



### THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE FOREST

*I love the man who loves the wood,  
Whate'er his creed, whate'er his blood.  
I may not know his native land;  
His creed I may not understand;  
But, when we meet within the wood,  
There each is silent—Understood.*

*We worship then at selfsame shrine;  
We see the same celestial shine  
On lustrous leaf, on petaled flower;  
We feel the selfsame grace and power;  
Yea, kneeling on the selfsame sod,  
We worship both the selfsame God.*

*I give who loves the wood my hands,  
For here is one who understands;  
Who loves the wood I give my heart,  
For there responsive echoes start;  
We meet in this sweet brotherhood—  
We meet as brothers of the wood.*

*—by Douglas Malloch*