

On the ground of justification by faith in Jesus Christ we christians stand—because we are assured by many infallable proofs and true witnesses that it is the best ground on which we can stand—being the only sure ground of hope given us by God himself. “But though we, or an angel from heaven,” says Paul (Gal. 1 : 8) “preach any other Gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed,”—and the sealing words of Jesus, in the conclusion of the New Testament, are, “And the spirit and the bride,” i. e., the Church of Christ, “say come. And let him that heareth say, come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely. For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book. If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book: and, if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book.” A most solemn warning to all men, as to how they ought to take care of, and attend to, the teaching contained in the Holy Scriptures.

*(Conclusion in next No.)*

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

CALCUTTA, MARCH 15TH, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE “RECORD :—”

Having begun I must go on. Having carried those of your readers who thought my former jottings worth reading as far as Aden, it were a pity to leave them there, with few companions save naked rocks and Somälis. (By the way did I speak of the Somälis, in my last, as Arabs? If I did I was wrong. They are Africans who have crossed and settled in Arabia.) As one of our passengers remarked, “Aden is a capital place—to get out of as soon as possible.” The five hours we remained there were sufficient, and we were glad to be once more in motion under both sail and canvas. A word as to the P. and O. steamers. You hear people maintain that they are the finest boats afloat alike in speed, equipment and accommodation. Don't believe them. An ordinary Cunarder would do an average of 40 or 50 miles per day more than an ordinary P. and O. I was on board one of the swiftest of the whole fleet, and with a slight wind favouring us, and a sea like a duck-pond and no swell, the “make” of the day was more frequently under than above 280 miles. And as for accommodation, each passenger has about sufficient for half a man—no more. If the sea happens to be a little rough and you have to close your port, then you have two alternatives—either sleep on deck and be knocked up at half-past four to give way for hollystoning the decks, or else suffocate—breathe death. Four are crowded into a cabin which might be endurable with two. Not that I, in particular, have reason to complain. The Purser, a Scotchman and a loyal son of the church, stood my friend; and for a good part of the way I had a cabin to myself—a rare luxury, when the thermometer stood from 80° to 85° at midnight.

At Galle, in Ceylon, a new revelation of natural beauty burst upon us—we were in the fairest garden of the Tropics with all their gorgeous prodigality of growth and brightness of colour. The drive to Waak-wallah—a spot to be visited by every one who visits the Island—was five miles into fairyland—the way one continued arbor, overhung by waving palms, feathery cocoa-nuts, and palm-leaved plantains—the air fragrant with cinnamon, whilst the rich undergrowth of floral herbage gave light and colour to the scene. I had seen some of England's soft midland scenery, the boldest and grandest of the Grampians and the Coolins, the finest sweeps of the Hudson and St. Lawrence, but this was new, and hitherto to me had only had dreamland existence. I had felt pleased and soothed by the nooks and glens of other lands—awed and silenced