

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, set 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 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 muliteer. 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 Ouseley 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—likewater 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 world and Him who redeemed it. We cannot follow Martyn; we are not brave enough, nor fine enough, in moral fiber to take his lustre. Let us, then, more deeply appreciate the lesson now carved in four languages upon his tomb in Tokat: "May travelers of all nations, as they step aside and look at this