

THE OLIVE LEAF

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Love One Another	141
What You Can Do	141
Playing the Game	141
Peace by Education	142
Intense Loyalty	143
Father Christmas in Canada	144
Flight	144
The Editor's Letter-Box	144

Love One Another.

It was Saturday night, and two children small
Sat on the stairs of the lighted hall,
Vexed and troubled and sore perplexed,
To learn for Sabbath the forgotten text:
Only three words on a gilded card,
But both the children deemed it hard.

“ ‘Love’—that is easy—it means why this
(A warm embrace and a loving kiss);
But ‘one another,’ I don’t see who
Is meant by ‘another’—now, May, do you?”

Very gladly she raised her head,
Our thoughtful darling, and slowly said,
As she fondly smiled on the little brother,
“Why I am only one, and you are another:
And this is the meaning—don’t you see!—
That I must love you and you must love me.”
Wise little preacher! could any sage
Interpret better the sacred page?



What you can do.

“I THINK a Christian can go anywhere,” said a young woman who was defending her continued attendance at some very doubtful places of amusement.

“Certainly she can,” rejoined her friend; “but I am reminded of a little incident that happened last summer when I went with a party of friends to explore a coal mine. One of the women appeared dressed in a dainty white gown. When her friends remonstrated with her she appealed to the old miner who was to act as guide to the

party: “Can’t I wear a white dress down into the mine?” she asked, petulantly.

“Yes, ‘m,” returned the old man; “there’s nothin’ to keep you from wearin’ a white frock down there, but there’ll be considerable to keep you from wearin’ one back.”

There is nothing to prevent the Christian wearing his white garments when he seeks the fellowship of that which is unclean, but there is a good deal to prevent him from wearing white garments afterwards; they may be no longer white.

The Lookout.



Playing the Game.

In the Red Sea there are twelve barren, rocky islands, known as “The Twelve Apostles.” In bygone times many ships were wrecked on these islands and the savage tribes on the banks of the sea made a business of plundering the wrecked vessels, often killing the passengers who were not already dead for the sake of what they had on. It was said that they would “kill a man for the sake of the pearl buttons on his shirt.”

The time came when the British Government built a lighthouse on Matthew, the island with the best harbour, but the hottest and barrenest of them all. A lighthouse keeper was necessary, of course, and it happened that the man chosen for this responsible position was born in the slums of London. He had begged in the streets until the truant officer got hold of him, and after he had finished his time in the school for truants he sold papers, blacked boots and carried bags for a living. He saw little or nothing of church or Sunday school, but somehow he made good and was given this important trust. To protect the keeper from the natives, whose bad business the lighthouse has spoiled, the Government keeps a detachment of fifty soldiers on the islands, who are relieved every six months. The keeper has been there for years. He has a few of the native Somalis for assistants, and these have somehow

become so attached to him that they would lay down their lives to save his. One day a soldier who did not see how he was going to endure six months of the terrible heat and barrenness, got into conversation with the keeper. A large ship was going by, which did not even salute the light that revolved once a minute, thereby sending its beams in every direction. "Frenchies!" said the voice of the keeper. "Dutchmen—Germans—Roosians—Eyetalians—Norwegians—English, they're maybe half o' them English. They make us from the north or south, as the case may be, and steer wide. They know I'm on the watch."

"What do they care?" growled the soldier. The keeper pulled his watch out and checked off a revolution of the light before he answered him. "The point is, *we care*, my son. If this light wasn't here them pirates 'ud quit fishing, two or three steamers 'ud pile up here in no time and dirty work 'ud be done."

"How about when the light goes wrong? What if the engine gives out?"

"I turn her round by hand, son, with one eye on the indicator. I sweated her round once fourteen nights hand-running, till the relief boat came, me and the Somalis takin' turns."

"And you done that for a lot of foreigners that can't even take the trouble to dip an ensign when they pass?"

"No, nor yet for the pay, neither!"

"What did you do it for, then?"

The keeper looked hard at him before replying: "Struck me it was the game," he said. "That's what they put me here for."



Peace by Education.

BY LOUISE DE ST. HUBERT GUYOL.

WHILE fortunes are being set aside for the spread of Peace, and editorials are pleading for arbitration, newspapers blaze forth the facts—"Great battle in Turkey; Peace in danger," and in thousands of other letters, big and black, is the actual truth expressed, that carnage, bloodshed, murder, war, go on unceasingly within and without our gates.

This is but natural.

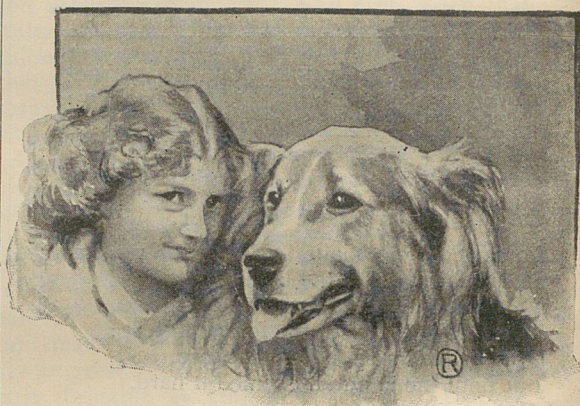
One might as well rear a giant on raw, red meat, and, when he is ravenous, talk gently to him of malted milk, as to talk arbitration to a man reared in the belief that patriotism is best shown by killing his neighbour, widowing women, making little children fatherless, and leaving wreck and ruin in his wake, unto the third and fourth generation.

We talk Peace and go on mobilising our armies, adding to our navies, working up great defences

that give the lie to the beliefs with which we fill our editorial pages. There is not one among us as an individual, who does not look upon war with just horror, and most of us regard it as an insurmountable evil.

THE BLACK TRAIL OF WAR.

We shudder at the atrocities of the battlefield, while we enter our children in military schools and boast of our dreadnoughts and our torpedo-boat destroyers, those vicious little black specks lying in the peaceful harbours, evil signs of an evil time that must pass as inevitably as other black habits of the dark ages have dwindled and faded before the light of big truths.



Wars and crime *must* pass in the light of the truths which all great humanitarians are now setting before us.

Says one: "Persia, Carthage, Greece, Rome,—the history of each, is an eloquent commentary on the futility of force as a means of gaining power or Peace—except that Peace which is of ruin, and oblivion and the grave. The wrecked palaces, the desecrated temples, the dismantled forts, the razed edifices, the broken columns, the stillness of death—these are the symbols of that Peace which arms and armaments bring.

"We are being freed from the tyrant Mars. We are coming to realise that, by seeking the calm which lies at the centre of the madly whirling storm, we shall be shattered before we reach it. We are learning that what we prepare for we inevitably obtain; that we cannot secure Peace by preparing for war. We are beginning to realise that the millions of pounds spent annually in military armaments would dot the world with school-houses, hospitals and useful institutions; would spread enlightenment, reason and material improvement to such a degree that war would be unthinkable. Freedom from war means Peace—

Peace by education, Peace by enlightenment, Peace by higher ideals, purer standards, broader points of view—the only Peace that can ever be substantial and secure.”

SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM.

Peace by Education : There is the answer.

All education must begin at the beginning. Physically strong men and women are those who have the best of care in infancy; great brained men and women, with few exceptions, are those whose earliest thoughts were trained in the light of great intellects.

We do not hope to have a race of strong men and women by neglecting the infant's needs, nor an educated people, by letting the boy run wild, and then attempting to give the man a smattering of knowledge. We can hope to have a peaceful nation only by teaching the boy to be compassionate. When we have done this, wars will cease—*what we prepare for we inevitably obtain.*

Begin at the beginning. Begin with the little, little child. Unbelievably early in his life a boy finds himself stronger than some of his companions, and, therefore, able to protect them. Early as this may be, however, it is not early enough to begin teaching him how to render help to the helpless and to show compassion for the weak. Before he can walk, he is taught self-control; before he can speak distinctly, he is taught to live and act the truth, and before he is old enough to protect his weaker human companions, he should be taught to protect those things weaker than he is, and nothing is weaker than a little child except a little animal.

COMPASSION LEADS TO BROTHERHOOD.

Give every child a tiny pet to play with and to care for; show him how dependent the little things are upon his thought and care—the puppy wagging his tail because he has been fed; the kitten purring with delight because she has been

brought in from the cold to sit beside a warm fire; the birds hopping gaily on the window-sill for the food they know a kind hand has put there for them; and you will be starting in their young hearts the fountain-springs of a great compassion that will ever render help to the helpless, succour to the suffering, consideration to the weak and compassion to the unfortunate. The boy or girl who has been taught, through a helpless pet, that every living thing has rights and needs, is sure to become the man and woman whose best strength will be given to help raise the burden of all humanity and lead us sooner to that worship of God which is best expressed in service to His children. “Mutual helpfulness and sympathy lead to mutual understanding, and then to brotherhood.”

We are coming to the dawning of a new

and grander time—“that of worship by love and service, wherein each is responsible, not only for his own happiness, but also for that of his brother. Thus does the complaining cry of Cain, “Am I my brother's keeper?” become the

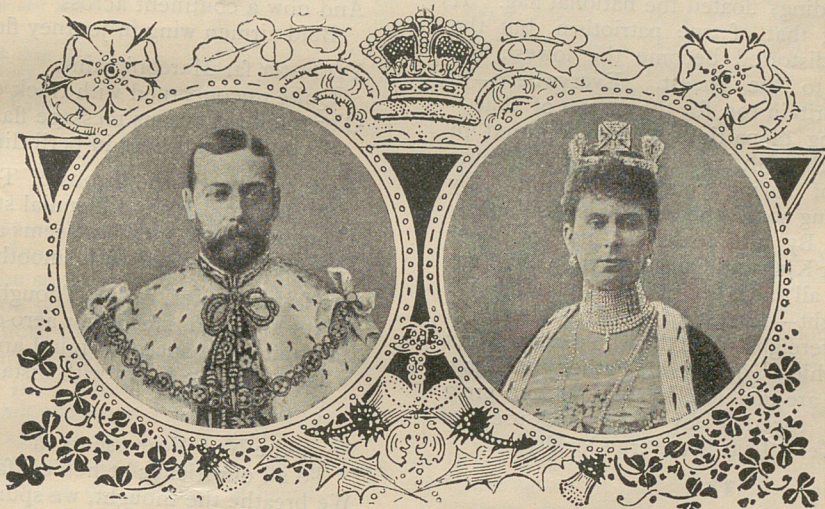
watchword of a nobler race of men who will stand before God and with devout firmness reply, “I am my brother's keeper.”

The greater brotherhood of man for man will, of necessity, include the lesser, of man for his patient, silent servants, for the noble man will ever hold in highest regard that on which he mounted and the Peace Priests of to-morrow, who need not talk of arbitration because they will not talk of war, are the boys of to-day who are being reared to show justice and kindness to every living creature.



Intense Loyalty.

THE last article is intended for fathers and mothers and all the big grown ups. But it belongs to the younger folks, of course, and has especially to do with them. Moreover, in a little while the

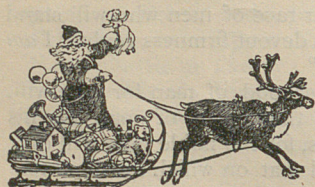


younger folk will be the older and all the wise ways, and shrewd advice that apply to the little ones of to-day will do so equally to those of the coming generation. Of what use is all the good counsel for the older ones. They are what they are and have grown to be, and it is too late for them, except as they have to apply it all to their own children.

As especially of interest to the wee folk, we put in this two-fold portrait. In Canada, both young and old are very loyal—"furiously loyal," one gentleman, a learned professor, called it, and they worship the very name of the King, and get quite excited at mention of King and Queen. Many of the meetings addressed by the Editor of *THE OLIVE LEAF* during his recent visit invariably ended with the National Anthem, "God Save the King," and he noticed everywhere that over all the fine school buildings floated the national flag. It is a fine feeling that of true patriotism, but the highest things distorted become the lowest, the noblest sink to the basest. Everywhere—in Canada, as in Britain too, for the matter of that—the noble feeling of patriotism was captured in the interest of the fighting classes, and the same evil doctrine of loving your own country by hating and fearing some one else's was assiduously being taught. By all means let us love our country, and our King and Queen, for they represent our country and all that is best in it; but let us cherish the wider thought—dearest of all to the hearts of our beloved sovereigns—that the whole earth is but one family, of which God is both Father and King, and all peoples are therefore kin and of one great nation, bound together by the necessities of kinship and love. That is the true loyalty.



Father Christmas in Canada.



THE good old days when he firmly believed in a real Father Christmas, and best of all in the reindeer and sledge piled high with the bulging pack, is still recalled by the Canadian with boyish delight at the Yuletide season. Modern realism and rush have killed the ancient myth, perhaps, but everything is still done to keep it alive for the wee folk, and to advertise the store. When we were in Winnipeg four or five weeks ago, Father Christmas made a public entry into the city, in a sleigh drawn by four real reindeers, and proceeded to the City Hall, where he held a grand reception of all Winnipegian boys and girls

who cared to grace his entry. Needless to say he invited them all to the great Eaton Store to view and buy his collection of toys afterwards.



Flight.

A THOUGHT FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1914.

WITH heavy tread of rhythmic hoof
And rumbling wheels of chariot strong
In wondrous race of olden days
Impetuous drivers rushed along.

Steam came, and o'er the level track
A mile a minute engines sped,
Now motor glides through crowded street
By deady 'lectric current fed.

Through centuries long the birds have flown
From Northern cold to Afric heat,
And now a continent across
Bold airmen wing in journey fleet.

Yet faster far Marconigrams,
Quite unconcerned with track or wire,
O'er trackless oceans message flash;
Save ships and lives in peril dire.

More swiftly still the throbs of Time
By days and years millennial stride;
Though tortured moment seems an age
A year has passed with smoothest glide.

But faster, fleetier, rushes Thought
Nor steed nor steam nor aero-dash
Can match the speed of mind and soul
That gird the Earth with instant flash.

So as the New Year ushers in
To all our friends at home, afar,
We breathe the thought, we spur the wish
With speed and force of falling star—
That this may be a happy year
A year of rich expansive mind,
A year of soul, refreshing joy,
With truer love of human kind.

JOHN STUART.



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.

