

denial, are the prominent features in the character of Henry Martin, whose life I shall now proceed briefly to review.

#### REV. HENRY MARTIN.

His life may be divided into two leading periods, the first embracing the time previous to his entering on his chaplainship under the East India Company; and the second embracing the remainder of his short but eventful earthly career.

The first of these periods shall form the subject of what follows. Henry Martin was born at Truro, in Cornwall, in England, on the 18th February, 1781. His father, originally in a very humble sphere in life, by employing his leisure hours in the acquisition of useful knowledge, soon fitted himself for filling a situation that enabled him to live comfortably and send his son to a respectable grammar school in his native town. Little Henry, now between seven and eight years of age, was of a lively, cheerful temper, and proverbial for his peculiarly tender and unoffensive spirit. Under the care of Dr. Cardew, his teacher, a gentleman of learning and talents, he appears to have made good progress in his studies. When only 15 years old, he became a candidate for a vacant scholarship in one of the Oxford Colleges, and acquitted himself so well that in the opinion of some of the examiners he ought to have been elected. But the hand of God frustrated his fond design. "Had he been successful," remarks the writer of his memoirs, the Rev. John Sargent, "the whole circumstances of his after life would have been varied; and however his temporal interests might have been promoted, his spiritual interests would probably have sustained a proportionate loss." Henry himself afterwards acknowledged the truth of this remark. His disappointment only urged him on to increased diligence in his studies for two years more, until in 1797 he took up his residence in St. John's College, Cambridge. Here he commenced the study of mathematics, for his profound knowledge in which he soon became so distinguished, by attempting to commit to memory the propositions of Euclid,—a proof of how little can be determined from first attempts. "Though outwardly moral, and in the world's opinion unblemished, still certain traits of character evince him to have been living at this time 'without God in the world.'" That God regards the motives of our actions, was a principle of which he was apparently ignorant. Self-approbation and the praise of man appear to have been his chief inducement to duty. Fortunately, however, he had a religious friend at College, who was actuated by nobler and holier principles, and who failed not in that essential trait of a true friend, viz., to warn him of his failings, and to exhort him to obey the Apostle's admonition, "Whatsoever you do, do all to the glory of God." Henry, alluding to his friend's advice to attend to reading, not for the praise of men, but for the glory of God, says,— "This seemed strange to me, but reasonable. I resolved, therefore, to maintain this opinion thenceforth, but never desired that it should affect my conduct." How like unrenewed human nature! But he had also a sister of a meek and heavenly spirit, with whom he spent a part of the summer of 1799, and from whom he received many valuable lessons on religious subjects,—lessons, which being conveyed with all the tenderness and affection of a sister, deeply impressed his mind, and often recurred to him, when engrossed in the pursuit of human knowledge, in the silence of his College closet. Her tender exhortation, followed by the blessing of God, excited convictions of the truth,—convictions which were deepened by the painful intelligence of his father's death, an event that, from his own account, appears to have caused him sufferings of a most poignant nature. But this to him was a time not only of severe, but of sanctified sorrow,—"a seed time of tears, promising that harvest of holiness, peace and joy which succeeded it." How often does God employ affliction, either personally or relatively, to wean sinners from the world—to break them off from those sins on account of which they are suffering—to dispose them to look to Him alone for consolation and support, and to win them to seek heaven as their home! It is thus that "affliction worketh

for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

In 1801, before the completion of his twentieth year, he gained the highest academic honour,—that of "senior wrangler;" but to him who was now alive to the unsatisfying nature of every temporal blessing—who now felt that no earthly distinction could satisfy the mind, especially after it had tasted "the good word of God"—this proud honour was attended with a feeling of pain rather than otherwise; "so certain is it that he who drinks of the water of the well of this life must thirst again, and that it is the water which springs up to everlasting life that alone affords never-failing refreshment."

From this time Henry continued to advance in piety—put much of his time, like Isaac and Nathaniel, meditating with his own heart; and the Lord blessed his secret devotions, "convinced him more and more of sin, made him more earnest in fleeing to Jesus for refuge, and more desirous for the renewal of his whole nature." He had an intention of studying the law, "chiefly," he confesses, "because he could not consent to be poor for Christ's sake;" but now he resolved upon devoting himself to the work of the Christian ministry, having received his first impressions of the excellence of that sacred calling from the conversation and example of the Rev. C. Simeon, whose kindness and friendship he was at this time privileged to enjoy. God also blessed to him the reading of the life of that very successful "apostle of the Indians," David Brainerd, which determined him to a work demanding the most painful sacrifices and most arduous exertion,—that of a Christian missionary.—But we must look for the true motive of this sacrifice—to the desire for the salvation of sinners, that animates the breast of every truly regenerated man. It is impossible that one who has felt the pardoning love of God shed abroad in his heart, can remain careless and unconcerned about the conversion of sinners around him—he will rather be amongst the number of those "who sigh and cry for all the abomination that is done in the midst," or of those who adopt the Prophet's petition, "O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the sins of the people!" Recollecting the last solemn injunction of his Lord and Master, "Go and teach all nations," joined with the encouraging promises, "Lo I am with you alway," he stood prepared with child-like simplicity to leave country and kindred, even the dearest friend upon earth, that he might proclaim a Saviour's love. Much of the following year before his ordination was spent in self-examination, reading, meditation, and prayer, and in preparation for that course of self-denial on which he was soon to enter. His diary, during this period, contains much that is interesting and profitable. "Take a specimen or two. At the close of the day the following reflection often formed his entry: "Amid the joyous affections of this day, I quickly forgot my own worthlessness and helplessness, and thus looking off from Jesus, found myself standing on slippery ground. But, oh! the happiness of that state, where pride shall never intrude to make our joys an occasion of sorrow!" Again: "Reading Baxter's Saints' Rest determined me to live more in heavenly meditation. Walked by moonlight, and found it a sweet relief to my mind to think of God, and consider my ways before him. In my usual prayer at noon, besought God to give me a heart to do his will." "For poor—I interceded most earnestly, even with tears." Again: "So much time misspent; so many opportunities lost of doing good, by spending the knowledge of the truth by conversation, or by example; so little zeal for God, or love to man; so much levity and vanity and pride and selfishness, that I may well tremble at the world of iniquity within. If ever I am saved, it must be by grace; may God give me a humble, contrite, child-like affectionate spirit, and a willingness to forego my ease continually for his service!"

Mr. Martin commenced the exercises of his pastoral function as Curate of the Rev. C. Simeon at Cambridge, anxiously desiring to adopt as his own the spirit of the well-known lines:

"I'd preach as though I ne'er should preach again;  
I'd preach as dying, unto dying men."

He was also appointed as one of the Public Examiners in the College, an honour that to him at one time would have been agreeable. But whilst most diligent in the discharge of these duties, he did not neglect the more private but equally important ones which a faithful pastor is called on to perform. He visited the humblest cottages, stood beside the couch of the sick, ministering to their wants, and smoothing the pillow of the dying man.

"His care was fixed,  
To fill his odorous lamp with deeds of light,  
And hope that reaps not shame."

And yet devoted as he was to the welfare of his fellow-creatures, he escaped not unassailed by calumny and unkindness; but "when reviled he reviled not again." "Conscious (said he) that I did not deserve the censures cast upon me, I committed myself to God, and in him may I abide till their indignation be overpast." "Is not this sweet, O my soul, to have a holy God to appeal to and converse with, though all the world should turn their backs?"

Mr. M. having received the promise of a Chaplainship in the East India service, revisited those scenes in Cornwall endearing to him by so many pleasing associations, and prepared to part for ever from his dearest friends,—an event that must have cost the greatest self-denial; and yet, as Mr. Sargent truly remarks, "the separation of Christians, in this world of mutability, afflictive as they must be, have their peculiar alleviations; they know that Christ fills all things, and they have the blissful expectation of an endless re-union in that world of glory whither they are hastening."

In April 1805, he left Cambridge, "the dear abode of his youth," and spent two months in London, enjoying the benefit of the example and advice of the good Mr. Cecil, and the counsel of the venerable Mr. Newton, soon "to be gathered to his people." How well prepared he was for the duties in which he was about to engage, will appear from the following extracts from his diary. April 22, he writes thus: "I do not wish for any heaven upon earth besides that of preaching the precious gospel of Jesus Christ to immortal souls. May these weak desires increase and strengthen with every difficulty!" May 9th.—"O my soul, when wilt thou live consistently? How time glides away! how is death approaching! how soon must I give up my account! how are souls perishing! how does their blood call out to us to labour, and watch and pray for them that remain!"

On 10th August he sailed from Falmouth for the shores of Hindostan, to enter into the vineyard of Bartholomew and Pantenus, of Ziegenbalg and Swartz, and desiring like them to know nothing save "Christ and him crucified." During this tedious voyage he spent his time in reading to the soldiers and sailors on board, praying with them, preaching to them, and trying every means of "alluring them to brighter worlds." In this labour of love he was often subjected to mockings and ridicule; but he bore all with meekness and charity, seeking not reward from men, "but looking forward to another world for approbation."

On his arrival at the Cape of Good Hope, he spent a short time with the aged Vanderkemp; and after an interval of above nine months from the time of his leaving England, on the 21st of April, 1806, "his eyes were gratified with the sight of India." The thoughts of the mission that the view of India excited appear to have been of rather a depressing nature, but God soon dispelled them, and enabled him truly to say, "Who art thou, O great mountain! before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain."

H.

Toronto, December, 1847.

"There is a certain amount of morality which is in demand upon earth, but which is miserably short of the requisite preparation for heaven."

Let our secret reading prevent the dawning of the day.