HENRY MARTYN

*Frontispiece*

# HENRY MARTYN

## OF INDIA AND PERSIA

BY

**JESSE PAGE, F.R.G.S.**

AUTHOR OF "AMID GREENLAND SNOWS,"
"THE MARTYR OF MELANESIA," ETC., ETC.

BRIGHT BIOGRAPHIES SERIES

**PICKERING & INGLIS**
14 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.4
229 BOTHWELL STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

# BRIGHT BIOGRAPHIES

STIRRING LIFE STORIES OF
CHRISTIAN MEN AND WOMEN

1—ROBERT MORRISON OF CHINA
THE PIONEER OF CHINESE MISSIONS

2—JAMES HANNINGTON OF UGANDA
THE NOBLE MARTYR OF CENTRAL AFRICA

3—WOMEN WHO HAVE WORKED AND WON
MRS. CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON
EMMA BOOTH-TUCKER
FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL
PANDITA RAMABAI AND HER WORK

4—JUDSON OF BURMA
THE HEROIC PIONEER MISSIONARY

5—GRIFFITH JOHN OF HANKOW
PIONEER MISSIONARY TO CENTRAL CHINA

6—CAPTAIN GARDINER OF PATAGONIA
THE DAUNTLESS SAILOR MISSIONARY

7—LADY MISSIONARIES IN MANY LANDS
BURMA : WEST INDIES : ABYSSINIA
ZULULAND : FRIENDLY ISLANDS : FIJI

8—HENRY MARTYN OF PERSIA
THE LONELY APOSTLE TO MOHAMMEDANS

Made and Printed in Great Britain

# Preface

STRANGE as it may seem, in an age when missionary interest is at flood-tide, and the heroisms of the field of God are being recognised on every hand, Henry Martyn is comparatively unknown.

On the horizon of the twentieth century he is dimly discerned, a luminous shadow far away, but felt to be that of one who was brave, and good, and suffering, who toiled his life away for others, and died in almost tragic solitude, friendless and alone. But distance weakens the true influence of a man, though it may glorify his memory; therefore, I have made the endeavour in the pages of this book to correct the focus of vision, and bring Henry Martyn, if possible, a little nearer to us in clear and vivid outline, instinct with reality and life.

His story shines with a glory not of this world. Its light is reflected from the Cross of Christ. Seldom has a man more clearly confessed the innermost struggles of his own heart; seldom has there been given to us so powerful a demonstration as his career

supplies of the transfiguring might of the Holy Spirit. The disappointment of his cherished hope to marry Lydia Grenfell gives his life a touching interest, personal and romantic, particularly as their letters and diaries have been given to the world. Much more, the Christian heroism with which he overcame all obstacles that hindered his devotion to a missionary career; his stern combats with the world; his sweetness of spirit; and, above all, his endurance of physical weakness, and his lonely, early, tragic death, were more than sufficient to give his name an enduring place in the long and glorious record of missionary pioneers, of mighty men of renown who had fought the good" fight of Faith."

In many respects he continually reminds us of Gordon; for in him we see the same heroic idea of duty, the same unselfishness and utter disregard of personal ends, the same intimate and sustaining communion with his God, the same humbling yet uplifting sense of the reality and importance of the eternal things unseen. Martyn was not less a warrior than Gordon, fighting, indeed, with desperate valour, against the foes of God and His Christ, and it was his destiny also, alone in a land of fierce enemies, under a blue oriental sky, to fall at his flagstaff, loyal and true till death.

He was a pioneer, let it always be remembered, and had to face difficulties

which, like a tangled African forest, must be cut through with infinite patience and prevalent prayer; his successors entering into the fruit of his labours have, in later days, found "in the wilderness a highway for our God." Let any one take the trouble to discover what were the prospects of missionary success under the East India Company, or in the almost untrodden plains of Persia, with its undisturbed Mohammedanism, and then estimate the mettle of Henry Martyn's zeal for God. Dark, cruel, and infernal, was his environment in the East, the brave light of the truth flickering all the brighter amid the gloom.

Henry Martyn had a strong belief in the power of the Bible, and the reality of the Devil, and there is something very refreshing in the loyal reverence and confidence with which he read the Word of God, in the midst of all his trials and difficulties. His letters and journals show how richly his memory was stored with texts, and again and again we catch glimpses of his feeding in the green pastures of the promises when assailed, persecuted, and alone. It is not surprising, therefore, to find how much he valued the importance of his incessant labours in translating the Holy Scriptures, which he felt, even if no evangelist came to point the way, were sufficient to make the heathen "wise unto salvation." His belief in a real Devil was not less assured, and the

evidence of his existence, and evil workings for the spiritual destruction of man, filled his soul with indignation and sorrow. It is impossible to understand this man unless from this standpoint; to those who have flabby ideas of good and evil, and are busy in constructing a bridge of accommodation between the two, to such of course his life and character is fanaticism pure and simple.

Surely never was a man so utterly dissatisfied with himself as Henry Martyn. His journals and letters are introspective to a painful degree; he seems to bring every little motive, and the tenderest affections, under the microscope of a self-criticism, which generally brings in a speedy verdict of guilty. One could shed tears of pity over the picture of this sincere soul, self-condemned, and eclipsed continually by the gloomy theology of his time. Still, through all these storms and drifting clouds the clear star of an unshaken faith in Christ, reappearing ever, gleams brightly in his sky.

JESSE PAGE

# Contents

# Illustrations

# HENRY MARTYN

## CHAPTER I

### The Young Cambridge Student

"Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.—*Herbert*

CORNISHMEN, meet them where you will, are always found possessed of a strong and proud affection for the country wherein they were born. They kindle with animated interest at the mention of the land of "One and all," bearing with them always that characteristic love of country which a Scotsman experiences in no greater degree for his native land.

This loyalty is well-deserved. Cornwall is a magnificent county, and has a history which invests its wild scenery with names and events still cherished as national memories. A wit once remarked that England grows men in the north and trees in the south, but this is certainly not true of Cornwall, for she is the parent of noble

sons. The bede roll of her worthies includes the Arundels of chivalrous renown, that gallant admiral Sir William Bligh, Sir Humphry Davy who gave safe light to the miner in his toil, Samuel Foote, the keen wit and satirist, the courageous explorer Richard Lander, Opie the painter, Trevethick the engineer, and last, not least, the subject of the present memoir.

Henry Martyn is not counted as one of her warriors, and yet he was as brave a knight as ever carried the pennon of the Cross; he crossed her border in his boyhood, but it was to win the highest University honours, and though, dying in lonely martyrdom on Persian soil, his ashes lie not in a Cornish churchyard, his memory clings inseperably like a sweet fragrance, to ancient Truro and the Hills of Marazion.

The parentage of Martyn, like that of so many whose names have gained high honour, was of humble order. About his father John Martyn little is preserved, but what we know is entirely honourable. It has been stated that he worked as a miner in the famous lead mines of Gwennap—a place which has quite a history, both past and present, as the gathering ground of thousands of people for religious exercises, but this has been demurred to by his present representatives. It was at Gwennap pit that John Wesley addressed some thousands of the miners of the neighbourhood on the un-

searchable riches of the Kingdom of God, and it is not improbable that among his vast auditory on that occasion, John Martyn though not actually a miner, might have found a place. If such was the case, how marvellous is the thought that the voice of the evangelist of the eighteenth century was reaching the ear and heart of one whose son was to be the pioneer missionary to the heathen of the East.

This much also, we glean of John Martyn's history, that in those wearying days of toil, under circumstances and conditions infinitely worse than those of the miners of to-day, this man found opportunity for the attainment of knowledge, educating himself in the simpler branches of study. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in an address delivered at Truro, in February, 1881, gave it as his opinion that Henry Martyn "must have descended from an ancient humble family, for there was a John Martyn at Gwennap, in 1695, father of the Thomas Martyn who made the famous map of Cornwall." The probability is that Mr. John Martyn belonged to a family of mine agents or captains, men who held good positions of trust and experience, and it is stated that he was as a young man put as accountant at the Wheal Virgin Mine, living with his young family at Gwennap Church-town. From this place, however, he presently migrated to Truro, entering the office of Mr. Daniel, a merchant

of that town, where he remained for many years, rising in position and in the esteem of his employer. This, then, was Martyn's father, dimly seen through the haze of distant years, a tall man of erect bearing, quietly taking his constitutional after office hours along the old-fashioned irregular Truro streets. The lady whom he had married was a Miss Fleming, of Ilfracombe, about whom still less is known, save that she was delicate and consumptive. The table of the merchant's clerk seems to have been graced with many olive branches, all, however, more or less frail, and withering early, so that, when the father was laid to rest, only four survived to linger but a few years ere they, too, were called away. One of these was Henry, who was born on the 18th of February, 1781.

That "the boy is father of the man," has become such a generally accepted doctrine that there is a little danger in always insisting on the recognition of those lines of character in early life which shall forecast future fame. Doubtless, in many cases the presentiment of genius and power is early portrayed, but in not a few instances a grand and influential career has grown out of a very prosaic and undistinguished boyhood. It is not so much in the child as in the young man that we should look for signs of promise, when the boyish environment is exchanged for the school of life, and the realities of living

begin to be appreciated, for it is then the true lineaments of character appear. Such at any rate was the case with Henry Martyn. Piecing carefully together the little scraps of information which exist as to his early days, we cannot find that he materially impressed his contemporaries who sat on the form at school with him, with any sense of his intellectual and moral superiority. He is described by one of them as "a good humoured, plain, little fellow, with red eyelids devoid of eyelashes, indicative of a scrofulous habit." and all accounts agree in describing him as a weak and ailing boy. He was, like most others of delicate constitution, shy and unobtrusive; he avoided the boisterous games of others, and found himself out of touch with that healthy excitement which adds so much to the charm of school life. It is, however, said of him that he was fond of the younger boys, and doubtless his inoffensive and sympathetic disposition would attract them. But, like Cowper, from the elder lads he received rough treatment, probably had to "fag" for some, and would have suffered many more indignities had it not been for the chivalrous protection afforded him by one who not only was his champion at school, but had to be his wise counsellor and friend in after years.

Henry Martyn had the advantage of entering, at the early age of seven, one of

the best schools in Cornwall. Dr. Cornelius Cardew, its master, was a man of no mean attainments, and seems to have had the happy art of understanding the characteristics of his numerous pupils. Martyn had not been long under his care before he had pretty fairly reckoned up the boy, and the impression he then formed he has happily treasured. "He did not fail," says Dr. Cardew, "to answer the expectations which had been formed of him, his proficiency in the classics exceeded that of most of his schoolfellows, yet there were boys who made a more rapid progress—not perhaps that their abilities were superior but their application was greater, for he was of a loving, cheerful temper, and, as I have been told by those who sat near him, appeared to be the idlest among them, being frequently known to go up to his lessons with little or no preparation—as if he had learnt it by intuition."

Still he must have had some working ambition in him, or he would not have had the courage to aim so high as to offer himself as a candidate for a scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, in the closing months of the year 1795. Something there must have been, too, of promise in the boy, for it was at the urgent desire of his friends that he essayed so great a venture for a lad of fourteen. In the examination, he did well, but failed to gain the scholarship, returning

somewhat sadly, no doubt, to the academic roof of Dr. Cardew once more.

Years afterwards, when he had reached man's estate, he reverted to this incident with that grateful sense of the over-ruling providence of God, which was the marked characteristic of his life. He wrote then in his journal: "In the autumn of 1795, my father at the persuasion of many of his friends sent me to Oxford to be a candidate for the vacant scholarship at Corpus Christi. I entered at no college, but had rooms at Exeter College by the interest of Mr. Cole, the sub-rector. I passed the examination I believe, tolerably well, but was unsuccessful having every reason to think that the decision was impartial. Had I remained and become a member of the University at that time, as I should have done in case of success, the profligate acquaintances I should have had there, would have introduced me to scenes of debauchery, in which I must in all probability, from my extreme youth, have sunk for ever." In this, Martyn rightly discerned the hand of God, who had for him some better thing in store, even that of witnessing for the Cross in far-off lands.

He stayed two more years at school, making further progress with his studies, where, indeed, we will now leave him standing expectant on the threshold of his distinguished academic career.

If Cornwall is proud of the parentage of Martyn, not less does Cambridge treasure his name in her lists of University honours. When in the month of October, 1797, he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, it was, though possibly he little thought so then, one of those turning points which really determined not only the future of his work in the world, but the establishment of his own character. He seems to have thrown himself into the current of a hard reader, and what application he may have lacked in the days of his boyhood was amply supplied when his University career began. Before the few months left of his first term had expired, he had by dint of arduous study gained a first-class place in the College examination, and he again won a good position in the examination of the following year. Two things were helpful to him at this time, one the laudable desire to gratify his father, who seems to have had a strong faith in his son's future advancement, the other being the presence and help of that steadfast friend, who had stood by him at school and now exercised a sort of elder-brotherly influence over him at the University. Had it not been for this discreet adviser, Henry Martyn would have allowed himself to lose precious time in the companionship of his many acquaintances at the College.

He went home during the vacation, and,

in his susequent journal, he has referred to that visit in the spirit of self-depreciation which is so strongly exhibited in every page of his writings. There is no reason to suppose that he was otherwise than of an amiable temperament, and a good son to those who loved him so well in the old home at Truro. There is certainly one occasion on record when a fit of passion seized him at table, and he hastily flung a knife at one of his companions who had offended him in some way. Fortunately, the missile missed its mark, and the occurrence caused him poignant regret and humiliation for a long time afterwards. The truth is that up to this time, Henry Martyn had not become a Christian. Although in outward observance his conduct may have been all that could be desired, it is evident that the young student had not come into living and personal contact with the Saviour, in whose service he was destined ere long to become so useful and honoured. He had those who prayed for him and sought his spiritual good, and he tells us that his friend at the University had "attempted to persuade me that I ought to attend to reading, not for the praise of men but for the glory of God. This seemed strange to me, but reasonable. I resolved, therefore, to maintain this opinion thenceforth, but never designed, that I can remember, that it should affect my conduct."

But the most potent influence brought to

bear upon Henry Martyn in this respect was that of his sister at home whose life and example were those of a consistent servant of Jesus Christ. When he was in Cornwall she did not cease to urge upon him the importance of decision, showing him the claims of Christ and the happiness which is in store for those who, by His grace, work for His glory. Judging from his own retrospect of this visit, he does not seem to have given the saintly woman much room for encouragement. Possibly the love of academic fame was his stumbling-block, and with such a pride on his heart he would be little inclined to think on the deep things of God. Although it must be believed that he overstates the case against himself in these words, we cannot do better than hear his own impressions at this time. He writes this when, as a Christian, he could feel great grief at having disregarded his sister's admonitions: "I think I do not remember a time in which the wickedness of my heart rose to a greater height than during my stay at home. The consummate selfishness and exquisite irritability of my mind here displayed in rage, malice, and envy, in pride and vain glory and contempt of all; in the harshest language to my sister and even to my father if he happened to differ from my mind and will; oh, what an example of patience and meekness was he! I love to think of his excellent qualities, and it is

frequently the anguish of my heart that I ever could be base and wicked enough to pain him by the slightest neglect. O my God and Father, why is not Thy heart doubly agonised at the remembrance of all my great transgressions against Thee ever since I have known Thee as such. I left my sister and father in October, and him I saw no more. I promised my sister that I would read the Bible for myself, but on being settled at College, Newton engaged all my thoughts."

But what the living could not do the dead accomplished. Henry Martyn had scarcely settled down again to his studies, losing in his intense love of mathematics the promised interest in heavenly things, when news reached him that his father was no more. The shock was such as any loving son might feel, but in his case the grief was aggravated by the fact that he had paid such scant attention to the pious counsel of this parent now for ever removed. Stunned by such a sudden bereavement, he was led to seek some real source of comfort and satisfaction in his trouble.

He tells us that he laid aside his books and began to read his neglected Bible, not with any deeper desire at first than to please his friend, who seems at this juncture to have again approached him on the subject of giving his heart to God. He opened his

Bible at the Acts of the Apostles, and read on with interest until the epistles claimed his attention. That night Henry Martyn, though as yet but dimly and imperfectly apprehending the truth, knelt down at his bedside and prayed a prayer of sincere thanksgiving to God for sending His Son into the world to die for sinners. His attendance at the College chapel also stimulated his aroused convictions, and a copy of Dr. Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," coming into his hand, caused the young student much searching of heart.

The approach of another examination called him back to his studies, and when the list appeared his name stood first, an honour which was dashed with the thought that the success had come too late for a father's joy. He writes, however, to his sister, and amongst his letter sentiments, which are far more precious to her than the place he had gained in the examination, he tells her, "What a blessing it is for me that I have such a sister as you, my dear——, who have been so instrumental in keeping me in the right way. When I consider how little human assistance you have had, and the great knowledge to which you have attained on the subject of religion—especially observing the extreme ignorance of the most wise and learned of this world, I think this is in itself a mark of the wonderful influence

of the Holy Ghost in the mind of well-disposed persons . . . How I rejoice to find that we disagree only about words! I did not doubt, as you suppose, at all about that joy which true believers feel. . . . Oh, I do indeed feel this state of mind at times, but at other times I feel quite troubled at finding myself so cold and hard-hearted. That reluctance to prayer, that unwillingness to come unto God, who is the fountain of all good, when reason and experience tells us that with Him only true pleasure is to be found, seem to be owing to Satanic influence. Though I think my employment in life gives me peculiar advantages in some respects with regard to religious knowledge, yet with regard to having a practical sense of things on the mind, it is by far the worst of any. For the labourer as he drives on his plough, and the weaver as he works at his loom, may have his thoughts entirely disengaged from his work, and may think with advantage upon any religious subject. But the nature of my studies requires such a deep abstraction of the mind from all other things, as to render it completely incapable of anything else, and that during many hours of the day. With regard to the dealings of the Almighty with me, you have heard in general the chief of my account; as I am brought to a sense of things gradually, there is nothing peculiarly striking in it to particularise.

"After the death of our father, you know, I was extremely low-spirited, and, like most other people, began to consider very seriously, without any particular determination, that invisible world to which he was gone, and to which I must one day go. Yet I still read the Bible unenlightened, and said a prayer or two rather through terror of a superior power than from any other cause. Soon, however, I began to attend more diligently to the words of our Saviour in the New Testament, and to devour them with delight—when the offers of mercy and forgiveness were made so freely, I supplicated to be made partaker of the covenant of grace with eagerness and hope, and thanks be to the ever blessed Trinity for not leaving me without comfort.

"Through the whole, however, even when the light of Divine truth was beginning to dawn on my mind, I was not under that great terror of future punishment which I now see plainly I had every reason to feel. I now look back upon that course of wickedness, which like a gulf of destruction yawned to swallow me up, with a trembling delight, mixed with shame at having lived so long in ignorance, error, and blindness."

These words evidence thus early in his career that intense self-dissatisfaction and humility which so strongly characterise the whole of Henry Martyn's eventful career. He was perpetually condemning himself.

The heart of Martyn at this stage was actuated by two strong impulses, which unfortunately he could not recognise except in antagonism—these were an earnest ambition to succeed in his academic studies, and an equally strong desire "to flee from the wrath to come." The time was drawing near for that great examination which should, in the opinion of his friends at college, place him very high in the list of honours; and in order to acquit himself well, the young student of St. John's worked incessantly at his books. He seems to have conquered the want of application which was the defect of his school-days, and although on his entry into College he began his mathematics by committing to memory the problems of Euclid, he had evidently by this time become one of the most systematic hard readers in the University. And yet with all this industry there is the painful struggle going on within, to him a very lusting of the flesh against the Spirit, a battle of motives for ever occasioned by a suspicion of his mental aims being subversive of the prosperity of his awakened soul. He accurately gauges his feelings in a retrospective note relating to this period.

"I can only account," he writes, "for my being *stationary* so long, by the intenseness with which I pursued my studies, in which I was so absorbed, that the time I gave to them seemed not to be a portion of my

existence. That in which I now see I was lamentably deficient was a humble and contrite spirit, through which I should have perceived more clearly the excellency of Christ. The eagerness, too, with which I looked forward to my approaching examination for degrees, too clearly betrayed a heart not dead to the world."

When the time came for the students to enter the Senate House, amongst the crowd of young men, Martyn was alone possibly in the assurance, not of certain victory, but of self-abasement. A text of Scripture, upon which he had some time before listened to a stirring discourse, was prominently in his mind: "Seekest thou great things for thyself—seek them not;" and although he had not attained to a very high maturity in Christian experience, he knew enough to steady himself by faith upon God in this critical hour. When the result was made known, Henry Martyn became the centre of congratulating friends, for he had attained the highest honour which the University can bestow, that of senior wrangler of his year. At such a moment, especially when we consider in what spirit he entered the contest, we can well imagine that the colour of conscious honour would flush the pale cheek of the successful student. But from the pressing crowd of those who would rejoice with him, he seems to have turned almost sadly away, and his own words are:

"I obtained my highest wishes, but was surprised to find that I had grasped a shadow."

Soon afterwards we find him spending a vacation in the old Cornish home, where doubtless the empty chair of his father moved his sensitive spirit even more than the happy greetings of his sisters and old friends. For his native town and country he had won a public honour, and wherever he went, the praise of men, of which he had always a perfect horror, met him on his way. His mind was ill at ease, and with all his religious scruples, the peace of a real surrender had not filled his soul. It was during this period that his sister faithfully and affectionately pressed upon him the claims of Christ, seeing with her pious intention that there was something to which her brother had not yet attained, and which he must reach if his great talents and his earnest heart were to be wholly given to the service of his God. Her words seem to have impressed him very much, and after his return to the University, it became his wont to wander forth alone, shunning companionship and seeking only to experience a real communion with that Divine Spirit which was drawing him to a point of absolute and happy decision. Light was breaking into the heart of the young graduate. "God was pleased to bless the solitude and retirement I enjoyed this summer," he writes,

"to my improvement, and not till then had I ever experienced any real pleasure in religion. I was more convinced of sin than ever, more earnest in fleeing to Jesus for refuge, and more desirous of the renewal of my nature."

But as Evangelist appeared in the way of Christian to point to the wicket gate of salvation, so a faithful and fatherly guide stood in the path of Henry Martyn in the person of Charles Simeon. It is quite possible that the text which rested in his heart, as he went up for that examination for degrees, had been heard from Mr. Simeon's lips, for Martyn had already for some time past been a regular attendant upon his evangelical ministry. Soon he made himself personally known to this devout minister of God, and the whole tenor of his after life was strikingly affected by this providential association. The immediate results were that Martyn became a Christian, "a vessel meet for the Master's use," he entered the companionship of a number of earnest and devoted young men, and was led to consecrate himself entirely to God's service instead of following his original intention of being a lawyer, which profession, he humbly remarks, he had set his mind upon, "chiefly because he could not consent to be poor for Christ's sake."

In the midst of his new-found joy and the zeal which was already prompting the heart

of Henry Martyn to attempt great things in Christ's Name, he did not forget his sister, as a short extract from his letter to her, dated in September, 1801, shows:

"That you may be enabled to do the will of your Heavenly Father shall be, you may be assured, my constant prayer at the throne of grace, and this as well from the desire of promoting the edification of Christ's body upon earth, as from motives of private gratitude. You have been the instrument in the hands of Providence of bringing me to a serious sense of things; for, at the time of my father's death, I was using such methods of alleviating my sorrow as I almost shudder to recollect. But blessed be God I have now experienced that 'Christ is the power of God, and the wisdom of God.' What a blessing is the Gospel! No heart can conceive its excellency but that which has been renewed by Divine grace."

## CHAPTER II

## The Choice Made

"The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men,
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave."—*Wesley*

THE flame of one brave life lights the lamp in many other hearts. It would not be difficult to trace the grand decision which directed the footstep of some true man into a career of enlarged and honourable service for Christ, to a word spoken or read, which revealed in the example of another what glorious possibilities of faith lie within reach. It is not so much sermons as facts, not precepts but lives which mightily move men. Thus he who fights a good fight in God's Name, not only wins a victory over His enemies, but animates with heroic energy his comrades under the banner of the Cross.

This was true of Henry Martyn. When Jonathan Edwards wrote his memoir of David Brainerd, he little thought the story of the apostle to the Indians would fall into the hands of one who, kindled thereby, would one day become an equally famous

and honoured missionary in a far field. The decision of Henry Martyn to offer himself for foreign service was largely due to his perusal of that simple but inspiring narrative.

He had been spending his vacation in a walking tour among the Welsh mountains, renewing his strength and tone after much laborious study. His diary shows us that in these excursions his mind was full of serious thoughts. Passing down the Mersey in a small boat, amid rather stormy and perilous weather, he makes the following reflections on his position:

"I think there was some danger, but the composure I felt did not arise, I fear, so much from a sense of my acceptance with God, as from thinking the danger not to be great. Still, I had sufficiently near views of death to be uneasy on considering how slothful I had been in doing the Lord's work, and what little meetness I possessed for the kingdom of glory. Lo, arise then, O my soul, to be always ready for the coming of the Lord; that no disquieting fear may arise to perplex thee in that awful hour."

He spent much time in meditation, and was constantly reading his Bible, from which occupation he grew stronger every day in spirit, and more thankful for the providence of God in his position and prospects. Full of the old self-condemnation, this fragment of his inner thoughts at that time reveals, however, a not unfettered exercise of the

privileges of God's grace. Everything he sees, whether it be a mountain pass or a group of people, seems to prompt an unfavourable comparison as regards his own heart. He tells us of an incident near the bridge of Aberglaslin. "I met a poor Welsh pedlar," he writes in his private diary; "with a bundle of hats upon his back, who, on my inquiring the distance to Peny-Bwlch, told me he was going thither. We went by the old road, which is two miles nearer. It passes over the most dreary uncultivated hills I ever saw, where there is scarcely any mark of human industry. The road in most places is overgrown with grass. The poor man had walked from Carnarvon that day with an enormous bundle, and pointed, with a sorrowful look, to his head, and, indeed he did look very ill; he was, however, very cheerful: what a difference between this man's temper and my own! The difference was humbling to myself—when shall I learn 'in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content'?

"My walk for ten miles was similar to that of the preceding evening, only still more beautiful, for the Dovey widened continually, and the opposite hills were covered with wood; at last the river fell into the sea, and the view was then fine indeed, the weather was serene, and the sea unruffled. I felt little fatigue, and my thoughts were turned towards God. But if I cannot be

thankful to him and sensible of His presence in seasons of fatigue as well as in periods of enjoyment, how can I distinguish the working of the Spirit from the ebullitions of animal joy?"

When Henry Martyn returned to Cambridge much refreshed by his walks across the breezy Welsh hills, he had also made some notable advances in his Christian experience. He was possessed with the grand idea of giving himself entirely to the work of God, and had already been lifted into a spiritual view of things which gave the praise of man and the advantages of social station their due proportions when compared with the claims of the Divine call. His solitary habit, unusual in one of his years, had given him abundant opportunity to consider his future career, and, as his Bible was ever his constant companion, it became in this crisis of decision a real "lamp unto his feet." It must not be forgotten how great was the influence for good which his sister wielded over the mind and heart of the future missionary. Deprived by the death of his mother, during his infancy, of that gentle and abiding direction which a boy never forgets and can never over value, Henry Martyn looked to his sister from early life for such guidance. When first at College and standing in perilous places, it will be remembered how her letters constantly pressed upon him the importance

of the claims of God, and when he returned home with academic honours thick upon him it was this sister who scarcely congratulated him in the deep solicitude she felt in looking for some sign of a regenerate heart set upon the prize of a high calling in Christ Jesus. With this sister then, at the period of his life now passing under review, he had much pleasant and profitable converse, and it is not dfficult to conjecture how, in talking over his future, her advice and encouragement would influence the ultimate decision of the young graduate.

We are told, however, by one of his friends that Henry Martyn's immediate desire for the office and work of a missionary was prompted by a sermon, in which Charles Simeon, pleading for missions, drew attention to the fact that in India there was only one witness for Christ, Dr. Carey. This telling fact seems to have given direction to the longings of the heart of Henry Martyn to proclaim the Gospel to the heathen. But, perhaps, in a greater degree, was his ardour fired by the study at this time of the life of David Brainerd, to which previous reference has been made. The attraction which he felt for this noble example may be well understood. There was a sympathetic bond between him and the young American, who, at almost his own age, turned his back upon the pleasures of home, and the comforts of civilised society, to enter

alone, like a true knight of the Cross, the dark and tangled forests of Indian superstition and sin. Then the ascetic self-sacrifice of the man, his disregard of even the commonest requirements of life, and the burning zeal which thus early marked him for martyrdom, roused the ambition of Henry Martyn. Perhaps, most of all, it was that in Brainerd's spiritual experience he saw a strange likeness to his own, He was an intensely introspective man who loved that loneliness which possibly, in his case, too, was not the best thing for him. These are the words which, in the journal of David Brainerd, caught the eye and filled the heart of the young Cambridge student: "About six at night I lost my way in the wilderness and wandered over rocks and mountains, down hideous steeps, through swamps and most dreadful and most dangerous places... I have frequently been thus exposed and sometimes lain out the whole night, but God has hitherto preserved me and blessed be His Name! such fatigues and hardships as these serve to wean me from the earth, and I trust will make Heaven the sweeter. . . . I have no comfort of any kind but what I have in God. I live in the most lonesome wilderness, and have but one person to converse with that can speak English, an Indian. I have no fellow-Christian to whom I can unbosom myself. I live poorly with regard to the comforts of this life,

most of my diet consists of boiled corn. . . . I lodge on a bundle of straw, my labour is hard and extremely difficult, and I have little appearance of success to comfort me. The Indians have no land to live on but what the Dutch people lay claim to, and threaten to drive them off from; they have no regard for the souls of the poor savages, and from what I learn they hate me because I came to preach to them. *But that which makes all my difficulties grievous to be borne is that God hides His face from me.*"

Doubtless as Henry Martyn read these words his eye kindled with a holy ambition to follow one—

> "Who climbed the steep ascent to Heaven
> Mid sorrow, toil and pain."

and clasping his hands he would there and then vow that if God would count him worthy of such a mission he would count nothing loss to attain so grand a destiny as to follow in his train. He could, too, already claim spiritual fellowship with a man who had his darkening soul-shadows, and whose crushing sense of unworthiness threw into relief the glory of the grace of God. And then the fact that David Brainerd at the age of only thirty-two years ended his full and apostolic life, invested him with heroic interest for one who knew that for him life must be a brief portion, and who longed passionately to expend those few allotted years to the highest ends.

These thoughts are burning in his mind when he writes to his sister, to whom he has evidently already committed the secret of his new and ardent resolve:

"I received your letter yesterday, and thank God for the concern you manifest for my spiritual welfare. O that we may love each other more and more in the Lord! The passages you bring from the Word of God were appropriate to my case, though I do not seem to have given you a right view of my state. The dejection I sometimes labour under seems not to arise from the doubts of my acceptance with God, though it tends to produce them; nor from desponding views of my own backwardness in the Divine life, for I am more prone to self-dependence and conceit; but from the prospect of the *difficulties I have to encounter in the whole of my future life.* The thought that I must be unceasingly employed in the same kind of work, amongst poor, ignorant people, is what my proud spirit revolts at. To be obliged to submit to a thousand uncomfortable things that must happen to me, whether as a minister or a missionary, is what the flesh cannot endure. At these times I feel neither love to God nor love to man, and in proportion as these graces of the Spirit languish, my besetting sins—pride and discontent and unwillingness for every duty—make me miserable.

"You will best enter into my views by

considering those texts which seem to recall me to a right aspect of things. I have not that coldness in prayer you would expect, but generally find myself strengthened in faith and humility and love after it, but the impression is so short. I am at this time enabled to give myself, body, soul, and spirit to God, and perceive it to be my most reasonable service. How it may be when the trial comes I know not, yet I will trust and be not afraid. In order to *do* His will cheerfully, I want love for the souls of men; to *suffer* it, I want humility; let these be the subjects of your supplications for me. I am thankful to God that you are so free from anxiety and care. We cannot but with praise acknowledge His goodness. What does it signify whether we be rich or poor if we are the sons of God? How unconscious are they of their real greatness, and they will be so until they find themselves in glory! When we contemplate our everlasting inheritance, it seems too good to be true, yet it is no more than is due to the kindred of 'God manifest in the flesh'!"

This extract will prepare the student of Henry Martyn's life for that fluctuation of light and shadow, peace, perplexity, and self-abasement, which mark his spiritual experience all through. But, with all his sense of unfitness, he could not resist the evident call of God to the work, and there-

fore offered himself to the Committee of the Church Missionary Society, then known as "The Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East." As the sequel proved, it was not to be that, when Martyn made his essay as a missionary, he should be sent out under the auspices of that excellent and useful Society.

A year elapsed, the record of which is left to us in a journal which almost painfully lays bare the heart of the writer. He has been reading Butler's "Analogy" with evident profit, and also strengthens his missionary zeal by perusing the work of Dr. Vanderkemp in China, the claims of that country being pressed very much home to him. He was an early riser, and his habits seems to have been to get into the lanes and fields at half-past five, preparing by meditation what he called "a right spirit and a happy frame" for the hours of the day. These quiet times in the fresh morning air were seasons of peace and tranquillity to his mind, and when after his walk he entered the College chapel, he could not find words to express his exaltation of soul. He loved music, and yet in his enjoyment of it, was the same haunting dread of its engrossing temptations. "At chapel," he writes, "the sacred melodies wafted my soul to heaven; the blessedness of Heaven appeared so sweet, that the very possibility of losing it appeared terrible, and raised

a little disquiet with my joy. After all, I had rather live in a humble and dependent spirit, for then, perceiving underneath me the Everlasting Arms, I can enjoy my security. Amid the joyous affections of this day, I quickly forgot my own worthlessness and helplessness, and thus, looking off from Jesus, found myself standing on slippery ground. But oh! the happiness of that state where pride shall never intrude to make one's joys an occasion of sorrow."

At this time a young man came to the University, upon the introduction of Southey, the Poet Laureate, and with the kindly help of Charles Simeon, and entered St. John's College. This was Henry Kirke White, the sweet and accomplished poet of Nottingham, whose life, like the rolling dewdrop on the leaf,

"Sparkled, was exhaled, and rose to Heaven."

The newcomer and Martyn soon became fast friends; both achieved distinction in their academic careers, both were devoted Christians, and both were carried off early by the same insidious disease. The young men had much in common, therefore, and we find that Martyn exerted himself to assist in every way his pale-faced poet friend in his progress at the University. The latter, however, had not long to live. His wasting industry hastened the inroads of consumption, and soon his name became

a sweet remembrance, leaving only a few poems of undoubted genius and the record of a life prematurely cut short, but nobly lived.

The autumn of the year 1803 saw Henry Martyn ordained as deacon in the Church of England. This took place at Ely Cathedral on the 22nd of October, and in due time he commenced his sacred labours as curate in Holy Trinity Church, Cambridge, having also the oversight of the parish of Lolworth, a village near the University. His first sermon there was upon the text from Job 14. 14: "If a man die, shall he live again? All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come." From these words the young minister preached with earnestness and solemnity, as of a man to whom the responsibility of preaching the Gospel to perishing men was a weighty matter. On the following Sunday he preached there again, and an incident is recorded in his journal which made a marked impression on his mind at the time. The service was over, and he had mounted his horse to return to Cambridge, when an aged man stepped up to his side and entered into conversation with him. With deep seriousness his venerable companion exhorted him as he walked by his side, "warning him to reflect that if any souls perished through his negligence, their blood

would be required at his hands. He exhorted him to show his hearers that they were perishing sinners, to be much engaged in prayer; and to labour after an entire departure of himself to Christ." This faithful saying of an old saint was not lost upon the young divine, and he thankfully set himself to carry out such good advice. Especially did he recognise his need of the exhortation to get away from self to Christ. "From what he said on the last head," Martyn writes, with humility and teachableness, "it was clear that I had had but little experience, so I lifted up my heart afterwards to the Lord that I might be fully instructed in righteousness."

The beginning of the year 1804 brought unexpected changes in the position of Henry Martyn, inasmuch as misfortune befell the family in the loss of the slender but sufficient patrimony which had accrued to the children on the death of their father. It was a blow to the young curate, for while he could well afford to continue his own position with the pupils who were always ready to have the advantage of his services, he felt that henceforth his sisters would be dependent upon him, a duty which he felt to be a privilege, but which must interfere materially with his aspirations for the mission field. So much did this affect his spirits that he began, as so many sensitive souls do ever, to question whether what looked like an

insuperable difficulty was not sent of God to thwart him in running where he was not sent. The crisis was a bitter one, and, feeling quite unable to settle what was his duty by himself, he hurried to London to consult his friends as to the best course for him to adopt. They seem to have solved the difficulty by exerting themselves to get him a chaplaincy abroad, which should, at the same time, not prevent him being of service to his sisters at home.

He found two good and influential friends, William Wilberforce and Charles Grant, both members of the House of Commons. They were full of an enthusiasm for humanity, and directly the case of Martyn was brought before them, they readily responded to the appeal for help. Instantly the matter was brought under the notice of that pious coterie—Babington, Stephen, Henry Thornton, Lord Teignmouth, and Mr. Venn; and Mr. Grant, who was on the Board of the East India Company, felt that a field for such a man as Martyn lay among the natives of the East. It would be difficult in these days, when the praise of missions is in all lands, and doors innumerable are being opened to them, to understand the difficulties, especially in India, which were placed in the way of missionaries. It must not be forgotten that Judson of Burma went first to India, but was driven by official distrust from his work there, and it was

openly stated that the presence of missions would imperil the safety of the Dependency. But the Company felt that a chaplain to the troops and their civil servants was a necessity, and the first of these appointments was placed in the hands of Mr. Grant to bestow upon Henry Martyn. The young curate was duly introduced to the Honourable Board, and, after formal appointment, went to dinner at Clapham with his benefactors. A delay, however, occurred, as he could not be fully ordained in priest's orders until he had attained the age of twenty-four, but in due time, in the chapel of St. James, he was admitted, and took up his abode in London to make the necessary preparations for his departure. While in the metropolis his mind was much exercised with the danger of falling into the flippancies and worldliness which pervaded society. He shrank from it as from a poisonous adder. The significant words written in his journal at this time: "The prospect of this world's happiness gave me rather pain than pleasure, which convinced me that I had been running away from the world rather than overcoming it," point, however, to a mistrust of this morbid aspect of things. In fact, with his refined taste and love of the beautiful, he had learned not to despise nor call common or unclean the triumphs of genius and art. In one of his reflections he says: "Since I

have known God in a saving manner, painting, poetry, and music have had charms unknown to me before. I have received what I suppose is a taste for them, for religion has refined my mind and made it susceptible of impressions from the sublime and the beautiful. O how religion secures this heightened enjoyment of those pleasures which keep so many from God by their becoming a source of pride."

This is a refreshingly sensible and happy observation, and gives us a flitting glimpse of a phase of Martyn's experience which is unfortunately rarely disclosed by him in the precious records he has left of his spiritual state from time to time.

Associated with the memory of Henry Martyn is St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, which saw much of the young missionary during his stay in London. The pulpit was then occupied by Richard Cecil, but several times he made way for Martyn to preach there. He was doing his best to improve his powers of public speaking, attending lectures upon elocution, and these opportunities of pulpit ministration at Bedford Row were much appreciated. Martyn seems to have had no complimentary idea of his own preaching abilities. In writing just at this time, he says: "Sermons cannot be good memorials, because once read they are done with, especially a young man's sermons, unless they possess a peculiar

simplicity and spirituality, which I need not say are qualities not belonging to mine. I hope, however, that I am improving, and I trust that now I am removed from the contagion of academic air, I am in the way of acquiring greater knowledge of men and of my own heart, I shall exchange my *jejune* scholastic style for a simple, spiritual exhibition of profitable truth. Mr. Cecil has been taking a great deal of pains with me. My insipid, inanimate manner in the pulpit, he says, is intolerable.

The preaching of Henry Martyn was not characterised by eloquence, but he always spoke with solemn earnestness as "a dying man to dying men."

## CHAPTER III

## Outward Bound

"Mine inmost soul, before Thee inly brought,
Thy presence owns, ineffably Divine,
Chastised each rebel self-encentred thought,
My will adoreth Thine."—*Clough*

WHEN the summons came for Henry Martyn to prepare for departure from England, he felt, as might be expected, how many and tender were the ties of affection which held him to Cambridge. Not only as the sphere of his successful studies and the circle of his personal friends, it had become also still more endeared to him since he had parish work at Lolworth. Doubtless the brilliant prospects which beckoned him to stay, and which, to a young man of such intellectual powers, could not but allure, did not fail to exercise their influence on his mind at this period. But the temptation came to a heart fully consecrated to duty, and fell like snowflakes from a shield. He sees vividly the hand of God in his past, and has no doubt whatever as to the rightness of the path opening before him. There is strong faith expressed in those words

which he inscribes at this time in his journal: "From many dangerous snares hath the Lord preserved me; in spite of all my inward rebellion, He hath carried on His work in my heart; and, in spite of all my unbelieving fears, He hath given me a hope full of immortality, 'He hath set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings; and hath put a new song in my mouth, even praises to my God.' It is the beginning of a critical year to me, yet I feel little apprehension. The same grace and longsuffering, the same wisdom and power, that have brought me so far, will bring me on, though it be through fire and water, to a goodly heritage. I see no business in life but the work of Christ, neither do I desire any employment to all eternity but His service."

The secret of his peace and steadiness of soul was the intensifying conviction that God had really called him to minister for Him in holy things, and especially to preach the Gospel to the heathen. His way thither was being wonderfully cleared by a providential hand. His sister, about whom he had experienced some concern, was happily married, and he felt that as far as his responsibility to his family was concerned, he could now go away with a quiet mind. He writes from Cambridge on the eve of quitting the place he loved so well: "I rejoice to say that I never had so clear a

conviction of my call as at present, as far as respects the inward impression. Never did I see so much of the excellency and glory and sweetness of the work, nor had so much of the favourable testimony of my own conscience, nor perceived so plainly the smile of God. I am constrained to say, 'What am I, or what is my father's house, that I should be made willing, and what am I that I should be so happy and honoured?' "

In April, 1805, he preached in Trinity Church his farewell sermon, taking a text which surely preached as much to him as to his hearers: "For Thou, O Lord of hosts, God of Israel, hast revealed to Thy servant, saying, I will build thee an house: therefore hath Thy servant found in his heart to pray this prayer unto Thee. And now, O Lord God, Thou art that God, and Thy words be true, and Thou hast promised this goodness unto Thy servant: therefore let it now please Thee to bless the house of Thy servant, that it may continue for ever before Thee: for Thou, O Lord God, hast spoken it: and with Thy blessing let the house of Thy servant be blessed for ever" (1 Chron. 17. 25-27).

A profound impression was made upon his hearers by these parting words; and soon afterwards the young preacher, with a full heart, looked for the last time upon the spires of the University, and felt that he

was now loosening for ever from these safe moorings to steer his prow whithersoever God should in wisdom trace his future way.

While in London, preparing for his departure from England and studying Hindustani with great eagerness, he was much helped by the ministry and personal advice of those two earnest evangelical preachers of the day, Mr. Cecil and Mr. Newton. Everything which related to missionary enterprise had become of the deepest interest to him, and the accounts which from time to time reached him of the work of the Gospel in foreign lands increased his zeal and desire to go. One day Mr. Cecil showed him a letter from Schwartz, which caused in his mind a varied sense of humiliation and rejoicing. "The life of faith in Jesus is what I want," he says, after reading the letter. "My soul might almost burst with astonishment at its own wickedness, but at the same time, trusting to mercy, rise and go, and try to make men happy. The Lord go with me! Let my right hand forget her cunning, if I remember not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

But human nature will assert itself, and he tells us with what emotion he saw for the first time the East Indiaman which was to carry him across the sea. "The sudden sight of water and the ship affected me almost to tears. My emotions were mixed —partly of joy and partly of trembling

apprehension of my being now so soon to go away." Again he makes this entry in his journal, under date June 15th, 1805: "Shed tears to-night at the thoughts of my departure. I thought of the roaring seas which would soon be rolling between me and all that is dear to me on earth." All this is very natural and pathetic, displaying the tenderness of his feelings, a glimpse of heart-break, of which at the time his pale, heroic face showed little trace to the world. Martyn's nature was as a harp of a thousand sensitive vibrations, and this fact, abundantly attested in his journals and letters, manifests how strong was the grip of self-suppression which would never allow him to shrink from the path of duty, cost what sacrifice it may. It must be borne in mind that he was always conscious of his extreme physical delicacy, he felt instinctively he had not many years to live, had upon him the pressure of a great destiny, and was straitened in spirit for its accomplishment, and thus the bright and ambitious soul seemed to grow stronger as the body again and again failed.

While on his journey from London to Portsmouth, where he was to embark, his feelings completely overpowered him, and he lost consciousness in a fit of convulsions. A few days more and Henry Martyn was on board the "Union," one of a fleet of vessels bound to the east under the direction of

Captain Byng. As the ship moved off he waved his farewells to many kind friends on shore, and felt especial pleasure in the possession of a beautiful silver compass which had been sent him by Mr. Simeon. He wrote a letter of thanks to them, in which he begs for their prayers. "Remember me sometimes at your social meetings, and particularly at that which you hold on the Sunday morning. Pray not only for my soul —that I may be kept faithful unto death— but also especially for the souls of the poor heathen. Whether I live or die, let Christ be magnified by the ingathering of multitudes to Himself. I have many trials awaiting me, and so have you, but that covenant of grace in which we are interested provides for the weakest and secures our everlasting welfare."

As the "Union" passed on her way down Channel, it became necessary to make a brief stay at Falmouth, which was an occasion of much rejoicing to the young missionary. It gave him an opportunity of a final meeting with one whom he was never to see again on earth, but who was destined to influence his remaining few years. This lady was Miss Lydia Grenfell, for whom Henry Martyn had the strongest attachment. It is not often that the courtship of a notable individual is woven, at any rate before our eyes, so inextricably in the texture of a great career. In the present

case, the love of Henry Martyn for this lady, who seems to have been most estimable, played the part which might have been expected with so ardent and yet variable a temperament. He who was constantly bringing the innermost feelings of his heart under judgment, was not likely to fail in questioning, however much the examination harrowed, how far even the dearest human affection ought to or might interfere with the call of duty. In a letter written to his cousin just before leaving Portsmouth, while indeed the fleet was already in sight, he alludes to this matter in a manner which will best throw light on his mind and action.

"Lieutenant Wynter called on me last Saturday, and last night drank tea with me. I cannot but admire his great seriousness. He is just the sort of person of a sober, thoughtful cast that I love to associate with. He mentioned Lydia, I do not know why, but he could not tell me half enough about her while she was at Plymouth to satisfy my curiosity. Whitsun week was a time of the utmost distress to me (on her account). On the Monday at the Eclectic, Mr. Cecil, speaking of celibacy, said I was acting like a madman in going out without a wife. So thought all the other ten or eleven ministers present, and Mr. Foster among the rest, who is unmarried. This opinion coming deliberately from so many experienced ministers, threw me into great

perplexity, which increased as my affections began to be set more afloat, for then I was less able than before to discover the path of duty. At last I wrote to Simeon stating to him the strongest arguments I heard in favour of marriage in my case. His answer decided my mind. He put it in this way. Is it necessary? To this I could answer no. Then is it expedient? He here produced so many weighty reasons against its expediency that I was soon satisfied in my mind. My turbulent will, however, was not so easily satisfied. I was again obliged to undergo the severest pain in making that sacrifice which had cost me so dear before. Better had it been if those wounds had never been torn open. But now again, through the mercy of God, I am once more at peace. What cannot His power effect? The present wish of my heart is that . . . I may henceforth have no one thing upon earth for which I would wish to stay another hour, except it be to serve the Lord, my Saviour, in the work of the ministry."

Shortly after writing this he was at Falmouth, and took the opportunity of spending a few golden hours with her who, notwithstanding his heroic convictions of duty, still held his heart in thrall. But this happy season was abruptly ended.

"So delusive," says he, characteristically, are dreams of pleasure! At nine in the

morning, I was sitting at ease with the person dearest to me upon earth, intending to go out with her afterwards to see different views, to visit some persons with her, and preach on the morrow; four hours only elapsed, and I was under sail from England."

The fact was, an express message came to say that the ships were weighing anchor, and he with the greatest haste only just reached the vessel in time, she having been providentially stopped by some accident.

Miss Grenfell made the following note in her private journal that evening:

"I was surprised this morning by a visit from H.M., and have passed the day chiefly with him. The distance he is going and the errand he is going on, rendered his society particularly interesting. I felt as if bidding a final adieu to him in this world, and all he said was as the words of one on the borders of Eternity. May I improve the opportunity I have enjoyed of Christian converse, and may the Lord moderate the sorrow I feel at parting with so valuable and excellent a friend. Some pains have attended it, known only to God and myself. Thou God that knowest them canst alone give comfort! . . . O may we each pursue in different paths, and meet at last around our Father's throne. May we often meet now in spirit, praying and obtaining blessings for each other. Now, my soul, return to God, the Author of them."

From the ship Henry Martyn wrote a few hurried lines of farewell, and told how he would treasure a hymn which she had written out for him: "The Lord of the harvest who is sending forth me, who am, most truly, less than the least of all saints, will reward you for being willing to help forward even the meanest of His servants. The love which you bear to the cause of Christ, as well as motives of private friendship, will, I trust, induce you to commend me to God and to the Word of His grace, at those sacred moments when you approach the throne of our covenant God."

Thus parted these two pious hearts, he to bear away the tenderest memory on his outward way, she with devotion to pray for richest blessings to descend upon him. He watched with lingering gaze the receding land, and, as the vessel passed along the coast of Cornwall, the church of St. Hilary could be seen through his glass, peeping through the trees. His feelings quite overcame him, and, bursting into tears, he turned from the last glimpse of that dear land which should know his footsteps no more.

When he arrived at Cork he was wretched, both physically and mentally, and made notes in his journals and letters descriptive of the Satanic buffetings to which he was subject. But he found relief from these distresses by urgent prayer and increased

energy in preaching the Gospel. On the deck of the ship he solemnly proclaimed the importance of eternal things, and, as the captain was not agreeable to these ministrations, he spent much time between decks amongst the soldiers and their families and others going out to the Cape. Sometimes he read some book to them, then he would engage in prayer, and earnestly seek to impress them with the truths of the Gospel. He did not meet with much encouragement, however. Occasionally a few might be seen looking fixedly into his face: women with their children in deep attention one moment, the next busy with their duties and going hither and thither, men on the upper deck lolling over the hand-rail to listen, the officers and captain in the cabin filling the air with their boisterous mirth over the bottle, dozens of men who had come off the night watch stretched along the decks in sound sleep—such was his congregation on shipboard. He was grieved, shocked, and a little disappointed. But, like his Divine Master, it was needful that he should be made perfect in suffering, and he makes only the consolatory remark, "But this prepares me for preaching among the heedless Gentiles."

After a severe storm they reached Funchal, where he seems to have been struck by the beauty of the scenery, and not less dispirited at the sight of the Romish churches

and the priests. "Is it possible," says he, "that this should be a Christian Church?" There was no appearance of attention excepting in one poor African woman, who was crossing herself repeatedly with an expression of utmost contrition in her countenance. "Perhaps," said I to her in my mind, we shall meet in Heaven." Setting sail again, they were on the ocean five weeks more before reaching San Salvador, when Henry Martyn went on shore with thankfulness, the ship having escaped the peril of utter loss upon some dangerous reefs. Two of the other vessels were wrecked and many of the crew drowned. His letters at this time are full of striking descriptions of the place and the people, and he observes how, in his walks, he saw the superstition of the devotees in worshipping relics or kneeling at wayside crosses. It was during one of these excursions that he met with one who received him most kindly, and left a very happy impression on the mind of the young missionary.

He had passed through a porch in search of shade, and walking through a sort of orchard, saw an old man, evidently in ill health, sitting out of doors. Martyn addressed him in French and English without effect, but a young lady came who understood the former language, and the son of the old man, who had been educated at a Portuguese university, also drew near.

Having heard that the stranger came from Cambridge, he was bidden welcome to the house. "Thus," says he, "did the Lord give His servant favour in the eyes of Antonio Joseph Corrê."

After this Martyn paid this hospitable household several visits, and on one occasion he tells us that he found a quiet spot in one of these beautiful gardens, and sang:

"O'er those gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul; be still and gaze;
All the promises do travel
To a glorious day of grace:
Blessèd jubilee!
Let Thy glorious morning dawn.

"Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That Divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtained on Calvary;
Let the Gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole."

At another time we find him wandering about the plantations and studying under the direction of his host the culture and preparation of pepper, lemons, and tapioca; meanwhile, he finds opportunity to speak to this hospitable Portuguese upon higher things. The old man whom he had first seen was evidently a bigoted Papist, but the son told Martyn that he himself had no faith in the saints, and his outward observance of Catholic customs was only because he thought it expedient. Very different was the mould in which Martyn had been

made, and he with spirit told Antonio how in England men and women went to the stake rather than conform. Pressed with earnest teaching on the subject of the new birth, the young Portuguese grew inattentive, and found relief in leaving his pious guest in the company of some Franciscan monks, into whose monastery he had by this time entered. One of the friars seems to have taken a fancy to the young Englishman, and freely talked with him upon matters of faith. The conversation was in Latin, and while they stood discussing in one of the cool cloisters other monks came round and listened with great attention. Martyn tells us: "I confuted all their errors as plainly as possible from the Word of God, and they had nothing to reply, but did not seem disconcerted. A whole troop of others, passing in procession in the opposite cloister below, beckoned to them to retire, which they did, taking me along with them to a cell—two before and one on each side. As we passed along the passage one asked me whether I was a Christian. When we had all reached the cell and sat down, I asked for a Bible, and the dispute was renewed." Several here joined in the conversation, some flippantly, others with anger, and as the sun set and darkness filled the gloomy corridor, Martyn confesses to feeling some trepidation under the circumstances. But they

courteously conducted him to the gate and bade him farewell, thus ending a visit which at any rate to them would long be an incident to talk about.

When the time came to say good-bye to his friends, Senor and Senora Corrê, it was with much regret on both sides; and on his way back to the ship, rowed by Mohammedans in their white dresses, his mind was grieved with their hymns as they sang the praises of the false prophet. He had a talk on these things with his companion in the boat, but met with scant encouragement. "What more could be necessary than simply to tell mankind that they must be sober and honest?" was the question put to him in answer to faithful teaching of Christ and Him crucified. Martyn felt shocked and utterly dismayed at the superstition and ignorance with which he had met in that fair land, and how little his words seemed to affect his hearers. "I never felt so strongly," he says, "what a nothing I am. All my clear arguments are good for nothing, unless the Lord stretch out His hand, I speak to stones."

When once more journeying with his ship's company, he found trials and suffering enough. His Gospel was rejected, the officers were contemptuous of the pale-faced and zealous evangelist, the soldiers and sailors scoffed at him because he rebuked their sinful conduct. Before long, however, the

"Union" with its convoy reached the Cape, where the soldiers were landed to fight the Dutch, who were in possession there. Here Henry Martyn had his first taste of war. The horror of it filled his mind with grief and compassion. He walked among the wounded after the battle, speaking to dying men of a present and merciful Saviour, throwing gently his own coat over the form of one poor fellow left to die, and in the farmhouse, which had been made a temporary hospital for the sufferers, he ministered faithfully and lovingly to those who in most cases were appointed to die.

Although a military chaplain, Martyn was distressed and saddened at that bloodshed which then, even more than now, was called warlike glory. When the Dutch flag was struck, and his countrymen around him were boasting of conquests, Martyn turns aside with loathing. "Every observation of this sort which I hear," he says, "cuts me to the very heart; whether from nature or grace, I do not know, but I had rather be trampled upon than be the trampler. I could find it more agreeable to my own feelings to go and weep with the relatives of the men whom the English have killed, than to rejoice at the laurels they have won."

Once he nearly lost his life. Left for a few moments by the surgeon alone, a drunken Highlander challenged him, disbelieving his word when he protested that he was an

Englishman, and prepared to shoot him. Martyn at the critical moment rushed up, and insisted upon being taken prisoner, when it would be found that he was the chaplain to the troops.

His reflections here may fitly close the chapter. "I lay down," says he, "on the border of a clump of shrubs and bushes with the field of battle in view, and there lifted up my soul to God. Mournful as the scene was, I yet thanked God that He had brought me to see a specimen, though a terrible one, of what men by nature are. May the remembrance of this day ever excite me to pray and labour more for the propagation of the Gospel of peace. Then shall men love one another: 'Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.'"

## CHAPTER IV

### India for Christ

"Come!—in Thee our toil is sweet—
Shelter from the noontide heat,
From whom sorrow flieth fleet."
—*Robert of France*

JUST nine weary months had elapsed when in April, 1806, Henry Martyn stood on the deck as the ship sailed into the Madras roads, and shortly after the young missionary felt the dream of his life fulfilled as he stepped on the shore of India. To this moment he had looked forward, ever since from the lips of Mr. Simeon at Cambridge he had heard of the spiritual destitution of our great dependency in the East, and he had longed, almost impatiently, while detained at San Salvador and the Cape, to reach his journey's end. It was a solemn and impressive beginning of a ministry which he knew would tax all his physical powers, and possibly hasten the moment of his premature decease. For it must be borne in mind that Henry Martyn was always conscious of his constitutional delicacy, and knew only too well that many years of

life were not allotted to him. This prevalent and sobering reminder may not only account for a certain melancholy "pale cast of thought," but also for the intense and heroic endeavour to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and to attempt the most for Him, so as to make the utmost of his present opportunity.

Not long before the ship came in sight of India, the young missionary spent a solemn day in dwelling on the mighty sacrifice of the Cross, and the responsibility which attached to him in going forth into this heathen land to preach its efficacy among an ignorant and idolatrous people. The day was spent in fasting and constant prayer. He tells us how greatly his faith was strengthened by the promises of God as to the conversion of the heathen. Believing from his heart of hearts that he was sent by Divine command to preach the unsearchable riches to these poor souls, he kept repeating to himself the text, "I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day or night: ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence, and give Him no rest, till He establish, and till He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth" (Isa. 62. 6).

His ministry on shipboard certainly had not been encouraging. The rude treatment which he had received from both officers and men did not abate when he gave them a

few earnest farewell words at parting. His solemnity was satirised, and his burning yearning for their souls was apparently thrown away upon hard and impenitent hearts. "Yet," he says, "I desire to take the ridicule of men with all meekness and charity, looking forward to another world for approbation and reward."

Thus chastened and brought low in self-esteem, he took his stand on Indian soil, strong in the grace and power of God. Gazing around upon the crowds of dusky forms in their white turbans, he exclaimed with fervour, "Oh, if I live, let me have come hither to some purpose!"

He was greatly struck with the subjection of the natives, meekly attending upon the wants of the English people, and his sympathetic heart prompted the thought, "I could not help feeling as if we had got into their places."

The coming to India of Henry Martyn was a direct answer to prayer. Such was the need of this great harvest field, that the few workers therein had made it a special point to meet in Calcutta once a week for the purpose of asking God to send forth to India some man full of the Holy Ghost and of power to preach the Gospel. And when Martyn appeared on the shore, he was received and welcomed by the Christian missionaries as one sent from God. Dr. Buchanan was one of those who had, in their

labours, prayed for fresh labourers, but he had just started for Syria when Martyn arrived, and passed him without knowing it, as the "Union" passed up the Hooghly to Calcutta. But David Brown was there to grasp his hand, as well as Carey and Ward, the devoted Baptist missionaries, who were busily translating the Scriptures into the language of the people.

It must never be forgotten, in taking a just view of the situation, at the moment of Martyn's entry into India, that the bitterest hostility to the missionaries was displayed by those in power. The British flag, which now is the rallying point where the missionary knows he can find encouragement and, if necessary, protection, was in India the symbol of a hatred and jealousy of any mission work which brought the Gospel to the common people. The Anglo-Indians of that day had evidently not a very intimate knowledge of what a spiritual Christianity was, and felt the utmost fear lest the offer of the grace and mercy of Christ might upset their hold upon the people. The truth possibly was that the method and spirit by which India was then held, would have squared badly with the spirit and precepts of the Lord. The faithful few, especially Carey, Marshman, and Ward, were treated with a violence such as reminds us of the Acts of the Apostles, and in their own land at home their traducers were many

and bitter. Sydney Smith, the witty canon of St. Paul's, attacked them mercilessly in the *Edinburgh Review* and elsewhere, and the conflict was even felt in the House of Commons, where, however, in Wilberforce they had a champion and friend.

Just before Martyn arrived upon the scene, Lord Wellesley had returned to England, and in the interval between his departure and the arrival of the new Governor-General, the reins of power fell into the hands of Sir George Barlow, a civil servant of the East India Company. He directly objected to the translation and dissemination of the Scriptures as a dangerous interference with the religious prejudices of the natives. A mutiny which took place in the Madras Presidency had actually been laid to the blame of the missionaries, and their preaching the Christian religion. Martyn was on his way to India when Carey, in his report home, had just sent these words to his committee: "We are much in the situation in which the apostles were when commanded not to teach or preach any more in His Name! They, it is true, replied, 'Whether it be right in the sight of God to obey you rather than God judge ye.' Would it be right or not for us to make the same reply in the first instance? On the one hand, our prospects of success are obscured, and those opening doors for usefulness, which a few

days ago, engaged our attention and animated our exertions, are shut by this cruel message; the consequence is that souls are perishing on every side, and we are forbidden to administer the remedy which God has put into our hands. To act in open defiance of the wish of the Governor-General might occasion a positive law against evangelising the heathen, and at once break up the Mission which has been settled at so great expense. On the other hand, it is probable if we yield a little to the present storm it may soon blow over, and we may not only enjoy our present privileges, but obtain the liberty we have so long wished for."

Here, then, was one of the most distinguished missionaries in a very strait betwixt two in his work, and it is not surprising that under such discouragements the brethren committed their cause to God, and prayed for help to come from England to strengthen their hearts and minds.

But it must be borne in mind that the position of Martyn was peculiar and hardly promising of success. He had been commissioned by his employers, the East India Company, to go out, not to preach to the natives, but to the English people resident there. Besides this, he held an office which placed him under the control of the military authorities, and he must work within certain limits, and obey his orders as chaplain with the same fidelity and docility as any

private soldier in the ranks. A strictly tied up condition of service which could scarcely be otherwise than as fetters and bandages to a spirit yearning to have free course in proclaiming the Gospel.

Even his status as a clergyman of the Church of England was not without its disagreeable features. He came out to a representative of a party in his Church, which was looked upon with mingled contempt and ridicule. The evangelicalism of Charles Simeon was far too earnest for the easy church manners of that day. Henry Martyn had his baptism of fire of persecution at Cambridge as a loyal disciple of Simeon and the Clapham sect, and he soon found the same spirit of opposition in Indian society. Then, as now, the "Offence of the Cross" formed the stumbling block in the way of the salvation of respectable professors.

One of the first and best friends to open heart and house to Henry Martyn was the venerable David Brown, who lived at Aldeen, about twelve or fifteen miles from Calcutta, on the banks of the Hooghly. In his garden was an ancient pagoda, originally devoted to the worship of the god Bulhub, an imposing structure of some dimensions, and here at the invitation of his host Henry Martyn took up his abode. He tells us: "Notwithstanding the vicissitudes of life, who could have guessed a few years ago that I should have at last found a house in an

Indian pagoda?" To his mind the circumstance was filled with suggestions, and as he sat there at his translations, preparing his sermons, or singing the songs of Zion, he rejoiced "that the place where once devils were worshipped was now become a Christian oratory."

Whatever objection Calcutta society had to his theological opinions, and however much his earnest appeals affronted them, there was no question with them about his intellectual abilities, and we find pressing invitations being urged upon the young army chaplain by his friends, to relinquish his desire for work farther afield, and to stay in the city permanently. Had he considered his own comfort and worldly advancement, such offers would have been of some effect, but Martyn had in his bosom the sacred fire of a true missionary enthusiasm, which counted all but loss that he might convert the heathen to Christ. The memory of Schwartz was in his mind, he had drunk in the spirit of David Brainerd, and the love of souls urged him on. For this cause he had crossed the sea, and he was straitened in his desire for the accomplishment of that glorious end. "To be prevented from going to the heathen," said he, with intense emotion, "would almost break my heart."

The fire of his zeal was fed by the sights and sounds which already reminded him that he was no longer in a Christian land.

At this time no effort had been made by the East India Company to interfere with the idolatrous and cruel observances of the natives, and sights of self-immolation, happily strange to India to-day, were a constant pain to those who had come with the Gospel of light and peace. The Romanism of the Portuguese had filled Martyn with sorrow, but here he found himself face to face with a paganism which added the keenest cruelty to the darkest ignorance.

One day, while taking a walk in the vicinity of his comfortable quarters on the banks of the Hooghly, he was horrified to see for the first time the ascending smoke of one of those funeral rites, about which he had often heard when in England. He could see the natives crowding round the pyre amid deafening sounds of wild music, and the woman had already climbed to her place to share the burning of her husband's remains. Filled with burning indignation, the young Englishman rushed forward and attempted her rescue, but his efforts were unavailing, and deeply saddened he retraced his steps. At another time the worship of devils, which was being noisily celebrated in a house, near to which he had been attracted by the cymbals, and the continual spectacle of these poor people offering obeisance to idols, and lying on the ground in abject fear of the very images their own hands had made, deeply impressed him.

He seemed to be standing, as he expressed it, "in the neighbourhood of Hell," his repugnance to idolatry was as strong as that of a pious Jew.

He made up his mind henceforth that he would not spare himself in effort and application, to give these benighted heathen the Gospel in their own tongue. To this sacred duty he now bent all his energies, and in the pagoda at Aldeen, Henry Martyn worked incessantly in order to acquire a thorough knowledge of Hindustani, in which he had the assistance of an educated Brahmin.

He had suffered acutely from fever soon after his arrival, and had got down so low as to think that he would die with his work undone. "I began to pray," he writes, "as on the verge of Eternity, and the Lord was pleased to break my hard heart. I lay in tears interceding for the unfortunate natives of this country, thinking within myself that the most despicable soodar of India was of as much value in the sight of God as the king of Great Britain." From this fever he happily recovered, and becoming acclimatised, began to find room for thankfulness in the atmosphere of his adopted country. "In the cloudy climate of England, I was always oppressed with the body, but here I feel as light as air, and go rejoicing all the day long." This possibly was a too favourable expression of

one who was so sensitive to the influence of either sorrow or joy. He admits, in a reservation which became historically true in his own case, alas, too soon, "By thus living as it were faster, life is probably shortened, and by and by I may feel the depressing and relaxing influence of the climate upon the body, as well as the mind."

It seems almost incredible that with such a man under such circumstances, ready to give himself for the sake of others, and possessed with such an evident zeal for the souls of men, such hostility should have arisen among his own countrymen against the pulpit administrations of Henry Martyn. One would think that these people had determined upon making Calcutta unbearable for the young chaplain, who they knew had sat at the feet of Charles Simeon, and had come thither to teach what seemed in their eyes such outrageous doctrines as justification by faith. His fellow-clergymen joined in the general outcry. The position of affairs is perhaps best represented by his own account, written to his friend, Mr. Grant, in London, in September, 1806:

"The ministerial work assigned to me here is to preach every Sabbath evening at the Mission Church, and every third Sunday at the other. With the former I am delighted, the congregation is numerous and attentive, and as I have heard there are

encouraging appearances of a work of grace among them. At the New Church I am as a wonder unto many. Whether it is they judge of me relatively with the other clergymen who cannot boast of much physical strength, or whether I have really recovered from that insipidity so much complained of at St. John's Chapel, by having exercised my lungs so many months on the quarter-deck, I am called a son of thunder in this place. The Sunday after my first sermon at the new church, Dr. Ward preached vehemently on the opposite side. I was not present at the time, being laid up with a bilious fever, but heard that it was against evangelical persons and things in general. After describing the rise and progress of the sect of evangelical clergymen in the Church, he proceeded to deny one by one all the leading doctrines of the Gospel. The personal abuse of me which his sermon contained gave such offence that he found it necessary to let it be read, since which many have thought better of it. After the second which I preached, Limerick attacked me. He, too, was very personal, and gravely and distinctly denied all the doctrines of the Gospel. As I knew how much carnal people would enjoy a controversy between their teachers, and so elude the force of what was intended for their consciences, I declined making the smallest allusion to what had been said. Notwith-

standing this, many stay away from church because they say *parties are running so high* among the clergymen. Jeffries unites himself with us, and has preached the pure truth. Stacey will not enter the church until it is purified from our errors. We anxiously await the arrival of Corrie and Parson, whom we expect in the next fleet. When I can see Mr. Brown supplied with coadjutors in Mr. Buchanan's absence, I shall proceed to my proper work with double pleasure. I rejoice in the dispensation of God in sending me to this country more than ever. Through His mercy I enjoy excellent health, and I feel little doubt of seeing some of these poor people turning to God from idols."

Such an account of the official Christianity of Calcutta, most temperately described by the one who was the chief object of its intolerance, provides us with a glimpse, and we want no more than that, of the religious contentions of that day. Henry Martyn represented the awakened spirituality of the Church, and was a protest against the comfortable legalism and worldliness which characterised the time. His uncompromising advocacy of what he felt to be Scriptural truth, made him obnoxious to those who cared little for these things, for to them the things which are not seen were but temporal, and the things which are seen had become eternal verities.

The young missionary does not appear to have felt the antagonism of the foes of his own spiritual household very keenly; possibly it forced him more upon the path of preaching the Gospel to the natives, and sent him as a messenger of mercy to the Gentile heathen who had never heard of salvation. He bore his traducers no malice, forbore, as we have seen, to be a party to religious war, and tells us in one of his letters how much he enjoyed an occasion when these very people met him at the table of the Lord, and there, at any rate for a time, they realised the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

But henceforth Martyn set his face to a wider field, and girt himself for that heroic and toilsome journey of a few brief years to achieve a victory for the Cross over superstition and sin, and to bring the souls for whom Christ died into the glory of that "light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world."

## CHAPTER V

## Facing the Enemy

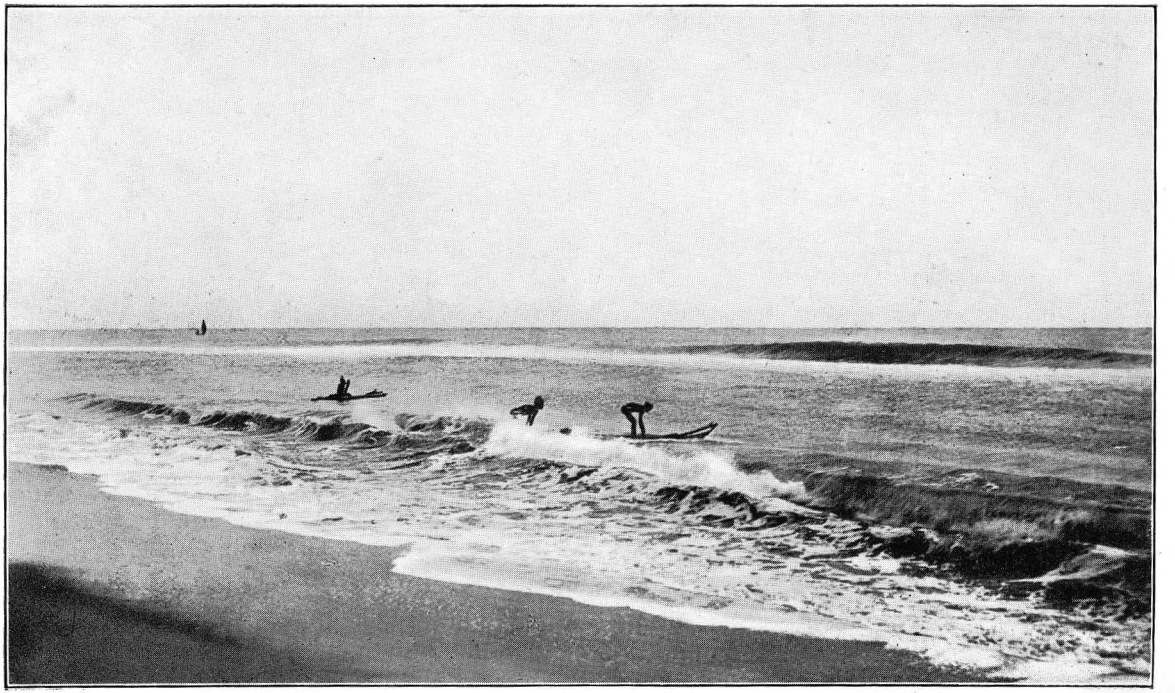
"Thou wert my rock, my shield, my sword,
My trust was in Thy name and word;
'Twas in Thy strength my heart was strong
Thy spirit went with mine along,
How was I then alone?"—*Heber*

THE appointment for which Henry Martyn had been waiting came at last, and he was ordered to proceed without loss of time to Dinapore, a military station many miles up the Ganges. In some respects he could not have much cause for regret at leaving Calcutta, where his work had not been an unmixed experience, and he looked with many yearnings to a closer contact with the natives. Still the parting with his friends at Aldeen, from whom he had received such great kindness, moved him not a little.

It was at once a meeting and a departure, for just before Martyn left Calcutta he heartily welcomed the two good men, Messrs. Corrie and Parsons, who had recently left England to enter this field of work. He had much conversation with them, asking eagerly about his friends at home, and the state of the Church in his native land.

HENRY MARTYN PREACHING TO THE SHIP'S COMPANY ON THE VOYAGE OUT TO INDIA

To face page 68



CATAMARANS AND SURF AT MADRAS, WHERE HENRY MARTYN LANDED

For the last time he sat in the pagoda at Aldeen. His friends gathered round him to join in a simple valedictory service, commending him to God. It must have been an intensely interesting gathering; the shadowy temple, in which once the idolatries of poor superstitions people took place, now resounded to the voice of prayer, and the praises of Him who is King over all, blessed for evermore. Martyn once again consecrated himself solemnly to the work, and almost passionately dwelt on the trials and triumphs which were in store for him on his future way. "Gladly shall this base blood be shed," he exclaimed, "if India can be benefited in one of her children!" Afterwards, in referring to this little gathering, he says, "My soul never yet had such Divine enjoyment. I felt a desire to break from the body, and join the high praises of the saints above. May I go 'in the strength of this many days—Amen.'"

A large river boat, known as a budgerow, was ready to convey him up the river to his destination, and in this he embarked in October, several of his friends taking advantage of the opportunity for a little more of his society by going part of the way up the stream. His old friend and kind host, Mr. Brown, was on board, together with the two missionaries from England, and as they came in sight of the Baptist Mission House, Dr. Marshman hastened also

to accompany him a little way. Soon a stormy wind from the north-east began to lash the waves to fury, and it became evident that the brethren must soon leave him in order to get back to Calcutta in reasonable time. Here again, however, a simple service took place, expressive of their mutual and brotherly love, and their dependence upon the Lord, whose servants they were. In the little cabin they sat together, each in turn reading some suitable portion of Holy Scripture, and thus comforting one another with the sacred Word. One text selected by Mr. Brown, "Have I not sent thee?" appears to have much affected Henry Martyn, and then, as they once more knelt together, he felt the encouragement of Divine grace, and the blessing of united prayer. Then, as the storm raged, they stood on deck again, and bade each other farewell. He watched them until they had disappeared, and then turned sadly and, with a strange sense of loneliness, went into his cabin again. No progress could be made in the teeth of such driving wind and rain, so the rather cumbrous barge had to be kept well in the shallows all day, leaking freely from the buffeting of the waves as she lay on the shore.

Martyn was now left entirely to his natives, and began work at once with the moonshee whom he had specially commissioned to help him in the translation

of the Scriptures. This man seems to have been a rather hot-headed individual, but does not appear to have made a very spirited show of his courage during this river storm, for Martyn was so struck by his alarms as to think it a fitting moment to speak on those matters which were nearest his own heart. "May God be our protection," was the laconic reply of the moonshee, who regained his indifference and boasting when the weather improved.

For several days Martyn worked incessantly at his translations, reading Sanskrit, and occasionally trying to get the moonshee to talk about the Gospel, which they had so much under consideration, but with little encouragement. It was his custom to leave the boat in the early morning, and with his gun provide game for their meals, and often in these wanderings he would make himself known to the natives in the villages through which they passed. Attracted one day by the sound of cymbals and drums, he soon found himself in the midst of a crowd of fanatical worshippers, and on their invitation he entered the idol-house. The Brahmin in charge, in answer to some questions, grew excited, and poured forth his protestations so fast that Martyn failed to follow him, but the people understood, and made a great noise. Waiting patiently till the uproar had ceased, the missionary quietly reasoned with the man,

and talked of the things of God to one who now listened with surprising attention. "Was idol worship true or false?" was the Brahmin's earnest question, and Martyn makes the following grateful note of the incident: "I feel it a matter of thankfulness that I could make known the truth of God, though but a stammerer, and that I had declared it in the presence of the Devil. And this also I learnt, that the power of gentleness is irresistible."

At every step of the way the idolatry of the people was prominently forced upon his attention. As he lifted his eyes from his own devotions, he saw young Brahmins of the same age as himself, worshipping on the margin of the sacred stream, and on one occasion there was a grand festival in honour of the goddess Cali, her effigies being thrown into the river, and huge tinsel representations of her being fixed in the boats which lined the bank. The worshippers tried to attract his attention to these, but Martyn turned sadly away, vowing before God "through grace to continue praying to the end for these poor precious souls, and that the kingdom of God may be set up here."

An accident, which might have proved serious, occurred, the tow-rope breaking, and the budgerow swinging back again down stream at the rate of seven miles an hour. Other boats ran foul of her and offered not the slightest assistance, but

finally Martyn's vessel ran aground and he got ashore for a short time. He walked in the dark full of communion with God and thoughts of one he loved in far away England. He calls it "a delightful season," but continues even here, with all sorts of happy prospects and wished in his mind, to conjure up some gloomy views of life. "The more I exaggerate these ideal joys, the more do I treasure up subjects of woe. Oh, what vanity has God written upon everything under the sun!" On his return to the boat that night, he passed a number of jackals, which, however, did not venture to attack him.

As usual, the day was spent in the most assiduous industry, carefully perfecting his translations point by point, and from time to time stopping to refresh himself with prayer. These studies, under surroundings, too, not entirely favourable to study, were very exhausting, and to a man of his physical weakness, indomitable application must have been needed to go on day after day in such work. He was upborne by the continual assurance that his friends were praying for him. "Rejoice, my soul," he says, "in the promises of Jehovah. How happy am I when, in preparing for the work of declaring His glory among the Gentiles, I think that many of the Lord's saints have been this day remembering their unworthy friend. I feel as if I could never be tired with prayer."

A trifling thing was sufficient to awaken in the heart of this sincere and troubled soul thoughts of self-abasement. In looking among some old letters, his eye lighted upon one written by his cousin Thomas before his conversion. He thus writes upon the feelings inspired thereby in a letter to his sister: "There is also a letter of Cousin Thomas' addressed to me, when I was without Christ, an alien from the commonwealth of Israel, having no hope, and without God in the world. When I think of these things my heart is hot within me, and I am constrained to say, What hath God wrought, and what shall I render unto the Lord for all the mercies He hath done unto me! Dear Cousin Thomas, who knows what I was, how vain, how wise in my own eyes, will join with me in saying that nothing is impossible with God. Almost excluded from the hope of mercy, even by the Word of God itself, He had yet compassion on me, and now to Him be the praise, and to Him be the glory for ever. How does it become me to walk humbly, lest being puffed up I fall into the condemnation of the Devil. Oh, my beloved sister, what hath God done, and what will He do for us who are His children? Oh, the electing love, the high sovereignty, the resistless power, and the unfathomable depth of loving-kindness and grace of Him who hath wrought redemption for us. If the grace of God is so sweet now,

notwithstanding our sins and confused notions, what is there awaiting us in Eternity?

In due time the budgerow and its occupants arrived at Berhampore, where Henry Martyn stayed some time. It will be seen from the following quotation from his journal that he had some doubts as to the tact he displayed in dealing with the people. The incidents which precede these reflections cannot be better told than in his own words. The opening sentences refer to the day immediately preceding his arrival.

"*Lord's Day.*—First part spent happily. In the evening walked into a village with some tracts. The women and children fled, and I thought no opportunity occurred to see if any could speak Hindustani. However, this was followed by a great sense of guilt. Alas! while Satan is so active in destroying their souls, does it become the servants of God to be lukewarm? Lost much time and peace at night in forming schemes about the propagation of the Gospel, which had more of romance and pride than of wisdom and humility.

"Arrived at Berhampore, the first station of our troops. In the hospital, while I was speaking to a soldier who was said to be dying, a surgeon came in. I went up to him and made a speech, apologising for entering the hospital without the permission of the surgeon. After looking at me, he

said softly, 'Bless me, it is Martyn.' I soon recognised my old school-fellow and townsman, John Marshall. Thinking that by his interest I might be able to preach to the 150 sick men who were there, I determined to stay part of the next day.

"Rose early and was at the hospital by daylight, but after waiting a long time, wandering through the wards, hoping the men would get up and assemble, I went away amid the sneers and titters of the common soldiers. It is extraordinary that I seldom or never meet with contempt on account of religion except from Englishmen, and from them invariably. A prophet is not without honour *save*—I confess I feel a sort of disgust towards my countrymen. An English saint is undoubtedly one of the greatest characters on earth. His native solidity softened by grace makes him venerable, but the pride and contempt of God, so remarkable in the bulk of the nation, seem to be the forerunners of a humbling stroke. As a Danish captain said here, 'There is no speaking to an Englishman now.' One of the greatest crosses ministers are called to bear, as my dear brother Cousin T. knows, is that we are obliged to take pains to make people hear us, as I was this day. It is such a struggle between a sense of modesty and of duty that I find nothing so painful. I could force my way anywhere to introduce a brother

minister, but for myself I act with hesitation and reluctance. Be instant, *out of season*; how one's feelings revolt at it! Perhaps you will say I was literally *out of season* by going when the people were in bed; but in this country it is the time for action. I could not expect them to assemble in the heat of the day."

Although he was up betimes in speaking to these soldiers in the hospital, he greatly blames himself for omitting to take a supply of tracts when on another evening he went ashore, and had an opportunity of giving them to the people. He feels what most would count but a thoughtless omission to be a deadly sin, and imagines that souls will rise up in judgment against him at the last day.

He is again much humiliated by his inefficiency in the language, and by finding that the people to whom he offers tracts cannot understand him. This spurs him on to redoubled activity, and he wearies his moonshee by his constant application to translating the Scriptures. One day this man asks rather a startling question of his master: "How can you prove this Book (putting his hand on the Gospels) to be the Word of God?" Martyn goes ashore with him to discuss the matter in quietness, and then he found that his moonshee, who was a Mohammedan, believed it to be given by the command of God, though not

like the Koran, in the very words, and he contended that the actual words spoken by Jesus were burnt by the Jews. The conversation was prolonged, and Martyn tried very earnestly to impress the man with the truth, but without any apparently lasting impression.

"My spirit felt comforted after this dispute," he says; "by simply looking to God as One who had engaged to support His own cause, and I saw it to be my part to pursue my way through the wilderness of this world, looking only to that redemption which daily draweth nigh. The same thoughts continued through the evening. I reflected while looking at the stream gliding by, the smooth current of which showed its motion only by the moon shining upon it, that all are alike carried down by the stream of time, that in a few years there will be another generation of Hindus, Mussulmans, and English in this country, and we are now but just speaking to each other as we are passing along. How should this consideration quell the tumult of anger and impatience when I cannot convince men! Oh, how feeble an instrument must a creature so shortsighted be! How necessary is it that God should be continually raising up new instruments, and how easily He can do it. 'The government is on His shoulders,' Jesus is able to bear the weight of it; therefore we need not be oppressed with care

or fear, but a missionary is apt to fancy himself an Atlas."

His work, as he made his way up the Ganges, appears to be about equally divided between translation on board and tract distribution on shore. His practice seems to have been to rise very early in the morning, while yet it was cool, and, landing at the nearest point, walk along the banks and through the villages, speaking to the natives and distributing, wherever they would accept them, leaflets full of Christian teaching. Then he would return to the budgerow, and, with his moonshee, have a long day of close application at the translation of the Scriptures. In order to make himself acquainted with the language as spoken by the common people, he always carried his note-book in his rambles, and took down every new word which came to his ears in conversation. He had certainly little encouragement in his work on shore. The women and children invariably ran away at his approach, and the men were very reluctant to receive his tracts, when they found that he was a Christian.

He tells us how he visited the village of Rajemahl, and explored its famous ruins, trying to get into talk with the Brahmins, who quickly, however, returned his tracts with the remark, "That a man who had his legs in two different boats was in danger of sinking between them." Among the hill

people he was received a little more kindly, and one of the chiefs listened with rapt attention while Martyn spoke of the place of punishment to which God consigns the wicked and impenitent. He noticed here the remarkable prevalence of sacrifices, and was struck with the kindness of the chief in offering him wild honey, the greatest delicacy he had. One night he climbed a high hill to view an ancient mosque, and there saw the grave of a Mussulman with the lights burning continually through the darkness over the warrior's head. He received much encouragement by finding himself understood by two men to whom he spoke upon eternal subjects, but felt shortly afterwards a sense of deep humiliation, because the natives could not read and would not come to him for conversation and tracts. At other times he found the dialects very confusing, and was much discouraged when he had spoken for some time only to find that scarcely a word had been understood. "I was much burdened," he writes, "with a consciousness of blood-guiltiness; and though I cannot doubt of my pardon by the Blood of Christ, how dreadful the reflection that any should perish who might have been saved by my exertions! Looking round this country and reflecting upon its state is enough to overwhelm the mind of a minister or missionary. When once my mouth is opened, how shall I ever dare to be silent?"

Working hard with his Bible, we find that he has now added Persian to the languages he seeks to acquire for the purposes of the Gospel. This was in preparation for what was to prove the greatest work of his life. One day he sat down with an old Hindu, who commenced talking about his experiences as a soldier, giving Martyn hardly a chance of introducing the subject next his heart. He was evidently advantaged by his contact with Europeans, but when Martyn introduced the Name and work of the Lord Jesus Christ, the man abruptly closed the talk with, "Ah, that is your Master!" Notwithstanding this rebuff, Martyn laboured on, entering the bazaar and giving away a number of tracts. But though he worked, he did so desperately in the teeth of increasing dejection. There seemed so little fruit, and the people were in such sore need. Again Martyn applies himself with an utter disregard of his own health and strength to get the Word of God into the language of the natives, and to make himself more qualified for preaching to them wherever Providence led him. The pressure of responsibility was so heavy upon him that he was constantly blaming and judging himself for the lack of capacity and consequent success which he felt in every effort. A few words from his journal will give an accurate idea of his emotions at this point. He is writing at the close of a

Sunday spent partly on the water and later in the day on land.

"Generally in a solemn, tender spirit. Spent the first half of the day in reading the Scriptures and prayer. Many a word was brought home with abundance of consolation to my soul. 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.' When do the sheep find the happiness of having a shepherd as much as when they are walking through a dark shadow? When Jesus lets me see His 'rod and staff' I am comforted. In the afternoon I read some French sermons. Walked in the evening to a poor village, where I only produced terror. One man whom I at last met told me that none could read in the village but a Brahmin, and he was gone to another town. I left two tracts for him, and told the man to be sure and give them to him when he came back. The man was in no small alarm at this, but asked me where I got them. Distressed at times, I fear that I am not acting faithfully in warning those around me. But the shortest way to peace is to pray for a broken heart and submissive spirit; by these means my mind brightened up."

The budgerow at one place became an object of considerable attraction from the fact that rumours had gone abroad that Martyn was distributing free copies of the

sacred book of Ramayuna. The Brahmins crowded the deck, and one poor man, in asking for a copy, "prostrated himself to the earth, and placed his forehead in the dust, at which," says Martyn, "I felt an indescribable horror." He found among the natives, what, indeed, might have been expected then, a strong detestation of their English conquerors; one poor old Brahmin working in the fields complained, "that the English had robbed them of their country." Fear skirted the feet of the Englishman wherever he walked on Indian soil, and this plainly showed Martyn that sufferings and opposition were in store for him. But his brave heart was unblenched at the dark future.

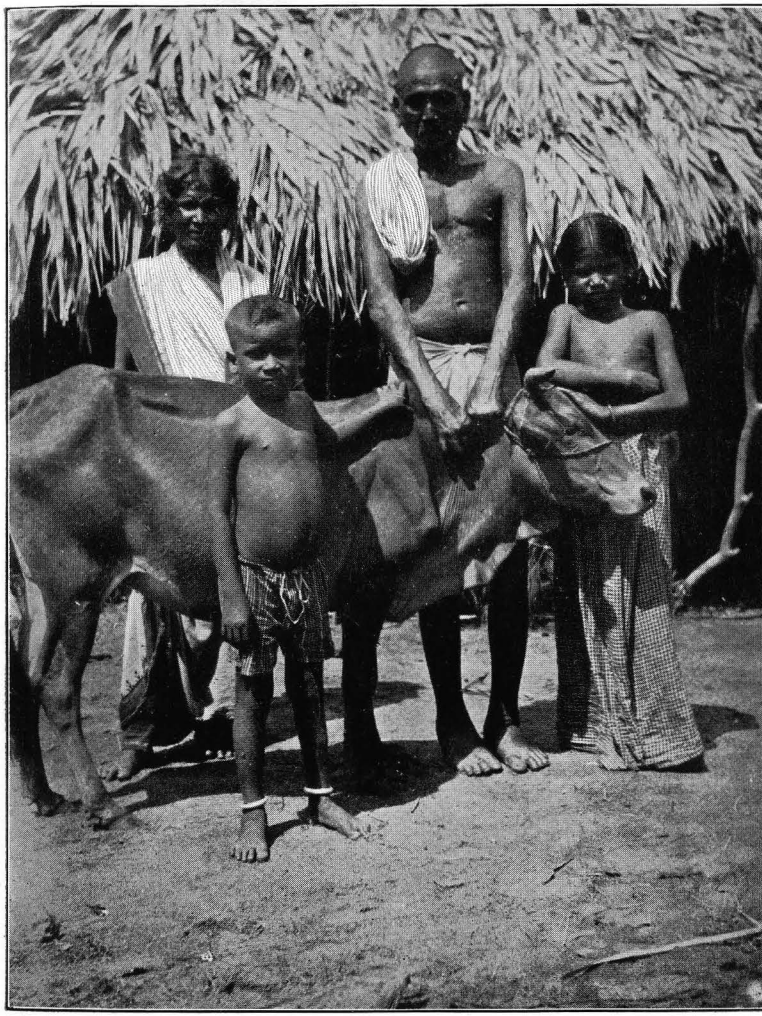
"The disaffection of the people gave rise afterwards," he says, "to many reflections in my mind on what may be my future sufferings in this country, but in proportion to the apparent causes of depression did my faith and triumph in the Lord seem to rise. Come what will—let me be only found in the path of duty, and nothing shall be wrong. Be my sufferings what they may, they cannot equal those of my Lord, nor probably even those of the apostles and early martyrs. They 'through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, out of weakness were made strong,' etc., and why shall I not hope that I, too, who am, indeed, 'like one born out of due time,'

shall receive strength according to my day?"

The strange superstition of the people was evident in a striking manner to Martyn one day as he was stepping from the river side on to his budgerow. He thoughtlessly touched with his stick a brass pot in which his native boatmen were cooking rice, and at once aroused the horror of the people, who seized the polluted vessel and cast its polluted contents into the river. Another instance, to his mind, of the widespread influence of sinful fear. He saw that superstition not only darkens the mind of its votaries, but enslaves them with perpetual terror. Their Gods are a standing menace to their lives, from which they cannot get free.

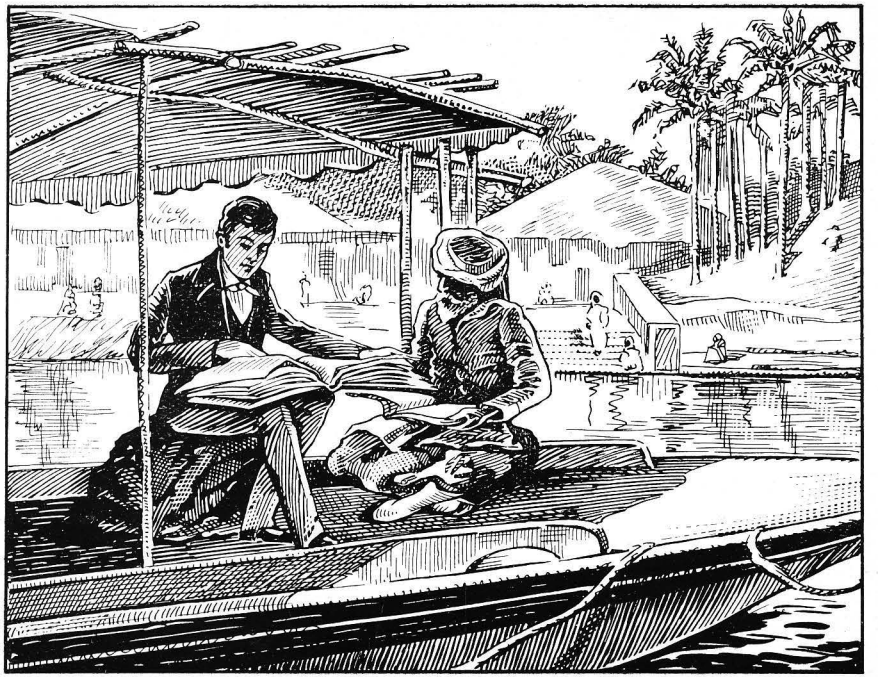
Martyn, looking upon Brahminism, was not deceived by any superficial respect for virtue, and would have been astounded could he have known that in a later time some of his own countrymen would be so infatuated as to renounce Christianity for the religion of India. Some of the religious customs of the natives have, of course, since his time, been put down as a disgrace to any country under British rule, but still the hideous character of the false religions of Brahma and Mohammed are alike expressed in the lives of the Indian people.

Martyn was spurred into a more wakeful



AN INDIAN FAMILY OF LOW CASTE

To face page 84



HENRY MARTYN AND HIS MOONSHEE TRANSLATING THE BIBLE ON HIS VOYAGE TO DINAPORE

zeal by these surroundings. "What a wretched life shall I lead if I do not exert myself from morning till night in a place where, through whole territories, I seem to be the only light."

## CHAPTER VI

## The Lonely Pilgrim

"And well it is for us our God should feel
Above our secret throbbing; so our prayer
May readier spring to Heaven, nor spend its zeal
On cloud-born idols of this lower air."—*Keble*

WHEN Henry Martyn arrived at last at Dinapore, his thoughts began to revert to his native land, and particularly to the lady of whom he took leave, when the outward bound "Union" put into Falmouth for a few days. He had written to Miss Grenfell, and she had corresponded with him, but he now began to realise that the advice given to him to take a wife to the mission field was not without reason. To any man but Martyn this would have presented no difficulty, especially where his heart was so evidently attached to one well worthy of his confidence, but he was so continually dissecting his motives and feelings with distrust lest he should be unfaithful to duty, that it was some time before he could decide upon writing to make a proposal for the lady he loved to join him in India. There cannot be a shadow of doubt about his great affection

for Miss Grenfell, and yet the letter is couched in such grave and balanced terms, that it is very unlike what such communications are generally supposed to be. He has told her that a mutual friend had assured him that her presence in India would be of advantage to the Mission. He then goes on to say: "I know my own heart too well not to be distrustful of it, especially as my affections were again awakened, and accordingly all my labours and prayers have been directed to check their influence, that I might see clearly the path of duty. Though I dare not say that I am under no bias, yet, from every view of the subject I have been able to take, after balancing the advantages and disadvantages, that may ensue to the cause in which I am engaged, always in prayer for God's direction, my reason is fully convinced of the expediency, I had almost said the necessity, of having you with me. It is possible that my reason may still be obscured by passion; let it suffice, however, to say that now, with a safe conscience and the enjoyment of the Divine presence, I calmly and deliberately make the proposal to you."

This letter was written on the 30th of July, 1806, and on the 5th of March in the following year, Miss Grenfell wrote declining the proposal, although Martyn's old friend, Charles Simeon, had in the meantime paid a special visit to Marazion, to urge the

young missionary's plea. He was heart-broken on receipt of the letter which forbade him to hope. He made a pitiful note in his journal of the anguish he felt, how grief and disappointment had thrown his soul into confusion, which he subdues, however, by a resolute effort of will, while feeling all the time that he is taking his "chastisement like a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke, like a wild bull in a net, full of the fury of the Lord, the rebuke of my God."

With all his self-control, and possibly none of them around him knew what agony wrung his heart, he suffered much, and for a brief time his sky was all clouded and full of gloomy sorrow. But it was characteristic of Henry Martyn that he found relief from his weight of care by concentrating himself more and more upon the prosecution of that work which he held more precious than anything else in the world. He chided himself for allowing any other consideration to interfere, and felt that it was all in the mercy of God that his feet had been turned aside from a path which, humanly speaking, was so full of promise and happiness. There is a real, pathetic sincerity in the following words from a letter he wrote to his cousin thereupon.

"At first, like Jonah, I was more grieved at the loss of my gourd than at the sight of the many perishing Ninevehs all around me; but now my earthly woes and earthly

attachments seem to be absorbing in the vast concern of communicating the Gospel to these nations. After this last lesson from God on the vanity of creature love, I feel desirous to be nothing, to have nothing, to ask for nothing, but what He gives. So remarkably and so repeatedly has He baffled my schemes of earthly comfort that I am forced at last to believe His determination to be, that I should live in every sense a stranger and pilgrim on this earth."

And this "stranger and pilgrim" he became henceforth, carrying about with him a wounded heart, but never more did the question of a human love permanently distress him. He resumed a correspondence with Miss Grenfell, in which he told her of his work and spiritual experiences, and now and again flashes up the old love with its undying fire. But he had taken the position as the will of his God, and with a resignation which He alone could grant to the human will, Henry Martyn started to walk the rest of the way alone.

A flood of light is thrown upon this rather mystifying and painfully interesting love episode of Martyn's career by the publication of a volume of "Extracts from the Religious Diary of Miss Lydia Grenfell," edited by Mr. Jeffery. Very briefly put, the case of Martyn's courtship stands thus. This lady seems to have merited fully Mr Sargent's enconium, "One of whom less

ought not, and more cannot be said, than that she was worthy of him." Her family was ancient and honourable, having affinity with some of the most eminent writers of that day, such as Max Muller, Anthony Froude, Charles Kingsley, and Lord Osborne. That Martyn loved Miss Grenfell is evident, but when his proposal for her to go out to him in India was discussed with, and declined by her mother, she yielded to parental authority, almost unaccountably. But the truth was, that years before she had been engaged to another, and although this attachment was speedily at an end, she felt bound to her word while he lived, being subject to, as Mr. Jeffery tersely puts it, "the attachment of a widow without the responsibility of a wife." Though this individual married, and unhappily as it turned out, she still held to her vow, and thus to Martyn's heart-break and her own pain the only woman that he loved never became his wife. She proposed to write to him as a sister, and the resumption of correspondence even on this basis seems to have lit up with a sort of moonlight of faded joy the wreck of his heart.

When once he had settled in his new sphere the work of translation began again in greater earnest. He had been labouring hard at Hindustani, and was discouraged to find that within the limits of Behar, he could only communicate with the natives in

Beharee. While he obtained no doubt useful assistance from his pundits, he got from them but scant encouragement, and was told that the language changed every four miles, as the dialects were innumerable. Characteristically he met the announcement with unremitting exertion; a single day's work will show his application, in which the whole morning was spent in Sanskrit study, the afternoon in Behar dialects, and the night, far into the small hours, with the translation of the Parables into the vernacular. In one of his letters home, he admitted that he was working at high pressure. "I fag as hard as ever we did for our degrees at Cambridge. Such a week of labour I never passed, not excepting even the last week before going into the Senate House. I have read and corrected the MSS. copies of my Hindustani Testament so often that my eyes ache. The heat is terrible, often at ninety-eight degrees; the nights insupportable."

In the midst of this toil he did not fail to discuss, where the opportunity presented itself, the truths of the Christian religion with his moonshee, who, in addition to a somewhat fiery frame of mind, had all the Oriental aptitude for cavilling at nice points and exhibiting an ignorant opposition to the faith for which he must have seen that his master would willingly sacrifice himself.

Thus when they were reading together

the Gospel of St. John, at the third chapter, this man could not understand how Jesus Christ could represent Himself as being in two places at one time, being "come down from Heaven, and yet as the Son of Man which is in Heaven." When, however, they were translating the Epistle of St. John, still more did the learned heathen marvel at the sayings which to his master were full of comforting meanings, but to the poor moonshee seemed so much jargon for which he had only contempt. He would not believe that the angels should separate the evil from the good, and stated with much indignation, "That there was no such thing in his Shaster; but that at the end of the world the sun would come so near as first to burn all the men, then the mountains, then the deltas (inferior gods), then the waters; then God, reducing Himself to the size of a thumb nail, would swim on the leaf of a peepul tree."

Patiently Martyn endeavoured to explain the doctrines of the Scriptures, but with little success. He felt much disappointment in his want of facility in the language; for while the Asiatic talked on volubly, he could only get in a word here and there in reply. In argument he found it, therefore, difficult to establish a position, and to enforce the true meaning of the texts in dispute. Falling back from logic he strove to impress the moonshee by the weight

of a personal experience, and assured him that his "chief enjoyment, even now on earth, was the enjoyment of God's presence, and a growing conformity to Him, and therefore," he says, "I asked what motives could the promise of houris, ghilmans, green meadows, and eating and drinking in Paradise afford me. My soul sweetly blessed the Lord in secret that this testimony was true, and oh, what a change must have been wrought in me!"

Trained as this Mohammedan had been in the Koran, the doctrine of the Trinity presented to him an insuperable difficulty. He revolted from the supposition that God could have a Son. At the end of a conversation on this head, Martyn ventured to suggest that the Koran might after all be false, which made him exceedingly angry, and also filled his master with misgivings as to whether indeed he had not defeated his own purpose by pressing him on such a point. This conclusion, at any rate, he came to from the experience of these incidents, that "if any qualification seems necessary to a missionary in India, it is wisdom—operating in the regulation of the temper, and the due improvement of opportunities." A reflection which possibly would apply with equal force to the heathen at home.

When he had fairly begun his official duties as chaplain at Dinapore, he met

with the old trouble in the English society there which had made him so unpopular in Calcutta. Once more the offence of the Cross moved many of his hearers to dispute his teaching, and in discharging his sacred offices among them he became very unpopular. His words were objected to, his methods severely criticised, and opposition to his zeal openly expressed. But if the Dinapore congregation fancied that such a course would intimidate their young clergyman, they had entirely mistaken their man. A strong adverse wind of persecution never failed to make Martyn pursue more bravely his way of duty. While a most merciless critic of himself, he would allow no one to hinder the good work to which, in God's Name, he had set his hand. Over every baffling wave of contention he rose to push forward. Even the want of apparent success was not going to daunt a heart fully assured of a Divine leading.

"Let me labour for fifty years, amidst scorn and without seeing one soul converted, still it shall not be worse for my soul in eternity, nor even worse for it in time."

"Though the heathen rage," he exclaims with almost exultation, "and the English people imagine a vain thing, the Lord Jesus who controls all events is my Friend, my Master, my God, my All. On this Rock of Ages, on which I feel my foot to rest,

my head is lifted up above mine enemies round about me, and I sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord."

Strange to say, the rooted idea, born of a guilty instinct, was that if Henry Martyn preached to the natives, it would interfere with the safe government of the country. This feeling was increased by the unexpected arrival of twelve thousand Mahratta troops on this station, and any attempt on the part of the new chaplain to preach the Gospel to them was looked upon with alarm.

At Dinapore (the military station), at Bankipore (the civil station), and at Patna (the Mohammedan city), he was active in spreading the Gospel, but both Dinapore and Bankipore poured scorn upon the idea of his preaching to the natives, while these in turn hated him as an Englishman. He read and prayed with sick soldiers; and, despite the furious conditions of barrack-room life in that place and time, and the hatred of Gospel truth on the part of the wicked, there were not a few, both of officers and men, who sought him out in order to learn more of the way of salvation.

Such were the foolish hindrances to which he was constantly subject, the English looking askance at him, the natives eyeing him with suspicion as he passed by in his palanquin, so little did they know that the thin, wan-faced missionary was burning with a Christ-like love for their souls. However, like

not a few other faithful witnesses under like discouragements from the elders, he turned to the children. He had, in coming to Dinapore, found the schools in a most unsatisfactory condition, and he determined to increase them in number and efficiency. He saw truly that a Christian education would in time loosen the fetters of superstition. In writing to his friend Mr. Corrie he puts this plainly. "I should like to hear of a Christian school established at Benares; it will be like the ark of God brought into the house of Dagon. . . . If nothing else comes of your schools, one thing I feel assured of—that the children will grow up ashamed of the idolatry and other customs of their country."

With much toil he managed to set this important work going well, five of the schools at Dinapore being supported out of his own pocket. But ere long difficulties arose and impeded his efforts. A rumour was set abroad that the new chaplain was going by force to make these native children all Christians, and as a result a panic seized the settlement, crowds of people gathered about the Patna school, from which both teachers and children had hurriedly fled. On coming to give explanations and restore order, the heart of Martyn was stirred with indignation at seeing one of the grey-headed servants of the East India Company openly professing Mohammedanism, and flaunting

his apostasy by having had a mosque specially built for him, the lights of which at night reminded the natives of his fall from Christianity. Although the offender held high office in the service, the young missionary found him out and delivered his own soul by openly rebuking him for his sinful conduct. After this straight talk with a renegade, he soon put an end to the disturbance and restored the schools to their former condition.

In Henry Martyn the native population of India ever had a fast and faithful friend. He saw with grief the oppressions to which they were subject, and did all in his power to alleviate their burdens. Doubtless this sympathy with them was one of the reasons why he was so unpopular with their military and civil masters. He took his stand upon the principles of the New Testament, and denounced the conventional infractional thereof. On one occasion his servant had been taken prisoner by a Cotual, the head of a band of murderous robbers, and Martyn, sending word to the man to offer nothing for his release, forthwith set out for Buxan to insist upon it. He bearded the lion in his den. The sufferings of many of the victims of this freebooter called for redress, and the heroic young cleric, who had been threatened with assassination on the way by the hands of swarms of the robber's adherents, did not hesitate to rescue his

servant and oppose the continuance of this man's villainy. "I thought it, however," he quietly enters in his journal, "a duty I owed to God, to him, to the poor oppressed natives, and to my country, to exert myself in this business, and I felt authorised to risk my life."

On his way to Buxan he walked early in the morning one day to a pagoda where he saw an aged Brahmin reading the sacred books and expounding them to a group of listening natives. He was very much struck with the sight. The old man sat in the shade of a huge banyan tree; he presented a most venerable appearance, his hair and long beard being white as snow. He was dressed in the garments of his sacred order, and upon his head was a garland of beautiful flowers. By his side sat a servant of the Rajah, and Martyn, after waiting a long time listening to the old man's monotonous singing of the Sanskrit verses of the Huribuns, began to ask a few questions, and soon was fully conversing with the Brahmin upon the way of salvation through the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is significant that the old man at the close of the interview expressed a sincere pleasure in meeting with an Englishman who cared everything for religion.

One of the most precious relics of Henry Martyn is a number of volumes of his manuscript Persian New Testament. The friend

who presented them to the Church Missionary Society museum in Salisbury Square states on a brief record accompanying the volumes that they were purchased by him at a second-hand book shop in Birmingham. How these valuable manuscripts travelled thither it is impossible to divine, but it must be a cause of much thankfulness to every reader of Martyn's life to know that they are now carefully preserved.

## CHAPTER VII

## Translating the Scriptures

"Let me no more my comfort draw
From my frail hold of Thee,
In this alone rejoice with awe,
Thy mighty grasp of me."—*Newman*

IT is one of those inscrutable providences of the Almighty, teaching us how incapable we are of judging His wisdom, that trial and disappointment are often the lot of those of His witnesses who are constitutionally most sensitive to feel them. The progress of this pilgrim confessor of the faith is a striking illustration of this. His condition, if we may really see a true reflection of himself in his own words, was that of restless reaching forward to achieve more victories for the Cross, a sort of sanctified impatience to spend and be spent in the name and service of his God. And yet, humanly speaking, for these efforts he was altogether unfit, and again and again discouragements and disparagements, both without and within, came to beat him wingless to the earth, only to rise again. Henry Martyn, probably from the hour of congratulation when he won his position as

senior wrangler at Cambridge, never knew what it was to suffer the praise of man. Like the great apostle whose career had such an enthralling interest for him, he, too, was an unappreciated messenger of God, receiving the opprobrium of his own people, and the contempt of the Gentiles, for whom he gave away his very life in love.

The history of Martyn at Dinapore was not unlike that at Calcutta, the Europeans holding aloof, the natives shy and suspicious, and the work generally uphill and difficult. His services were sometimes not attended by a single European, and he was thankful to get a few native women to hear him explain in Hindustani the Word of the Lord. All this threw him back upon himself, or rather into the arms of his God, for his journals and letters at this time show how truly in his case tribulation worketh patience, and trials, sifting self from his aims, gave increase of faith and hope. His mind reverts to "that dear saint of God, David Brainerd, a man truly after my own heart." Then would come occasional gleams across the darkness, enough to show him that he was in the right way. A poor man in the hospital to whom he had been ministering as was his wont, and who evidently knew something of his surroundings and work, greatly surprised Martyn one day by telling him that if he made an acquisition of but one convert in his whole life it would be a rich reward,

and that he was taking the only possible way to this end. He was also much encouraged when one of the officers "who from the first had treated me with the kindness of a father," became, through his ministry, a decided Christian. And he tells us with what joy he had communion of spirit with a few of the men in the ranks, who from this time came to read the Bible with him.

With his pundit he had little encouragement in the work of understanding spiritually, although much help in translating intellectually, the Holy Scriptures. Martyn was certainly faithful with this rather flippant Hindu, and warned him of the responsibility he incurred in being brought into contact with the truths of the Gospel. "I told him," says he, "that now he had heard the Word of Christ, he would not be tried at the last day by the same law as the other Brahmins and Hindus who had never heard it, but in the same manner as myself and other Christians, and that I feared, therefore, that he was in great danger. He said, as usual, that there were many ways to God; but I replied that there was no other Saviour than Christ, because no other had bought men with His Blood, and suffered their punishment for them. This effectively silenced him on that head."

His moonshee was also continually battling with him upon the superiority of Mohammed to Christ. As a rule this heated Moham-

medan discussed the most trifling details with needless ardour, but occasionally from his mouth would fall a remark worth recording, as expressing his estimate of the strength of his own religious faith, and the futility of the Christian religion in his eyes. One day after Martyn had been teaching him the doctrines of Christ, and showing him their superiority over other religions, we are told that "he spoke of the ineffectual endeavours of man to root out Islamism as a proof of its being from God, and objected to Christianity because there were no difficulties in it—devotion only once a week, prayer or no prayer just when or where we pleased, eating with or without washing, and that in general it was a life of carelessness with us." Such an impression, of course, he could not have received from the conduct of his master, but it was the result of observation, which made then in India is made still nearer home, that Christians, so-called, find it easy to profess but hard to practise the self-sacrifice and holiness which the New Testament enjoins.

A learned Brahmin called upon the pundit one day, and copied out carefully the Ten Commandments which Martyn had recently rendered into Sanskrit, as he intended to keep them all most strictly, so that by such means he might find union with God. But he had one comment to make on going away. "There was nothing," he said, "com-

manded to be done, only things to be abstained from, and if he should be taken ill in the bazaar or while laughing, and die, and through fear of transgressing the third commandment should not mention the very name of God, should he go to Heaven?"

With a like ignorance, a Ranee or Indian princess, to whom he had sent a copy of his Hindustani Testament, begged to be informed what she had to do for the book to be of advantage to her, whether to pray, or to make a salaam, or bow to it. To this inquiry Martyn speedily replied, adding such advice as should open the eyes of this darkened daughter of India to understand the truths of the Word of God. It would seem, however, that his instruction had not been very successful, for, after a time, when he heard again from the Ranee, it was to request him to use his private influence on her behalf with one of the judges before whom she had a cause to plead. "I felt hurt," he writes, "at considering how low a sovereign princess must have fallen to make such a request, but lost no time in apprising her that our laws were perfectly distinct from the Divine laws; and that, therefore, it was no affair of mine as she seemed to suppose it to be."

Amid his multifarious duties Martyn found time to study the writings of the Deists, which were so common in the age in which he lived, and especially did he seek by the

study of Leland to refute the teaching of the Koran, which everywhere met him as the Scriptures of the Mohammedans. There is little doubt that he would have proved a valiant champion of revealed truth, his wide reading and dialectic powers showing much to his advantage in dealing with these learned Hindus, and might have been still more effective had he been at home, in refuting the sceptics of the day. It was one of his characteristics that, with all his culture, he held with steadfast loyalty to the simplicity of Christian faith, and would accept no converts until they had given satisfactory evidence of a vital change of heart and life. His friend Mr. Corrie, begged his advice on several points of perplexities with which he had to deal in baptising those who professed Christianity, and his answer was explicit, that no mere intellectual acceptance of Christianity would justify the admission of those who were evidently strangers to its power.

His translations at this time were becoming more and more a source of happiness to him; shut up in Dinapore, where news from the outer world came seldom, he felt he was undisturbed in his study of the Word of God. He had translated the Prayer Book into Hindustani, and also produced a most useful little commentary upon the Parables, written in such a manner as to become easily understood and appreciated by the

people. He felt perfectly happy in these pursuits, only longing for the time when he could be free to go more amongst the natives and preach the Gospel in the very midst of their idolatry. On his visit to Patna his heart burned to rush into the streets, Bible in hand, uttering the Words of Life, but he decided reluctantly to wait until the schools, and most of all the dissemination of the Scriptures in their own tongue, should pave a way.

A very urgent request reached him one day from his old friend, Mr. Brown of Calcutta, urging him to retire from Dinapore, and become the minister of the Mission Church of the Presidency. In many respects the prospect might have attractions, but Martyn instantly rejected any proposition which would hinder his great mission to the poor benighted people of India. He cared nothing for publicity or fame; God had weaned him from this infirmity of noble youth, and he preferred to remain where he was. Thus he writes in his journal on this subject:

"The precious Word is now my only study, in the work of translation. Though in a manner buried to the world—neither seeing nor seen by Europeans—the time flows on here with great rapidity; it seems as if life would be gone before anything is done or even before anything is begun. I sometimes rejoice that I am not twenty-seven

years of age; and that, unless God should order it otherwise, I may double the number in constant and successful labour. If not, God has many, many more instruments at His command, and I shall not cease from my happiness, and scarcely from my work, by departing into another world. Oh, who shall separate us from the love of Christ! Neither death nor life, I am persuaded. Oh, let me feel my security, that I may be, as it were, already in Heaven, that I may do all my work as the angels do theirs, and oh, let me be ready for every work—be ready to leave this delightful solitude or remain in it—to go out or go in —to stay or depart, just as the Lord shall appoint."

The serenity of spirit which is breathed by these words was preserved amid increasing trials of patience. To help him in his work of translation, Mirza, a gifted Hindustani scholar, and an Arabian, Sabat, had recently arrived. The former appears to have been of much service, but Sabat proved a very thorn in his side. He seems to have been well recommended, but it soon became apparent that he had no knowledge of the spirit of Christ, though outwardly professing the faith; indeed his fiery and untamed Arab blood was continually breaking out into such fury that Martyn found his own house well-nigh unbearable. At times these exhibitions of temper were so violent that

his master had to fly for refuge elsewhere; and no part of this history shows more clearly the longsuffering of this patient man than does his forbearance with his chief moonshee. "Sabat," says he in a letter, "instead of comforting and encouraging me in my difficulties and trials, aggravates my pain;" and yet he bore with him, partly because he felt the assistance of Sabat of such value in his translation of the New Testament into Persian, and partly because he was loath to cast off one who had evidently the Christian lesson yet to learn. On one occasion this hot-headed Arabian actually went so far out of spite as to write a letter to the British Resident, speaking in most disrespectful terms of his master. This letter was promptly forwarded to Martyn, in order that he might deal with the offender. He at once summoned Sabat into his presence, and placing the letter in his hand, bade him to read it aloud. For once the man was utterly cowed, and trembled before the quiet dignity of the master whom he had wronged. Instead of reading it he fell at Martyn's feet begging his forgiveness, which was most readily granted, with the comforting assurance that he had not read the letter, himself, and it might be destroyed. Unhappily this man, who had the unique advantage of so much of Martyn's society and teaching, in the end apostatised.

A letter from England came to Martyn's hands with news which well-nigh broke his heart. From the collapse of his hopes as regards Miss Lydia Grenfell he seems to have recovered, or at any rate to have become so absorbed in his work that he was unconscious of its pain. But now in this letter he heard that his eldest sister was dead. She had corresponded with him up to a short time before her death, and some words in her last letter made him uneasy on account of her health. He loved her greatly, and since bidding her good-bye he had prayed continuously for her conversion; and in the letter which brought him the tidings of her sudden decease, he had the comforting intelligence that she died in the Lord. But it was a shock to him, and he shows how keenly he felt the severance when he says in a letter to his friend Mr. Brown about it: "Human nature bleeds—her departure has left this world a frightful blank to me, and I feel not the smallest wish to live, except there be some work assigned for me to do in the Church of God."

Overwork, anxiety of mind, this painful loss, and disregard of the precautions as to health, so necessary in such a climate, again told upon Martyn, and he rose one morning with such pain and fever that he fainted, and slowly recovering consciousness he suffered so that he felt his hour had come.

"Lying in pain which made me almost breathless, I turned my thoughts to God; and oh, praise be to His grace and love, I felt no fear, but I prayed earnestly that I might have a little relief, to set my house in order and make my will. I also thought with pain of leaving the Persian Gospels unfinished. By means of some ether, the Lord gave me ease, and I made my will. The day was spent in great weakness, but my heart was often filled with the sweetest peace and gratitude for the precious things God hath done for me."

But the worker is immortal till his work be done, and God had appointed for Martyn a few more years of travail and service, of endurance for His Name's sake, ere he reached the rest of eternal peace.

In April, 1809, the summons came for Martyn to leave Dinapore and take the chaplaincy of the troops at Cawnpore, a name which has had an awful notoriety since then. His journey thither was pursued with such eager haste that it was a marvel that Martyn reached there alive. He admits himself that the travelling from Allahabad was distressing beyond description. He was borne in a fainting condition in his palanquin half dead, "the wind blowing flames" and his bearers so overcome that it took six hours to accomplish the last twelve miles. Mrs. Sherwood, who was privileged to be the faithful and gentle

friend of Martyn at this critical period of his life, has left on record an account of his condition when, on reaching Cawnpore, he appeared at her door.

The month of April in the upper provinces of Hindustan is one of the most dreadful months for travelling throughout the year; indeed, no European at that time can remove from place to place but at the hazard of his life. But Mr. Martyn had that anxiety to be in the work which his Heavenly Father had given him to do, that, notwithstanding the violent heat, he travelled from Chunar to Cawnpore, the space of four hundred miles. At that time, as I well remember, the air was hot and dry, as that which I have sometimes felt near the mouth of a large oven—no friendly cloud or verdant carpet of grass to relieve the eye from the strong glare of the rays of the sun, frowning on the sandy plains of the Ganges. Thus, Mr. Martyn travelled, journeying night and day, and arrived at Cawnpore in such a state that he fainted away as soon as he entered the house. When we charged him with the rashness of hazarding his life in this manner, he always pleaded his anxiety to get to the great work. He remained with us ten days, suffering considerably at times, from fever and pain in the chest."

The natives for whom he made these sacrifices received him with little attention,

and his public utterances were met with derision, shouts, and hisses. He solemnly warned them of death and the judgment to come, and, although feeling all the weakness of a dying man, he exerted himself to the utmost to preach the Gospel either in the open square or from the veranda of his house. He writes in his journal very gratefully of the baptism of a poor old Hindu woman, "who, although she knew but little, was lowliness itself."

But again his health hopelessly broke down, and the earthly tenement of that brave, heroic soul seemed nearly shattered. The news of the death of his youngest sister, following so close upon that of his elder, accentuated his grief and weakness. "Oh, my dearest S——," he wrote, just before the sad tidings came, "that disease which preyed upon our mother and dear sister, and has often shown itself in me, has, I fear, attacked you. Although I parted from you in the expectation of never seeing you in this life, and though I know that you are, and have long been, prepared to go, yet to lose my last near relation, my only sister, in nature and grace, is a dreadful stroke." The stroke fell, and the brother nearly fell with it.

The Gospels of his Persian New Testament had been adjudged by the authorities at Calcutta to abound too much with Arabian idioms, and were returned to Martyn for

revision. Instantly he resolved to leave Cawnpore and make his way to Persia, in order to make the work absolutely complete, and writes in his journal: "My mind violently occupied with thoughts respecting the approaching spread of the Gospel, and my own going to Persia. Sabat's conversation stirs up a great desire in me to go; as by his account all the Mohammedan countries are ripe for throwing off the delusion. The gracious Lord will teach me, and make my way plain before my face. . . . God, who keeps me here awhile, arranges every part of His plans in unerring wisdom; and if I should be cut off in the midst of my plans, I shall still, I trust, through mercy, behold his works in Heaven, and be everlastingly happy in the never-ceasing ordination of His works and nature." Referring the decision to his friend Mr. Brown of Calcutta, this was the reply he received:

"Can I then bring myself to cut the string and let you go? I confess I could not, if your bodily frame were strong, and promised to last for half a century. But as you burn with the intenseness and rapid blaze of heated phosphorous, why should we not make the most of you? Your flame may last as long, and perhaps longer, in Arabia as in India. Where should this phoenix build her odoriferous nest but in the land prophetically called the blest?

And where shall we ever expect, but from that country, the True Comforter to come to the nations of the East? I contemplate your New Testament springing up, as it were, from dust and ashes, but beautiful "as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers like yellow gold."

## CHAPTER VIII

## Farewell to India

"Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that into God's Kingdom comes
Must enter by this door."—*Baxter*

WHILE Henry Martyn was still at Cawnpore, he greatly deplored the presence and work of the Roman Catholic missionaries among the natives. In the regiment to which he was attached, the Romanist soldiers numbered a thousand, who, while they paid a certain amount of respect to Martyn, held aloof from him, lest they should be infected with Protestant teaching. Their priest was an Italian, Julius Ceasar by name, and his co-religionists in the barracks did not fail to comment upon the simplicity of his dress as a Franciscan friar, compared with the luxurious and sporting aspect of many Protestant clergy in India. With this Italian padre Henry Martyn had many rather heated discussions, in which the friar came off second best, and was much shocked at the denunciations which Martyn poured forth upon Rome for her idolatries. "If you had uttered such a sentiment in

Italy you would have been burned," said the padre; and at one point in the discussion seemed so afraid of being converted that he lifted up his eyes and prayed that such might not be the case, and that the religion of the Protestants might never enter his native land. Apart from his doctrinal objection to Protestantism, he admitted subsequently that he based his objections to its teaching chiefly upon the sorry practice of godliness which he had seen amongst it professors in Geneva and Leghorn. Martyn, with his characteristic fairness, did not fail to see the advantages of Roman Catholic discipline, especially among the troops in India; and as regards the energetic padre, he could not help liking the man, much as he detested his opinions. He notes that he had a regard for this "serious and unassuming young man." But contact with a Romish priest made Martyn's zeal against idolatry and false doctrine flare up with jealous loyalty to the truth of the Gospel, and in the midst of his many spiritual enemies in India, he is almost startled to find Romanising so much on the alert.

The character of his struggle may be gathered from one of his letters to his old-time college friend at Cambridge, Daniel Corrie, at that time a chaplain, like Martyn himself, and afterwards Bishop of Madras: "When the Italian padre came into the barracks, the Catholics crowded round him

by hundreds, and in a tone of triumph pointed out his dress—that of a Franciscan friar—to the Protestants, comparing it with that of a clergyman of the Church of England, booted and spurred and ready for a hunt. The Catholics in this regiment amount to a full thousand—the Protestants are scarcely discernible. Who would think that we should have to combat Antichrist again at this day? I feel my spirit roused to preach against Popery with all the zeal of Luther. . . . There are four castes of people in India: the first, Heathen; the second, Mohammedans; the third, Papists; the fourth, infidels. Now I trust that you and I are sent to fight this four-faced devil, and by the help of the Lord Jesus, Whom we serve, we will."

As a follower of Him who came to give His life that all men might be saved, Martyn made no difference; whether among soldiers or civilians, English colonels or native princes, men or women, he delivered his message. Despite opposition, there were many who not only heard, but believed. The saintliness of his life was no less effective than the spiritual force of his public preaching.

While working away with untiring energy among the natives at Cawnpore, preaching to crowds of beggars from the veranda of his house, rebuking the worldliness of the Europeans, instructing the native women,

and consoling the sick and soul-distressed, Martyn experienced such a break-down of health, that immediate action to get him to change and rest became necessary. His old malady in the lung reappeared with serious symptoms; his voice, never very strong, became weaker and almost inaudible; and his general exhaustion was extreme. He decided very reluctantly to leave Cawnpore, and seek restoration of strength by a holiday in journeys through Persia and Arabia.

Nevertheless, almost solitary as he was, he looked forward to the triumph of Christ: "Yes, it shall be: yonder stream of Ganges shall one day roll through tracts adorned with Christian churches, and cultivated by Christian husbandmen, and the holy hymn be heard beneath the shade of the tamarind."

Mrs. Sherwood, in her autobiography, gives us, perhaps, the best idea of Martyn at this time, and as he was a constant and intimate visitor in her household circle, she had special advantages of observing him. She thus described his appearance when at Cawnpore:

"He was dressed in white, and looked very pale, which, however, was nothing singular in India; his hair, a light brown, was raised from his forehead, which was a remarkably fine one. His features were not regular, but the expression was so

luminous, so intellectual, so affectionate, so beaming with Divine charity, that no one could have looked at his features and thought of their shape and form; the out-beaming of his soul would absorb the attention of every observer. There was a decided air, too, of the gentleman about Mr. Martyn, and a perfection of manner, which from his extreme attention to all minute civilities, might seem almost inconsistent with the general bent of his thoughts to the most serious subjects. He was as remarkable for ease as for cheerfulness. He did not appear like one who felt the necessity of contending with the world, and denying himself its delights, but rather as one who was unconscious of the existence of any attractions in the world, or of any delights which were worthy of his notice. When he relaxed from his labours in the presence of his friends, it was to play and laugh like an innocent child, more especially if children were present to play and laugh with him."

It was the custom of Henry Martyn to gather under the veranda of his bungalow a large crowd of beggars, fakirs, and the very off-scourings of the place, to whom he gave money. Of this Mrs. Sherwood wrote: "We must add to Mr. Martyn's household a multitude of pundits, moonshees, school-masters, and poor, nominal Christians, who hung about him because there was no other

to give them a handful of rice for their daily maintenance."

He was the less liable to discouragement because he held so strongly that the translation of Holy Scripture was a work of more lasting benefit than his preaching could be. Yet his preaching—and his doles to the starving—created an extraordinary interest among the native beggars and the very poor, of a land, we need to remember, where multitudes always live on the borderland of starvation. Weird and picturesque crowds of Hindu devotees, filthy and ragged, distorted and terrible, gathered in front of his house, to hear him declare the truth, in his clear, musical tones, and receive his gifts; and the remarkable scene presented a striking fulfilment of the feast suggested by our Lord Himself: "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind; and thou shalt be blessed, for they cannot recompense thee." He made earnest struggles to make himself understood in the native tongue, and largely succeeded. Describing one of these strange assemblies, he shows how he dealt with these poor heathen and Mohammedan wanderers.

"I mentioned Gunga, 'a good river,' but there were others as good. God loves Hindus, but does He not love others also? He gave them a good river, but to others as good. All are alike before God. (This was received with applause). On the work

of the fourth day (Gen. 1. 14-19): 'Thus sun and moon are lamps. Shall I worship a candle in my hand? As a candle in the house, so is the sun in the sky.' (Applause from the Mohammedans. There were also hisses, but whether these betokened displeasure against me or the worship of the sun, I do not know). I then charged them to worship Gunga and sun and moon no more, but the honour they used to give to them, henceforward to give to God their Maker."

After preaching he helped to distribute to their necessities; then he would retire to his bungalow, almost collapsing, and with the disease which he knew must ere long conquer him burning in his breast. One of the indirect converts was a Mohammedan Sheik, Salek, Keeper of the Jewels to the King of Oude. He secured a place on Martyn's translating staff, and, through reading the New Testament, became truly converted; then, after being baptised, he came to be in his turn a powerful preacher of the Gospel.

Martyn's aim was to bring them within reach of the words of eternal life, and therefore to this motley assemblage he would stand and solemnly read the Scriptures in Hindustani, to which, it must be admitted, they listened with but slight attention. He continued this until the very last, and again quoting from the interesting

recollections of Mrs. Sherwood, we have a very affecting account of the last sermon he preached, and the last time he spoke to these wretched people. The scene vividly brings before us the man and his sphere of work.

"From his first arrival at the station, Mr. Martyn had been labouring to effect the purpose which he then saw completed, namely, the opening of a place of worship. He was permitted to see it, to address the congregation once, and then he was summoned to depart. How often, how very often, are human beings called away, perhaps from this world, at the moment they have been enabled to bring to bear some favourite object? Blessed are those whose object has been such a one as that of Henry Martyn. Alas! he was known to be, even then, in a most dangerous state of health, either burnt within by slow inflammation, which gave a flush to his cheek, or pale as death from weakness and lassitude.

"On this occasion the bright glow prevailed—a brilliant light shone from his eyes—he was filled with hope and joy, he saw the dawn of better things, he thought, at Cawnpore, and most eloquent, earnest, and affectionate was his address to the congregation. Our usual party accompanied him back to his bungalow, where being arrived he sank, as was often his way, nearly fainting on a sofa in the hall. Soon,

however, he revived a little, and called us all about him to sing. It was then that we sang to him that sweet hymn which thus begins:

'O God our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.'

"We all dined early together, and then returned with our little ones to enjoy some rest and quiet, but when the sun began to descend to the horizon, we again went over to Mr. Martyn's bungalow to hear his *last* address to the Fakeers. It was one of those sickly, hazy, burning evenings which I have often before described, and the scene was precisely such a one as I have recounted above. Mr. Martyn nearly fainted again after this effort, and when he got to his house with his friends about him, he told us that he was afraid that he had not been the means of doing the smallest good to any one of the strange people whom he had thus so often addressed. He did not even know of the impression he had been enabled to make on one of these occasions on Shiek Salek. On the Monday our beloved friend went to his boats, which lay at the Ghaut nearest the bungalow, but in the cool of the evening, however, whilst Miss Corrie and myself were taking the air in our tonjons, he came after us on horseback. There was a gentle sadness in his aspect as he accompanied

me home, and Miss Corrie came also. Once again we all supped together, and united in one last hymn. We were all low, very, very low; we could never expect to behold again that face which we then saw, or to be again elevated and instructed by that conversation. It was impossible to hope that he would survive the fatigue of such a journey as he meditated. Often and often, when thinking of him, have these verses, so frequently sung by him, come to my mind:

'E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

'Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.'"

He then departed, after farewells which he evidently keenly felt, and passed down the river to Calcutta, meeting with his friend, David Brown, once more.

His friends were shocked to see such a change for the worse after an absence of four years, and one of his brethren who had followed him from Cambridge, writing to Mr. Simeon, gives a picture of Martyn at that time, and shows what hopes and fears alternated respecting his prospects of recovery. This correspondent was an intimate friend of Charles Simeon, and had reached India with his wife after a merciful

escape from the shipwreck of their vessel. He writes thus of Martyn:

"He is on his way to Arabia, where he is going in pursuit of health and knowledge. You know his genius and what gigantic strides he takes in everything. He has some great plan in his mind of which I am no competent judge; but as far as I do understand it, the object is far too grand for one short life, and much beyond his feeble and exhausted frame. Feeble it is indeed! how fallen and changed! His complaint lies in his lungs and appears to be an incipient consumption. But let us hope that the sea air may revive him, and that change of place and pursuit may do him essential service and continue his life for many years. In all other respects he is exactly the same as he was. He shines in all the dignity of love, and seems to carry about him such a Heavenly majesty as impresses the mind beyond description. But if he talks much, though in a low voice, he sinks, and we are reminded of his being 'dust and ashes.'"

Martyn at this time was persuaded to relinquish work, and applied to the Governor-General, Lord Minto, and the Adjutant-General of the Army for sick leave, which was readily granted. That he did so is almost surprising, considering the habitual disregard paid by him to his own health. For if ever there was a worker whose aim

seemed to be to wear out or burn out in his labour, Henry Martyn was that man. As we have seen in his journey from Dinapore to Cawnpore, the young missionary disregarded the important consideration of climate which a European must observe if he means to live, and he worked as though his strength was as exhaustless as his spiritual energy. But ere this collapse came at Cawnpore, he had been warned by evidence which he could not gainsay that disease, the fell family disease, was making way in his system. When writing to his youngest sister his last letter, to which reference has already been made, he dreaded "that disease which preyed upon our mother and dear sister, and has often shown itself in me has, I fear, attacked you." It is the old, old pathetic story of many an unwritten yet noble life, of the spectral truth forcing itself upon the attention of the brave soul and reminding it that the frail tenement in which the light burns so brightly is shaking, and may fall, though the crash shall give it liberty for ever. It is not difficult to imagine Henry Martyn at this moment, the pen laid down, the thin hand pressed against the throbbing brow, the eyes lustrous with an eager sorrow, looking away beyond the waving palm tree and the azure sky. The dear work, not perhaps to be touched again, the vision of an ever enlarging usefulness quenched

in a moment, all the glory of a young saint's dream fading into grey death, the beating heart marking impressively the flight of closing hours. Then sunlight comes, a Divine radiance which brings back the hues of hope, and through the brightness speaks a voice not strange to the disciple, "Let not your heart be troubled." And Martyn, with an unspeakable peace in his heart, faced with a joyful faith the new and untried path in which he must go. "I now pass from India to Arabia, not knowing the things which shall befall me there, but assured that an ever faithful God and Saviour will be with me in all places whithersoever I go. May He guide and protect me, and after prospering me in the thing whereunto I go, bring me back again to my delightful work in India. I am perhaps leaving it to see it no more, but the will of God be done, my times are in His hand, and He will cut them as short as shall be most for my good; and with this assurance I feel that nothing need interrupt my work or my peace."

Before leaving Calcutta, Henry Martyn preached a sermon on the anniversary of the Calcutta Bible Society, in which he pleaded with great earnestness that the English Christians in India should do something to supply their nine hundred thousand fellow-believers in that country with the Holy Scriptures. His text was, "One thing need-

ful," and a copy of that discourse is in the library of the British Museum, from which the following extract is given:

"Asia must be our care, or, if not all Asia, India, at least, must look to none but us. Honour calls it as well as duty, your reputation for liberality requires that you render their (the natives) assistance unnecessary. Let us make haste then and anticipate their supplies, and thus prove to our friends and the world that the mother-country need never be ashamed of her sons in India. What a splendid spectacle does *she* present! Standing firm amid the overthrow of nations and spreading wide the shadow of her wings for the protection of all, she finds herself at leisure amid the tumult of war, to form benevolent projects for the best interests of mankind. Her generals and admirals have caused the thunder of her power to be heard throughout the earth; now her ministers of religion perform their part and endeavour to fulfil the high destinies of Heaven in favour of their country. They called in their fellow citizens to cheer the desponding natives with the book of the promises of eternal life, and thus afford them that consolation from the prospect of a happier world which they have little expectation of finding amidst the disasters and calamities of this. The summons was obeyed. As fast as the nature of the undertaking became understood, and perceived to be clearly

distinct from all party business and visionary projects, great numbers of all ranks in society and all persuasions in religion joined with one heart and soul, and began to impart freely to all men that which, next to the Saviour, is God's best gift to man. . . . Imagine the sad situation of a sick or dying Christian, who has just heard enough of Eternity to be afraid of death, and not enough of a Saviour to look beyond it with hope. He cannot call for a Bible to look for something to support him, or ask his wife or child to read him a consolatory chapter. The Bible, alas! is a treasure which they never had the happiness to possess. Oh, pity their distress! you that have hearts to feel for the miseries of your fellow-creatures, you that have discernment to see that a wounded spirit is far more agonising than any earth-begotten woes, you that know that you, too, must one day die, oh, give unto him what may comfort him in a dying hour. The Lord who loves our brethren, who gave His life for them and you, who gave you the Bible before them, and now wills that they should receive it from you, He will reward you. They cannot recompense you; but you shall be recompensed at the resurrection of the just. The King Himself will say to you, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.' "

In this spirit he takes ship in the "Ahmoody" bound for Bombay. He finds a very agreeable companion in the Honourable Mountstewart Elphinstone, the distinguished diplomatist, who was on his way to fulfil his duties as Resident at Poona. There is every reason to believe that these two men, widely as their ultimate aims diverged, became fast friends on this voyage, and their conversation upon a multitude of subjects would be of the deepest interest. Besides this congenial society, Martyn was pleased to get into conversation with the captain of the vessel, who had been intimate with Schwartz, and told him much about the mission schools at Panjore. Amongst other things which showed how highly Schwartz was appreciated in his work, he mentioned the fact that when the Rajah was in fear of assassination by his subjects, he had the German missionary to share his room as protection, because he was held in such reverence by the natives. After passing through the Bay of Bengal, which Martyn scarcely enjoyed, being very ill and prostrate with relaxing weakness, just lying on the poop as the ship sped on, they eventually reached Bombay, where he was introduced to Sir John Malcolm and Sir James Mackintosh. Here, with perhaps a little restoration of health, he seems to have spent some happy days, and certainly gave Sir John Malcolm the impression that he was capital company

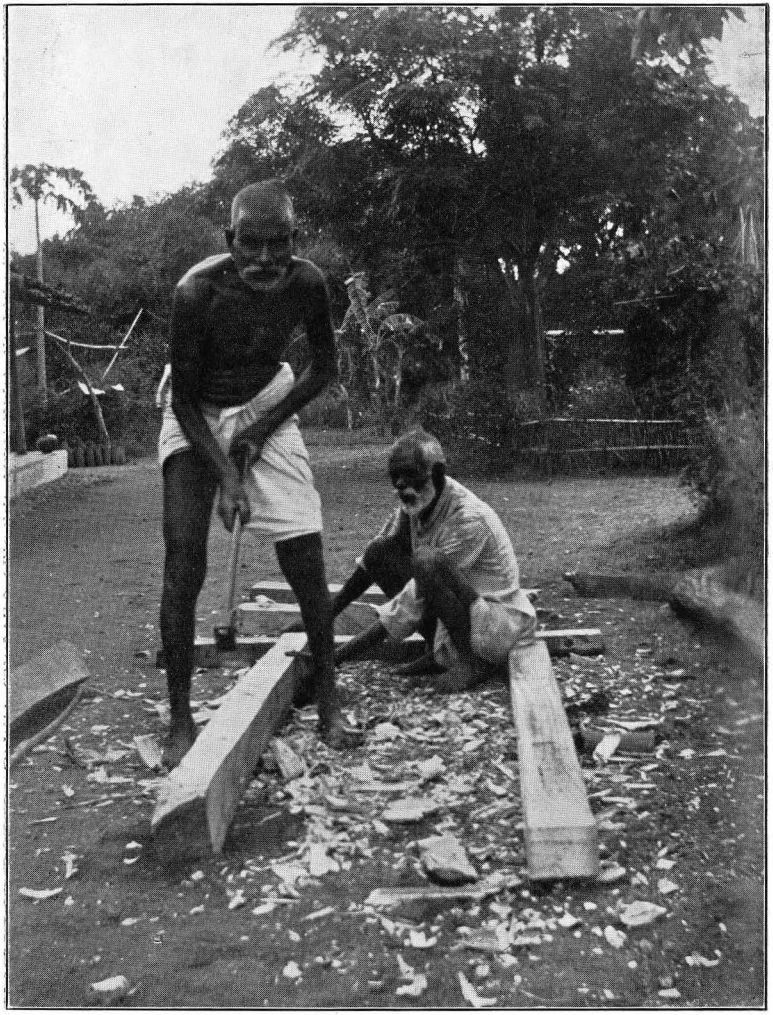
and, what at first seems rather startling, that he was a cheerful man. When he left for Persia, he received from Sir John a letter of introduction to Sir Gore Ouseley, who was the British Resident in that country. He introduces Martyn as "altogether a very learned and cheerful man, but a great enthusiast in his holy calling. I am satisfied that if you ever see him, you will be pleased with him. He will give you grace before and after dinner, and admonish such of your party as take the Lord's Name in vain, but his good sense and great learning will delight you, whilst his constant cheerfulness will add to the hilarity of your party."

This certainly presents the young missionary in an entirely new and striking light, possibly a little over-coloured, in that Sir John was noted for his exhuberant spirits and *bonhomie*, but still not in any way can it be depreciative of Martyn's character. The saintship of Henry Martyn does not suffer because he could enjoy a hearty laugh, for it is surely true though apt to be forgotten in our consideration of good men, that exceeding gravity is not necessarily the evidence of abundant grace, and that there is more of Heaven in laughter than in tears.

On his way to Bombay Martyn landed several times at different places on the coast, spent a little time in the cinnamon groves of Ceylon, and calling at Goa, went to see the old churches there, and especially the

magnificent tomb of St. Francis Xavier. Although this was not his resting-place, for the great Jesuit missionary died on the Chinese shores, pious hands had here prepared a costly monument to his memory. There is something very suggestive in this visit of Henry Martyn to the memorial of one who in many respects was not altogether unlike himself. Perhaps he felt this while talking in Latin to several of the monks who stood with him by the tomb, but they on their part could scarcely recognise in the young English priest a servant of the Cross who should as worthily fulfil his true mission, and ere long lay down his life for the Master, as truly as after preaching a far inferior Gospel did the great Jesuit on the sands of Sancian long years before.

Previous to starting for Persia, Martyn met with a Parsee, Ferroz by name, who could speak Persian, and was also a good Arabic scholar, and with him he had several discussions on the subject of the Christian religion. This man, although attempting to defend Mohammedanism, was evidently without any definite religious convictions himself; he expressed his creed in a phrase which is not unfamiliar to our ears to-day, "Every man is safe in his own religion," and at another time spoke contemptuously of the religion of Persia. "In our religion," he said, "they believe as Zoroaster taught,



INDIAN CARPENTERS AT WORK

To face page 132

HENRY MARTYN'S PERSIAN TESTAMENT IN DANGER

that the heavens and earth were made, but I believe no such thing."

On the 14th of April, 1811, the coast of Persia was sighted, and Martyn went on shore at Muscat, in Arabia, from which place he writes a long letter to Miss Lydia Grenfell, describing his feelings in view of that country. When on shore he met with an African slave in a little garden which he visited, and who argued with him at great length on the subject of Christianity. To this boy he gave a copy of the Gospels in Arabic, which he began eagerly to read, and carried it off as a treasure.

His next experience was with a party of Armenians at whose house he stayed for a short time in Bushire. The Armenian priest does not seem to have impressed him greatly, although at church he took him within the altar rails and censed him with incense four times as a mark of special favour. Afterwards, when he had the opportunity of talking to the old priest by the shore upon spiritual matters he found him very ignorant.

He now looked ahead very anxiously for his first contest with the Persians, and their religious leaders and teachers, the Mollahs and Soofties.

## CHAPTER IX

## The Mission to Persia

"Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art,
Oh, never then from me depart,
For to my soul 'tis hell to be
But for one moment without Thee."—*Ken*

ONCE upon Persian soil, Martyn transformed his outward appearance by the adoption of the native costume. He tells us in a humorous way of the complete change which had thus come over him, so utterly different from the simple black cassock or white surplice of his days in India. He now wore red stockings and boots in one, large blue trousers, then a white shirt under his bright tunic, on which he wore the bright chintz coat, and also an overcoat. His head-dress was a huge cone of black woolly sheepskin, and he began to accustom himself to the new experience of sitting cross-legged on a Persian carpet in the absence of any chairs. Perhaps the still greater change was in his letting his beard and moustache grow; it is to be regretted that no portrait exists of him as he looked then.

After paying a visit to the governor

of Bushire, a characteristic Persian khan, being surrounded with gorgeous magnificence, of smooth tongue and yet with a murderous history in the background, Martyn and his party began their journey to Shiraz. The procession across the plains in the still moonlight was thoroughly Oriental, and Martyn, the central figure of this strange company, rode slowly along, thinking upon the past, and that strange unknown experience which awaited him in Persia. He tells us that his reflections were somewhat melancholy; he had only recently parted with his European friends, and it was natural that he should be impressed with the solemnity and loneliness of the scene. While they moved along in perfect silence, the whole vault of Heaven above them studded with innumerable stars, one of the muleteers began in plaintive and sweet cadences to sing a Persian song. Martyn noted down the words of the two verses, which were as follows:

"Think not that e'er my heart could fail,
Contented far from thee,
How can the fresh-caught nightingale
Enjoy tranquillity?

"O then forsake thy friend for nought
That slanderous tongues can say,
The heart that fixeth where it aught,
No power can rend away."

Ere long, however, the sun rose, and with it the rigours and sufferings of their journey

began. They pitched their tent under a tree, and Martyn wrapped himself in a blanket and other coverings to keep out the external air, so preserving the moisture of the skin for a short time, but the thermometer rose to 126 degrees in a short time. His fever and restlessness now became so great that he felt the end must soon come if no alteration in the temperature occurred. The welcome evening came at last, and with the darkness a delicious cool, which restored the travellers; but the next day the heat was quite as excessive, and Martyn lay quiet with his head muffled up in a large wet towel, as a defence against the sun's vehement rays. Not only perils by climate tried him there, for a scorpion fastened on his clothes, and was providentially killed before it bit him, which provoked the earnest gratitude of the young missionary. They passed a river slowly moving seawards, as though composed of thick green oil; they climbed mountains with such dangerous pathways that it was marvellous how the poor tired horses kept their footing; penetrated dark ravines which were infested by robbers, and from the extreme of burning heat, they found themselves in a plain where the bitter wind made them shiver with cold. Soon, however, fairer scenes burst upon their view, and Martyn tells us in his journal: "We pitched our tent in the vale of Dustarjan, near a crystal stream,

on the banks of which we observed the clover and golden cup, the whole valley was one green field, in which large herds of cattle were brousing. The temperature was about that of spring in England. Here a few hours' sleep recovered me in some degree from the stupidity in which I had been for some days. I awoke with a light heart, and said, 'He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust. He redeemeth our life from destruction, and crowneth us with loving-kindnesses and tender mercies. He maketh us to lie down in green pastures, and leadeth us beside the still waters.' And when we have left this vale of tears, there is 'no more sorrow, nor sighing, nor any more pain. The sun shall not light upon thee nor any heat, but the Lamb shall lead thee to living fountains of waters.'"

Henry Martyn, after passing through Erivan, with its view of Ararat behind the mosque, reached Shiraz, and here he had attained the ambition of meeting the false religion of Persia at its very seat and centre. The first thing to occupy his attention was a fresh translation of the Testament into the language of the country, to correct the shortcomings of the one he had completed in India, with the assistance of Sabat. Before commencing this work, however, he was much gratified by a visit paid to him by two learned Mollahs, who had come

to discuss with him upon the Mohammedan religion, which they professed. Unlike his previous experiences, Martyn found these men capable of sustaining a quiet and temperate exchange of opinion, and when one of them read from his translation of the beginning of St. John's Gospel, the subject of the Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ was entered upon. Evidently these teachers had imbibed strange notions of Christianity, and when the interview ended, one of them made the penitent remark: "How much misapprehension is removed when people come to an explanation."

He had the advantage of the friendship of a Persian of high position and intelligence, Jaffier Ali Khan, who received him into his house, and he was further delighted to find that, in the brother-in-law of his host, one Mirza Seid Ali Khan, he would have a willing and capable helper in the work of translation. When we consider that these individuals were staunch Mohammedans, their generous attention and kindness to the English missionary does them great credit. In a letter to Miss Grenfel he thus describes his position at this moment, and the impressions which have been formed of his reasons for coming to Persia:

"I am in Persia, entrenched in one of its valleys, separated from Indian friends by chains of mountains and a roaring sea, among a people depraved beyond all belief,

in the power of a tyrant guilty of every species of atrocity. Imagine a pale person seated on a Persian carpet, in a room without table and chair, with a pair of formidable moustachios, and habited as a Persian, and you see me.

"My host is a man of rank—his name, Jaffier Ali Khan—who tries to make the period of my captivity as agreeable as possible. His wife, for he has but one, never appears; parties of young ladies come to see her, but though they stay days in the house, he dare not go into the room where they are. Without intending a compliment to your sex, I must say that the society here, from the exclusion of females, is as dull as it can well be. Perhaps, however, to a stranger like myself, the most social circles would be insipid. I am visited by all the great and the learned; the former come out of respect to my country, the latter to my profession. The conversations with the latter are always upon religion, and it would be strange indeed, if, with the armour of truth on the right hand and on the left, I were not able to combat with success the upholders of such a system of absurdity and sin. As the Persians are a far more unprejudiced and inquisitive people than the Indians, and do not stand quite so much in awe of an Englishman as the timid natives of Hindustan, I hope they will learn something from me. The

hope of this reconciles me to the necessity imposed on me of staying here; about the translation I dare not be sanguine. The prevailing opinion concerning me is that I have repaired to Shiraz in order to become a Mussulman. Others, more sagacious, say that I shall bring from India some more, under a pretence of making them Mussulmans, but, in reality, to seize the place. They do not seem to have thought of my wish to have them converted to my religion; they have been so long accustomed to remain without proselytes to their own."

His presence soon became the talk of the city, and, while at his work, he was constantly interrupted by callers, who from mere curiosity, or in a few cases a real desire to learn something, crowded about him. Jaffier Ali had, with just thoughtfulness, pitched his guest a tent in the gardens, and here, by the margin of a little rivulet of sparkling water, he was reminded of home and his native land by the sweet briar, jessamine, and pinks which grew profusely around. Here he held audience, and answered to the best of his ability the many and curious questions propounded to him. One who was secretary to the prince, and had the reputation of being the principal literary man of the city, told him point-blank that he and every created thing was God, quoting the words of the Koran: "God can be with another thing only by pervading

it;" then, glancing from argument into poetry, the Persian recited some stanzas, and went away.

Another asked the trite poser of the West as well as the East: "What is the origin of evil?" and two young men, "fresh from college, full of zeal and logic," were for discussing the question of disembodied spirits and similar topics, about which they knew nothing, and could not well increase their knowledge. But the Oriental *penchant* for petty cavilling was too apparent to justify even the patience of Henry Martyn, who certainly in this respect had the charity which "suffereth long and is kind."

In course of translating the fifth chapter of John's Gospel, his co-worker was curious to have an explanation of the angel troubling the waters, and when Martyn suggested that natural agents might be called angels he seemed satisfied.

When they were reading together the account of the trial of Jesus, and how the servants of the high priest struck the Lord in the face, the irreverence and insult seems to have impressed Martyn's companion greatly, for he said with solemnity, "Sir, did not his hand dry up?" There is a touching interest in many of these conversations which Martyn has very briefly stated in his journal, and they show us not only the faithful witness declaring the truths of the Gospel amid such darkness of

unbelief, but also show that in the minds of his inquirers were real seekings after more light. The Persians called him "a man of God," and went from far and near to talk to him, for on Sundays, at any rate, he was accessible to all.

A Jew Mohammedan had called, and held a long conversation with Martyn about the Old Testament, justifying his apostasy by declaring that Mohammed was in the Books of Moses, that Europe was Mount Zion, and the Edomites the natives thereof. When the talk had ended, and the visitor gone, the young Seid Ali quietly asked Martyn for further explanation about this same Messiah whom the Jews had rejected. He listened intently, and was much impressed by hearing in his own language the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and his desire seemed to be to retain the doctrines of Islam, and yet embrace Christianity. Henry Martyn firmly but affectionately told him that this would never do, and, after a time, the young Mussulman told his instructor how, "in his childhood, he used to cry while hearing of the sufferings of Christ," and while he spake the tears again ran down his face. Surely He who, beholding the young man in Galilee loved Him, had also a tender solicitude for this young Mussulman, who was not far from the Kingdom of God.

After a formal presentation to Prince

Abbas Mirza, which Martyn graphically described, not forgetting to mention his own extraordinary court costume, wearing red cloth stockings, and rather ungracefully making his way to the hall of audience in high-heeled green shoes, we find him obtaining from the Moojtuhid, or professor of the Mohammedan law, leave to publicly discuss religion. Then follows an argument of much interest, in which Martyn, as much at home with the Koran as the Bible, completely defeats the logic of the Mollahs, and discloses the heresies of Mohammedanism and the mystic foolishness of the Soofties. These victories, however, only accentuated the malice of his enemies, and he began to find less courtesy in their dealings with him. This animosity afterwards culminated in a scene which took place after he had left Shiraz, and was with the camp of the King. It cannot be told better than in his own words:

"I attended the Vizier's levee, where there was a most intemperate and clamorous controversy kept up for an hour or two, eight or ten on one side, and I on the other. Amongst them were two Mollahs, the most ignorant of any I have yet met in either Persia or India. It would be impossible to enmuerate all the absurd things they said. Their vulgarity in interrupting me in the middle of a speech; their utter ignorance of the nature of an argument;

their impudent assertions about the law and the Gospel, neither of which they had ever seen in their lives, aroused my indignation a little. I wished and I said it would have been well if Mirza Abdoolwahad had been there, I should have then have had a man of sense to argue with. The Vizier, who set us going at first, joined in it latterly, and said, 'You had better say, God is God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God.' I said, 'God is God,' but added, instead of 'Mohammed is the prophet of God,' 'and *Jesus is the Son of God.*' They had no sooner heard this, which I had avoided bringing forward till then, than they all exclaimed in contempt and rage, 'He is neither born nor begets,' and rose up as if they would have torn me to pieces. One of them said, 'What will you say when your tongue is burnt out for this blasphemy?'

One of them felt for me a little, and tried to soften the severity of this speech. My book, which I had brought, expecting to present it to the King, lay before Mirza Sherfi. As they all rose up after this to go, some to the King and some away, I was afraid they would trample on the book, so I went in among them to take it up, and wrapped it in a towel before them, while they looked at it and me with supreme contempt.

"Thus I walked away alone to my tent,

to pass the rest of the day in heat and dirt. What have I done, thought I, to merit all this scorn? Nothing, I trust, but bearing testimony to the Name of Jesus."

## CHAPTER X

## The Journey's End

"Thine eyes shall see the *King*! the Mighty One,
The many crowned, the light enrobed, and He
Shall bid thee share the Kingdom."—*Havergal*

THE air was full of storm, but Henry Martyn faced the fury of the Persian zealots with a heart strong in God. He had bearded Mohammedanism in its very den, and plucked off by resistless argument the crown of its intellectual prestige. The Mollahs who stood incensed at the name of the Crucified, were doubly angry because the Christian teacher had so well vindicated His cause among them. For a time these philosophers had been gratified to air their ideas with characteristic prolixity in the presence of such a distinguished stranger, who had evidently the courteous patience to listen to them; but on his questions being put, confusion filled their mind and discomfiture their faces, for the real battle had begun. From thence was a quick succession on the old lines of persecution, either the truth must be silenced by argument, or the witness thereof quieted by

harsher means. The marvel is that Martyn was not killed outright for his temerity, possibly his English nationality and his official relations were, humanly speaking, the saving conditions.

While at Shiraz he was more than once struck in the public streets. This he seems to have taken little note of, but one day happening to mention to his host, Jaffier Ali Khan, that a missile as big as his fist had struck him in the back, a swift message of complaint was sent by his host to the governor of the city, who had it declared at the gates that a bastinado would be the portion of all who interfered with the Feringee Nabob.

It is to be noted that in the discussions in which Martyn was involved at this time, the apostate Jew who had embraced Islam was constantly present, and while the Mohammedan Mollahs were reciting from the Koran, this Jew quoted from the Old Testament, and thus the issue of debate often became much confused. The old Israelite was evidently ill at ease, and although there is no evidence given that he abandoned the double falsity of his position in favour of Christianity, he must have been impressed, not only by the logical force of the Christian position, but perhaps more by the devotion and self-forgetfulness of its witness in the midst of so many enemies. So alarming were the inroads

made by Martyn upon the professed wisdom of the Mohammedan faith, that a work was prepared and issued in Arabic defending Islamism. In many respects this was one of the most learned and weighty apologies for the religion of the False Prophet that has ever seen the light. It was the result of much study and labour on the part of the principal Mollah, and in it he makes the following concluding appeal to Martyn himself:

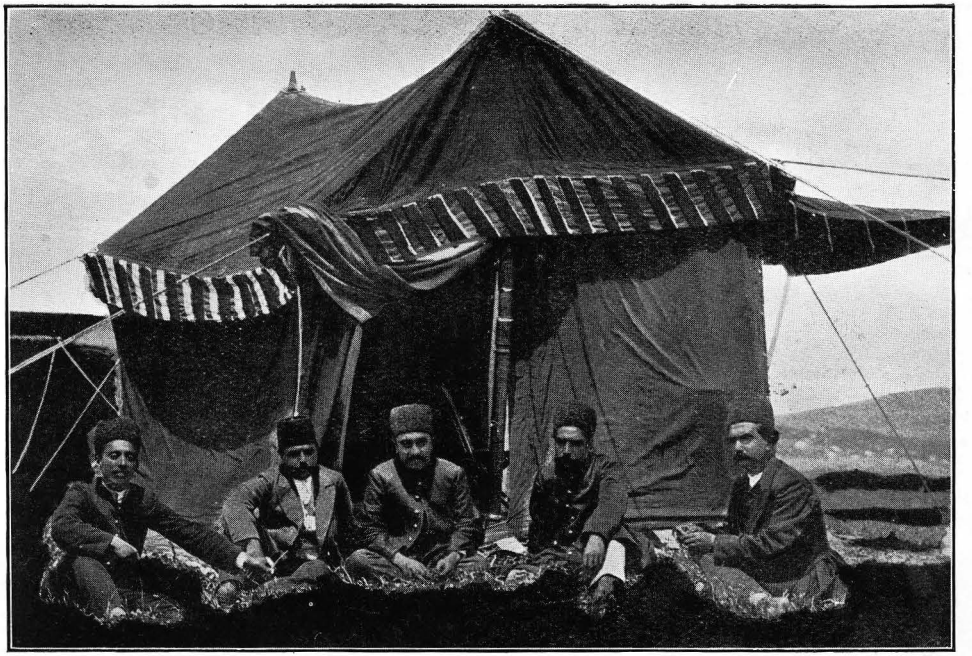
"Thus behold then, O thou that art wise, and consider with the eyes of justice, since thou hast no excuse to offer to God. Thou hast wished to see the truth of miracles. We desire you to look at the great Koran—that is an everlasting miracle."

Henry Martyn could not let this pass unnoticed, and published forthwith, in the same language, an answer thereto, in which he took up the argument point by point, closing with this earnest desire, worthy of a true Christian:

"If you do not see the evidence to be sufficient, my prayer is that God may guide you, so that you who have been a guide to men in the way you thought right, may now both see the truth and call men to God through Jesus Christ, 'who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His Blood.' His glory and dominion be everlasting!"

Before leaving Shiraz, Martyn paid a visit to the ruins of ancient Persepolis,

To face page 148



A GROUP OF PERSIANS AT TENT DOOR

PERSIAN MOHAMMEDANS PRAYING

about thirty miles away, and, after crossing the Araxas by night, saw the dawn break over her mouldering columns and arches, the remnant of a glory long since passed away. Twenty-one centuries had looked down upon these buildings, and to the mind of the English missionary they spoke many solemn truths.

After a stay of ten months, Martyn completed for Persia his translation of the New Testament and the Psalms. He now left the Athens of Persia behind, and undertook a wearisome journey of eight weeks to Tabriz, in order to obtain the necessary introduction from Sir Gore Ouseley, the British Ambassador there, before presenting his Testament to the Shah and the heir-apparent.

On his way thither he passed through Ispahan, and made the acquaintance of the Armenian bishops, who took him to their church. Here he was saddened by the utter lack of spirituality in the service, and disgusted to see at the time of the sacrament the priests drink off the sacred wine, and devour the bread themselves, while the congregation of poor people waited for it in vain.

When he arrived at the King's camp at Carech he had an interview with Mirza Shufi, the premier, and passed the ordeal of a close questioning by this functionary, who was not wanting in the curiosity of

Eastern dignities. At another time Martyn had a long conversation with a Mussulman in the cool after sunset on the roof of the Caravansary. This man, unlike some of the disputants he had previously met with, was deplorably ignorant, and yet, or perhaps in consequence, had a perfect opinion of his own information. His geographical knowledge was so limited that he could not understand upon which side of India Europe was situated; and his historical and theological ideas were singularly mixed. He told Martyn that he knew more about the subject of Christianity than he did, but referring to Mohammed he confessed that he was not sure whether the mother of Mehdi was the daughter of Simon Peter, Plato, or the Emperor Constantine. Martyn shocked this shallow doctrinaire by asking him why he was a Mohammedan, and then followed it up by inquiring what one should do to arrive at a knowledge of the truth of that religion. At this the Mussulman grew excited in the prospect of making a convert, and solemnly laid down this injunction:

"Drink no wine for three days, pray according to your own form for Divine direction, and depend upon it you will find it."

"But supposing," said the missionary, "that I have no such doubts in my mind as to feel any need of Divine direction, what then?"

The man looked at him with amazed disappointment, and evidently giving up the case in despair, said, "Why then, I have nothing more to say to you, and so good night."

Pursuing his onward way he found the journey most distressing, storms of rain and hail, alternating with fierce heat, no food to be had for days, and rarely any adequate shelter, and the people unfriendly and inhospitable. All this wrought fearful havoc with the health of Martyn, for nearly the whole time he was in a raging fever, his head racked with excruciating pain. And yet, in the midst of these miseries, he retained a strong faith in God, and a real gratitude to Him for the mercies which he discerned through all these trials. One night he writes in his journal, how sweet were the words of the Epistle to the Ephesians, which his companion read to him as he lay in bed, and at another time when everything seemed lost and it looked as if the journey could not terminate except fatally, he makes the entry: "Last night I felt remarkably well, calm and composed, and sat reflecting on my Heavenly rest with more sweetness of soul, abstraction from the world, and solemn views of God than I have had for a long time. Oh, for such sacred hours! This short and painful life would scarcely be felt could I live thus at Heaven's gate." More dead than alive, he reached Tabriz

and feebly asked for a man to show him to the Ambassador's. He found in Sir Gore Ouseley and his excellent lady prompt and hospitable friends. At this house of Gaius he was thankful to remain for a time, until by careful nursing and attention his health was restored. But he could not disguise from himself the injury such a journey had inflicted upon his already enfeebled frame, and, as once more he took saddle and started upon his thirteen hundred miles to Constantinople, he felt, and his letters home expressed the conviction, that it was unlikely that he should ever live to reach his destination. And yet he realised a good deal of encouragement from the fact that his visit to Persia had already created a new and unexpected interest in Christianity and in the midst of persecution and scoffing there were signs that he had not laboured altogether in vain. "The Persians will probably take the lead in the march to Zion," are his words when speaking of the preparations of the way of the kings of the East.

Again, it must be noted what unlimited faith Martyn had in the Holy Scriptures. His New Testament had been presented by Sir Gore Ouseley to the Shah, on behalf —as Martyn particularly desired—of the British and Foreign Bible Society, while its translator was lying ill. And he felt that the Word of God would no longer be a stranger to the people in their own language.

The promise of its Divine Author was that "My Word shall not return unto Me void, but shall accomplish that whereunto I sent it," and Martyn looked confidently for its fulfilment, not within his own fast-ebbing lifetime, but in a future when other witnesses should enter into his field of warfare and, in their time, fight a battle for the Lord.

When he got well away from Tabriz, the miseries of his last journey began. He had engaged a servant to speak Persian, who proved to know little of that language; his horses turned out sorry beasts, and the heat was intense. At his first halting-place, he had to be content with a stable, and in the next, was crowded with his luggage in a wash-house, but, with these surroundings, he beguiled the nightly hours with repeating a Psalm or indulging in silent speculations on the eighth conjugation of the Arabic verb.

Once on his way he was gladdened with a sight of Ararat lifting its serried peaks high against the blue sky. The sight was rich in suggestions to his mind.

"I fancied many a spot where Noah perhaps offered his sacrifices, and the promise of God that seed-time and harvest should not cease, appeared to me to be more exactly fulfilled in the agreeable plain in which it was spoken than elsewhere, as I had not seen such fertility in any part

of the Shah's dominions. Here the blessed saint landed in a new world; so may I, safe in Christ, outride the storms of life and land at last on one of the everlasting hills."

Passing onwards, Martyn reached Ech Meazin, or the Three Churches, where was an important Armenian monastery. Here he was received with hospitality, and was greatly interested in conversing with the Bishop Nestus, and especially with one of the monks, by name Serafino, who had been educated in Europe, and could speak English, French, and Italian. After many pleasant discussions and a solemn introduction to the aged patriarch Ephraim, he took his leave, saying that he had been so happy with them that he could almost be willing to become a monk amongst them. The old man shook his head, remarking that they had quite enough, but who shall say what amount of sincerity was in the young missionary's wish? Warned that the road was infested by robbers, Martyn recommenced his journey armed with a sword, and his attendants were also similarly provided against attack. After several scares, they arrived at Kars, and pushing on to Erzeroum found themselves in Turkish dominions. It is here that we have the first mention of the Tartar, Hassan Aga, who became, as a tormentor of Henry Martyn, a worthy successor of Sabat. Martyn makes a note

of a rumour that has reached him from the front which unconsciously bespeaks his end.

"From the men who accompanied Sir Gore Ouseley to Constantinople, I learned that the plague was raging in Constantinople, and thousands dying every day. One of the Persians had died of it. They added that the inhabitants of Tokat were flying from their town from the same cause. Thus I am passing inevitably into imminent danger. O Lord, Thy will be done! Living, dying, remember me!" This was written on the 1st of October, 1812, and in less than a fortnight afterwards the will of his Lord was done, and in His Kingdom He remembered him, for Henry Martyn was no more.

The story of these few remaining days is soon told. Fever began again to waste the strength of the emaciated traveller; sleepless and shaking with ague, he found ere long progress was impossible. At Chifflik he was again prostrated with fever, after which he slept a while. Then:

"In the night Hassan sent to summon me away, but I was quite unable to move. . . . He seemed determined to make up the delay, for we flew over hill and dale to Sherean, where we changed horses. From thence we travelled all the rest of the day and all night; it rained most of the time. Soon after sunset the ague came on again, which, in my wet state, was very trying; I hardly knew how to keep my life in me. At one

in the morning we found two men under a wain, with a good fire; they could not keep the rain out, but their fire was acceptable. I dried my lower extremities, allayed the fever by drinking a good deal of water, and went on."

The Tartar now in his brute cowardice began to dominate his master, flew into a passion of impatience, and determined to hurry him on. At first Martyn had strength enough to withstand his impetuosity. "He began to storm furiously at my detaining him so long, but I quietly let him spend his ire, ate my breakfast composedly, and set out at eight." But soon Martyn was too utterly prostrate to resist, and Hassan, fearing now the just punishment of his unfaithfulness and presumption, would not allow even a temporary stoppage at the villages. Once Martyn got off his horse to the ground, and assured this cruel man "that he neither could nor would go any farther." On through the darkness, fainting and struggling, until at length he reached a village, and here Sergius, his servant, begged for a place where his master might be alone. The plea was really for a place to die in. "Why should he be alone?" was the insulting reply, and he was thrust into a stable, where a huge fire was burning. He implored them either to put out the fire, which made him frantic, or to lay him on the ground outside. "Neither request

was attended to, my servant, who from my sitting in that strange way on the ground, believed me delirious, was deaf to all I said. At last I pushed my head in amongst the luggage, and lodged it on the damp ground, and slept."

Still onward, till they reached a little mountain village, where so terrible a fit of ague came upon him that his body was violently shaken as with a palsy and his teeth chattered. Two kindly Persians, "quite brotherly after the Turks," treated him kindly, but the fever which followed the cold fit kept him awake through the night. Another day or two of awful weakness, mercilessly hurried on by Hassan, brought him to Tokat, where on the 16th of October, 1812, at the age of thirty-one, he breathed his last. How or from what cause Martyn died will be for ever unknown. Alone, completely shattered in health, surrounded by friendless servitors, in the walls of a city smitten with pestilence, his soul returned at His summons to its God. All the record we have is a scrap of his writing, penned by a trembling hand just before he passed away. One can hardly read these words, the last entry (Oct. 6), penned in that touching "Journal" of his, save through a mist of tears.

"No horses being to be had, I had an unexpected repose. I sat in the orchard, and thought with sweet comfort and peace

of my God, in solitude, my company, my Friend and Comforter. Oh, when shall time give place to Eternity? When shall appear that new Heaven and new Earth wherein dwelleth righteousness! There, there shall nowise enter in anything that defileth; none of that wickedness which has made men worse than wild beasts—none of those corruptions which add still more to the miseries of mortality, shall be seen or heard of any more."

When his friends, lamenting, sought his remains afterwards, it was difficult to discover the place of his interment, although they were told that the Armenians buried him with the honours of an Archbishop; but it is more likely that his body was wound, Oriental fashion, in a white winding sheet, thrust into its last resting-place in haste and disorder. For many years his unknown grave was searched for, till at last, forty years after, it was found beneath a huge stone, which a stream had left bare. These precious bones were decently re-interred in the American cemetery, and the British Resident at Bagdad inscribed over them:

"A PIOUS AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,
*Sacerdos ac Missionarius Anglorum,*
CALLED BY THE LORD HIMSELF, AS HE WAS RETURNING TO HIS FATHERLAND."

Afterwards an obelisk of native stone was erected on the spot by the East India Company to his memory, bearing the name

of Henry Martyn, and inscribed (in English, Armenian, Persian, and Turkish), with the respective dates of his birth and death, and with the simple statement:

"He laboured for many years in the East, striving to benefit mankind both in this world and that to come; he translated the Holy Scriptures into Hindustani and Persian, and preached the God and Saviour of whom they testify. He will long be remembered in the East as a man of God."

Standing upon an eminence overlooking the town, this monument of the honoured dead is one of the places which the pilgrim, whose footsteps stray so far on Persian soil, seeks with emotion, and where he lingers long in thinking of that life so well lived, and here laid down.

When the news of his death arrived in England, Parliament was discussing the missionary clauses of the East India Company's Charter, and the tidings became the means of opening to India an unrestricted preaching of the Gospel.

His country mourned his loss, old friends wept at the news of his death, Cambridge grieved over the loss of one of her finest and most honoured sons, and the Church of God was one noble witness less on earth, and one more in Heaven.

Miss Grenfell's diary shows how keenly she realised the solitariness of the death of her lover. Her heart was resigned to the

will of God, "confident of His having done all things well for His beloved servant. Oh, how shall I, with wonder and praise, listen in Eternity to the relation of his last days!" His memory, indeed, was ever with her. Over thirteen years afterwards she made the final entry in her diary, and therein she mentioned "the beloved Martyn." She herself suffered much during the latter years of her life from a painful disease. She died September 21, 1829.

"Here Martyn lies. In manhoods early bloom,
The Christian hero finds a Pagan tomb.
Religion, sorrowing o'er her favourite son,
Points to the glorious trophies that he won.
Eternal trophies! not with carnage red,
Not stained with tears, by helpless captives shed,
But trophies of the Cross! for that dear Name,
Through every form of danger, death and shame,
Onward he journeyed to a happier shore,
Where danger, death, and shame assault no more."

—*Macaulay.*

## CHAPTER XI

### The Man Himself

Give me the lowest place: or if for me
That lowest, too high, make one more low
Where I may sit and see
My God and love Thee so."—*Rossetti*

ALTHOUGH he has been described by Sir James Stephen as "the most heroic name which adorns the annals of the Church of England from the days of Elizabeth to our own," it may be safely affirmed that to the multitude of his countrymen Henry Martyn is but little known. This is not because he has lacked able biographers, but the fact is to be accounted for rather by the complex and sometimes contradictory elements of his character. To many, Martyn is a dim, heroic personality, to others a distressful ascetic, to most, a man of remarkable genius allied to an almost fanatic zeal. The endeavour has been made in the preceding pages to tell the story of his life, and at the same time to make the man a living being once more, vivid with human feeling, as well as instinct with Divine grace. But to thoroughly grasp the man and the situation it is necessary to characterise Martyn a

little more closely than would be possible without interrupting the continuity of the story. The mind of Martyn and his worthy work having already received careful and discriminative treatment at the hands of eminent writers, it will not perhaps be out of place here to refer to these.

Foremost, not only in time, but in value, among Martyn's biographers must be mentioned the name of George Sargent, who so far back as 1837 wrote his memoir, and edited the journals and letters which to-day are still in the main the only authority on his life and labours. It is not perhaps generally known that Martyn was on the point of destroying the greater part of his journals before leaving India for Persia, and it was only through the intercession of his friend, Corrie, that these precious papers were preserved and sealed up to be opened at his death. From the hands of his literary executors, Simeon and Thornton, the MSS. passed to Sargent, who was admirably qualified for the task of setting them in order, and giving to the public Martyn's history, chiefly as told by himself. The work was done with a loving appreciation of its subject, by one in heartfelt sympathy with the Christian standpoint of that evangelical doctrine, which Martyn so earnestly believed and preached. Such a work will always be *the* Life of Martyn, and every succeeding biographer must be under great

obligation to its pages, not only for information, but for inspiration in striving to arrive at a true estimate of Henry Martyn. In the preface to the tenth issue, Mr. Sargent expresses himself as anxious to remove a misconception as to the impression which seems to have got abroad that Martyn was of a gloomy disposition, and lacking in human sympathy. This view, from personal testimony, he clearly disowns, and assures us that Henry Martyn was not less cheerful as a companion than he was warm-hearted as a friend." This inaccurate aspect was unquestionably due to readers of the letters and journals taking Martyn at his own estimate, and accepting as literally true those expressions of self-depreciation to which he constantly gave way. It must always be remembered that Henry Martyn did not write with a view to publication, and therefore much of his religious experience found in his correspondence and records must be viewed from the standpoint of private memoranda.

The next reference we have to Martyn is the able article by Sir James Stephen in the *Edinburgh Review*, July, 1844. The writer, in discussing the religious aspect of Martyn's character, thus eloquently sums up: "Prostrating his soul before the real though the hidden Presence he adored, his doubts were silenced, his anxieties soothed, and every meaner passion hushed into repose.

He pursued Divine truth (as all who would succeed in that pursuit must pursue it), by the will rather than the understanding; by sincerely and earnestly searching out the light which had come into the world, by still going after it when perceived, by following its slightest intimations with faith, with resignation, and with constancy, though the path it disclosed led him from the friends and home of his youth, across wide oceans and burning deserts, amid contumely and contention, with a wasted frame and overburdened spirit. He rose to the sublime in character, neither by the powers of his intellect nor by the compass of his learning, nor by the subtilty, the range, or the beauty of his conceptions (for in all these he was surpassed by many), but by the copiousness, and by the force of the living fountains by which his spiritual life was nourished. Estranged from a world once too fondly loved, his well-tutored heart learned to look back with a calm though affectionate melancholy on its most bitter privations. Insatiable in the thirst for freedom, holiness, and peace, he maintained an ardour of devotion which might pass for an erratic delusion, when contrasted with the Sadducean frigidity of other worshippers. Regarding all the members of the great human family as his kindred in sorrow and in exile, his zeal for their welfare partook more of the fervour of domestic affection than of

the kind but gentle warmth of diffusive philanthropy. Elevated in his own esteem by the consciousness of an intimate union with the Eternal Source of all virtue, the meek missionary of the Cross exhibited no obscure resemblance to the unobtrusive dignity, the unfaltering purpose, and the indestructible composure of Him by whom the Cross was borne. The ill-disciplined desires of youth, now confined within one deep channel, flowed quickly towards one great consummation; nor was there any faculty of his soul, or any treasure of his accumulated knowledge, for which appropriate exercise was not found in the high enterprise to which he was devoted."

One of the most important publications in the literature of Henry Martyn is the "Life of Mrs. Sherwood," who had the privilege of much of Martyn's society while at Cawnpore. This book gives a delightfully simple and life-like picture of her friend, and shows him as being full of tenderness, and rejoicing in the company of children. Here we see Martyn sitting, after much weary work, with Mrs. Sherwood's little daughter (christened by himself Lydia, with deep meaning), on his knee, the child caressing the pale, worn man, who as brightly returned her love.

Certainly the best analysis of Martyn's character is that of Sir J. W. Kaye in his "Christianity in India," a sketch of his life

written sympathetically and yet with an impartial discrimination. He writes:

"A strange, sensitive being—*all nerve*—was this young Cornish priest. Irritable and impulsive, of varying moods, sometimes sanguine and hilarious, at others despairing and dejected, he was wrenched and torn by gusts of passion, which seemed almost to threaten his very existence. His health was delicate, and he had overworked himself. He seemed to be always in an extreme state of tension, vibrating to the slightest touch. His soul never rested. Ever alive with emotion, trembling with deep joy or deeper sorrow, with wild hope or profound despair, he should have had the frame of a giant to sustain the shocks of so tempestuous a spirit."

One of the most valuable additions to our knowledge of Martyn is a little work comprising two sets of unpublished letters, edited, with prefatory remarks, by his grand-nephew, Henry Martyn Jeffery, F.R.S. In speaking of his health and overwork, he has taken a sensible view of "what might have been," had this wonderful witness felt for the prudent leading of a faithful friend in need.

"If ever a man," he says, "required the domestic control of a sister or wife, to save him from reckless waste of his own existence, Henry Martyn needed the affectionate curb. He worked in India at the Eastern

languages as he had laboured in England as an undergraduate, with utter self-abandonment. . . . His biographer, Sargent, comments on this record with complacent admiration, 'whatever he had to do, he did it with all his might;' on the other hand, a wife or sister would simply have forbidden self-sacrifice, either by literary toil, by fasting, by exposure to the sun, or by preventable hardships in travel, which were, in fact, the combined causes of his premature death. He could lecture his friend and co-adjutor Corrie for wasting his health by impetuous zeal, but he was unable to apply his sage counsel to his own shortcomings. Thus it came to pass that Martyn's constitution, congenitally weak, was unprotected, either by himself or others, and he died prematurely, alone and unbefriended by man."

Shortly before leaving India for Persia, Martyn had his portrait painted and sent to England, as a gift to his revered friend Charles Simeon. This was in turn bequeathed by him to the University of Cambridge, where it still has an honoured place. The face is very youthful, and to our mind, shows little trace of the labour and suffering which even up to that time Martyn had endured. But we have Mr. Simeon's testimony as to the excellency of the portraiture, and his words in a letter describing his feelings on looking upon it

for the first time are so pathetic, that we must transcribe an extract here. He had just opened and hung up the picture of his "ever dear and honoured brother," and writes thus to his friend, Mr. Thomason:

"I had, indeed, after it was opened at the India House, gone to see it there, and, notwithstanding all that you had said respecting it, to prepare my mind, I was so overpowered by the sight that I could not bear to look upon it, but turned away and went to a distance, covering my face, and in spite of every effort to the contrary, crying aloud with anguish. E. was with me, and all the bystanders said to her, 'That, I suppose, is his father?' And I think it probable that, if I had been his father, or his mother either, I should not have felt more than I did on the occasion. Shall I attempt to describe to you the veneration and love with which I look at it? No words that I can write will convey an adequate idea; nothing but your own tender mind can exactly conceive what I feel. . . . In seeing how much he is worn I am constrained to call to my relief the thought, *in whose service* he has worn himself so much, and this reconciles me to the idea of weakness, of sickness, or even if God were so to appoint, of death itself. As for your abuse of the painter's device to represent India, I do not at all agree with you, it is done as well as I wish it: and the portrait

itself cannot, I think, be excelled. I behold in it all the mind of my honoured brother, and if a thousand guineas had been sent me instead of it, they would *really and truly* be lighter than the dust upon the balance in comparison of it."

These words were written just before the tidings came of Martyn's death, and from that time the picture became increasingly precious to Mr. Simeon, who used to observe, whilst looking up at it with affectionate earnestness, as it hung over his fireplace, "There! see that blessed man. What an expression of countenance! no one looks at me as he does—he never takes his eyes off one; and seems always to be saying, 'Be serious—Don't trifle—don't trifle.'" Then smiling at the picture and gently bowing, he added, "And I won't trifle—I won't trifle."

Thus from the evidence of those who have deeply studied his life, and in some cases personally known him, Henry Martyn in the foregoing review has been set forth. There is little really to add. Of the value of his work as a translator of the sacred Word it is impossible for the human mind to gauge its importance and widespread influence. By his laborious nights and exhausting days of toil, he was able to place portions of the Holy Scriptures within reach and into the language of one-fourth the entire population of the world. His New Testament in Hindi

and Hindustani, in Persian, the Gospels in Judeo-Persic, and the Prayer-Book in Hindustani are only some of the results of his work in this direction. There is a golden ring about the metal of his allegiance to the Bible, and he who had such faith in the inspired Word felt it worth while working as he did work to enable his dusky brethren in the East to read it to their salvation.

We could have wished that in his letters and journals there had been a more joyful experience, indicating that he was a happier man. Even in a greater degree do we see this spirit of self-abasement in the diary of the one with whom he fondly and fruitlessly hoped he might enjoy the highest and meetest companionship which God has ordained for man. The sad introspection of Martyn is one of the most pathetic phases of a consecrated life. But of him it may justly be said that he transferred that limitless confidence in self which marks human nature to a perfect faith in his God, which nothing could shake or diminish.

Martyn, as a forerunner of Missions, was like John the Baptist in the wilderness, and broke the ground which has since been so gloriously occupied in the name of the Lord. Could he who laid down his life in the King's service revisit India and Persia to-day, what fruit of his work would he see? He would find his translations distributed in thousands by labourers in the

field, who, though belonging to different parties in the one great Church of God, are all agreed that the seed of life is the Word of God. Since Martyn lived and died, others have followed in his footsteps, have fought the good fight, and are with him crowned to-day. When he laboured, this Gospel light in foreign fields was as a flickering candle blown about amid unfriendly darkness which comprehended it not, now these distant lands are ablaze with the good news of Christ's redemption, and where witnesses of the Cross have yet to take possession, there are hands outstretched for help and brotherhood, and hearts yearning with the cry for Macedon. The saintly life of usefulness which such men as Martyn led has awakened a new ambition in many hearts, and from the shores of England and America men and women full of the Holy Ghost, with Christ in heart and life, are every year setting off on the Divine commission: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

The most superficial glance at the mission field of India to-day will disclose the rapid progress which has been made, not only in the propagation of the Gospel, but the permeation of the governing powers with a more genuine Christian sentiment. To India, with its teeming millions, both Europe, America, and Australasia have given some of their holiest and most useful sons,

and through the length and breadth of that deeply interesting land the voice of the Cross is heard. Christian intellects with consecrated zeal following in the steps of Martyn, are grappling successfully with the philosophical aspects of the creeds of Buddha and Islam, while others, content with a simple declaration of the salvation of Jesus Christ, are striving earnestly to seek and to save that which was lost. The darkness is still thick over the country, but the Christian Church may thank God and take courage with regard to India, where almost every missionary society has its representatives, and has its glorious share of garnered sheaves after faithful toil for the Lord of the harvest. How much of this present success is due to the sacred industry of Martyn in the work of translating the Scriptures into the vernacular, eternity can alone reveal.

Possibly less is known about the subsequent work in Persia, that country which has a remarkable past associated with our Bible history, but is at present scarcely emerging from a dark cave of Oriental oppression and superstition. But the seed which Martyn sowed bears fruit, and the translation of the Testament which the Persians so insolently discarded, has opened the door to let in the light of the Gospel. Four years after his death, Fidelia Fiske was born in her quiet New England

home, and when she was but a girl at school she drove one night thirty miles through blinding snow to ask her mother whether she might go to Persia and preach the Gospel to the women there. This was the beginning of a Christ-like mission, which is not unworthy to be recorded as a sequence to Henry Martyn's work in that land. He attacked their learned sophists and tore the mask from Mohammedanism, she gathered the wretched girls and others around her, and told the story of the love of Jesus until the revival at Oroomiah was like a Pentecost. Her work, and that of her coadjutors, has been followed up by her countrymen, and for many years the American missionaries have worked hard in this field. Other societies are also doing good service, and the letters from the front which are from time to time received, speak of victories for the Cross in the very places which, when Martyn passed through, were immersed in Christless gloom.

But the Church of God will never forget the one who, loyal to his Master, bore the brunt of the battle like a good soldier of Jesus Christ, counting all things as nothing to win the fight, and from his dying hand others have grasped the banner, and will in a grand succession of service and martyrdom pursue the Divine quest of souls till He come.

## CHAPTER XII

## Farewell

AND now, as we come to take leave of Henry Martyn, with his charm of manner, his apostolic zeal, and his extraordinary abilities, what is chiefly impressed upon the mind is his whole-souled devotion to the cause of Christ; yet the self-revelation of his "journal" and his love for Lydia Grenfell remind us that he was, after all, human. Here is no strange mystic, but a man like unto ourselves; withal, a saint of God; withal, a holy crusader. Pausing in the midst of a thousand irritations to rebuke his own rebellious temper, meekly enduring the insults of an arrogant translator who was a paid employee in his service, standing nobly for Christian truth in times and places wherein the idea of religion was scorned, he poured out his life a sacrifice to the despised Nazarene, and his name is still a priceless asset of Christianity in the East.

His peculiar suitability for translation work made grammars and dictionaries entrancing to him. He was, indeed, a born grammarian. In 1810 he completed trans-

lating the New Testament into Hindustani, the sheets, however, being partially destroyed by fire at the Serampore Press in 1812. After his death the British and Foreign Bible Society issued it afresh. In 1812 he completed the New Testament in Persian, praising God for the accomplishment in his journal:

"I have many mercies for which to thank the Lord, and this is not the least. Now may the Spirit who gave the Word, and called me, I trust, to be an interpreter of it, graciously and powerfully apply it to the hearts of sinners, even to the gathering of an elect people from amongst the long-estranged Persians."

The Shah of Persia, to whom, as we have seen, a copy of the New Testament was submitted by Sir Gore Ouseley, replied to the ambassador in truly Oriental fashion, saying:

"In the Name of the Almighty God, whose glory is most excellent.

"It is our august command that the dignified and excellent, our most trusty, faithful, and loyal well-wisher, Sir Gore Ouseley, Baronet, His Britannic Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary (after being honoured and exalted with the expressions of our highest regard and consideration), should know that the copy of the Gospel, which was translated into Persian by the learned exertions of the late Henry Martyn,

and which has been presented to us by your Excellency, on the part of the high, dignified, learned, and enlightened Society of Christians, united for the purpose of spreading abroad the Holy Books of the religion of Jesus (upon whom, and upon all prophets, be peace and blessings!) has reached us and has proved highly acceptable to our august mind.

"In truth, through the learned and unremitting exertions of Henry Martyn, it has been translated in a style most befitting sacred books, that is, in an easy and simple diction. Formerly, the four Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, were known in Persia; but now the whole of the New Testament is completed in a most excellent manner; and this circumstance has been an additional source of pleasure to our enlightened and august mind."

The Shah also desired the Ambassador to convey his friendly salutations to the British and Foreign Bible Society. Eventually the translation was printed by the Russian Bible Society, aided by the "British and Foreign." A second edition was published at Calcutta in 1814, and other editions followed, the entire Bible being subsequently issued in Persian. Henry Martyn's Testament was denounced by Papal bulls, and by letters to the Roman Catholic agents in Persia, the "faithful" being reminded that "Bibles printed by heretics are numbered

among prohibited books," and that "it is evident, from experience, that from the Holy Scriptures which are published in the vulgar tongue, more injury than good has arisen."

However, "the Word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword," and Henry Martyn's New Testament was like a gift to Persia from Heaven itself. The modern Arabic translation of the New Testament by Martyn and his helper Sabat was also printed after his death; it bears its own witness to the earnestness of his endeavours to bring the Mohammedans out of the darkness of their fanatical beliefs into the light of God.

Here we bid him farewell, recognising that his famous aspiration was realised, that he had "burned out for God." Yet, though the body was consumed with its ardent endeavours, his illustrious example —his zeal and his devotion still shine like a beacon, illuminating the darkness of Islam, and calling the people of God to the evangelisation of the countries where of old the prophets of God foretold the Coming of the Saviour, and which in the fulness of time were trodden by the feet of the Son of God.

From the day that Martyn landed in India to that of his death at Tokat was only about six years and a half; yet what energy, what faithfulness, what industry were packed into that short space! Six years and a half of "burning out for God"—and, a century

afterwards, his memory and example still constitute a living appeal to the Church of Christ to carry on his work by spreading the knowledge of the Gospel among the Mohammedan peoples of the world. If only the response be worthy of the appeal, then the waning Crescent, with all that it represents of monstrous ignorance, depravity, and fanaticism, shall speedily fade utterly before the rising glow of the glorious rays of the Sun of Righteousness.