

press many useful little books, chiefly for distribution in the East.

Accordingly, in a comparatively short time the deaf lad did acquire the art of the common printer,—nay, more, he became skilful in setting the Arabic character; and, having a decided turn for acquiring languages, though unable to speak them, he promised, judging from his mechanical and linguistic abilities, to be a useful operative to the mission. *Unfortunately*, however,—for such was the estimate of the mission's conductors,—he was not content to be a mere operative;—his instincts drew him strongly towards literature; and, ere quitting England for Malta, he had such a quarrel on this score with some very excellent men, that he threw up his situation, which, however, through the mediation of kind friends, he was again induced and enabled to resume. But at Malta, where the poor deaf lad suffered much from illness, and much from wounded affections,—for, shut out though he was from his fellows, he had yet had his affair of the heart, and the course of true love did not run smooth in his case,—the quarrel was again resumed, and he received a reprimand from the committee of the mission in England, which was virtually a dismissal. “The habits of his mind,” said the committee, “were likely to disqualify him from that steady and persevering discharge of his duties which they considered as indispensably requisite.” And to this harsh resolution the late excellent Mr Bickersteth, by whom it was forwarded, added the following remark:—“You are aware, our first principles as Christians are the sacrifice of self-will and self-gratification. If you can rise to this, and steadily pursue your work, as you engaged to do, you may yet fill a most important station, and glorify our Great Master. But if you cannot do this, it is clear that the Society cannot continue in its service those who will not devote themselves to their engagements.” The deaf solitary man felt much aggrieved. He said, and said truly,