

scenery, local customs, and manners, has long ago been made familiar to the reading world, by various authors and under different forms. Still there is a loveliness and a freshness about them which makes them truly interesting. This mission, though apparently a failure, contributed a share in preparing him for his great work.

In the year 1829, and towards the close of it, we find Kitto in Bagdad, writing from that city, that on December 6th. he and his party had safely arrived there. Although the account of this journey occupies a large space in his biography, we consider that a very few sentences will suffice to communicate the principal facts, and its general bearing on the formation of Kitto's character, and his future circumstances. In May of this year, Kitto, after his arrival from Malta, again met with Mr Groves in London, and agreed to go with him to Persia. Mr Groves was a truly religious man, but he had adopted some very eccentric views on the duty of every Christian to the heathen. He had also adopted Baptist views respecting Baptism, and those of the Quakers respecting war. Following out his own peculiar opinions, he gave up his business and proceeded, at his own expense and that of some private friends, on a mission to Bagdad in Persia.

The missionary party consisted of nine persons, of which Kitto was one. He went out as tutor to Mr Grove's children; and deaf though he was, succeeded well in this undertaking. The route they pursued to Bagdad was by Denmark, Petersburg, Moscow, Astrachan, the Caucasian mountains, Teflis, Tabreez, and Koordistan. From all these places and about them all, Kitto writes many letters in his usual graphic style; but the ground has been gone over by so great a host of travellers and writers—such as Clarke, Richardson and Stephens—that very little save personal incidents, can be considered as new. While at Bagdad the missionary party had sad, melancholy, trying times. The plague broke out among them; there was an inundation of the Tigris; and the town was besieged by an army of the Arabs. Mrs Groves and several others of the Mission staff, died of the plague; one calamity succeeded another so rapidly, that not only Kitto, but Mr Groves himself, deemed it prudent to give up the undertaking. Accordingly, Kitto started again for England, returned by Constantinople and the Mediterranean Sea, landed in his native country in the end of June 1833, and in the beginning of July fixed his abode at Islington. But for some time he was quite unemployed, as usual, however, he was busy devising plans of usefulness, none of which ever came to perfection. The result of these devisings is given in one graphic stroke in a letter to Lady McNeill. "Mary dear, plans of my own were, in a very short time, blown to atoms; and I was striking down into despondency, when a kind and influential friend was the means of introducing me to some gentleman connected with the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." This was his first step to a literary life. It was now that he was about to enter on the great business of his existence, and to realise his fond, his bright, and long cherished dreams of authorship.

The remaining, and perhaps most interesting portion of Kitto's life, we must reserve for another article—in which, probably, we shall give a short review of the works he has written—of the manner in which he was led to write these works—of the effects they have produced on the Christian world—and of the practical lessons of which they are suggestive. We shall also attempt a short description of his sickness and death, and of the honours paid him both by foreigners and by his own countrymen. To this part of his life, all that we have written is merely preliminary. In the estima-