

wards of 8000; in the South Seas, about 20,000; in Africa, upwards of 20,000; in the West Indies, nearly 80,000; and in America about 30,000. Of these, upwards of 105,000 are full and accredited church members; nearly 5000 are upon trial; while 80,000 are children being taught in the missions' schools. Amongst the untrodden wilds of the north, and in the almost unexplored regions of Africa, their missionaries and catechists have set up their little tabernacles for the preaching and teaching of the word. For the furtherance of the great and noble objects comprehended under the appellation of missionary enterprise, the Wesleyan Methodist communion contributed more than any other body of voluntary contributors. The Church of England Missionary Society supports a staff of missionaries at an annual cost of about £105,000; the Wesleyan Methodists devote to the same purpose nearly £100,000, the children in the communion contributing no less than £4000 annually. The missions of this great section of the Christian church occupy a large part of the visible, and what may be almost termed the invisible, places of the earth's surface. In those stations into which civilisation has neglected to penetrate, as unprofitable and pestiferous wastes and wilds—on those shores which the ship of the merchant and the bark of the politician, the vessel of the philosopher and canoe of exploration, have not dared to touch, the missionary, armed with faith and the consciousness of this heavenly purpose, has fearlessly trod.

On the western coast of Africa, amongst the Mandingoes of the river Gambia, the Wesleyans have established four stations, with three missionaries and three assistants, who have upwards of 400 members in society, and about 400 children at the schools. South-east from this, at Sierra Leone, three principal stations, with the missionaries and thirty-five salaried teachers, spread the gospel message, while upwards of 300 adults, and nearly the same number of children, receive spiritual and intellectual instruction. On the Gold Coast, at Cape Coast Castle, and Ashantee, six stations have been fixed by the auxiliaries of this enterprising body of Christians; and to their progress and welfare Jabez Bunting has over had a watchful and anxious eye. No one who has not made himself cognisant of the spirit and nature of missions can estimate the importance of Dr. Bunting's connection with them. There vitality depends upon home sympathy, home energy, and home zeal, as much as upon the more apparent efforts of the active missionary. By the ability, perseverance, and energy of Dr. Bunting, the Wesleyan missions have grown from a minute and almost unseen nucleus into a great and efficient system of evangelisation.

Dr. Bunting is one of the oldest and most respected ministers in the Methodist connexion. He has been elected four times as the President of the Annual Conference of Ministers; and, if it were possible, the grateful hearts of his brethren would confer upon the venerable Christian even a marked proof of their respect and love.

If the incidents in the life of this great and good man have not been striking and illustrious, that whole life itself has been useful and glorious. If his name and image shall not be carved upon the sculptured marble of a semi-panthoeonic hall, they shall live in the grateful hearts of men, and may be cherished by the posterity of the pagan, when they have been awakened from the dark night of heathen bondage into the blessed light and glory of the Lord's Canaan.

DUELLING MONOMANIA.

The hero of the action we are about to record was Mr. Mathew, the proprietor of the estate of Thomastown, Tipperary, where Dean Swift paid a visit of four months. The rental of the estate was £8000 a year, and Mr. Mathew desiring to spend the whole in the exercise of hospitality, had the resolution to live abroad for seven years at an annual expense of £600, that he might accumulate enough of money to build a commodious house for the reception of visitors. This house contained forty apartments for guests, where each might take his meals by himself, or invite his friends to join him. Or they might meet at a daily ordinary in the common parlour, where the only rule was, that there was no one master of the house. In addition to these accommodations, there was a place fitted up like a coffee-house, where the guests might obtain refreshments at any hour of the day; and likewise a tavern, where such of the guests as were addicted to intoxication might indulge themselves without the reserve which would be occasioned by the presence of more abstemious persons—among whom Mr. Mathew himself was one.

When Mr. Mathew returned from abroad, the duelling-mania was at its height. There were in London at that time—towards the conclusion of Queen Anne's reign—two gentlemen, a Major Pack and a Captain Creed, both of them accomplished fencers, who hearing of the daily exploits in duelling which took place in Dublin, repaired to that city in quest of adventures. Here they learned that Mr. Mathew had the reputation of being one of the first swordsmen in Europe; and Pack, firing at the news, insulted him by jostling one of his chairmen as he passed, and boasting of the exploit in a tavern as an affront which Mathew had not had spirit enough to resent. This brought about the desired consummation; and Mathew, accompanied by a friend, Macnamara, repaired to a tavern where they knew Pack and Creed were to be found. The sequel we give in the words of Mr. J. B. Burke, in his recent work, 'Anecdotes of the Aristocracy.' 'After securing the door, Mathew and Pack drew their swords; but Macnamara stopped them, saying he had something to propose before they proceeded to action. He said that in cases of this nature he never could bear to be a cool spectator. "So, Sir," continued he, addressing himself to Creed, "if you please, I shall have the honour of entertaining you in the same manner." Creed made no other reply than that of immediately drawing his sword. The conflict was of some duration, and maintained with great obstinacy by the two officers, notwithstanding the great effusion of blood from the many wounds which they had received. At length, quite exhausted, they both fell, and yielded the victory to the superior skill of their antagonists. Upon this occasion Mr. Mathew gave a remarkable proof of the perfect composure of his mind. Creed had fallen first, on which Pack exclaimed, "Ah, poor Creed! are you gone?" Yes," replied Mathew with the utmost calmness, "and you shall instantly pack after him, at the same time making a home-trust quite through his body, which threw him to the ground. This was the more remarkable, as he was never known in his life, never before or after, to have aimed at a pun. The number of wounds received by the vanquished parties was very great; and what seemed most miraculous, their opponents were untouched. The surgeons, seeing the