

other man in playing the compositions of that great master, he became a special favourite with His Majesty, and received many marks of kindness from him, and from other members of the royal family. At one time he offered himself as a candidate for the vacant situation of organist at St. Paul's cathedral; when he met with a painful repulse. On appearing before the Ecclesiastics, with whom the appointment lay, and presenting his claims to their confidence, they said to him, with less civility than decision, "We want no Wesleys here." The King heard of this unseemly act, and was deeply grieved. He sent for the obnoxious organist to Windsor, and expressed his strong regret that he should have been refused in such a manner, and for such a reason; adding, with his own frankness and generosity, "Never mind. The name of Wesley is always welcome to me."

After the King had lost his sight, Mr. Wesley was one day with His Majesty alone, when the venerable Monarch said, "Mr. Wesley, is there any body in the room but you and me?" "No, your Majesty," was the reply. The King then declared his persuasion that Mr. Wesley's father and uncle, with Mr. Whitefield and Lady Huntingdon, had done more to promote the spread of true religion in the country, than the entire body of dignified Clergy, who were so apt to despise their labours.

Mr. Wesley was once dining with a venerable Prelate, remarkable for his theological learning, and the zeal and ability with which he has defended the principles of Protestant Christianity. In the company was a young Clergyman, who seemed desirous of attracting attention by the avowal of his partialities as a Minister of the established Church. "My Lord," said he, addressing the Bishop, "when I was passing through ———, I saw a man preaching to a crowd of people in the open air. I suppose he was one of John Wesley's Itinerants." "Did you stop to hear him?" rejoined the Bishop. "Oh no!" said the Clergyman; "I did not suppose that he could say any thing that was worth hearing." The Bishop effectually ended the conversation by saying, "I should think you were very much mistaken, Mr. ———. It is very probable that that man preached a better sermon than either you or I could have done. Do you know, Sir, that this gentleman," pointing to Mr. Wesley, "is John Wesley's nephew?"

Mr. Wesley used to speak of George the Fourth as an admirable judge of music. He was very partial to Mr. Wesley, not only on account of his abilities as a performer; but because such was the tenacity of his memory that he scarcely ever had occasion to refer to his books. Whatever favourite composition His Majesty might call for, Mr. Wesley was prepared to play, without delay or hesitation. In one of his visits to Carlton palace, one of the pages refused to admit him by the front entrance; and ordered him to go round, and seek admission by some less honourable way. He obeyed: the King saw him approach, and inquired why he came to the palace in that direction. Mr. Wesley explained; and his Majesty, sending for the page, gave him such a rebuke as he was not likely

soon to forget; and commanded that, whenever Mr. Wesley visited the palace, he should be treated with all possible respect.

As a performer upon the organ Mr. Wesley has rarely been equalled, and perhaps never surpassed. Those who have never heard him can form but a very inadequate conception of his powers. The instrument, under his hands, really seemed to speak, and to be endued with intelligence and feeling; while the entranced hearer appeared to be transported beyond the precincts of the material creation, and placed in those regions of purity and love where are heard "thousands of blest voices uttering joy." In every mind that was capable of being affected by hallowed sounds, he produced sensations of wonder and delight, resembling those which Milton cherished when he sung,—

"But let my due feet never fail,  
To walk the studious cloister's pale,  
And love the high embow'd roof,  
With antique pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light.  
There let the pealing organ blow,  
To the full-voic'd choir below,  
In service high, and anthems clear,  
As may, with sweetness, through mine ear,  
Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all heaven before mine eyes."

It does not appear that Mr. Wesley ever devoted much time to musical composition. A few of his pieces are known, and are admired by all competent judges, for their correctness and beauty; but his principal attention, through life, was directed to the performance of the best productions of the great masters. In this he doubtless judged right; since few men have ever been known at once to excel in composition and in execution. One or two of his tunes have appeared in "The Youth's Instructor;" and he corrected his uncle's "Sacred Harmony," for the use of the Methodist congregations. A new edition of this admirable collection of congregational music, revised by Mr. Charles Wesley, was published in the year 1821, with a beautiful preface, written by the late lamented Mr. Watson. But perhaps the best original production of Mr. Charles Wesley's genius was the music which he composed to his father's fine "Ode on the Death of Dr. Boyce," written February 7th, 1779. As that ode is at present little known, and shows the light in which the father and the son viewed the nature and uses of sacred music, it is here subjoined:—

"Father of harmony, farewell!  
Farewell for a few fleeting years!  
Translated from the mournful vale;  
Jehovah's flaming Ministers  
Have borne thee to thy place above,  
Where all is harmony and love.  
Thy gen'rous, good, and upright heart,  
That sigh'd for a celestial lyre,  
Was tuned on earth to bear a part  
Symphonious with the warbling quire,  
Where Handel strikes the golden strings,  
And plausive angels clap their wings.  
Handel, and all the tuneful train,  
Who well employed their art divine,  
To' announce the great Messiah's reign,  
In joyful acclamations join,