

Proposed Week of special Prayer in January, 1862.

The Committee of the Evangelical Alliance in London, have issued a Circular on this important subject. After introductory remarks it proceeds—

"Brethren beloved, we affectionately and earnestly ask you to unite with us in repeating and perpetuating the observance of the Week of Prayer. Nor shall we ask in vain. The hallowed influence of our former New-Year's services, still lingering in the hearts of thousands, will obtain to this request a quick and devout response. Let not our earnestness cease until, in answer to believing, wrestling, importunate supplications, the windows of heaven are opened, and far richer and more copious blessings descend upon the Church and the world.

"The following are suggested as topics suited for a prominent place in our exhortations and prayers on the successive days. If adopted, they will serve to give unity to our services—If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

"Sunday, January 5.—SERMONS ON THE HOLY SPIRIT: His divinity and personality—His offices and operations. Prayer for the Lord's blessing upon the services of the week.

"Monday, 6.—HUMILIATION AND CONFESSION OF SIN: as individuals—as families—as churches—and as a nation. Thanksgiving and praise for recent religious awakenings.

"Tuesday, 7.—HOME OBJECTS FOR PRAYER: The conversion of the ungodly—the cessation of intemperance and all immorality—and the spread of vital religion in our families and households, among our rulers, the rich and poor, our soldiers and sailors, the authors of our literature, secular and religious.

"Wednesday, 8.—FOREIGN OBJECTS FOR PRAYER: The revival of pure Christianity, and the extension of religious liberty in Europe and the lands of the East—the overthrow of every form of anti-Christian error—conversion of the house of Israel—the prevalence of peace among all nations, especially in America—and a yet more abundant blessing upon our brethren and sisters in the work of missions, Christian education, and literature in foreign lands.

"Thursday, 9.—THE CHURCH OF GOD AND THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY: The increased spirituality of the Church, and its more decided separation from the world—brotherly love, sympathy, and union of labour among the Lord's people—a higher standard of piety and power among Christian ministers and all their fellow-labourers—the outpouring of the Spirit upon our universities and colleges, and on the rising ministry at large—the conversion of the young, and a large blessing upon Sunday and other schools.

"Friday, 10.—THE WORD OF GOD: That it may be received with increased faith, reverence, and love—that its assailants may be enlightened and brought into the way of truth—that the power of the Divine Spirit may attend its private study, and its circulation throughout the world.

"Saturday, 11.—THE LORD'S DAY: That its divinely instituted may be recognised, and its desecration at home and abroad may cease.

"Sunday, 12.—SERMONS ON THE SIGNS, DANGERS, AND DUTIES OF THE PRESENT TIMES—motives to personal holiness and Christian activity.

"Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it," is both the Divine warrant and encouragement with which we are emboldened to make known these requests unto God. Let us, in unity of spirit and prayer, obey the precept, and God, even our own God, will fulfil His gracious promise. "God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear Him"

- C. E. EARDLEY, Chairman. JOHN HENDERSON, ARTHUR KINSAIRD, M. P., WILLIAM ASHLEY, R. C. E. KEVAN, Treasurer. T. R. BIRKS, M. A., W. M. BUNTING, M. A., EDWARD STRANE, D. D., DAVID KING, L. L. D., WILLIAM CARDALL, M. A., JAMES DAVIS, HERMANN SCHMETTAU, Foreign Sec'y. 7, Adam-street, London (W. C.), July 1861.

Lord Brougham on the American Question.

The Annual Meeting of the SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION was held in DUBLIN last month, commencing its sittings on Wednesday the 14th ult.

Lord Brougham the President, occupied the chair.

In his opening speech he reviewed the various subjects embraced by the Association, and spoke of the progress made—in Law Reform—Education—Sanitary improvements—Reformatory Schools.—The suppression of Intemperance and crime—Liberty &c. The latter brought him to speak on the state of Great Britain and the United States as follows:—

"The friends of Social Science, indissolubly bound up as it is in peace, must exult in contemplating the position of the country, and in reflecting that the security of society cannot be shaken by any politician's scheme, or any general's ambition, or any monarch's caprice—by the

speculations of avarice, whether in traders or soldiers; the military genius of one, or the restless intrigue of another. Against all we are, heaven be thanked, prepared, for the people of our empire have shown that they must be not merely subdued, but extirpated, before an invasion of them can succeed. Would that we had a like consolation in casting our eye across the Atlantic, and regarding the conflict which now shakes the great union of our kinsmen! On this most unhappy subject it becomes us to abstain from whatever might be deemed to indicate an opinion upon the merits of the controversy. But we should ill represent the friends of the science we cultivate, if we did not breathe an earnest hope for the termination of a civil war, the real origin of which has been the disappointment of faction in the thirst for places, and which, as if to make it more respectable and more amiable, has assumed as its avowed principle the perpetuation and extension of slavery, now for the first time declared to be good in itself. Surely, without offence to either party in this lamentable contest, we may breathe a wish that the least of the war's evils—its heavy expense—were bestowed upon the redemption of the coloured race, upon the amicable removal of the greatest obstruction that exists to American prosperity, the greatest blot that rests on the American name. Humbly, but deeply, may we be thankful for the blessings we enjoy under our free and well-ordered Constitution, which leaves us towards other nations without "hatred and all uncharitableness," and certainly without envy; the blessing of being able to continue our labours in secure possession of freedom from all tyranny, whether one of the multitude—of individual caprice, so galling to our pride, or of the more insupportable domination of the mob, so omnipresent that nothing is too high for it to reach, nothing so humble and obscure as to escape.—We have been surveying the progress of the past year, and have only had time to touch the higher points in the outline, leaving of necessity much that is of importance untouched. The past lends encouragement to the future. Let us then persevere to the end. But let us not forget that all our efforts to improve the condition of our fellow-creatures, and make them worthy of their destiny, are as nothing compared with the progress in higher things. These are the great aim and end of our being. In all our pursuits, in our whole existence, an instinctive sense attends us that we are unsatisfied. Whatever exertions we have made, whatever success had, whatever gratification received, only makes us feel how hollow it all is—how much we desire that which endures. The scenes of early days, which we revisit, now become dim from time, peopled with the forms of those whose memory they sadly recall, makes us long for the bright scenes that can never fade, and for rejoining friends to part no more. The present doubt, and the struggle, and the darkness, is for the hour; the prospect is cheering, and it is for ever—and so it is with our National Association, which commands our allegiance, and justifies the hopes it inspires.—Undaunted by resistance—undisturbed by faction—undismayed by real coldness or affected contempt, we persevere in our course of social labour; but we lift our views higher, to scenes far above the darkness of ignorance that shrouds our region, the mists of doubt, that obscure, the storms of passion that vex one another, and behold the lofty summit shining in the faith and adoration of God, glowing with universal benevolence to man. "As some tall cliff" (I gladly pronounce these noble lines in the land which gave them birth):—

"As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form, Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm; Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread, Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Centenary of William Carey.

A large meeting was held in the Metropolitan Tabernacle (Spurgeon's) on the evening of Monday, the 19th ult., for the purpose of celebrating the centenary of the birth of William Carey. About seven hundred assembled in the afternoon, in the lecture-room in the basement of the building. About seven o'clock, the meeting began in the Tabernacle which was filled.—After singing and prayer, by Rev. J. H. Hinton, the chairman Sir Morton Peto, opened the meeting by a brief speech. The Rev. J. P. Chown spoke at some length and was received with great applause.

The following speech was then delivered and will be read with much interest:

The Rev. Francis Tucker, B. A., after some introductory observations, said he had himself been a missionary in India, and had helped to desecrate the waters of the Ganges by baptizing in them two children of the missionary Lawson and two of the grandchildren of Dr. Carey. He had been desired to speak on the present occasion about Carey in India. It was sometimes asked of him, What kind of a place is India, what sort of a country is it, and what is the nature of the climate? His answer had been in the form of another question—What sort of a place is Europe, what kind of a country is it, and what is its climate? For India, it should be remembered, was not a little island in the German Ocean, like that which we proudly call Great Britain, or that offshoot of it which by its people is lovingly designated broad Scotland. But it was a land of which the northernmost part is as far from the southernmost as the extreme north of Scotland is from the south of Spain, and its westernmost city as far from its easternmost as Calais on the other side of the Channel is from Constantinople in Turkey. It contained some of the loftiest mountains that the earth bears upon its

surface, and also some of the vastest plains. In some parts of India snow was never absent, and in other parts of it snow was never seen. Now he had to speak only of one province of that great country, namely, Bengal, where there were not too many hills nor too much snow. It was so flat, indeed, that dear Mr. William Pearce once remarked that for a hundred miles from Calcutta there could not be found a hill so high as a man's knee. Besides being flat, Bengal was also very moist and very hot, so that the climate was certainly unfavourable to the majority of Englishmen. Indeed, he should not be quite original in the remark that it was only a person with the constitution of a Marshman or a Leechman who was long able to endure the climate of Bengal. In that province it was that Carey spent most of his time after he had reached the shores of India—first at Mudnebadly and afterwards at Serampore. The latter was a name that deserved to be had in remembrance as the place which gave shelter and refuge to the missionaries when it was denied to them in the wide British Empire around—Serampore, a little spot hardly more than a mile square, where Carey, and Ward, and Fountain, and others lived.—Honour to the Danish Government who gave shelter to them when the British Government would not! Honour to the Danish Governor of the little territory, who was bold enough to defy the Governor-General of India! Honour to a revered and sainted brother of another land and another denomination, the missionary Swartz, from whom the Danish Governor had learned the lesson of Christian liberality!—And so the honour came back, where all honour and glory must come back, to God, the author of the glorious Gospel. One word as to the people of Bengal. They were very pleasant and attractive in their appearance and manners, but it was no libel upon them to say that they were also false, deceitful, and sensual. The people of the plains of Jordan, including Sodom and Gomorrah, were not more deeply sunk in vice than the people of the cities of the plains of Bengal. The first chapter of the epistle to the Romans exactly described their character; so much so, that a Brahmin declared to Mr. Whitbread, of the Church Missionary Society, his conviction, that this chapter had been put into the epistle by the missionaries after their residence in India had taught them the habits of the people. The idolatry of India was entirely unique, appalling, and overwhelming. The idolatry of Old Greece and Old Egypt, of Syria and of Babylon, of Africa and the South Sea Islands, all combined, would not match the grossness of the idolatry of India. Everything there was an idol, from Vishnu to a viper, and received Divine honour. A carpenter would pay Divine worship to his hammer, a gardener to his rake, and a tailor to his needles and shears. The people living in this state of mental and moral degradation, no wonder that Mr. Thomas Carey's companion should remark in one of his letters home, "Don't send men of compassion here, for they will break their hearts;" and in the next sentence: "Do send men of all compassion here, for the land is full of misery." Now look at Carey at his work in India. First of all he might be found at an indigo factory at Mudnebadly, partly to obtain daily bread for his family, and partly to secure the protection given to persons of secular occupation, which the Government denied to teachers of the Gospel.—Yet there he devoted much of his time to the acquisition of the languages of the people, sketching outlines of grammars and dictionaries, and to going forth amongst the people, preaching to them in their own tongue the unsearchable riches of Christ. It was no easy matter to stand up in a crowd of Hindoos and preach the Gospel surrounded by innumerable objects, animate and inanimate, and all of them believed by the people to be a part of the Divine nature. But under these circumstances the missionary had to take his stand, and say, "There is one God, and none other but He. God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in Spirit and in truth." And then he stamps his foot with indignation on the cruelties and obscenities of Heathenism, and says, "God is light, God is love." And then he adds further, "God is in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imparting unto men their trespasses." So Carey preached; and under the sound of his voice, by the blessing of the Spirit, some believed. At the very commencement of the century, in the year 1800, Dr. Carey wrote home:—"Yesterday, I desecrated the waters of the Ganges by baptizing there my son Felix Carey, and Krishna, a native convert." Beautiful sight; the white man and the black man going down into the same liquid grave, professing their dependence on the same Saviour! And then it was that Krishna, a man of genius, wrote that beautiful hymn, rendered familiar to English Christians by the translation of William Ward:—

"Oh, thou, my soul forget no more The friend who all thy misery bore; Let every idol be forgot, But, oh! my soul forget him not. Jesus for thee a body takes, Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters breaks, Discharges all thy dreadful debt, And canst thou ere such love forget?"

William Carey soon found that his forte was translation, and he set himself to the work, and for forty years laboured in it with singular diligence and success. During every one of those forty years he produced a fresh translation, either in whole or in part, of the Inspired Word of God. Could there possibly be a higher honour than that of giving to millions of people the glorious Gospel in their own tongue? The visit of a flying missionary could not be expected to effect much good if he did not leave behind him the Holy Scriptures in the language of those to whom he preached. To go and preach to a Hindoo was like taking a cup of water to a thirsty soil; it might save him from perishing;

but to translate the Bible into his language was the unsealing of a fountain of living waters that would continue to be a blessing age after age.—See what has become of the English shoemaker now! The Governor-General founds a secular college, and he wants a Professor of Sanscrit, a Professor of Bengali, and a Professor of Mahabharata, and he cannot find one man in all India equal to the good old shoemaker or cobbler. From that time, for thirty years, William Carey, then soon known as Dr. Carey, carried on that work in the college at Calcutta, and when he left, he did so with universal respect, nay, with universal regret. The emoluments that he obtained in the college were not reserved as legacies to his children, but were all devoted to the missionary enterprise. So Carey worked. His recreation consisted mainly in the study of botany and national history, to which he was deeply attached. He was the founder of the Horticultural Society of India, and his memory was always honoured at its annual meetings. On one occasion he sent some large assortment of idols to the British Museum, and asked to have sent out to him some cowslips, daffodils, and lilies—a very excellent exchange for India. Dr. Carey introduced a number of English flowers; and one day, when he (Mr. Tucker) was looking with admiration upon a great banyan tree in the Horticultural Garden at Calcutta, the native gardener came up to him with a little flower in a pot, saying, "Biolet, Sahib," meaning "Violet, sir," and the sweet English flower seemed to look up wistfully into the face of its countryman. Carey's own garden was unique, and woe to the little boy that ran across its borders or injured any of the plants! He might be seen frequently walking in the garden, stopping to examine this or that root, and to give water where it was necessary; and anon in his study he was discovered digging at the Sanscrit root, and by means of his translations pouring out the water of life for the millions of the people. The object of the present meeting was not to canonise Carey, or to glorify him, but to glorify God in him. And who would not praise and bless and laud the name of the God of all grace for what He did for Carey, and by him? Surely he stood in the front rank of great men. If Newton must be admired for the loftiness of his conceptions, because when sitting in his garden and watching an apple fall he discovered the law of gravitation, Carey must be admired for the loftiness of his conceptions too, for while working at his lowly trade, and looking upon a rude map upon the wall of his shop, there came to him the thought of making known the glorious Gospel to all nations, and peoples, and tongues. His firmness and determination also demanded admiration. He would not be defeated in anything on which he had set his heart.—He possessed much of that quality known as good old Anglo-Saxon pluck—nay, something better, Christian principle, listening to the voice, "Quit you like men, and be strong!" When that arch inquisitor, John Ryland, Dr. Ryland's father, said to Carey, "Young man, what have you to do with the heathen? If God converts the heathen he will do it without you or me;" Carey perhaps retired abashed, but he said, "But it is our duty, after all, to preach the Gospel." And when the work had been commenced there was devotion to it, persevering toil. He possessed a wonderful union of humility and faith. The eleventh of Hebrews was not finished yet, and when it was there would be a verse beginning, "By faith William Carey removed mountains." He removed from one man's mind a mountain of intolerance, from another man's mind a mountain of prejudice, from another man's theological system a mountain of error.—Strong in faith was Carey, giving glory to God. And yet he would say, "Of all lowly spirits commend me to William Carey! When an inscription is to be wanted for his gravestone, he says, these must be the words:—

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm, On Thy kind arms I fall; Be Thou my strength and righteousness, My Saviour and my all."

After flinging back the unworthy sneer of Sydney Smith, "the consecrated cobbler," by calling in the testimony of the Rev. William Arthur, Dr. Duff, Governor-Generals Amhurst and Bentinck and Wellesley, and Bishop Wilson, Mr. Tucker closed by observing upon the scene that occurred at the close of his life, which deserved to be fixed upon imperishable canvas. The old man was lying on his couch in the verandah, his white hairs waving to and fro in the breeze of the fan swinging in the apartment; in front of him stood the Bishop of Calcutta with some of his ecclesiastical staff, and a Greek New Testament in his hand, reading to the dying saint, in that tongue with which both were so familiar, the most precious promises of the Word of God. The time was assuredly coming when India, with all its tribes, should be turned unto the Lord, and when it would be found that one of the greatest benefactors of that land was William Carey. Mr. Tucker resumed his seat amidst loud applause.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Obituary Notices.

MR LUTHER MORSE.

Died at Nictaux, June 23rd, 1861, Mr. Luther Morse, in the 62nd year of his age. Brother Morse was led to hope in the Saviour when a young man. But through diffidence did not publicly profess religion until 1848, when he was baptized by the Rev. L. E. Bill and united with the Baptist Church at Nictaux, of which he remained a member until death. Our Brother