

WESLEY'S GRAVE.

The writer was about seventeen years old when he visited the grave of this eminent servant of God, in City Road, London. Be it a fault or an excellence in the writer, he was a passionate admirer of John Wesley, and though he saw sufficient (with all his excellency), to prove that he was human, he labored to copy after him in life, marking the growth of his character and the various sources of his success, as he ascended the pinnacle of usefulness and fame; and always beheld in him the outbreaks of a great nature worthy of imitation. Even what Philosophy regarded his weakness, viz.: his visionary views of the departed dead, wears an air of greatness that his sincerity made real to him. The writer felt an unequalled degree of emotion as bending over the grave of this master in Israel, and could in some degree sympathize with those deluded followers of Mahomet, who, when they see the relics of the false prophet, pull out their eyes that they may not pollute them by beholding anything impure again. There is a shade of idolatry about the human heart when touched in the right spot. The design of the publication of these lines is to substitute words breathing a christian spirit to music often used with words inappropriate by christian ladies, who frequently use these carnal sentiments in song for want of poetry of a more spiritual character. If Napoleon is celebrated in song that lights up the spirit of the great at their pianos, why should not the christian parlor be fired by reminiscences of the veteran of the cross.

All alone stood a bard 'mid the graves of the mighty,
Where the vaults of true heroes did catch his wild eye,
And deep on one's bosom was carved a name weighty,
John Wesley, immortal, did beneath it lie.

O, herald intrepid, whose feet were commissioned
On errands of mercy to the human race,
Why slumbers thine eyelids? hath death then derisioned
The noblest of mortals and mildest in grace?

And art thou O father in Israel, enshrouded
Neath death's pallid mantle, at last in the grave?
Has eighty long years and eight more beclouded
The light that once aimed the whole world to save?

Here lieth a brow that was once lit of fire,
That flashed its mild lustré on all hearts around;
Alas! it but slumbers my muse to inspire,
And homage its glory enrap't in the ground.

The heart that once throbb'd with seraphic emotion,
O'er millions of sinners while beating with life,
Has stop'd its vibrations with every commotion,
And hush'd its deep sorrows from a world of strife.