at
 will:

Peace between nations, and 'twixt persons, too—
 To keep it we each have our work to do.

Then, as, year after year, Peace and Love progress,
 Till the world forgets her bloodthirstiness,
 Men will learn that throughout, though may be
 unseen,
 Peace has work'd in their midst under nature as
 Queen.

GLADYS DE LAVELEYE,
 (A Member of the Band of Peace.)

* The plural is formed by adding *j* (pronounce like *y* in *you*), *unu libro*, one book, *du libroj*, two books; *unu infano*, one child, *tri infanoj*, three children (pronounce *oj* like *oy* in *boy*).

Every noun ends in *O*.

† *A* is pronounced like *a* in *ah*; *e* like *e* in *there*; *i* like *e* in *me*; *o* as in *or*; *u* like *oo* in *book*: the consonants are pronounced as in English, except: *c* like *ts* in *its*, *ĉ* like *ch* in *church*, *g* as in *go*, *ĝ* as in *gentle*, *h* like *ch* in the Scotch word *loch*, *j* like *y* in *you*, *ĵ* like *s* in *pleasure*; *s* like *ss* in *ass*, *ŝ* like *sh* in *she*.

‡ *Espero*, *esperanto*, *esperantisto*, *esperantistino*.

BAND OF PEACE PAGE.

A BLOODLESS BATTLE.

"A little child shall lead them."—ISAIAH xi. 6.

HISTORY books are full of the victories of the sword, but the triumphs of the way of Peace are less well known. Nevertheless, the diligent student of PEACE will be rewarded for his studies by many beautiful and instructive instances in which Love has disarmed Hate, or in which reason has triumphed over passion.

You will enjoy this instance.

In the year 1432, the city of Naumburg, in Saxony, was besieged by a great army. A war had been raging for several years with bitter cruelty on both sides. The people of Naumburg were suffering great hunger and thirst, but were in equally great fear of Precopius and his army outside.

A council of citizens met to consider what should be done, and how they might best sue for Peace. The schoolmaster suggested that the children should be sent out, two by two, so that the hearts of the men of war should be melted, and the city allowed to capitulate peace'fully. In those days a siege was usually ended by horrible butchery.

The little children of Naumburg were gathered from their homes, robed in white, and put in order on the streets. The city gates were opened, and out they went to face the destroying army.

Outside the city walls lay the grim soldiers. To their surprise the great gates swung open, and, still more to their amazement, there issued forth, not a sortie of desperate men, but a procession of white-robed children, who pattered along the road and timidly approached their trenches and tents. The rough soldiers were overcome. Revenge and violence were out of the question. So throwing down their weapons they rushed upon the cherry orchards, amid which they were encamped, gathered branches of the ripe, red fruit, and sent the children back to their parents, cherry laden, and with messages of PEACE.

In celebration of that happy ending to the siege of 1432 an annual festival is still observed in Naumburg, which is called the "Cherry Festival," or the "Children's Fête." The whole story is to be found in a German song of which this is one verse:—

But as the train of little ones
Triumphant left the ground,
Thoughtfully spake the Hussite chief
To them who girt him round,
"Conquered are we! and yet no wise
By human strength, this hour;
From out of the mouth of sucklings
Hath God ordainéd power."

This story is very suitable for giving as a BAND OF PEACE reading, or could be easily arranged as a BAND OF PEACE Tableau Vivant.

Other stories, poems, or readings suitable for the same purpose will be welcomed by the Editor of THE OLIVE LEAF.

COMPETITION CORNER.

JANUARY COMPETITIONS.

No. 15.

BIBLE EXERCISE.

A book prize will be awarded for the BEST STRING OF PEACE PEARLS; that is for the best list of twelve texts from the Bible that relate to PEACE.

No. 16.

"OTHER LAND" EXERCISE.

A book-prize is offered for the best list of the NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS or FAVOURITE PASTIMES of the different nations of the world.

RULES.

Send your answers, in your own writing, as soon as possible, stating your full name, age, and address, to the Editor of THE OLIVE LEAF, 47, New Broad Street, London, E.C.

About fifty BAND OF PEACE book-prizes were awarded at Christmas to youthful essay-writers in the public schools of Dumbarton. These essays on PEACE BETWEEN NATIONS were written as a result of lectures delivered to the senior pupils by the Agent of the PEACE SOCIETY and BAND OF PEACE UNION.



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.