

bruised, my hand sprained, and my head stunned, which spoiled my making hymns, or thinking at all till the next day, when the Lord brought us safe to Newcastle."

As an instance of the ruling passion of his life surviving the ardour of youth, and blossoming even in the autumn and winter of age, the story is told of him, that it was his wont in declining years to ride out every day on a little grey pony. When he mounted, if a subject occurred to his mind he would proceed to expand it and put it in form; he would then write the hymn thus given to him in short-hand on a small card kept for the purpose. Returning to his house at City Road, he would leave the pony at the door and run in, exclaiming, "Pen and ink! Pen and ink!" and after writing the hymn he would salute the family.

It may not be uninteresting just here to note that a stumbling horse was not the first thing that threatened to spoil our minstrel's hymn-making, and indeed to deprive the Church of his genius altogether. When our bard was yet a boy, Garrett Wesley—a gentleman of large fortune in Ireland—wanted to adopt him as his heir and take him to Ireland. But the lad declined the flattering offer. This gentleman afterward adopted Richard Colley, an Irish relative, who took the name of Wesley, becoming the grandfather of the illustrious Wellington, England's Iron Duke. John Wesley calls this "a fair escape;" and so it was in more ways than one; for if young Charles had accepted the brilliant offer there would have been no Wellington to have emblazoned British arms, and no Wesley to have enriched the psalmody of the Church. England would have had no Waterloo and Methodism no minstrel. With Charles himself, his choice might have made a peer, but it would have marred a poet.

Judging, however, from the distinctive tone of his poetic genius and the mould it took, he does not appear to have regretted the choice he made; for it is to be remarked that his muse is a joyous one. It is true our poet has given indication of considerable power in that class of compositions which are termed elegaic, mostly referring to death and the grave. Still, it is not often that his hand touches this minor chord; when he does he,

"With master's hand and prophet's fire,
Strikes the deep sorrows of his lyre."