

change the opinion of the world and war ceases, of course. The Christian pulpit might change the opinion of so large a part of the world in fifty years, that an army could not be enlisted, and war would cease for want of soldiers to fight.

The other agency, to be added to the two just referred to, is that of the press. It is unnecessary to say much about it. Its use, "its omnipotence," is sufficiently understood, and the friends of peace have been faithful to avail themselves of it. We only would say, that they should "abound therein more and more;" as indeed they show themselves not backward to do. To their valuable collections of essays, tracts, and periodical journals, and their contributions to the newspapers, both religious and secular, they are making daily additions. The Literature of Peace has become quite voluminous; and, simply as literature, it deserves attention, and is entitled to commendation. Indeed it is rich. It has great variety, copiousness, and energy. It possesses a great deal of vigorous argumentation, overflows with historical illustration, and burns with frequent eloquence alike of logic and pathos, description and persuasion. That department in literature has no mean claims, which possesses Discourses from the three masters of the modern pulpit, Chalmers, Hall, and Channing; the Treatises of Dymond and Upham; the Letters of Captain Thrush; the Essays of Worcester and Ladd; the Tracts of the London Society, and the American Prize Essays. These have been for a long time published, and are some of them extensively known. Other works have been more recently issued, of not inferior interest. The Prize Essay of Mr. Macnamara, lately published in London, we have already remarked upon. Another work of great value is that of Judge Jay, of New York.

Here we pause for the present—abruptly; much remains unsaid. Many auspicious signs of growing zeal, activity, and progress, remain to be noticed on some future occasion. Meantime let the friends of religion and humanity, "thank God and take courage." The history of the past, the omens of the present, and the predictions of Providence and revelation concerning the future, are all eloquent with promise. The day for doubt and hesitation has gone by. Hope has become assurance. From every quarter, as the world advances, it is testified to, with stronger emphasis every day, that nothing so essentially irrational as war, so intrinsically barbarous, so inimical to the true interests of an advancing civilization, and to the doctrines and laws, the spirit, purposes, and promises of Christianity, can hold its place against the well-concerted, persevering assaults of reason, humanity, and faith.

H. W. JR.

SCHOOL-BOOKS SHOULD BE TEACHERS OF PEACE.

It has often surprised me, that the friends of peace have not availed themselves of one of the most effectual means for promoting their cause—that of putting into the hands of children such school-books, as not only do not excite a feeling of military ambition, but induce a pacific disposition and inculcate sentiments of Christian humility. Something has, indeed, been done in this way, by individuals; but I am not aware that the friends of peace, as a body, have taken any action on the subject.

When we reflect how lasting are the impressions of childhood, and how many of them are derived from school-books, the importance of having such only as will produce a healthful tone of mind, cannot be overrated. How many a warrior who has waded through fields of blood, to secure a place in "Fame's proud temple," could tell us, that his unhallowed ambition was incited by the daily lessons of the school, or the declamations of "examination day!"

RICARDO.

SCHOOL-BOOKS AUXILIARY TO PEACE.

We are well aware, that the work of peace for the whole world, or for Christendom alone, is hardly begun, and will require for its completion aid

from all nurseries of knowledge and character. We cannot now glance at all that is needed; but a recent perusal of some school-books published by S. S. and W. Wood, *New York*, has led us to feel anew the importance of having such works made auxiliary to our cause. These books form a series,—all prepared, especially those for reading, on the principle of “carefully avoiding extracts which have a tendency to inculcate the spirit of war, or to promote a taste for theatrical entertainments.” The author, “believing war to be one of the greatest evils which afflict the human race,” has made his books teachers of peace, not only by the exclusion of warlike articles, but by the occasional insertion of such as illustrate and enforce pacific principles. We like the Readers throughout, but commend them more particularly for this excellence, and should be glad to see them used in New England as well as in the Middle and Southern States.

We have small space for extracts; but we subjoin one from the second Reader:

DESCRIPTION OF A BATTLE.

A free man is forced to take a musket on his shoulder, and to fix on it the murderous bayonet; he is dragged from his cottage, to train him to battle, which his soul abhors. The ploughman quits his plough, the handicraftsman, his workshop, the young man deserts the hymeneal altar; he abandons an infirm father, an afflicted family; he goes to swell the crowd of combatants, whose hearts are gradually opened to licentiousness, ferocity, and violence.

Here are a hundred thousand opposed to as many of the opposite party; they draw near each other in a vast plain which will soon be covered with blood. What a prodigious number of men compacted against each other, spreading the moving phalanx, and ranged in combined order to put each other to death! Blind instruments, they silently await the signal; fierce through duty, they are ready to destroy their fellow-creatures without resentment or anger. They have sold their blood at a mean price, and their commander will set as little value on it.

The majestic sun rises, whose setting so many unhappy wretches will never behold. Alas! who would have expected such a slaughter? The earth is covered with verdure; mild spring, with her azure veil, embraces the air; nature smiles as a tender mother; the glorious sun diffuses his beneficent rays, which gild and mature the gifts of the Creator; all is calm, all is harmony in the universe. Wretched mortals alone, agitated with gloomy frenzy, carry rage in their bosoms; they meet to slaughter each other on the verdant field. The armies approach—the promised harvest is trodden under foot—death flies. What a horrible tumult! All nature groans in an instant with the fury of man.

Hark to the thundering noise of those horrible instruments of human revenge! Emulous of, and more terrible than the thunder, with their roar they drown the plaintive groans of the dying; they repel soft pity, wishing to make a passage into the heart; a cloud of smoke from gunpowder arises toward the heavens, as if to hide a collection of such horrors. The fury of devils, the torments of hell, seem united in this place. Tigers, bears, lions, impelled with voracious hunger, are not inspired with such atrocious and ill-founded cruelty.

Behold these rivulets of blood: here twenty thousand men are sacrificed to the caprice of one! Behold them fall upon one another, nameless, unthought of, unregretted, in oblivion! Thus perish these unhappy mortals; the skies resound with their lamentations; trampled on by horses, by their countrymen whom they vainly implore, they expire a thousand different ways, in the most horrible agonies. Others, yet more to be pitied, preserving a remnant of life, and consumed by thirst, the most intolerable of all torments, cannot yet die; others, forgetting death, surround them, fall furiously on their mutilated comrades, and, without compassion or pity to their wounds, unmercifully strip their mangled, trembling limbs.

O, God! O, Creator of the world! is this man? This the august creature endowed with a feeling heart, and with that noble countenance that smiles erect towards heaven; who has such conceptions, who cherishes the soft emotions of pity, and generous transports of benevolence; who can admire virtue and greatness; who can weep with sensibility! Is it his hand that can erect the standard of victory on heaps of carcasses, with an odious triumphant joy? Where is the victory? I see nothing but tears and blood. Where is the triumph? Plunder does not enrich; the tears of mankind will never make an individual happy; for, what ambition sweeps in its unbridled career, fleets from the usurper's hand.

THE CAUSE OF PEACE IN OHIO.—We are glad to learn, that “several very interesting public meetings were held in March by the citizens of Oberlin, for the discussion of the peace question; in which most of the faculty of the college, as well as the principal inhabitants of the town, participated. The result is, the formation of the **OBERLIN PEACE SOCIETY**, auxiliary to the Am. Peace Society, and the appointment of Professor Amasa Walker, William Dawes and Hamilton Hill, Esquires, and Rev. H. C. Taylor, as delegates to the London Peace Convention.

The officers of the Society for the ensuing year are

WILLIAM DAWES, *President*—Prof. John Morgan, Prof. Henry Cowles, Prof. Amasa Walker, Henry Hill, Esq., Dea. H. A. Pease, *Vice Presidents*—Rev. Levi Burnell, *Secretary*—Dr. Isaac Jennings, *Treasurer*.

The present indications are, that this will be a highly efficient society, and exert a great influence, not only upon the six hundred students here assembled, but upon the whole western country.”—We are also informed, that “a prospectus for a peace publication in that neighborhood has been issued,” and assured “that a great deal more is doing at the west for peace than we are aware of at the east.”

MUTUAL LIBERALITY IN OUR CAUSE.—In our last number we mentioned three ways,—and there may be others,—in which different friends of peace arrive at the conclusion, that war is wrong, and ought to be abolished. In this conclusion all friends of peace unite; and we have long been trying to cultivate among them such a liberality as will cheerfully allow each other to reach this common result in whatever way they please. As a society, we *must* show this indulgence to them all, without holding ourselves responsible in any case for their mode of reasoning; and we are glad to find the great body of our co-workers cherishing more and more this same spirit of liberality as indispensable to the prosecution of our work. It was in this spirit we inserted in our last number, with some preliminary remarks of our own, an article designed, not to *prove* the strict inviolability of human life, but merely to show how peace men, reasoning from that principle, reconcile it with civil government; and, if we may not ourselves be indulged without rebuke or suspicion in such liberality, we see no possibility of managing with success the cause of peace, or any other that requires the union of so many and so different minds. On such points as capital punishment, or the strict inviolability of human life, our Society takes no ground, because they are not essential to our object; and consequently we neither favor nor oppose either of these doctrines. We have good friends who believe them both, and good friends who reject them both; and, while indulging them alike in this liberty, we merely insist on their co-operating with us for the abolition of war from such arguments or motives as influence them most.