

to crush teetotallers. The poor deceived woman married the second husband, and I was informed he was a notorious drunkard. Wisdom is better than weapons of war, but one sinner destroyeth much good. The same journey I went to Faringdon where I found the people averse to teetotalism, declaring such fellows ought to be hung. After visiting the town three or four years I found them more favourable, and now there is a prosperous cause in the town. A gentleman told me at Faringdon some men could not live without strong drink, he knew a man that tried teetotalism twice but the doctors told him he must take stimulants. I asked him what he was suffering from, he said, inflammation of the liver. Did he get well? no he died of course, such treatment increased the complaint. *From all false doctrines good Lord deliver us.* I knew a man that was suffering from inflammation of the liver so bad that he breathed with difficulty, he at once began to drink cold water and after drinking largely of that he was completely cured. Some days after he told the doctor, who said he could not have taken anything so effectual. The same doctor told me if people would not take intoxicating drinks they would enjoy life much better and seldom require a doctor. When I arrived at Abingdon I went into a barber's shop where I heard several men trying to expose teetotalism. Myself being a stranger I said, nothing on the subject, until they asked my opinion. I said if you wish to keep sober don't take any of that which would make you drunk, as it is from the ranks of moderate drinkers that all drunkards come. At once the serpents began to show their stings, and had it not been for the laws I doubt not but they would have prevented my going from house to house trying to establish total abstinence in that town also, but I had to face bitter oppression for some time in my yearly journeys in that neighbourhood, in towns and in villages, but I rejoice to learn the good cause has taken root in that locality. *In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thy hand, as thou knowest not which will grow, this or that.*

When I got to Bampton I was informed there was not a teetotaller known in the town. I called at each house and invited the people to a room where a meeting would be held at night. It was well filled with good behaved people, who wished me to come again, but that desire has not been granted them. What a disgrace to professing people who make long prayers and pretend to wish all the world converted, and at the same time stand in direct opposition to the commands of God, by spending cash on strong needless drink, tobacco, snuff, needless ornaments, dress, gambling, and many other sinful flesh pleasing follies, instead of sending missions to enlighten this dark perishing



world. The Lord will say to such hypocrites, *Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the Devil and his angels*, see 25th chapter of Matthew. When speaking in the street at Upaven a man made his appearance at the door of an Inn saying give him a gallon of beer. I replied, you all know that drunken man. Why, his toggery would be a disgrace to a rag shop, instead of feeding and clothing his children he swallows all in drink. Two of his neglected children stood near me and said, That is true master. I knew nothing of the man till afterward.

Being invited to Andover to give a lecture, I consented, two days before the appointed day I received by post a printed paper announcing me to give three lectures in succession, on seeing it I had a fit of trembling, and at once asked several of the brethren if one of them would accompany me to Andover, but each with one consent made an excuse, assuring me that I was equal to give the three lectures, but the nearer I got to the town the more the burden increased; when the van stopped for me to alight, I believe the brother's name was Bull, who called out, "then you have got him," I wished he was in my stead, but I did not break down, the congregation increased each night, as I was there two days I called at nearly every house but found but very few that understood the Lord's plan of saving sinners, they said, God is merciful and will deal kindly with them, not believing that Jesus is the only way, the truth and the life, and He alone died to atone for the sins of all the world. In one house I found an aged feeble man, I asked him if he had repented and received pardon for the sins of his past life, and if he was born again. I read the 3rd chapter of John, and the old man was much pleased when God's word was explained to him. I asked, does anyone call upon you to read and pray with you, he answered, not a person. If my visit to Andover did prove beneficial to any of the neglected poor old people it will amply repay me for all my anxiety in going there, almost daily I hear of the neglect of ministers, they are like wood pigeons, preaching to others doo, doo, doo, doo; and perch on carpets, or play at bagatelle, billiards, or some other time-killing games, rather than seek out poor sinners. A good man said such are infidels, that preach in the pulpit what they do not practice. Such will have a hot Hell.

The next year I was invited to Andover to give the people a little more of my logic, and while doing so a brewer in a large business came, so I gave him John Wesley's opinion of men in that line; which states we are not to sell anything to hurt the body of our neighbours, nor impair health, such is all that liquid fire, all who sell them in the common way to any that will buy are poisoners. They murder his majesty's subjects by wholesale,



neither does their eye pity or spare, they drive them to hell as blind as bats, and what is the gain, is it not the blood of these men and women? who then would envy their large estates, and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them, the curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them, the curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves, a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. The foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof are stained with blood, and canst thou hope, oh thou man of blood, who art clothed in scarlet and fine linen and farest sumptuously every day, canst thou hope to deliver down thy fields of blood to the third generation? not so, for there is a God in heaven, therefore thy name shall soon be rooted out like those whom thou has destroyed, body and soul, thy memorial shall perish with thee. I was informed that the above Brewer tried to prevent my speaking at Andover again. I was invited to conduct a meeting in a village four miles out, the large room was full, there the people also got offended with Bible truths. On my way home I was asked to conduct a meeting at Whitchurch, and in the meeting a man was very uneasy, and attempted to leave several times, believing someone had told me about him, but I assured him that I was a perfect stranger to all their tricks when they were under the influence of drink. Since then he has inquired after me, wishing to hear me again. The people at Andover again wished me to give them two temperance lectures, also two religious services on the Sunday. I complied, the four services was very quiet, I did not hear of anyone being offended, I am inclined to believe Satan's kingdom was not up set although I did not shun to declare the truth of God's Word. Some years ago I was invited to Bourne purposely to talk to the navvies. I told them what a landlord said to me, they worked like asses and spent their money like fools, depriving themselves of comforts they could have had if they had not feasted the brewers and landlords with their hard labour, and when their cash was all spent they were turned out as unworthy to keep company with those that had not spent the last penny. Often they exposed their weary bodies by sleeping under hedges or any other cold place, then if the police found them they were taken before the Magistrates as vagrants. By spending their money on drink they could not buy new clothes, but were obliged to buy or beg old toggery. While I was speaking some of them said it was all true. After the meeting was over one young man said it was a shame for Mrs. Page to tell me she had given him old trowsers and stockings; of course I knew nothing about it. Mrs. Page was a friend to every one.

Some time after I was asked to conduct a religious service in a



barn, at Bourne, which was well filled with people to hear the *Dunce*. I was speaking of the pleasantness of real religion, but merely a profession does not alter the temper, as it seems in some homes the father and mother snap and snarl at each other like cats and dogs. A woman standing near me began to show signs of great uneasiness and as soon as possible made her escape; it appears God's Word troubled her guilty conscience, as she went to Mrs. Page and gave her opinion of me freely. Mrs. Page was kind to the sick and poor, a true friend to children in trying to teach them to love God, and avoid all kinds of sin, especially smoking and strong drink. Christ was with her in her last sickness causing her to enjoy a certain assurance heaven was her home; where she is adoring her Saviour with many whom she had taught to love and serve on earth. Will you meet her?

When staying at Witney some friends met in a room, and wished me to speak to them, when I informed them that when in poverty and needing clothes or food, my rule was to make my request known to God, when he was always true to his promise. But those people astonished me when they did not believe we are commanded to make our request known by prayer and supplication only for salvation. In November at 7 a.m., nine persons engaged in prayer within one hour, no time was lost in talking about sun, moon, and stars, Jack and his brother, not long and stiff, prating what the Lord states is a stink in his nostrils, but there were many scripture amens. Lord revive us.

I visited villages near Woodstock, and held a meeting at Coombe. One woman declared that rather than she or her husband should be teetotallers she would sooner he get drunk every night, come home and thrash her. One man was so exasperated with my exposing drunkards that if he dared he would have done for me. Next day I went to another village and began to expose the drinking system, when a clergyman and several ladies listened. I was speaking of the waste saying if the money had been spent on clothing and food, Bibles and Missionaries, there would not be so much poverty, or a nation without the Gospel. I was not much opposed there. The same evening it was published that I should lecture at a village in the neighbourhood. After it was concluded a man that believed he knew everything, very warmly told me it was unscriptural to refuse the good things that God sent, as Jesus told Paul to drink wine to do his belly good. My answer to the drunken shoemaker was, I expected to be this way in twelve months, during that time if he could find such a passage in the Bible I would give him ten shillings; and to my promise I called, but he could not shew it, but his wife pressed me very much to give her the cash. I do believe both