

and from Malta! It is generally supposed that it was to this young lady that the touching verses were addressed by Kitto :

“ But as the snows which long have lain
 On the cold tops of Lebanon,
 Melt in the glances of the sun,
 And, with wild rush, into the plain
 Haste down, with blessings in their train :
 So, Mary, gilded by thine eye,
 Grievs melt away, and fall in streams
 Of hope into the land of dreams,
 And life's inanities pass by
 Unheeded, without tear or sigh.”

But if this event proved to be so sad and mournful in its consequences to Kitto, it did not leave the fair and faithless one unscathed. She did not enjoy her married life long. Shortly she sickened and died, and on her deathbed she expressed the deepest sorrow and the most poignant regrets for the manner in which she had acted throughout this unhappy transaction. Oh how cautious should young persons be in forming such attachments and making such engagements! It should be after much prayer to the God of heaven for the guidance and direction of his Holy Spirit. But when once formed, how firmly and resolutely should they hold by them! There is a God in heaven who marks all. Such was the first love affair in which Kitto was engaged.

If there was something of the romantic connected with this first attempt at marriage, no less of it was connected with the second and the more successful. On his passage home from Bagdad, by way of Constantinople, Kitto took a deep interest in Mr Shepherd, a fellow traveller and passenger.—It was on December 1st, 1832, that Kitto left Tabreez “in company with Mr Shepherd, who had been connected with the embassy, and was returning to England to engage in mercantile pursuits.” Mr Shepherd was engaged to a young lady in England—Miss Fenwick—and the union was to be completed immediately after the arrival of Mr Shepherd from the embassy to Persia. On the passage home, however, Mr Shepherd sickened, and while on quarantine, died at Sangate Creek. The mournful task was assigned Kitto, to communicate to Miss Fenwick, the melancholy tidings of the death of Mr Shepherd. He immediately called upon her, and faithfully discharged this painful duty. What followed we must give in the words of Kitto himself:—“The lady to whom he (Shepherd) was engaged I have several times seen—a very interesting person, with much information, and more understanding. The loss she takes more sadly than I should have expected, and, of course, she will henceforth wither on the virgin thorn for ever. So she thinks—not I, knowing, as I do, that no intense feelings can be lasting, or any resolutions permanent, which are formed under their influence. I believe our minds are wisely and well thus constituted. I remember the time when I had firmly made up my mind to die an old bachelor; but now, if I can find any one who will have me, I know nothing farther from my intention.”—In another letter he says: “My wife was engaged to my fellow traveller from Persia. He died on board of the ship, and it became my duty to call and communicate with Miss Fenwick. My sympathy made my company pleasant to her; and though I did not, for some time, think of her in any particular way, she won upon me by her modes of thinking, her correct feelings, and strong and accomplished mind. She was ultimately led to think that she might find happiness with me. She now thinks she has found, and I hope to give her no cause to think otherwise. For me, it is much the