

THE OLIVE LEAF

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Kind Words.

WHAT silences we keep year after year
 With those who are most near to us and dear ;
 We live beside each other day by day,
 And speak of myriad things, but seldom say
 The full, sweet word that lies within our reach,
 Beneath the common ground of common
 speech.

Then out of sight and out of reach they go,
 These dear familiar friends who loved us so,
 And sitting in the shadow they have left,
 Alone with loneliness, and sore bereft,
 We think with vain regret of some kind word
 That once we might have said, and they have
 heard.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



True Greatness.

GREATNESS is not bigness ; the latter refers
 to size, the former to moral qualities. A
 person may be very small in stature or features,
 and yet have a large mind and a big heart.
 It is said that the celebrated Dr. Isaac Watts
 once heard one lady remark to another : " Dear
 me ! What a little man he is." Whereupon he
 broke out in the impromptu verse :—

" Were I as tall to reach the pole,
 Or grasp the ocean with my span,
 I must be measured by my soul,
 The mind's the standard of the man."

Measured by this standard, one of the few
 really great men of America was the late
 Abraham Lincoln, and among those who might
 fairly profess to have known him were the
 pupils in a primary and intermediate school
 located near the White House in Washington,
 the yard of which was separated by a fence
 from the rear end of the White House grounds.
 Most of the reminiscences of the President which
 the boys carried away with them were small
 events not easy to relate, but such nevertheless
 as gave to them a growing love for the great
 man, who sometimes found recreation in watch-
 ing and applauding their sports, and who more
 than once visited the school and addressed the
 children. One incident, however, stood out
 distinctly, and is described by a witness, one
 of the boys then attending the school.

One day the teacher gave a lesson on neatness,
 and asked each boy to come to school next day
 with his boots blacked. They all obeyed ;
 but one of them, John S., a poor one-armed lad,
 brought down upon himself no end of ridicule,
 for he had used stove blacking, the only kind of
 polish which his home afforded.

Boys are sometimes merciless in their ridicule.
 The poor child, only nine years old, and doubly
 sensitive because of his lost arm, tried to be
 brave, but his lips were quivering and the tears
 were in his eyes, when the jeering suddenly
 stopped, for there, leaning upon the fence and
 listening, stood the President.

Mr. Lincoln uttered no word of reproof, but
 entered the schoolhouse and made inquiry of
 the teacher. He learned that John was a son
 of a dead soldier, and that his mother, who
 had other children, was a washerwoman. Then
 he went away, and it was many days before he
 came back again ; but the next morning John
 was at school in a new suit, and with new
 shoes radiant with the best blacking. The
 change was so great the boys hardly recog-

nised their companion, whom they plied with questions. John replied that the afternoon before, the President and Mrs. Lincoln and another lady had called at his home, in their carriage; that the President had taken him to a clothing store and bought him two suits; and that while he was doing this the ladies made inquiries of his mother, which later were followed by clothing for the two little girls, and a supply of coal and groceries. In addition to this information the lad brought to his teacher a scrap of paper containing a verse of Scripture, which Mr. Lincoln had requested to have written on the blackboard:—

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Some weeks afterwards, when Mr. Lincoln visited the school again, the verse was still there, and the teacher called his attention to it. Mr. Lincoln adjusted his spectacles and read it; then removed his glasses and wiped them, and the boys thought there were tears in his eyes. But he replaced his glasses, and, taking a crayon, said: "Boys, I have another quotation from the Bible, and I hope you will learn it, and come to know its truth as I have known and felt it." Then below the other verse he wrote:—

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

A. LINCOLN."

One boy, at least, never forgot it. He is now

himself a teacher in the public schools, and often tells the boys he teaches of the two texts which President Lincoln taught to him and his school-mates.

Youth's Companion.



April Fools' Day.

FUN is the spice
of life, my
boys,
A joke is a cap-
ital thing;
'Tis the humdrum
plodding too
long that
cloys,
The way to get
on is to sing.
Do not be sad all
the day, fair
maid;
A laugh is a
tonic so
good
As to merit an
innocent
trick well
played,
If the joking
be under-
stood.
Once a year, at
least, you
may try
To make ev'ry
fool that you
can;
For April the
First should
never go by
Unseasoned for
woman or
man.

W. O. C.



"Getting Even With Her."

A GIRL said recently of another girl, "I'll get even with her all right."

"How?" asked a friend.

"By paying her back in her own coin," rejoined the girl.

Isn't it curious how we are prone to say this, and do it, and so go on and hurt ourselves? For we cannot hurt another without hurting ourselves, the same as we cannot help another



THE FIRST OF APRIL.

without helping ourselves. Every thought we think and every action we carry out comes back freighted with exactly its kind. We always get what we give. This is an immutable law. We think it is sentimental when we are asked to "return love for hatred." On the contrary, it is absolutely practical, common sense. Meeting hatred with hatred degrades us. Meeting hatred with love ennobles us, and lifts others to our plane. Isn't that practical? You can't do it, you say? The old Persian seer was so very wise when he said: "A gentle hand can lead even an elephant by a hair."

The Girl's Own Paper.

For Girls and Boys.

THE war will be over soon, not later, at any rate than June, it is said. Nobody can tell, of course, although it is so horrible and destructive that everybody will be glad. The reason for the prophecy, too, is terrible. It is that there will be no bread. It will be an awful thing for everybody, but surely worse for the children than for any. And they deserve it least for they can have done nothing to bring on the war, or to make it longer. The boys and girls in Belgium are already familiar with famine, and those in Germany will be before long, for already bread is doled out in small quantities every day. Hunger is indeed terrible. Why should it be? How may it be prevented?

What does all this madness mean? These and many other questions like them will press upon you, as you grow older. It is hoped that you will face them squarely and never rest until you have done all you can to render such futile folly impossible in the future. Meanwhile think of the girls and boys who do not deserve it any more than you, but who have to go without their daily bread because of the war. It is sad enough for the grown-up people but worse for the children, who cannot help themselves, or even understand the quarrels of the great folk, but can only endure and die.

Fortune in a Stamp.

SOME young people are stamp collectors, and so they will read with interest the following, taken from the *Detroit Signal* :—

Generation after generation the family of Hofrau fought for a meagre living in the Black Forest of Germany. As far back as the family legend went the family had been poor, and Paul Hofrau and his frau, the latest of the line, excepting only their flock of small children, were no better off. The wolves in the Black Forest must have howled often enough before the door of the small Hofrau home. The house was clean and neat, as befits that of a German housekeeper, despite the dire poverty that was apparent.

One day—it was only a few years ago—Frau



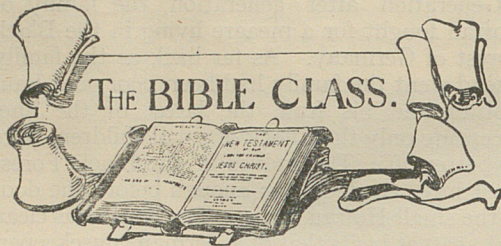
BREAD! BREAD!

Hofrau took down the small box that contained the few poor relics of a long line of struggling ancestors. There was an envelope containing a lock of her dead mother's hair, and on the envelope, although she paid no attention to it, was a stamp. A knock on the door interrupted her reverie over the relics, and she laid the letter on the table and went to the door. A stranger, well dressed, stood on the threshold. He pleaded fatigue and the privilege of resting for a few minutes. The good dame willingly assented, and the man came in and sat down. The conversation drifted to the poverty of the Hofraus, a subject that was always before Mrs. Hofrau.

"Why," said the stranger, suddenly picking up the envelope containing the lock of hair, "you have a fortune right here."

Frau Hofrau was startled, fearing her caller had gone insane. But he explained. The stamp on the envelope was an old one, and there were only five like it in the world. On the spot he offered her a thousand dollars for it, and still bewildered she gave him the envelope and would have given him the hair too, only the caller, an enthusiastic stamp collector, laughingly refused it. He wrote out a cheque and gave it to her. With this windfall the fortunes of the Hofrau family took a turn, and now the Hofraus no longer fear the howling of the wolf at the door.

BAND OF PEACE PAGE.



INTRODUCTORY.

AN address, which I have seen from a guild of teachers to boys and girls at schools, points out the importance of their preparing themselves for action in the near future, when they are grown older, although they do not seem yet called upon to act. "You need not yet make up your mind," they say, "about questions on which your elders are divided." Very true. But you cannot help following the events of these stirring times in which you live; your minds are being made up all the time by what you read and hear, especially about what is taking place. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance to think rightly about things from the very beginning, and to make up your minds wisely and intelligently, and not to have them made up for you by outside influences without due thought of your own.

There is one question in regard to which this is very possible, because the people around you are, for the most part, agreed and very positive about it; it is, in fact, the most prominent of all questions of these stirring times—that of Peace and War. It is, in fact, the question of the times, and you will find it impossible, if you have not already, to be neutral in regard to it. Are the many right? Is it all so sure as they say? What is the right? How am I to discover the right? What is my duty towards it? These are very wise and necessary questions, even for the youngest who are able to understand things at all.

How, then, are we to find the true answers to these questions, and to many others that will arise on the subject?

We have in our hands a unique book—or rather a small library of books bound all together—which professes to guide us by telling us the Will of God, and that is our life. I propose to try and find out, if you will join me, what our Bible says on the matter, and what guidance it has for us on this most important of all questions at the present time. I do not intend to tell you about the opinions of your elders, some of which, says the Guild of Teachers, are at present suppressed, or to help you to form opinions of your own. We want not mere opinions, but certainties, if we can reach them.

Well, the Will of God is the great certainty. All the day long, and in all places, the Will of God is the great certainty under which we live, for it is the law of all things, and governs all things. It is imperative, therefore, that we should learn all we can about it; and the Bible is the Word of God, and makes known His Will. That is our starting point.

But there are some things that will face us at the outset. In what sense is the Bible the Word of God? Was it not written by many different men? How shall we find out, with certainty, what it says about the Will

of God? These are proper questions; let us take the latter first. The old way, the way some of us were taught to follow when we were young, was to go to the Bible to find proof texts to establish certain opinions, or doctrines, as they are called. That is the very worst way to find what the Book really says, and it is not to be wondered at that it has led so many astray. There is a better way. It is to go to the Book to find what it really does say, and, bringing to the discovery all the means we employ to find out other things. We want to let the Book speak to us itself, and to find out its meaning and its facts as the scientist does. He examines the world around, and then applies to its facts and implications the test of experiment. We must study the Bible in the same way, using experience instead of experiment, but listening to what it actually says. If we would do that, we should find out quickly, I think, whether it actually approves of war, and is the great authority and sanction for men's fighting each other and slaughtering each other, as is now represented. I propose, therefore, to begin at the very beginning, the first chapter of Genesis, and follow on, to see what it really does say about war which we are taught is the first, if not the whole, duty of man.

Two or three facts face us at once. The Bible is not a single book, but a *library* of books. These comprise a very ancient literature, and are bound together in one volume, and entitled The Book, or Biblos. These books cover thousands of years and were written by many minds at great distances of place as well as time. The earlier part, The Old Testament as we call it, was written in a language which was spoken by a people who lived and thought, spoke and wrote very differently from ourselves. They were an Eastern folk, and the Bible, therefore, is full of Eastern thought and imagery, and we shall need to discriminate as to what is plain statement, and what is poetry, as to the language itself.

SENEX.



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.

