

JOHN KITTO.

In a small lowly dwelling in the good town of Plymouth, nearly forty years ago, sat an aged woman engaged in darning a stocking. That she was not rich could be seen from her appearance; that she was ignorant might be judged from the coarse untidy scrawl in her window, which announced that she sold "milk and cream."

A poor boy, who happened to be passing with a book in his hand, stopped and earnestly fixed his eyes on this label, glanced in at the open door, and then, as if encouraged by the gentle face of her who sat plying her needle, he ventured into the house.

"What do you want?" said the old woman to the stranger; but the boy answered not a word. Alas! the sounds of nature, the singing of birds, the tones of music, the voice of kindness, were to him for ever silenced! A fearful accident had quite deprived him of his hearing, and dreary stillness was around him till his death. But his eyes seemed to read that to which his ears could not listen; he now looked anxiously into the old woman's face, and opening the book which he carried, drew out of it a paper upon which "milk and cream" appeared, neatly drawn in coloured letters. He pointed to the window, and speaking with difficulty in a strange and hollow voice, said to the woman, "This for a penny."

She replied, but he knew not what she said; he thought that she considered his little charge too much; "A halfpenny then," the poor child said; and distressed at seeing that her lips still moved, he put his fingers to his poor deaf ears, to show her the affliction which it had pleased God to send him. A kindly pitying look came over the face of the good old woman; she drew a penny from the till, and, beckoning him to wait till she came back, left the room, and presently returned with a nice cup of milk and a piece of cake, on which *the deaf boy made a delicious repast.*

May we not believe that this little act of kindness was not forgotten by Him who has promised that he who gives even a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, shall in no wise lose his reward?

But how little did the good woman dream that the poor deaf boy who was trying to earn a few pence by the sale of his little slips of paper, was one, who in after life should earn for himself a distinguished and honourable name! that the writings of Kitto should be known and valued by rich and poor, in distant lands as well as in his own—that the Queen