

“I gave the Society a pledge, which there does not live a man who could prove to an impartial person that I have not redeemed. When, after the labours of eight or nine hours, the office was closed for the day, I felt that I was at liberty to partake of some mental refreshment. This is the ground of my dismissal. Even if my attachment to literature were an evil, it might be tolerated whilst it did not (and *it did not*) interfere with my defined duties.” It is not now difficult to adjudicate between the poor deaf man and this learned and influential Missionary Society. No ordinary master printer in Edinburgh, or elsewhere, would think of treating one of his journeymen, or even one of his apprentices, after this fashion. The limits of a printer’s work are easily ascertained. Nine-tenths of the printers of Great Britain and Ireland are employed by the *piece*, the others are placed on what is known as a *settlement*; and, under either scheme, there is a portion of their time which is not sold to their masters, and with which, therefore, a master cannot *honestly* interfere. But the grand mistake of the committee, and of worthy Mr Bickersteth, in this not uninteresting case, seems to have been founded on a certain *goody* sentiment, from which missionaries such as the brethren of the Society of Jesus would have been saved by their sagacious discernment of the capabilities and spirits of men, and the ordinary master printer, by his knowledge of the proper tale of work which an operative ought to furnish, and his full recognition of the common business rule, that the time is not the master’s, but the operative’s own, for which the master does not pay. The committee and Mr Bickersteth evidently held, on the other hand, that the deaf lad, being a missionary printer, ought to have his heart and soul in the missionary printing, and in nothing else; that the work of writing and translating was a work to be done by other heads and hands than his,—heads and hands trained, mayhap, at Cambridge or Oxford; and