

cost over \$1,200; still, the people have given freely, glad to see everything done "decently and in order." The work is most encouraging; the church is beautiful in appearance, and filled twice every Sunday with devout worshippers. The church societies are working well, and truly we can say, "The Lord is with us."

SOME MISSIONARY HEROES.

III. HENRY MARTYN.



MISSIONARY of the present day is much admired, and has many friends and supporters. It was not so in Henry Martyn's time. Any one who favored preaching the Gospel to the heathen was called either a fanatic or a fool. Henry Martyn was prepared to seem either the one or the other, if only the Gospel might be made known to benighted people. Born in 1781, in the humble home of a Cornish miner, educated, by the zeal of his father, at Cambridge, where he came out senior wrangler, called to the sacred ministry, he began to feel that the field of Gospel was the world. He soon had a passionate desire to go to India, but, not having sufficient means of his own, was glad to accept a chaplaincy in the service of the East India Company. On his journey, and indeed wherever he went, to Brazilian planter or Roman priest or degraded Hottentot or dying soldier, he tried to win men to the truth as it is in Jesus. In India he was shocked at the shameful lives of his own countrymen, and labored hard first among them, that they might show to the heathen what the life of a Christian ought to be. Then he was horrified at the dreadful scenes he witnessed among the Hindoos, for in his day the car of Juggernaut crushed its victims, and the fire of the suttee burned the poor widows alive. He saw it once, "and shivered as standing on the brink of hell."

He was a foundation worker. "Even," he said, "if I never should see a native converted, God may design, by my patience and continuance in the work, to encourage future missionaries"—the resolve of a grand mind! And a prophecy strangely fulfilled. Life is short; in his case it was doomed to be very short. He felt the seeds of disease within him. Consumption was warning him. "I can do no work without a Bible that these people can read. The missionary who shall follow me, such a Bible shall have." Here was his instinct for foundation work. He studied Sanscrit and Hindustani, and soon was able to preach in the native tongue, but he never knew of any converts, save one old Hindu woman whom he baptized. But he worked at the New Testament and soon had it translated into Hindustani and then into Persian. He then

went to Persia, where he revised his New Testament and translated the Psalms. It was called a "noble version," was printed and went forth upon a great missionary work as the sands of the author's life were running out.

He died at Tocat on the 16th of October, 1812, at the age thirty-one, a lonely stranger, and was laid in a lonely grave. But no missionary work is done in the East to-day without thoughts of the "beardless youth, enfeebled by disease," who laid the foundation of it.

He saw scarcely any fruits of his labors in the way of converts. He thought of the solitary old woman in India, but he knew not that once a young Mussulman heard him preach, and was pierced by the sword of the Word, and that Bishop Heber afterwards ordained him the first Indian pastor. By this man, whose name was Abdul Messeh, more than forty Hindus were converted to Christianity, and when he died a monument was erected by the Resident at Lucknow to commemorate his devotedness and success. The mantle of Martyn, unknown to himself, had fallen upon worthy shoulders, and the world knows that his labors, short as they were, were by no means "in vain in the Lord."

BISHOP WHIPPLE relates the following interesting story of his brother, the late Rev. George B. Whipple. "When two years old, he vibrated for three months between life and death—doctor and every one else gave him up. An aged minister said one day, 'God has answered my prayer, that boy will live to be a missionary.' His life was spared, he grew up a generous, loving boy, full of life, never was a boy more fond of athletic sports. He always loved the sea, and having read Dana's 'Two Years Before the Mast,' after graduating from college, shipped as a sailor before the mast on a whale ship. One day they struck an enormous whale. The creature no sooner felt the harpoon than it turned upon the boat, and with a stroke of its tail threw the craft in the air; and, as the whale dove, my brother was caught in a coil of the rope, which would have cut him in two had it not been for a broad belt of heavy leather which he wore. He climbed, in company with others, upon the overturned boat, and that night, in the midst of a stormy sea, he gave his heart to Christ and His service.

"When they reached the Sandwich Islands a gentleman came on board the ship, and applied to the captain for a teacher for his children. He then recommended my brother, who thus became a teacher.

"He became deeply interested in the natives, and learned the language so thoroughly that he taught in Hawaiian. When I became bishop, he came here, studied for orders, went back as a missionary, and remained many years, afterwards returning to work in Minnesota."



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