

Dismissed from his situation, he returned to England with but forlorn prospects. There was, however, work for him to do ; and an unexpected opening, which providentially occurred shortly after his arrival, served greatly to fit him for it. A missionary friend bound for central Persia engaged him to accompany him on the journey as tutor to his two boys,—a charge for which his previous studies, pursued under the direst disadvantages, adequately fitted him ; and, with his eyes all the more widely open from the circumstance that his ears were shut, he travelled through Russian Europe into Persia, saw the greater and lesser Ararats, passed through the Caucasian range of mountains, loitered amid the earlier seats of the human family, forded the Euphrates near its source, resided for about two years in Bagdad, witnessed the infliction of war, famine, and pestilence, and then—his task of tuition completed—journeyed homewards by Teheran, Tabreez, Trebizond, and Constantinople, to engage in his great work. His quiet life was not without its due share of striking incident. We have referred to a story of wounded affection. On his return to England, he found that she who had deceived and forsaken him had deeply regretted the part she had acted, and was now no more ; and for years after, he bore about with him a sad and widowed heart. In his second return he had a companion, a young man in delicate health, who, when detained with him in quarantine at the mouth of the Thames, sickened and died. The description of the quarantine burying-ground, in which his remains were deposited, is suited to remind the reader of some of the descriptions of similar places given by Dickens. “ We went,” says Kitto, in his journal, “ in a boat of the vessel, to a kind of low island devoted to the burial of persons dying in quarantine. The coffin was plain, without a plate, and with pieces of ropes for handles ; but had the honour of being covered with the en-