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ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

NOVEMBER & DECEMBER, 1845.

One Blood and one Brotherhood.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

The light of Divine Truth, which, ages ago, was cast like a solitary torch into the Egyptian night which brooded over the world, has shone on brighter and brighter unto an almost perfect day. The clouds and chaos of tempestuous confusion have slowly rolled away, and disclosed this great truth, spanning, like a rainbow, the new heavens of humanity: "GOD HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN." Strange, startling, obnoxious truth! which Mercy lit at the Eternal Throne and cast, all burning with the oil of heaven, into the midst of the warring world. The principalities and powers of darkness have leagued with men from age to age to put out that light, which the tyrant could not bear. "Put out that light!" has been the watchword of War; and, like the apocalyptic dragon which John saw, it has deluged the earth with blood to quench that heaven-lit star of hope. The freeman put on his mail, and the slave made a buckler of his manacles, and ran with the master and the monarch into the crimson rifts of battle; and when he mingled his blood in the same pool with theirs, the wolves, and vultures, and ravenous dogs which slaked their thirst thereat, saw, as far as beasts could see, that God, in the highest sense of their perception, "hath made of one blood all nations of men."

The earth has been one vast battlefield, where men have waged war with Michael and his angels, with the gospel of God and the gospel of nature, to prove that there was no identity in the origin and destiny of the human race. Religion, mistaken, earth-wedded religion, with her eyes glaring with a fire that never burned in heaven, has rushed like a fury into the combat. With her angel robe all draggled in human blood, she has stood upon the high places of the earth, and brandishing the Bible in one hand, as if it were the ægis of Jupiter, and in the other, the deadliest weapon of carnal warfare, she hissed for the nations to join her sanguinary banner. And they came. The chieftain who furbished his armor by the light of burning Hecla came. The Scandinavian champions of the North led on their trained clansmen from the sunless shores of the Frozen Sea. The tartaned Scot who fought at Bannockburn, marched shoulder to shoulder with the mailed Southron, and both forgot they ever met in angry parlance there, while the clarion of a holy war resounded from glen to glen, and from mountain to the sea. All deadly feuds, private griefs, and clannish animosities were merged into one intense, enthusiastic frenzy, which Religion baptized into a Christian zeal to do God service with the sword. Seizing the standard of

the cross, she led the bannered hosts of Europe to the plains of Palestine, and left them bleaching there, before the walls of Acre, Gaza and Jerusalem, to show the uncircumcised infidels of the East that they had no part nor lot in Calvary, nor in the common blood of man.

From Peter the Hermit's time to Buonaparte's, and from his to the earliest despot after the flood, the human race, in concert with every fiendish spirit that hated God and man, have waged perpetual crusade against that great truth which Paul uttered in the midst of Mars Hill. But did they succeed? Did the dark passions of their alienated hearts, or all their crimson issues, put out that light? Nations fell in the struggle. Crowns fell like the stars in the apocalypse; but did the angel, flying through the midst of heaven with the everlasting gospel, suspend his flight and rest upon his folded wings? No; had we but ears to hear any thing but the din of this noisy, selfish world, we might even now catch the sound of his trumpet, proclaiming as he flies:

“GOD HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN!”

Christians, hear it! Hear it in the harmonies of the universe and the voices of visionless things which commune like whispering angels with the human soul. Hear it in the music of the birds, that never lose a note to settle any question of disputed territory in mid air. Hear it! the night winds sigh, which have fainted beneath the burdens they have borne from scenes of human butchery. Hear it! whisper the summer breezes, which go out by moonlight wooing the blushing flowers of every zone, and sing the same song of love over boundaries which alone make enemies of nations. Bend your ear to the lily and the rose, and hear it there; for the gentle spirit of the summer flowers is the breath of angels; and it comes up from every daisy that lifts its yellow petals to the stars, and pleads the divinity of this lesson. Read it; for it is the autograph of every sunbeam, written at dawn and dewy eve on every inch of the firmament above. Every raindrop distilled from the ocean, that patters against your window, or glitters on the rose beneath, is sent to you with this special message of love.

And then there are other voices, which come up in whispered wailings, as from a world of moaning spirits, sighing, *Hear it!* Almost every foot of ground in Europe is blushing with the blood of some murdered Abel, which “smells rank to heaven,” and cries to God against the Cainlike profanity of the man who slays his brother. The bones of fathers, sons, husbands and brothers which were gathered up from the plains of Waterloo, and burned and ground to lime and sold to the farmer by the cask to manure his fields—these have voices, “which plead like angels trumpet-tongued against the deep damnation of their taking off.” Mountains interposed made them enemies; and they rushed into the deadly combat and cleft each other's hearts to gain the immortality of human glory which was promised them for aping fiends. Like kindred drops they had mingled into one, were it not for this bloody phantom which summoned them to the field. But they mingled at last: the Briton, the Gaul and the Austrian mingled their blood in one huge draught for the thirsty earth, which blushed as she drank it in, because she knew it was human. The ponderous millstones mingled their bones in one common dust, and the farmer merged their obstinate nationali-

ties at every handful of the pulverized humanity which he scattered upon his field. Costly dust! God's images ground to powder! lie peaceful, lie peaceful by the tender blade of growing corn!—for ye have half attained the honor of resurrection to be raised from the battlefield even to this base use. Lie still and slumber on in peace! Let the winds of heaven weep sweetly over you, and the evening zephyrs whisper as they pass by, that God, angels and men had rather ye should bear spears of grass and blades of corn, than murderous spears of steel, and blades, and bayonets, to butcher men. Sleep on! let no malignant spirit breathe on you; but let the angel whose care it shall be to wake you to a new existence, keep watch over your desecrated dust, and point mankind to your lowly bed, and then to that eternal truth written in characters of living light across the heavens:

“GOD HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN!”

Christians! look upward! Do you not see that handwriting on the wall of heaven? Can ye not read it? Is it not fairly writ? Come, all ye Belshazzars of the earth—come, look there! for ye can read it without a Daniel. The Son of God himself has translated it into the language of the human heart; and every thing that can sing of love, or love to sing, has set that truth to the soul music of its existence. Ay, read it and tremble; for it is the “*Mene, Tekel, Upharsin,*” of your wanton empire over the destinies of men. Has it made you tremble on your thrones to recognize the political existence of one small nation? what will ye do when all nations of men shall rise up, in the might and majesty of their heaven-created brotherhood, and summon you to recognize the bonds of their consanguinity!

ONE BLOOD AND ONE BROTHERHOOD was the capital idea proclaimed by the great Apostle to the Gentiles, in the ears of the cold-hearted skeptics and philosophers and revilers of Athens. The silence of centuries has stilled those inspired lips, and sealed the ears of that cavilling audience. The corroding breath of time has melted away the marble temples of men's hands, to which the “bold setter forth of strange doctrines” pointed the multitude when he uttered the sublime revelation of the unity of humanity. But that great truth lives on, beating its strong and latent life-beats in the great heart of human nature; sending out into the minutest veins of the body corporate of mankind the vital currents of common sympathy. It lives on, in every line of nature's music, warbled by brook, or bird, or breeze; pearling, with heaven's own smile of love, every rain-drop and dew-drop that distils “upon the just and the unjust.” It lives on every inch of sea and dry land, and in the green, gladdening syllables of God's beneficence. Every tree, and plant, and blade of corn, that grateful opens its leaves to drink the honeyed moisture of the air, distilled from distant seas, or to breathe in the breath of the whispering breeze from far off lands,—we say it reverently—is one of Nature's Pauls, standing on another Mars Hill, and in the unconscious inspiration of its own beautiful nature, teaching the same divine lesson:

“GOD HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN!”

To the poor of God's human family, let this gospel be preached, be this universal revelation proclaimed, until they shall hear it gladly, and return and come to the rich, peaceful Zion of a common Father's house, and to the

Common Brotherhood of the children of One Common Father. Ay, and to the poor, starving, enslaved millions of Christendom, an un-Christendom shall this gospel yet be preached with a power and purity unequalled since the death of Paul. There are a few, still, small voices crying in many a wilderness up and down this sin-seared earth—voices earnest, strong with faith and hope and love, calling to the toiling, unhomed children of men to rally around the standard of Universal Brotherhood, and claim the dignity and honor and patrimony of their divine relationship.

Congress of Nations.

BY J. P. BLANCHARD.

As the Officers and leading members of the American Peace Society propose to press the subject of a Congress of Nations for the settlement of international law, on the governments of our own and other nations the ensuing winter, and to urge the remission of petitions to Congress for that purpose from various parts of the U. S., we deem it a timely occasion to present the subject to the readers of the *Advocate* for their consideration and co-operation.

This subject has early and long engaged the attention of the organized friends of peace. The movement commenced in the year 1829, when Thomas Thompson, Jr. Esq., a gentleman whose exertions at that time for the cause were beyond all praise, acting under the authority of the Massachusetts Peace Society, penned the following proposition for subscription: "We the undersigned, convinced of the great advantages and blessings which AN ABOLITION OF WAR, and the reference of all international disputes to A COURT OF NATIONS, would confer on mankind, heartily concur in recommending a suitable reference of this subject by the Peace Societies to the attention of Congress, as soon as such a reference is found to be practicable and convenient." This proposition was presented by him personally to various individuals, and in the course of a year he obtained over 1200 signatures to it in Boston and the vicinity, from all ranks and classes of society. As the Massachusetts Society was at that time destitute both of numbers and means, and not sufficiently instructed in the subject, no direct use was then made of these signatures; but they served to indicate the approbation of the people of the measure proposed, and to direct public attention to the object, and doubtless formed the basis of the measures subsequently taken.

In February, 1835, the same gentleman, in company with the late William Ladd, presented a petition for this object to the Legislature of Massachusetts, which was referred to a Committee, who reported favorably upon it, and Resolves were passed recommending that some mode should be established for the abolition of war. In 1837, Mr. Thompson again pressed the subject on that Legislature, and at the same time a petition was presented to it from the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Peace Society, to the same purport. The Resolutions of that Legislature on these petitions directly recommended a Congress or Court of Nations, and they were communicated to the President of the United States, and the Executive of each of the States; and in 1838 similar resolutions were again passed by the same Legislature, and in like manner communicated. Massachusetts then,