


# THE OLIVE LEAF

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### The Months of Spring.

In like a lamb, out like a lion ;  
 Or else the opposite way about,  
 And sometimes both in the selfsame day ;  
 Such is MARCH, as the gossips say—  
 Stormy, uncertain, beyond a doubt,  
 When varying skies their antics try on.

Clad in a garment of rainbow rays,  
 Now dissolving in showers of tears,  
 And now enwreath'd with benignant smiles,  
 APRIL comes, with enchanting wiles  
 Of sun and shower, from which appears  
 The largess of beauty in coming days.

And who shall sing of the bonny MAY,  
 With budding beauty and kirtle green ?  
 Or JUNE, with its wealth of flowers galore,  
 And autumn with winter store ?

Each year the procession is seen,  
 But harbinger Springtime opens the way.

w. o. c.

### How a Doll Saved a War.

THERE was great uneasiness in the fort, and the general was pacing up and down in his room, while he pondered what to do. The Apache Indians had broken from their reserve and were advancing in full war-paint to the attack.

It was an easy enough matter for the little company in the fort to defeat the Indians if there should be a fight, but the general's orders were to avoid war and yet to keep the Indians within

their own bounds. As he paced about he thought he heard the crying of a child.

He went out and found a crowd of soldiers gathered about a four-year-old Indian papoose, who had evidently strayed from her tribe.

The general himself picked up the frightened little mite in his arms and took her to his own quarters for a comfortable meal.

Hours passed and the general grew uneasy. He had expected the mother to come and claim the child. As it grew dark the papoose grew restless and lonely, and finally broke into the sobbing cry peculiar to the little Indians.

"She misses her mother as much, I suppose, as though she were a white child," said the general. "I must find some way to comfort her."

One of the officers told him that his little girl in the fort had a doll.

"The very thing," said the general, and forthwith went in person to the officer's little daughter to ask for the loan of the doll for a few hours.

Generous little Mary, owner of the doll, when she heard of the crying little Indian child, insisted upon giving up the doll to the papoose to keep for her very own.

Soon the general placed the beautiful doll in the little papoose's arms.

At once she stopped crying, and went quickly to sleep with the precious dolly clasped close.

A week passed, and no mother appeared to claim the little straggler ; but the child played happily with her new toy, and did not seem to mind.

Finally it was decided to carry the little one back to the wigwams of her people, since they did not come for her.

Tightly clasping her new treasure, the child was carried to the Indians and left with them. They were greatly excited about the beautiful doll, none of them ever having seen such a thing before.

Next day the Indian mother appeared at the fort with the doll in her arms, not believing it possible that the toy had really been given, to her papoose.



The soldiers were careful to treat her well, giving her a plentiful meal and some gifts besides the doll to take back to her people.

This kindness on the part of the soldiers so touched the tribe that they gave up preparations for battle, and returned without a struggle to the Reserve. The doll had saved a war.

### The Hero of Kuruman.

ABOUT a hundred years ago an old country minister was much distressed because some one had said that his work was a failure. Only one person had been added to the congregation in a whole year—and that *only a boy*. The following Sunday the boy came nervously up to the minister and said, "Do you think, sir, if I worked hard for an education I might be a preacher, or perhaps a missionary?"

"God bless you," replied the minister: "yes, I think you may become a missionary."

That boy was Robert Moffat, born on December 21st, 1795, of humble Scottish parents. He had little education, and at twenty-one was apprenticed to a gardener, often being compelled to start work at four in the morning, even in winter; but by perseverance he improved himself, and eventually the way was opened for the realisation of his wish. He was accepted by the London Missionary Society, the history of which is full of the wonderful stories of many brave men and women who have given their lives to the preaching of the Gospel message in foreign lands.

After twelve months' training in Manchester, young Moffat set sail from London on September 30th, 1816, for South Africa, where three years later he was joined by Mary Smith, who became his wife. There, except for a visit to England in 1839, they remained for more than fifty years.

On his first journey to Namaqualand his oxen became exhausted and he himself nearly died of

thirst. Reaching the kraal of a chief named Africaner, notorious for the atrocities he had committed, Moffat lived in a hut of mud and sticks, scorched by the sun, and drenched by the rain, while any stray dog wishing for a night's rest could push its way through the walls. Owing to the great heat and the lack of food—milk and meat being the only things he could obtain—he was soon stricken with fever and for days was delirious.

The condition of the savages among whom he worked was deplorable. Cannibalism was not unknown; the different tribes were continually at warfare, and often Moffat nearly lost his own life in trying to pacify both sides.

Soon after his wife's arrival he founded a mission among the Bechuanas at Lattakeo, or Kuruman, in what is now called Bechuanaland. Here they suffered severe privation. Their property was constantly stolen, their cattle killed and their small crops destroyed. The superstitious natives blamed them for every evil, great or small. When the rainmaker failed to stop the drought he promptly blamed the white man.

Matters reached a crisis when the whole tribe, headed by their chief, came and declared that he



ROBERT MOFFAT AND AFRICANER.



must go. Standing in front of his wife and baby girl, Moffat replied, "If you are resolved to get rid of us you must shed blood or burn us out, for our hearts are with you and we will not go. If you wish, drive your spears to my heart; then will my companions know that the hour has come for them to depart."

In the presence of such fearless courage the natives were cowed and slunk away, while Moffat quietly continued his labour among them. But progress was slow. After twenty years little change seemed to have come over the people.

But in spite of danger and difficulty, pain and suffering, Moffat and his brave wife laboured on and lived to see the great awakening, the story of which is one of the great romances in the history of missions.

Robert Moffat found the Bechuanas rude savages, constantly at war, ignorant of agriculture and utterly degraded. Under his guidance they became new men. The Bible was translated, schools were opened, churches built, native teachers were trained, and new missionaries sent in all directions. Whereas upon his arrival missionaries were often driven from the kraals and left to die of hunger and starvation and the dreaded swamp fever, when he was finally called home with his devoted wife to England, missionaries were welcomed by all the tribes around—and all this was accomplished by one who when "only a boy" decided to serve Jesus and "wished to become a missionary."

M.P.

P.S.—The Editor remembers a pleasant afternoon and evening when Robert Moffat, then a very old man, and his daughter, Miss Moffat, were his guests in his country home.



### Room at the Top.

NEVER mind the crowd, lad,  
Or fancy life won't tell;  
The work is the work for all that  
To him that doeth it well.  
Fancy the world a hill, lad,  
Look where the millions stop;  
You'll find the crowd at the base, lad,  
There's always room at the top.  
Courage, and faith, and patience,  
There's space in the old world yet;  
The firmer you stand your ground, lad,  
The further along you get.  
Keep your eyes on the goal, lad,  
Never despair or drop,  
Be sure that your path leads upwards;  
There's always room at the top.

### Hours and Minutes.

"HURRY, hurry!" sing the Minutes  
To the Hours, slow;

"Everywhere that we are going  
You will have to go."

"Tarry, tarry!" drone the Hours,  
"Useless is this haste;

We but gather up the treasures  
You so idly waste."

But the busy little Minutes

Hurry right along;  
Never stopping, ever singing  
Still the same glad song.

When at last the lagging Hours

Find their journey o'er,  
Each sees sixty little Minutes  
Tripping on before.

This the song that both are singing  
As they glide away:

"Though we tarry, though we hurry,  
Still we make a day."

Selected.



### Find Your Work—and Do It.

"REMEMBER, my son," writes an author, "you have to work." Whether you use a pick or a pen, drive a wheelbarrow, or keep a set of books, dig ditches or edit a paper, mount an auction block or write funny things, you must work.

"If you look round you, you will see that the men who are most able to spend their lives without work, are those who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork. It is beyond your power to do that on the morning side of thirty. Men die early sometimes, but it is often because they leave work at 6 p.m., and don't get home before 2 a.m. It is the interval that kills, my son. Work gives you an appetite for your meals; it makes you sleep soundly; it gives a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday.

"There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not even know their names. It simply speaks of them as 'So-and-so's boys.' Nobody likes them. The great, busy world does not know that they are there. The relieving officer and the guardians come to know them well, but that is latter when they have nobody to depend on.

"So find out what you want to be and do, and take off your coat and do it. Nobody can do it for you, so you must depend on yourself. The busier you are, the less harm you will be likely to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied with you all the world will be."



## Band of Peace Union Annual Report, 1911-12.

THE Executive of the BAND OF PEACE UNION have pleasure in reporting the steady growth of the Society during the past year. The Committee has met monthly with a good average attendance, and considerable time and care have been given to the details of the work.

Efforts have been made to secure a sufficient income, which have been largely, although not entirely successful. One generous donor, the daughter of a general, has given and promised for two years more, her pension, amounting to £40 a year, to counteract the evils of the war system.

### MRS. DAWSON.

The services of Mrs. A. Dawson as General Organiser have been wholly secured, and she has done excellent work.

During the year she has attended meetings and given about 140 addresses and lantern talks. Since the month of August 80 meetings have been attended, over thirty of these having been lantern lectures. Twenty-six different districts have been visited and many engagements are still booked. New societies have been affiliated, and other efforts have been persistently made to advance the cause amongst the young. Especial mention, however, should be made of the meetings held this year, as last, by her, during the summer holidays, in connection with the Young People's Sand Services at various seaside resorts, such as Margate, Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Eastbourne, Brighton.

Other opportunities have occurred in connection with Adult gatherings, concerning which it is sufficient to add that Mrs. Dawson has been always on the alert to take advantage of these, and her co-operation has always been gladly given and greatly welcomed.

### MR. GEORGE AITKEN.

The Committee regret to report the illness of our Scottish Organiser, Mr. George Aitken, in August last, which was grave, and seriously interfered with his work for some weeks. Since returning to duty he has engaged in debate with the National Service League, and has endeavoured to keep up the interest among our affiliated societies in Scotland. As one result, the Rhinsdale Band of Hope, Baillieston, has affiliated with the BAND OF PEACE UNION.

### BAND OF PEACE UNION.

The Movement can only advance slowly because the ground is already preoccupied by a great variety of organisations for all kinds of religious and philanthropic work amongst young people. To meet this difficulty the Executive have aimed at enlisting the sympathy and co-operation of these organisations, and, wherever possible, have sought to work through them. This, it seems to think, is the most necessary and the most profitable work of any. Our task must necessarily be educational and moral. We cannot create huge institutions like the Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, or the Boys' Brigade, because we have not the social backing or the definite aim and purpose of such organisations. Our object is of a different kind. The training we must aim at is that of the mind and spirit rather than the body. It is not enough to create an organisation that may be termed "non-military," excellent as that may sound, in the sense that the boys are not taught rifle shooting; nor can we foster the idea of promoting Peace through National Defence, which we are told paradoxically may be done without militarism. Peace training must be of necessity character training, and the National Defence we believe in, and would inculcate as the very basis of our Peace education, is of a far higher kind. This demands entirely different aims and different methods from those of these very popular patriotic institutions.

We are, therefore, almost entirely shut up to the kinds of work aimed at by this Union, and to make any fresh

departure in the nature of extensive organisation is impossible. We must work through existing agencies.

### THE CRUSADERS OF PEACE.

Anything further than this would involve inevitable imitation of these semi-patriotic cults; imitation is said to be the sincerest flattery, and is certainly the surest support. Besides, anything like feverish rivalry would be fatal to what we have in view. Some concession, however, has been made to the popular tendencies by the creation of our CRUSADERS OF PEACE. Here again the success has not been commensurate with our wishes. Perhaps that was inevitable; we sought to guard against mere imitation by making our organisation the embodiment of a lofty ideal and of the true doctrine of Peace, but ideals are unwelcome, and it is difficult to put them in concrete forms, so that they shall be understood and attractive. A beginning, however, has been made. Four Chapters of the Order have been created, and these have rendered considerable service to the work generally.

On various occasions the CRUSADERS have been in evidence, and besides giving variety to the composition of the gatherings, have been able to render substantial help to our cause. At a visit paid by the Princess of Teck to the opening of a new wing at Hoxton Hall, the CRUSADERS connected with that Institution served as a Guard of Honour, and were recognised by the visitor.

At important gatherings at the Hampstead Garden City in May, representatives of the same Chapter were present by special invitation, and added to the interest of the occasion. The same took place in connection with the Anti-Vivisection Demonstration in Hyde Park in October. A representation of the Girl CRUSADERS attended and took part in the Women's great Arbitration Meeting at Bechstein Hall on December 12th. The CRUSADERS, too, have emulated the Scouts on more than one occasion by heroic action, and at the Bunhill Demonstration in July, the Crusaders' Cross for Valour was presented to a member of the First Hoxton Chapter. There are the possibilities of a grand development. Already we have testimony as regards the influence of both societies that no one can estimate what they are doing for the children connected with them.

### SPECIAL MEETINGS.

The meeting referred to at Bunhill Fields Institute in July last, was of a very attractive and successful character. A good number of friends attended, and the impression produced was such as to suggest further gatherings of the same kind in order to awaken sympathy and secure support.

Still greater interest was evoked by a large and most successful social gathering held in the Friends' Meeting House, Bishopsgate, on the 8th January, when among other items entertainments were given by Mr. G. R. Baker and others, a splendid programme of music rendered by Mrs. Layton and her family, and addresses given by Mr. J. Allen Baker, M.P., and the Rev. Dr. Schultze, of Berlin. This was an evening long to be remembered.

### CONCLUSION.

The necessity for our work becomes more apparent week by week as the developments of society go on. We are moving rapidly. Things cannot continue as they are. Much depends on the training of the young, among whom the best work is to be done. The military cults do not meet the urgency, but accentuate the danger. The next generation will be military in practice if the present is made so in spirit. Hence the great obligation. "A great door and effectual is opened—and there are many adversaries." The opportunity and the necessity are imperative. But, as in all work, resources are needed, and the measure of work will be determined by the amount of these. We, therefore, make an urgent appeal to our friends for their sympathy, prayers, and pecuniary support.