

Speaking on the impulse, he thought he had overstepped propriety ; but the honesty of his manner gave such weight to his rebuke that it led to his friend's conversion, and in after years they labored together in the foreign mission field.

But that was not the day of missionary interest such as now fills the Church. Carey had gone to India, the first English missionary there ; and David Brainerd had laid down his life for Christ among the American Indians. Vanderkemp was in South Africa. These and a few others were then the far-scattered stars in what has now become resplendent galaxies of missionary heroes and martyrs in many lands. To conceive the idea of being a missionary showed independence, enterprise, courage, and far-sighted pioneer faith not required of those who now go out to help bring in the spoil of almost a century's campaign in pagan lands.

Martyn was in spirit alone in the world when he formed the missionary purpose, almost as much as when he lay down to die at Tokat. He loved his home ; hearts close to his seemed necessary to the existence of his warm, affectionate nature. Could he break these ties ? He was a man of most exquisite intellectual refinement, by genius a student, with a brilliant career awaiting him in a university chair, or as leader of a refined congregation. Could he give his life to the dull monotony of teaching the most degraded people the rudiments of decency and truth ? There was no glamour about the work. It was not a roscate outlook, but one of dirt and dreariness to any one ; and especially to a man physically weak, knowing that he inherited a tendency to disease that needed to be counteracted by tender living. He wrote, "This is what flesh cannot endure." There was one other obstacle, such as has determined the career of many a man. He was deeply attached to a lady of rarest worth in all that a noble man would seek in a wife. His affection was returned. But she could not accompany him to the mission field. Thus to go was to isolate himself from everything which made life worth living, looked at from the standpoint of self. Yet he said, "I will go," though he, quite naturally under the circumstances, made that great offering of himself in the very words of Christ when expiring on Calvary, and of Stephen bowing his head to martyrdom, "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." Why not ? The man then died to the world as truly as if he had mounted a funeral pyre.

In 1805 Henry Martyn sailed for India. Nine months were consumed in the journey, which took him across to South America and then back around Cape Good Hope. Much of the time was spent in hard study, mastering the Hindustani language, varied by burning fever as the fiery conflict of his thought consumed his very flesh. He tells us that the most helpful uninspired sentence he ever heard was one that he found at this time in Milner's "History of the Church";