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"ONE THING IS NEEDFUL:" "ONE THING HAVE I DESIRED OF THE LORD:" "THIS ONE THING I DO." WHOLE NO. 304

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TERMS.—IN ADVANCE. FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1858. By Mail, or at the Office, $1.50 per Year; Delivered in the City, 1.75 " " SEE PROSPECTUS.

Original Poetry.

The Christians' Home.

We're traveling home to heaven above
To sing the Saviour's dying love;
Millions have reached that blessed shore,
Their painful trials all are o'er,
But still there's room for millions more.

We're going to walk the plains of light,
Far, far from death, and cares, and night;
The crown of life we then shall wear—
The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven share.

We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
With joyful songs to praise his name;
Our sun will then no more go down,
Our moon no more will be withdrawn,
Our days of mourning past and gone.

The way to heaven is straight and plain,
Repent, believe, be born again;
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
Take up thy cross and follow me,
Then shalt thou my salvation see.

O, could I hear some sinner say,
O, could I hear him humbly pray,
And all his old companions tell,
I will not go with you to hell,
I long with Jesus Christ to dwell.

Mansfield, May 29th, 1858. A.E.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Mrs. Jane C. Patterson.

The recent decease of Mrs. Jane C. Patterson, the venerable relict of the late Rev. Robert Patterson, in the 80th year of her age, after a life so long and so devoted to the service of her Divine Master, deserves more than a passing notice. Seldom does death claim as his victim one so gentle in spirit, so quiet and unobtrusive, yet so faithful, in the discharge of every duty, and one who so meekly, yet closely, walked in the footsteps of her Redeemer.

Mrs. Patterson was the third child of Col. John Canon, the founder and proprietor of Canonsburg, Pa., where she was born Dec. 20th, 1778. She was the last survivor of her father's numerous family. Her early opportunities for acquiring an education, though extremely limited, were carefully improved; and her taste for reading, joined to her natural quickness of observation, rendered her the superior in information of many who had much greater advantages in early life.

In her childhood and youth she shared in the hardships and trials of the early settlers of the West, of which she retained, to old age, a vivid recollection. Her memory went back to the times when the Indians were no unwonted visitors in the settlements of the whites; and the hospitality of no one did they enjoy more frequently than that of Col. Canon. She well remembered the building, by her father, of the old mill in Canonsburg, one of the first in all the West, and to which the farmers from a great distance around brought their grain. On one occasion advantage was taken of a high stage of water to send a boat, freighted with barrels of flour, almost from the door of the mill, by the tortuous course of the Chartiers, at that time unobstructed by other dams, to the Ohio, and so onward to New Orleans. The clearing up of the country for more than half a century, may possibly account for the present thread-like appearance of the stream, which certainly does not suggest the idea that Canonsburg was once the head of navigation.

Mrs. Patterson also remembered the building of the stone Academy in Canonsburg in 1791, when, though but a child, she assisted in preparing the meals for the workmen engaged in its erection. Indeed the entire history of that Academy passed under her eye, from its commencement in 1791, until its charter as a College in 1802. With all its teachers during that period, and with many of its students, she was personally acquainted; and of the character and standing of almost all, she had some knowledge.

Many of the actors in the Whisky Insurrection, in 1794, were well known to Mrs. Patterson, who could recall a variety of incidents that showed the intense excitement under which the Western country was at that time laboring. With all the first ministers West of the mountains, the fathers of the Presbyterian Church in the valley of the Mississippi, she was well acquainted, and had frequently heard them preach. This was owing partly to the fact that it was the custom of those times, especially for young people, to attend preaching at great distances from home, and in other congregations than their own; and partly from the fact that her father's house was the usual stopping-place for clergymen. Of his widow, who was his second wife, and the beloved step-mother of Mrs. Patterson, Rev. Dr. Neill, of Philadelphia, in a recent Anniversary sermon, states that "Mrs. Canon, (of Canonsburg,) was regarded as the lady of the place, and deservedly, for she was eminently pious, friendly, and generous. Her house was the seat of hospitality, the favorite resort of Christian ministers and serious students." And of the subject of the present memoir he justly speaks, as "a lady of quiet worth, and attractive social qualities."—(*Presbyterian Magazine*, Feb., 1857, pp. 87.)

Of the stirring scenes of the Great Revival of 1802, she was fond of speaking, for her own heart had been deeply moved by the pervading and solemn influences of the time. She had been for some years previous a member of the Chartiers church, under the pastoral care of Dr. McMillan, by whom she had been baptized, and who officiated at her marriage. Though not herself a subject of the "falling work," she had frequently witnessed that inexplicable, and often on the part of the subject, involuntary manifestation of the presence of an unknown power. But "she loved more to dwell upon the wonderful display of God's grace in that memorable revival, in renewing the hearts of the impenitent, and in reviving the faith of his people.

Her conversation in later life was enriched, as may well be supposed, with many reminiscences of a period which, with its simple manners, modes of thought, and way of life, as well as with its peculiar hardships, has so entirely passed away, and of which, during her last years, the deceased was one of the few remaining relics. Would that the unaffected piety and self-denying spirit of our Fathers and our Mothers might revive in the hearts and shine in the lives of their children.

The subject of our memoir was married to the Rev. Robert Patterson, Aug. 27th, 1801, and soon after accompanied him to the shore of Lake Erie, where, in the spirit of a Christian pioneer, he had accepted the pastoral charge of two feeble congregations, on the very borders of the wilderness. Eight children were the fruit of this union, of whom five survive.

After more than four years of courageous struggle, on what was then regarded as the remote frontier, with difficulties such as seldom beset the path of the modern missionary, and under which the heart seemed on the point of yielding, Mr. Patterson was invited to take charge of the Academy at Pittsburgh, (now the Western University of Pennsylvania,) and deeming it his duty to accept, he removed to that place with his family in 1807.

During the more than fifty years of her continuous residence in and near Pittsburgh, that city had grown from the inconsiderable frontier town which it was in 1807, to its present importance as a commercial and manufacturing emporium. We can with difficulty imagine her feelings when, soon after the completion of the iron track to New Brighton, she took her first ride in a railroad car, and witnessed many of the vast developments of the industrial resources of a city which had grown from infancy beneath her eye, whilst she reflected that more than an entire generation of her acquaintance had passed away from its busy streets.

During this long residence the hospitality of Mrs. Patterson was shared by hundreds, more particularly by the ministers and families of our Church on their way to the Great West, or in their temporary sojourn in the city. The student, preparing for the Gospel ministry, was also, as under her father's roof, a frequent and cherished guest. Many who read this feeble tribute to her memory, will recall the sweet smile of welcome, and the lady-like manners, that rendered her the unconscious charm of the social circle, at her table and around her hearth.

A constant and devout worshipper in the sanctuary and at the prayer-meeting, faithful in the discharge of every public obligation, it was yet in private life, in the domestic circle, in the humble, but not less real, trials and duties of ordinary life, that her gentleness of spirit, her sweetness of disposition, her constant concern for others to the forgetfulness of self, and her implicit trust in the Divine care and goodness, shone with their greatest lustre. With mental powers, which, if cultivated, would have made her the ornament of the most intellectual circle, she was extremely diffident of her own abilities, retiring, unobtrusive. Yet when duty was plain, none was more firm, though gentle, in its performance than she. From their earliest years she made the subject of religion a matter of private conversation and prayer with her children, who can never lose the impression of that mother's faithful and solemn admonitions. It is believed, notwithstanding her shrinking diffidence to approach others upon such a theme, yet that her words of counsel have cheered many a fellow-Christian, and have fallen, not unheeded, into many a careless heart.

In 1840 she removed with her husband to the place of her late residence near Pittsburgh, and here in 1854, Sept. 5th, his death, in his 82d year, severed all that was earthly of a union which had existed for more than half a century, and which has been rarely, if ever, exceeded in the happiness of which it was the uninterrupted source. Her husband loved to pay a heartfelt tribute to her worth; and as they descended together into the vale of years, the infirmities of age but seemed to increase the tender regard of each for the other; whilst to all around it was evident that both were ripening for that heavenly home which was so often the theme of their discourse, and still oftener the subject of their thoughts.

A life like that of Mrs. Patterson, spent in the quiet performance of humble daily duties, presents little to arrest and detain the curious eye, though in the sight of God and angels, such an existence is more regarded than the loftiest career of an earthly and selfish ambition. Of the many acts of kindness, words of love, and deeds of Christian faithfulness, with which that life was filled, unmarked by the public gaze, unthought of by herself, the record is on high. And though her frame became more bowed, and her step more tottering, year by year, the covenant-keeping God of her youth did not forsake her in old age; the Angel of his presence was with her; the arm on which she had so long leaned was now her sure support; and amongst the last articulations of her dying lips could be distinguished, in whispers, the words—"Blessed Jesus, how much I wish to be with you!" In a few hours afterwards her longing spirit was released from the dissolving prison of its clay, and she was with the Saviour whom she loved. Her death seemed to be occasioned more by the gradual decay of the vital powers—the wearing out of the frail tenement which confined her here—than by the attack of any distinctly marked disease. On Monday, the 15th of March, 1858, after a night of peaceful rest, and just as another earthly morning dawned, she entered upon the glories of an eternal day. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, for they do rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

(*Presbyterian*, and *New York Observer*, please copy.)

Making a Fuss.

"I don't believe in all this fuss about religion. Do as well as you can, that is about all which is necessary. If I live an honest life, I reckon I have nothing to fear," said a young man to his friend.

"But the Bible takes a different view of the matter," replied his companion. "It says, 'Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of God.' And, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a man be born of water, and of the Spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God.' I feel there is *everything* to fear until this change has come over my soul. I must be born again, I must be converted; there is not a minute's safety without it; therefore I must be in earnest about the things of religion." One went to the prayer-meeting, the other to the theatre. The interests of eternity may have turned upon the turns which those young men made during that walk.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Withered Fig Trees.

"Now in the morning, as he returned into the city, he hungered. And when he saw a fig tree in the way, he came to it, and found nothing thereon, but leaves only, and said unto it, Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward forever. And presently the fig tree withered away."—MATT. xxi: 18, 19.

As the Saviour walks about in the midst of the churches, he looks upon many professing Christians, who, like the fig-tree, bear no fruit. They may present a fair appearance, and be full of leaves, sound, orthodox professors. They attend church regularly, sit at the communion table, and pray devoutly; but being at ease in Zion, and inactive, *powerless* Christians, alas! Jesus, as he draws nigh, finds nothing like fruit; *leaves only!*

And how many there are, professors and non-professors; how many children of pious parents, who from their youth up have been taught the way of life, and to whom the Saviour returns year after year, expecting to find fruit, and still finds none—nothing, nothing, *save leaves only*.

The Saviour certainly expects Christians to bear fruit, and if they are branches of the living vine, they will bear *much fruit*. A fruitless Christian then, is not a branch of the vine; and is not the Saviour greatly disappointed, when his professed followers bear no fruit? How is the world ever to be converted, if Christians are fruitless?

Another thought: *Jesus visits his Church to see its condition*. My Christian friend, the eye of your King is upon *you*; he sees you in your public walks and in your private ways, he watches you if peradventure you bear fruit or not. In your family, at your business, at your devotions, when alone, what are you? a fruitless tree? The Saviour comes to *you*, his eye searches you; what does he behold—nothing but leaves only? Oh, beware, lest, having come often, and time after time gone away disappointed, he speaks to you as he did to the fig-tree, "*Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward forever!*" and presently you wither away. You may be spared for a long time in the Church, but never bear any fruit; you will be a *withered Christian*, dried up from the root. Alas! there are many withered trees in the garden of the Lord, and this accounts for so many dull, worldly-minded Christians; so inactive and useless, *they are withered*.

Christian reader, is there any danger of you becoming so? Are your branches filled with fruit, or do they bear nothing but leaves? When the Saviour comes nigh, and by the Holy Spirit awakens many sinners; when he comes to *you*, expecting to see *you* active and zealous in his cause, and bearing much fruit, what does he behold—fruit? *much* fruit? or leaves only? Ah! if he find you fruitless, soon, yes, *to-day*, he may utter the dreadful words, "Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward *forever*."

And what is the result? "And presently the fig-tree *withered* away." What is it to be withered, and of what use is a withered tree? Is it beautiful to the eye? Are men refreshed by its shade? It is of *no* use—a dried up, barren thing, unsightly, worthless, save only to be cut down and cast into the fire.

The Saviour will have fruitful trees, or none; he needs no idle hands, and he wants no hardened, lazy souls; but as he gives every facility in soil and in culture—as he gives the means of grace, invites, threatens, commands, and entreats—so he expects, and has a *right* to expect, *much fruit*. And is he always to forbear—is he to come again and again, and always to be put off by a fair display of *leaves only*? Certainly not; he will come some day and take a final inspection of you, and if he still finds leaves only, your doom is sealed, forever!—no fruit, no fruit to grow on you, oh Christian reader, *forever*; none *expected* to grow on you! We don't look for fruit on withered trees. Jesus will expect none, and never, never will he come to you again; but oh, the end of withered Christians—poor withered souls, withered trees!—cast aways, lost Christians!

To seal the destruction of a fruitless soul, be he a professor or not, God has but to say, "Let him alone." He gives them up to their own evil desires; he withdraws himself from them, and thus withers them forever.

If you, my dear reader, are fruitless, oh take warning now, before the dreadful sentence is uttered against you, which shal wither you away, and you be lost—lost, forever!

"And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees. Therefore, every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down, and cast into the fire." S.L.C.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Sabbath School Celebration at Tarentum, Penn'a.

DEAR DOCTOR:—The Sunday Schools of our village celebrated the eighty-second Anniversary of American Independence, in a grove selected for the purpose, on Monday the 5th instant. The grove is the property of the M. E. Church, known as the far-famed "Tarentum Camp-Ground,"—a place of singular attractions, and admirably suited to the purpose of Sunday School celebrations. The towering hills on the North and West—the ancient forest on either hand, with the smiling fields of active industry waving in front—present a pleasing combination of varied scenery, rarely met with in any other grove. There is also an abundance of excellent water.

The Sunday Schools of the three principal denominations in our village were represented by many smiling faces and joyous hearts. It was a lovely scene. There, in happy groups, mingling promiscuously, were seen the youth and children of Presbyterians, United Presbyterians, and Methodists, seeming only to vie with each other in the exhibition of the degree of enjoyment afforded by their mutual intercourse.

The opening services were conducted by Rev. John Grant, pastor of the M. E. congregation. The singing had a pleasing effect, as the voice of praise reverberated through the grove. The Throne of Grace was addressed in terms appropriate to the occasion; when, after proper restrictions as to moral deportment and good behavior, the children were permitted to enjoy themselves in a variety of innocent recreations, under the care of the officers and teachers, and a number of parents who had come up from their homes to be partakers of the joys of their children. The whole affair passed off very agreeably. Not an accident occurred, or any misbehavior to mar the general happiness, or serve the most scrupulous as exceptions; although it has been urged that dry, uninteresting lectures of great length, are essential to restrain the children from acts of impropriety. We trust the day of such notions is well nigh past. The object of a celebration, being not "merely animal gratification" and "frolic," nor yet picking the "bone" of stale and tedious lectures, or several "consecutive sermons," but, as has been practically demonstrated in our midst, as well as repeatedly in other places, that Sunday School children can, under the care of their parents and teachers, conduct themselves with propriety in innocent pleasures; whilst parents and teachers in social and intellectual intercourse, can spend a day pleasantly and profitably together, agreeably to the dictates of nature and common sense.

That our celebration was a season of enjoyment long to be remembered by the children, as a golden link in the chain that binds them to the past, we cannot doubt. That it may lead their minds to the contemplation of the sublime scenery of nature, and from nature up to nature's God; and tend ultimately to their transportation to climes infinitely more fair, to realms of unfading joy, is the earnest prayer of the

FRIENDS OF THE CAUSE.

From the Presbyterian.

The New Jersey Case.

[BY REQUEST OF THE AUTHOR.]

MESSRS. EDITORS:—A number of the members of the late Assembly at New Orleans have requested the insertion in the *Presbyterian* of the report of the Committee on the decision of the case from New Jersey. Some entered their dissent, from the final action of the Assembly, on the adoption of the substitute; but the hurry incident to the close of the Assembly, prevented others from taking such action as they wished; and this publication seemed to be the only alternative left. They are satisfied the paper adopted did not express the sense of the House, and was not properly passed. After some discussion on the report, it was laid on the table, to take up the substitute presented by Dr. Palmer. The substitute was then discussed, and also laid on the table, and the report taken up again. Finally, all the papers and motions were laid on the table, and the substitute taken up by a bare majority and passed. This was clearly wrong, as a two-third vote was necessary to take up the substitute, indefinitely laid on the table.

The Report proposed nothing in relation to the subsequent action of the parties appealed from. The Committee felt that such issues were not before the Assembly, and therefore declined any report on the final disposition of such alleged facts. The House had sustained the appeal by a very large majority, and the Committee were to set forth the *reasons* for this decision. The fear lest further trouble might arise, the confusion of motions and counter-motions, and the determination of many to leave that evening, hurried the substitute through, and led the Assembly into something of the same error they had just condemned in others.

The Report of the Committee is as follows:

The Committee to bring in a Minute on the decision of the appeal of the Rev. Robert S. Finley and Mr. Smith Bloomfield against the Synod of New Jersey, report—1st. That the Assembly sustains the appeal, because the Synod should not have allowed the Presbytery of Elisabethtown to dissolve Mr. Finley's pastoral relation without the constitutional course in the case. Our Form of Government, chap. xvii, defines the manner in which the pastoral relation shall be dissolved. The power of the Presbytery to "visit" churches, &c., in chapter x, does not clothe the Presbytery with arbitrary power to make a summary settlement of a case like this. Neither Mr. Finley nor the congregation of Metuchin made any formal and proper application for the dissolution of the pastoral relation between them.

2. The Assembly sustains the appeal, because the Synod should not have allowed the Presbytery to have dissolved the pastoral relation of Mr. Finley, while the discipline of the Church was in exercise. The Presbytery not only did this, but they went further. They arrested the progress of discipline by a simple act. They also forbade the exercise of discipline until such time as the same might be agreeable to them. Their action in the premises could only be an appeal regularly brought before them, and this interference was, therefore, clearly unconstitutional.

3. The Assembly sustains the Appeal, because the Synod should not have allowed the Presbytery to have tolerated the unlawful and violent breaking up of a meeting of the congregation for worship, and the election of additional Ruling Elders. Neither should the Presbytery have been allowed to appoint a Committee of their body to call another meeting of the congregation, and to preside in place of the Moderator of Session, thrust aside, and at which meeting pew-holders, not members of the church, were permitted by this Committee to vote, and elect some of the men to the office of Ruling Elder, who were under discipline, and prominent in these unlawful proceedings, and contrary to the feelings and wishes of a majority of the members of the church.

4. Your Committee, therefore, conclude that the action of Synod should be reversed; and that the conduct of the Presbytery has been unconstitutional. However desirable the dissolution of the pastoral relation in this case, it should have been brought about according to the plain provisions of the Constitution. By order of the Committee.

R.D.M.

Employment Essential to Health.

In the course of my literary labors, I found that the mental exercise which accompanied them was not a little beneficial to my health. The motives which excited me to write, and the objects which I hoped to accomplish, were of a nature calculated to cheer the mind, and to give the animal spirits a salutary impulse. I am persuaded that if I had suffered my time to pass away with little or no employment, my health would have been still more impaired, my spirits depressed, and, perhaps, my life considerably shortened. I have therefore, reason to deem it a happiness, and a source of gratitude to Divine Providence, that I was enabled, under my bodily weakness and confinement, to turn my attention to the subjects which have, for so many years, afforded me abundant occupation. I think it is incumbent upon us, whatever may be our privations, to cast our eyes around, and endeavor to discover whether there are not some means yet left us of doing good to ourselves and to others; that our lights may, in some degree, shine in every situation, and, if possible, be extinguished only with our lives. The quantum of good which, under such circumstances, we do, ought not to disturb or affect us. If we perform what we are able to perform, how little soever it may be, it is enough; it will be acceptable in the sight of Him who knows how to estimate exactly all our actions, by comparing them with our disposition and ability.—*Lindley Murray.*

From our London Correspondent.

The Death and Burial of Doctor Bunting—Notice of his Career—The Funeral Procession—The City Road Chapel—The Services and Interment—The Position, Character and Prospects of English Methodism—Cheap Bread and Harvest Prospects—Duty on Paper and its Foreshadowed Abolition—Press Prosecutions Abandoned—The "Assassination" Pamphlet—A Lecture to Governments—The Enslaved French Press—Its Abuse of England—The Reason Why—The Pope's Navy—An Armada in future—The Confessional and the Homilies—Education Grants and Juvenile Labor—Grants to Romanism—Postscript.

LONDON, June 25th, 1858.

THE DEATH AND BURIAL of the Rev. Dr. Bunting, have excited deep and mournful interest not only in London, but throughout the country, and that among all Evangelical Christians. He was a native of Lancashire, the child of humble but pious parents, and early gave himself to the service of Christ. Although born in the country, his parents removing into Manchester, a turn was thereby given to his destiny. He early attracted the attention of Dr. Percival, President of a Literary Institute, who employed him as an amanuensis. He had thus abundant opportunity of acquiring knowledge, and he made large attainments. His patron was a Unitarian, and amongst a polished class of persons at Manchester, like-minded with Dr. Perceval, young Bunting moved constantly. But his religious faith was not shaken, and when twenty-one years of age he became a Methodist preacher. He attracted notice early, by his pulpit talents. His style was tasteful, fluent, and fervent. Dr. Liefchild, an aged and revered Independent minister in London, when speaking of his early reminiscences of Bunting's preaching, said that "he was an imitator of none, and his own style of preaching was inimitable."

But it was as a man of wisdom and counsel, that this good man shone pre-eminent. While still young, he spoke with extraordinary ability in the Conference; and, as another aged minister, Mr. Scott, who gave an address at his funeral, said, amongst others who observed young Bunting was the late Richard Watson, who remarked, "He is a great man, and all that he does is done in the fear of God." His administrative ability, and judicial clearness, have been powerfully helpful to the consolidation and advancement of Wesleyanism all over the empire. He was the father and founder of the Foreign Missionary Society, whose income this year reached the large sum of £123,000, and whose agents are found in almost every part of the world. When schism was threatened in Conference, some years ago, by violent men, (who *might* have seized the opportunity to agitate for a *lay* element in the Conference similar to our elders in Synod or Assembly, but *did not*,) Bunting confronted the furious waves, like an unshaken rock. When the Evangelical Alliance was being formed, his counsels and voice in cases of difficulty were generally decisive in making matters plain, and, as the Senior Secretary of the Alliance since its formation in 1846, he has lent it his powerful, although quiet aid.

As you may already know, the English Wesleyans, although a strongly Conservative body both in politics and religion, sympathized from the first with the non-intrusion party in the Established Church of Scotland, sustained their cause by petitions to the Legislature; and when a Disruption was forced on the Evangelical majority, then, with unanimous enthusiasm, the Methodists rose up to their aid, opened their pulpits to the ministers, and stood by them on platforms and with large and liberal gifts, in their movements for providing new churches for expelled congregations. As Dr. Guthrie said, less than two months ago in Exeter Hall, Dr. Bunting was "*a statesman*." He saw the glorious principles and issues involved in the Free Church controversy, and his intense Evangelical sympathies burst through any barrier of a hereditary veneration for Establishment, such as, alas! *then* made, and still makes the Episcopalian Evangelicals untrue to themselves.

With Chalmers he had a delightful interview, near the close of that great man's life, and at the period of his last visit to London, immediately before his death. The record of this interview will be found in the letters of Dr. Chalmers.

The funeral was a public one. Deputations from the Committees of the Bible, and of various Missionary Societies, including the Church Missionary Society, (represented by Mr. Venue, the Secretary,) and also a Deputation from the Evangelical Alliance, including Sir C. E. Eardley, bart., the President, and Dr. James Hamilton, were present, and formed part of the long procession which passed down the City Road on Tuesday last. The most impressive part of the spectacle was the large body of Wesleyan ministers who went two and two after the hearse. Arrived in front of the City Road Chapel, built by John Wesley, (behind which lies his dust, as well as that of his brother Charles, and around whose walls are marble tablets to the memory of these worthies, as well as of such men as Dr. Adam Clarke, Dr. Coke, Fletcher of Madeley, and Richard Watson,) the procession, with the coffin borne in front, entered the area, and passed into the spacious building, which was speedily filled by a sympathising congregation. Hymns were sung, prayers were offered, and lessons read suitable to the occasion. Then followed addresses, to which I have already referred. The body was then removed to the burying-ground, and the Church of England funeral service read; and as the solemn words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," were uttered, the excellent Thomas Farmer, Esq., the Treasurer of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, supported on the grave's brink by the Episcopal Rector of the Parish, in whose bounds Dr. Bunting lived and died, dropped the eloquent mould on the coffin lid. Then, one after another, the three mourning sons, other relatives, with old companions in counsel and toil, and many young ministers who loved their "father," (as he was called in the burial service, the word, as at Wesley's funeral, changed from "brother,") took their last tearful look of the resting place of this remarkable man.

I believe that the solemn event, coupled with the happy death-bed, and the now recalled and remembered life and labors of Bunting will be overruled to revive the zeal and increase the unity of the faithful, wherever it is known. The funeral scene was most impressive. I have given you this outline from personal observation. I have recognized more and more, in connexion with it, the real oneness of the people of God. The modern Methodists are *not*, in any sense, Pelagian; even their Arminianism is qualified, and in the honor they put on a Saviour's sacrifice, on the doctrine of justification by faith only, and of the necessity of regeneration and sanctification by the Holy Spirit, coupled with their earnest and indefatigable labors for the extension of Christianity, prove them to be a noble band in the "Sacramental host of God's elect." There *is*, of course, a certain degree of sectarianism, and the *eidolon* of Methodism is not entirely shivered to pieces, and a very lengthened biographical and eulogistic *prayer* at the funeral service, was painful to many, (Methodists included, I doubt not;) yet, still, our Wesleyan friends err rather in the *logic* of their theology, than in their *heart* soundness of adhesion to the faith once delivered to the saints. The Conference, too, wants an eldership, and more than this, an *elected* ministry; yet still it has increasing regard to the will and rights of the Christian people, and with true Presbyterial power and unity, marches on in a glorious career of spiritual victory.

CHEAP BREAD is a great mitigation of the still prevailing dullness in trade and commerce. The extraordinary rains of May, and unusual heats of June, contribute to the joyful prospect of an early and an abundant harvest. With the exception of famine visitations, or of great wars, the price of corn in England is likely to rule low. A cycle of cheap food now seems to have set in. Increased prosperity would certainly lead to increased consumption. Wheat, which in June, 1855, was upwards of 77s. per quarter, was last week 44s.7d. per quarter. Since the repeal of the corn laws in 1847, we have had a period of *two* dear years, then of six cheap years, afterwards of four dear years, and now we seem to have reached the first of another series of cheap years. "If this should be so," it has been remarked, "it will be a great mitigation of the evils of diminished trade, and will itself be a principal means of reviving true prosperity."

THE DUTY ON PAPER, by which a large revenue has accrued to the Exchequer, at the expense of a free press, a pure literature, and national enlightenment, has just been condemned as "impolitic," by a resolution of the House of Commons. The *Times* is paying duty at the rate of £16,000 per annum; the *Standard*, a new morning penny paper, £10,000; and a Manchester penny paper, £3,500. Religion, literature, and science, all would profit by the repeal of the duty.

There is an end to THE PRESS PROSECUTIONS which the English Government had resolved on in connexion with the attempted murder of the French Emperor. Two indictments came, this week, before the Queen's Bench, against book-sellers—the one an Englishman, the other a Pole—for publishing a pamphlet in which it was averred the doctrine of assassination was openly advocated. Had this case been tried two months ago, it seems to me that a conviction was inevitable. The pamphlet, which I have seen, was in French, written by a refugee; and the time of its appearance, as well as its whole tone, clearly pointed to the justification, if not to the recommendation of the course in which Orsini had embarked and failed. But *now*, when the Judges are on the Bench, and the Counsel ready, and the Court crowded, the defendants, by the mouth of their Counsel, state that they had *not the slightest intention* (!) of advocating, in any manner, the horrible doctrine of assassination, and that they were perfectly willing to discontinue the publication. I dare say the Attorney General of the Tories, who was so foiled by the fiery eloquence of Mr. Edwin James, the Counsel for Dr. Bernard, was only too glad to get out of a position, false alike for himself and his party. But that does not alter the nature of things, or the fact that political assassination *is* a cherished doctrine with many refugees in England.

The *Times* reads all ex-governing and governing powers a lecture on the folly of bringing into notoriety such obscure pamphlets from the back-alleys of the Metropolis, and in this it is right. "Had these cases been seriously tried, we have little doubt but that the result would have been the defeat of the public prosecutor, and the temporary popularity of the authors and venders of this wretched stuff. They would have been popular, not because the British people feel any particular delight in killing kings, but because, by the general idea, they would have been exalted into the fiery heaven of political martyrdom."

The French press itself is fearfully enslaved. Those papers that dared to differ from Imperialist opinions and interests, have been suppressed, with the exception of the *Debats*, which suffers in silence, or carps indirectly at Foreign policy in the affairs of Turkey, and by its very reticense proves how true liberty lies crushed under the iron heel of despotism. The Government papers take their inspiration, of course, from their paymasters, and, this week, are fiery and furious against Lord Malmesbury because, last week, he had the pluck and honesty (unexpected from him,) to declare that France *was* reviving the slave-trade by the importation of African negroes into her colonies. Under the name of "free negroes" this has been attempted, and a recent case of a cargo of poor creatures, sold and bought, who rose on the ship's crew, and were all, or nearly all, afterwards massacred, has roused particular abhorrence here. Hence the rage of the French press, as instructed. They charge upon England all manner of evil. "But," as the *Times* says of the *Constitutionel*, "this '*Tu quoque*' is only intended to distract attention from acts which are disgraceful to the perpetrators, and will be disgraceful to the Emperor's government, unless it reprobates and punishes them." The leading journal goes on to say, that British authorities on the coast of Africa must not only give no assistance to the traffic, but must forbid it on every spot subject to our Crown, and induce, as far as possible, African Chiefs to repel French speculators. My own impression is, that by the force of public opinion, and by a compelled regard to consistency—as slavery has been formally abolished in the French colonies—the traffic will be arrested and put an end to. One French paper, the *Seicle*, writes temperately, and says, that if there are "abuses inseparable from the system, she will abandon the system itself, with the same frankness with which she had adopted it."

THE PAPAL GOVERNMENT (only think!) is about to (?)—prepare to be terrified—no! to be astonished—"*means to increase* its navy." So says the Paris Correspondent of the *Times*, adding, "It is said to consist, at present, of two corvettes, and his Holiness intends increasing the number to ten. If, after this, you neglect to fortify your coast, there is no more to be said!" The Pope and the Jesuits had better save the money thus to be spent, for the relief of the poverty their regime has caused. If a Papal-blessed "Armada" should some day set out from the French port of Cherbourg, up Channel, a true Protestant Briton could wish nothing better than that some modern Blake should meet it, and that if the Pope and all the Cardinals, sailing in their own little fleet, and bringing up the rear, should escape a general "blow up," that they should at least get a thorough fright, and each begin to mutter, in his disappointed and covetous dream, "How shall I curse whom God hath not cursed, and how shall I defy whom God hath not defied?"

The CONFESSIONAL IN BELGRAVIA still excites attention, and manifests more and more plainly the tendencies Romeward of the Anglicans, in spite of all their protestations. But it is but the development of the old *virus* of "compromise," and of the "Laud" element. One thing is certain, that it is pointblank against the mind of the English Reformers. "It is most evident," says the *Homily on Repentance*, "that this Auricular Confession hath not God's Word. * * I do not say but that, if any do find themselves troubled in conscience, they may repair to their learned curate or pastor, or to some other godly-learned man, and show the troubles of their conscience to them, that they may receive at their hands the comfortable salve of God's Word, *but it is against the true Christian liberty, that any man be bound to the numbering of his sins*, as it hath been used heretofore in the time of blindness and ignorance." The Homilies, it will be remembered, are declared in the thirty-nine Articles, to which each clergyman subscribes to contain "good and wholesome doctrine." *Such* teaching, however, as well as the plain speaking of the Scarlet Lady of Babylon, "foul and withered," of the honest old Homilies of King Edward's day, is most "unwholesome" in the estimate, and bitter to the taste of Dr. Pusey, and hundreds, if not thousands, of the English clergy.

The EDUCATION ESTIMATES for the present year, amount to the large sum of £663,000, a large increase being made annually. In this way voluntary efforts—in the case of those who do not, like the Congregationalists and Baptists, object to all State grants on principle—are supplemented, and school fees augmented. Normal Schools are also sustained, and school-buildings greatly assisted. "Economic pressure," in other words, the stern necessities of the poor to avail themselves *early*, even in rural districts, of the labor of their children, and in manufacturing and mining districts the temptation of high wages, cuts *short*, and renders *imperfect* in its results, the work of the schoolmaster. Romanists are making the best of these grants. Last year they received as much as £57,000. There is no doubt but that priests and nuns are powerfully aided to do mischief by these gifts of the Privy Council. J. W.

P. S.—The latest news from India indicates sickness among our troops at Lucknow, from the intense heat; an army of rebels in front of that place; Sir C. Campbell coming from Bareilly with troops after them; and a battle imminent between Rose and the insurgents at Calpee. Central India is threatened with disturbance, and it is to be feared that part of the Bombay Presidency may rise. The latest dates are Calcutta, May 18th. You will have still more recent news ere these lines appear in print.

The Thames river is in such a state of impurity, that members of Parliament and persons in public offices are suffering. One bargeman has died of Asiatic cholera from the effluvia. The weather is much cooler than last week, but at any time an epidemic might break out. The remedy for the evil is most difficult, and will involve a vast expense.

Losses Compensated.

Consider, even, the undoubted sores and trials of this mortal life. "Sweet are the uses of adversity." With all pains and losses there are sent blessings, or remedies, or, at least, alleviations, if we will only receive them. Of old times was it not found that what the Church lost by martyrdom was more than repaid by new accession of converts, and new fervor of zeal? The Church lost a deacon, Stephen; but how rich and strange the compensation, as from the *deacon's* martyred dust there sprang an *apostle*, Paul! For the individual, too, as well as the community, disease and calamity have their uses, their alleviations, even their ample compensations. *Uses*—forasmuch as they serve to refine, humble, and hallow the character. *Alleviations*—since "God stayeth his rough wind in the day of his East wind." And even compensation—for some help, some vantage, not seen at first, is sure to reveal itself to those that are watchful and wise. When Paul came to Macedonia "his flesh had no rest;" "without were fightings, within were fears;" but God comforted him "by the coming of Titus." Thus, often when we are in great straits, some Titus comes—some friendly compensation—and we are not weaker, rather stronger; and after our tears, sometimes in our tears, we are happier than before. It is true of life, as with nature, that with the dark cloud God sets a rainbow in the sky.