

# NORTHERN MESSENGER

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## THE OLIVE TREE.

The olive has been an emblem of peace since the time that the dove returned to the Ark, with a leaf "plucked" from the top of a tree appearing above the receding waters of the flood. With the idea of peace, in the case of the olive, seems to be included that of cultivation, civilization, and prosperity.

This tree, most probably at first introduced from Asia, is common to the whole of the South of Europe.

It is for the oil produced from the fruit that the tree is cultivated. In most fruits the oil is contained in the kernel, as in the almond, but the olive is remarkable from having the oil in the outer fleshy part of the fruit, and it is from this part that most of its oil comes. The greater portion of our olive oil comes from Italy.

In Spain it is used, as well as for other purposes, in making the renowned Castile soap, which is made with potash instead of soda-alkali—as our soap is made. The wood has a beautiful grain, marked with dark veins on a light yellow ground, and it is used for making knick-knacks.

In France it has been pressed into moulds for the making of boxes.

The illustration gives an idea of the form of the olive. The color which we call olive-green is that of the fruit, the foliage is of a much lighter tint. The leaves of the trees are a greenish gray, and "olive-tint" better expresses their color. Botanically, the olive is allied to the lilac, the privet, and, strange to say, the ash. Though this is rather surprising, it has been ingeniously proved by successfully grafting the olive upon the ash stock.

The trees mentioned above would give to our readers little idea of the appearance of the olive. Of all the trees in this country which the writer has seen, the greyish-colored willow tree, from which we gather what is called palm, ready for Palm Sunday, is, when in full leaf, most like the olive tree.

The fruit when ripe is beaten from the trees with long sticks. This, of course, would not do in the case of other fruits, but to extract the oil the fruit has to be more thoroughly beaten or crushed. In Palestine, for the latter purpose, the fruit is usually taken to a mill, and spread under a large, rolling mill-stone, moved round and round upon others by a camel or mule, as in the pug-mills upon our brickfields; with the difference that mill and animal are under cover. The oil

runs along little runnels from the crushed fruit, and is collected. But by beating the fruit with sticks, it is said the choicest oil is made, the beaten mass afterwards being placed in water, and the oil, which rises to the surface, run off.

We know how some oils grow hard with exposure to the air, notably linseed oil, which is used with oil-paint, but olive oil, though it will freeze into a mass with great cold, does not clog or oxidise, as it is called, and therefore it is used by watch and clock-

makers for oiling their delicate work. The oil is also used extensively in the east for making soap, and as an article of food as in frying fish, in making omelettes with eggs, and a delicious dish made with the oil rubbed into flour or wheat which forms into a multitude of little pellets, which are afterwards cooked.

From the earliest times the oil made from the fruit must have been used for burning in lamps, and those sacred ones ordained for use in the golden candlestick or candelabra in the Tabernacle of Moses, were fed with this oil. Of the olives of the Holy Land we give a picture, with a grove of trees in the distance.

of the Eastern Empire, as is demonstrated by the following circumstance. In Turkey every olive tree found by the Mussulmans at the time they conquered Asia, pays one medina to the Treasury, while each one planted since the conquest is taxed half its produce. The eight olives in the garden are charged only eight medinas." Some suppose that these olive trees have been in existence since the time of our Saviour. The trees in the garden, which is now enclosed with a wall, and lies at the foot of the Mount of Olives, certainly look much older than those upon the Mount. The former have thick trunks gnarled and split. Possibly

tives were taken prisoners, of whom one hundred and eighty-seven in number were placed on a certain island with guards over them. Among these prisoners was a man named Kooti, who claimed to be inspired and who on this account had acquired great power over his companions. Led by this man, a revolt took place; the prisoners seized a ship which had come to the island with stores, and so contrived to escape to the mainland, making their way over a very rough country towards the interior. Being intercepted by a small military force, a fight took place, in which the white men were defeated, while the escaped prisoners went here and there, ravaging the country and committing terrible excesses.

At length they reached Poverty Bay. At this place there were about two hundred Europeans and twice that number of natives, who for the most part were peaceably disposed, but in an excited condition of mind. Some of the white men, feeling alarmed at the state of the country, manned a fort and took shelter there, but the greater part remained in their own houses, more or less scattered. It was a terrible night when Kooti and his followers arrived. Some escaped by flight, owing their safety to a faithful old native chief—a Christian—who sheltered them and then passed them on to friends of his, while Kooti and his men were in hot pursuit. Sad to tell, this noble deed cost the old chief his life, for when Kooti demanded to know where the white men had gone the old man refused to betray their retreat, and was struck down along with his two young boys.

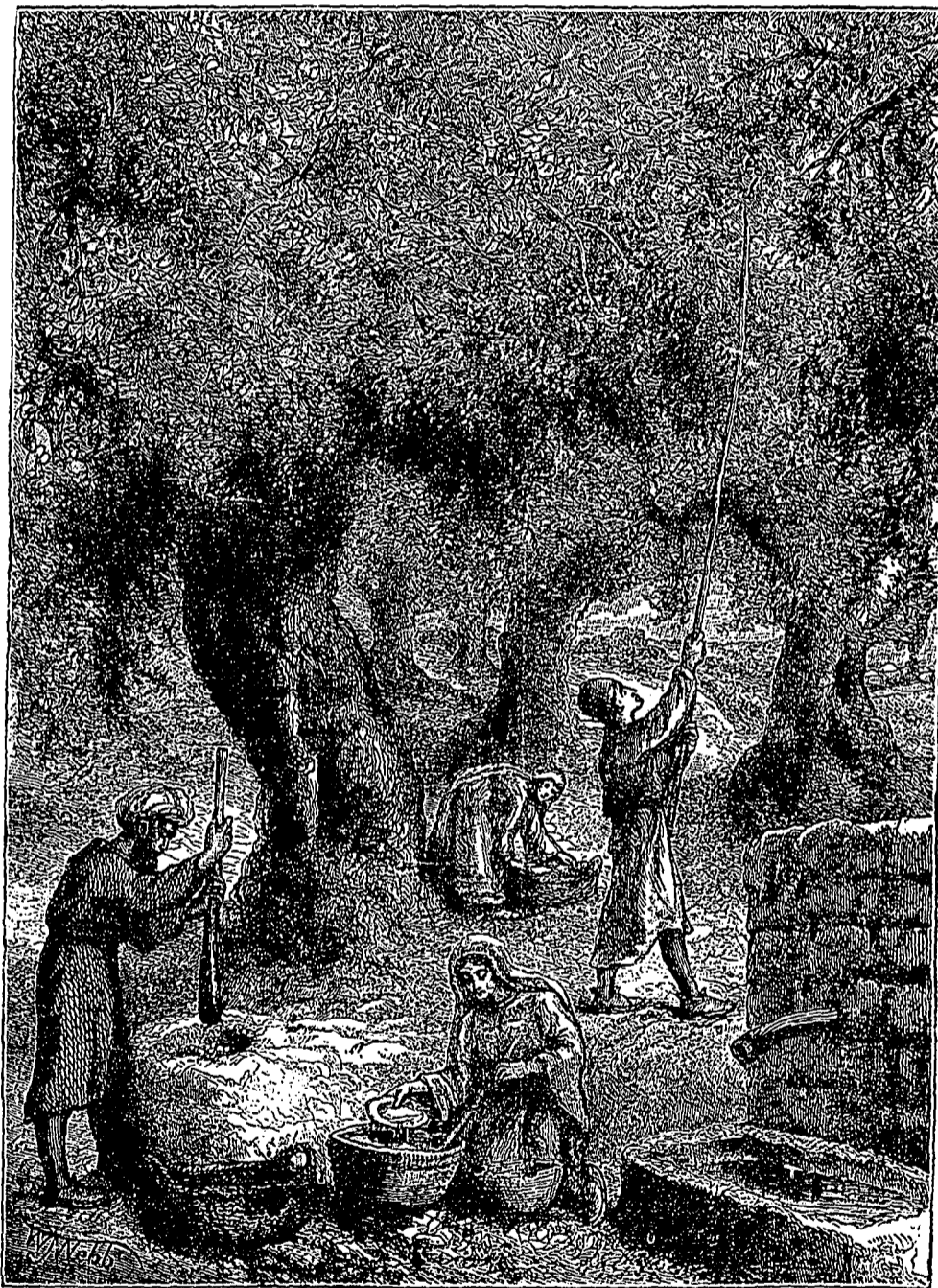
In the meantime what was going on among the other Europeans who had not escaped?

Alas! a terrible massacre had taken place, and we shall now follow the fortunes of a little boy who was one of the very few survivors.

This boy's father, Capt. W—, had been sitting up late writing letters, all his family being in bed. Some natives knocked at his door, saying that they had brought a letter for him, but, suspecting treachery, he desired them to put the letter under the door. Finding that he would not open to them, the natives fired the house at both ends, and the unfortunate family had to come out or be burned to death. The family consisted of Capt. W—, his wife, their four young children, and a servant-man.

As they left the burning house, Capt. W— with his revolver in his hand, the natives declared that they did not intend to harm him or his family, and, as if to prove their sincerity, one of them picked up a child to carry, Capt. W—, his wife, and the servant carrying the other three.

Scarcely had they gone two hundred yards when a native rushed upon the servant and knocked him down, while another stabbed Capt. W— in the back. He fell dead to the ground, with his little



THE OLIVE TREE.

Round about Jerusalem there are some groves of trees fairly evenly planted, and the trees are of regular size; but in many parts notably upon the Mount of Olives, the trees are at irregular intervals and the sizes vary. The olive has always been thought to live to a great age. Pliny says that in his time there was one at Athens which the people believed to be as old as their city, that is, sixteen hundred years. Chateaubriand says "those in the garden of Olivet (Gethsemane) are at least of the time

under these trees our Saviour walked. From the higher slope of the Mount of Olives He looked over "the city, and wept over it," and from its height he ascended up to heaven, to come again "in like manner."—*W. J. Webb, in English Magazine.*

## TERRIBLE ADVENTURE OF A LITTLE BOY.

During the disastrous war which raged in 1868 between the Maories (natives of New Zealand) and the white population many na-