

Of love within the Indian's breast
And make his savage lot more blessed.

The day he chose to meet his guides
Came all too soon ; but times and tides
Delay not ; and not one to shirk
Was he his or His Master's work.
The day in anxious labors spent,
Early to bed John Woolman went.
But sleep had not beguiled him long
When he was wakened by some one
Loud knocking on the outer door ;
He went the wherefore to explore,
And found it was some friendly men
Had journeyed from the town of Penn.
Anxious to tell him they had heard
A massacre had just occurred.
The Indians took an English post
And killed and scalped the entire host,
And so we came to let thee know
Ere on thy dangerous way thou'dst go,
That thy blood be not on our head.
They left, and Woolman sought his bed.
I w'en he prayed a silent prayer
For God's continuing love and care.

Next morning after warm embrace,
And fond farewells and tearful face,
The dauntless Woolman started forth
To die if need be in the north,—
If need be for the sake of love,
And peace, and truth, and heaven above.

I will not linger long to say,
The much that happened on the way,
This though they did not go by rail,
The road was but an Indian trail
Through an interminable wood,
Through swamp, and fen and swollen flood,
O'er rocky summits flung on high
That seemed all progress to defy,
Yet onward fared this man of peace
With love-light for the soul's release.

Now issuing from a dark ravine
Behold in awe what wondrous scene
Before the vision spread unfurled
A strangely weird, enchanted world.
He wonders at the mighty powers
That reared aloft those rocky towers,
You scarce could tell with keenest scan
Where earth left off and heaven began.
See yonder stream, it raves and roars,
Fretting against its adamant shores,
Hurrying down to the breach it has made,
Cut through the rocky palisade.
He humbly bowed his head in praise
Of the Creator's marvellous ways.

O Father! hear thy simple child,
And guard him through these perils wild.
Wherefore did'st lead me from my home,
And wife, and kin, these wilds to roam?
Perhaps they will not, through my word,
Accept the message of the Lord,
And for our pains reward with strife
With tomahawk and scalping knife.
But why should I thy ways upbraid,
And on thy mission be afraid?

Is not thy power omnipotent?
Dost thou not go with him thou'st sent?
I'll face, for that serener life,
The tomahawk and scalping knife.
Lead thou me on, O kindly Light!
Where thou dost shine there is no night.

The hardships of the journey brought
John Woolman oft in serious thought.
And when he scaled the Ridge of Blue
A vision passed before his view.
He cast his mind along the shore
The thousand miles he'd travelled o'er.
He saw those fertile plains, and fair,
Wrung by the sword from lawful heir,
Saw how the haughty Christian whites
Ignored the weaker red man's rights.
Lured him to friendly council hall
Then rendered it his prison wall,
Or send him to pine out his days,
In Europe's mocking, jeering gaze,
And no one hears with tearful eye,
The poor red man's beseeching cry—
"O, send me back to where my child
Is sobbing in the forest wild,
To where my dear though dusky wife
Is grieving out her lonely life.
I hate your flattery, scorn your gold,
Your Christian heart is cruel and cold,
My aching head I long to rest
Upon my Osaletta's breast,
Soothed, by her gentle hand caressed."

(To be continued.)

CONSISTENCY.

We are accustomed to applying the name of *Christian* to our own nation and to the nations of western Europe. What would be the opinion of those who were entrusted with the spread of early Christianity, or of the Master himself, if they could see these nations which assume to follow them?

They would see Christian Germany seizing by force the territory of a weaker nation as a revenge for an injury by individuals which that weaker nation professed itself anxious to repair. They would see Christian England allowing a people from which they have derived large revenues, to starve by the thousands; they would see her waging wars of aggression on free mountain peoples of northern India. They would see Christian England and Christian France withheld from war in western Africa, about territory belonging to neither, only by