


# THE OLIVE LEAF

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ONE HALFPENNY.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Baby's Bubble .....	77
A Christian Hero of the Third Century .....	77
A High Wind.....	78
What Pussy-cats Do.....	78
The Home-School .....	79
Heroes of Peace.....	79
A Cat-Tale.—Warranted True .....	79
My Little Grey Kitty and I .....	79
Band of Peace Page.....	80

### The Baby's Bubble.

HEIGH-HO ! A bubble the baby blew !  
 Breeze, chuckling, caught it. Away it flew !  
 Baby ran chasing in wild delight,  
 Hands out to catch it, but swift its flight ;  
 Mischievous breeze sent it fast and high,  
 Bubble was gleaming the blue of the sky,  
 Glintings of gold and the green of trees.  
 Hitherly, thitherly, ruddered the breeze.  
 Dear little baby was breathless, but, O !  
 Wasn't it fun to be rollicking so ?  
 Mischievous breeze had it planned, I suppose ;  
 Bubble fell breaking on baby's wee nose.

GRACE MAY NORTH.



### A Christian Hero of the Third Century.

IN A.D. 295, at Teveste, an episcopal city in Numidia, the recruiting sergeant brought before Dion the Proconsul, one Maximilian, a young man of twenty-two years, as fit for military duty. It was during a season of toleration and general tranquillity. The young man was accompanied by his father. As he came up and was about to be measured to see if his height reached the standard of the service, he said, "I cannot engage in military service ; I am a Christian." The Proconsul, taking no notice of these words, quietly ordered the officers to take him to the measuring post. Whilst he was being adjusted he said again, "I cannot fight, I cannot do evil, I am a Christian."

*Dion.* Measure him. (The officers called out that he was 5 ft. 10 in.)

*Dion.* Give him the badge.

The young man resisted, saying, "I will not suffer it, I cannot fight."

*Dion.* If thou wilt not serve, thou must die.

*Max.* I will not serve. You may cut off my head if you will. I cannot engage in earthly warfare : I am God's soldier.

*Dion.* Who persuaded thee to this ?

*Max.* My own mind, and He who called me to His service.

The Proconsul turned to the father, and said, "Advise thy son." The father replied, "He knows his own mind ; of what use would my counsel be ?"

*Dion.* (to Maximilian) : Receive the badge.

*Max.* I will not receive your badge : I have the badge of Christ my God.

*Dion.* I will send thee straight to thy Christ.

*Max.* Do it now ; I am ready.

*Dion.* Mark him, and fix on the collar.

Maximilian resisted again, saying, "I shall break it, for I count it a worthless thing. I am a Christian, and it is not lawful for me to wear on my neck a leaden seal of this kind, after having received the seal of salvation of my Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the Living God."

*Dion.* Consider thy youth. It is honourable in a young man to be a soldier.

*Max.* I can engage in no warfare but for my Lord.

*Dion.* But there are Christians in the Imperial armies who fight.

*Max.* They know what is allowable for them ; I am a Christian, I cannot do evil.

*Dion.* Why, what evil do those commit who fight ?

*Max.* Thou knowest what things they do.

*Dion.* Do not scorn the service, lest thou perish miserably.

*Max.* I shall not perish ; for though thou shouldst put me to death, my soul will live with Christ my Lord.

*Dion.* Erase his name.

It was erased, and the Proconsul proceeded :

"Because with an impious mind thou hast refused the service, receive this sentence as an example for others;" and he read from his tablet, "Let Maximilian, because of his impious refusal to enter the military service, be put to death with the sword."

Maximilian answered, "Thanks be to God."

When he came to the place of execution he said, "Beloved brethren, strive that you may see God, and receive from Him a like crown." Then, turning to his father, he said with a cheerful voice, "Give this soldier the new military cloak which thou hadst made for me. Thou wilt join me again and we shall glory together with the Lord." When he had said this his head was severed from his body. His father returned to his house with joy, giving

"Let's tease the girls and pull all these clothes off the line," said Tom.

"All right," answered the others. And in a few minutes the rude boys had thrown the dollies' clean skirts and dresses down into the mud.

Of course, the little girls felt ever so badly to see the dainty garments in the dirty mud puddles; but what do you suppose they did? Just guess.

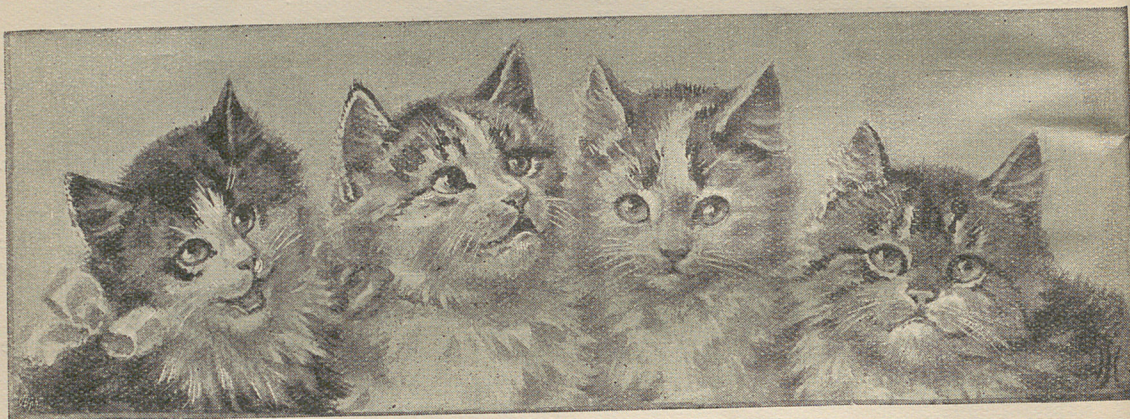
Got angry with the boys?

No.

Said they'd pay them back?

No. They said, "Let's play that a high wind came and blew the clothes down, and let's pick them up and rinse them over again."

ALICE MAY DOUGLAS.



thanks to God who enabled him to send before him so precious an offering. A lady named Pomponiana begged his body and placed it in her chamber, from whence it was taken to Carthage, and buried under the hill by the palace, near Cyprian's grave. Thirteen days afterwards the lady herself died, and was interred in the same place.—*Extract from "Early Church History to the Death of Constantine,"* BY EDWARD BACKHOUSE.



### A High Wind.

NELLIE and some of her friends had just washed their dollies' clothes and hung them on the little line in the yard.

"How clean our clothes look!" exclaimed Olive. "It seems like being grown-up women to have these darling clothes, pins and that little basket; but we want a clothes pole, too. I'll run home and get papa's old cane for that."

No sooner was the cane brought and placed under the line than some little boys ran out into the yard.

### What Pussy-cats Do.

WHY were the pussies born; what do they do?  
Surely they serve some end; God made them too;  
Yet in the working-world nothing they win,  
And are in mill and mart not counted in,  
Not having learned to toil, traffic or spin.

Fierce and ferocious, too, sometimes they seem,  
Waking up discords in Life's mighty scheme;  
Yet gain they gentleness on every hand,  
Wielding a winning force few can withstand,  
Making the most morose kindly and bland.

Pussies respond to love, and wake it too;  
Softening and solacing perhaps even you.  
Frisky and frolicsome, true to their bent,  
Make they a pleasant time, more than was meant—  
How can a pussy-cat dream of intent?

Into the scheme of things pussy-cats fit,  
Helping their human friends more than a bit;  
All things combine to make kindness increase—  
Even the brutes to make brutishness cease—  
Sweeping the human world onward to peace.

W. O. C.

## The Home-School.

LESSONS IN ESPERANTO.

NEW SERIES. IX.

THE lesson this month is based on the picture in THE OLIVE LEAF for September.

Rigardu la bildon sur paĝo sepdekkvara (74th) de THE OLIVE LEAF.

Maljuna maristo sidas sur benko tenante inter la manoj ŝipeton kun blankaj veloj. Antaŭ li staras knabo kaj knabino. Ili intencis naĝigi la ŝipeton, sed la knabo falante difektis ĝin, kaj nun ĝi ne povas bone naĝi. Sed la maljuna maristo scias, kiel rebonigi la rompitan buspriton, kaj baldaŭ la infanoj havos la plezuron vidi ĝin transiri la laĝeton.

Ĉu vi preferus vojaĝi per velsipo aŭ vaporŝipo? Kelkajn boatojn (pronounce bo-at-ojn) oni devas movi sur la akvo per remiloj, kaj aliaj moviĝas per elektromotoro.

KLARIGO.—**Mal** (prefix) denotes *the contrary*; juna *young*, mal-juna *old*; helpi *help*, malhelpi *hinder*; fermi *to shut*, malfermi *to open*. **isto** (suffix) denotes a person following a given occupation: maro *sea*, maristo *a seaman*; ŝuo *a shoe*, ŝuisto *a shoemaker*; ŝteli *to steal*, ŝtelisto *a thief*. **ilo** denotes a tool or instrument; remi *to row*, remilo *an oar*; fosi *to dig*, fosilo *a spade*; kudri *to sew*, kudrilo *a needle*. **re** (prefix) *again, back* (see page 55).

Ĉu denotes that the sentence following it is a question. It is used in the absence of the question words: Kio *what thing*, kiu *what person, which*, kia *what kind*, kial *why*, kiam *when*, kie *where*, kiel *how*, kies *whose*, kiom *how much*.

VORTARETO.—rigardi *to look at* (**u** expresses wish, desire, see Lesson III.) bildo *picture*, paĝo *page*, sidi *to be sitting*, benko *bench*, teni *to hold* (for ante see page 63), inter *between*, ŝipo *ship*, velo *sail*, stari *to stand*, intenci *to intend*, sed *but*, naĝi *sail, swim*, igi *to cause* (see Lesson III.) fali *to fall*, difekti *to injure*, nun *now*, scii *to know a fact*, kiel *how*, rompi *to break* (ita, see Lesson VI.), busprito *bowsprit*, baldaŭ *soon*, plezuro *pleasure*, trans *across*, iri *to go*, preferus *would prefer*, vojaĝi *to travel*, vaporo *vapour, steam*, kelkaj *some*, oni *one, people*, movi *move* (iĝi *to become*, page 59).



## Heroes of Peace.

HEROES of Peace are found in every walk of life and in every situation. In mine and workshop, in field and forest, they are always to be found in every time of need to risk or even lose their lives

in the attempt to save their fellow creatures from danger and death. Not a week passes but the pulse beats quicker, and faith in humanity is strengthened, because of heroic deeds done not to destroy life, but to save it.

People talk of a terrible mining catastrophe, as recently at Whitehaven, and of hundreds meeting death far down in the lower workings. And mingled with sentiments of pity is the glow of pride as they read of the rescuing party going down into the inferno of smoke and fire and deadly gas to rescue their fellows. They go down once too often and are brought to the surface, blackened and disfigured corpses. They sealed their devotion to duty and humanity by their lives.



## A Cat-Tale.—Warranted True.

"I CAN TRUST YOU."

A CAT that had several times been deprived of her kittens hid a litter of them in my aunt's barn. Cries could be heard from somewhere, but the kittens could not be found. Between their mother and the family cat was a feud of long standing; and for this reason my uncle and the maid used to drive the mother away. My aunt never did so. Pussy learned, at length, to make for the door when she heard footsteps, and also to look behind her. If she saw my aunt's face she turned back. One day auntie said to her, "Old cat, where do you keep your kittens? I haven't seen them yet." Immediately she went to the woodpile and called, and out came all the babies for inspection.

JULIET A. COOK.



## My Little Grey Kitty and I.

WHEN the north wind whistles round the house,  
Piling snowdrifts high,  
We nestle down on the warm hearthrug—  
My little grey kitty and I.  
I tell her about my work and play,  
And all I mean to do,  
And she purrs so loud, I surely think  
That she understands—don't you?  
She looks about with her big, round eyes,  
And softly licks my face,  
As I tell her 'bout the word I missed,  
And how I have lost my place.  
Then let the wind whistle, for what to us  
Matters a stormy sky?  
Oh, none have such jolly times as we—  
My little grey kitty and I.

Angel of Peace.

# BAND OF PEACE PAGE.

## OUR WINTER WORK.

THE holiday season is now about over, and very soon the winter months will be with us. Workers among the young are already completing arrangements for their winter series of meetings. Superintendents and secretaries of bands, groups, schools, brigades, and all the various juvenile organisations are busy filling up their programmes.

Now is the time for Band of Peace workers and members to be busy.

What are *you* doing?

The Band of Peace Union Committee would like to see a series of winter Peace meetings for juniors held in every district. This end can only be reached by the co-operation of local friends and members. Here is a splendid field for the exercise of consecrated enthusiasm and talent. The children and young people are to be found everywhere, and are not difficult to reach. The great need of the local Bands of Peace is adults to organise and officer the movement.

## WHO WILL HELP?

"But what can *we* do?" You ask.  
Well, in the first place, determine to do *something*.  
Then begin trying to do it—*at once*.

The exercise of a little quiet determination and tact will usually succeed in arranging for one such junior Peace meeting in your district.

You may, for example, apply to the superintendent or secretary of some of the local Bands of Hope, Sunday Schools, C. E. Societies, etc., and induce him to set aside one of his weekly meetings as a Band of Peace evening. He will be glad to leave the programme in your hands.

You must then secure the help of one, two, or three sympathetic friends, if you cannot get Band of Peace members—who, with yourself, will form a small programme Committee. One of your number will give a short Peace address explaining the aims of the Band of Peace; another will give an effective Peace reading; others will render a Peace hymn or song; while others will distribute some Peace tracts and papers among the boys and girls.

## ILLUSTRATED LECTURES.

Or you may be able to induce each of these superintendents to give an evening for a Band of Peace Lantern Lecture. The beautiful slides for these lectures may be had on loan from the Band of Peace Union Secretary on application. These pictures are shown all over the United Kingdom every winter. See that they are shown in your district.

The Secretary will be glad to hear from all members and friends who are *willing* to help forward Peace work among the juniors. He will give advice and assistance such as each case requires. Write and tell him what you are doing or would like to do.

## A MISPLACED TALENT.

"He has a quick temper, you know," was the excuse given in behalf of a boy's rude act.

"Is he quick at his lessons?"

"No," was the reply.

"Is he quick at sports?"

"No," was again the answer.

"Is he quick at obedience?"

"No."

"Well," said the listener, with a twinkle in his eye, "if he has so little quickness, he'd better use it where it will do some good! It's clear waste to put it on his temper."

## BAND OF PEACE LANTERN LECTURES.

TRUE HEROISM.

EVERYDAY HEROES.

WAR WITH OUR NEIGHBOURS.

WAR AND THE BETTER WAY.

THE ANGEL'S CHRISTMAS SONG.

For terms of loan or hire apply to the SECRETARY, BAND OF PEACE UNION, 47, New Broad Street, London, E.C.

## BE SOMETHING.

If I cannot be a sunbeam, shining full and far,  
Lighting up the earth with radiance, I will be a star.  
If I cannot be a lighthouse, gleaming out at sea,  
I will be a tiny glow-worm, shining cheerily.



## 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.

