

are so dear; that out of the wheat and barley that is grown more than twelve million quarters are baked, cooked, and completely destroyed to make drunkards, fill our land with paupers, empty churches, fill prisons, and break up homes that once were happy. It is also the means of filling transport ships, makes the wives widows, leaves children fatherless, to the mercy of an ungodly world to make murderers, liars, sabbath breakers, and swearers, cause children and other servants to rob their employers, and many other sins, which cost many millions every year to pay a large police force. Our country is also highly taxed with poor rates, and other expenses, and nearly all is brought on by the people that take strong drink. It had been proved from the newly born child to the full-grown person, each consumed one quarter of corn in one year; then certainly twelve million quarters would keep twelve million people in bread one year, each quarter contains eight bushels. But to the disgrace of farmers, maltsters, brewers, landlords, and consumers, the whole of the large quantity of good grain after it has been made to grow, is dried and cooked by the above poisoners. It would not keep a mouse alive one year. Again in this country there is more than twelve million pounds spent every year on tobacco and snuff, which makes men and boys thieves, makes long pale faces, tender lungs, sore and hoarse dry throats, black teeth, makes the breath smell very unpleasant, causes bad tempers, invites consumption, gravel, and many other bodily complaints. A few years ago there was a consultation with some of the most able physicians, when they came to the conclusion that eighteen youths out of every twenty that died under twenty years of age died from the bad effects of smoking tobacco. I then saw many of them verily guilty, and began to have the gripes; one broken pledged shoemaker raved like a crazy man. Hot rage now began, the rebels commenced pelting me with stones, dirt, dust, and turfs of grass to their wicked hearts' content. A woman came filled with hellish rage, backed on by her old father the devil, came saying, where is the rascal, I will tear every bit of flesh off his bones. She must have either boiled or roasted me before doing so for at that time I was very tough, and could without flinching stand any amount of hardships, but to prevent her having her hellish appetite fed with my flesh the policeman came and took me by the arm to my lodgings, when these publichouse bad trained slaves for the brewers and landlords tried to get me from the man in blue, they yielded, threatened, clamoured, and hooted much louder than their old dad would have done. After I was in doors they stood near the house alarming the neighbourhood with—turn him out, we will give him a dose, and I expected it would have been a

final blow, their language was too bad to mention. I spoke the truth in love wishing all to be happy in this world and in the world to come life everlasting, although I have had such opposition and cruelty. I am very pleased and thankful to the Lord that he has enabled me to shake the kingdom of darkness in some parts of this sin-governed world, I hope to fight on for Jesus.

One Sunday I was staying at Romsey, when near my lodgings there was group of men, I conversed with them on the goodness of God in sending such fine weather, but above all in giving his Son to die for sinners like us. I asked them to shew due respect to God by cleaning themselves and go to church, when one of the devil's counsellors said—the parsons are all a bad lot and would not preach without we pay them, he saw a man coming up the street, he said—here comes one of them, I asked where he was going to preach, when this tap room orator said, I do not know, but he is a damnation rogue. The rev. gentleman came near us and I said to him, Mr. Withers, this young man says you are a damnation rogue. The gentleman walked on like a man of sense making no reply, but Beelzebub was very strong in the young man that he raved and appeared like a mad man from bedlam, at the same time calling me all kinds of fools and such bad names for telling Mr. Withers the compliments; the same night Mr. Withers wished me to go with him to the young man's house, and when we arrived there the young man's sister told me I had no business in the town, why did not I stay at home and not come there disturbing people. Well it is pleasing to me to know that I have been such a troubler in Romsey, and I hope good was done.

One day I was in a village a few miles from Reading when I intended to go some miles further but I felt such a weakness in my legs and such weariness all over so that I was obliged to get lodgings at a publichouse. The servant knew me and told me the landlady had taken to another man, and through that the poor old landlord had tried to kill himself, I asked him into a private room, read and prayed with him, he promised me not to act the fool again by trying to send himself to hell through his wife's wickedness. I told him I was certain that she would die in a ditch, and so it came to pass, as I was told that her favorite man was transported, and she soon afterwards was found in a ditch nearly dead, she was taken home and attended to, but a few days after she was found in a deeper ditch quite dead. Be sure your sins will find you out. The above will explain why I was detained with the poor old landlord, and I hope the Almighty made me the instrument of his salvation. Another day I was in the village and left a bill at a house where there was a sick man on a bed apparently asleep, and before leaving the

village I felt strongly impressed to go back and speak to the man, which I did, and in doing so I brought before him the importance of the new birth and believing in Christ only for salvation. His wife said they had not been used to such talk, as their parson assured them no one could know their sins were forgiven before death. My answer was—I wish your minister was present, I would shew him his mistake from the Bible, but they were more willing to harken to the dark parson than to the Bible.

When distributing bills at Kingsworthy the clergyman came wishing to know what I was giving to the people, I told him medicine papers, the medicines were sold by Mr. Powell, chemist, High-street, Winchester ; when the good clergyman said he thought it was infidel papers and he did not wish the minds of his parishioners disturbed. He asked to what sect I belonged, my answer was Wesleyan, and he said there was some in the village and they were the best people in the parish ; but he believed Whitfield was a better man than Wesley, but I said, Mr. Whitfield lost his converts by not appointing overseers ; John Wesley formed his members and appointed class leaders,—when he asked me the meaning of class meeting, so I referred him to the 3rd chapter of Malachi, 16th and 17th verses. He then gave me a large number of good tracts with his good wishes ; and about two years after I went through the village again but was told he had been buried three days, and now in glory I doubt not.

As I was walking in the town of Winchester I met a countryman, who was looking very unwell, and told me he was a great sufferer and had received medical advice for a long time but was no better. After asking him a few questions I told him he might linger for some time but no doctor could cure him. I asked him if he was prepared for heaven, and he said he hoped to go there when he died. I told him heaven was a holy place, no man could see the Lord except in anger on the day of judgment unless he was born again, but God had sent His Son who had made an atonement for the sins of all the world, and He was the only physician that could save poor sinners. Some months after the above conversation I was giving out papers in a village not knowing the man lived in it, but I called at his house ; he was on the bed very ill, but he knew me, and told his wife that I was the man who spoke so kind to him in Winchester. The poor fellow told me that that day as he was walking home along the downs my words kept ringing in his ears, and he had never forgotten it, and said how glad he was to see me again. I urged him to the glory of God through Jesus Christ, as that was the only remedy by which he could be saved. I prayed with him and left him, I believe a happier man than I found him. As I was leaving

Winchester I met an old man who began telling me that he had been that day to the horse-racing and it was capital sport, and a large number of people to see it. T——, Was there any christians there? M——, Yes, I am a christian and have a good heart. T——, Do you believe the word of God? M——, I do believe the Bible every word of it. T——, Well then, that book says—“He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool,” see the 28th chapter of Proverbs; again, “The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked,” see 17th chapter of Jeremiah, also read 15th of Matthew. M——, But lawyers, magistrates, ladies and other rich folk go to the races, and they go to church and profess to be christians Sundays, and I am sure some of the church parsons go fox hunting, and I have been told when out at parties they sing songs, and play at the gambling tables as well as the quickest hands. T——, All that you have said proves the scriptures to be true,—again they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God; it would lower the dignity of the devil to keep company with such although they are his children. Love not the world neither the things therein.

I visited Stockbridge nearly every year and spoke to the inmates of the houses. They knew more about drink and horse-racing than about Jesus. I was staying there on a Sunday, there was preaching in a room, the local brother wished me to assist in both services, and it was a glorious meeting in the afternoon, but at night the room was filled. When I was speaking a little boy shouted Mother, Mother, I wish that man was our father, he looks so happy! he was not mistaken, as many felt heaven begun below. The next day the cold formal professors cautioned the people by telling them to be aware of me as I went about taking advantage of the public, and was a false prophet. Jesus said to Peter, When thou art converted strengthen thy brethren, but it was evident these people were not converted, but strengthened by their old father the prince of darkness, and the quicker such brutes are removed the sooner the gospel will prosper in the neighbourhood. On this journey I was invited to a tea meeting at Wallop, where I was told the debt on the chapel was £11. I said that small amount was very easily discharged; if any of their members spent one penny a day on tobacco or snuff, the amount in one year was £1 10s. 5d.; threepence per day spent on beer £4 11s. 3d., amounting to £6 1s. 8d.; it will not make you either strong, rich, or wise, but quite the reverse; it is a waste and God's curse is on such; the disciples at first began to be uneasy. One man spoke out, If you cannot talk better than that you had better come down. I next said if God had intended a man to smoke He would have put a chimney on the top of his head, and if his nose was a dust

hole he would have turned his nose the other way up. I gave great offence, of which I was delighted to hear years afterwards, truth will stand firm.

I was asked to give a lecture at Letcombe, near Wantage, so I consented, and after I had commenced a young man sprang from his seat and declared some one had told me all about him. Another was moved, saying, he was sure I had been a drunkard or I should not have known what they did when drunk. Another said that is just how that old woman does. I was a perfect stranger to all. I was informed that many signed the teetotal pledge the following day but for lack of men to visit and lecture the good cause it fails in many places. I am certain the country is ready to receive the good seed, all that is wanting is men to scatter the seed broad cast. I once heard of a tradesman who left off strong drink. His wife tried many manœuvres to induce him to take it again but could not prevail upon him for sometime, but after a while her old enemy and herself hit upon a plan as follows: She took the buttons from his shirt collar and wristbands and put them as near the edge as she possibly could, and then told her husband how very thin he was got all through leaving off drink, and told him he could see by his shirts how he was losing flesh. Then against the rules of the religious society to which he belonged as a class leader he again gave a bad example to the drunken world by taking that which God curses, namely strong drink. In February, 1841, I was at Chippenham, trying to find a teetotaller and only one could be found. In April I called at almost every house and was told I was a fool and a madman to believe persons could live without beer. I visited the town once a year for some time and after a time held meetings out doors but the *insults* were not very pleasant. I have been told they have now a Good Temperance Hall, also a good society. It was upwards of 20 years since I was in the town to see the fruit of my hard labour. In the same year I found Highworth without a visible teetotaller, as usual I introduced the good results of temperance; after some time a portion of the people believed my advice and afterwards formed a society. My wish is that all might be saved from sin,

In November, 1840, I visited Swindon, but found no teetotalers. I spoke to several on the subject, but they were more like serpents than intelligent people, but some years after there was a good society who wished me to give them a lecture. I did as they wished me, and kept them thoroughly awake for an hour. The first time I visited Swindon I slept at a publichouse, and whilst there I asked the landlady for a litle water, for which she charged me fourpence, declaring she would do all in her power