

JOHN WOOLMAN AT WEHA-  
LOOSING.

(Continued from Second Month.)

Now having gained Wyoming town,  
A place of pioneer renown,  
Fresh rumor told of recent strife,  
And bloody work of scalping knife.  
But, wearied with the journey's woes,  
The quiet night invites repose ;  
But ere he gained that blessed state,  
He was delayed by cruel fate ;  
He heard a stealthy step near by,  
As of some prowling, red-skin spy.  
Opening the door he issued out,  
But not, he frankly says, without  
Trembling with fear and dread and doubt.  
He bore but love to ward the shock  
Of Indian rage and tomahawk ;  
Perhaps the glistening steel may fly  
Forth from the strong arm lifted high,  
Ere love may have a chance to save  
Its champion from a treacherous grave,  
And may not prove itself in trial  
Omnipotent o'er secret guile.

"My brother ! let thy anger cease,  
I greet thee in the name of peace."  
And lo ! the tomahawk is lowered,  
And wrath assuaged by kindly word.  
John Woolman grasps in friendly will  
The strong right hand that meant to kill ;  
Into the quiet, moonlight tent  
The two companions softly went,  
The Indian smoked his pipe of peace,  
While Woolman plead his soul's release  
From thrall of hate and rage ; and then  
He joined with peace the name of Penn,  
And told him how the God above  
Wills all in universal love,  
That thrill of joy within the breast  
Wherewith each mortal man is blessed.

The Indian rose with tear-stained cheek,  
And proffered aid in bearing meek ;  
He knew the way, oft journeyed down  
From Wehaloosing's tented town,  
Knew how to shun the grisley's den,  
Knew where the deer fed in the glen.

Thus closed this noted incident,  
The Friends' mode of arbitrament.  
Let love's white banner be unfurled,  
And it will overcome the world.

Almost a fortnight on the trail,  
Through flood and forest, storm and gale,  
The weary Woolman sat him down  
Anear to Wehaloosing town,  
And soon the conk-shell's note was heard  
Inviting all to hear his word,  
When he explained in manner meet  
What led him to their far retreat,  
Braving the wiles through forests far  
And rumors of approaching war.

"I saw you in my distant home

And love sprang up and bade me come,  
To give this message of the Lord,  
How to each one He speaks the Word  
That all may know, for all may hear  
His voice upon the inner ear.

The scenes that followed, who can tell ?  
The manna fresh each day that fell,  
The flow of soul as well as word,  
Seemed Pentecostal times restored.

John Woolman leaves on record this  
Experience in the wilderness ;  
One day when they had met to hear  
Whom they now loved as friend and seer,  
The interpreter was not at hand,  
But thinking some might understand,  
He spoke in wondrous flow of word  
The burning message of the Lord.  
Though ignorant of the English speech,  
The spirit's power their hearts did reach ;  
In proof of which, bedimmed the eye  
In mist of glorious ecstasy.

The loving sympathizing heart  
Its warm affections can impart  
By secret language of its own  
That needs no aid of pen or tongue ;  
The spirit's power disdains control,  
And somehow soul impinges soul.  
This fact interprets unto me  
The Pentecostal mystery,  
When each in his own language heard  
The import of the living word  
God's spirit warms the heart of each ;  
Love is a universal speech.

John Woolman labored day and night  
That they might see the Inner Light,  
That they might hear the Inner Voice,  
And in God's Immanence rejoice.  
The truth is plain and has no need  
For theologian's fine-drawn creed,  
On hollow complicated rite  
That but retards the proselyte ;  
The simple all-sufficient plan  
Is love to God and love to man ;  
The soul that gains a home above  
Must reach it on the wings of love.

O where the hand to trace on screen !  
Preserving this enchanting scene.  
The ancient forest, wild and rude,  
When winter holds the solitude,  
Presents a more inviting face  
In velvet robes of vernal grace,  
When Woolman oft those blessed days  
Cast from the earth his wondering gaze,  
In Wehaloosing's Indian town,  
By Susquehanna sweeping down.

EDGAR M. ZAVITZ.

We will send the YOUNG FRIENDS'  
REVIEW for one year after date of  
marriage to any couple marrying in  
the order of our Society and furnish-  
ing us with notice thereof