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ART. I.—HENRY MARTYN AS A TRANSLATOR OF
THE SCRIPTURES.

THE character of Henry Martyn, as a Christian whose light burned and shone with peculiar intensity and brilliancy, has in some degree hindered his work from being adequately understood. The man is known, but the workman is not known; the workman, however, is as worthy of study as the man himself.

That Martyn was born in 1781; that he came out Senior Wrangler in 1801, at just a month short of twenty years of age; that he was elected fellow of St. John's at the age of one-and-twenty; that he was ordained in 1803; that he embarked for India in 1805; that he reached Calcutta in 1806; that, after less than five years of astonishing industry and brilliant achievement, he left Calcutta again in the first week of 1811; that he settled at Shiraz just before midsummer of that year; that he remained there till the following summer, and then died at Tocat in Armenia on his journey home—all this is written in Sargent's "Life and Letters of Martyn," and all this is part of the store of those whose good fortune it was to be born before the generation had passed away which had felt the spell of the saintly young Cornishman's genius.

Besides this, there is a general impression that Martyn went to Persia chiefly to translate the Bible into better Persian than Sabat and he (chiefly Sabat) had managed to achieve in India, and that before he left Persia he had accomplished his task. And then, in the lapse of time, there grew up another impression, that Martyn was a glowing seraph living between earth and heaven, dreaming of versions of Scripture springing up quick as thought, and, after working a few months in Persia, leaving behind him—well, just what a man might be expected to leave who came to Shiraz in the June of one year and left

Tabriz on the first of the following September. These and similar statements have somehow got into currency, and even into credence; they deserve, however, a very small share of either. I propose, therefore, in this paper to draw attention to some neglected facts, to put right some current errors, and to offer some evidence in support of the view that the pedestal to which Martyn has been lifted because of the exceeding grace of God that was in him, is no less his due on the ground of his remarkable gifts. It appears to me, after careful and repeated study of his "Journals," which, it will be remembered, were not published till 1837, when ten editions of the "Life" had already printed upon people's minds Martyn's image as Mr. Sargent saw it, that the breadth of Martyn's mind was as ample as its height was lofty, and that he was as great as he was good.

There was in Martyn, notwithstanding all his humility, a clear consciousness of power; he could not help knowing that he possessed high gifts. Yet there was in him, too, that "under-sense" of which Ruskin speaks, "that the gifts worked rather through than in him." It cannot be desirable that a man should under-value what has been committed to his charge. Much, however, of life's discipline, in the case of men whose gifts are not of the obviously popular quality, arises from the fact that the earlier, sometimes even the later, judgments of their elders and superiors are founded, not upon what there is in them, but upon what there is not; not upon the presence of something which is nature's morning-gift to them, but upon the absence of something of which already there is an abundant store in the world.

How instructive, as well as interesting, are these two entries in Martyn's "Journal," after he had seen and been seen by Cecil:

"Brother M.," says he, "you are a humble man, and would gain regard in private life; but to gain public attention you must force yourself into a more marked and expressive manner."¹

Mr. Cecil has been taking a great deal of pains with me; my insipid inanimate manner in the pulpit, he says, is intolerable. "Sir," said he, "'tis cupola painting, not miniature, that must be the aim of a man that harangues a multitude."²

Mr. Simeon was probably behind the scenes, for, on March 6th, 1803, Martyn writes: "After evening church Mr. S. told me I ought to read with more solemnity and devotion, at which I was not a little grieved and amazed. He also, and my other friends, complained of my speaking too low and with too little elocution . . . I began to see (and amazing it is to say, for the first time) that I must be contented to take my place amongst men of second-rate abilities."

¹ Vol. i., p. 266.

² *Ibid.* p. 269.

“And in very good company, then,” most of us would be willing to say, but then it is not comfortable to be assigned to a “lower room” for the wrong reasons.

For cupola painting and the haranguing of multitudes are not the whole duty of man. There is room for other aims, and there is scope for other gifts. The Kingdom of Heaven is sometimes concerned with other arts than these: with the discovery of treasures hid in human speech; with goodly pearls of phrase and idiom; with the polishing of light-flashing gems of expression, the Urim and Thummim of God’s revelation of Himself behind and within the veil of uttered speech. That delicacy of touch, which was one of the notes of Martyn’s earliest style; that interest in the finer qualities of thought and expression which, in Cecil’s opinion, reduced Martyn to the dimensions of a merely interesting person, likely to win “regard in private life,” lay at the very foundation of his usefulness, was of the very essence of his allotted gifts, and helped him to be, not simply the first of modern translators in the quality of his work, but one of the most permanent in the abiding value of what he did.

Martyn’s academical laurels were gained at the great Mathematical University. His interest in what used to be called Natural Philosophy never died away. But the bent of his mind was distinctly towards philosophy in the regions, not of science, but of the higher human interests, towards language as the vehicle of thought, towards grammar as the science of language.

To read Martyn’s “Journals” with the single object of noticing this point is to discover another Martyn, not a saint only, but a grammarian. He read grammars as other men read novels, and to him they were more entertaining than novels. This feature in his character is noticeable from the first, and it is there to the last. For example:

Sept. 28th, 1804.—At prayer, after dinner, my soul was seriously affected, and I went to my work of visiting Wall’s Lane with a heart strengthened against my vanities; returned and finished the *Bengalee* grammar which I had begun yesterday, and construed a little. I am anxious to get Carey’s *Bengalee* New Testament.

Oct. 2nd.—My mind was seriously turned towards God, somewhat in a spirit of calm devotion, this morning. Read Thomas à Kempis and a few hymns with some sweetness of soul. Wrote sermon. Engaged all the rest of the morning by Gilchrist’s *Hindoostanee* Dictionary. . . . After dinner began Halbed’s *B-ngalee* Grammar, for I found that the other grammar I had been reading was only for the corrupted Hindoostanee.

Three months earlier in the same year, the first year of his clerical life, there is clear evidence that his Persian studies had already begun:

June 27th, 1804.—A funeral and calls of friends took up my time till eleven; afterwards *read Persian*, and made some calculations in trigonometry in order to be familiar with the use of logarithms.

Here, then, before anything definite had been settled as to Martyn's future work, while India was only the chief thought amongst other thoughts, we find him turning to philology, to Eastern languages, to three in three months; in two out of the three the grammar or dictionary is specially mentioned. Besides this, it is in all three instances distinctly for relaxation and mental enjoyment that he thus follows his bent.

There is yet a fourth: it is mentioned with a note of regret, but it, too, as will be seen presently, was not without important consequences in after days. It is the same year, 1804, and it is the 23rd of November:

Through shortness of time I was about to omit my morning portion of Scripture, yet after some deliberation conscience prevailed, and I enjoyed a solemn seriousness in learning "mem" in the 119th Psalm. Wasted much time afterwards in looking over *an Arabic grammar*.

Two other extracts—two out of scores of such notices—will illustrate his delight in these studies; the first occurs on the voyage to India, the other finds place in India itself:

Feb. 28th, 1806.—Had much comfort and enlargement in prayer over chapters in Isaiah. Learnt Hindoostanee words, which, however dry an employment in itself, is made so delightful to me, by the mercy of God, that I could with pleasure be always at it.

August 27-29, 1807.—Studies in Persian and Arabic the same. Delight in them, particularly the latter, so great, that I have been obliged to pray continually that they may not be a snare to me. . . . 31st.—Resumed the Arabic with an eagerness which I found necessary to check.

Two years later Martyn writes from Cawnpore, Oct. 17th, to David Brown, a letter in which his passion for grammatical studies is seen in its full breadth and depth:

There is a book printed at the Hirkara Press called "Celtic Derivatives"—this I want; also grammars and dictionaries of all the languages of the earth. I have one or both in Latin, Greek, French, Italian, Portuguese, Dutch, Hebrew, Rabb. Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Ethiopic, Samaritan, Arabic, Persian, Sanscrit, Bengalee, Hindoostanee.

I want them in the languages of *Northern* Europe, such as German, Danish, Icelandic, etc.; languages of Ireland and Scotland, Hungarian, Turkish, Modern Greek, Armenian. But do not stare, sir; I have no ambition of becoming a linguist, but they will help me in some inquiries I am making closely connected with our work. . . .

On further consideration I approve most fully of your new orders for commencing the Arabic. A year ago I was not adequate to it; my labours in the Persian and other studies have, in the wisdom of God, been the means of qualifying me. So now, *favente Deo*, we will begin to preach to Arabia, Syria, Persia, India, Tartary, China, half of Africa, all the south coast of the Mediterranean, and Turkey; and one tongue shall suffice for them all.

That "one tongue" was, of course, the Arabic. It was not given to Martyn to realize this hope. That work was accom-

plished in later years, "on the coast of the Mediterranean," by men who had not entered the field in Martyn's time; but no account of Martyn is even approximately correct which does not give a prominent place to his efforts to provide a translation of the Scriptures in Arabic. For the moment, however, we are concerned with grammars and dictionaries rather than with translations.

To complete our view of Martyn's philological powers two other extracts must now find place. To explain them it is necessary to premise that, in 1810, it was possible for a man of even the best education to think of Hebrew as the original language of mankind, and to find a mystery in every letter. In a letter to Corrie, written July 17th, 1809, he says: "My Hebrew speculations stick to me still, but instead of advancing in my pursuit I am entangled in a jungle, without being able to see my path exactly. I think that when the construction of Hebrew is fully understood, all the scholars in the world will turn to it with avidity, in order to understand other languages, and then the Word of God will be studied universally." Again, "I sit," says Martyn in 1810, "for hours alone contemplating this mysterious language. If light does not break upon me at last it will be a great loss of time, as I never read Arabic or Persian. I have no heart to do it; I cannot condescend any longer to tread in the paths of ignorant and lying grammarians. I sometimes say in my vain heart I will make a deep cut in the mine of philology, or I will do nothing; but you shall hear no more of scriptural philology till I make some notable discoveries."¹ This mood of mind lasted for nearly two years; it represents a phase of his intellectual orbit. It provides us with a test, of surprising subtlety and of searching penetration, of the real value of his intellectual apparatus. He entered, without external guidance, into a region of fog and mist. He failed to find any solid truth in that land of clouds, and he found his way out again, baffled and disappointed, but not for a moment deceived. In those days it might be said of that region of speculation, "Who enters here leaves truth behind," but Martyn's faithful intellect served him well. He gave, indeed, precious days, and nights as precious, to a hopeless quest, but with delight we see that he never was permitted to catch at any of the shapes that flitted before his excited imagination as if they were real manifestations of the truth. The powers that enable some men to make a great discovery in philology, or in any other science, are more fortunately, but not more severely, tested than those which hinder other men from proclaiming a great discovery where no discovery can possibly be made.

¹ "Journals," vol. ii. p. 304.

In March, 1811, being then at Bombay, on his way to the Persian Gulf, Martyn writes in his journal: "Chiefly employed on the Arabic tract, writing letters to Europe, and my Hebrew speculations. The last encroached so much on my time and thoughts that I lost two nights' sleep, and consequently the most of two days, without learning more than I did the first hour." Then he grew tired of speculation, as all men do in turn, some in hopelessness, some in trustfulness; but, whether these or those, all alike in the deepened conviction that we know only "in part." He writes:

Happening to think this evening on the nature of language more curiously and deeply than I have yet done, I got bewildered, and fancied I saw some grounds for the opinions of those who deny the existence of matter. . . . Oh, what folly to be wise where ignorance is bliss! . . . The further I push my inquiries the more I am distressed. It must be now my prayer, not, "Lord, let me obtain the knowledge which I think would be so useful," but "Oh, teach me just as much as Thou seest good for me." Compared with metaphysics, physics and mathematics appear with a kind and friendly aspect, because they seem to be within the limits in which man can move without danger, but on the other I find myself adrift. Synthesis is the work of God alone.

How many since, as well as before Martyn's time, have followed this path of thought, thankful at last to rest, as he did, on Christ, "the wisdom of God" for men!

But still he speculated. "Every day, all day long" he "Hebraized," until he made "the same complaint" of his mind "that Anacreon does of his harp. He struck one string and the harp replied from another." At last his release from this tyranny comes: "My Hebrew reveries have quite disappeared, merely for want of leisure." What that want of leisure arose from we shall presently see.

What was it that took Henry Martyn to Persia? The answer is not altogether easy to give.

The answer given in the "Life" (p. 273, new edition), is as follows:

The precise period of his departure from Cawnpore, as well as the place of his ultimate destination, was fixed by information received from Calcutta concerning the Persian version of the New Testament.

The version which had first been made in that language, the Gospels of which had been printed, had been considered, on further inspection and more mature consideration, to require too many amendments to admit of its immediate publication. It was accordingly returned to the translator, who, under the superintendence of Mr. Martyn, bestowed so much pains and attention upon it as to render it a new and, it was hoped, a sound and accurate work. By those, however, who were considered competent judges at Calcutta it was still deemed unfit for general circulation, inasmuch as it was thought to abound with Arabic idioms, and to be written in a style pleasing indeed to the learned, but not sufficiently level to the capacities of the mass of modern readers.

At this decision Mr. Martyn was as keenly disappointed as he was delighted at the complete success of the Hindostanee version, which, on

the minutest and most rigorous revision, was pronounced to be idiomatic and plain. But . . . he instantly resolved . . . to go into Arabia and Persia for the purpose of collecting the opinions of learned natives with respect to the Persian translation which had been rejected, as well as of the Arabic version, which was yet incomplete, though nearly finished.

So, with much literary skill, did Mr. Sargent gather together and harmonize Martyn's swift and conflicting resolves and purposes. This is, indeed, the true history of Martyn's departure from India; but the order in which the countries referred to are mentioned must be strictly noticed. First Arabia, then Persia. The current myth, which does duty for history, takes no notice of Arabia at all. And yet Arabia was his intended destination, and the Arabic version was the first charge upon his feelings. The proof is found in his reply to David Brown's letter conveying the opinions which condemned Sabat's work. At this point it is convenient to remind those to whom the history of translations of the Bible is a subject of interest that, in the matter of the two attempts made by Martyn in India to provide a translation of the Gospels into Persian, as well as in the instance of the Hindustani version, he himself was superintendent rather than actual translator. His Hindustani translator was Mirza Fitrut, his Persian translator was Nathaniel Sabat. The Persian New Testament connected afterwards with Martyn's name was accomplished in Persia, and was his own. His superintendence, however, of the earlier efforts was not nominal. Sheet by sheet he went over Sabat's work. Unknown to Sabat he submitted it also to Mirza Fitrut. An Arabic version was also in progress, and he felt himself involved in responsibility as much for the Arabic as the Persian. So, in the reply to which reference has been made, he says:

Yours of the 27th ult. is a heartbreaking business. Though I share so deeply in Sabat's disgrace, I feel more for you than myself. . . . Your letter will give a new turn to my life. Henceforward I have done with India. Arabia shall hide me till I come forth with an approved New Testament in Arabic. I do not ask your advice, because I have made up my mind, but shall just wait your answer to this and come down to you instantly. . . . Will Government let me go away for three years before the time of my furlough arrives? If not, I must quit the service; and I cannot devote my life to a more important work than that of preparing the Arabic Bible.¹

Thus, in this passionate outburst of disappointed feeling, it is Arabia and the Arabic version which are uppermost in his thoughts.

But interwoven with his thoughts at this time, drawing him steadily, with a constant though unacknowledged attraction, was the love which to his last hour bound him to his "dearest Lydia" Grenfell. All roads to the east and north of him ran

¹ "Journals," vol. ii. p. 316.

at length into "the road to Cabul and Candahar." All rivers ran into the sea that stretched undivided from Calcutta to Cornwall. He wonders whether she imagines "the billows that break at" her feet have made their way from India. To her, five days after leaving Cawnpore, he writes in terms much less definite than those which he employs in his letter to David Brown: "I am come forth, with my face towards Calcutta, with an ulterior view to the sea." It is hard to resist the suggestion which lies latent in the last seven words.

On New Year's Day, 1811, the day on which he preached the "unwieldy," but in every way memorable sermon which marks the foundation of the Calcutta Bible Society, he writes in his journal: "I now pass from India to Arabia, not knowing what things shall befall me there." Before the day was over he had seen the Governor-General and obtained leave to go to *Persia*, "an intimation," he considers, "of the will of God." Two days after he saw Lord Minto again . . . "he had no objection to my going on to *Syria*" . . . "considered their compliance as indicative of the will of God." Three days after that we read: "Took leave of Sebastiani. Obtained from him a list of places in *Mesopotamia*." Thus does the dream of a journey, "by the will of God, to come" to the shores of the Mediterranean, form itself in his mind—a dream never to be realized; whose shifting scenery, however, lured him on from day to day, yet without drawing him away for an hour from the business of translating the Word of God.

On the 21st of May he landed at Bushire, praying that his journey might be for the future good of *Persia*. But *Arabia* is not yet forgotten. On Midsummer-Day he wrote to David Brown that "the advanced state of the season rendered it necessary to go to *Arabia* circuitously by way of *Persia*." That very letter contains the important statement which severs Martyn from any further connection with Arabic work. "The men of *Shiraz* propose to translate the New Testament with me. Can I refuse to stay?"

He did not refuse. He stayed. He wintered with them. Without plan or purpose, it simply so fell out. He was as ready, perhaps almost as competent, for the one task as for the other, but the *Persian* was taken, and the *Arabic* was left. One entry in his diary is express, definite, and on this point conclusive, though strangely neglected, if not ignored. It was written at *Shiraz* in the first week of 1812.

Spared by mercy to see the beginning of another year. The last has been in some respects a memorable year; transported in safety to *Shiraz*, I have been led, by the particular providence of God, to undertake a work, *the idea of which never entered my mind till my arrival here*, but which has gone on without material interruption, and is now nearly

finished. To all appearance the present year will be more perilous than any I have seen, but if I live to complete the Persian New Testament, my life after that will be of less importance. But whether life or death be mine, may Christ be magnified in me. If He has work for me to do I cannot die.

He did live to complete it, and, as this last extract shows, he uses almost the same words about its value as, in the September of 1810, he had used about the importance of living to prepare the Arabic Bible; so evenly balanced in his mind were these two chief claims upon his thoughts.

And now, let two other points be cleared up, not of equal importance, but still both of much interest in various ways.

Martyn's Persian New Testament has, in our days, submitted to be revised. To what extent that revision has gone I am not able to say. Circumstances, to which I need not refer, have enabled me to know that nothing has been wanting on the part of the guardians and custodians and inheritors of Henry Martyn's dying labours, that was in their power to provide, to secure that sacred deposit against unnecessary change. The high character, the long experience, even the natural bent of Dr. Bruce's mind, are so many pledges that nothing will have been needlessly done to blot anything of Martyn's out of the Book of Life. And there are yet other guarantees. Still, it is good that a watchful jealousy should guard these inheritances, and a conserving temper prevail whenever they are examined afresh in the light of later and longer experience. It has happened before now to the present writer to hear the question of Martyn's Persian scholarship discussed upon what may be called *à priori* grounds. Briefly put, the statement of the case runs thus: "Martyn came to Persia in 1811, in June; he left it in 1812.¹ Is it likely that the cleverest man could make himself a competent translator of such a book as the New Testament in such a time as part of a single year?" No; it is not likely. But then this way of putting the question is absurdly misleading. The Government of India has a staff of Persian interpreters and translators, some good, some better, some not very good, some as good as good can be. Not one in ten has ever been in Persia at all. Persian, as the result of history, is an Indian language. Martyn began Persian before he left England. He never ceased to study it. It is constantly referred to in his journal. It comes in again and again, even in the years in which his chief employment was the Hindustani translation of the New Testament, of which he made so little and time has made so much. Let a single extract find place. It is an incident in 1809, when he was revising the

¹ The "Journal" is silent between April 7 and July 9.

translation of the Hindustani, on which Mirza and he had been employed. He had gathered about him "some Orientals" at Patna, and, as his custom was, he tried the translations upon them. "Last Tuesday we began the Hindoostanee, and to my surprise and mortification it was found necessary almost to new model it. Sentence after sentence was not understood till the Persian was read. It was a satisfaction to see how plain the Persian was to them, so that this Persian will probably appear to be the first useful translation of modern times."¹ In this Martyn was wrong, for two years afterwards he condemned this very "Persian" himself. But it settles the question that it is here quoted to settle, viz., that Martyn's Persian acquirements were equal to the translation of the New Testament two years, and even three years, before he saw Persia at all. So much, then, for Martyn's competence as a Persian translator; there still remains an error to correct as to his priority. That error finds accidental and unintentionally misleading expression in the valuable and authoritative "Life of Dr. Carey," written by Dr. George Smith. Dr. Smith is dealing with the earliest printing achievements of the Serampore press. He says (p. 265), "The press issued also the Persian New Testament, first of the Romanist missionary, Sebastiani—' though it be not wholly free from imperfections, it will doubtless do much good' wrote Dr. Marshman to Fuller—' and then that of Henry Martyn, whose assistant, Sabat, was trained at Serampore.'" These four statements are provably incorrect, and yet all four are current in a work of high value. The Serampore press did print Sebastiani's Persian translation, and it did print Henry Martyn's. But in neither case was it at first a New Testament, nor were they printed in the order which Dr. Smith assigns to them; nor was Sabat, though a visitor, and an intelligent one, ever "trained at Serampore." Dates are of importance here. In the month of June, 1808, being then at Dinapore, Martyn writes: "Sent the Persian of St. Matthew to Mr. Brown for the press," and in August of the same year: "Sent off the Persian of St. Mark to the press." These Gospels were afterwards revised and reprinted, but the dates remain as fixed points indicative of priority. The proof, however, of the four corrections here made is soon forthcoming. Martyn's version of the four gospels was printed at Serampore between 1808 and 1809, for the Serampore balance-sheet attached to the third "Memoir" has an entry dated August, 1809, of Rs. 1,100 towards the cost of it, and the minute-book of the Calcutta Committee has an entry of Rs. 1,700 on the same account. A third notice, in the same minute-book, records that the estimate

¹ "Journals," vol. ii. p. 237.

of the cost of printing the version at Serampore was Rs. 2,800.¹ The date of the printing of Sebastiani's version of the four Gospels can be fixed with equal certainty. It lies on page 28 of the appendix to the Second Report of the Calcutta Auxiliary. It is in a letter from Ward to David Brown, informing him of the losses sustained at Serampore by the great fire of March 11th, 1812. First it gives the dates on which, in *June*, 1811, certain stores of paper belonging to the corresponding committee had been received at Serampore. It then recites: "From this paper have been printed 1,000 copies of the Persian Gospels, by the Rev. Mr. Sebastiani." Thus it happens, though so long a time has passed, that the means still exist to put Martyn's priority, as well as his powers, into a true light. In each case it was the four Gospels, and not the New Testament, and Martyn's Gospels were printed two years before Sebastiani's. When Martyn's New Testament was really printed for the second time, the first edition having appeared at St. Petersburg, it was printed at Serampore; that was in 1816.

Sabat's "training" at Serampore is a myth. In May, 1807, he is still an unknown man on his way to Calcutta, by an arrangement between Henry Martyn and Dr. Kerr, a Madras chaplain. In November of that same year he reached Martyn's house at Dinapore. In some part of that interval he was at Serampore, but the merest glance at these dates disposes of all idea of training.

This paper must close. There is yet much to say about Martyn's work as a translator. His Hindustani New Testament, with Mr. Bowley's Hindi rendering of it, is a subject in itself. It was printed and reprinted, again and again. It still appears in the Bible Society's list. It was under revision in 1840, the reason being that "it is above the level of common readers." In 1841, though the revision was still in progress, Martyn's version was once more reprinted "as the best for a certain class of readers." In 1844 there is a still more significant statement; the Benares revision is laid before the Calcutta committee by the Rev. Mr. Shurman, and it is recorded that "in the course of the revision Mr. Shurman saw reason to revert in a great measure to the translation by Henry Martyn, especially in the latter half of the work."

I know no parallel to these achievements of Henry Martyn's. The sense of his greatness grows upon one with each repeated reading of his journals. But this paper is concerned only with the translator, not with the man, the minister, or the saint. There are in him the things that mark the born translator. He masters grammar, observes idiom, accumulates vocabulary, reads

¹ It was so, but the cost exceeded the estimate, and the exact sum paid to the Serampore press was Rs. 4,080.

and listens, corrects and even reconstructs. Above all, he prays. He lives "in the Spirit," and rises from his knees full of the mind of the Spirit. Pedantry is not in him, nor vulgarity. He longs and struggles to catch the dialect in which men may speak worthily of the things of God. And so his work lives. In his own Hindustani New Testament, and in the recovered parts of the Old Testament in which he watched over the labours of Fitrut, his work is still a living influence; men find "reasons for reverting" to it. His earlier Persian, and what is demonstrably distinct from it, his Persic translation, or rather Sabat's, done under his superintendence, these indeed have gone. They did not survive his visit to Persia. Nor did the Arabic, which, as this paper shows, was the chief acknowledged motive of his journey. But what a gifted man is here, and what a splendid sum total of work, that can afford these deductions from the results of a five or six years' struggle with illness, and still leave behind translations of the New Testament in Hindustani and in Persian; the Hindustani version living a double life, its own and that which William Bowley gave it in the humbler vocabulary of the Hindi villages! We live in hurrying times; our days are swifter than a shuttle. New names, new saints, new heroes ever rise and dazzle the eyes of common men. So it should be, for God lives, and through Him men live and manifest His unexhausted power. But Martyn is a perennial. He springs up fresh to every generation. It is time, though, to take care that he does not become simply the shadow of an angel passing by. His pinnacle is that lofty one which is only assigned to eminent goodness, but it rests upon, and is only the final of, a broad-based tower of sound and solid intellectual endowment.

W. J. EDMONDS.

ART. II.—THE TRANSFIGURATION.

IT might be considered superfluous at this age of the Church to try to impress upon its members the importance, the duty, and the necessity of studying the predictive portions of the Scriptures—those which direct our faith onwards to the great winding up of the world's mysterious history at the appearing of the Son of man, the subject having been presented now so many years to the attention of men, both in the press and in the pulpit. But the tone of recent commentaries and expositions shows incontestibly that there still exists an imperative necessity to urge Christian men "to take heed unto