

millions, while their number is being increased every year at the rate of another million as they issue from the schools and colleges. It is a rare thing for the youths who go through the higher schools and colleges to leave without a feeling of admiration for the character of Christ, unless they are so depraved as to hate virtue because they love vice. There is much searching of heart about the person and work of Christ. It is in India as in Judea, Christ "is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel." But that He shall be recognized as the Saviour of India is as sure as the promises of God.

HENRY MARTYN.—PART I.

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The life of Henry Martyn is one of three or four books which Professor Marcus Dods, of the New College of the Free Church of Scotland, Edinburgh, tells us have had a lasting influence in moulding his mind and character. And this testimony is not a solitary one, but there are very many others in all the churches who have drawn from the simple records of Henry Martyn's pen an enduring inspiration of devotion to the Lord Jesus Christ. Zinzendorf's motto was, *Christus crucifixus passio mea*. A perusal of Martyn's memoir will show that this was also the secret of his life, that wherein his strength lay—Christ crucified was his ruling passion.

The life of Martyn is, like that of Robert Murray McCheyne, of Dundee, a life whose secret was unbroken communion with God, and whose influence, therefore, still lives on like ointment in the hand which bewrayeth itself (Prov. 27 : 16).

"The thought of God
Filled him with infinite joy ; his craving soul
Dwelt on Him as a feast."

As is well said by Canon Edmonds, in the *Church Missionary Intelligencer* for January, 1891, "From first to last men loved Martyn. He kindled their interest. He called out their admiration. He won their regard. His memoir was extensively read. It deserved to be. It was far more a sermon than a manifesto. It went with men into hours of retirement. It was the Sunday book of a considerable period. It sank into the hearts of young men. It kindled with its hallowed fire other fires as burning as its own. It carried across the Atlantic a current of glowing piety, and reproduced there the same gracious effects. In both hemispheres for a long time it is hardly too much to say that, among people interested in the work of missions, two names were written each on a white stone of holiest veneration—the name of David Brainerd and that of Henry Martyn."

The sweetness of his character and the lofty purpose of his life breathe through his well-known memoir from first to last. As Sargent, his friend