

**THE SERVANT OF HIS GENERATION.
A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE
REV. JABEZ BUNTING, D. D.: A
SERMON; WITH A SKETCH OF HIS
CHARACTER AND SERVICES**

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The Servant of His Generation. A Tribute to the Memory of the Rev. Jabez Bunting, D. D.: A Sermon; With a Sketch of His Character and Services by Frederick J. Jobson

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FREDERICK J. JOBSON

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REV. JABEZ BUNTING, D.D.

THE SERVANT OF HIS GENERATION.

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TO THE MEMORY OF THE

REV. JABEZ BUNTING, D.D.:

BEING A SERMON PREACHED ON THE OCCASION OF HIS
DEATH, IN EASTBROOK CHAPEL, BRADFORD,
YORKSHIRE, JULY 10TH, 1888:

WITH

A SKETCH

OF HIS

CHARACTER AND SERVICES.

BY

FREDERICK J. JOBSON, D.D.

LONDON:

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1888.

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To the

REV. WILLIAM MACLARDIE BUNTING.

MY DEAR SIR,

WHEN the deep grave in the Methodist Cemetery of City Road, London, had closed upon the mortal remains of your honoured father,—and I looked around for one who should henceforward represent among us his name and house,—my mind, with the minds of thousands, glanced immediately towards you. And now, when I have before me, for publication, my humble tribute to his great memory; and when I seek for one who shall be able to attest the substantial truth of what it contains, and who, while perceiving its manifold imperfections in form and manner, shall, in the strength of affection for the deceased, and in the generosity of a noble nature, kindly appreciate my

motives,—I cannot find any person so fully answering all my wishes as yourself.

Allow, then, this public presentation to you of an unworthy record of your father's virtues; and accept it as from one whose happiness it was to witness the perpetual spring of joy which that father possessed in having a son of refined intelligence, and of devout evangelical faithfulness, so honourably associated with him in the holy ministry,—a son on whose deep reverence and devoted love he could surely lean, as he descended by slow and gentle steps to the grave.

With sentiments of unfeigned respect and affection, I am ever,

“Thine own friend, and
thy father's friend,”

FREDERICK JAMES JOBSON.

QUEEN STREET CHAPEL,
HUDDERSFIELD, *November*, 1858.

Prefatory Notice.

REVERENCE and love for Dr. Bunting, whose intimate friendship it was my privilege to enjoy, rendered the retracing of his character and labours a relief to my mind under the heavy sense of the loss I had sustained by his death. As the minister

of a loving people who revered his name, and whom, in the course of Methodist itinerancy, I was about to leave for another sphere of labour, I was thus ready at their request to improve the event of Dr. Bunting's death publicly with them. At their request, also, I print what was delivered to them. One thought, if it had been allowed full weight, would have prevented me doing so,—the consciousness of an inadequate and unworthy representation of my subject. Other considerations might have had the like tendency; namely, that more deserving memorials have been already raised to the departed great one by abler and more experienced hands; as well as the announcement formally

made that, in due time, a full memoir of him is to be supplied to the world by his own gifted son, Mr. Percival Bunting, of Manchester. There is, for instance, the graphic sketch of him by the Rev. William Arthur, first inserted in the "Christian Times" newspaper. There is the Presidential portraiture of him, effectively set forth by the Rev. Francis A. West before the Irish Conference, in Dublin, and copied for us in our weekly journal. And since my discourse was delivered, there have been published, not only the admirable Funeral Sermon preached for him by the Rev. Thomas Jackson in City Road Chapel, London, but also, officially in the "Minutes of Conference," the just