

THE OLIVE LEAF

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A Vicious Circle.

ROUND and round, in his aimless way,
The mill-horse paces from day to day ;
The fields grow green, the skies are blue ;
He follows, where nothing is fresh or new,
A road that has no ending.

Round and round in his business toil,
Tilling the face of a different soil,
The grown-up youth pursues his task,
And sells or slaves for those who ask,
Till past all hope of mending.

He reaches at length ignoble rest,
To find himself at last unblest ;
For habit his nobler self has chained
To a daily round ; with wealth ungained,
He has lost both getting and spending.

W. O. C.



The Clergyman's Mistake.

A FAMOUS clergyman was a great favourite with children, and upon one occasion was asked to assist at a juvenile party.

The house to which he had to go was one of a row, and all were exactly alike. When he got to what he thought was the right one, the clergyman made his way to the drawing-room.

"Don't announce me," said he to the maid, and thereupon he went down upon all-fours, ruffled up his white hair, and crawled into the room, growling, and pretending to be an angry polar bear.

What was his horror and amazement to find when he got into the room two old ladies struck dumb with astonishment. He had found his way into the next-door house instead of into the one to which he was invited.

The Storyteller.



The Road to Nowhere.

LONG ago, on the farm where I once lived, there was an old horse which had done faithful service for many years in driving a threshing machine. It was before the age of machinery. Threshing machines were driven by horses hitched on to long arms which centred in a machine of rods and cogs and wheels, around which they walked in an endless circular path. The old horse I refer to had gone round and round that endless path, his head fastened by a strap to the end of the pole next in front of him, many and many a day and week and month and year. Useful as his service was, the road led to nowhere. At last he grew too old to work, and was turned out to pasture in an old orchard where the trees had just been cut down. But the habit of a lifetime was too strong for him. The old, liberated horse selected one of the big stumps, which perhaps looked to him something like the machine around which he had walked so long. In a little while the beast had worn a path deep in the turf around this stump, at almost the

exact distance of the old circle he had paced so long. Round and round the stump he went, as he was wont to do, with stately and solemn tread, turning neither to the right nor to the left. Drive him away, and in a little while he would return. At last it got on the nerves of the people of the farm, and they loaded a rifle and ended his tireless, endless tramp. The poor old beast was the victim of the vicious circle of habit in which he had moved so long.

Men are often like that old horse, the victims of mere habit, of the treadmill, endless, circular movement of action, mind and ideas, in which there is no progress, no going forward in a straight line towards any goal. Their pathway leads nowhere, and they reach nowhere. That is why so often, when men give up their old business habits, they soon die. Life has ceased to be mechanical, and merciful death has granted release. The habit which leads to such a sad result, it should be remembered, begins early. It is easier for the boy or girl to correct what the man or woman may helplessly regret. See to it that the path of your life, and of all your effort, leads somewhere, and that the goal is worth reaching.

The road often leads nowhere because the traveller hasn't resolution or energy, or, sometimes, patience, to go on far enough. There are rivers in Africa that at the start are full of water and rush along in broad, vigorous streams, but as they pass through the sandy deserts beneath the hot sun, they just dribble away, little by little, until they are lost in the sand. Their water evaporated, their energy departed, they just vanish after following a course that leads nowhere. How many shilly-shallying folks there are who haven't resolution enough to reach anywhere. They cannot make up their minds, or if they do, they haven't patience and persistence enough to keep them up. They are like young people who begin keeping diaries on New Year's Day; they begin very vigorously, go on well for a time, and then by degrees come to a full stop. The road leads nowhere. Boys and girls, there is no earthly reason why men or women, like a mill-horse, should go round in a circle for ever; there is no reason why anyone should allow his or her energies to dribble away into dust. Earth has no paradise for ne'er-do-weels and failures. If you want to avoid the misery of it begin early. Have a high goal before you, find a straight road and keep straight on. Never follow a path that brings you back to the starting-place; for that is like the circular path of the old horse, it leads nowhere. Never allow your energies to flag, or your aims to droop; the habit grows, the stream dries up, it ends nowhere. Don't die of indolence whatever you do.

Illusions of War.

WAR I abhor, and yet how sweet
The sound along the marching street
Of drum and fife! And I forget
Wet eyes of widows, and forget
Broken old mothers, and the whole
Dark butchery without a soul.

Without a soul—save this bright drink
Of heady music, sweet as death:
And even my Peace-abiding feet
Go marching with the marching street;
For yonder, yonder, goes the fife,
And what care I for human life?

The tears fill my astonished eyes,
And my full heart is like to break;
And yet 'tis all embannered lies,
A dream those little drummers make.

O, it is wickedness to clothe
Yon hideous grinning thing that stalks
Hidden in music, like a queen
That in a garden of glory walks,
Till good men love the thing they loathe!

Art, thou hast many infamies,
But not an infamy like this.
O, snap the fife, and still the drum,
And show the monster as she is!

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.



If—.

IF we notice little pleasures,
As we notice little pains—
If we quite forgot our losses,
And remembered all our gains—
If we looked for people's virtues.
And their faults refused to see—
What a comfortable, happy,
Cheerful place this world would be!



A Peace Statue.

MR. A. H. STEPHEN, the President of the first Band of Peace in Scotland, has presented to his native city of Dundee a fountain surmounted by a beautiful figure of Peace. It stands in the Victoria Park, Dundee. A graceful and beautifully moulded figure of a woman on the top of the fountain looks down upon all who come to drink from the four jets of water which sprout out on either side. The fountain itself is as beautiful as it is useful. Its lines and proportions are perfect. It is simple and dignified. But attention is immediately directed to the charming bronze statue for which the red granite column forms the

pedestal, and which is at once seen to have an important allegorical significance, as well as great artistic merit. It is said to be the first purely emblematic figure erected in Dundee. The undiscerning may require to see the word "Peace" emblazoned beneath to make the meaning plain, so that the wayfaring man though a fool may not err therein; but the understanding people may not fail to grasp the symbolical character of the monument. Mr. Alfred Hodge, of London, the sculptor, has been singularly happy alike in form, pose, and expression of countenance; for everything combines to convey the impression of serenity and benignity such as becomes the gentlest among the daughters of the gods. The face, inclined slightly downwards, imparts to the beholder a sense of sweetness and calm. The left hand gathers the folds of the flowing drapery, and at the same time cherishes against the breast an olive branch, world-wide symbol of Peace. The right hand falls freely downward past the girdle, and seems to direct the eye of the spectator to the discarded weapons of war she is treading under foot—sword, pistol, mace, and empty cartridge-belt.



The Home-School.

LESSONS IN ESPERANTO.

NEW SERIES. V.

EXERCISE.

OUR lesson this month is taken from the story "The Children and the Angel," in THE OLIVE LEAF for April.

Knabo kaj du knabinoj diskutis pri tio, kio ili estos, kiam ili estos plenaĝaj. La knabo diris, "Plaĉus al mi esti reĝo, por ke ĉiuj obeu al mi." "Mi deziras esti tre riĉa," diris unu el la knabinoj, "Mi veturus en kaleŝo, portus belajn vestojn, kaj havus grandan domon." La plej juna infano diris, "Mi preferus esti tre bela, tiel bela, ke ĉiuj rigardus min kaj dirus, kiel ŝi estas bela!"

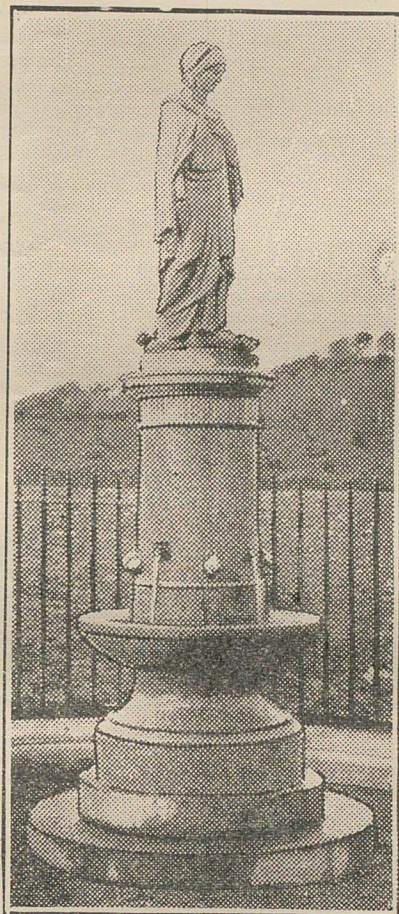
Guste en tiu momento okazis stranga afero.

Tra la fenestro venis brilanta anĝelo. Li portis sur la brakoj garbon de greno, fruktojn kaj florojn. Li diris, "Dio aŭdis viajn dezirojn—ili ĉiuj plenumiĝos."

KLARIGO (*Explanation*). The termination **us** is used when we want to express a *supposition*, to say that something *would* happen, *supposing that* (*if*) something else were to take place. E.g., *If I were well, I would play with you*, Semi estus sana, mi ludus kun vi. *If I had a penny, I would give it you*, Se mi havus unu pencon, mi donus ĝin al vi. Compare the sentences—Kvankam li estas riĉa (*fact*), li ne estas kontenta, *Though he is rich, he is not content*. Kvankam li estus riĉa (*supposition*), li ne estus kontenta, *Though he were to be rich, he would not be content*. Plaĉus al mi (*It*) *would please me* (I should like).

igi means to *become*, riĉiĝi to *become rich*, plenumiĝi to *become (be) fulfilled* (plenumi to *fulfil*). (Compare **igi**, Lesson III.)

VORTARO (*Vocabulary*): diskuti to *discuss*, obei to *obey* (for **u** see Lesson III.), deziri to *wish, desire*, veturi to *go* (in a vehicle), ride, porti to *carry, wear*, okazi to *take place*, aŭdi to *hear*, reĝo *king*, kaleŝo *carriage*, vestoj *clothes*, domo *house*, afero *affair, thing*, fenestro *window*, brako *arm*, garbo *sheaf*, greno *corn*, floro *flower*, ĉiu *each, every*, ĉiuj *all*, plenaĝa *grown up*, (plena *full*, aĝo *age*), granda *large*, juna *young*, stranga *strange, curious*, brilanta *shining*, kiam *when*, plej *the most*, ĝuste *exactly*, tiel *so*, tra *through*.



A PEACE STATUE.

TRANSLATION OF PREVIOUS EXERCISE.

The mother was cooking fruit in the kitchen. The little son was playing near her. He asked for some chocolates. She allowed him two, and sent him into her room to get them. He opened the box in which they were, took out two, and afterwards a third, a fourth. He put back the box, and went back into the kitchen. But he repented of his fault and confessed it to his mother. The following day the mother told the little boy to go (and) take two chocolates. "Do you trust me, mother, that I shall take only two?" he asked. "Certainly," she replied, "I know that you will do what is right." And that he indeed did.

BAND OF PEACE PAGE.

BAND OF PEACE AWARDS.

THE Book Prize offered for March Competition, No. 19, has been awarded to

ABRAHAM ALLFORD, York.

and Honourable Mention is given to

THOMAS SPEDDING IMRIE, Lochwinnoch.

All other Competitors are thanked for their papers and are urged to try again.

PEACE ESSAY PRIZES.

Numerous essays on "Peace between Nations" having been written by the scholars in the public schools of Montrose and Forfar, prizes for those of special merit were presented to the youthful writers at the beginning of April.

One of the headmasters says in his letter of thanks:—"You would have been delighted to have seen the happy faces to-day when the pupils received their rewards."

To be sure! It is the object of the BAND OF PEACE to make happy faces, as well as happy hearts and homes, and a happy world.

The latest batch of Peace Essays is from the town of Galashiels of which the following, by a little girl of twelve years, is a sample.

PEACE ESSAY.

By JANET DRYDEN,

Glendinning Terrace School, Galashiels.

PEACE is just another word for good order, discipline, and justice in all our games, and in our homes. Long ago when people quarrelled the matter was settled by fighting, but we have discovered another way of settling disputes, and that is by referring them to a judge, or a magistrate, or a wise man who knows more than ourselves. In cricket we have a judge or umpire to tell the players what is wrong or right. It is the same in football, where we have a referee.

It is very desirable to have Peace in all nations. In other countries children run about and play just the same as we do. Geography teaches us a great many things about other nations. Everyday the people of the nations are helping us by sending us fruit and other things that we cannot grow in our own country. History tells us of all the wars that have been fought. War leads to a great amount of misery. It makes one shudder even to think of war. Not long ago the Republics of Argentine and Chili had a dispute, but the dispute was settled by appointing King Edward VII. as judge.

The only weapons we need to carry with us are a pen and a pencil, which are of more value than a sword or a dagger. The Bible teaches us to encourage Peace. One of the Beatitudes is "Blessed are the Peacemakers." Jesus Christ is called the "Prince of Peace." He came down from heaven to earth to make Peace in every nation. Nations are now trying to settle disputes not by fighting but by Arbitration.

COMPETITION CORNER.

MAY COMPETITIONS.

No. 23.

EVERYDAY HEROISM EXERCISE.

Give the best instance from real life of Everyday Heroism. Preference will be given to the heroic act of a boy or girl. The report may be taken from a newspaper or magazine, and must not be long.

No. 24.

"OTHER LANDS" EXERCISE.

Suppose you had the use for a few days of the magic carpet to make a trip across the seas, what foreign country would you choose to visit and what are the reasons for your preference?

A BOOK PRIZE will be awarded for the best paper received in each of the above competitions.

RULES.

Do not forget to send in your full name, age, and address along with your paper. Send it, as soon as possible, to the

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

OUR PLEDGE (In Rhyme).

One rule to guide us in our life
Is always good and true,
'Tis, do to others as you would
That they should do to 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.