


# THE OLIVE LEAF

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ONE HALFPENNY.

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### Stooping to Conquer.

'Tis neither by force nor by cunning  
That the conquests of life are made;  
'Tis neither by driving nor dunning,  
Nor by making your foe afraid.

The true law of growth is self-conquest;  
By stooping you get to the top,  
And finally they will get on best  
Who know how to plod and not stop.

Your will may be stronger than others',  
But force is not parent of good;  
You may know how to make use of bothers,  
But gentleness naught e'er withstood.

High-handed attacks may be stunning,  
There's terror attending each thud;  
Success is by honestly running,  
Not by tripping the next in the mud.

w. o. c.

### The Power of Kindness.

ALMOST every day a curious scene is enacted at the end of our street. A staid, elderly gentleman walks slowly down it a short distance, and stands in the middle of the road. Straightway over the tall housetops come flocking a troop of pigeons, flapping their wings and whirring through the air, as they fly down around him. From a capacious side pocket he pulls out a handful of corn or bread-crumbs and scatters them about him. The birds understand. He talks to them, as if they were his children, and they follow him submissively. Their intelli-

gence is wonderful; their obedience prompt. After a while he goes farther down the street, turns and calls out "Come," and they do it immediately. Often a little crowd of men and boys, sometimes women, seldom girls, stand looking on, perhaps without ever learning, or even thinking of, the lesson that is taught by the scene, made visible by it, as it were. What is that lesson? Surely this, that kindness and love are irresistible. No, it is not the feeding that does it. For if you were to stand and cry "Come," in that side street, no pigeons would come flapping their wings around your feet, or alight on your out-held finger. It is not hunger that does it, but some stronger force, to which all animals of every kind, from lowest to highest, are amenable.

Why is it that the young things of the farm—calves and chickens, geese and hens, besiege the little maidservant, as she comes with her basket of food? Because they are hungry? Not a bit of it, but because it is she, and they know her, and because she distributes the food as if she liked to, and did so because she loved them. It is not everybody that would be so welcome, even though they carried the basket brimming over, or the pockets full to overflowing. The young of all kinds, children and chicks—how intelligent are the wee things in their very attitude!—soon find out who it is that ministers to them and *how* it is done, and what it expresses. They need no telling; they know. Even the fiercest animals are tamed and won by kindness. And how responsive and knowing dog or cat become when they are noticed, and talked to as if they understood! I have never been quite able to decide whether they really do or not. I only know that sometimes my pet dog does everything but talk, and even that he does in his own way. Lovers of animals can tell you wonderful—really wonderful—things about the intelligence and sagacity of animals they love. But even dogs are made fierce by fear and ill-treatment. In fact all animals, more or less, are the same. You remember how the gentle-

hearted, animal-loving poet, Cowper, makes Alexander Selkirk say in his famous poem :

The beasts that roam over the plain  
My form with indifference see,  
They are so unaccustomed to man  
Their tameness is shocking to me.

They had no experience of man's cruelty, and no knowledge of his animal nature as shown in his unkindness, and so they were not afraid, and were untroubled by his presence. Wait a little till they know and then they will be alert enough and ready to attack. The brute will be roused in them by the brute in him. So is it among men themselves.

"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

The brute in one man rouses the brute in many. That is why the appeal to the brute in us, which is made by thoughts of killing and the training to kill, of boys' brigades and the like is so unspeakably mischievous, and why the scare-making which frightens one nation by fear of another is so harmful. Be sure of this, that boy or man cannot undergo that experience and be the same as before. The beasts that roamed over the plain in Cowper's poem, once they were ill-treated, shot down, or even beaten or frightened by man, would never be the same in his presence again.

And let us face the whole fact; the soldier training, the soldier feeling, changes the individual and can never be wholly eradicated once it has been induced, so that he can never be quite the same after as before, any more than peach or plum can be quite the same after the bloom has been brushed away.

Something of fineness of feeling, of gentleness, of high and unselfish thought, will be lost, and that

for ever. Kindness, on the contrary, and the gentler spirit, love, are irresistible. All our human experience proves that. It is so with the "lower animals" as we call them. And it never fails. How much better is a man than a sheep, and a boy than a rat, or a snail! Dovelike though a girl may be, yet how much more responsive to kindly treatment than the dove. Were you to listen to the military talk of some people you would fancy that only the "big stick" could keep men under,

and only the bowie knife or revolver could keep men safe. I heard a gentleman who had lived in the Wild West once say that he had never carried a weapon and never needed one. And Captain Hore, the South African missionary once told me that he had travelled among all the tribes visited by Stanley and never carried a weapon of defence or was in any danger. But this was before Stanley's visit, and shooting and ill-treatment of the natives. No white man, said Captain Hore, would dare to travel over the ground again for generations, and so it has proved.

"Man," said the Latin poet, "is a wolf to his fellow-man" (*homo homini lupus*). As long as this is the case men will act simply as wolves, but with all the ingenuity and power of men. So that their talons and claws and teeth will be swords and spears and guns.

Let us form the habit of the "better way." Unless it is a habit we shall not use it when it is most needed, for we all act in emergency from what we are and think habitually. Try it, for in forming the habit of kindness we shall discover the omnipotence of love.



### Belgian Band of Peace.

THE Baroness de Laveye, of Brussels, who is a Vice-President of the Peace Society, sends word that a Belgian Band of Peace has been formed and that they hope to have quite a number of members by the autumn for a big Peace Fête at the Exhibition which is now being held in Brussels. The rules of the new Society are the following, which we give in French, as a translation exercise for our studious readers:—

#### BANDE BELGE DE LA PAIX.

La Bande de la Paix a pour but d'imprégner l'esprit des enfants, dès le bas âge, des principes pacifistes, de les habituer à être conciliants, de s'aimer les uns les autres et surtout d'avoir recours à l'arbitrage dans leurs petits différends.

#### RÈGLEMENT.

1. La cotisation annuelle est facultative avec minimum de 0.25 fr. Les fonds recueillis sont consacrés à la publication de petits traités ou brochures.
2. Le groupe préside lui-même à ses propres arrangements. Les réunions sont facultatives avec une assemblée semestrielle obligatoire.
3. Le Comité se compose d'une Présidente, d'une Secrétaire et d'une Trésorière.
4. Annuellement, au mois de Janvier, un rapport des travaux, ainsi que la liste complète des membres avec leur adresse et le montant de leurs cotisations sera adressé au Comité du Groupe belge de l'Alliance Universelle des Femmes pour la Paix par l'Éducation.



### Little Kindnesses.

You gave on the way a pleasant smile  
 — And thought no more about it;  
 It cheered a life that was sad the while  
 That might have been wrecked without it;  
 And so for the smile and its fruitage fair  
 You'll reap a crown some time—somewhere.

You spoke one day a cheering word,  
 And passed to other duties;  
 It warmed a heart, new promise stirred,  
 And painted a life with beauties.  
 And so for the word and its silent prayer  
 You'll reap a palm some time—somewhere.

You lent a hand to a fallen one,  
 A lift in kindness given;  
 It saved a soul when help was none,  
 And won a heart for heaven;  
 And so for the help you proffered there  
 You'll reap a joy some time—somewhere.

D. G. BICKERS.

### The Home-School.

#### LESSONS IN ESPERANTO.

#### NEW SERIES. VIII.

THE following lesson on the Parts of the Body and the Senses is taken from the *Serba Esperantisto*, published in Belgrade, Servia.

Readers who send a postcard to The Editor, THE OLIVE LEAF, 47, New Broad Street, London, E.C., will receive an *Esperanto Key* containing a vocabulary.

HOMA KORPO.—Petu Johanon, ke li al-prok-simiĝu, ke li paŝu al vi, por ke vi observu la trajtojn de lia vizaĝo.

Lia frunto estas alta kun brune blondaj haroj, liaj vangoj estas rondaj, lian mentonon kovras dika barbo, kiu kaŝas la gorĝon.

Johanino faris longan marŝon, ĵus ŝi haltis: ŝi spiras forte, ŝia kolo sin streĉas, ŝia brusto sin etendas, kaj skuas ŝiajn flankojn; ŝia koro forte batas, ŝia sango rapide kuras en la arterioj kaj vejnoj; ŝia haŭto far-iĝis brula.

Ŝi ŝajnas laca ne nur muskole, sed nerve kaj cerbe. Diru al ŝi, ke ŝi ripozu kaj ne restu stare, ke ŝi sid-igu sin.

Nun ŝi sidas: ŝi pene klinas siajn kruojn; ŝi povas movi nek la genuojn nek la piedojn; eĉ la brakoj rigide pendas de la ŝultroj; ŝi ne plu turnas la kapon: ŝi tuj ek-dormos.

Mi kuŝis sur la tero mem: tiam la dorso, la ventro, la membroj, eĉ la ostoj iom suferis.

LA SENTOJ.—Okulo blinda ne vidas lumon, orelo surda ne aŭdas sonojn, buŝo muta ne diras vortojn, koro fermita ne ĝuas amon.

Tiu ĉi frukto, antaŭe acida, estas nun matura: la nazo flaras ĝian odoron agrablan, la mano esploras ĝian glatan ŝelon, baldaŭ la dentoj mordos ĝian molan karnon kaj la lango gustumos ĝian dolĉan sukton.

Momente silentu, vi faros plezuron al mi, kaj mia kap-doloro mal-aperos.



"PLANT lilies, and lilies will bloom;  
 Plant roses, and roses will grow;  
 Plant hate, and hate to life will spring;  
 Plant love, and love to you will bring  
 The fruit of the seed you sow."

IF I can stop one heart from breaking,  
 I shall not live in vain;  
 If I can ease one life from aching,  
 Or cool one pain,  
 Or help one fainting robin  
 Unto his nest again,  
 I shall not live in vain.

EMILY DICKINSON.

# BAND OF PEACE PAGE.

## ELIHU BURRITT.

THREE thousand American school children have been recently taking part in a great procession and pageant of Peace, arranged as part of the Burritt Centennial Celebrations. These were held at New Britain, Connecticut, where that pioneer of the Peace Movement was born and is buried.

Band of Peace members should know something of the life and labours of this untitled nobleman. Elihu Burritt was born on December 8th, 1810. Trained as a working blacksmith he was also from his earliest years a keen student, and made himself master of most modern and many ancient languages. His early years were alternately spent at the forge, teaching school, or for brief periods attending college. He loved knowledge much, but he loved mankind more, and became a life-long worker in many noble efforts for the uplifting of humanity.

In 1844 he published a weekly newspaper devoted to anti-slavery, Peace, temperance, and self culture. In 1846 he visited this country and traversed it from Land's End to John o' Groats at the northern extremity. As an ardent advocate of cheap ocean postage and of International Peace he lectured throughout the United Kingdom and the United States.

Our OLIVE LEAF may claim kinship with Elihu Burritt, for about 1850 he originated an "Olive Leaf Mission," whose object was to spread abroad Peace literature in various languages. In 1848 he took a leading part in promoting the first World's Peace Congress at Brussels. After cherishing many lofty purposes and advancing many noble causes he passed away to his eternal rest on March 6th, 1879, leaving the world richer for his labours and his example in self-culture and self-sacrifice.

Band of Peace members must study the simple and stainless life of this man and learn how much one fertile brain and loving heart can do to advance the cause of Peace and Arbitration.

## PEACE PAGEANTRY.

The Burritt Celebrations in New Britain afford us many useful hints as to how Peace may be held up to honour and admiration in the form of picturesque pageant and popular spectacle. The city was in gala attire, green and white decorations, symbolic of Peace, being interspersed with the many-coloured flags of all nations. A huge procession or pilgrimage to the grave of Elihu Burritt was the leading feature of the day's programme. Many floats or wagons were transformed into moving stages upon which living pictures of Peace were displayed. In the school division of the parade these tableaux represented such subjects as "The Arts of Peace"; "The Vision of the Hebrew Prophets"; "Penn's Treaty with the Indians"; and "Peace and the Nations." There was a company of scholars composed of representatives of fifteen nations, each carrying his country's flag.

This subject of Peace pageantry is a most tempting one to which we must return. We commend its study to the enthusiasm and organising genius of our workers and look forward to the time when the Band of Peace will be able to stir imagination and sympathy by something in the way of living Peace pictures, if not upon our public streets, at least in our halls of assembly.

## OUR BADGE.

Have you seen it?  
Are you wearing it?

A BADGE has been now designed and made for the BAND OF PEACE. It is in the form of a little button with pin attached, which may be worn by girls as a brooch and by boys as a button. Its design is that of a white Maltese cross on a ground of black; a simple symbol of the crusade of Peace.

We hope every member will procure a badge and wear it. You will thus be reminded constantly of your pledge and membership. You will find that wearing the little symbol will, causing others to enquire what its significance may be, give you a good opportunity of explaining the objects and pleading the cause of the Band of Peace.

These badges may be had from our local workers for one penny each, or from the Peace Society Offices, 47, New Broad Street, London, E.C., on receipt of a penny stamp with your name and address.

Competition Corner will be resumed after the holiday season is over.

## THE BETTER WAY.

'Tis better to laugh than to cry, dear—  
A proverb you'll grant me is true;  
'Tis best to forget to be sad, dear—  
For heart's-ease is better than rue.

'Tis more to be good than be great, dear—  
To be happy is better than wise,  
You'll find if you smile at the world, dear—  
The world will smile back in your eyes.



## 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.