

"*Dear Sir*,—In your editorial remark on my letter published in your issue of the 1st July, you say the Brahmos use the expression, "Resort of sinners," not to Christ, but "to other men both living and dead." Whether those against whom you lay this charge really deserve it, will appear from the following translations of two hymns sung at Monghyr, on Christmas day and Good Friday respectively. The Brahmos—those among them, I mean, who are truly spiritual, and anxiously labour to attain their salvation,—regard Christ as "the Prince of Prophets," the greatest of Great Men, "divinely commissioned" by God to bring salvation unto mankind by the lessons of His life and death. Him they place at the HEAD of those great men, who, as the "Resort of sinners," come to save the erring and unrighteous. This doctrine may not agree with your convictions, but you owe me, my friends, a fair representation of it, which your words on the occasion referred to do not afford. And now to the hymns:

(I.) CHRISTMAS DAY, 1868.

A poor man is near his end O (Jesu,)

Without thy mercy I see no way.

This life which people with (even much) devotion attain, I waste in sin:

O (thou) moon of Righteousness, bring and give me forgiveness seeing (that I am) helpless.

O thou who art the immaculate incarnation of holiness, behold the wretched condition of
this blackened sinner,

In the torment of threefold misery my being is consumed:

Thy feet are like the hundred petalled lily, place them on the heart of this vile man;

With thy touch, O Lord, the leprosy of sin shall leave me.

O (Jesus) thy compassion is excited in the sinner's sorrow, I speak to thee, therefore, the
sorrows of my heart;

For the sake of thy love thou didst give thy life, and saved the world;

The wounds of a hundred weapons were upon thy person, without any offence thy blood
was shed.

At thy Father's nod myriads of angels run (as heralds) before thee.

(II.) GOOD FRIDAY, 1869.

O thou moon of righteousness. With clasped hands I call thee,

Wilt thou vouchsafe unto me thy manifestation?

Lord! In sin my body consumes. I hold the lilies of thy feet,

My fortune is not good, and so I fear lest the vices and sorrows of this awful sinner should
cause pain to those feet.

"Jesu is the sinner's friend," so say all men, therefore I call on thee, O Lord;

I am a very great sinner, where shall I go but to thee?

Bring, O bring me the water of forgiveness, that I may bathe and be soothed;

Loosen the bands of my unrighteousness, and take me to the Father's house."

These words, written by one, and sung by many who have not yet embraced the Lord Jesus, tell of the thoughts and aspirations aroused and floating about amidst the deepest currents of the religious consciousness. The grand thing is, that these conclusions are being reached through processes carried on purely by the native mind. Our part in this work is to aid more indirectly than directly; more by sympathy than officious interference. I fear missionaries are too hide-bound in theological watchwords and formulæ to recognize this as it should be recognized. Brethren, pray for us.

C. M. GRANT.

LETTER FROM REV. J. GOODWILL.

ANTIGONISH, AUGUST 27, 1869.

Mr. Editor,—After being detained on my way from Campbellton, N.B., a few days at Shediac, I left on Friday, 23rd ult., for P. E. Island, and arrived at Charlottetown in the evening, and remained at the Hon. James Duncan's, who was kind enough to drive me out to DeSable on Sabbath morning to Mr. McColl's sacrament. Here I had the pleasure of meeting not only with the Revds. Messrs. McLean and Duncan, but also with a large and respectable congregation. Each of the ministers assisted the Rev. Mr. McColl, by taking