

docility, approaching almost to an infantine simplicity, and unvarying adherence to truth. These characteristics were united with a singleness of heart, which exceeded, if possible, that which marked his uncle, the celebrated John Wesley. His passions were exceedingly strong, and from a habit of always speaking his mind, and his having no idea of management or the *finesse* of human life, he too often, by the brilliancy of his wit, or the bitterness of his sarcasm, unthinkingly caused estrangements, if not raised up an enemy. His conversation was rich, copious, and fascinating; no subject could be started which he could not adorn by shrewd remarks, or illustrate by some appropriate and original anecdote. For many years it has been his constant habit to study the Bible night and morning, and as no meal was taken before he had offered up his orisons to heaven, so he never lay down without thanksgiving. He disclaimed ever having been a convert to the Roman Catholic Church, observing, that although the Gregorian music had seduced him to their chapels, the tenets of the Romanists had never obtained any influence over his mind. He was regarded with peculiar solicitude by his uncle, John Wesley, who, writing in reference to his supposed conversion to Popery, observes, "He may indeed roll a few years in purging fire, but he will surely go to heaven at last." Mr. Wesley was accustomed to relate that his father, (the late Rev. C. Wesley,) when dying, called him to his bed-side, and addressed him in these words—"Omnis vanitas et vexatio spiritus; *præter amare Deum at illi soli servire*," and with his blessing pronounced over him the consolatory prophecy of Jacob,—"Gad, a troop shall overcome him; but he shall overcome at the last;" adding, "We shall meet in heaven."

Mr. Wesley has left a large family, distinguished for their talents and acquirements. He married in early life the eldest daughter of the late G. Martin Esq., one of the Surgeons of St. Thomas's Hospital. By this lady he had several children, three of whom are surviving; of the two sons, the elder Charles, is a clergyman of the Establishment, and one of her Majesty's chaplains; John, the second son, holds the appointment of accountant to our Missionary Society in Hatton-garden; and Emma is married to a gentleman named Newenham, an artist rapidly rising into notice. The younger branches display evident indications of fine intellect and that exquisite sensibility which characterised the parent. The musical profession has lost its brightest ornament. Since the days of Henry Purcell, no British composer has evinced so much genius and learning, developed with such variety and sensibility, or has displayed so much energy and industry in the composition of memorials as lasting as they are extraordinary. Flourishing at a period when composers met with less encouragement than at any epoch in the history of the art, he pursued his course without reference to the applause of the day, resting on the certainty that the time must come when his works would receive that justice which the then state of the art forbade. He cared nothing for the public opinion respecting his compositions; with him the art was all in all, and like Sebastian Bach, Handel, and Mozart, he affords another instance of the remark, that it is the prerogative of genius to look forward with a calm but assured expectation that posterity will award that meed of approval, which must ever attend its bright and beautiful creations.

The remains of his celebrated musician were committed to the tomb of his fathers, amidst a large concourse of relatives, connections, and friends. The family vault, in the small burial ground attached to the old church in High-street, Marylebone, was constructed at the desire of the Rev. Charles Wesley, and was originally designed to contain no more than five coffins. That of the deceased has now filled up the only unoccupied niche. The bodies of the Rev.

Charles Wesley, Mrs. Wesley, Miss Sarah Wesley, and the brothers, Charles and Samuel, therefore sleep together, to mingle together in one common dust. About twelve, Mr. Turle, organist of Westminster Abbey, arrived with a band of choristers, each emulous to offer a tribute to departed genius. Shortly afterwards appeared the hearse containing the body, accompanied by two mourning coaches. Of his own family the mourners were the Rev. Charles Wesley, Mr. John Wesley, Mr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley, and Mr. Erasmus Wesley, four of the six sons of the deceased, and Mr. Glen, his son-in-law. Of his friends, were Mr. Adams, Mr. Harding, Messrs. Gauntlett, Mr. Wakefield, his medical attendant, Mr. Davison, the Rev. Mr. Jackson, &c., &c. The presence of Mr. Mochelles, Dr. Crotch and Mr. Attwood, was prevented by their absence from the metropolis. The high and solemn service of the cathedral was performed with a splendour and dignity which produced a visible effect upon the spectators. The sublime ritual of the church was chanted to the strains of Purcell and Croft; and the affecting ceremony closed with the chorus from Handel's funeral anthem, "His body is buried in peace; but his name liveth for evermore." The pure intonation of so many practised vocalists in the open air, produced an effect which, together with the solemnity of the scene, will not readily be forgotten by those who witnessed this sad tribute to one of the greatest musicians this country has ever produced.

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE PARIS BRANCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

To the Editors of the Watchman.

PARIS, 17th OCTOBER 1837.

GENTLEMEN—The whole cause of Evangelical Protestantism in France is just now much attacked by the Romish party. The shoe begins to pinch. The pressure begins to be felt. Bibles and Testaments are not distributed in vain. Tracts are not in vain sown on the highroads and in the bye-ways of this long neglected land;—and the Romish priests are crying out that their craft is in danger. This is a good sign. When *spiritual* Protestantism was dead in France, or much diminished, the priests were quiet. During the restoration, when Popery was in the ascendancy, and when the cause of Protestantism was looking down, the priests did not attack the Bible, Missionary, and Tract Societies—or the Protestant Schools. But now, this is *all changed*—and so the journals of the Romish Church have become furious.

The labours of your Missionaries in the *Cevennes* have become the subject of special and direct attack on the part of the Jesuit journal "*La France*," as well as of "*La Gazette de France*," the Old Royalist and Court Journal of the restoration. The co-operation of your Missionaries with other evangelical and spiritual Protestants in France and in Switzerland, in the great work of Bible and Tract distribution, of gospel preaching, and of Sabbath schools and religious education, is attacked by the same papers as well as by "*La Presse*." The *Presse* indeed takes a new ground. It makes out that the *Methodists* or Evangelical Protestants are enemies as well to the Protestant as to the Catholic religion—and it calls on the government to defend and preserve the "*only two religions recognized in France*" from the attacks of the *Methodists*. That there exists in France a Protestant party, as dead to all that is vital in Protestantism, as the Romanists themselves, is undoubtedly a fact;—but I know not by what right these men call themselves "*the*" Protestant Church of France. There are Socinian Protestants, and Arian Protestants, I admit—but I would rather be a zealous and sincere Romanist, bathing with my tears even the image of my crucified Saviour, than the cold and lifeless professor of a mere human mediocrity. Whilst, then, it is true that