

**MEMOIR OF MRS.
HINCKSMAN, LATE OF
LYTHAM, LANCASHIRE**

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Memoir of Mrs. Hincksman, late of Lytham, Lancashire by John Hannah

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JOHN HANNAH

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*Given & bought by
D. Winckelman*

MEMOIR
OF
MRS. HINCKSMAN,

LATE OF LYTHAM, LANCASHIRE.

—
BY THE REV. JOHN HANNAH, D.D.
—

WITH A PORTRAIT.

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MEMOIR OF MRS. HINCKSMAN.

THIRTY-FOUR years have passed away since the melancholy intelligence reached England that the "Maria" mail-boat had been wrecked off the coast of Antigua, in the West Indies, and that five Missionaries, two of their wives, four children, and two servants, besides the boat's crew and another passenger, had perished,—one only surviving, by a most wonderful deliverance, to narrate the sorrowful story. That one, known then as Mrs. Jones, has now finished her course. It is not meet that she should depart without some affectionate tribute to her memory. The following account is compiled from a few papers which she left behind her, with other documents; and it is hoped that it will present the edifying example of a right-hearted Christian whom the hand of God guided through severe and manifold discipline, even from her early days, and who, by His grace, was found faithful.

Mrs. DOROTHY HINCKSMAN was born at Co-bridge, a village near Newcastle-under-Lyme, August 17th, 1802. She was the youngest of four daughters, and had a brother younger than herself. Her father was in a small way of

business as a master-potter. Nothing worthy of note is recorded of his religious character. But, as will appear in the sequel, his wife possessed a superior understanding, with Christian light, and a strong sense of the duty which she owed to those whom the providence of God had committed to her care.

Dorothy was trained, under her mother's eye, in the fear of God, and in a strict observance of His law. Her parents were members of the Church of England, and regularly attended its services. Dorothy relates that, when very young, she had serious thoughts of the judgment-day, of heaven and hell. She used, even in early childhood, to think, and tremble at the thought, of appearing before God; and often wondered what she should do. But she then repeated the prayers which she had been taught, and not unfrequently experienced sensible relief. So soon was she led, in some measure, to know the value of prayer.

A review of her youthful days brought to mind several narrow escapes from danger, in which she rejoiced to acknowledge the hand of God. On one occasion, (for instance,) as she was playing on a summer's day near her father's gate, and quite alone, she was picked up by a party of gipsies, who were passing with their tents and baggage, and who, seeing her to be a pleasing and attractive child, doubtless hoped to make some advantage of her. She was soon missed; and, suspicion arising of what had occurred, her father, with a company of his men, started in pursuit. They had a smart

chase after the gipsies, but overtook them just before they reached Newcastle. The lost one was found, sitting contentedly in a hamper of straw, both hands filled with gingerbread. Once again, she and her brother, accompanied by one of the apprentices, were taking a summer-evening's walk, when night fell upon them. Their road home lay through a churchyard, fields, and by-paths. In their child-like terror they joined hands together, and Dorothy said that her mother told them, when in trouble, to pray to the Lord, and He would take care of them. So they all began very earnestly to repeat the Lord's Prayer, and continued saying it over and over until they arrived at home in safety. The recollection of the comfort and strength derived from that simple exercise of prayer often yielded her encouragement, even in later life.

When she was fifteen, her mother died. The daughter piously recalls her memory. She was affectionate, judicious, and godly. It is particularly mentioned that she greatly addicted herself to the reading of the holy Scriptures, and possessed so extensive a knowledge of them that the Clergyman of the parish said he never conversed with her without obtaining light and instruction. Dorothy loved to remember how the family Bible was read and explained on Lord's-day evenings by that exemplary parent. Her last affliction was long, extending through nineteen weeks, during eighteen of which the three sisters watched over her every night by turns. She appears from the

first to have apprehended that the "sickness was unto death." For a time, the ties of her family seemed to bind her to earth; and she found it especially difficult to give up her two younger children. But at length she gained the victory. One day, on Dorothy's entering the room, she said, "Now I can give you and your brother up into the hands of God. He will take care of you." Her entreaties to her children to prepare for heaven, and follow her thither, were often repeated by night and by day. At times, when they thought she had been sleeping, she would say, "I have been musing of heaven, and sometimes think I may be permitted to be your guardian angel. If so, what pleasure it will give me to know that you are preparing to follow me! Yes; I often think, if you do, it will add to my joy." Words like these could not pass away without leaving some impression behind them, when dropped from the lips of one who appeared to be all the world to her children. At last the solemn change came. But her preparations were made. About nine o'clock at night, she requested her husband to retire to his own room, and pray for power to give her up. That night he was seen on his knees, praying with tears and groans. Some hours after, she said, "Tell your father to come." Addressing herself to him, she said, "O, my dear, I forgot one thing. Will you promise? You can." He promised; when she added, with great difficulty, "If any of my dear children, when I am gone, should become serious

and religions, and should prefer any other Christian body to the Church of England, will you promise not to stop them?" He promised; and this promise was very important to Dorothy in her subsequent course of life. Looking at the foot of the bed, the mother said to her daughter Mary, "O! don't you see Him?—so beautiful!" Mary said, "Is it my father?" She replied, "O, no! you cannot see Him. It is my LORD, my GOD, my ALL AND IN ALL." She then said, "I am coming! coming!"—and, with a sigh, her happy spirit passed away to the land where sickness and death are unknown.

Dorothy could never forget that night. She speaks of the spirit with which her sister, on this solemn occasion, poured forth praises for the victory won, intermingled with prayers for them that were left behind. No common loss was sustained in the death of this excellent person. "The heart of her husband safely trusted in her." She was beloved by all. The poor had lost a friend; the rich, an example; and her family, a stay. But the death of the mother was the life of the child. After the interment, Dorothy stole away to the bed where her loved parent had expired. She felt the awfulness of the separation. In a moment, while she was on her knees, the thought crossed her mind, "And what will it be to be separated through all eternity?" "O!" she adds, "that word *eternity!*" She felt sure that her mother was in heaven, and that, if she herself were to die, she was fit only for hell.