

## LIGHT ON "OLD PATHS" FROM THE MEMORIES OF "OLD WORTHIES"

Rev. Wm. Bramwell.

His Gospel Ministry cont.—By the conference of 1798 Mr. Bramwell was appointed to labor in the Nottingham circuit. He went in the spirit of faith and prayer, determined to devote all his energies to the service of Jesus Christ. In writing to a friend soon after his arrival he says, "I found things flat in Nottingham; building chapels are hard times. Almost in every country place I have seen the Lord work, and I do hope to see greater things than these. I pray more and will still cry, 'Lord, make us meet for glory.' Every moment may we live to Him, and Him alone. I am giving myself to continual prayer. What will be the result I cannot tell; but I am waiting to see His glory in the blessed Jesus. He is our all, and must bring all we need." Later to another friend he wrote, "I have been at Liverpool, and seen the glory of God among men. He is still the same. I bless the Lord I am saved every moment; and I do declare to you that my union with God is such as I never before experienced. I have given myself to continual prayer; and in this circuit I see souls awakened and saved nearly every day. God is working and will continue to work—glory be to His name! My dear brother, my soul is enlarged. I think I could go through fire for the Lord Jesus. Lord, send me; here I am! Excepting a few in Nottingham, I have found scarcely any in this circuit who know anything of sanctification; but God will come. On this subject several of my dear brethren are more determined than ever. Oh, great God, stand by them, and raise up a thousand to spread the flame!" To the same friend he wrote again a few months later, "I am in near union with Jesus. I do love Him more and more. The Lord works nearly every night in some degree; but in several parts of the circuit we have many members not justified, and few in the country know anything about sanctification. The Lord ride on and save us all!" The great secret of Mr. Bramwell's success in the ministry was his entire reliance upon the co-operation of the Holy Spirit, and therefore, like Barnabas, he was full of the Holy Ghost and of faith. He walked in the spirit of believing prayer; acknowledged the hand of God in all things; earnestly sought Divine direction; and daily proved the faithfulness of God. The burden of souls was laid upon him, on which account he was often the subject of distressing temptations and conflicts. But constant access to the throne of grace raised him above the power of his adversaries, and he came from the mercy-seat clothed in celestial armour, prepared to fight as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. He read, studied, prayed, conversed, groaned in spirit, and most intensely laboured for souls. While thus engaged the pleasure of the Lord prospered in his hands, and he went on his way rejoicing. Writing to his wife from Sheffield while on a visit there to solicit funds for the chapel at Nottingham, he says: "We have blessed seasons every day, and daily some are saved. I am stretching toward the mark. My soul continually goes out after the Lord. I am sure we are just beginning to live, and believe we shall live like our Lord in meekness and love. Oh, what need of keeping up the strife every day! May nothing slacken our pace! Our fight is nearly over—our crown will shortly be given. Let

us live every moment free from the world. We never bring such glory to God as when we cast our all upon Him. He loves to bear His children in His arms, and to see them always joyful. Oh, Ellen, trust in Him, pray to Him, work for Him! Have no fear, rush through all to save a soul from burning. I pray for you; I have the whole family upon my heart. May we all live as near to Christ as it is possible for the spirit in the body. Nothing in this world shall for one moment make us rest short of the mind of Jesus. I am sure you will see and know that I am with God in Christ Jesus. I am enabled through grace to love all more and more, and to love God in all. Oh, keep this recollection of soul; let nothing ruffle the spirit; nothing make you care! Be always at His feet, waiting and longing to be with Him." In another letter to a sister in the Lord he writes: "By faith, my love to Jesus, my union with the saints, and my prospect of glory increase daily. For some weeks past I have been seeking to be ready at any instant. I have received a persuasion that I shall go in a moment. Whether this be from my Father or not, I feel it has a good effect upon my mind. I live for Him. Oh, my dear sister, pray—yea, always in private, pray that my soul may receive and retain all the glory! Amen, Lord Jesus. I hope you will still care for the feeblest child, the tenderest lamb. Never forget you were once weak, wanting every prop, every prayer. Look well to the lambs. Your great work is to nourish these, and lead them to glory. But at the same time view the blessing which is prepared. Hunger, thirst, cry mightily to God for all He has to give. I am persuaded many draw back after the first cleansing touch; and the cause generally is their not determining to receive the whole. Oh, see St. Paul!—'I reach forward,' hence 'I have kept the faith.' You have received blessings of the greatest value in their nature, but these may all be increased a hundred-fold. I want you to live in the Holy Place, in the nearest union, in the greatest glory, being changed from one degree of it into another! I have thought that if I am spared I may receive in one month a double weight. I find all things removed that would hinder—all things at work to my help—and I have confidence that I shall pursue to the utmost the great salvation. What have we done? All seems nothing. I have stood to look back on all my works, but I cannot fix my mind on one that yields me joy. I every instant look to Jesus, and in Him I do rejoice. Lord, save me! Save my dear family! Save my friends! Save Thy church! Amen, Lord Jesus! I do and ever shall thank God for your habitation and the mercy under your roof. Our kind love to Mr. Baiston. Pray on! Or, pray more! I will join you." A few months after the chapel was opened he wrote to a friend: "Our chapel is large and well filled. All the people are simple—waiting for blessings in every way. Souls are saved almost every day, but we still look for a greater shower. Things seem to ripen for a general work. The Lord hasten the glory! I am more than ever given to prayer and enjoy more intimate friendship with my God." Later he thus describes the progress of the work in Nottingham: "The Lord is with us, humbling and saving souls. Thank Him for His love to us all. I would for ever sing and praise His precious name. The Lord is my portion. He enables me to walk in nearer union. I am waiting for my change till He comes. I am all weakness;

indeed I see nothing will do but a continual dependence and a living upon His mercy—and oh the depth of mercy! It is continual prayer that brings the soul into all the glory! The work goes on; some blessed showers have fallen in Nottingham. We are going to build another chapel. The effusion of the Spirit is great and powerful. Many of the place are all alive, but some few are still low. May your soul join in praise!"

(To be continued in next issue)

You might as well try to cure smallpox by scenery as to try to save the world by improvement of environment.

He who tells me of my faults is my teacher; he who tells me of my virtues does me harm.

## FACE TO FACE

Perhaps all of us are acquainted with the lines of the beautiful hymn:

"Face to face with Christ my Saviour!

Face to face, what will it be,

When with rapture I behold Him,

Jesus Christ who died for me?"

The answer to this question is faintly foreshadowed by a remarkable incident which occurred at a wedding in England. A young man of large wealth and high social position, who had been blinded by an accident when he was ten years old, and who won University honors in spite of his blindness, had won a beautiful bride, though he had never looked upon her face. A little while before his marriage, he submitted to a course of treatment by experts, and the climax came on the day of his wedding. The day came, and the presents, and guests. There were present cabinet ministers and generals and bishops and learned men and women. William Montague Dyke, dressed for the wedding, his eyes still shrouded in linen, drove to the church with his father, and the famous oculist met them in the vestry. The bride, Miss Cave, entered the church on the arm of her white-haired father, the admiral, who was all decked out in the blue and lace of the quarter-deck. So moved was she that she could hardly speak. Was her lover at last to see her face that others admired, but which he knew only through his delicate finger tips? As she neared the altar, while the soft strains of the wedding march floated through the church, her eyes fell on a strange group. Sir William Hart Dyke stood there with his son. Before the latter was the great oculist in the act of cutting away the last bandage. William Montague Dyke took a step forward, with the spasmodic uncertainty of one who cannot believe that he is awake. A beam of rose-colored light from a pane in the chance window fell across his face, but he did not seem to see it. Did he see anything? Yes! Recovering in an instant his steadiness of mind, and with a dignity and joy never before seen in his face, he went forward to meet his bride. They looked into each other's eyes, and one would have thought that his eyes would never wander from her.

"At last!" she said. "At last!" he echoed solemnly, bowing his head. That was a scene of great dramatic power, and no doubt of great joy, and is but a mere suggestion of what will actually take place in heaven when the Christian who has been walking through this world of trial and sorrow, shall see his Saviour "face to face."—Wesleyan Methodist.