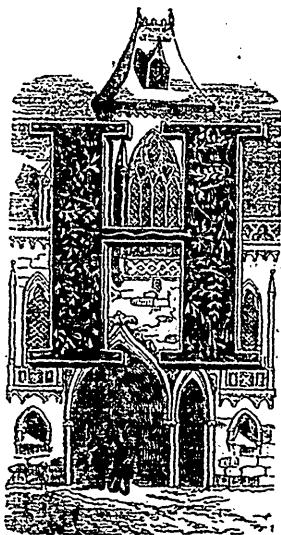


MOZART'S REQUIEM.



IS lovely character is seen in a tenderer light, when we realize that he gave the finishing touch to this exquisitely pathetic air, but a short time before his death. For several weeks previous, his soul had been employed in musical conceptions, soaring heavenward on the glorious outbreathings of song, and appearing to long for immortality, in which the grand and almost seraphic strains that heaved his frail tenement with their entrancing harmony, might find a loftier range. At length his sweetest song—*THE REQUIEM*—was finished; and retouching it for the last time, and infusing it with that pathos which would win for it a fadeless name, we are informed that he fell into a gentle slumber, from which the light footsteps of his daughter Emilie awoke him. "Come hither, Emilie," said he, "my task is done, the Requiem—my requiem—is finished!" "Say not so, dear father," said the gentle girl, interrupting him, with tears in her eyes. "You look better; even now your cheek has a glow upon it. I am sure we shall nurse you well again. Let me bring you something refreshing." "Do not deceive yourself, my love," said the dying father, "this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From Heaven's mercy alone do I look for aid, in this my dying hour. You spoke of refreshment, my Emilie; take these my last notes, and sit down to my piano here, and sing with them the hymn of your sainted mother. Let me once more hear those tones which have been my solace and delight." Emilie complied, and with deep emotion sang the following lines:—