

children's children through coming generations, shall not weep over wrongs that her care, and her counsels might have prevented. Let her watch over infancy, and childhood, and youth, with unsparing devotion, and from the fountains of her own heart, purified by Christian faith and love, let her pour around them the streams of kindness and truth, of love and charity: let her voice instil the principles of fidelity to duty, and self-sacrifice for others good, and though she may not remove the wrongs that now exist, yet she will in time regenerate society, and redeem her country from the spirit of revenge and aggression. Her influence will mould the counsels of legislative halls, and her memory will come over the hearts of our future statesman to hallow and to strengthen his purposes for good.

Concord, N. H.

S. S. E.

HARVEST SONG.

BY ELIZA COOK.

<p>I love, I love to see Bright steel gleam through the land; 'Tis a goodly sight, but it must be In the reaper's tawny hand.</p> <p>The helmet and the spear Are twined with laurel wreath: But the trophy is wet with the orphan's tear, And blood spots rest beneath.</p> <p>I love to see the field That is moist with purple stain: But not where bullet, sword, and shield Lie strewn with the gory slain.</p> <p>No, no; 'tis where the sun Shoots down his cloudless beams, Till rich and bursting juice-drops run On the vineyard earth in streams.</p> <p>My glowing heart beats high At the sight of shining gold; But it is not that which the miser's eye Delighteth to behold.</p> <p>A brighter wealth, by far, Than the deep mine's yellow vein,</p>	<p>Is seen around, in the fair hills crown'd With sheaves of burnished grain.</p> <p>Look forth, thou thoughtless one, Whose proud knee never bends; Take thou the bread that's daily spread, But think on Him who sends.</p> <p>Look forth, ye toiling men, Though little ye possess, Be glad that dearth is not on earth, To leave that little less.</p> <p>Let the song of praise be poured In gratitude and joy, By the rich man, with his garner's stored, And the ragged gleaner boy.</p> <p>The feast that Nature gives Is not for one alone— 'Tis shared by the meanest slave that lives, And the tenant of a throne.</p> <p>Then, glory to the steel That shines in the reaper's hand; And thanks to a God who hath blessed the sod, And crown'd the harvest land!</p>
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PEACE MOVEMENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The last number of the *Advocate* was necessarily devoted to the Report of the proceedings of the American Peace Society, on its Anniversary Celebration, and to the statements of its Treasurer and General Agent. And we now avail ourselves of the first opportunity afforded, to present a brief chronicle of the various movements and events relative to the cause of Peace at home and abroad.

And first, we would congratulate our readers upon the peaceful termination of the Oregon difficulties, and the adjustment of that vexed question of territorial rights, which at