

# CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.



G. W. Johnson

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### Original.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.  
Vacation Tour.

June the 1st, at 4 o'clock in the evening, we left Goldsboro' in the train for Newbern. A pleasant ride with cheerful company, brought us to our destination about seven. There stood brother Weaver to bid us welcome and conduct us to the parsonage. We went with him and took tea; but were afraid to stay with him all night, lest the boat might leave us behind the next morning. Who that has ever traveled by steam boat or rail road, that does not dread the idea of being left? It does make one feel so little and mean to get to the depot just in time to see the boat or cars pass away out of sight, and leave you to stay behind. To avoid this calamity, we chose to stay at the hotel, and be there in the morning to get off with our company.

Everything was very nice at Mr. Smith's hotel—servants attentive and the table well supplied. Next morning when we were about to leave, we called for our bill, and were quite surprised at the amount. For night's lodging and breakfast we had to pay the glorious little sum of 35 cents! Thank you, sir, for your generosity—how did you find out that our purse was nearly empty? If 'Satan' always treats the preachers so kindly, we guess they will all like him wonderfully. My friend Smith's table always be supplied, and may his pockets ever be filled with something better than rocks.

June the 2nd, at an early hour, we were getting ready to sail. To sail! Yes, for the steamboat had quit running and had been taken to be repaired. Our vessel was one of the size and make which the people down there call a 'corn-cracker.' This small, neat craft had been chartered by our esteemed friend, J. S. Burns, Esq., for the purpose of conveying himself and some young ladies returning from school, across to Hyde county. Capt. Midgett in command, we felt quite secure, and dared to bid everything defiance except sea-sickness and mosquitoes. The wind was right against us, for while we were making our way down the Neuse river, the wind was blowing up the stream; and yet our skillful captain managed to carry his vessel on in spite of the wind, which is a very singular way of getting along when viewed by a 'land lubber' from the up country. It is rather tedious, however, for one who is in a hurry, as school girls always are, when returning home. We worked hard all day and only got about forty miles. The Captain did all he could to make us comfortable, down in the cabin of his little vessel; but the berth in which we lay down, was not large enough, we could not turn over, we could not breathe freely, we could not sleep at all. So we got out and fixed a small pallet on the floor, and on it we rested snugly till morning.

At day light we found ourselves out in the middle of Pamlico Sound.—Yesterday we had too much wind, but now we are becalmed. For some time there was not a breeze to be discovered. Which is the worst, to have too much wind, or to have none at all? We offer this question for discussion for the reader's amusement, when he is out to sea and finds himself unable to move onward. We floated on very slowly till about one o'clock, when a fresh breeze sprang up and took us on rapidly. Far to our right we could see the islands of Portsmouth and Ocracoke. On the former we had spent a few days most delightfully in the summer of 1848, and now, ten years later, we were sailing in sight of the same place. We felt a very strong desire to go ashore and see the old friends, whose acquaintance we had formed in other days. There lives a Dr. Dudley, who has long stood as a fine pillar in our church on Portsmouth. But we had to forego the pleasure of seeing him, and enjoying his hospitality. More than a thousand times have we thought of a remark which he made to us ten years ago. We were conversing about church members withdrawing whenever they got a little offended, or when some person joined in whom they had no confidence. Dr. D. remarked that he had often been tempted to withdraw when he saw so many worthless characters in the church. 'But finally,' said he 'while reflecting on the subject one day, I came to this determination, that I would not withdraw from the church, even if the devil himself came and joined it.' A good resolution.

About four o'clock, our good Captain brought us to anchor off Wysock or Brooks landing. We offered to pay the captain, but he utterly refused to receive one cent. We wished him a long and happy life, and devoutly praying that the Old Ship of Zion might land him safely in the blessed port of heaven, we bade him goodbye. By the way, the sailors are a noble race of men. They generally look rough and unpolished, but their hearts are warm and large, and filled with generous impulses. Often have we been surprised at their frankness, their kindness and their heroic boldness. Their hearts are expansive and boundless like the ocean upon which they sail; their friendship

is pure and their professions are radiant in sincerity as the jeweled stars and silvery moon reflect from the deep; when once roused by a sense of injustice, their rage is impetuous and their wrath as terrible as the furious tempest which dashes the majestic ship to pieces and fills the beholder with amazement.

After we had all got ashore at Wysocking (a queer Indian name) we walked about a quarter of a mile to the store of Mr. Brooks. He cheerfully agreed to carry us in his buggy to the house of an old acquaintance where we could get a conveyance onward. Mr. B., started with his little away down into the pasture for his horse. But seeing that he was much older than we were, and feeling that it was a great accommodation to have the use of his animal, we proposed to go after the horse and relieve Mr. B. of the walk. When we found the horse, it was with some difficulty that we could catch him; we succeeded at length, however, and soon he was hitched in the buggy, and away we went. About 3 miles brought us to the house of Rev. Jas. Watson. Here our friend Mr. B. left us and returned, leaving us under many obligations to him for his kindness.

It was pleasant to sit there in that piazza, just where we had been seated twelve months before, in company with brother and sister Watson, and another esteemed friend, the wife of Dr. Long, and find that the lapse of one year had made no apparent alteration in their features, while their hearts were still as young as ever. Brother Watson is a Local Preacher and a useful man.—Of his own accord he offered us the use of his horse and buggy to reach our appointment at Sladesville on the following Saturday. It does one good, makes him feel good, and leads him to think well of his fellow-men, to receive such acts of unexpected kindness. Let any man visit Hyde county, and if he behaves himself, he will meet with the greatest attention and kindness everywhere. Next morning, June 4th, we started for Sladesville—distance about forty miles, more or less. Our trip was not marked with anything very striking. We passed up the South side of Matamuskeet lake, through some of the richest corn land in the world. Staid all night at Swan Quarter, the county seat of Hyde, and next morning we arrived at Sladesville in time for preaching. But we have, perhaps, already detained the reader too long from his supper; if so he will please accept our apology, and lay the paper by for the present. We will reserve our remarks on the position of Hyde—its lands—churches, &c., for next week.

Respectfully,  
S. M. FROST.  
For the N. C. Christian Advocate.

Things and Thoughts found Here and There.

**CORRUPTION OF THE PRESS.**—A New York correspondent of the Nashville Christian Advocate says, with regard to the swill milk excitement in New York, "Pimps were sent in every direction; newspapers, religious and secular were bought up for, be it known, the former are as readily sold as the latter, only with this difference, that they are vastly cheaper, and their services can be had at a most contemptible price—money not being demanded." We hope this astounding assertion made by "P. N." (for no proof is offered) is a calumny on the religious press of New York; for we would rather, for the credit of our common Christianity, find one man guilty of a violation of the ninth commandment, than that the religious press of that great city should prove to be so base.

**PRAYER AT SUNSET.**  
"Go forth at eventide,  
The twilight of summer, when the trees  
Yield their frail honors to the passing breeze,  
And woodland paths with autumn tints are dyed;  
When the mild sun his palling lustre shrouds  
In gorgeous draperies of golden clouds,  
Then wander forth, mid beauty and decay,  
To meditate alone—alone to wash and pray."

**KNOWLEDGE.**—It is the privilege of an intelligent man to be "a citizen of every country and a contemporary of every age." But if he should neglect to acquire the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, he will find that "he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."

**CIRCULATION OF RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.**—The following excellent remarks on this subject, from a recent article in the North Carolina Christian Advocate, written by Rev. B. F. Long, ought to be pondered and prayed over by some of the preachers who suffer their people to perish from the "lack of knowledge." Have they forgotten that one of the duties still imposed upon them by the Discipline is to "SPREAD THE BOOKS?"

"As the M. E. Church, South, we have established a 'Publishing House' for the purpose of providing a supply of Methodist literature, for circulation within our bounds. This 'Publishing House' has in the persons of efficient itinerant preachers, about twenty-five hundred Agents, and yet their shelves are loaded with seventy thousand dollars worth of 'stock on hand.' That this, to a certain extent, to be attributed to the peculiarities of location, and

want of facilities for rapid transportation, may be true; but that to an almost entire extent, it is to be attributed to want of interest and industry in the circulation of these books, upon the part of these Agents, cannot be denied. There are many Methodist preachers who will not even keep a supply of Hymn Books for the members of their charge. And while the Savior has said, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged,' I fear there are those who think it rather beneath the dignity of their position, to engage in the business of 'selling books.' There is certainly no preacher who will not admit that this is a great means of doing good; if so, should not the conscience convict of culpable neglect of duty, when this means is not used? Do not the obligations of our office require us to use every possible effort for the purpose of securing the design of its institution; if so, does not the voluntary neglect of the use of one of the most powerful means placed within our reach, render us guilty of wilfully neglecting the duties of our position?"

**MARRIAGE AMONG THE NEGROES IN SOUTH AFRICA.**—Speaking of Mazinqua and his family, Dr. Livingstone says: "His children, all by one mother, very black but comely to view, were the finest negro family I ever saw. We were much pleased with the frank friendship and liberality of this man and his wife. She asked me to bring her a cloth from the white man's country; but when we returned poor Mazinqua's wife was in the grave, and, as is the custom, had abandoned trees, garden, and huts, to ruin. They cannot live on a spot where a favorite wife has died, probably because unable to bear the remembrance of the happy times they have spent there, or afraid to remain on a spot where death has once visited the establishment. If the place is ever revisited it is to pray to her, or to make some offering."—Livingstone's Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa, p. 338.

**INTELLECT OF NATIVE AFRICANS.**—"In general, they are slow, like all the African people, hereafter to be described, in coming to a decision on religious subjects; but in questions affecting their worldly affairs they were keenly alive to their own interests. They might be called stupid in matters which had not come within the sphere of their observation, but in other things they showed more intellect than is to be met with in our own uneducated peasantry."—Ibid, p. 22. This state of mind is made by a learned and pious Scotchman, who had spent sixteen years in intimate intercourse with these people, and is worthy of consideration by all who are interested in the evangelization of Africa, or of the descendants of Africans in this country.

**UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.**—The Reason of it.—Walver is separated from his wife, Dickens from his wife, and Chas. Reade (of Peg Woffington and White Lies notoriety) is living with another man's wife. From the days of the poet Job, whose wife was the original Mrs. Caudle, down to Socrates and Xantippe, and so on down to Byron, and finally to Dickens, matrimonial unhappiness has ever attached to literary men.

The above paragraph which is "going round" in the newspapers without any author's name, does injustice to literary men. While in large a class some have been unhappily married, it has not been shown that this is more frequently the case with literary men than with men of other professions.—The cases of the poet Southey, Dr. Adam Clarke, and others, given in "Marriage as it is and as it should be," are bright examples of conjugal happiness among men of this class. The error arises from the same source with the false proverb, "The parson's children are the worst in the parish." Literary men and parsons are conspicuous objects, and their errors and misfortunes are sure to be noted by the public.

BETA.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.

**MR. EDITOR:**—Tuesday, the 6th of July will be a memorable day in Wilkesboro', N. C. By large and flaming hand-bills, it had been extensively made known that a "Great Show and Circus" were to be here on that day. Our preacher, foreseeing the evil and injury that were likely to supervene, gave earnest and faithful warning, kind and affectionate remonstrance to his charge, fully delivering himself.

The long expected day, however, at length came around. Early in the day, wagons, carts, horses, mules, oxen, &c., began to flock in, loaded down with human beings, a large majority of whom were young, and the crowd largely admired with females; so that by 12 o'clock, our streets and avenues were alive with people. It was advertised that the "Grand Fandango" would be open at one o'clock—previous to this several little catch-penny stands sprang up all around the main canvass—these exhibited paintings, sold some sort of curative humbug, cements, &c., &c. In fixing up their large canvass, one of the managers offered some indignity to one of our citizens, which

he resented. A few words of altercation followed, and then blows; and then commenced a regular war. Their watch-cry was sounded by one of their gang; they rallied their forces almost in a moment, armed with axes, fence-stakes, pikes, single trees, ring mats, &c., and promiscuously and indiscriminately attacked every person, whether friend or foe, magistrate or officers, in a real murderers' onslaught, beating down like butchers every person who opposed them, whether as antagonists or peace makers. Our citizens, seeing their danger, fled in consternation, all but a few who rushed to the rescue of their friends, and succeeded in driving back the cowardly ruffians; no, however, till they had struck down some five or six men, like so many brutes in a slaughter house, and trampled over or kicked them to one side in efforts to overtake others. Provisionally no one was killed; but several men were seriously wounded, who will have cause to remember the day and its incidents till the end of their life.

Warrants were immediately issued, and several of the gang were arrested; several escaped entirely, and others assumed aliases, and at last only three or four could be sufficiently identified to bind them over to court. And thus the day wound up, and the company passed on to defy the laws of God and man elsewhere.

The pulpit and press, especially our pulpit and press, have long waged a warfare against those Travelling Menageries and Circuses, that almost every season pass through our land; and it might seem a work of supererogation to bring up this matter again before the public. But in regard to this, as in many others, men need line upon line, and precept upon precept. The press may warn, the pulpit forewarn, and still there will be found people—hundreds of them—to give aid and countenance, encouragement and support to the whole iniquitous concern.

Now, it would be no hard matter to adduce evidence that these companies do a great deal of harm in our country, or to prove that the influences that go out from them, are like a pestilential vapor, which in sweeping through our land vitiate and corrupts our youth, and offers formidable barriers to the progress of virtue, piety and religion. Verily its fruits are easily seen, and its works do follow it.

Is it right? Is it consistent for any such irregular, immoral, intemperate, God-defying company to be sustained and supported by any good citizen—more especially by members of the Church of Christ? Is it not a real prostitution of money, of example, of influence, and a violation of that sacred compact we have taken upon ourselves "to resist the Devil and all his works."

But a few years since a large collection of animals passed through our State, associated with which there was a circus. Its manager scattered broadcast a pamphlet professing to give a short history of the appearance, nature and habits of every animal on exhibition; and in many instances acknowledging and pointing out the goodness and beneficence of God (3) in all these peculiar arrangements of his divine providence. And to give force and effect to the idea or impression that it was to—magnify the goodness, wisdom and power of God, that prompted them in part at least, to offer this exhibition, they distributed free tickets far and near to every minister of the gospel, inviting them to come and behold the wonderful works of God. The bait took in many localities. The ministers not only ceased to warn the people, but actually visited the exhibition as it passed; and thus a deep laid scheme, adroitly suggested by the prince of darkness, entrapped many a unsuspecting man. It passed away, and left behind it that sad evidence, that "not every one that saith Lord, Lord, is fit for the kingdom of heaven." Ah, no indeed; but then as now a retinue of ruffians, blackguards, profligate men and prostitute women swept through our State, regardless of the laws of God or man—in defiance of all the rules of virtue, propriety or decorum—glorying in their debauchery, wantonness and shame—leaving behind them a moral stench which corrupts the youth of our beloved State, and withers the hopes and crushes the hearts of those who pray for the prosperity of Zion and the peace of Jerusalem.

I do hope, Mr. Editor, that the time is not far distant when we, as a people, more especially as a church, will cease to give countenance and support to any such ungodly crew. O! how shall we answer for these things at the judgment bar? Can we thus enrich the treasury of the devil by our money, industry and example, while hundreds and thousands of our fellowmen are perishing for the Word of Life, and expect that God will hold us guiltless in the day of final reckoning? This solemn tribunal will try us by our works, not by our excuses, explanations, and apologies. These may satisfy the world, and with them we may try to quiet our conscience, and apologize to the Bible; but still the warning will stand out in living words, "Come out from among them, be ye separate."—

"Their tongue is a fire—a world of iniquity." "Their way leads to hell, going down to the chambers of death." A. A. SCROGGES. Wilkesboro', July, 1858.

Selections.  
From the Christian Advocate & Journal.  
Death of Jabez Bunting.

Sketch of his Life—His Legislative Talent—His Missionary Services—His Promotion of Lay Agency in Methodism—His Talents as a Debater.

The news, not unexpected, of the death of Dr. Bunting was brought by the steamer of last week. The greatest representative of Wesleyan Methodism, since Wesley himself, has passed on to the hosts of the good and great in the Church triumphant; he had lived, however, so long and so real a life, and his decease had been so gradually and yet so certainly approaching, that the Methodist communities of both hemispheres will not be painfully surprised by it. He has gone in a good old age; he has fulfilled nobly the mission of his life; it was fitting that he should at last cease from his labors.

Richard Boardman, the first preacher sent to this country by John Wesley, passed on his way to embark, through the village of Moneyash, Derbyshire, in the summer 1769. He preached there on the prayer of Jabez—1 Chron. iv, 9. The word was a "savor of life unto life," to at least, one soul present, a young lady. She never forgot the occasion, and will never forget it in heaven. So deep was the impression of the subject on her memory, that when, ten years later, she became a mother, she devoted her first-born son to God, and called his name Jabez. He was born at Manchester, (not Moneyash, as usually stated.) May 13, 1779. Great men, it is said, derive their characters from their mothers. Unquestionably the decided religious character of his mother influenced the noble destiny of Jabez Bunting. His early and great capacity for any kind of success, and the numerous temptations to secular life which beset him, would have diverted from the self-sacrificing career he chose, almost any ordinary man; but a direction was given to his mind in the outset which bore him energetically along through his protracted career. His mother carried him, when yet a babe, to Oldham-street Chapel, Manchester, to receive the blessing of the venerable founder of Methodism. Mr. Wesley took him in his arms and pronounced a benediction upon him. The history of Methodism has shown that it was a bequest of his own mantle to the child.

His conversion was brought about by an incident which, though apparently trivial, seems to have had a providential relation to his subsequent life as a great administrator in the Church.—His mother, remembering her vows, habitually took him to the love-feasts when he was yet a child. About his fifteenth year, however, he was taken to a note) was their pastor. He was a rigid disciplinarian, and admitted no one to these meetings without the "ticket"; the proof of membership in the society. The boy was getting ready to go one day, when his mother informed him, with much seriousness, that he could not get admittance, remarking: "I do not know what you think about it, Jabez, but to me it seems an awful thing, that, after having been carried there, you should now be excluded by your own fault." "The Lord used these simple words of maternal solicitude," says an English writer, "to awaken a soul that was to be the instrument of awakening many. Not a few will remember the simplicity and pathos with which he related this fact at the Centenary meeting in City-road Chapel; adding, with a gush of emotion, 'I have to thank God for Methodist doctrine.' To use again his own words, 'That moment the blow was struck in the right place.' Soon after he was a regular and earnest member of a class, led by his maternal uncle.

The class-paper, for one quarter in the year after he joined, is still extant, and against the name of Jabez Bunting 'absent' is not once marked. This discipline stood allied with his most sacred recollections.

Like most really great men, he early gave evidence of superiority. A physician, Dr. Percival, was so struck with the promise of his mind that he proposed to take him under his patronage. The opportunity was an auspicious one, and Mrs. Bunting being now a widow, it might have seemed providential; but she remembered her vow, and kept the boy for the Lord. In about his twentieth year he went forth, accompanied by his friend James Wood, (a distinguished name afterward among Wesleyan Methodists), to preach his first sermon in a farm-house. His text was: 'Ye believe in God, believe also in me.' The discourse gave to his friend a presentiment of his future success; "I never heard a better sermon," he exclaimed; "Jabez shall be more honorable than his brethren." "Nearly forty years from that day," says an English author, "you might see this same countenance fixed on the same friend, and glowing with like senti-

ments. They are now in that Oldham street Chapel, so connected with their early religious course. The black locks of James Wood have become white as snow, and time has also touched his friend. The compact, expressive head is very bald; the pale countenance has become full and strongly colored; and instead of extreme slenderness, we have advanced corpulency. But the whole air speaks generosity and happiness.—Those smiles do not play upon the countenance—that confidence does not sit in the eye—those various tones of easy and sometimes playful sagacity, of hope, and humor, and pathos, do come from the breast of a man who has a bitter or a broken heart. Methodism has reached the age of a hundred years, and his chief men are met to concert measures for duly noting her centenary. To him all look for the clearest exposition and the wisest counsel. He is in the act of opening up that plan which is to evoke such a wonderful response throughout home and missionary Methodism. As his friend watches him with joy and pride, doubtless he thinks of the day when he saw him trembling before his cottage audience. Have not goodness and mercy followed them both? He sits there, one of the most considerable merchants of his native Manchester, president of the Chamber of Commerce, the beloved center of a large and intelligent circle, one of the most eloquent lay preachers in the country, and about to lay down for the fund, on which his friend is discoursing, the sum of five thousand dollars. And that friend, has not the prayer of Jabez been indeed answered upon him, and the lot of Jabez been repeated? There he stands, in that same chapel where Wesley took him in his arms and blessed him; for more than twenty years he has been, taking him all in all, the first man in the Methodist ministry. Universal respect waits upon his virtues and his talents." He carries an amount of ecclesiastical influence perhaps greater than resides in the person of any other single man in Protestant Christendom; an influence that touches every corner of the united kingdom, every colony that England holds, and even many tribes lying beyond the sphere of our national command."

His elevation to this eminence among his brethren was rapid. Methodism demands practical talent. The great man among its people must be a great worker, in order to be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. Brilliant accomplishments, without practical skill and palpable results, are of little estimation in a system so energetic and demonstrative. Bunting had genius, eloquence; but he had also the insight, the common-sense, the wisdom, at once subtle and comprehensive, and, above all, (as a requisite with a man of his people and great resources,) a capacity, generous enterprise, that could both project and sustain large schemes. The elements of these qualifications, since so eminently developed, were visible in the outset to the discernment of his brethren. His career was therefore rapid, and in this respect quite anomalous in the Wesleyan Conference. At the Centenary Conference, in 1799, side by side with another young man, who afterward became second to him among the notabilities of English Methodism, Robert Newton. His first appointment was at Oldham, his subsequent appointments are a curious record; a striking indication of the influence of talent to secure, even without ambitious management, its appropriate fields of effort. Though one of the oldest preachers in the connection, his regular appointments have been limited to but eight places, and those the most important in England: Oldham, Macclesfield, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Halifax, Leeds, London. He spent eight years, with intermissions, at Manchester; five at Liverpool; about thirty-three, in various positions in London. These appointments, made not by his own agency, but spontaneously by his brethren, show, more perhaps than does the case of any other man in the history of Methodism, the predominant power of real greatness, its power to concentrate about it the requisite conditions of success, to reinstate itself spontaneously and continuously in the midst of these conditions.

We have already indicated, in general terms, the traits that secured him such an open and successful career.—In this country he has not been fully understood; we have considered him chiefly as the great legislative leader of English Methodism. This he was; but this is not all. His remarkable influence could never have been obtained without eminent popular power in the pulpit. Methodism has to do with the masses, and Jabez Bunting has swayed, not merely the ecclesiastical men of his denomination, but its popular mind beyond any man, since Wesley. He was unquestionably one of the greatest preachers of the age; but great here, as in other respects, not with adventitious or merely brilliant or rhetorical traits, but with the wisdom and the power, which befitted the office, and which inherently belong to the man. Truly great in the pulpit, he has also been vigorously useful out of it; the master manager of the plans of Methodism since Wesley. Indeed, nearly all the grand schemes of the denomina-

tion in England have sprung, directly or indirectly, from his energy. As soon as Dr. Cooke died, Jabez Bunting became the chief director of the missionary movement of Methodism, (the greatest movement in its history,) and to him more than any other man it owes the precedence which it now takes of all other Protestant missionary enterprises of the world. He had offered to go to India himself as a missionary, and has been heard to say: "Some of the happiest moments of my life, next to those that immediately followed my conversion, were when I fully presented myself to the Lord as a missionary to India." He was wisely prevented from going, however, that he might do a larger work for missions-at-home.—He helped to organize the Wesleyan missionary interest; took the platform for it with triumphant success; was sent to London that he might supervise it, and there made one of the noblest sacrifices for it that could be made by such a man. He was endowed with taste and capacity for literature, and had formed with a friend some favorite literary projects; but on foreseeing the results of the missionary undertakings of the "connection," he wrote to his friend: "The die is cast. If I give to our missions the attention they require, I shall not have any time hereafter for literature." "This," says the London Christian Times, "must have been a conscious sacrifice of both reputation and enjoyment; but it was deliberately made, and, consequently, except his sermon on Justification by Faith, which has gone through seven editions, you will now inquire in vain for his productions. Another sermon, preached in Dr. Winter's Chapel, before the Sunday-school Union, is, we believe, out of print."

He was the first to introduce laymen into the management of the missionary affairs of the Church, and not without some clerical opposition. He has always had the good judgment to see the value of their services, especially in financial matters, where clergymen are, naturally enough, found wanting. Beginning with the missionary society, he urged on this improvement till, upon every ecclesiastical committee, laymen were placed in equal number with ministers. He also proposed and carried the admission of laymen into the district meetings, so that through his legislation no matter of connection finance is settled by the conference; all this being done by mixed committees, and the conference merely acting as a court of record for their measures." So says an English authority; and another author affirms that "it is a fact but little known, and, by those who have been accustomed to hear this great man rail at as a priestly dictator, not even suspected, that nearly every measure which has popularized the institutions of Methodism, (which has given to the people a more liberal representation,) has originated with Dr. Bunting."

He has also led the way in the great educational enterprise of Wesleyan Methodism. These are numerous, and now potent in their enrollment and influence. We can refer to but one of them, the one at the head of which, as President, he stands. It is the Wesleyan Theological Institute. This is an interest of the denomination that he anticipated with solicitude for many years, and has fostered with unremitting care since its birth. At the very first conference held by Wesley, some young provision for the education of young preachers was proposed. The proposition was repeated at the next session; it was never lost sight of by the Wesleyan Conference until it stood real red in two of their noblest denominational structures, one at Richmond, in the south; the other at Didsbury, in the North. About fifteen years ago the Richmond Seminary was opened with an address by Dr. Bunting. At the session of the British Conference, in August, 1852, after the presentation of the usual resolutions in respect to the theological institution, he arose, and, among other things, declared "that he was more than ever convinced that the institution was of God; of God in its origin, and in its progress to that state of maturity and extensive usefulness which it had now reached."

Dr. Bunting, like all first-class minds, was variously great. We have considered him as a preacher and as a practical manager. As a debater he was esteemed without a rival among his brethren. He was chary of his remarks in conference sessions, well knowing that frequent and unimportant speeches there are a sure forfeiture of influence, as well as a vexatious embarrassment of business. He seldom spoke over five minutes at a time, and for the purpose of concentrating the dispersed and bewildered thoughts of the body, of allaying exasperated feelings, or clinching the subject by some summary and conclusive argument.—When, however, occasion required it, he could enter the arena full armed, and fight the combat out; invariably with victory.

He died at his residence, Myddleton Square, London, at a quarter before one o'clock, P. M., on the 16th of June. He retained his mental faculties clear to the last moment, though his speech had failed.

We have no other particulars of his