

His thirtieth birthday found him *en route* for Persia. In his journal he says: "I am now at the age when the Saviour of men began His ministry—when John the Baptist called a nation to repentance. Let me now think for myself and act with energy. Hitherto I have made my youth and insignificance an excuse for sloth and imbecility; now let me have a character and act for God."

After several months he reached Persia. He was prostrated by sunstroke. Recovering sufficient strength, he penetrated the country. The thermometer in June ranged from 120 degrees to 126 degrees. He existed only by wrapping himself in heavy blankets to exclude the heat, or wet blankets to temper it. So he traversed the plains. Then over the mountains where the cold at night was piercing, but with a fire in his head, his skin dry as a cinder, his pulse almost convulsive.

Reaching Shiraz, the Persian seat of learning, he began a new translation of the Testament with the help of some intelligent Persian gentlemen. While doing this work he debated publicly with their great men, and wrote articles in reply to their chief books. Sharp arguments were sometimes interspersed with brick-bats hurled at his head. Within the year his translation was completed. He would lay it before the Persian king. To accomplish this another long journey was undertaken. To its natural hardship was added the danger to his life from the bigotry of the people, as they knew his mission to introduce a foreign religion. He one day attended a reception given by the Vizier, bringing his Bible. Vizier challenged him with "You had better say, 'God is God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God.'" Martyn replied, at the risk of losing his head, "God is God, and Jesus is the Son of God." The by-standers cried out, "What will you say when your tongue is burnt out for such blasphemy?" They would have trampled the Bible with their feet had not Martyn rescued the manuscript from the floor.

But what was the use of antagonizing the prejudices of the people? Had we simply the diary of Martyn we might only be able to say that his burning zeal would not permit him to be silent. Everywhere he went he must be talking about Christ. But there was a providence in his tongue that he knew not of. Years afterward Sir Robert Ker Porter, in journeying through Persia, was met by people who asked if he knew "the man of God," some one who had made an impression upon the people like that of a brief sojourn of an angel among them. They said "He came here in the midst of us, sat down encircled by our wise men, and made such remarks upon our Koran as cannot be answered. We want to know more about his religion and the book he left among us." At Shiraz, long after Martyn's death, there lived an accomplished Persian, Mohamed Ratem, who confessed that for years he had been secretly a Christian. He had been convinced, he said, by "a beardless youth, enfeebled by disease, who gave him a book," which had since