

In passing through a village near Cirencester, a so called gentleman asked me for a circular, I gave him one, and he immediately tore it up, and stamped upon it in the mud. At the same time making use of very vile oaths. I said to him, I did not expect such bad behaviour from a man of his cloth. He had in his hand a hunting whip, with a large iron hammer on the end of it; he held it up with both hands, and in a rage, as furious as his master the devil could make him, said that he was a constable and would send me to hell. I told him if he did so I would tell all his wicked companions what a fool they had left behind, but that he would soon be keeping them company. He then altered his mind and did not administer the intended blow for poor Charles. Being so often wet, and not being able to change my clothes, I again caught cold, and was obliged to give up travelling for a few weeks; upon my recovery I went into Oxfordshire. When at Watlington, one Sunday, I was asked to speak to the people in the street; and while engaged a young man came to annoy me, and I told him, if he did not leave off his manner of life he soon would be in a building, where the rent would be paid for him. Two years after, near Watlington, a man asked if I was going to preach, as he said, I never shall forget your speaking in the street, as it caused me to cry to God for mercy. I felt your words "ye must be born again." I enquired after the young man as above, and found he was transported soon afterwards. When I was at Banbury, I attended a Temperance Meeting, when the chairman called on me to speak, when I consented, and began by telling the large congregation my first experience of teetotalism, in Wiltshire; when a dirtily dressed man began to shew his wonderful knowledge by calling me a Wiltshire Moonraker. The chairman called him to order, but he persisted in the above. I therefore said to the chairman, leave him to me, I will soon rake him down; I then made a dead stop, and began thus, You all know the character of that man. There is no person that will trust him with a skein of thread. He is in debt with the shoemakers, drapers, and grocers. He does not pay his rent, and he is like all other drinkers, cannot give change for sixpence under six months' notice, and at the end of that time he is fourpence half-penny short. Up jumped this knowall, and with a loud voice cried out—where is my hat! where is my hat! I cannot stand this. The people stamped their feet, clapped their hands, and hooted the deceived agent of his father the devil out of the room, and we had a very peaceable meeting after. It is daily proved, that men and women that frequent publichouses indulge in strong drink at home and abroad do not spend their own money, but are

in debt, or it is needed in the home for food, clothes, shoes, hats, rent, or in case of sickness, of which all are in danger every moment.

About three miles from Reading, on the Basingstoke road, is a wide common, and whilst travelling, a short distance off I saw an arch, over which runs the trains; something kept telling me to go under the arch, but I resisted, it was quite the contrary road I wished to go, but after striving sometime I yielded, and as I walked down a lane I saw an old cottage, which I entered, and there sat a feeble old woman. I read a chapter, and prayed with her, and told her of the love of God for all sinners willing to part with wickedness, and that Jesus was the only Saviour who could save her from all her sins if she gave her affections into his hands. The joy and happiness that I saw in that poor woman's face was delightful, in her believing that Jesus would save her and take her to heaven when she died. I returned, feeling very happy, and was very glad I went that way; and I feel almost overwhelmed at the thought whilst writing.

In passing through a village, near Abingdon, I saw another cottage a short distance from the road, and it flashed into my mind to go into it. I entered, and there sat an aged woman; and her son also was there, and asked me to purchase a fiddle, which I declined, the mother several times said, let the man go, he don't want your fiddle. I began to tell them that they must give up sin, and if they wished to go to heaven they must believe on the Lord Jesus with all their heart. I began to pray and could not conclude for sometime, although the old woman was paralysed, she nimbly said—Lord bless you master, he sent you to day, God bless you, I never, I never felt like this before. She lived six months afterwards.

Being at Wootton Bassett I was asked to give a lecture in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, and my subject was "The best way to get on in the world," and after a few remarks, I told the people many tried to get on as bad as possible by taking strong drink, snuff and tobacco, which did them no good, but much harm, by sending many to prison, penal servitude, and often a swing on the gallows with a tight rope. It is proved by our judges that 19 evils out of 20 are caused by men taking strong drink, either direct or indirect. I administered powerful doses one hour, the caps fitted many, as was visible by their uneasiness, but could not escape for fear of detection. The next day when leaving the town, I passed a group belonging to the devil's guzzling club, who flew at me like hell hounds, and declared they would throw me into the river, so I speedily left the town. Two years after I paid another visit, when they wished me to give them another

lecture as the first did much good and would not be forgotten for years, but I was obliged to leave as my time was limited. In passing through a village, a girl looked in my face and said "master, you baint so sharp as you ought to be." A woman heard her, and said, you saucy wench, to insult a stranger like that, drop that stick about her, master, but my reply was, no Mrs. not for telling the truth. On I went singing:—

O happy day that fixed my choice  
 On thee, my Saviour, and my God;  
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
 And tell its raptures all abroad.

*Many persons believe I was born on the 1st of April!!!*

Having had to stay at Blandford on a Sunday, a local preacher could not go to his appointment at Pimphorn. I was asked to go and talk to the people. I complied and began the service in the methodist way, and took for my text, the 8th chapter of Romans. I told the people that the bible condemned back-biting as strongly as murder. I saw some of the congregation pointing to others in the chapel whom I supposed they considered more guilty than themselves. I told the congregation as they had such a bad speaker it would be wise to have a prayer meeting. Soon after its commencement some began to cry for mercy, others turned it into a lovefeast, stating how happy they were. Two days after a man called on my landlady, Mrs. Counter, and asked if I was not a false prophet. She told him she had known me for five years, and had never seen anything amiss in me. The man said, our people say the false prophets were to come before the end of the world, and he is one of them. I did not believe I was worthy of such a glorious title, but it made me very happy for months.

In February, 1868, on Sunday evening, three of the friends accompanied me from Blandford to Pimphorn, and before the service began we called on the people and invited them to the chapel, which was well filled. One man helped sing the first hymn with all his might, as though he felt the power of the word—

And are we yet alive,  
 And see each others' face,  
 Glory and praise to Jesus give,  
 For his redeeming grace.

I read for my lesson, the 4th chapter of the Epistle to St. John, and the first verse. I told them what they did after I spoke in that chapel some years before, by their sending into Blandford to enquire whether I was not a false prophet. I said, I believed in all Bible truths stronger than ever, and it is common for preachers

and leaders to tell them to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and they should be saved. That doctrine was scriptural, when sinners were willing to give up pride, vanity, fashion, and all other kinds of worldly conformity, and not before. If ye love me, saith Christ, keep my commandments. Put away the accursed thing from among you, then I will have mercy upon you. When I read the 11th verse, I spoke rather strong but true words about love, when out bolted the wonderful singer, having more love for air than hearing himself exposed. I was told if I lived in the village I could not have made the caps to fit better. I took for a text, the 5th chapter of Galatians, and very soon there was a moving, so that when I left off there was but a few left in the chapel; but when I came out there was a large mob giving me such pretty names. It was very plainly seen that the old deceiving serpent stung his agents very sharp and drove them from the plain word of truth. If men try to put it away during this life, the day is very near when all will have to give an account to God. Many say they believe that Jesus died for sinners, but their belief only reaches the tongue. Men with strong drink in the head can preach, and at the same time be following all the devices of Satan. You might hear such repeating, "Our Father which art in Heaven," and daily with all their might trying to frustrate the goodness of God. Why don't such speak the truth, and say, "Our father which is in Hell;" many such appear angels in company, but act like devils at home. I wish to live and die in malice with the world, the flesh, and sin, that is the manner I talk to the people, and I never had a sleepy congregation. When staying at Blandford on another Sunday, Mr. Cole's, a local brother came to me and stated his chest was so sore that he was not able to go to his appointment at night, to Stourpane. He said that Mr. Hender Geach, the Superintendent, would preach there in the afternoon. When I started I trembled, and my knees smote each other. I felt as though a chain was bound round me it was with difficulty I walked so short a journey, on my arrival I found Mr. Geach had published that a Mr. Taylor would preach at night. I called at a house near the chapel, when a man came and asked Mrs ——— whether Mr. Taylor was come, when she pointed to me and said, that is the man. When he very gravely replied, is that *he*, I thought it would be Mr. Taylor who travelled in this circuit. I asked him if he would engage in prayer at the beginning of the service, his answer was, ah!—I w-i-l-l. I told the congregation that I was not a preacher, and might break down. Mrs. ———, also the pleasant speaking brother, with one more and myself went into a large pew near the pulpit; after we

had sung, and the kind brother had prayed, I said it was the rule to read a chapter before we sung again. My good brother who spoke like a man up to the mark, said a-h t-i-s; so I read the third chapter of the Epistle of St. John, and when I came to the ninth verse I made a few remarks, when some began to look and nod at each other as if they were convinced there were those present not born again, although professing to be the children of God. I took my text from the third chapter of St. John's gospel from the first to the twenty-second verse, and when I came to the nineteenth verse I said that it might be that someone present was on Saturday night late at the alehouse, well-known as the Devil's workshop,—singing songs, and this night in this chapel professing to sing to the Glory of God. Then, up jumped Mrs. —, who was in the pew with me, in wrath and indignation flung open the pew door and very speedily escaped from the Berkshire capmaker. I felt the power of Daniel's God warmer as I proceeded with the searching words of Jesus, which quickly moved others out also. When I left the chapel, in the street many were waiting to see for the last time the village troubler. I heard them saying, here he comes, he is coming, I wished them good night and happily walked on. A man and his wife told me that I had been cap fitting that evening, and kindly requested me to give them another visit as they themselves had felt the power of God's word while I was speaking.

On the same Sunday, a brother, named Daniel Chaffey, preached at a village beyond Stourpane, and it was agreed that he should call for Mr. Cole's, and when he had done so the before mentioned began like pepper and fire in wrath to threaten Mr. Cole's how she would serve him when she had an opportunity for sending such a fellow in his stead. I am very pleased I gave such an offence in the village.

Sometime afterwards I saw Mr. Geach at Shaftesbury, who said the people told him I stated the truth, but in such a queer manner that it exposed them before others; and just so, if professors will be hypocrites, they must expect to have their dark deeds exposed. The fear of man bringeth a snare. Stand like iron anvils, valiant for the truth, and against the errors of the present day, which are not only in the establishment, but also visible among many dissenters.

At Haytesbury, near Warminster, Wilts, I was requested to give a lecture; so as I delivered my bills I invited the people to a meeting. When I arrived at the appointed place an hundred were waiting to hear what the babbler had to say. I stood on a piece of timber to deliver my lecture, and the people listened attentively for some time, until I told them the reason provisions