

**THE EARNEST METHODIST:
A MEMOIR OF THE LATE
MR. THOMAS DIXON**

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The Earnest Methodist: A Memoir of the Late Mr. Thomas Dixon by Joseph Dixon

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JOSEPH DIXON

**THE EARNEST METHODIST:
A MEMOIR OF THE LATE
MR. THOMAS DIXON**



Yours Affly
Thomas Dixon.

PREFACE.

I HAVE written this Memoir at the request of a few friends in my native town, who wished to have some remembrancer of my late Uncle.

A perusal of it will I hope amply justify the title given.

I am conscious of having suffered my pen to run hurriedly over the paper, but this has been unavoidable through pressure of other work.

The Memoir might have been written at much greater length, but it has been my aim to compress it as much as possible, chiefly that it may be published in a cheap form.

JOSEPH DIXON.

LONDON, S.E., 1871.

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THE EARNEST METHODIST.

CHAPTER I.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

" His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, This was a man ! "

SHAKESPEARE.

MOST people have a natural curiosity to know something of the personal appearance of those of whom they read. A popular writer has said—

" Such a shape hath such a soul, so that a deep discerner
From his make will read the man, and err not far in judgment."

We do not entirely concur in this senti-

ment. On the contrary, we believe it is but seldom, if ever, that a perfectly just judgment can be formed of a man from his outward and visible frame, though it may sometimes help to a readier and more thorough understanding of many things in connection with his life. Coleridge once made a great mistake when sitting opposite to a gentleman at a public dinner, who had a magnificent forehead, and whose whole bearing was suggestive of immense capacity laboriously suppressed, he thought within himself, "Ah! if he would but speak, what grand things we should hear." At length, he did speak; but, alas! his speech at once revealed a total want of religion, education, and sense.

For the benefit of those who were not acquainted with the subject of this Memoir, we give the following brief sketch.

THOMAS DIXON was a man of middle stature, somewhat inclined to be corpulent, but never attaining a state in which he

could be called uncomfortably stout. His physical frame was strong—partly owing to nature, and partly to the care which he took of himself, and the work which he did. Most people who knew him would admit, too, that he was what is commonly termed “good-looking.” He had a fine, manly, open, English face; and no matter when you met him, whether in the morning, at mid-day or at night, there always seemed to be a cheerful and winning smile upon it.

His physiognomy gave evidence that he enjoyed the religion which for so many years he was not ashamed to profess. When he had passed the age of three-score years and ten, his hair still covered his head, though time had much thinned it, and its colour had changed from a dark brown to a gray. He usually wore a suit of black, with a neatly-folded white cravat, and, as if he had undergone a military training, walked erect.

A stranger meeting him might readily have supposed that he was one of the

resident ministers of the town, if not its worthy Vicar; and, as we proceed, we shall find that this appearance was not wholly out of place, for he did the work of a minister, whilst at the same time pursuing his more direct calling as a man of trade. His voice was, for richness and compass, one of the noblest we ever heard. Until hushed in death it lost not its clear and musical sound. When he joined in singing with a congregation, no matter how large, it was difficult for him to prevent its being heard above the rest; and when he preached, or spoke at a public meeting, it was easy for the outermost circle of his audience to hear distinctly all he said. There are, perhaps, few who are favoured with the physical advantages which he possessed; but as we briefly trace out his life, we shall find they were not given in vain, nor were they badly used. He speaks of them himself, often with amazement, and always with gratitude. On his seventieth birthday he writes: "I was never more youthful, more