

CHILDREN UNDERSTAND PEACE.

Extract read by Rossie Marsh, at the Philanthropic Session at Coldstream on Christmas Day, 1892.

Dear Sir,—While visiting one of our infant schools a few days since, I enquired of the teacher if he had any idea of what the children think about war. He significantly replied that I might question his school and learn the views of his scholars for myself. I commenced :

"As I was coming here this morning, I saw, on the street below, a large brick building, of somewhat singular appearance; everything about it appeared neat and in order; the blinds were all closed and a high fence surrounded it. Can any of you tell me what building that was?"

"That's the Quaker Meeting House," said a half dozen little fellows in the same breath.

"But is there not a prettier name for them than that?"

"Yes," said one, "they are called *Friends*."

"But why are they called *Friends*?"

"Because they won't fight."

"Why not?"

"Because they know better."

"But how came they to know better?"

"They learned it in the Bible."

"Yes, but many people read the Bible and yet fight. Do you know that when armies and fleets meet to butcher each other, they have ministers on each side to pray for success in their work?"

"I know it, but 'tis because they don't know any better."

"It is not," said another, "because they don't know any better, but because they won't do better."

"But does the Bible say that it is wrong to fight?"

"It says what means the same, 'Love your enemies.'"

Said another, "It says in the fifth chapter of Matthew, 'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.'"

"But who are the peacemakers?"

"All who try to make everybody love each other."

"But why are they called the children of God?"

"Because God loves them as a father does his children."

Said another, "Because they love what He loves."

One little flaxen haired, rosy-cheeked fellow said, "My father is a captain, and he says I shall be a soldier; but if I am, I never will kill anybody; I should rather be killed."

"But how fine a thing to have a red coat, and cap and sword, and be honored as captains are!"

The boy listened for a moment, and then said, "I can't help that; I would rather be shot than kill anybody; for God says, 'Thou shalt not kill,' and if we break His commandments, He will punish us."

Reader, are you a teacher or a parent, beware how you train up your children. Teach them while young that they are to love everybody as they do themselves. If parents and teachers would do their duty, and show their children what war really is, their children would hate it, and give up their childish weapons and disband their little companies. It is high time for Christians to look at this subject, and cease from training their sons to be lovers of war.

HULDAH HOAG'S NARRATIVE

In *Intelligencer and Journal* of 10th month 1st.

I enclose a copy of an old manuscript which was found among family papers last winter. On the back was written, "Transcribed for Mary Briggs, by a near friend, Second month 23rd, 1823." The owner had been wondering and asking about the Hoag family, but had received no definite information before the coming of the *Intelligencer and Journal* of Eighth month 27. Several Friends to whom we showed the old paper have been much interested in it, and asked me why I did not send it to you. I was