

THE OLIVE LEAF

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"Blessed are the Peacemakers."

"THE sons of God" they shall be called,
 For most of all like God are they,
 And He like them. A world appalled
 By hellish wars may therefore say:
 "Love shall triumph over hate,
 Rightness over wrath and wrong;
 Though the evil waxeth great,
 Earth shall blossom into song."

"Noblesse oblige." The Master said
 The sons shall as their Father be,
 Replete in patient love, and led
 By inward likeness, great and free:
 "God is power omnipotent,
 God is goodness and must win—
 All His power and love are blent
 To subdue all hate and sin."

W. O. C.



What War Means.

THE biggest and blackest blot of the war in Belgium is the destruction of Louvain, one of the most beautiful and interesting cities in Europe. The thrilling story of the destruction has been received by a resident at Port Talbot from a relative in the Belgian Army, who wrote:—

"On Tuesday [August 25th], about six o'clock, the inhabitants of Louvain heard the guns boom at a very short distance from the town. There was a moment of real panic among the Germans [in the city], and at about 8.30 p.m. heavy firing, which lasted twenty minutes, spread terror amongst

the citizens. Then it ceased for a while, but only to restart with increased power. A few moments later a sinister reddish gleam lit up the towers of the town hall—a building was on fire near the Palace of Justice. Later the flames extended eastwards. Then an immense blaze rose up high in the sky behind the town hall. It was the University Library, with all its precious treasures, now forming one big burning torch, and then hundreds of other torches shot up in the air. It was a sinister sight.

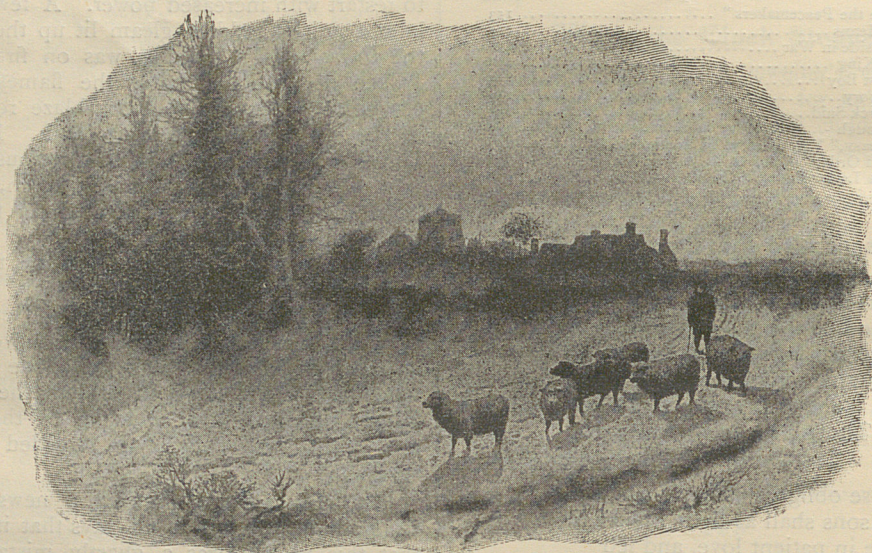
"A remarkable fact is that previous to the outbreak of the fires every Dutchman residing at Louvain had been informed by the Germans that it would be desirable for them to leave the town as soon as possible. This was done before the fight had taken place in which the Germans alleged they had been attacked by the civilians, and which, in their eyes, entitled them to retaliate."

[But Dr. Charles Sarolea, a newspaper correspondent, who saw it all, says that it is certain that this pretext was a ghastly mistake of the German soldiers themselves, who mistook the German troops routed at Malines for Belgian troops and fired upon them, and then to hide their mistake and to avoid a court martial accused the Belgian civilians and caused these savage reprisals. This he states as one of the proved facts of this terrible incident.]

"What has been the fate of the women and children? [asks the writer of the letter]. Nobody knows. As to the men, they had to march with the soldiers as hostages. They were taken *via* Herent to Bucken, where their hands were tied behind their backs, and they were informed 'that they were going to be shot in a few hours' time.' They were then conducted to Campenhout and led into the church to await their fate. Most of them confessed during that time, being convinced that they were going to be shot. The following morning they were informed that they were free.

"This is what the Germans call 'generosity,'

and what we call torture. The hostages had first to pass in front of all the troops, stretched in a long line around Malines [which beautiful town has since been destroyed by the invaders in the same way], with hands up, and had to suffer all the insults of the inebriated soldiers. More than one of the brutes spat in the faces of these unfortunate men while they passed. After terrible struggling and suffering they managed to reach Malines, only to find more troops longing for blood and extermination. Only a few of them reached Antwerp in an exhausted condition, and are now thinking of their wives and children, who were dragged away from them at Louvain, and whom they will probably never see again. One of them said: 'If only they had shot my wife and children I would feel relieved, but the thought that they are torturing or mutilating them tears my heart to pieces.'



The Countryside in War.

BOOM! boom! boom! list to the sound of guns,
 Borne from afar on the throbbing wind;
 Herald of fierce and frantic Huns,
 Who leave but death behind.
 The village nods in the waning light,
 The placid flock creeps home from the lea;
 The tall trees, sentinels of night,
 Shudder at what may be.
 Run! run! run! with eager foot and fleet,
 Away, away to the farthest wild,
 Where human wolves you may not meet—
 Mother, and maid, and child.
 Weep! weep! weep! for smitten, maim'd and
 dead,
 And the worse than dead, who ne'er again
 Through the sad years till life has fled,
 Shall know surcease of pain.

w. o. c.

Happy as a King.

ONCE upon a time—so runs the story, and a pleasant story it is—when Louis XII. of France was at the Royal castle of Plessés-les-Tours, he went one evening into the kitchen where he found a small boy engaged in turning a spit for the roasting of a loin of beef. The lad had a peculiarly bright looking face, keen, bright eyes, and features really fine, and his appearance greatly prepossessed the King in his favour. Laying his hand upon his head, he asked the little fellow who he was. The boy, looking up and seeing a plain-looking man in a hunting garb, supposed he might be speaking to one of the grooms, or perhaps chief rider of the Royal stables. He answered very modestly that his name was Simon. He said he came from La Roche, and that

his parents were both dead.

"Are you content with this sort of work?" Louis asked.

"Why not?" asked the boy, with a twinkle in his eye and a suggestive nod. "I am as well off as the best of them. The King himself is no better."

"Indeed! How do you make that out?"

"Well, fair sir, the King lives and so do I. He can do no more than live. Further, I am content. Is the King that?"

Louis walked away in a fit of thought, deep and searching, and the image of that boy remained in his mind even after he had sought his pillow.

On the next day the astonishment of the turnspit may be imagined upon being summoned to follow a page, and finding himself in the presence of the King, and the King his visitor of the previous evening. On the present occasion

Louis conversed further with the lad, when he found him to be as intelligent and naturally keen-witted as he had at first appeared. He had sent for him with the intention of making him a page, but instead thereof he established him in his chamber as a page-in-waiting—really the position of a gentleman. And Louis had not been deceived in his estimate of the boy's abilities. The youth served Louis faithfully, and in the last years of the reign of Francis I. he was known and honoured as General Sir Simon de la Roche.

The Happiest Boy.

Who is the happiest boy you know? Who has the best time of it? Is it the one who is the best runner; who has the most marbles; who gets the biggest score at cricket; who has a good bicycle; or who wears the best clothes? Let us see what this story has to say about it.

Once there was a King who had a little boy he loved. He gave him beautiful rooms to live in, and pictures, and toys, and books. He gave him a pony to ride, a boat to row on the lake, and servants. He provided teachers who were to give him knowledge that would make him good and great. But for all this the young Prince was not happy. He wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something he did not have.

At length one day a magician came to Court. He saw the boy, and said to the King: "I can make your son happy. But you must pay me my own price for telling you the secret."

"Well," said the King, "what you ask I will give."

So the magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance on a piece of paper. Next he gave the boy a candle and told him to light it and hold it under the paper, and then see what he could read. Then he went away and asked no price at all. The boy did as he had been told, and the white letters on the paper turned into a beautiful blue. They formed these words:

DO A KINDNESS TO SOMEONE EVERY DAY!

The Prince made use of the secret and became the happiest boy in the Kingdom.

A Stirring Story.

WHILE the grown-up people have all been eager to hear news of the Fleet in the North Sea and panting for some great deed of derring do, as

in the days of Nelson, there comes a story which is described as "The most romantic, dramatic, and piquant episode that modern war can show." This is the description which a naval lieutenant gives of an episode in the Heligoland fight. We are bound to say that he makes good his description (we are quoting from his letter printed in the *Morning Post*):—

"The 'Defender,' having sunk an enemy, lowered a whaler to pick up her swimming survivors; before the whaler got back an enemy's cruiser came up and chased the 'Defender,' and thus she abandoned her whaler. Imagine their feelings; alone in an open boat without food, twenty-five miles from the nearest land, and that land the enemy's fortress, with nothing but fog and foes around them. Suddenly a swirl alongside, and up, if you please, pops his Britannic Majesty's submarine E 4, opens his conning-tower, takes them all on board, shuts up again, dives, and brings them home 250 miles! Is not that magnificent? No novel would dare face the critics with an episode like that in it, except, perhaps, Jules Verne; and all true!"

Magnificent, indeed, and it is war, says the newspaper.

What Bismarck Said.

DR. MORITZ BUSCH, the private secretary of Bismarck, tells us that the Prince sometimes, in a low and moody state of mind, would soliloquise aloud in this tragic strain:—

"Nobody loves me for what I have done. I have never made anybody happy—not myself, nor my family, nor anybody else. But how many have I made unhappy! *Had it not been for me, three great wars would not have been fought, eighty thousand men would not have perished; parents, brothers, sisters and widows would not be bereaved and plunged into mourning.* That matter, however, I have settled with my Maker. But I have had little or no joy from all my achievements; nothing but vexation, care and trouble."

Not Tall Enough.

ANOTHER suggestive, but more humorous, story is told of Prince Bismarck. It was at the time when it was thought Germany wanted to get a foothold in Holland, and he was entertaining the Dutch ambassador with a review of the German army. As one fine body of men marched by, Bismarck said to the Dutch ambassador, "What do you think of those men?" "Fine soldiers,"

said the ambassador, "*but not tall enough.*" After another body marched by, the same inquiry was put and the same reply made. Then came the regiment of grenadiers, between six and seven feet tall. "What do you think of those?" said Bismarck. "Fine soldiers, *but not tall enough,*" was the reply. "What does Your Excellency mean?" said Bismarck. "*I mean that we can flood Holland eight feet deep,*" replied the ambassador. This, according to our latest news from Belgium, has actually occurred in the present war. The country south-west of Malines has been flooded, and the Germans have not only lost some of their famous siege guns, but have had to take refuge on the house-tops and to climb trees to save themselves from drowning.



"It is very easy," Yes, when you know how.

In one of the great squares of Petrograd (as St. Petersburg is now called) stands a magnificent column, one hundred and fifty feet in height, erected to commemorate the reign of the Czar Alexander I., the ally, and afterwards the rival, of Napoleon. On the occasion of a public celebration the then reigning Czar wished to have the great shaft illuminated, and round lamps of an enormous size were ordered from a leading glass manufactory. After two or three experiments the workmen discovered, to their great consternation, that it seemed impossible to blow bulbs so large by the force of human breath. The blowers blew until they were utterly exhausted, but the bulbs remained far below the required size. A handsome prize was offered to the first successful blower, and the men renewed their efforts, but to no purpose. At last a big fellow, shaped like a barrel, stepped forward and quietly remarked that he was sure he could do the trick. The crowd laughed good-humouredly, but the man merely said, "I want to rinse my mouth, it is dry."

They gave him a cup of water. He rinsed his mouth, taking plenty of time, and then applied his lips to the tube. Slowly and steadily the ball of hollow glass grew. Soon it reached the dimensions of its nearest rival. Then it became bigger, bigger, until it approached the required size. Then it attained it. Then it passed it.

"Stop! stop!" cried the crowd. "It's getting too big." And the foreman added, "How did you do it?"

"Where's my money?" said the man by way of reply.

When he felt the roubles in his palm an expression of genial satisfaction overspread his rough features.

"Why, it's easy," said he. And then he explained how he had retained some of the water in his mouth, how he had gradually blown it into the molten ball, and how the expanding steam had instantly come to his assistance.



Under Sealed Orders.

OUT she swung from her moorings,
And over the harbour bar;
As the moon was slowly rising
She faded from sight afar,
And we traced her gleaming canvas
By the twinkling evening star.

None knew the port she sailed for,

Nor whether her cruise would
be;

Her future course was shrouded
In silence and mystery;
She was sailing under "*sealed orders,*"

To be opened out at sea.

So souls, cut off from their
moorings

Go drifting into the night
Darkness before and around
them,

With scarce a glimmer of
light;

They are acting under "*sealed orders,*"

And sailing by faith, not sight.

Keeping the line of duty

Through good and evil report,

They shall ride the storms out safely,

Be the passage long or short;

For the ship that carries God's orders

Shall anchor at last in port.



**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.

