

# THE OLIVE LEAF

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### Duty and Service.

THE sweetest lives are those to duty wed,  
Whose deeds, both great and small,  
Are close-knit strands of [quite] unbroken thread,  
Where love ennobles all.  
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no  
bells;  
The Book of Life the shining record tells.  
Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes  
After its own life working. A child's kiss  
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;  
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee  
strong:  
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense  
Of service which thou renderest.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

### "Patriotism"—so called.

A FRENCH writer has written a very clever book, a "satire"; that is, "a composition, generally in verse, in which the vices or follies of the time are held up to ridicule or rebuke." A satire may be described as truth with a sting in it. Many true things are said, in a very smart and amusing way, by M. France about France, which he describes as an "Island." There is a deal of truth in what he says, although not exactly as he says it. This is one of the things he has in his preface. "The Penguins," the people of France, the island about which he writes, "remained warlike for a lengthy period. One of them, Jacquot, the philosopher, has painted their character in a little moral picture that I reproduce here, and that, doubtless, will not be read without pleasure:—

'The philosopher, Gratien, travelled through Penguinia in the time of the later Draconides. One day, as he passed through a pleasant valley where the cowbells tinkled in the pure air, he seated himself on a bench at the foot of an oak, close by a cottage. At the threshold a woman was nursing her child; a little boy was playing with a big dog; a blind old man, seated in the sun with his lips half opened, drank in the light of day.

'The master of the house, a young and sturdy man, offered some bread and milk to Gratien.

'The Porpoise philosopher having taken this rural repast: "Delightful inhabitants of a delightful country, I give you thanks," said he. "Everything here breathes forth joy, concord, and peace." As he said this a shepherd passed by, playing a march upon his pipe.

"What is that lively air?" asked Gratien.

"It is the war-hymn against the Porpoises," answered the peasant. "Everybody here sings it. Little children know it before they can speak. We are all good Penguins."

"You dont like the Porpoises, then?"

"We hate them."

"For what reason do you hate them?"

"Need you ask? Are not the Porpoises neighbours of the Penguins?"

"Of course."

"Well, that is why the Penguins hate the Porpoises."

"Is that a reason?"

"Certainly. He who says neighbours, says enemies. Look at the field that borders mine. It belongs to the man I hate most in the world. After him, my worst enemies are the people of the village on the other slope of the valley at the foot of that birchwood. In this narrow valley, formed of two parts, there are but that village and mine; they are enemies. Every time that our lads meet the others, insults and blows pass between them. And you want the Penguins not to be the enemies of the Porpoises! Don't you know what Patriotism is? For my part, there are two cries

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that rise to my lips: 'Hurrah for the Penguins!' 'Death to the Porpoises!'"

Is that not a true picture? Write "French" or even "British" for Penguins, and "Germans" for Porpoises, and then read. Less than fifty years ago the same thing was true of many of the villages in our own land, as many of us know well. But things are getting better and folks are getting wiser—wonderfully wiser and better.



### The Storyteller.



#### A CHRISTMAS STORY.

LITTLE Maisie Gilbert was sitting curled up in a large comfortable arm-chair, in front of a bright nursery fire, with a book still open on her lap. She had finished reading the story, and was gazing dreamily into the glowing embers, thinking of a party she was to have in a week's time, and to which she could invite whom she chose. Suddenly, something in the fire seemed to take shape, and she saw a tiny fairy, all in white, with a wee wand in her hand, among the red coals. The fairy stepped out on to the top bar, and said to Maisie in a sweet voice, "What is troubling you, dearie?"

Maisie was surprised at hearing a real fairy talk to her, but not being afraid in the least, she answered quite simply, "I was thinking about the party I am going to have next week, and I can invite anybody I like; you see, Mamma promised me I could, but I can't make up my mind whom to ask."

Then the fairy said to Maisie, "Well, perhaps I can help you." "Oh!" said Maisie, "thank you so much, if you will." "Now where did you go last Tuesday afternoon, Maisie?" asked the fairy,

and the little girl replied, remembering quite well, "I went out shopping with Mamma, to buy some presents and toys for Christmas, and I saw some of my friends, too."

"Quite right, Maisie," said the fairy; "and whom did you see outside the shops?"

"I don't remember seeing anybody I knew," replied Maisie; "but there was a lot of poor, little, shivering children, looking at the lovely things in the windows."

"I thought so. And now," continued the fairy, "what are you and your friends going to do this Christmas?"

"Oh," said Maisie, getting very interested, "we are going to lots of parties!"

"And what do you think those poor little mites you saw will do at Christmas?" asked the fairy again.

"I don't think I know quite," replied Maisie; "I wonder if they have parties and presents, like we do; do you know?"

"Ah!" said the fairy, "their poor mothers and fathers can scarcely get enough work to do to give them enough food and buy them clothes, and that is why they look so poor, and thin, and cold."

"Poor little things!" said Maisie, looking really sorry, and adding quite earnestly, "How I should like to do something for them." Then, as a bright idea flashed into her mind, she exclaimed, "Oh! do you think they would come to my party if I asked them?"

"I'm quite sure they would," replied the fairy.

Maisie still wrapped in her splendid idea continued, "Wouldn't it be lovely to see them laugh and play! they don't look as if they ever enjoyed themselves; do they? And we could have games first to make them quite happy, and then tea, and after that the great, big Christmas tree, all lit up with coloured lanterns and candles, couldn't we?"

"That will be beautiful, Maisie; and I am quite sure you will give them a happy time. And now, I will say 'Good-night,' because your Mamma is coming." Then she flitted up to Maisie and kissing her on the forehead, flew back again and disappeared in a flame.

The next thing Maisie remembered was, her mother saying to her, "Maisie dear, it is time you were in the land of dreams." And Maisie, clinging round her, said, "I think I have been, Mamma dear; but now I know whom to invite to my party, because a fairy whispered to me that lots of poor ragged little children never have any parties and presents, and I want to give them a nice one. You promised, Mamma, didn't you?" And Mamma showed her consent by saying, "My dear little Maisie."

By TWO YOUNG FRIENDS.



### A Good Argument for Arbitration.

IT was found some time ago that it costs for powder and projectile alone £33 to fire one round from an eight-inch rifle-gun; £64 to fire one round from a ten-inch gun; £102 to fire one round from a twelve-inch gun; and £130 to fire one round from a fifteen-inch pneumatic gun. The cost of one round from a twelve-inch mortar is £44.

Gun practice *in time of peace* is considerably expensive, as will be seen from the above facts. And for what purpose is this waste? not simply to find members of the military profession something to do, though it looks like it. It is not so harmless. Peaceful practice means, later on, the grim business of the battlefield. And the pity of it is that war settles nothing. There is a better way.



### The Home-School.

LESSONS IN ESPERANTO.

NEW SERIES. II.

IN the last lesson I told you how you can always recognise a *noun* or *name*, it ends in **o**, and if it is wanted to stand for *more than one* thing, **j** is added to it (**oj** is pronounced like **oy** in boy). Other endings show other uses of a word, e.g., *pluvo* rain; *pluva* rainy; *pluvi* to rain; *pluvas* it rains. Words can also be joined together to express another idea, e.g., *balai* to sweep, *ilo* a tool or instrument, *balailo* a broom; *neĝo* snow, *bulo* a lump, *neĝbulo* a snowball; *kvazaŭ* as if,



*homo* man; *kvazaŭhomo* an image of a man; *knabo* a boy, *ino* a female, *knabino* a girl.

I will give some sentences which describe the picture, "Latent Force," in the January number of the OLIVE LEAF, first explaining the meaning of the words. You can then translate the exercise into English and compare it with the translation to be given next month; or better, send it to the Editor, OLIVE LEAF, 47, New Broad Street, London.

VOCABULARY: *bildo* picture; *vidaĵo* scene; *vinthro* winter; *tero* ground; *arbo* tree; *kamparo* country; *folio* leaf; *kampo* field; *mano* hand; *pipo* pipe; *buŝo* mouth; *angulo* corner.

The ending **a** marks *describing* words

(adjectives): *nuda* bare, naked; *dekstra* right hand. When the noun takes **j**, the describing word must also take **j**, *kelkaj* some (**aj** is pronounced like **i** in fine).

The ending **as** expresses action going on at the *present time*: *prezentas* represents; *kovras* covers; *estas* is, are; *rigardadas* is (are) watching; *ludas* is (are) playing; *konstruas* is (are) building or making; *tenas* is (are) holding; *havas* has, have (possesses); *vidas* see, sees.

En *in*; *dum* during; *sen* without; *per* by means of (*with*); *el* out of; *de* of; *kun* with; *unu* one; *naŭ* (aŭ is pronounced like **ow** in **cow**) nine; *ĝi* it; *ili* they; *oni* one, somebody; *oni* *vidas* one sees; *la* the (*a* is not used, *knabo* a boy).

#### EXERCISE.

La *bildo* prezentas *vidaĵon*<sup>1</sup> en la *kamparo* *dum* la *vinthro*. La *neĝo* *kovras* la *teron*.<sup>1</sup> La *arboj* *estas* *sen* *folioj*. En la *kampo* *estas* *naŭ* *knaboj*. *Unu* *knabino* *rigardadas* la *knabojn*.<sup>1</sup> La *knaboj* *ludas* *per* la *neĝo*. *Ili* *konstruas* *kvazaŭ* *homon* *el* *neĝo*. *Ĝi* *tenas* *balailon* *per* la *mano*. *Ĝi* *havas* *pipon* *en* la *buŝo*. *Kelkaj* *knaboj* *tenas* *neĝbulojn* *en* la *mano*. En la *dekstra* *angulo* *de* la *bildo* *oni* *vidas* *branĉon* *de* *ilekso* *kun* *beroj*.

<sup>1</sup> Note: **n** at the end of a noun indicates that *something is done to* the person or thing the noun stands for, e.g.: "La *neĝo* *kovras* la *teron*," the snow *does something* to the ground, it *covers* it. Examine all the words ending in **n** in the same way. When the noun takes **n** the describing word must also take **n**.

### "Higher and Higher."

LITTLE leaps at the beginning  
Make the tyro sure of winning  
Then a greater height;  
Slow at first, then fast and faster  
Makes the learner grow to master,  
Trains the winner right.

By degrees the weakest win it;  
Matters not where you begin it,  
So that, bit by bit,  
As the barrier rises higher,  
Grows the player skilful, spryer,  
Smart, and strong and fit.

W. O. C.



# BAND OF PEACE PAGE.

## AWARDS.

THE prize offered for competition No. 13 has been awarded to

FLORENCE C. CHEGWIDDEN, Penryn,

whose suggestions for the observance of Peace Sunday we print below.

The prize offered for the "Best String of Peace Pearls" from the Bible has been awarded to

M. BREESE, King's Lynn.

The following have received Honourable Mention:—

EVA GREENFIELD, Great Harwood.  
ALBERT LAMBERT SLOCOMBE, Newquay.  
JOHN OLDHAM, Cheshire.

These, and all other competitors, are thanked for their careful papers, and are invited to "try again."

## PEACE SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

By FLORENCE C. CHEGWIDDEN, Penryn.

Peace Sunday can best be observed by young people in several small ways, which, in time, help forward the noble cause of Peace. As most of the young folk are members of Sabbath Schools they could on Peace Sunday tell their fellow-members the horrible consequences of war, and ask them to join the BAND OF PEACE. These young persons could speak to their parents about it, thus getting them interested in the movement. No doubt if young people wrote to the Peace Society Offices they could have sent to them some leaflets on Peace which they could distribute on Peace Sunday, and good may be the result. But the best way they could observe Peace Sunday is by resolving to try and live peaceful throughout the coming year.

## A STRING OF PEACE PEARLS.

1. His name shall be called . . . the Prince of PEACE.  
Isaiah ix. 6.
2. He will speak PEACE unto His people.—Psalm lxxxv. 8.
3. On earth PEACE, goodwill toward men.—Luke ii. 14.
4. He is our PEACE.—Ephesians ii. 14.
5. The kingdom of God is . . . righteousness and PEACE.  
Romans xiv. 17.
6. To be spiritually-minded is life and PEACE.  
Romans viii. 6.
7. Blessed are the Peacemakers.—Matthew v. 9.
8. Seek PEACE and pursue it.—Psalm xxxiv. 14.
9. Follow PEACE with all men.—Hebrews xii. 14.
10. Live in PEACE.—II. Corinthians xiii. 11.
11. Righteousness and PEACE have kissed each other.  
Psalm lxxxv. 10.
12. Grace unto you, and PEACE be multiplied.—I. Peter i. 2.

## COMPETITION CORNER.

### FEBRUARY COMPETITIONS.

No. 17.

#### DRAWING EXERCISE.

Some of our readers may like drawing or painting better than puzzling over a written exercise. We invite these young artists to send a drawing of

"THE DOVE AND THE OLIVE LEAF," which forms the emblem of the Peace Society.

The drawing must be their own work and may be either plain or coloured.

A prize will be given for the best drawing received.

No. 18.

#### WHAT IS WAR?

A prize is also offered for the best answer to the above question. Answers must be short, and may be in the writer's own words or consist of quotations from the words of others.

#### RULES.

Do not forget to append your full name, age, and address to your paper. Send it, as soon as possible, to the Editor of

THE OLIVE LEAF, 47, New Broad Street, London, E.C.

We welcome the first letter of our young correspondent in Macclesfield, gladly add his name to our membership roll, and pass on his good wishes to other members of the BAND OF PEACE. He has a noble purpose in life, and his motto is "Truth ever conquers the world." May he soon gain a prize in Competition Corner, and, better still, may he soon write us again and send us names and addresses of a few recruits to our Peace Band.



### 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.