

al debt twice over—and a tax as large as the revenue of these United Kingdoms. We thought it a great sum to pay in order to give the slave his freedom—we thought the twenty millions given to the West India proprietors a mighty sacrifice: and certainly it was the noblest tribute any nation ever paid to the cause of philanthropy;—but large as it looks, half a year of national abstinence would have paid it all. We rather grudge the eight millions which Ireland got last year, seeing it has failed to set our neighbours on their feet; but it was eight millions given to save a famishing people; an' large as the grant to Ireland sounds, two months of national abstinence would have paid the whole of it. But tremendous as are the fifty millions which as a people we yearly engulf in strong drink, the thought which afflicts and appals us is, that this terrible impost is mainly a tax on the working man. The lamentation is, that many a working man will spend in liquor as much money as, had he saved it, would this year have furnished a room, and next year would have bought a beautiful library; as much money as would secure a splendid education for every child, or in a few years would have made him a landlord instead of a tenant. Why, my friends, it would set our blood a boiling if we heard that the Turkish Sultan taxed his subjects in the style that our British workmen tax themselves. It would bring the days of Wat Tyler back again; nay, it would create another Hamden, and conjure up a second Cromwell, did the Exchequer try to raise the impost, which our publicans levy, and our labourers and artizans cheerfully pay. But is it not a fearful insatiation? Is it not our national madness, to spend so much wealth in shattering our nerves, and exploding our characters, and in ruining our souls? Many workmen, I rejoice to know, have been reclaimed by teetotalism, and many have been preserved by timely religion. In whatever way a man is saved from that horrible vice, which is at once the destruction of the body and the damnation of the soul, therein do I rejoice, and will rejoice. Only you cannot be a Christian without being a sober man, and the more of God's grace you get, the easier you will find it to vanquish this most terrible of the working man's temptations.

#### WHO IS SAFE?

The following extract we take from the *Newcastle (England) Guardian*. Let those who think they stand take heed lest they fall.

The Rev. W. R. Robinson, aged 39, was indicted at the Westmoreland assizes, for forging a bill of exchange, with intent to defraud the Rev. F. Whalley, incumbent of Old Hutton. The prisoner pleaded not guilty. The prisoner is a son of the late Rev. Dr. Robinson, of Clifton, and for some time previous to committing the offence had been without employment, and it seemed that he was a man of intemperate habits. On the 17th of May last, Mr. Whalley met with the prisoner at a beer house in Old Hutton, where he had gone to transact some business. He was an entire stranger to him, but he introduced himself as the late Dr. Robinson's son, and the incumbent of Mallerstang. Ultimately, the weather being wet at the time, Mr. Whalley hospitably invited

him to his house to stay over a night, which invitation he accepted. The next day he left for Kirby Lonsdale, saying he had important business there. On the morning of the 19th he breakfasted at the Royal Hotel, and afterwards sent the landlord's son for a stamp for £35, payable on demand, and a 2s 6d billstamp was procured. In the course of a short time he went to the Lancaster Banking Company's Branch bank, accompanied by a clerk of Mr. Francis Pearson, solicitor, and presented a document, of which the following is a copy: "May 19th, 1848, Messrs Glyn and Co., pay to the Rev. William Richardson Robinson, on demand, the sum of thirty-five pounds. F. Whalley, Incumbent of Old Hutton, near Kendal. £35. (Stamp, 2s 6d.)" Simultaneously with the presenting of this document, he produced a letter which purported to be written by Mr. Whalley to Mr. Pearson, requesting that gentleman, or a clerk, to accompany Mr. Robinson to the bank, "that there might be no disappointment." Mr. Pearson was from home. The clerk in the bank being unacquainted with either of the parties, and Mr. Whalley having no account there, refused to cash the order, and, suspecting that all was not right, shortly afterwards gave information to the police. An officer went to the hotel, and asked the prisoner to give up the order he had produced at the bank. He hesitated; but on the officer persisting, he took it out of his pocket and attempted to throw it into the fire. The policeman got possession of it, as well as the note addressed to Mr. Pearson, and the prisoner then said "he had done the deed: he had committed the forgery, and would give himself up," and when before the magistrates made a similar admission of his guilt. The defence was, that the prosecutor and prisoner had been drinking together, and that the former, when intoxicated, had authorised the prisoner to write the letter and order, but Mr. Whalley denied the truth of the insinuation—His lordship thought the defence set up aggravated the case. Verdict, Guilty. Sentenced to be transported for fourteen years.

#### EVERY MAN BRING HIS MAN.

The drunkard of 1848 is the same kind of being as was the drunkard of 1840. He became a drunkard under the same influences, and by the use of the same kind of liquors; and low and degraded as he is, he can yet be saved from his perilous condition, if like means are used for his reformation. It is not the fault of the drunkards of to-day that they are not reformed as fast and as radically as was their predecessors eight years ago. Let the same means be used now as were used then, and as vigorously, and the Washingtonian reform would be as popular to-day, as it was in its palmyest hours.

In 1840-41, the motto of the Washingtonians was, "Let every man bring his man." By adopting this course, the temperance halls were filled equally with temperate and intemperate men. There was material in those days for men to work upon. No wonder the Washingtonians made thrilling speeches of burning eloquence, such as they cannot now equal, notwithstanding their long experience in speech-making. With an audience of some hundreds of drunkards and moderate drinkers, how could a man, whose heart was the least