

# THE FRIEND.

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## Diary and Letters of Deborah Brooks Webb.

(Continued from page 290.)

1885.—In the autumn of this year, in company with her friends G. and R. S. A.—, she attended, with a minute, Ohio Yearly Meeting, in relation to which she writes to a friend: "Yes, dear, it is done, and the kind unity and sympathy expressed in this small meeting is encouraging to the anxious traveller. R. and G. were released, and now for the deep exercises. I find myself comparing them to 'sitting in ward, whole nights.' It will not be easy work to attend the Yearly Meeting through its sittings, but our trust must be in the Omnipotent One, who has never yet failed me. Blessed forever be his Holy Name."

From Friends' Boarding School, Barnesville, Ohio, she writes Ninth Month 23rd: "It seems so solemn to be here, with the Yearly Meeting before us, and I hope we shall be favored with holy help, and do nothing to hurt the cause in any. Mercy encompasses our path, but I feel so little. The Lord's power can break forth."

Again, Tenth Month 2nd.—"Meeting closed and Friends scattered. We have had a wonderful meeting. You would have enjoyed it so much, and they would have enjoyed you, but the Master ordered otherwise."

"On Seventh-day was Select Meeting; our minutes were read and thought suitable to be forwarded to the Yearly Meeting. This is a good way, then any improper ones can be suppressed. They read the queries and summaries in the adjourned meeting on Third-day morning at eight o'clock. There are dear weighty Friends here. On First-day a wonderful concourse of people met on the ground—quite as many as could get into the house. How I longed for some Boanerges to reach them, and my prayer was unto the Master. In the afternoon, Ellwood Conrad held those in the house almost spell-bound in the account of our belief. I was thankful, indeed. Nothing for those outside. I tell them it is so important to distribute tracts—probably they will in future. They have a committee on 'Scattered Remnants'—so interesting to me—and they have opened correspondence with Iowa, Kansas and Western Yearly Meetings, and sent a minute of concurrence this year to Canada and New England. I com-

pared it to Ohio Yearly Meeting, gathering the little crafts all around it, and then in turn the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting (the great ship of the line), would come sailing up alongside of it, and there would be a fleet again. They would have need of great care in some cases.

"We feel as if we had been so helped all through, and I think your prayers and exercises of spirit have been with us and helped us, too. The Lord bless you and strengthen you under all circumstances."

On Fifth Month 9th she wrote to a friend, "Do we not long for his kingdom to come upon this earth, and now especially when we are hearing of wars and rumors of wars, do we wonder if the peaceable kingdom will ever be entirely set up? Yes, sometime, most surely, because the Most High says so. Oh, that we may be gathered among the redeemed—that word redeemed means so much."

1886.—Sixth Month 14th.—She wrote to her friend, R. S. A., "We are getting older, and though nature shrinks a little, yet we long for the gateway, 'golden, pearly, ample.' The heart to comprehend and feel another's woes, is a gift from Him, who has made us social beings. . . Our young people must be willing to be still; be as fools to the world, that the great Master Builder may know what to do with them. Some of us were led so, were we not? Oh, how I long that He would take unto him his great power and prevail, that we may see sons and daughters here and there coming forth in the ministry."

During the remainder of 1886 her health was so poor that she does not appear to have written much.

1887.—Third Month 9th.—She writes to a friend who had also been sick: "It was so nice to receive thy dear letter, it was so fraught with heavenly good. Pencil sketch though it was, even that told of how much exertion it was for thee to write. And now, I can think of thee as down-stairs and gaining a little in strength every day. I have been out several times, and to-day was spent with S. F. S., who kindly invited me for an outing after sickness. How it elevates our spirits to contemplate the power of our Heavenly Father! He can draw his children into tender sympathy with each other when no outward word is spoken."

"I do not think the age of miracles has passed at all, but that our God is performing great things for his children all the time. We must be a more wrestling, praying people, and then He will 'open the windows of heaven and pour us out a blessing.' I am asking in my little measure, and was greatly encouraged by reading the last chapter of Isaiah, where it said, 'As soon as Zion travailed, she brought forth her children.' Our meetings want reviving, and only God can give the increase. The beautiful flood of moonlight last eve pouring into the windows made me think of his power, and that He can pour such an irresistible flood of his Holy Spirit upon souls as to constrain them to dedicate their lives to Him. Let us ask when hearts are full; when two agree touching a

thing to ask He has promised to hear . . . I am so much better, and am able to do little things for myself. As thou art better, W— will improve too. Be sure and try to commit all your way unto the Lord. He is the wonderful counsellor, the mighty God? Strong is his arm and blessed are they that put their trust in Him."

Alluding to the Yearly Meeting of 1887, she writes in her diary: "We had an exercising week, but the dear Lord helped me through. My health gave out and I came home with bronchitis, and was sick a long time. Next rheumatism came on in my hands, arms and limbs. I was sick most of the summer."

In a letter to a friend confined at home by illness, dated Fourth Month 30th, 1887, she writes, "For a couple of weeks before Yearly Meeting, I felt weaker, and wondered if my Heavenly Father intended me to go, yea or nay? It all seemed right at the last, but it was cooler than common, and I commenced a cold which seemed to increase on every touch of the outside air."

"By Seventh-day morning I was too poorly to sit up, but able to go home in the afternoon. The next morning a severe bronchial cold developed, and by Second-day had to send for a doctor."

"My spirit has been much with thee, confined at home, while we could go up to the annual feast and sacrifice, but no doubt the dear Master was near thee."

"The minutes of the Meeting for Sufferings were so interesting to me, especially that part where the Committee visited the President, with an address against the retaliation act. I did want some one at the time to warn them, to labor with them not to be so unchristian and to show them the evil thereof."

"On Fourth-day dear ——— spoke of the (importance) of Friends, young Friends, being more careful to read our own writings, just as she can do it, so nicely, and I was constrained to unite with her, for my own exercise thereon is great, and also to advise the lifting up the heart for light to Him, who knows the hunger and thirst of his children. Soon (two Friends), said we ought to recommend the Bible to them, that so little was said about the Bible. No one seemed to answer the attack, and I so dreaded anything like answering back, but this seemed to demand something, so the dear Heavenly Comforter, near at hand, gave me words, and I said them—so frightened all the time. I have been trying to remember them, and thou would like to know, viz: 'I am inclined to believe that there is not a Friend now present, to whom the Scriptures are not dear, and that they are in the habit of reading them daily in secret and many in their family circle, and if there had been any seeming neglect, it was unintentional. When I am sojourning where they are read in the family circle, it is the joy of my heart, and if they are not read, the desire before my Heavenly Father is, What shall I say, or how shall I conduct in re-

FOR "THE FRIEND."  
SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

Unanswered yet? the prayer from lips love pleaded  
In agony of heart these many years.  
Does faith begin to fail? Is hope departing,  
And think you all in vain these falling tears;  
Say not the Father has not heard your prayer—  
You shall have your desire sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? though when you first presented  
This one petition at the Father's throne,  
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,  
So urgent was your heart to make it known.  
Though years have passed since then, do not despair—  
The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted,  
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done;  
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,  
And God will finish what He has begun.  
If you will keep your incense burning there,  
His glory you shall see sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered  
Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock.  
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted  
Nor fails before the loudest thunder shock.  
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,  
And cries, "it shall be done sometime, somewhere."

SELECTED.  
THE WEB OF LIFE.

O, strange web of life; I would loose thee to-night,  
And lay down the shuttle, and rest for awhile,  
For the threads I weave in make the shadows too dark,  
And the warp and the woof shrink with tears all  
the while.

I cannot do this, but the web of the past,  
I loose from the beam with a tremulous hand,  
There's a quiver and thrill at my heart as I gaze  
And note how uneven each figure is planned.

O, strange web of life! in childhood so bright;  
So filled with the promise of glorious things,  
So evenly woven while guarded by love,  
E're time hurried childhood away on its wings.

How memory's doors are unlocking to-night!  
The past with its joys and its sorrows appears,  
Where blessings and prayers and hopes are com-  
mingled,  
And threads that were golden are cankered with  
tears.

What beautiful hopes are woven in here,  
What holy resolves are clustering there;  
How even again is the ground-work I view,  
Ere long o'erlapped by the leaves of despair.

O, hand e'er so tired, thou canst not lay down  
The shuttle that fillet thy life web up fast;  
It seemeth not well to grow weary at noon  
So willing aside thy life-work to cast.

Weave in good resolves with beautiful hope,  
With faith in God's promise toil in thy prime.  
With love in thy heart, thy fingers may yet  
Weave a glorious web ere the evening time.

A COLONIAL BISHOP.—Bishop Newnham thus writes of travel through his hyperborean diocese of Moosonee, in Canada:—"For a large part of the way I only had two Indian lads, which means that I paddled myself for many hours in the day, besides helping to carry over the portages, to haul at the 'tracking-line,' or tow-rope, and to make camp at night. I have been travelling in canoe and open boat for over three months, sleeping in a tent, or in open boat without even that shelter, for the whole of that time, except for three weeks altogether at the different Hudson's Bay Company's posts, in almost tropical heat of midsummer and the frosty nights of the autumn, sometimes plagued with myriads of mosquitoes and other venomous flies; at other times, on the Bay, surrounded by vast ice floes from arctic regions, much of the time wet through from incessant rain or from wading in rivers and through swamps: exposed sometimes to the risks of swift rapids, at others

to gales and tides; rising daily at four or half past four in the morning, and retiring to my bed on the ground at ten at night."—*Herald of Peace.*

SELECTED.  
Striving for the Strait Gate.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Jesus Christ when He was on earth pointed out two gateways; and they remain to this day. One of them is "the gate which leadeth unto life;" the other is the "gate which leadeth to destruction." The first gate he described as "strait" or narrow; the second is a "wide" gate, and opening out into an exceedingly broad road that was, and is, thickly travelled. This latter gate is very easily found; it is the popular road of self-gratification and self-indulgence; it allows a wide berth for "free thinking" and free living, and those who travel there are not required to give much thought about God, or the Day of Judgment, or a coming eternity. There is no need to rear pulpits or to employ preachers to point out this wide entrance; one has only to obey his sinful inclinations and run with the crowd; "many there be who go in thereat."

The great object of Christ's coming into this world was to open the "strait gate," to lay out the road, to guide all those who tread it, and to secure their full and final salvation. On one occasion, by a very bold metaphor, he declared, "I am the door; by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved." Why is this gateway to the Christian life called "narrow?" Did Christ mean to say that his power, or his pity, or his love, were limited? No indeed; for nothing under heaven could be more unlimited than his gracious, loving invitation, "whosoever will, let him come!" He simply meant that his gate was "strait" or narrow because it did not allow perfect latitude of opinion, or utter laxity of conduct. No one is permitted to say—henceforth I am my own master; I shall do as I like. Favorite sins and self-indulgences are contraband at that strait gateway. Pride cannot drive through its coach and four; sensuality cannot smuggle in its harlots, or its hampers of strong drink; the worldling cannot bring in his worship of Mammon, or the covetous man his greed of lucre; and no self-righteous sinner is permitted to stalk in and assert that he has no need of the righteousness of Jesus Christ. To every one who approaches this blessed gateway of salvation, the loving Saviour gives the firm command: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself!"

Hallelujahs and endless thanksgivings to God that the entrance to the true Christian life is just what it is! At the gate we are to give up, and ever afterward we are to take up. At that gate we are commanded to crucify that accursed house-devil self, that we may have room in our hearts for Christ, and for our fellow-men. While the broad road leads down to death, the narrow gate leadeth unto life—to largeness of life and loftiness of aim, and genuine joys. It brings pardon and peace of mind; and secures fellowship with Jesus Christ. If the gate be narrow by excluding what is base and selfish and sinful, the man who enters it is broadened. Noble old Norman Macleod, of Scotland, phrased it very finely in the last speech that ever fell from his eloquent lips. He said:

"I desire to be broad as the charity of Almighty God, who maketh his sun to shine on the evil and the good, who hateth no man, and who loveth the poorest Hindu more than all our committees or all our churches. But while I

long for that breadth of charity, I desire to be narrow—narrow as God's righteousness, which, as a sharp sword, can separate between eternal right and eternal wrong."

Such a life as this—the only life that is "eternal"—is not to be had for the mere wishing. It is not enough to sigh for it and to say, "How I wish I was a better man—how I wish I was a Christian!" Such sighings cost nothing and come to nothing. There may be millions in hell who once promised themselves that they would at some time become Christians. "Strive to enter in at the strait gate!" said Jesus Christ. It was to be no child's play. It is no holiday business to deny self, to put the knife to wicked appetites, to break from dangerous associations, to face possible ridicule, to cut loose from entangling sins. If there be one person reading this article who honestly desires this new and noble life, I would say to him or her—there are many things to hold you back. The Evil One does not go out of human hearts in these days any more willingly than he did in the olden Bible-times, and only at the bidding of Christ. Pray earnestly to Christ for deliverance. The world has got its grip on you. Perhaps your intimate associates are unfriendly to religion—they may stare at you, or sneer at your exchanging a frolic for a prayer-meeting. Moral cowardice has cheated millions out of heaven. Good resolutions made in your own strength are mere pipe-clay.

You have never striven to enter the open gateway to the new and the eternal life. You have had the divided mind that accomplishes nothing. It has been only half-and-half work, spending itself on a few serious thoughts soon dissipated, or on a few formal prayers. No man, having put his hand to the plough and looking back, is fit" (i. e., is well put) "for the kingdom of God." If you take hold of the plough spiritually, with the help of the Holy Ghost push it through. Thrust it down deep into the sub-soil of your affections and your hitherto stubborn will. If that plough tears up some beds that have only borne flowering weeds, all the better. You are not a Christian until you have given your heart to Jesus Christ. You must begin to keep his commandments, to resist sin because He hates it, and to do right because He loves it. Quench not the Spirit! Just begin to serve Christ by doing the first duty that comes to your hand. Refuse to do the first wrong thing to which you are tempted, and do this with fervent prayer for Divine help. "Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many will seek to enter in, and shall not be able when once the master of the house is risen up and hath shut to the door!" That gateway of life may soon be shut!

During a revival of religion in one of our great universities two students were awakened who were intimate friends. One evening they agreed to go and call upon one of the professors and ask for his advice. They came to his door, when one of the two stopped and said, "I believe I won't go in." His companion replied, "You can do as you please; but I need all the help that a man of experience can give. I am resolved to go in." There they parted—and for eternity! The one went in, opened his difficulties to the professor, received good counsel, and decided for Christ. He became an eminently useful minister of Christ. The other threw off all serious thought, drifted into "fast" associations, and ended his career as a sot. The one co-operated with the loving Spirit, the other quenched the Spirit, and shut the gateway of life against himself! My friend, your Bible is

full of glorious encouragement to you. A pure life, a useful life, a happy life and an eternal life in the Father's house is now within your reach. The only time you are sure of is the present. There are two gates, and the two opposite roads into eternity! You must take one or the other! Beside that strait gate stands the Infinite love, saying to you, "I set before you death and life. Choose life!"

### Letter From Germany.

The time goes so swiftly that I do not know what to make of it sometimes. Think of it! Three weeks from to-day I will probably be in Cologne, from whence I take the train to Paris, and will reach there, if all goes well, by three o'clock in the morning. Thee can imagine how I will fly around, when I reach there! These last three weeks I am not working so hard. I have only a few pages more of the grammar, and Fraulein Meyer seems quite pleased with me. Since I began, the first of Ninth Month, I have covered the work done by the pupils here in six years. Of course, in going over it so rapidly, I have not retained it all, but I have done the work, and understand it, and know just where to look for any rule or manner of expression that I wish—and that is of great value.

To-day, in my lesson with M. Mercier, I could talk very well. Some days I can do better than others. I shall have no difficulty, on reaching Paris. I feel sure of that. I told thee I intended to stay only one month there.

Board and everything in Europe is paid by the month, not by the week. If I arrive on the twelfth I will expect to leave on the twelfth. Paris is the most beautiful in the Fifth Month, every one says. But I don't mind. It will be much lovelier in Switzerland. Oh, I simply pine for the country and the mountains and the freedom.

Yesterday I received an invitation to an evening company next week, given to celebrate Washington's Birthday by the Americans here in Gottingen. It will be a simple, social gathering, with only refreshments, and no regular dinner or supper, but I wrote a refusal, because I don't feel very social just now, and, knowing the Americans so little, I don't think I would specially enjoy it. I don't go anywhere this winter, except to lessons and lectures and walking. I have had several invitations to large "coffees" (though I know very few people here), but have managed every time to have a good excuse, so that I need not go. In France and Switzerland I will do as I did in Germany last winter, accept everything that comes along, and spend my time hearing and talking, more than so much studying. I have the hard part behind me now, and what I want is fluency. Besides, I shall come home more rested, and in every way in better condition by not working so much at the desk and burning the midnight oil, which I have done this winter.

I am glad when anything I write pleases others. But I generally write so hurriedly, and having spoken almost no English for so long, I often notice afterwards that I have worded my letters very badly.

I told thee that Ida my friend from the Harz, had been here. I was with her a great deal. I do wish thee could know her. I have told thee very often how lovely she is. Her mother was so grateful that I could be with her and help cheer her, that she sent me a very nice book, and Albanæ an album for the colored postal cards, of which I have already spoken in earlier

letters. Albanæ was delighted. She had already several cards that had been written to her, but she had never cared for them. But now her chief desire is to get the book full. I will write her on one, now and then, from the places I stop at in my trip. Some of them are really quite pretty, and for a child it is very nice. She learns also the names of cities and resorts in this way. One of her friends gave her a lot the other day.

E. S. K.

### How I Built the First Road in Northern Newfoundland.

One of the strangest lacks of the many I perceived when I first went to my lonely missionary quarters in the north of Newfoundland, was that of a road. Look where one would, there was nothing like a road. All along the coast there were either barrens or forests, but, save a narrow footpath, no roads. Of course, there were no horses, except one, and her nearest neighbor in kind lived more than two hundred miles away. There were, therefore, no carts or carriages. The only mode of travel besides walking was by dog-sleigh in winter, over from three to six feet of hard snow, or boat in summer. I soon grew to the want of roads when I found that there was no demand for them.

But "want or no want," I reflected one day, "it looks so uncivilized to be without roads," and I wished, for the sake of civilization merely, to have a "bit of a road," as an Irishman would say. Near to my headquarters—that is, three and seven miles distant, respectively—there stood two little frame churches, in which I used to minister at regular intervals. Now both these churches were about a half a mile from the landing-stage to which we used to tie our boats when we went to church in the summer. "Now," thought I, "what a great thing it would be if I could build a road to each of the churches from the landing-stage!" The more I thought of this little plan of mine, the more I admired it, and I determined to carry it out some day. But how could I do it? That was the question. The good folk among whom I lived had, for the large part, never seen a road in their lives, and I suspected that those who had had forgotten what it was like. But I was set on getting the glory of projecting and completing the first road in the north of Newfoundland. The idea came to me during the first winter of my residence. The summer followed, and my plan existed only in my own mind. All through the long summer days the people were all engaged in the cod-fishery and other fisheries. Nobody had a moment to spare, specially to discuss the providing of that for which no need existed.

The fisheries promised a rich harvest at the beginning of the season, and great hopes filled the breasts of the fisher-folk, who had struggled hard to live under the stress of three successive failures in their only business and means of livelihood. Heads were bent, heavy sighs and dejected looks told the tale of sorrow that lurked under the tawny, weather-beaten brow of the fisherman. The season ended, and the catch was only, as the people expressed it, "half a voyage." The traders arrived, in their well-equipped and well-stocked ships, ready to barter with the people for their fish and oil, but there was so little fish and oil, and the families were very large, and the winter was long. Only half a supply of salt beef and pork, and molasses and flour could be procured. "Must trust in God for the rest," they would say, and turn longingly away from plenty to face scarcity.

Now there would seem to be no connection between this sad condition of affairs and my plan of building two half-miles of road on the Newfoundland coast. But it was just this crisis that furnished me with the power to carry it out to my complete satisfaction. Realizing what the long winter would be for the poorest of the people all along the coast, who had only been able to obtain a very small supply of food from the trader, the leaders of the people came to me and urged me, before the ice formed, to lay the matter before the government of the island, and ask for flour and molasses. To this request I assented, and sent a hasty letter by the last trading-vessel to the government, with a statement of the destitution that was impending, and concluding by begging for assistance. Ten days later, the letter was answered by the appearance of a schooner, which soon landed two hundred barrels of flour and two puncheons of molasses. They were consigned to me, with a letter of instructions, which the captain of the schooner handed to me when all the provisions had been safely stored in a large shed near to my headquarters. The letter stated that the shipment had been given gratis to those who were likely to want during the long winter; that I was to use my own discretion in giving it out, but that it might be good for the people themselves to do some work in return for it, of which I was also to be the judge.

So my road began to come within measurable distance of being built. However, before doing anything (and I was very anxious to get at it), I called the men around me and told them of my plan. They agreed very cordially to assist me, and it was understood that all men who received assistance from the government shipment were to work on the "passon's road." Of course, nothing could be done in the way of road-making during the winter, and so the second winter passed away. But with the first signs of spring, I summoned my forces, gave them my plans, and set them to work at the building of the first road in the north of the colony. I superintended the work day after day, giving orders like a general, showing the men how to work, and deporting myself with very great importance. The workmen were true to their word, and, though they did not (could not) work at the roads every day, yet when autumn came they were finished, well ballasted and graded, and fit for a king to walk on.—*Frederic E. J. Lloyd in Sunday School Times.*

THE editor of the *Christian Advocate* has a column in his paper delegated to answering questions from his correspondents mainly referring to the doctrines and discipline of the Methodist Church.

In a recent number of the paper in replying to a query involving the idea of infant accountability, the editor states: "The Methodist Episcopal Church has thus far had sufficient common sense not to promulgate a doctrine concerning a subject upon which the Scriptures are absolutely silent."

In so dry a region as Central Australia, frogs are found in fair numbers, creeks and clay-pans "swarming" with them. As the waters dry up the frogs disappear in their burrows, remaining till the rains come again. "Certain species of them," says Spencer, "gorge themselves with water before they go into their retreats, and in times of drouth the natives dig them out and obtain enough water from their bodies to satisfy their thirst.—*Selected.*