

lieves because of the 'witnesses to it that he finds in his own heart. He knows that with increasing enlightenment it may be necessary to revise his beliefs, and he welcomes the help of any agency that may show him the truth more clearly. To him all religions are open fields from which he may pluck the flowers of truth, depending upon his reason and the Inner Light to distinguish them from the weeds of error that everywhere abound. He is the slave of no theologian, he is bound to no dogma—unless the belief that every person has the power of recognizing truth for himself and that this power will increase as he is faithful in its exercise may be accounted such. To him science and scholarship are the allies of Christianity, not its enemies, since they aim at the discovery of truth. He finds and in reason ample justification for his application to daily life of the fundamental principles of Christianity.

From religion and from science alike he learns that the Universe is controlled by an infinite and beneficent power that makes for righteousness; and his religion and his reason agree in the conclusion that the only key to the complex problems of conduct is love for his brother man.

These two truths, the goodness of God, and the efficacy of loves and the earnest endeavor to live by the light of these truths as it becomes manifest to each individual, make up the sum and substance of Christianity as Friends see it; a religion, not merely to believe in, but a religion, above all else to live by; a religion that does not take one out of the world, but a religion that one must take with him into the world and apply to every detail of his life.

EDWARD B. RAWSON.

Millions are poured into our colleges and universities to educate the *brains* of America, while almost nothing is done to educate the heart.

## JOHN WOOLMAN AT WEHALOOSING.

BY EDGAR M. ZAVITZ.

In tender converse with his wife,  
The joy and comfort of his life,  
The meek and faithful Woolman heard  
The weighty message of the Lord.  
"Seek Wehaloosing. I will guide thee,  
And tell my children there of me."

Now Wehaloosing is a town,  
Where sweeps the Susquehanna down,  
Two hundred perilous miles away  
From friendly Philadelphia.

At present twice two thousand miles  
Would scarcely furnish half the wiles  
And perils threatening the way  
To where wild Wehaloosing lay.  
The gaunt wolves hiding in the brake;  
And near the path the rattlesnake  
Ready to strike with venomous tongue  
The unwary feet that strayed along;  
And fiercer far, and dreaded more,  
The human hounds of bloody war;  
For there was conflict in the land,  
And butcheries on every hand;  
The warwhoop echoed in the wood,  
The tomahawk was red with blood.

The task fell weighty on his mind,  
But Woolman was a man resigned  
To do his heavenly Father's will,  
And every mandate to fulfill.

If Washington had asked for scouts  
To face these wilds, I have my doubts  
If any braves would volunteer  
To go where Woolman felt no fear.  
No braver man kept Boston port,  
Or stormed Ticonderoga's fort.  
The heart that's panoplied in mail,  
Is often found to quake and quail;  
The truly bravest deeds are done  
Unmarked by sword, unboomed by gun.  
Or if scout started on the track  
He likely never would get back.  
Who takes the sword, safety to earn  
Will perish by the sword in turn.  
But he who has the kindly heart,  
Is panoplied in every part.  
The saintly name of William Penn  
Was password through the fiercest glen.  
No drop of Quaker life-blood stains  
The new-world wilds or forest plains.

After some months of anxious thought  
Knowing with what dangers it was  
fought

With tardy sanction of his friends  
And of the meetings he attends,  
Wherein he opened his concern  
With weighty words, and thoughts that  
burn

With an unquenchable desire  
To fan to flame the smouldering fire.