

ferred to walk the streets of London without recognition. The Evangelical Alliance had no welcome to offer him. But for the friendly offices of the Rev. Mr. Hershell, a converted Jew, who stately preaches in the Edgeware Road, this eminent individual would have left our land, a broken-hearted man." Would it not be well if we had less self-styled "Evangelicism" in the world, and more real Christianity?

THE WORLD'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

The session of this Convention commenced in London, on Tuesday, 5th Aug., and was attended by about three hundred delegates and visitors, from various parts of the world. It is believed that these meetings have done much good, by arousing amongst all classes a deeper interest in the cause of Temperance. The statistical evidence elicited and laid before the Convention was such as could scarcely fail to produce in the mind of every right-thinking member of the community, a strong conviction of the obligation resting upon him, to aid in the advancement of a cause so philanthropic in itself and so consonant with the spirit of Christianity.

In the course of the proceedings of the Convention, "An Appeal to the British Nation on the greatest Reform yet to be accomplished," was read and adopted. It is from the pen of Mr. Silk Buckingham; and the following extract from it, we have no doubt, will be read with interest:—

"Fellow-countrymen, the age in which we live is called the Age of Reform; and among the nations of the earth, England takes the foremost rank amongst reforms. The wise and the good in all countries look to it for example, and in most instances look to it with hope; but there is one giant evil yet to be reformed, in which its example is more pernicious than beneficial, and in which its national influence has created so vast an amount of injury, that all its energies should be put forth at once, and without an hour's delay, to remove the blot from its otherwise bright escutcheon. As a people, you are intelligent—the world admits it; but, much as you have learnt, and great as is the superiority you manifest in arts, in science, and in commerce, you are yet, as far as the majority of your members is concerned, steeped in the profoundest ignorance as to the extent of injury sustained by you all, in a greater or lesser degree, by what you deem the innocent and moderate use of intoxicating drinks. As a people, you are wealthy—no other people on the globe are your equals in this; but, in no country is so large a portion of that wealth utterly wasted and destroyed, as it is by usages and customs prevalent among you, in all ranks of society, from the cottage to the palace—by all ages, all professions, both sexes, and all conditions of men. As a people, you are courageous—your history has proved it: but there is one foe whom you have not courage to front, whom you shrink from attacking—and before whose sway you bend in dread and homage—the tyrant, Fashion. As a people, you are free—none, perhaps, really freer: but amidst all your boasted freedom, you are slaves to a habit which holds you in fetters more closely rivetted than those which manacle the African; for while you have broken his chains to pieces, you still wear your own, apparently unconscious of the bondage. As a people, you are benevolent, moral, religious; your numerous institutions and munificent subscriptions every where proclaim it: but you nevertheless seem to be unmoved by a sweeping torrent of destruction, rolling over every part of your otherwise beautiful and happy country, which mars your benevolence, outrages all morality, and is the greatest stumbling-block to pure religion that has ever obstructed its heavenly path. It has been proved by parliamentary evidence,—sifted, examined, and scrutinized, but never yet confuted or denied,—that the actual expenditure of money, in Great Britain alone, exclusive of all her colonies, in the mere purchase of intoxicating drinks, exceeds fifty millions sterling! a sum greater than the whole revenue of the kingdom, from every available source. Does this vast expenditure make any one stronger or healthier than if he abstained entirely from its use? The united intelligence of the most enlightened and eminent medical men of the country answer no!—and out of a long list of those who have so answered, by their signatures to public documents, it will be enough to mention the names of Sir

James Clarke, Sir J. Macgregor, Sir Benjamin Brodie, Sir William Burnett, Drs. Chambers, Paris, Bright, Copeland, Forbes, Latham, Bostock, Guy, Key, Elliotson, and a host of others, including the very heads of the medical profession. Does it make any one more industrious, or capable of enduring greater labour? The uniform testimonies of landed proprietors, merchants, manufacturers, and employers of large bodies of men, in agriculture, trade, mining, in fleets, in armies, in isolated labour, or in co-operative force, answer no! On the contrary, they prove that it produces idleness in such a degree, as that, on an average of the whole working community, one-sixth part of their time, or one day in every week, is wasted and expended by drinking usages and indulgences; and therefore that another fifty millions sterling is therefore lost to the whole nation by the suppression or stagnation of so much productive power: while the sickness and debility occasioned by intemperance, both parents and their progeny, adds considerably to this loss of efficient labour and production, great as it already is. Does it improve the intellect, or increase the skill of any living being? All experience answers no! It renders some stupid, others self-willed and obstinate, some vain and conceited, and others furious and demagogic: but of patient learning, practised skill, and calm and deliberate wisdom, it never imparted an atom. It makes present idiots and future lunatics, but it makes no man wiser or more competent to the discharge of any of the great duties of life. Does it make men more moral, women more chaste, or children more truthful and honest? Alas! in no one instance has it ever done this. Stimulating drink is every hour the exciting cause of nearly all the crimes that fill our prisons, that people our penal colonies, and that supply the executioner for the gallows. Strong drink is the parent of nearly all the mutinies in the navy, and insubordinations in the army; and almost all the tortures of flogging, and every species of naval and military punishment, is clearly traceable to this single cause. Stimulating drink is the powerful agent used to facilitate seductions, adulteries, and the daily violations of chastity, in thought, word, and deed; and the inmates of every female asylum, with one united voice will answer, that but for the use of reason-drowning drink, their betrayers would never have succeeded in depriving them of all that rendered life valuable—their hitherto unspotted honour; and that but for the same conscience-searing poison, they would have returned again, repentant, to the bosom of society, their expulsion from which, as outcasts, was owing to the criminal conduct of others, but, in the delirium produced by drink, they find their only solace, by steeping their unutterable woes in temporary oblivion. And for children—in every country emblems of purity and innocence, in every religion personifying angels of bliss and glory—oh! let it be written in burning tears of grief and shame—children are every day, in every town and village, in every hovel, and in every mansion, trained by their blind and unthinking parents, to acquire an appetite for this destroying poison every time it is given to them by the maternal hand—which should never dispense aught but blessings—as a reward for good behaviour—as something to gratify them and do them good!—or, when seating them at the table, and bidding them drink the healths of those around, to elevate them for the moment to the dignity of little men and women: never dreading that in after-life this taste, first sanctioned and fostered by parental example, and meant, no doubt, in kindness, may, by a subsequent vicious indulgence, bring these originally pure and innocent children to the last stage of dishonour and degradation, a drunkard's grave—a fate that never could befall them if they never tasted this insidious poison. Here, then, are fifty millions of money actually spent, and fifty millions' worth of valuable time and productive labour wasted, without adding to the health, strength, capacity, skill, intellect, wealth, virtue, morality, or religion, of any single being. Is this the nation calling itself wise? Will it be endured for a moment longer by a people calling themselves free? Shall it be quailed before as an unconquerable evil, by a people calling themselves brave? If so, let them abandon all these titles, and submit to be considered the weakest and feeblest of mankind."

ENGLISH OPERATIVES.

Elihu Burritt, the "Learned Blacksmith," of Worcester, Mass., who is now making a pedestrian tour of England, gives the following as a leaf from his journal:—

I was suddenly diverted from my contemplation of this magnificent scenery by a fall of heavy rain drops, as the prelude of an impending shower. Seeing a gate open, and

hearing a familiar clicking behind the hedge, I stepped through into a little blacksmith's shop, about as large as an American smoke-house for curing bacon. The first object that my eyes rested upon, was a full-grown man, nine years of age, and nearly three feet high, perched upon a stone of half that height, to raise his breast to the level of his father's anvil, at which he was at work, with all the vigor of his little short arms, making nails. I say a full-grown man, for I fear he can never grow any larger, physically or mentally. As I put my hand on his shoulder in a familiar way, to make myself at home with him, and to remove the timidity with which my sudden appearance seemed to inspire him, by a pleasant word or two of greeting, his flesh felt case-hardened into all the induration of toiling manhood, and as unsusceptible of growth as his anvil block. Fixed manhood had set in upon him in the greenness of his youth; and there he was, by his father's side, a stunted, premature man; with his childhood cut off; with no space to grow up between the cradle and the anvil block; chased, as soon as he could stand on his little legs, from the hearth-stone to the forge-stone, by iron necessity, that could not let him stop long enough to pick up a letter of the English alphabet on the way. O, Lord John Russell! think of it! Of this Englishman's son, placed by his mother, scarcely weaned, on a high, cold stone, barefooted, before the anvil; there to harden, sear, and blister its young hands by heating and hammering ragged nailrods, for the sustenance her breast can no longer supply! Lord John! look at those nails, as they lie hissing on the block. Know their meaning, use, and language? Please your Lordship, let me tell you—for I have made nails before now—they are iron exclamation points, which this unlettered, dwarfish boy is unconsciously arraying against you, against the British Government, and the ministry of British literature, for cutting him off without a letter of the English alphabet, when printing is done by steam! for incarcerating him, for no sin on his or his parents' side, but poverty, into a dark, six-by-eight prison of hard labour, a youthless being—think of it! an infant hardened, almost in its mother's arms, into a man, by toil that bows the sturdiest of the world's labourers who came to manhood through intervening years of childhood!

The boy's father was at work with his back towards me, when I entered. At my first word of salutation to the lad, he turned around and accosted me a little bashfully, as if unaccustomed to the sight of strangers in that place, or reluctance to let them into the scene and secret of his poverty. I sat down upon one end of his nail-bench, and told him I was an American blacksmith by trade, and that I had come in to see how he got on in the world; whether he was earning pretty good wages at his business, so that he could live comfortably, and send his children to school. As I said this, I glanced inquiringly toward the boy, who was looking steadily at me from his stone stool by the anvil. Two or three little crook-faced girls, from two to five years, had stolen in timidly, and a couple of young, frightened eyes were seen peering over the door-sill at me. They all looked as if some task were daily allotted them in the soot and cinders of their father's forge, even to the sharp-eyed baby at the door. The poor Englishman—he was as much an Englishman as the Duke of Wellington—looked at his bushy-headed, barefooted children, and said softly, with a melancholy shake of the head, that the times were rather hard with him. It troubled his heart, and many hours of the night he was kept awake by the thought of it, that he could not send his children to school, nor teach them himself to read. They were good children, he said, with a moist yearning in his eyes; they were all the wealth he had, and he loved them the more, the harder he had to work for them. The poorest part of the poverty that was on him, was that he could not give his children the letters. They were good children, for all the crock of the shop was on their faces, and their fingers were bent like eagles' claws with handling nails. He had been a poor man all his days, and he knew his children would be poor all their days, and poorer than he, if the nail business should grow worse. If he could only give them the letters, or the alphabet as they called it, it would make them the like of rich; for then they could read the Testament. He could read the Testament a little, for he had learned the letters by firelight. It was a good book, was the Testament; never saw any other book—heard tell of some in rich people's houses; but it mattered but little with him. The Testament, he was sure it was made for nailers and such like. It helped him wonderfully when the loaf was small on his table. He had but little time to read it when the sun was up, and it took him long to read a little, for he learned the letters when he was old. But he laid it beside his dish at dinner time and fed his heart with it, while the children were eating the bread that

fell to his share. And when he had spelt out a line of the shortest words, he read them aloud, and his eldest boy, the one on the block there, could say several whole verses he had learned in this way. It was a great comfort to him to think that James could take into his heart so many verses of the Testament, which he could not read. He intended to teach all his children in this way. It was all he could do for them; and this he had to do at meal times; for all the other hours he had to be at the anvil. The nailing business was growing harder, he was growing old, and his family large. He had to work from four o'clock in the morning till ten o'clock at night to earn eighteenpence. His wages averaged only about seven shillings a week; and there were five of them in the family to live on what they could earn. It was hard to make up the loss of an hour. Not one of their hands, however little, could be spared. Jimmy was going on nine years of age, and a helpful lad he was; and the poor man looked at him doatingly. Jimmy could work off a thousand nails a day, of the smallest size. The rent of their little shop, tenement, and garden, was five pounds a year; and a few pennies earned by the youngest of them was of great account.

UNITARIAN CONVENTION, U.S.—The Autumnal Convention will this year be held at Philadelphia, commencing on the 20th October inst.

IRISH PROTESTANT CHURCH IN BOSTON.—We find the following announcement in the Boston Christian World:—

"The Rev. J. Fisher, recently from the North of Ireland, formerly of the Synod of Ulster, will preach in the Hall in Purchase Street, lately vacated by the Episcopal Society, commencing on Sabbath next, Oct. 4th and continuing for successive Sabbaths, at the usual hours of public worship. With the Divine Blessing, it will be the endeavor of the preacher to gather a new congregation of Irish and other Dissenters, many of whom are not at present connected with any of the regular congregations of this city. The Irish Protestants, in particular, are desirous of having one of their own native preachers, whose sympathies and views are more in accordance with their own. All are cordially invited to attend."

THE ENGLISH CHURCH IN IRELAND.—The following is an extract from an article which appeared in the Eclectic Review for August last:—

"The population of Ireland is about eight millions, more than six millions of whom are Roman Catholics; whilst of the remainder, there are only about seven hundred thousand belonging to the established church! The functionaries of the state church are not confined to those localities where the main body of their adherents are found, but are fixed in places where they have few or none at all. There are no less than forty-one benefices in which there is not a single Protestant Episcopalian! There are ninety-nine where there are not twenty Protestants, and one hundred and twenty more, in which the number varies from twenty to fifty. There are fifty other parishes whose whole Protestant population consists of only five hundred and twenty-seven individuals. * * * In such facts lie the materials for discord, and of continual agitation. The immense revenues of the state, form another item in "the monster grievance." Their precise amount it is difficult to ascertain. We have made every attempt to do so, but without success. It is our firm belief that the full amount is known only to the recipients. The income of the primates is certainly not less than £20,000 per annum. The bench of bishops enjoy about £160,000 per annum. * * * And this, be it remembered, in a country proverbially poor—where, even according to government statistics, every fourth man is a pauper. * * * The incomes of some of the clergy, in places where they have little or no duty to perform, having few, if any, adherents, amount to a very large sum. We could name fifty parishes, containing only about one hundred and twenty-seven individuals professing the Protestant faith, whose united clerical revenues exceed £11,000.—Eclectic Review.

RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.—Among the Acts recently passed, is one entitled, "An Act to relieve Her Majesty's subjects from certain penalties and disabilities in regard to religious opinions." As a remarkable feature in the Bill, it may be mentioned that there is no preamble. It is at once declared that from and after the commencement of the Act, the various Statutes or Ordinances, and the several Acts or parts of Acts, recited, shall be repealed. At 'one fell swoop' it removes from the statute book twenty-six Acts of Parliament, from the 5th and 6th Edward VI. to the 33rd George III.—By the second provision, Jews are to be subject to the same laws as Protestant Dissenters in respect to schools and places of worship.—London Times.