

He found it more congenial to his genius to join in the glad anthems of the Church than to muse amid the melancholy of the church-yard, or he might have rivalled the immortal Gray who published his "Elegy" in 1749, the year of our poet's marriage. When Haydn, a contemporary of his, was once asked how it was that his church music was always of an animating and even gay description, he answered: "I cannot make it otherwise; I write according to the thoughts I feel. When I think upon God my heart is so full of joy, that the notes dance and leap as it were from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will easily be forgiven me that I serve Him with a cheerful spirit." For the same reason—a melody of heart—Charles Wesley's hymns are not like the patter of rain or the sighing of autumn winds, mournful and melancholy; but they are gay and bright like the play of sunbeams and the merry music of summer. The melody within finds fitting expression "in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs."

"Bard ! inspired by love divine,
Hallowing influence benign ;
Ever vital, ever rife,
Throbbing warm with inner life ;
Holy unction, quenchless fire,
All concenter in thy lyre ;
Wreathe the laurel round thy brow,
Israel's sweetest singer, thou.

Who in like majestic lays
Ever voiced Jehovah's praise?
Earth is choral with thy songs,
From her countless million-tongues ;
Girdling the great world around,
Wheresoever man is found
Hearts are melted, harps are strung,
And thy *jubilates* sung.

Bard of bards ! in peerless light
On the empyrean height,
All surpassing, all above
In thy canticles of love.
Joining hands with those who dwell
Where eternal anthems swell,
Now we wreathe thy deathless brow,
Israel's sweetest singer, thou."