

Mr. Hawker was a magnificent specimen of physical manhood: tall and muscular, a fine-cut profile, dark, full eyes, and long snowy hair parted in the middle of the head; his voice was rich and powerful; he used no manuscript in his ordinary ministrations. He was a High Churchman, and yet one of an original type, wholly distinct from the Tractarians on the one hand, and the Ritualists on the other. He had for many years a decided antipathy to Dissenters—and there were many in his parish. It may be that his dislike arose from the fact that he, like too many other “Church parsons,” was not thoroughly familiar with their work. He was too ready to listen to many of the foolish tales brought to him by those whose only virtue seemed to be that they hated the Methodists. Yet, though often bitter in speech, he was always ready to do any kindness that lay in his power to a Dissenter. He spent much valuable time in instructing a young student for the Methodist ministry in Greek and Latin, and his pupil is now a successful minister in the English Wesleyan Conference. He was always ready to ask favours of their landlords for Dissenting farmers, and went out of his way to do them exceptional kindnesses. Some one rallied him on this: “Why, Hawker, you are always getting comfortable berths for schismatics.” “So one ought,” was his ready reply. “I try my best to make them snug in this world, they will be miserable enough in the next.”

One day he visited the widow of a parishioner who had just died. As he entered, he met the Methodist minister coming out of the room where the corpse lay. “When is poor Thomas to be buried?” asked the vicar. “We are going to take him out of the parish,” said the widow. “We thought you would not bury him, as he was a Dissenter.” “Who told you I would not?” The woman looked at the minister. “Did you say so?” he asked of the preacher abruptly. “Well, sir, we thought that you were so particular that you would object to bury a Dissenter.” “On the contrary,” said the vicar, “do you not know I should be but too happy to bury you all?”

He was a great lover of children, and they loved him. Many of his finest pieces were written and sent to the children of his school. The following was written for a Plymouth paper during the Christmas of 1859:

THE CAROL OF THE KINGS.

Three ancient men in Bethlehem's cave
With awful wonder stand: