

How should such facts be made to fit  
With what we find in "Holy Writ;"  
They'd sadly dim its ancient glory,  
You know it tells a different story;  
Besides I own I have my fears,  
'Twould set our preachers by the ears.

S.—I must confess because 'tis true,  
Your "Holy Writ" I never knew;  
I mean while in my mortal state,  
Tho' of it I have learnt of late  
From those who came to join our bands,  
And lived and died in Christian lands.  
We Hindoos had a sacred book  
From whence we all our doctrines took;  
Believed it both divine and true,  
And worthy of our reverence due.  
All peoples have, (but that's no news),  
Had holy books as well as Jews,  
Assumed by God to have been given  
As founts of truth and guides to heaven;  
But mortals there soon find, I ween,  
Of how much worth such lore has been,  
In teaching them their souls to save,  
Or of that place beyond the grave.

In these respects those records seem  
The mere delusions of a dream;  
Be sure I'll take small pains to see  
Whether my words and their's agree;  
You may believe it true or no  
I've simply told you what I know.

As for your priests I little care,  
No doubt my speech will make them stare;