THE OLIVE LEAF

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A Summer Song.

Sing to the advent of summer,
Sing with a jubilant voice;
Blithe is the thrice welcome comer—
June is the time to rejoice.

Then are the golden days longest;
Then are the happy hours bright;
Then is the sun's glory strongest,
Flashing from morning till night.

Then comes the joy of vacation.
Down books, and off to the sea!
Holidays all through the nation!
Summer! Hurrah! We are free!

W. O. C.

Welcome to Summer.

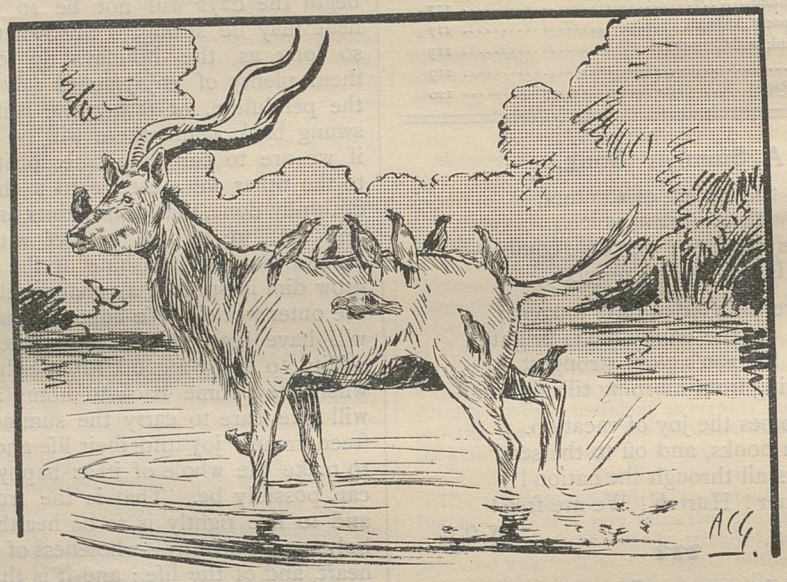
Who does not welcome the Summer? Dull indeed must be the boy or girl who does not rejoice in its beauty and brightness. Yet, not until "May is out," in the two-fold sense that the May has blossomed out in the hedgerows, and the days in the month called May have run out, has the Summer really come. By that time the days are bright, and before June ends will have reached their longest. The earth has been rolling her Arctic side towards the sun, or, as those studying astronomy might put it, the sun has been climbing northern latitudes, but at the longest day that process ends, and the earth rolls back again. So, with a kind of rocking motion, from south to north, and back again from north to south, the great globe goes spinning on its way. The warmer days will come after the summer solstice, but by the time they have reached their hottest they will be appreciably shorter; so that when the holidays begin the days will not be so long though the heat may be strong. But what does it matter so long as the holidays do come, and with them plenty of enjoyment? By and by, when the pendulum, or rather the spinning earth, has swung back again, there will be other joys, but if we are to carry the true spirit from one time to the other we must see to it that all duties are faithfully done, that right habits have been formed, and that we so live in love with God and our fellows that the sunshine of the soul may never grow dim in spite of all changes that may come in the outer world. We hope that our young friends will have learned the right, and so gained the ability, to enjoy a good summer holiday, and that when they come back to home and school they will take care to carry the summer sunshine and freedom and joy into their life and its work, so as to make the whole of it as happy as any holiday can possibly be. That is the true way of living, and to live rightly is to be healthy and holy, for holy means healthy—wholeness of the spirit, of the heart, and of the life; and it is that which creates perpetual happiness.

Co-operation Among Animals.

The following little sketch is so full of fresh information and suggestive wisdom that we have taken the liberty of inserting the whole, the editor kindly supplying the original picture.

The general idea of Nature being cruel to individuals in her methods, that—as though she had no power of changing herself—she is typified for ever by the brute-beast, the tiger, is not surprising if we consider the innumerable tragedies which are continually occurring throughout the animal world in the perpetual struggle for existence. But that we do not really regard Nature itself as inevitably and invariably cruel is shown by our sometimes qualifying it, as when we speak of a

man's acting in accordance with his "better" or "higher" nature. One of the effects of the greater knowledge of the facts of animal-life which we possess to-day, and for which we owe so much to the modern improvements in field-glass and camera, has been to make us realise that Nature is as many-sided in animals as it is in man, who stands at the head of them. The most cowardly animal may manifest qualities of heroism on occasions, and there are numerous authenticated instances of heroic actions achieved by animals that cannot be wholly explained by "instinct." Friendship and co-operation are not less necessary factors in the social systems of the jungle than are destruction and hostile rivalry.



An interesting instance of mutual benefit derived by animals belonging to entirely different species is provided by the South African rhinoceros-bird—a bird of about the size of our common starling. The rhinoceros-birds fly in companies, and rest upon the backs of various animals, relieving them of the ticks that infest most creatures, domestic or wild, in bush country. Amongst wild beasts they devote attention chiefly to the rhinoceros, Cape buffalo, sable antelope, and the wart-hog, whilst among domestic animals they mostly alight on horses and oxen. According to Millais, who describes these birds as the most interesting ever seen by him, "it is no uncommon sight to see an ox lying stretched out on the ground, exposing every part of his body to their administrations." But the rhinoceros-bird is no ally of the hunter, who realises that, when a rhinoceros or buffalo is "at home" to these visitors, the greatest precautions must be exercised in approaching the quarry, as the birds are wonderfully quick in observing the presence of a man, even at a considerable distance, and the moment they see him they shriek out an alarm, and away goes the beast. But the curious thing is that they distinguish between the wild and domestic animals. Knowing that the latter are not exposed to attack from man, they think only of themselves, and refrain from "swearing" until the intruder is within thirty or forty yards or so. Its cry of alarm is "a jarring swear, almost exactly like that of the common starling when its nest is being robbed. All the birds utter it together when they wish to warn an animal of approaching danger, sitting in a line along its back and stretching their necks upwards preparatory to taking flight." They fly away singly, following one another in a string, "and after mounting some twenty yards in the air immediately above their four-legged friend, they commence a series of gyrations, accompanied by loud cries, which never fail to attract its attention."

Amongst the monkeys co-operation is highly developed. Brehm has remarked that, after a troop of *Cercopitheci* has rushed through a thorny brake, each monkey stretches itself on a branch, and another monkey sitting by "conscientiously" examines its fur and extracts every thorn or burr; whilst the Hamadryas baboons, whose habit it is to turn over stones in their search for food, will combine, and share the booty, in the event of a stone being too heavy for one to lift. But it may be said that in all the cases mentioned the underlying interest is purely selfish. That many animals do, however, show actual sympathy with each other when in distress or danger has been proved by numerous observations, such, for example, as the case mentioned by Romanes, in his book on "Animal Intelligence," of Indian crows having been seen feeding two or three of their companions which are blind, or that witnessed and described by Darwin, of a dog who never passed a cat which lay sick in a basket, and was a great friend of his, without giving her a few licks with his tongue; "the surest sign of kind feeling in a dog."

"The Westminster Gazette."

Do Animals Think and Converse?

SOME most interesting experiments have been made recently with a view to deciding whether the lower animals have reasoning powers, whether they can converse with each other, and also whether they can learn by imitation. Dogs, cats, chickens, and rats were taken as the subjects of the experiments, and a number of novel discoveries were made.

It was found, for instance, that the rat prefers a crooked path to a straight one. It was fond of turnings and windings, and can solve the secret of a labyrinth more quickly than other animals. The experimenter, a learned professor, constructed a maze of wooden partitions, modelled on the famous maze at Hampton Court. A white rat, which was placed at the entrance, went to the centre without any difficulty at all. The attraction, it may be mentioned, was a piece of cheese, but how the rat contrived to solve the complicated problem without a mistake is itself a puzzle.

Most of the other tests were made by locking the animals in boxes or cages, from which they could free themselves by a little ingenuity. For the dogs and cats a sort of hutch was constructed, and to open the door of it three separate acts had to be performed. Pressing on a little platform at the back of the hutch raised one of the catches or bolts, pulling a string raised the second, and it was then only necessary to push down a bar outside to open the door. The animals were kept without food for some time, and then one by one shut in a hutch of the kind described, a bone or piece of meat being placed outside.

It was noticed that the cats were the most violent in their struggles to escape, and were evidently more anxious to regain their liberty than to secure the food. The dogs not only struggled far less, but apparently bent their energies merely to the securing of the food, thus giving the impression that if they were not hungry they would not greatly trouble themselves to get out. After a few repetitions the more intelligent animals of both kinds learned how to escape from their prison, and would liberate themselves every time. Amongst the unsuccessful animals it was observed that the dog gave up the attempts to escape much sooner than the cat.

For the chickens the tests were to escape both from a hutch and a maze, but in every case, whether of dogs, cats, or chickens, it was found that the animal could not convey its knowledge of the trick to any other animal, and that it performed the necessary acts quite mechanically, or by a sort of trained instinct, except in the case of the rats (including the white one already mentioned), which found their way in and out of the maze by a natural instinct, although even here and there were a few failures, the female rats being found less intelligent than the males.

The conclusions to be drawn are rather disappointing, especially to lovers of animal pets. They go to show that, generally speaking, animals do not reason, learn nothing by imitation, and cannot communicate ideas to each other.

BLIND GIRL, SAVED FROM FAMINE LAST YEAR, AT ANTUNG KU.

Blind Girl.

MAID of the sealed eyes, sad is thy fate,
Never a sun's ray, early or late,
Enters thy prison, close-shuttered for aye,
Ever excluding all light and all day.

Saved from the famine, saved too for this,
Lacking the prospect of visional bliss:
Say, is thy blindness an unrelieved gloom,
Masking a pathway to death and the tomb?

Thou art untouched, and thy self is supreme,
Wholly unfettered, to wander and dream;
Perchance to see by a subtiler sense,
Visions far fairer, and regions immense.

W. O. C.

BAND OF PEACE PAGE.

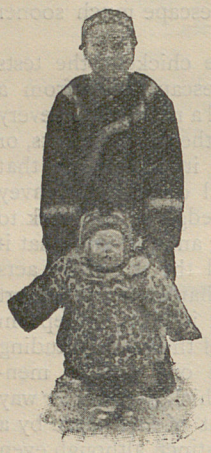


Photo by [Mrs. JUST.

Mission School Girl and Baby.

You might be an English-born baby,
You little Chinese tiny tot,
Or a Scottish wee bairnie just learning to walk—
You might be, but then you are not.

Yet what does it matter, my baby?
The sun is as bright to your eye;
And your laugh is as sweet, and your eyes are as bright
As any beneath the blue sky.

Yes, Chinese or British or German,
What matters the label we bear?
Or the dress, or the home, or our place in the sun,
The colour of eyes or of hair?

W. O. C.

The English Invasion of Paris.

WHEN the Editor was in Paris some three weeks ago, he saw in the principal Public Gardens—the Tuileries, where in the days of the Empire a magnificent great Palace of that name stood—a number of persons making many preparations for some great event; platforms were raised; chairs in multitudes were placed round in orderly array; sections were divided off and huge banners or placards were planted everywhere. It was the preparation for the Paris Whitsuntide Musical Festival, in which English boys and girls, as well as many young people of both sexes, were to take part. Long before we reached Paris, however, we had evidence of "the English invasion," as it was playfully termed. On landing from the steamer at Dieppe we saw an immensely long train on the quay, ready to start for Paris; and we were told that the greater number of young people who were to take part in the Musical competitions had gone by another route.

Five hundred boys and girls were sent over by the London County Council, at the invitation of the Paris Municipality, (you must get a dictionary and look out all the long words in this number), and these were taken good care of while they were in France, and carried back to their homes quite safely. We were reminded of these young people when we stood looking at the preparations in the Gardens. A number of them came up—cockney in dress, cockney in speech, cockney in manners, cockney all over. They had evidently been learning French for weeks, and were quite eager to air their knowledge. It was very amusing, and I daresay they thought that the two or three onlookers, who were so interested in them, were after all some old French fogies, who were pleased to hear their own language, or rather small fragments of it, "spoken with a foreign accent" as was once said of the Editor in America—only there it was funnier, for it was said that he "spoke English"—American they must have meant—"with a foreign accent."

We did not hear the competitions. On Whit-Monday and again the following day—"the children's day," as we learnt—we were holding a Meeting of our own in the Palais de Justice, on an island in the river—further up the stream—the Ile de Cité—at the same hours, and were discussing anything but musical compositions, the very opposite of those, we might have been told. We were told of the successes of the British Choirs, though to what extent these were gained we could not learn there, and have not really learned either from newspapers, or any other sources, up to now. We have learned, however, that some of our own friends, some of ourselves so to speak, came back victorious, and that is the sort of thing of main interest here, of course. Mrs. Mary Layton's Young Ladies' Choir, for instance—and Mrs. Layton is a member of the Band of Peace Union Committee and her Young Ladies' Choir has helped at our Meetings—won "two first prizes in the Highest Division for ladies' voices." We heartily congratulate them on their success, and on the share they took in this Paris Peace Conference, which in our judgment is more the sort of thing to bring the people together, and interest them in each other, and help them to understand each other, than Hague Peace Conferences and all the Diplomatic Congresses that have yet been held.

It is a rare idea in which we heartily rejoice, all of us Crusaders. A short time ago, Sir Francis Vane took a number of his Scouts—real "Peace" Scouts, *as he calls them*—over to Boulogne to promote Peace, by teaching the French boys how to live in camp. And Gen. Baden-Powell, the real, original, genuine founder, has gone from one country to another, in both Hemispheres, founding "the Coming Army," as Lord Haldane called it, teaching the boys—and girls—to promote Peace by learning and preparing, to fight and kill each other. It is the funniest idea imaginable—"screamingly funny," as the comic papers say; only alas! there is nothing comic about it. This international gathering and competition in Paris at Whitsuntide is, however, a very different thing; it is the real peace-making method, and we are right glad that some of our Crusaders of Peace were able to take part in it.

[*Photo Pictorial Agency.*

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