

night wrapped scantily in his blanket, under him a bed of wet branches strewn on the soaking ground and over him the thin tent, the patter of rain ceaselessly dripping, and over all the black starless pall of night. Surely he felt as did Schiller's "Diver" in the watery Charybdis.

"Alone, with my Maker so lonely
—alone."

Now we see him at Wehalaosing preaching to the Indians. Very modest are his comments in estimating his own work, but we feel assured that there with the natives of the American wilderness transpired scenes of Pentecostal nature.

We can imagine how tender and affectionate was his greeting home after this perilous journey.

But one of the most striking pictures that Woolman presents in his more advanced years was due to his conscientious scruples about his clothing. Not more strange was George Fox's appearance going about England in his "leathern breeches" than was John Woolman preaching in his undyed garments. Both acted from a motive of utility. Woolman said that "dyes were invented partly to please the eye and partly to hide dirt," that they were injurious to the cloth and helped to overtask the laborer, especially the downtrodden negro whom Woolman used every opportunity to befriend. He thus became, though unconsciously, a pioneer in the great anti-slavery movement.

Let us visit him on a bed of sickness, in which condition we hear of him quite often during life. The particular time we will narrate presents what might be called a miraculous healing, a case the Christian Scientists of to-day would claim as verifying their method. Nevertheless, it was the most natural and the most reasonable of all curative processes. I will let Woolman draw the picture with his own pen:

"On the 31st day of the Fifth month,

1761, I was taken ill of a fever, and, after having it near a week, I was in great distress of body, and one day there was a cry raised in me that I might understand the cause why I was afflicted, and improve under it and my conformity to some customs, which I believed were not right, were brought to my remembrance, and, in the continuation of the exercise, I felt all the powers in me yield themselves up into the hands of Him who gave me being, and was made thankful that he had taken hold of me by his chastisements. Feeling the necessity of further purifying, there was now no desire in me for health until the design of my correction was answered; and thus I lay in abasement and brokenness of spirit, and, as I felt a sinking down into a calm resignation, so I felt, as in an instant, an inward healing in my nature, and from that time forward I grew better."

At another time, being sick with the pleurisy, he says: "I was brought so near the gates of death, that I forgot my name; being then desirous to know who I was, I saw a mass of matter of a dull gloomy color, between the south and the east, and was informed that this mass was human beings in as great misery as they could be, and live; and that I was mixed in with them, and that henceforth I might not consider myself as a distinct or separate being. In this state I remained several hours. I then heard a soft melodious voice, more pure and harmonious than any I had heard with my ears before. I believed it was the voice of an angel who spoke to the other angels; the words were: '*John Woolman is dead.*' I soon remembered that I once was John Woolman, and, being assured that I was alive in the body, I greatly wondered what that heavenly voice could mean. I believed, beyond doubting, that it was the voice of an holy angel; but, as yet, it was a mystery to me. I was then carried in spirit to the mines, where poor op-