

been his constant companion. It was a Persian New Testament, and on a blank leaf the name Henry Martyn.

Martyn probably knew nothing of his personal influence upon these people ; as little as we know the result of our lives.

But to return to our narrative. He was out of money, and would have starved but for help from a poor muleteer. Burning with fever, aching with weariness, breathing with difficulty from the progress of his disease, he reached Tabriz, where the English ambassador received him. For two months Sir Gore Ousley and his lady watched by his bedside, until temporary return of strength allowed his departure. In the meantime the ambassador himself presented the New Testament in Persian to the king, by whom it was graciously received and publicly commended ; since which it has shone as a day star of hope to Christian missions in that part of the world. England has spent millions of money and many lives of soldiers in Persia, but the work of Henry Martyn, though his face was hardly known to its people, has accomplished a thousand fold more.

His work done, the frail man started for home. Thirteen hundred miles overland must be traversed before he could reach even Constantinople. With a heartless dragoman and servant he started across burning plains, dangerous rivers, under the mighty peak of Mount Ararat, through dense forests, drenching rains and thieving villages, he rushed onward, though fainting, and always with the dread fever or chill. After a month or more of this sort of life, we find the last note in his journal, Oct. 6, 1812 : "No horses to be had, I had unexpected repose. I sat in an 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 ?" Ten days later he was dead. How he died no one knows, except that it was alone. There was no loving kiss of wife or sister or friend upon the chilling brow, but as they would say in the East, "God kissed him and drew out his soul."

Friends in distant India waited for the coming of one who would never come. But the story of his work floated over the lands, and with it the story of his heroism. A thrill of missionary interest went through the Church. The cause of evangelization received an impulse second to none since the early days of the English Reformation.

The story of Henry Martyn almost oppresses an ordinary Christian. His spirituality was so refined that it is difficult to even appreciate it. It was like the rare atmosphere of mountain heights, hard for some to even breathe. His courage and concentration of purpose make our lives seem so weak and disconnected--like water spilled on the ground, compared with the torrent that turns a hundred factories. He was dead at thirty-two, having awakened a nation, and some of us are twice that age and have hardly begun to do anything for the great crying