

her daughter hearing the noise, rushed into the room, and seized him; but he soon disengaged himself from them, and repeated his blows on Mr. Whitefield. A second person now came into the house, and cried out from the bottom of the stairs, "Take courage; I am ready to help you." But the alarm was soon so great that they both made off.

"The next morning," says Mr. Whitefield, "I was to expound at a private house, and then set out for Bideford. Some urged me to stay and prosecute; but being better employed, I went on my intended journey, and was greatly blessed in preaching the everlasting Gospel: and on my return was well paid for what I had suffered; curiosity having led perhaps two thousand more than usual to see and hear a man that had narrowly escaped being murdered in his bed.—And I trust in five weeks' time hundreds were awakened and turned to the Lord.

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Wesleyan.

Sir—

It is truly pleasing to remark, through the medium of a very interesting article in your last number—viz. "Brief Memoir of Niel Campbell," such honourable and deserved testimony given to the faithful and zealous labours of several of the Lord's servants, long since gone to their reward! One, a youthful ambassador, whose memory is dear to a few still surviving relatives in this province, as also to many of the humble poor, and of whom it has been said—

"As if presaging here, his little stay;
He made his morning bear the heat of day;"

to observe, likewise, how literally the pious language of the poet is exemplified, in these several cases,—

"The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when they sleep in dust."

There is also another circumstance connected with this memoir, worthy of observation. The biographer states—"It was while hearing read Mr. Wesley's sermon on "The Almost Christian," that he first became aroused respecting salvation: and on the following Sabbath he was deeply convicted of sin under the reading of another sermon of the same venerable author." Now it is much to be feared that many truly pious persons, as well as others of a different description, entertain very erroneous views with reference to hearing sermons read. They seem either not to value them, or to conclude that it is not equally obligatory on them to attend the appointed place of worship, on such occasions (in the absence of the preacher,) or that when there, they are not equally responsible for what they hear as when listening to the word preached: and thus in either case they neglect the way of God's blessing, or grieve the Holy Spirit, and consequently block up their way of salvation by not seeking and expecting to receive its divine light and influence, while listening to the same.

It must be admitted, that much is to be said in favour of the word *preached*. The solemn pathos of the human voice, the impressive countenance, the appropriate gesture of the living preacher, the heartfelt effusion of love and zeal and pity for the perishing souls of men springing forth spontaneously from surrounding circumstances, and heightened by the enquiring aspect of an attentive audience: all these are

highly calculated, under the divine blessing, to impress the word, and make at least for a season a powerful appeal to the human heart. And as the preached Gospel is the grand appointed means, by the great Head of the Church, for evangelising the world, it is not to be supposed, as a general practice, that reading sermons is to be substituted by the Lord's sent messengers for preaching his word to sinners. Yet at the same time it should ever be remembered, the Truth, the immutable word—doctrinal, experimental, and practical, studied and digested and rightly divided,—under the light and influence of the Eternal Spirit, loses nothing of its inestimable worth, its life-giving power and energy merely from the circumstance of its being arrested in its escape from the heart and mind of the Lord's servant, and embodied in a form by which "he being dead yet speaketh" to future generations. No: it is the truth still; "quick and powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword; a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart," and will do its office, if not resisted, as effectually being read; though perhaps not with the same degree of excitement, as when preached extempore. And He who is Truth itself, who "spake as man never spake," does and ever will be found accompanying the labours of his faithful servants, either directly or indirectly, with his blessing in the conversion of souls, as also in the building up of his church and people in their most holy faith; and the responsibility of individuals to "take heed how they hear," under the reading of sermons, as well as their obligation to avail themselves of every opportunity of thus hearing the word, cannot but be considered by the enlightened mind as imperious, and as standing in all its eternal weight of consequences and unabated force in connection with the decisions of that day "when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel." 1 Thess. i. 7, 8. How fearful then must be the case of those persons who, with the most perfect indifference, will make it a pretext occasionally for not attending the house of God that "there is only a sermon to be read;" or allow themselves to say, having been there, "I wish I had known it, I would not have gone. There was only a sermon read."

Guysborough, April 1st., 1839.

A.

LOVE FOR THE BIBLE.—The following anecdote was related by the bishop of Norwich, at a late meeting of the Auxiliary Bible Society in that city.

Some years ago, in one of the coal-mines of Newcastle, an accident occurred from the breaking in of the waters, by which thirty-five men and forty-one boys were buried beneath the soil. Escape was impossible. They were either suffocated, or perished for want of food. One of these boys was afterwards found with a Bible placed by his side; and upon the tin can, which the people in the mine were accustomed to use, it was found that he had written with the point of a rusty nail, a few words to his mother, telling her that he still possessed his Bible; that it was his consolation there; that they were singing hymns with death before them; and beseeching her and his brother never to forget that blessed book.

A CHRISTIAN ADDRESS.—My brethren, have faith in God. Believe his promises: Walk in the sense of his love. Comfort yourselves in God's love towards you, under all the hatred and envy of men, and the contradiction of sinners that you meet with. Be strong and of a good courage; God is for you. Be assured that he that walketh uprightly, walketh surely. Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together. Now see that you speak often to one another, and build up each other in the holy faith.—*Rev. J. Alleins.*