

pressed people were digging rich treasures for those called Christians; and heard them blaspheme the name of Christ, at which I was grieved, for his name to me was precious. Then I was informed that these heathen were told that those who oppressed them were the followers of Christ; and they said amongst themselves, if Christ directed them to use us in this sort, then Christ is a cruel tyrant. All this time the song of the angel remained a mystery; and, in the morning, my dear wife and some others coming to my bedside, I asked them if they knew who I was, and they, telling me I was John Woolman though I was light headed, for I told them not what the angel said, nor was I disposed to talk much to anyone, but was very desirous to get so deep that I might understand this mystery. My tongue was often so dry that I could not speak till I had moved it about and gathered some moisture, and, as I lay still for a time, at length I felt Divine power prepare my mouth that I could speak, and then I said: 'I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet, not I, but Christ that liveth in me, and the life I now live in the flesh, is by faith in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.' Then the mystery was opened, and I perceived there was joy in heaven over a sinner who had repented, and that that language—'*John Woolman is dead*'—meant no more than the death of my own will. Soon after this I coughed and raised much bloody matter, which I had not done during this vision; and now my natural understanding returned as before:—Here I saw that people getting silver vessels to set off their tables at entertainments, was often stained with worldly glory, and that, in the present state of things, I should take heed how I fed myself from out of silver vessels. Soon after my recovery, I, going to our Monthly Meeting, dined at a Friend's house where drink was brought in silver vessels, and

not in any other, and I, wanting some drink, told him my case with weeping, and he ordered some drink for me in another vessel. The like I afterwards went through in several Friend's houses in America, and have also in England, since I came here, and have cause, with humble reverence, to acknowledge the loving kindness of my Heavenly Father who hath preserved me in such a tender frame of mind that none, I believe, have ever been offended at what I have said on that account."

Refusing to eat or drink from silver vessels; refusing also to wear dyed clothing; to take cabin passage because he found there some costly carved work; to use the postal service because occasionally the post horses were overdriven; to go to the West Indies in a vessel used in transporting the product of slave labor, indicate John Woolman's faithfulness to his conscientious scruples.

The last scene—the finale of life—which comes to all, overtook him while on a religious visit to England, at the city of York 1772, in the 52nd year of his age. His disorder was the small pox. He would have no doctor, trusting alone on Him who gave him life, and whose power he had witnessed to raise and heal him in sickness before. His prayer was, "Thy will, O Father, be done. If it be to raise up this body again, I am content, and if to die, I am resigned." But the malady prevailed, and thus passed away John Woolman, the apostle of meekness.

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Man's life is but a working day  
 Whose tasks are set aright;  
 A time to work, a time to pray,  
 And then a quiet night.  
 And then, please God, a quiet night,  
 Where palms are green and robes are  
 white,  
 A long-drawn breath, a balm for sorrow—  
 And all things lovely on the morrow.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

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Corrupted free men are the worst of slaves.