

THE OLIVE LEAF

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

No. 100. VOL. IV.

APRIL, 1914.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A Wish.....	145
The Last Cannon.....	145
Fast Friends.....	146
An Explorer and His Dogs.....	147
God's Dog.....	147
"Never".....	147
Better Work than Beg.....	147
An Awful Story.....	148
A Lovely Legend.....	148
A Generous Friend.....	148
Somebody.....	148
The Editor's Letter-Box.....	148

A Wish.

LET me do something that shall take
 A little sadness from the world's vast store,
 And may I be so favoured as to make
 Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.
 Let me not hurt, by any selfish deed
 Or thoughtless word, the heart of foe or friend.
 Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need,
 Or sin by silence when I should defend.
 However meagre be my worldly wealth,
 Let me give something that shall aid my kind—
 A word of courage, or a thought of health,
 Dropped as I pass for troubled hearts to find.
 Let me to-night look back across the span
 'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say,
 Because of some good act to beast or man,
 "The world is better that I lived to-day."

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The Last Cannon.

IN the Wiertz Museum in Brussels, which we visited recently for the second time, among the variety of symbolic pictures, many of which refer to War and Peace, there is one which is very striking, both as a composition, and because of its suggestion. It is called "The Last Cannon" (Le dernier canon), and is a large picture more than 20 by 30 ft. Its idea, which is clearly expressed, is that the time will come when there will be no more wars, no more soldiers, no more boundaries between nations, but in the future civilisation will triumph in Peace.

In the middle of the picture, Progress—a huge form with colossal wings—breaks in its hand a cannon symbolising War, as if it were a mere straw, whilst another huge figure sets fire to the boundary mark raised by men. At some little distance Civilisation resumes its victorious march, which was momentarily interrupted, surrounded by Science, Painting, Music, and also by Work, Agriculture and Industry, whilst the Genius of Peace, with a beneficent aspect, spreads its blessings over the earth devastated by the calamities of War.

Wiertz in this picture shows us War in all its horror in our unhappy world. There are incendiary, pillage, heaps of dead bodies, mutilated and pierced by weapons as various as they are barbarous: swords, lances, arrows, darts. Near these awful scenes are women, children, aged parents weeping bitterly, whilst over them are still flying bolts, arrows, and other missiles of war. In the background the guillotine lifts its gloomy figure against a horizon which is all ablaze. The contrast is marvellous, and the idea comes out clearly. Happily, Science, Art, Labour, will in the future shine with pure lustre, for with Universal Peace the great discoveries will be born.

"Ah!" says the guide-book, "this dream of universal Peace! Indeed Wiertz has expressed it most wonderfully; and who knows," it quaintly adds, "if some great conqueror visiting the Wiertz Museum one day will not be ashamed, confronted by this great idea of the painter, of what he has done, and, standing before the image of Napoleon in the picture entitled "A Scene in Hell" (Une Scène de l'Enfer), and understanding the master idea of it taken from the history of the blood-thirsty hero who has been made a demigod—who knows whether his soul may not see the true light, the light of kindness, of reason, of fraternity.

“PEACE hath her victories
 No less renown'd than war.”
 MILTON, "To Lord Cromwell."

Fast Friends.

THE character of animals depends largely on those of their human associates, and the character of human beings is largely influenced by their attitude towards animals. Half the cruelty in the world springs from custom or carelessness, as also, indeed, does the unkindness people show to each other.

Time to me this truth has taught
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing,
More offend from want of thought
Than from any want of feeling.

And when the want of thought becomes a habit, the character of either man or beast becomes "fixed and fierce." They affect each other. There is no animal so wild, that it may not be tamed by human care and kindness; the individual that is kind to horse or dog is not wholly bad or unredeemable. Take notice of your dog or cat, talk to him, treat him as a friend, make him a companion, and he will respond almost miraculously. No education is complete that is not humane, and on the other hand, animals may be educated so as to become wonderfully human. But the education must begin early, the friendship between a little trustful child, who has never been driven to fear, and of a great, gentle dog which has never been ill-treated or spoiled by fear, is something really beautiful. In our attitude towards animals we are really better than we were. Though the gulf that separates man from his brothers, the animals, has widened, and though our direct influence on those species that remain free in Nature's wilds has diminished, except as it has become inimical, it is nevertheless clear that some progress has been made, thanks to the more intimate association which has arisen with those domestic animals which are not used for food. No doubt even dogs have been partially corrupted. The majority of them, accustomed, like soldiers, to blows, have become degraded creatures that tremble before the stick, and cringe and crawl under the threats of the masters; others, taught

savagery by fear, become the fierce dogs that seize poor folk by the calf of the leg, or leap at the throats of suspicious characters: again "greyhounds in petticoats" (*levrettes en pantalon*) adopt all the vices of their mistresses—greediness, vanity, luxury, and indolence; while the dogs in China, bred for the table, are stupid beyond compare. But the dog that is truly loved, and brought up in generosity, gentleness, and nobility of feeling—does he not quite often realise a human, or even superhuman, ideal of devotion and even moral greatness?

And cats, which have understood better than dogs how to safeguard their individual independence and originality of character, so that they, too, "companions rather than captives," have since their day of primitive wildness in the woods, made advances, intellectual and moral, which really partake of the miraculous. There is not a human sentiment which on occasion they do not understand or share, not an idea which they may not divine, not a desire but what they forestall. If the poet sees in them magicians, it is because in fact they do seem at times more intelligent than their human friends, in their presentment of the future. The "happy family," exhibited by showmen in the fairs proves to us that rats,



FAST FRIENDS.

mice, guinea-pigs, and so many other little creatures are quite ready to enter, with man, into the great kinship of gladness and kindness and friendliness. The illustrations may be multiplied. Why every prison cell is soon transformed—provided the warders do not enforce "good order"—into a school of "lower animals," rats and mice, flies and fleas.

These and similar facts reveal to us the resources which man holds in command for the revival of his influence over all this animated world which now he leaves in the lap of circumstances and neglects to associate with his own life. How much greater the possible influence over his fellow-man, the greatest and grandest animal of all. The study of primitive man has contributed in a singular degree to our understanding of the "law and

order," and especially the fighting, man of our own day; the customs of animals will help us to penetrate deeper into the science of life, and attention to the moral and personal affections and affinities of men will not only enlarge our knowledge of each other, but direct us into the realm of true brotherhood, which is the realm of universal Peace.



An Explorer and his Dogs.

"THE affection one forms for one's dogs in this country is almost limitless," writes Lieutenant George F. Waugh, in the *World's Work*, describing his experiences crossing Alaska alone. "The day before I reached Chitna," he writes, "I met a trapper carrying five little puppies on his back. He had the mother dog with him in good condition. He had been three days (two of them without any food) making twelve miles rather than sacrifice these dogs, and he had frozen his hands and feet so badly, as a result, that I am afraid he was bound to lose some of his fingers and toes. I like to think that I finished my 1,000 miles' trip in twenty-one days with the same five dogs with which I started, and that only one of them had even a sore foot, which made it necessary to 'muck-buck' it, but when I finished my journey he was in better condition than at first. Not once during the whole day did I sit on the sleigh; I pushed it for at least 500 miles, and ran beside it for another 300. Running became such a habit that when I got to Cordova and started to go down the street, I found myself unconsciously running. I really had to learn to walk from the beginning all over again. I hated to part with my dogs, but as our country is too hot for them, I decided to give them away. I broke up the team and separated them so that they would not work together again. I had several chances to sell them, but I could not think of doing so. When I boarded the boat at Valdez, where I left two of my dogs, my leader, Psyriak, tried to get up the gang plank after me, but when they would not let him he stood there until the boat pulled out, whining as much as to say, 'How can you desert me now?'"



God's Dog.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON detested cruelty, and many pretty incidents are related of his thoughtfulness and kindness of heart. Once, at Pitlochry, the great novelist interfered to stop the ill-treatment of a helpless dog.

"What business is it of yours?" the man retorted, roughly. "He ain't your dog."

"No, but he's God's dog," Stevenson declared, stoutly, "and I'm here to protect him."

That is a fine sentiment, and the reasoning is sound, too. The boy or the man who amuses himself with the sufferings of a dumb creature is cultivating coarse brutal instincts at the expense of all that is manly and chivalric in his nature. "He who beats his horse will beat his wife," runs a homely old adage of the countryside, and that is true in principle, though it may not always be true in individual cases.

But worst of all, thoughtless cruelty defrauds one of God's defenceless creatures of the happiness in life which God meant it to enjoy. The fellow who inflicts needless pain on "God's dog" is thoroughly out of touch with our loving Heavenly Father, without whose notice not even a sparrow falls to the ground.



"Never."

A PAMPHLET issued by the American Museum of Safety, New York, of which Dr. William H. Tolman is the director, impresses on girls and boys the danger of city streets, and gives the following useful rules which every city child should heed:—

Never jump on or off a moving car.

Never stand or sit on the car step, nor put your head or hands out of the car window.

Never get off a car facing the rear. With the right hand take hold of the grip handle, right foot to the step, left foot to the ground, face forward.

Never fail, on leaving the car to look out for passing wagons and automobiles.

Never run in front of a passing car.

Never hitch on, and steal rides behind street cars or wagons.

Never play on the car rails.

Never cross a street except at the regular crossing.

Never take chances.

Always in passing behind a car look to see if another car or wagon is coming from the opposite direction.

Always look both ways before crossing a street.

These instructions should be helpful for grown persons as well as for girls and boys.



Better Work than Beg.

A GENTLEMAN was one day walking down a street in Paris, when a beggar loudly craved for a "few coppers for a night's lodging." The gentleman looked at the poor lad, and inquired, "Why do you not work? You should be ashamed of begging." "Oh! sir, I do not know where to get employment." "Nonsense," replied the gentleman, "you can work if you will. Now listen to me. I was once a beggar like you. A gentleman

gave me a crown-piece and said to me: 'Work and don't beg. God helps those who help themselves.' I then left Paris and got away from my bad companions. I went round to the country houses and with my five shillings purchased old rags. These I took to a paper mill and sold at a profit. I was determined to be honest, and God prospered me. My profits became larger and larger, and now I have more than 10,000 crown-pieces to call my own." As the gentleman spoke he drew out his purse and gave to the astonished beggar five shillings, and said, "Go and work and never let me see you begging again." Years passed away. The gentleman had forgotten the incident, when one day, as he was passing through Paris, he entered a bookseller's shop. He was recognised by the bookseller as the gentleman who had given the beggar the five shillings, and the bookseller proved to be the beggar. This man had risen from a street beggar to a respectable tradesman, and his motto will ever be, "It is better to work than to beg."



An Awful Story.

THERE WAS once an awful little girl who had an awful way of saying "awful" to everything. She lived in an awful house, in an awful street, in an awful village, which was an awful distance from every other awful place. She went to an awful school, where she had an awful teacher, who gave her awful lessons out of awful books. Every day she was so awfully hungry that she ate an awful amount of food, so that she looked awfully healthy. Her hat was awfully small, and her feet were awfully large. She went to an awful church, and her minister was an awful preacher. When she took an awful walk she climbed awful hills, and when she got awfully tired she sat down under an awful tree to rest herself. In summer she found the weather awfully hot and in winter awfully cold. When it didn't rain there was an awful drought, and when the awful drought was over there was an awful rain. So that this awful girl was all the time in an awful state, and if she doesn't get over saying "awful" about everything we are afraid she will by-and-by become an awful bore.



A Lovely Legend.

MORE than a century ago in the North of Europe stood an old Cathedral, on one of the arches of which was a sculptured face of wondrous beauty. It was long hidden until one day the sun's light striking through a slanting window revealed its matchless features. And ever after, year by year, on the day when for a brief hour

it was thus illuminated, crowds came and waited eagerly to get a glimpse of that face. It had a strange history. When the Cathedral was being built an old man, broken with the weight of years and care, came and besought the architect to let him work upon it. Out of pity for his age, but fearful lest his failing sight and trembling touch might mar some fair design, the master set him to work in the shadows of the vaulted roof. One day they found the old man asleep in death, the tools of his craft laid in order beside him, the cunning of his right hand gone, his face upturned to this other marvellous face which he wrought there—the face of one whom he had loved and lost in early manhood. And when the artists and sculptors, and workmen from all parts of the Cathedral came and looked upon the fair face, they said, "This is the grandest work of all; love has wrought this." In the great Cathedral of the Ages—the temple being built for an habitation of God—we shall all learn sometime that love's work is the grandest of all.



A Generous Friend.

MR. A. P. BROWN, of Kilmarnock, has sent to Mr. Aitken, seventy-two volumes to award as prizes to members of the Band of Peace who are successful in the Essay competitions, and who are the best tract distributors. This is not the first time Mr. Brown has co-operated in this way, and we are glad to express our thanks and cordial appreciation.



Somebody.

"SOMEBODY did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought 'Twas good to live';
Somebody said, 'I am glad to give';
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right;
Was that somebody YOU?"



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.

