

er. His wife makes a good preacher's wife; she is a good helpmate; they are the happy parents of three fine children. We are very thankful for the opportunity we have had for buying thatching grass for Isaya to finish the church with, as he has been waiting for this for so long, and it was a real need indeed. This building though not completed, is being used daily for the native school. They have a trained native teacher—the children all enjoy having a teacher of their own people—they feel more at home in the school.

Isaya took us the first day to visit Mbekeepi, the chief at this place, who is a cousin. He is a young man and has six wives already. He would like to be a Christian, but being a Zulu chief his people expect him to take many wives; I believe his father had thirty, but this young man would like to follow the Lord. Please remember him in prayer. The Lord is able to save. We have had two services at his two big kraals. The Lord greatly blessed us in speaking.

He came to our tent to visit us one afternoon and we had evening prayers in Isaya's house before he went home. The Lord blessed us again very much. Although he has given himself to the Ethiopian Church because their teaching is easier, one can see he still has a hungry soul and desires to hear real Bible truth. I believe Isaya's holy life convicts him. We were so glad to get to the old man's home who is dying of cancer, and who spent three weeks at our place two years ago. We found him praying for complete deliverance from beer and snuff. The Lord is helping him and drawing him near to him, and he is looking above for help and I know he will be satisfied. Praise the Lord. His home is a long distance away, but we felt fully repaid for going, especially when we saw the many heathen that are at his kraal. There were about thirty to this meeting and all from his home. We have had many calls for medicine, which we were glad we had on hand.

Words fail to express our joy and the blessings we have received from being on this side. Every day brought its own sweet blessing. We want to thank Gor for blessing His Word and working in hearts.

We go home tomorrow, as all the native workers go across tomorrow to attend the first quarterly meeting. We expect to return to this side again in a week's time to spend some more time here. Pray for us!

Yours ever gladly to be in Africa,

HELEN M. STERRITT

GIVE ME JESUS!

A heathen got worried about his sins, and asked a priest how he might be cured. The priest said, "If you will drive spikes into your shoes and walk five hundred miles you will get over it." So he drove spikes into his shoes and began the pligrimage, tottering, agonizing on the way until he got about twenty miles, and sat down under a tree exhausted. Nearby a missionary was preaching the Saviour of all men. When the heathen heard it, he pulled off his sandals, threw them as far as he could, and cried: "That's what I want; give me Jesus! give me Jesus!" Oh, ye who have been converted and worn of sin, trudging on all your days to reap eternal woe, will you not throw your torturing transgressions to the wind? "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."—Talmage.

LIGHT ON "OLD PATHS" FROM THE MEMOIRS OF "OLD WORTHIES"

Rev. Wm. Bramwell

His Gospel Ministry continued: Mr. Bramwell laboured to carry the spirit of his Master into every department of his work. He was specially concerned that all the officers in the church should be men of God, and zealous for the salvation of souls. He desired that every local preacher and leader should "be filled with the Spirit," and could fully unite with the overflowing zeal of Moses, when "there ran a young man, and told Moses, and said, My Lord Moses, forbid them, and Moses said unto him, enviest thou for my sake? Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put His Spirit upon them!" How Mr. Bramwell longed for all business meetings to be seasons of special spiritual visitation is manifest by the following extract from a letter to his dear friend, Joseph Drake: "I long to be personally present with you, yet I am not one day without your company in my heart. At the throne of grace I meet you every day at the times you mention. May our prayers evermore prevail! I feel for souls more than ever. In our meeting of the local preachers at Mansfield, the last week, our first subject was St. Paul's intense desire for the salvation of souls, and whether it was not our privilege to cherish the same feeling. I argue that it was. In the band meeting several preachers received sanctification. In the watchnight there was a shaking, and about eight were clearly saved. At Nottingham, in the select band on Friday, seven received full salvation, and several more this week. Our chapel is crowded. I am told that many go away because they have no seats. But crowded chapels alone will not satisfy. Oh, how I long to see souls saved! Some places in this circuit yet remain unmoved, while many persons in other parts receive perfect love. One thing has been on my mind concerning you; I think you should fully try every place in your circuit, in the consolitary way. Preach till the conference in an encouraging manner and lift up the hands that hang down. In doing this you will feel satisfied. Sometimes we must beat, but that is a rare case. Dwell much on the love of Jesus."

It is the evidence of a spiritual mind to be always panting after holiness and fuller manifestations of the divine life. The following extract from a letter to Mr. Thomas Jackson, of Hartshead, shows how much Mr. Bramwell thus lived: "I am nearer the throne, and never was so dependent on Jesus. He is my all. Bless the Lord! God is working, but we want greater things. I trust we shall see such glory as we have not yet done. Do tell your dear wife we love her in the Lord, and shall pray for her. Oh, may she be the mother in your little church! My brother, live every moment in the spirit of prayer, preach in the same power; take courage and work for God. Amen!" A few months afterwards he wrote: "I am striving with continual prayer to live nearer to God than I have ever done; and He brings my soul into closer union. I live with Jesus; He is my all. Oh, He lays me at His feet. I am less than nothing in His sight. This walking with God, this conversation in heaven! Oh! how I am ashamed! I sink in silent love. I wonder how the Lord has ever borne with me so long. I never had such a view of God and myself. I pray that every moment of my life may show forth His praise. Praise Him forever! Do give my love to Mr. Miller, the

Lord will make him a great blessing to you all. Pray for him and help him all you can. I pray that grace and peace may be multiplied among you all. The Lord is working in town and country, but we wait for greater things than these. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! Amen!"

To Mr. Joseph Drake he writes: "I do mourn with you. I want to watch and pray by your side over souls coming to Jesus. I have much pleasure to inform you that a great work of the Lord is going on at present in this circuit; numbers are quickened; sinners are awakened; souls justified; and many receive and walk in perfect love. In following Sister Barrett this week, I found ten saved at one place, twenty at another, five at another, etc. She is greatly blessed in the salvation of souls. Brother Pipe and Brother Timperly are zealously employed every night in seeking lost souls. I sink at Christ's feet, and say, glory, glory! Nearly all the dead and small places in this circuit are quickened again; and a considerable number from the world are coming into the Church. Oh my dear brother, we may have more. I hunger, I thirst; I never had more heavenly enjoyment. My wife likewise grows in grace. Oh, praise Him! In the same strain he writes again, a few months after: "My dear brother, I have been confined some days through sickness, but hope in a little time to be able to labour again. I live near the Lord. To me all things are alike from Him, whether sickness or health. Oh may we improve all to His glory! I am certain we have not yet received the whole. Should we not reach forward every day? Nothing can satisfy us but the greatest glory. Forget all things behind; look forward; God is waiting to impart it. My soul hungers still more. My dear Brother Drake, I am less in my own eyes than ever you knew me. I hope you will see the meek and gentle lamb; yea, may you see the Lord Jesus living and walking in my vile body. Or pray still; pray every day! We shall prosper if we pray. The Lord gives us one heart and one way in this circuit. His blessing is among us; may it much increase. One man, who has been seeking salvation five years came a hundred miles to see me last week. I never saw one sunk so low in unbelief. He made no struggle, but seemingly gave up all. On Saturday night the Lord saved him. Oh the change! He has gone to tell his friends what the Lord hath done for his soul. God bless you all." To the same friend he writes later; "I am striving every day to meet you in the kingdom of glory. I often feel much for you, and, if I could, I would immediately come to see you. My intense and increasing love to my dear friends borders a little upon the painful, because of absence. Yet I do not want to be unclothed, but clothed upon. My soul longs for the country, the heavenly place. Sometimes I am tempted that all my way is wrong, and there must be a nearer way. I feel grace comes only by little, and but a little at once; yet I never lived so much with Christ, so much in God, as at present. I do assure you I feel nothing but an inclination to offer prayer and praise. Oh, bear with me! My soul rises as I write. The Lord is working here in the midst of much distress. A famine is near our habitation, the poor are in great want because of the high price of provisions; yet we do not know that any Methodist in Nottingham has been concerned in the late riot. God is with us, and comforts us in all our troubles. The Lord bless you in Hali-

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