

me of one of the patriarchs of old, so venerable and dignified is his appearance. I fancy I see him at my father's house, and now he places his hand upon my head, and invokes heaven's blessing upon me. Tall, dignified and solemn, a well-knit frame, hair of silver whiteness, countenance wrinkled by age, and wearing the old-fashioned breeches, buckled at the knee, is the Rev. John Hickling, of precious memory, since gone home to heaven, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest." The dear old man, I love to think of him! He was the guardian spirit and presiding genius of old-fashioned Methodism in the town of my childhood and youth, Newark, Nottinghamshire. People used to regard him with veneration and respect. Boys and girls would be pleased indeed if they could but get his recognition and smile. All denominations would look upon him as they would one of the patriarchs of old, arisen from the dead. And such is the power exerted by peculiar sanctity, that like Milton's angel appearing to the devil, it exerts a peculiar influence of its own—

"Abashed the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape, how lovely; saw and pined
His loss."

To give an instance, I knew an individual, a backslider from God, whose deliberate purpose was to drown himself, deterred from the fatal act on catching a sight of this venerable and apostolic-looking man. In the pulpit he was dignified, grave, and solemn, and would remind you of a man on the borders of the tomb, and about to appear before his Judge. I shall never forget those beautiful lines in Wesley's Hymns, as repeated by the old gentleman :

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find," &c..

And the manner in which he raised his right hand in the pulpit, when uttering something solemn, has always reminded me of good Bishop Cranmer, when surrounded by the flames of martyrdom, crying out with upraised hand, "This unworthy hand! this unworthy hand!"

Very different was the regard and esteem paid to Father Hickling by the inhabitants of Newark, to what their forefathers paid to Mr. Wesley when he first went there. The painter's brush was not used to besmear the preacher, but the tongue was employed to bless him. Thank God those days of persecution have gone bye! Methodism is now flourishing in the town, for when the eloquent Punshon last preached there, some ten or a dozen clergymen of the Church of England went to hear him—a thing unpardonable in Wesley's day. I will just name one circumstance more in connection with Father Hickling and I have done:—