

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

BY THE REV. H. F. LITE.

"There remaineth a rest for the people of God." HEB. 4.

My rest is in Heaven, my rest is not here ;  
Then why should I murmur when trials are near ?—  
Be hush'd my dark spirit ! the worst that can come  
But shortens my journey and hastens thee home.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,  
And building my hopes in a region like this—  
I look for a city which hands have not piled,  
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow ;  
I would not lie down upon roses below :  
I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,  
Till I find them for ever in Jesus's breast.

Afflictions may damp me, they cannot destroy ;  
One glimpse of His love turns all into joy :  
And the bitterest tears, if He but smile on them  
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

Let death then, and danger, my progress oppose ;  
They only make Heaven more sweet at the close.  
Come joy, or come sorrow, what'er may befall,  
An hour with my God will make up for all.

A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,  
I march on in haste through an enemy's land :  
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long ;  
And I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.

OBITUARY.

DEATH OF MR. SAMUEL WESLEY.

We are deeply pained in having to record the death of this accomplished scholar and extraordinary musical genius. Mr. Samuel Wesley expired on Wednesday afternoon, about 20 minutes past 4 o'clock. Although he had been for about a month an invalid, there were no anticipations of so speedy a termination of his mortal career until Tuesday morning week, when it became evident to his immediate friends that the long continuance of his disorder (that of diarrhœa) was more than his enfeebled frame could withstand. Exhausted nature rapidly gave way, and the sufferer passed from time to eternity without a struggle. His last moments were engaged in imploring the blessing of the Almighty on his children, and he expired in the effort of bidding them an affectionate farewell.

Mr. Wesley was born on the 24th day of February, 1766, being the same day and month on which Handel came into the world. He was consequently in his 72d year. When only three years old he could play and extemporise freely on the organ, and before he was five had taught himself to read and write a print hand from his unremitting study of the oratorio of *Samson*, which he committed entirely to memory. He also learned by heart within a month the whole of Handel's overtures, and before he was eight years of age had composed and written out an oratorio which he entitled *Ruth*, and presented to Dr. Boyce, who acknowledged the compliment in the following terms:—"Dr. Boyce presents his compliments and thanks to his very ingenious brother-composer, Mr. S. Wesley, and is very much pleased and obliged by the possession of the oratorio of *Ruth*, which he shall preserve with the utmost care as the most curious product of his musical library." Whilst yet a young man, he had become an excellent classical scholar,\* a fine performer on the violin, harpsi-

\* His love for polite literature was almost, if not quite, as enthusiastic as his affection for music. At no period of his life (so far as the writer of this note is aware) did he entirely discontinue the perusal of his favourite classics. His keen relish for wit attached him particularly to the satirical writers. Juvenal he knew almost by heart, and in Lucian there are few passages which he could not have recognized. He possessed not only the accomplishment of composing in Latin with considerable propriety and neatness, but could express himself orally in that language, with a promptitude not common even among professed scholars. He was an indefatigable pedestrian, and it was

his custom, during the greater part of his life, to read as he walked. His books were much underscored, and abounded with pithy marginal annotations. The quantity of authors, both English and foreign, with whom he thus became acquainted, was immense. An instance of his tenacious regard for literature evinced itself within a few days of his death. On shaking hands with his second son, who was taking leave of him, after a call, "God bless you, Jack," exclaimed he, "Keep up your Latin. Remember the Wesleys were always gentlemen and scholars."

chord, and organ, and, unquestionably, the most astonishing extemporaneous player in Europe. His prospects in life were unfortunately clouded by a dreadful accident which befel him in the year 1800. Returning home one evening from a visit to an intimate friend, (one of the oldest members of the Madrigal Society,) in passing along Snow-hill, he fell into a deep excavation which had been prepared for the foundation of a new building. There he lay insensible until day-light disclosed his situation, and he was conveyed home. His head had received a most serious injury and the medical attendants wished to perform the operation of trepanning; but Wesley obstinately refused his consent, and the wound was permitted to heal. This he ever after regretted, for it is supposed that in consequence of some portion of the skull adhering to, or pressing upon, the brain, those periodical states of high nervous irritability originated, which subsequently checked and darkened the splendour of his career. For some years after this accident, he remitted in a great measure the cultivation of his art; but, on the recovery of his energies applied himself to the works of John Cramer and the practice of the piano-forte. Subsequently, he devoted his efforts almost exclusively to the immortal compositions of Sebastian Bach, whose reputation he may be considered as the principal means of having established in this country. In 1815, when on his journey to conduct an oratorio at Norwich, he suffered a relapse into mental despondency, and for another seven years he retired from public life, endeavouring to find relief in constant attendance upon public worship, and living with the austerity of a hermit. In 1823 he recovered, and up to 1830 composed many excellent pieces, and was much engaged in public performances on the organ. He then relapsed into his former state, but in August last partially recovered his health and spirits. It soon became evident, however, that his constitution was undergoing a great change. When at Christ Church, Newgate-street, about three weeks since, he rallied, passed a delightful day, and spoke in the evening of Mendelssohn and his "wonderful mind" in terms of the strongest eulogy. On Saturday week he played extemporaneously to a friend, and composed some psalm tunes. On Monday he endeavoured to write a long testimonial for an old pupil, but which his strength only permitted him to sign, and in the evening retired to his room with a presentiment which the event of Wednesday has but too accurately verified.

As a musician his celebrity is greater on the Continent than in his own country. His compositions are grand and masterly; his melodies sweet, varied, and novel; his harmony bold, imposing, unexpected, and sublime. His resources were boundless, and if called upon to extemporize for half-a-dozen times during the evening, each fantasia was new, fresh, and perfectly unlike the others. His execution was very great, close, and neat, and free from labour or effort, and his touch on the piano-forte delicate and *chantante* in the highest degree. His favourite contemporaries were Clementi and Woelff; his models in early life were Battshill and Worgan on the organ, and subsequently Sebastian Bach. Of young Pinto who was taken away in the prime of life, he always spoke in terms of rapture, and thought him the Mozart of this country. The amateur, Mr. Goodbehere, son of Alderman Goodbehere, he also remembered in high terms of admiration. Mr. Wesley was remarkable for great energy, firmness, nobleness of mind, freedom from envy, penetration,

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docility, aptitude, and characteristic heart, which his uncle, though he were exceeding speaking his merit or the the brilliancy calm, unthinking up an enemy and fascinated he could not by some ap many years a Bible night a before he had never lay down ed ever having lic Church, music had se the Romanis his mind. He his uncle, Jo his supposed may indeed r will surely g accustomed C. Wesley,) and address et vezatio sp servire," and the consolatio shall overcome last;" adding Mr. Wesley for their talent early life the Esq., one of By this lady are surviving clergyman of ty's chaplain ment of accot ton-garden; named Newe tice. The y tions of fine which chara fession has days of Hen evinced so it with such va much energy morials as la rishing at a p courage ment art, he pursu plause of the time must co justice which cared nothing compositions like Sebastian another inste rogative of assured expe meed of app and beautiful

The remain mitted to the course of rel family vault, in old church in structed at th and was origi five coffins. the only unoc