

# THE OLIVE LEAF

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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
After the Holidays .....	121
The Use of Holidays .....	121
Do Animals Think and Converse? .....	121
"He Shall Gather the Lambs with His Arms" .....	123
The "Put-it-offs" .....	123
The Quaker's House .....	124
Killing the Dragon .....	124
The Editor's Letter-Box .....	124

### After the Holidays.

HOLIDAYS are over ; back again to work,  
 We shall not so soon forget our play ;  
 Take we up our duties, not a task to shirk,  
 And shall labour better day by day  
 For the joys of travel and the change of scene  
 And the jolly things that were between.

Workers all get tired in their daily round,  
 Play and labour blended is the best ;  
 Even engine-pistons weary of their sound,  
 Steel bands are the better for a rest.  
 Holidays are helpful to the life of all,  
 Howsoever often they befall.

W. O. C.

### The Use of Holidays.

MOST of our young friends are back from their holidays. The serious claims of life are laying hold of them again. School waits for some, work for others, duty for all. Holidays may be too long, better for them to be frequent than lasting. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, but too much play unfits him for work. The wise Esop was one day found joining heartily in a game, whereupon his friend chided him for waste of time. He took a bow, unstrung it and threw it at his friend's feet with the remark : "You see that unstrung bow ; its condition is necessary. Keep it always bent and it will fail you in the time of need." He was right—the old wise retailer of fables. "The mind," he urged, "is like the bow ; keep it always on the stretch, without any relaxation and it will feebly respond when the

demand comes." "You should play sometimes," said my old friend W. Tallack once. "Mr. Gladstone and John Bright do not make great speeches every day. They have long intervals, and then when the great occasion calls they make their big effort and the fame of it lasts till the next time—and beyond." Besides the relaxation of the strain, there is a time to be receptive and absorptive. Big words are they? They mean taking into the mind and taking up into the life. You must fill the pitcher before it can give out to the thirsty and the necessitous. Holidays are like sleep for the renewing of energy. In these busy strenuous times they are necessary. Our forefathers could do without them ; they were not driven ; their danger was that of stagnating ; many of them were like limpets, stickers in one place ; they had never crossed the hills, they had never seen the sea. There are few such people in the land now. I heard of an old lady in the country the other day who had never been outside her native valley. But I should not like to have to search for another. There is nothing like the sea breezes to sweep the cobwebs out of the city brain. There is nothing like the hill tops or the locality with far distances to widen the outlook. Then what memories cluster round a holiday. Boys and girls, you ought to be better and do better for a whole year at least, as the result of your summer holiday ; you ought, too, to carry with you the resolve to deserve the next better even than you did the last. This is the true use of holidays, to renew energy and gather freshness of thought and life and fulness of love to be expended in the service of others.

### Do Animals Think and Converse?

AN article under the above caption appeared in the last issue of THE OLIVE LEAF. It was an account of some interesting experiments made with a view to deciding whether animals have reasoning powers, and can think, converse and



learn. Anyone who is a lover and companion of animals would have no hesitation as to either point. The conclusions drawn from the experiments point in exactly the opposite direction, and doubtless were justified so far as any conclusion could be reached. But the data were wholly insufficient, the conditions were not favourable, and the method adopted was not a good one. One wonders whether if any of our boys and girls were taken prisoners by some formidable creatures, placed in unusual surroundings and subjected to a lot of stringent experiments, they would do themselves justice and be able to give a good account of their intelligence and natural shrewdness and reasoning faculties. How would very young children with budding intelligence be likely to fare?

Animals should be watched in their ordinary haunts, secure from interruption and aggressive observation, as Sir John Lubbock studied ants in order to find out all about them. Anyone who reads his interesting accounts of what he saw will have no doubt as to whether insects reason, think, converse. Or, what shall we say to a parliament of rooks? It is hardly necessary to mention elephants or horses. What of dogs and cats, rats and mice, when tamed, or parrots and canaries. One thing, however, is necessary to bring out the best in animals, they must be loved, noticed, treated kindly, or the result may be as uncertain as those of the experiments mentioned. If domestic animals are unnoticed they will apparently themselves take little notice; if they are cared for, talked to, "made much of," as we say, they will respond to a most remarkable degree, and exhibit not only intelligence, but gratitude, trust, and other moral qualities. They can be trained to anything almost. I have a little dog, a pug, who—I use the personal relative here advisedly—can understand most of what I say to him and will answer back. He will sit on his haunches and talk to me

in his own way, of course, and do his best to make me understand. If I talk to him he will cock his ears, bend his head and wag his tail, and when he has caught my meaning will rush off to do what I want in a most excited fashion. If my room door is shut he will call to me from the outside till he is admitted. When I call out Good morning, on leaving, he will answer me, wherever he is; and if for any reason I go without the customary call, on hearing the door shut he will bark after me in the most intelligent and understanding fashion. It is the same when I return at night; Master Tim is listening for my step, greets me with noisy delight, and immediately I enter the room leads the way to couch or chair for me to



sit down, and is on my knee immediately. There is no end to the little fellow's intelligence. We had a little black cat that was even more intelligent. She even manifested a sense of humour, and with her mistress, who petted her, would indulge in games like a romping child. The explanation in either case was simply this: each was

made a companion, petted, nursed in sickness, and generally treated as intelligent. That is the true method of experimenting and the only one that yields true and satisfactory results.

In the August number of the *Little Animals' Friend* there is a very interesting account of a clever, tiny Yorkshire terrier, belonging to a District Nurse in Wales. This little dog, it says, is a great companion, "and seems gifted with more than ordinary canine intelligence. 'Mr. Billy' accompanies Nurse on many of her journeys, sometimes on foot, and at other times he occupies a small open basket, which is strapped on at the back of Nurse's bicycle, and to the amazement and admiration of the passers-by he sits quite comfortably, seeming to enjoy the ride very much. When Nurse visits a patient into whose room Billy may not go, she leaves her gloves outside the door, and little Billy keeps faithful guard till



she comes out; he seems to realise he has a duty to perform, and will not allow anyone to interfere with the gloves in the absence of Nurse.

"One of the Nurse's duties is to visit the schools occasionally, and then Billy may perhaps go in with her, and the teacher hands him a chair upon which he sits in front of a large class of children, and waits quietly till Nurse's duties are finished.

"He sleeps at night at the foot of Nurse's bed on a cloth specially laid for him, and he is forbidden to lie on the white counterpane. But Billy feels himself too far away from his best friend, and the other night, as he knew he would be scolded and sent back if he ventured away from his own 'nest,' he actually dragged his cloth right up to where he wished to be, thinking that when Nurse woke up and saw him there she *could not* say 'Naughty Billy.' And she could not. But she thought him a most knowing little creature, and is very proud of his latest clever trick."

Through the courtesy of the Editor of the *Little Animals' Friend*, we are able to give Billy's portrait and that of his mistress too. He is a good specimen of animals that think and act accordingly.



### "He Shall Gather the Lambs with His Arms."

"WELL; but practically," said someone to me the other day, "do you think it is the least use to try to teach quite little children about God—I mean mere babies of two and three years old? Do you think they really take it in at all? Is it not much better to wait till they are old enough to understand?"

For answer, I told her the following little true incident, which I will tell over again, so that any who have felt at times discouraged in their efforts to teach "mere babies" about God may go on and feel that their work is abundantly worth while.

It was my week for visiting our Cottage Hospital for children, and I went in late one afternoon, to see how the matron was getting on, for I knew she had several bad cases on her hands. She looked nearly worn out with day and night work, and she told me there was one particularly sad and trying case of convulsions.

"Would you like to see our baby upstairs?" she said, when we had talked a little; "she is about as bad as she can be, and I don't think she'll live through the night. The mother is with her now."

I went upstairs and found that the mother was a woman whom I had known for some time, and who had been having trouble upon trouble all the winter. Her husband was very delicate and not

likely to live long, and this little child was the only girl, a special pet and darling in the house. Such a tiny head it looked, with its close-cropped fair hair against the pillows! It was pathetic to stand with the poor mother and listen to the child's laboured breathing, with the certainty that it would never again recover consciousness.

I tried to say something to comfort her, hardly knowing whether she was one who would be able to grasp the highest comfort, and certainly not expecting to find the little one herself knew anything definite about God or Heaven, for she looked to me not more than two or three years old. But I soon learned that it is possible for even a baby mind to take in enough for the little soul's needs.

"I can't fret too much about her," her mother said, "for I keep on thinking of what she said last week before she was taken ill. A young man had died in the next house, and we were talking about it, hardly thinking baby would understand; but she looked up at me and said, 'Mother, did Jesus open the door for him?' I said, 'Yes, dear, I hope so.' 'Did He open it quite wide?' she asked; and when I told her 'Yes,' she said, 'If I went there He would only have to open it a little way.' Then a smile came all over her dear little face, and she said, 'Mother, He would come out and take me up and carry me in, wouldn't He, because I'm so little?' So you see," the poor mother said with a sob, "I know she will be waiting for me there, and when my husband goes too, we shall be a bigger family in Heaven than we are here, for I've lost two besides."

I felt as if anything I could say would be needless after that. Next day, when I went to the hospital, the matron said to me, "That child with convulsions died at two this morning. I was up with her every hour or two. The poor mite could never have got better."

My first thought was that the Good Shepherd had carried the little lamb Himself into the fold, and that she was safe in the Heavenly home, waiting for the mother who had first taught her to know and love Him.

E. F. H.



### The "Put-it-offs."

My friend, have you ever heard of the town of Yawn,

On the banks of the river Slow,  
Where blooms the Wait-a-while flower fair,  
Where the Some-time-or-other scents the air,  
And the soft Go-easys grow?

It lies in the valley of What's-the-use,

In the province of Let-it-slide,  
That tired feeling is native there—  
It's the name of the listless I-don't-care,  
Where the Put-it-offs abide.



**The Quaker's House.**

A MOST remarkable case of providential preservation occurred at the siege of Copenhagen under Lord Nelson. An officer in the fleet says, "I was particularly impressed with an object I saw three or four days after the terrible bombardment of that place. For several nights before the surrender, the darkness was ushered in with a tremendous roar of guns and mortars, accompanied by the whizzing of those destructive and burning engines of warfare, Congreve's rockets.

"The dreadful effects were soon visible in the brilliant lights through the city. The blazing houses of the rich, and the burning cottages of the poor, illuminated the heavens, and the wide-spreading flames, reflecting on the water, showed a forest of ships assembled round the city for its destruction.

"This work of conflagration went on for several nights, but the Danes at length surrendered, and on walking some days after among the ruins of the cottages of the poor, houses of the rich, manufactories, lofty steeples and humble meeting-houses, I descried, amid this barren field of desolation, a solitary house unharmed, all around it a burnt mass, this alone untouched by the fire, a monument of safety. 'Whose house is that?' I asked. 'That,' said the interpreter, 'belongs to a Quaker. He would neither fight, nor leave his house, but remained in prayer with his family during the whole bombardment.' Surely, thought I, it is well with the righteous. God has been a shield to thee in battle, a wall of fire round about thee, a very present help in time of need."

*The Christian.***Killing the Dragon.**

"COME here, John, and I will read to you," said his mother, one winter's afternoon.

John had tired of his rocking-horse, and his blocks and his picture-books, and was looking rather disconsolate, but at the loving voice of his mother he brightened up at once, and was soon nestling in her arms while she read him the story of "St. George and the Dragon."

Even little Catherine seemed to understand, for she stopped playing with her dolls and sat on the stool at mother's feet and listened.

"Father," said John the next day, "I want to be a saint."

"Very well," replied his father, "you may be a saint if you choose, but you will find it very hard work."

"I don't mind," said John. "I want to be a saint and kill a dragon."

"So you shall."

"But when can I be one?"

Father considered a moment. "Oh, you can begin at once."

"But, father, how can I be a saint when there is no dragon? Where is the dragon?"

Father was reading the paper, and he looked over the top of it, with what John considered rather a queer smile.

"You play with Catherine and I'll tell you when he comes out," replied father. "He'll be out presently, I expect."

John and Catherine were soon playing happily together.

Presently mother came in. "Aunt Mary has sent you some presents," said she, "and if you are good children, you shall have them later." She had put them carefully away, thinking too many toys at once not good for her little ones.

Shortly after, the mother gave them the presents. All went well until John wanted the picture book Catherine was looking at, and when she refused to give it, he flew into a passion and raised his little hand to strike.

"John," said his father, "the dragon is out."

John turned very red and dropped his head, but he said nothing.

Presently he came sidling up to his father's chair and whispered:

"Father, I won't take away Catherine's present from her. I did kill the dragon."

HERBERT DUDLEY LAMPEN.

**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.