

not unequally yoked"—which I suppose is a divine command, is it not? Now youth and age, refinement and rudeness, education and ignorance, these are inequalities—they are not contrasts merely. Contrasts may harmonise, as discords in music. I have seen a few such marriages in my time, though hardly so outrageous as old Sir John Polixphene's, and they all turned out much the same. A low woman, unable to comprehend her position, intention, showing off the finery for which she has sold herself, among her former companions—feeling a loathing and impatience towards the man who has bought her—what but misery and shame can, or ought to come, from such nuptials? I believe Sir John's lady was true to her early training and pursuits, and flourished her besom famously after she ceased to be accredited housemaid. None dared dispute her rule, least of all her husband. She embittered his life, shortened his days, spent his money, and ended by marrying an old flame—the coachman—who, it was said—I hope with truth—paid off Sir John's debts. No, no, ladies, to honor worth wherever it is found, to adjure the paltry house of antiquity, and to recognize the truth—

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that!"

that would do good in many a little pent-up circle—where there can be no wroth for the vir-

tues hemmed in by barriers that shut out both the light of reason and air of freedom.'

The old major's eyes flashed as he spoke; and Mary Fitzlam—who was better than her name—shook his hand as he ceased, and said, 'Thank you sir, for your narrative and your comments. I, for one, shall not forget your words. I hope the time may soon come when these caste prejudices among us may pass away, and Christian principles be as manifest in our social institutions as they are vaunted in our professions.'

Whether Miss Mary's hopes are yet realized in O——, the writer can scarcely say, but a better state of things prevails; and when a good action is done, the dier of it is not snubbed if he or she happen to belong to the class of workers; and the idlers are less assured of their gentility then they once were. Poor Miss Megrim ventures to introduce into her schoolroom now and then a particularly well-behaved daughter of the trading class, and is evidently not so much in awe of aristocratic peeping and prying, and thinks less dolefully of the almshouse that seems fading rather than looming in the distance.

Even in a cathedral city, ventilation of opinion is possible in this age of marvels.

JOHN KITTO, D.D., F.S.A.

THE DEAF TRAVELLER.

"The brother, whose praise is in the gospel throughout all the churches; and not that only but who was also chosen of the church to travel."—2 Cor. viii. 18, 19.

"An inward prompting * * * grew daily upon me that by labour and intent study, which I take to be my portion in this life, joined to the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps have something so written to after times as they should not willingly let it die. These thoughts at once possessed me, and these other, that if I were certain to write as men buy leases, for three lives and downwards, there ought no regard be sooner had than to God's glory, by the honour and instruction of my country."—MILTON.

THE "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties" has been the experience of some of the most gifted minds that have adorned both letters and mechanics, and contributed to the proud and beneficent position which our country holds amongst the nations of the world. Instances are ever occurring to show that, notwithstanding the advantages of learning, which are more generally enjoyed now than ever, it is not always from the privileged class,—the highest for professional ability,—that the most useful services to society are obtained. The humblest have effected some of the most radical reforms, and aided the extension of the arts and learning into spheres where the more cultivated failed to enter. Canal navigation owed more to Brindley, who could scarcely write his own name, than to the skilled engineers of his time. Railways are more indebted to George Stephenson, who could not read until his eighteenth year, and was a working man, than to all the institutions of civil engineers. Manufacture owed more to Hargreave, Smeaton, Arkwright, and Watt, than to those from whom such improvements were more likely to issue. In like manner, the natural history of the Bible, and its elucidation by Oriental manners and customs, is more in-

debted to John Kitto, the deaf pauper boy of Plymouth, than to the great host of commentators whose works have filled the shelves of clerical libraries during eighteen centuries. The memoirs of this extraordinary man reveal a story of deepest interest, and merit the attention of all youthful readers. They relate the history of trials and struggles, of adventures and labours of Christian life and usefulness, that will teach the most unfortunate never to despair, and rebuke the privileged for their paltry services to God, in the world. It is one of many instances afforded, that a talent well laid out, amidst many difficulties and discouragements, will never fail to yield its increase; and that a life dedicated to the Lord will find a sphere for his exercise large enough to employ its powers, and a blessing according to the "work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope."

JOHN KITTO was born at Plymouth, December 4, 1804. His parentage was humble, and his father a dissipated mason. Before he had reached his fourth year he was transferred to the garret of his grandmother, as his father could not support him. This aged relative soon conceived an ardent fondness for her grandchild; and from her he received that family training which was so sadly neglected at home. In his early years he evinced a liking for solitary walks; and would often wander about the shore, to the great discomfort of his venerable guardian. To divert his attention, she began telling him exciting stories, which, fostered by a neighboring shoemaker, created that appetite for knowledge which afterwards distinguished him. Discovering that tales could be found in books, and books for a penny, the youth was as fond of