

London, the next in the town, now the City of London.

Opposition to the Temperance Work.

I had never dreamt that anyone would oppose such a society, but the very first raising that I attended after signing the pledge was at a farm, the owner of which had procured (as was the custom) plenty of whiskey. I was not aware that it was generally known that I had signed the pledge, but I had not been there very long when a man offered me a bottle of whiskey, wishing me to drink, and when I refused he said I should drink if he poured it down my throat. I resisted him and in the scuffle he let the bottle fall and it broke. He then made a great outcry, saying that I struck him and was ready to fight, saying also that it was a pretty way for a Methodist preacher to act. This, however, was not the end of it, for when the barn was raised and supper was over, a young man seated himself on the fence and called the attention of the crowd by telling them that he wanted to sing them a song that had been lately composed. The name of "Tom Brown," as I was then familiarly called, figured prominently in this effusion and it was about the terrible effects of cold water. It told of a man who had refused to drink whiskey and said that the doctors had cut ice out of him after he died. I went home from the place with a very heavy heart, feeling as if I were disgraced and embraced the first opportunity of letting my pastor know what had happened. To my great astonishment he said, "Oh,