

# THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

## Church of Scotland

IN

NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK, & ADJOINING PROVINCES.

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"IF I FORGET THEE, O JERUSALEM! LET MY RIGHT HAND FORGET ITS CUNNING."—PS. 137: 5.

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### LETTER FROM REV. C. M. GRANT.

CALCUTTA, FEBRUARY 3RD, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MONTHLY RECORD:."

Before leaving Nova Scotia, I made a promise to some of my friends to make them, and the Church generally, acquainted, through your columns, with any facts regarding "the exhaustless East," which might be deemed interesting. And now, within twenty-four hours after my arrival in this city, the field, as I hope, of my future work, I hasten to fulfil, in part, the promise made. Willingly would I have lingered in dear old Scotland, to have enjoyed that fellowship with the wisdom of the fathers of the Church to which I was admitted; but already the borders of that hot season during which it is unwise for one unaccustomed to the climate to enter India were being approached, and three weeks were all I could venture to appropriate. During that time I had the benefit of the advice of many of the most revered men of the national Church concerning the Missionary enterprize before me. The eyes of Scotland are being turned to India Missions now as at no previous period. The nation is being aroused to the fact that He who opens and who shuts—who forbade the Great Apostle to enter Bithynia, and who signified that he should enter Macedonia—has opened, in a marvellous way, the gates of our Eastern Empire, and by that fact signifies that we are to enter in and conquer for Him. First, a giant in christian warfare, a Saul among the people, beckoning on to the struggle, in the eyes of all Scotland, stands her "foremost man"—one who has, through "the long tract of years borne the white flower of a blameless life amid a thousand peering littlenesses"—the present convener of the India Mission, Dr. Norman McLeod. Who could sit beside that man, as I did for hours, and listen to the outpourings of a heart full of the things of Christ, and not feel the flow of an inspiration lifting out of self, unto the region of pure self-devotion. "People cry out for results," he says—"they demand accounts of conversions—they refuse to work without them. But with results I have nothing to do: they belong to God. Enough for me that it is His work we are doing: