

PAYMENTS:—

For rent and other office expenses.....	\$120 36
For taxes and advertising.....	34 44
For travelling expenses and agency services.....	935 85
For paper, printing, stereotyping, and other publication expenses.....	2,168 34
Balance to next account	52 30

\$3,311 29

We have examined the foregoing account, and find it correctly cast, and all the bills properly vouched and receipted.

WM. C. BROWN, } Auditors.
H. H. LEAVITT, }

WILLIAM LADD.

In the Work of Prof. T. C. Upham, entitled Divine Union, in the chapter on Union with God in the work of civil and national redemption, is an allusion to this laborious and faithful friend of the cause of peace. It is a just tribute to his labors and great influence, under circumstances not peculiarly favorable; and is an encouragement to others to go and do likewise.

“Some years since,” says Prof. U., “I was acquainted with an individual, who has now gone to his rest and his reward. I have reference to the late William Ladd, the mention of whose name will recall cherished recollections to many hearts. In early life he followed the sea;—in the course of a few years he became the commander of a merchant vessel, and acquired some amount of property. On quitting the sea, he purchased a farm in the inland town of Minot, in the State of Maine. On reading a tract on peace, written by one of the former presidents of Bowdoin College, he was led to reflect upon the inconsistency of war with the Gospel. Having enjoyed favorable opportunities of education before going to sea, and being a person of a strong mind, he conceived the idea of putting an end to war throughout the world by means of a Congress of Nations, which should have power to establish an international code, and also a High Court of Nations. What a mighty project to be brought about by such limited agency!

“A few years before his death, I visited his retired residence. He showed me the room, in which he had written the numerous papers, and even volumes, on the subject of war. Walking with him in one of his beautiful fields, he pointed to a small cluster of trees at a little distance, and said, ‘It was beneath those trees that I solemnly consecrated myself in prayer to this one work of impressing upon the minds of men the principles of peace.’ For many years he spent a large portion of his time in going from city to city, and from town to town, in almost all parts of the United States, introducing the subject to Associations of Ministers, conversing with all classes of persons in relation to it, and lecturing wherever he could find an audience. I met with him often, and have been deeply affected with his simplicity and fixedness of purpose. He fully believed that God had inspired within him that central idea, around which the labors of his life turned; and those who knew him intimately could hardly fail to be impressed with a similar conviction. He corresponded with distinguished individuals in Europe; and he scattered his numerous tracts and other writings on this momentous subject in all parts of the world. For many years the important movements of the American Peace Society appeared to rest upon him more than upon any other individual. He died; and although he was preceded and has been followed by others of a kindred spirit, he was the means under God of giving an impulse to the cause of peace, which is felt throughout the world. Society, penetrated by the great thought of universal pacification, seems to be brought to a stand. At Brussels, at Paris, at Frankfort on the Maine,

at London, we see nations, as it were, assembled in great Congresses, and consulting on their position and duties, in consequence of the impulse, which God was pleased to communicate, in a great degree, through the labors of this comparatively humble individual.

“Let us not, then, look upon the outward person or the outward situation. It is one of the attributes of God to deduce great results from small causes. Wherever there is faith in God, there is power, whatever may be the situation of the person who exercises it.”

In these suggestions of Professor Upham, there is a great deal of truth, and not a little encouragement to those who are trying to carry forward this great but little heeded cause to which Ladd devoted his life, and fell a martyr to his zeal in its prosecution. He planted God’s truth on this subject; and God in his providence, and by his spirit, will one day—may he hasten it—make it bring forth a harvest of blessed and glorious results.

THE SOLDIER’S GRAVE.

’Tis but a green and silent mound,
A rude board bears his regiment’s number,
Where, ’mid his fallen foes around,
The soldier rests in dreamless slumber.

No sister here hath left the rose;
No weeping mother kneels in blessing!
Here the neglected wild-flower grows,
And cold winds are the mound caressing.

Yet plumage shorn and broken sword
Tell that the battle here was swelling,
Ere on the bosom of the Lord,
He found an everlasting dwelling.

The field, ploughed by the courser’s hoof,
Speaks of the charge, the flight, the rally;
While broken spear and helm of proof
Gleam like the Prophet’s vision valley.

The tree, scathed not by lightning’s blast,
But shivered where the cannon rattled,
Shall tell, while history shall last,
How fiercely legions here have battled.

The tall grass rustles—Stranger, hush!
Here, let no thoughtless word be spoken.
Aye turn—shame not the tear to brush,
Here courage sleeps, here hearts were broken!

One thought of mother far away,
Or some fair form half rose before him,
As stretched beside this grave he lay,
While Death waved his sharp pinion o’er him.

The Bible, from his breast, half drawn,
Falls from his cold and stiffening fingers,
He lifts his eyes—he faints! he’s gone—
No! the imprisoned spirit lingers.

As swelling on the evening breeze
Come the wild bugle’s lofty numbers,
Ringing high victory through the trees,
Lulling him to eternal slumbers.

MARIA J. BISHOP.

A CHAPTER ON WAR.—We have been reading the *Christian Neighbor*. A review of our own terrible civil strife, from which we have just emerged, has confirmed the impressions of statesmen and warriors, philanthropists and divines, in reference to that subject. The most direful war that ever cursed the human race is found in *those four years*