

## CHAPTER XI.

## DAILY BIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS—LAST DAYS—DEATH.

DR KITTO had so often felt his way toward employment, that he knew somewhat of the tastes of each publisher, and the characteristic wares of each publishing house. To the enterprising publishers of the Encyclopedia Britannica he addressed the project of a Biblical Cyclopaedia; and to the Messrs Oliphant of Edinburgh, so well known for their issue of many practical religious books fitted for general circulation and enjoying it, he sent, in June 1849, a long letter, out of which sprang, in a brief period, his last work—the ‘Daily Bible Illustrations.’ The plan which he sketched himself was different from that ultimately adopted. In his delineation of it, he premises that ‘he primarily looked to an extended measure of usefulness in that which seemed to have become his proper vocation.’ ‘The general title I purpose to be that of *Bible Evenings*; and as I incline to think that the book of Ruth affords an appropriate theme for the first portion, the full title of the volume we commence with would be—*Bible Evenings—the History of Ruth Conversationally explained and illustrated by J. K., etc.*; or perhaps, “Conversations on the History of Ruth” would be as well for the second title. The attraction in subjects of this sort is known to be very great; but it is my hope to enhance this attraction by the manner of treatment. It is meant that the interlocutors shall be, not *sticks* but *characters*, and that the progress shall be enlivened and diversified by such scenes, incidents, and circumstances, as might naturally arise among such persons. The leading idea is, that a family in the middle educated class, devotes two evenings in the week to conversations on the Bible. Of the persons, one may be a biblical scholar, supposed to be able to explain everything that is not assigned to the other characters; another will be a traveller, who has seen everything, and been everywhere, and who is, therefore, able to supply a lively description of places and products, and to point out the analogous manners, customs, and ideas of the *Modern East*; a third may suggest practical improvements; and by so doing, he will give the key note to one more, who has a wonderful memory for all kinds of ancient and modern anecdotes, which appear to him to illustrate or bear upon the principles developed, or the conduct followed; and there may be another yet, apt to remember or to fabricate all kinds of poetry and snatches of verse, having some kind of connection with the matter in hand. All this is to be produced, not in the stiff A B C style of interlocution, but with all the animating turns and incidents of natural conversation.

‘The result, as I conceive, would be a most instructive and entertaining

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book, for which there could not fail to be a large demand. The elements of success, in such undertakings as this, have been most carefully considered, and the work will be expressly formed to embrace them all. It is not designed to be ostensibly a book for children, but care will be taken that there shall be nothing beyond the range of intelligent young people of ordinary education; and the volume would, without doubt, be seen to be well suited to them, and would be largely used in presents to them.'

The sketch is ingenious, and such a colloquy would have been interesting; but it would have been very difficult to execute the plan, so as to give each scene a living and natural aspect, apportion his remarks to each speaker with natural propriety, and prevent the whole from becoming an artificial and tiresome set of little discourses. The true dramatic presentation cannot be elaborated by effort. Dr Kitto had a vigorous imagination; but such a work would have taxed his powers to the utmost in forecasting the various dialogues, and giving to every character its harmonious utterance. Indeed, Uncle Oliver is a failure, so far as dramatic ease and fitness are concerned. The scheme adopted was far better. It cost him less labour, was far more natural, and it has been eminently acceptable. Mr Oliphant suggested a series of papers for every day in the year, each paper being on a separate topic, and the whole of them, in order, forming volumes of consecutive reading and comment. Dr Kitto acquiesced in the plan, for it was not new to him, having been one of his multitudinous projects, which he purposed to call 'Bible Readings for every day in the year,' or else the 'Daily Scripture Reader.' The Sunday papers were to be on themes in unison with the sacred day, and the treatment of them was to be in harmony. Dr Kitto's own mind was growing in spirituality, and he preferred to write these last papers himself, rightly refusing some assistance which had been offered to him. 'I shall be glad,' is his argument to the publisher, 'of the opportunity of refreshing my mind by some spiritual writing; and, besides, I am partial to this kind of writing, and have had considerable experience in it, though the general tendency of my undertakings has been to drive me out of it.'

He entered upon his work in a spirit that could not fail to ensure success:—

'Since I wrote last, I have been enabled to look more closely into our new enterprise, and I cannot but say that the more I grapple it as a practical matter, the better I like it. I feel that the task which thus devolves on me is one which I shall execute with real zest and pleasure. I see that the execution of the design affords a fair opportunity of *usefulness*, which has always been a consideration with me, while it presents me with an occasion, not always to be found, of producing an agreeable and popular book. This encourages me; for, although I have produced books of the class, I began to dread getting too much entangled

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in books heavy with scholarship and the solidities of knowledge. I therefore enter upon this work with the determination that I will, and with the conviction that I can, produce a book which shall be read—and this not by being superficial, but by exhibiting, in an attractive manner, all the information that can be fitly produced, and the best of all such thoughts as my meditations may suggest.’ Again, and after having succeeded, he states, in one of his prefaces, that his object had been ‘to make the new familiar, and to make the familiar new.’

The first volume was produced a few days after the stipulated period; and he confidently says to the publisher, ‘I never put a book out of my hands, of the success of which I have felt so sure as this.’ And his confidence was fully justified. He pledged himself to punctuality in the publication of the volumes; and gave as his ground, ‘that his working day was of twice the usual length, from 4 A.M. to 9 P.M., with little interruption.’ His first work each morning was the paper for the day, though he felt such continuous labour to be occasionally a ‘hard job.’ The volumes were to be published quarterly. The first volume, ‘The Antediluvians and Patriarchs,’ is dated December 1849, and takes in the first three months of the year; the second, ‘Moses and the Judges,’ is dated April 1850, and is meant for April, May, and June. In the preface to this volume, the author avows his thankfulness ‘for the warm favour with which the first volume was received,’ and feels himself encouraged to ‘hope for a blessing upon his labours in the direction which has now been given to them.’ The third volume, for the months July, August, and September, brought Dr Kitto to his usual explanation, that the limits originally fixed for the work were too small, and that his plan must not be ‘crushed in the attempt to force the substantial matter of two volumes into one.’ Half the volume is occupied with the Life of David, and this portion is of great interest. The King of Israel is portrayed truthfully, without any attempt to palliate his sins, or tone down the darker traits of his character; yet how unlike he appears to the picture of him in Bayle, or to that in the article ‘David’ in Kitto’s own ‘Cyclopaedia.’ In fact, we have always been charmed by the papers on David: so much is brought out incidentally, and so many of the secret links of his court and policy are unfolded, by a reference often to a single clause of the inspired history; so just an appreciation of Joab and the other notable men about him is interwoven, and there is so striking an estimate both of his weakness and of his strength, of his sins and of his sorrows, of the raptures and the tears of his lyrical muse. ‘David,’ he says, ‘was always great in affliction.’ ‘The bird which once rose to heights unattained before by mortal wing, filling the air with its joyful songs, now lies with maimed wing upon the ground, pouring forth its doleful cries to God.’ The volume which completes the year is named ‘Solomon and the Kings’—the characters of prin-

cial interest in it being the wise monarch and the prophet Elijah.

The publication of this last volume had been retarded four or five months by subordinate engagements. He completed a work for Mr Bohn, named ‘Scripture Lands Described in a series of Historical, Geographical, and Topographical Sketches.’—London, 1850. These sketches are simply a memoir to accompany and explain a beautiful biblical atlas of twenty-four maps, and are ‘not wholly a reproduction of materials previously used by the same writer,’ but contain the results of recent researches, though not to any large extent. There is, however, a very full and useful index, exhibiting the ancient and modern names of scriptural places, with their latitude and longitude, and other important information, in a tabular form. This excellent volume forms one of Bohn’s Illustrated Library, and is, like others in the same series, handsomely got up. The other production, which occupied a portion of Kitto’s time, was a book which had been written two years before for the Tract Society, but the printing of which had been delayed for want of requisite illustrations. ‘The Land of Promise’ is a re-exhibition of a great deal that he had said before, though in form and arrangement it differs much from ‘Scripture Lands,’ and one special object of it was to describe every place or site of interest ‘*as it now appears.*’

At a personal interview between Mr Oliphant and Dr Kitto in London, in 1850, the second series of Daily Bible Illustrations was virtually agreed on, and in September of the same year, the publisher had suggested the dedication of the work to the Queen, when it should be completed. Kitto at first objected, inasmuch as such dedications are ‘usually prefixed to works which cannot stand alone, and a royal dedication has come to be almost considered as a sign of intrinsic weakness. There seems, also, to my mind, in this case, a sense of disproportion, like mounting Great Tom of Oxford on a village church. One would think this distinction would better suit some great work, such as I may hope hereafter to produce. Yet, on the other hand, this is not absolutely a small work as to size, nor, if I may believe half that I read in the notices you send me, is it altogether unimportant or valueless in its contents. It is not unlikely that it might interest her Majesty more than any work I have yet produced. Upon the whole, perhaps, I should rather like it, if it can be shown to be a proper thing to do; and I do see one point very clearly, that if the pension should be granted, it would be a very proper and graceful thing for me to take the *first* opportunity that subsequently offers, of thus expressing my grateful acknowledgments. Nothing can be clearer than that. Then, again, if this benefit should not be realised in October, such a dedication might advance the matter somewhat; but of this I am not able to judge. It is well to wait, to see what October brings forth.’

The allusions in these last sentences lead us to state, that it had been deemed

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advisable by Dr Kitto's friends to make a united and hearty effort to obtain a grant for him from the Civil List. Memorials and letters were forwarded to the Prime Minister from all religious parties in the kingdom, including peers, bishops, clergy, civilians, and literary and theological professors. The application was at length successful; and on the 17th of December Lord John Russell conveyed the brief but gratifying intimation, 'the Queen has directed that a grant of £100 a-year should be made to you from her Majesty's Civil List, on account of your useful and meritorious literary works.'

By February in the following year, Dr Kitto had got permission to inscribe his volumes to her Majesty, and he was somewhat at a loss to know in what words to frame the dedication. Nor was he sure whether it might not be necessary for him to go to court, adding—'I may take it into my head to go after all, especially if I can get hold of someone to help me through it.' He would have presented his volumes in person, if it had been deemed necessary; still, such an appearance would have been a trial to one of 'his nervous retiredness of temper,' and who had abstained from all public assemblies. 'It may be,' he consoles himself, that the feeling which thus holds me prisoner is but a protective instinct, guarding me from the circumstances which might press *too painfully* upon me the consciousness of my condition.' On the 24th June, the four volumes, with a copy of the *Lost Senses*, handsomely bound, were sent to Colonel Phipps, at Buckingham Palace, who acknowledged the receipt of them—adding besides, 'I have not failed to present these books to her Majesty the Queen, by whom they have been very graciously accepted.'

Before Dr Kitto had finished the first series, and at the beginning of 1851, there were decided indications of approaching cerebral debility. The pain in the back of his head, which he had often felt before, had become too intense to allow of mental toil. He was compelled to moderate his labour and shorten his hours. Rising at four or five in the morning was totally out of the question. To stoop his head to write created excruciating agony. He had vomited blood annually for a long period, but not during the last two years; and the cessation of this self-relieving process may have burdened his brain. But the haemorrhage returned in the crisis, and a medical friend having bled him copiously besides, the neuralgia abated. These warnings were so far slighted by him, that he did not adopt decided measures to maintain his health and prolong his working powers. It was in this weakened state that he wrought upon the *Evening Series*, the first volume of which was published in December 1851, and the last in January 1854—more than double the time that was fixed on for the production of the *Morning Series*.

We need not characterise at length the *Evening Series*, which is quite equal

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to the Morning Series. The first volume was 'Job and the Poetical Books'—to wit, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Songs—and has 'more of a literary cast' than any of its predecessors. The second volume, 'Isaiah and the Prophets,' is rather miscellaneous in its nature—giving some prominence to the person and exploits of Cyrus, as well as the local fulfilment of prophecy, and containing a digest of the results of those researches which Botta and Layard had prosecuted at Nineveh. The third is the 'Life and Death of our Lord;' and the last is the 'Apostles and the Early Church.' The Life of Christ is presented synoptically, and therefore the various chapters are closely connected; while the sketch of the Apostles enweaves the historical intimations contained in the Epistles.

This work, to the eight volumes of which we have so briefly alluded, has obtained, as it merits, a wide popularity. The topics are selected with admirable skill, and are usually founded on some striking scene or novel adventure, some fact or sentiment, some attractive feature of character or remarkable incident in eastern life and enterprise. Thus, in the first volume, you pass from the simplicity of the tent to the bravery of the camp, from the fire on the hearth to the flame of the altar; and whether the paper be on a marriage or a funeral, a sacrifice or a scene of revelry, whether the theme be Abel's death, Lamech's polygamy, Jubal's harp, Enoch's piety, Noah's ark, Sarah's veil, Hagar's flight, Lot's escape, Jacob's pillar, Joseph's bondage, or Pharaoh's signet, each is told with a charming simplicity, surrounded with numerous and beautiful illustrations, and interspersed or closed with pointed and just reflections. Dr Kitto throws light, throughout the series, on many obscure allusions, says many tender and many startling things, opens his heart to the reader, as he unfolds the stores of his learning—all his utterances being in harmony with his avowed design, to make this work 'really interesting as a reading book to the family circle, for which it is primarily intended.' It is not easy to characterise the volumes; and the author seems to have felt this difficulty himself, when he says, in the preface to the second of them, this work is 'not a history—not a commentary—not a book of critical and antiquarian research—not one of popular illustration, nor of practical reflection—but it is something of all these.' He admits that 'it would have been easy to have written a more learned work;' but he carefully avoided the 'forms and processes of scholarship' on the one hand; and, on the other hand, he made no pretension of 'writing down' to any class of readers. He aimed 'to put the whole into brisker language than is needful in heavier works.' 'I am amused,' he says, as the work was proceeding, 'to see what a hankering there is among the noticers, that I should make these papers "*practical*," etc.—that is, turn

them into little sermons. This would be to spoil the thing altogether. It would be, to abstain from my own line, in which, from peculiar circumstances, studies, tastes, and travels, I can do better than many others, to attempt that of which there is already a superabundance, and which thousands could execute as well as, or better than, myself. This tone of remark is, however, natural for those who do not sufficiently consider my peculiar vocation. I do, however, try to give a religious turn to matters where I have a fair opportunity of doing so; and, upon the whole, this is probably the most religious work I have yet written.' The papers are each independent and complete—a parable for the day, or a meditation for the night. The interest never flags, dry detail is avoided, and the themes for the Lord's Day are in exquisite keeping with its sacred character. These eight volumes are, in fact, the cream of all that Dr Kitto had previously written. There is a special charm about them, and a vein of serious instruction runs through them. A rich and racy humour now and then shines out, not indeed so frequent as in Matthew Henry, nor so salient and picturesque as in Thomas Fuller. Nothing like a morbid spiritualism is found in them—it is open-faced godliness. They are suggestive, too, in their nature; many things are placed in a novel light, and many of the remarks made are so new, and yet so much in point, that you wonder they never struck you before. Difficulties are honestly met, and are never set aside by any rationalising process. The author has availed himself of all his former labours, as if 'anxious to disburden his full soul' of its treasures. He writes, too, with earnestness and living power; and the results of his travels, experience, and research suffer no deterioration from being moulded anew in the fire of a devout soul, and set in the framework of an ingenuous and healthful piety.

In the autumn of 1852, Dr Kitto was again and more seriously endangered. The pain was more intense and alarming, and he could no longer fight against it. Medical advice was resorted to, and he was enjoined to do less work and take more exercise. At least two hours a day was he enjoined to walk in the open air. But he complains, September 7, to his publisher, of such consumption of time:—

'I have not got well so rapidly as I expected, and am still under active medical treatment. The last week was nearly a blank for practical purposes, and the anxiety thus occasioned has probably retarded my recovery. I am, however, gathering strength, and am undoubtedly better. The excruciating pains are less violent, and I can venture to sit longer at my desk without bringing them on. Thus, I am beginning to return to my usual habits, although, for the present, on a reduced scale as to time. The new habit of *walking* has been so seriously impressed upon me, that I hope to cultivate it as a matter of duty. The

want of a *definite* object is the difficulty: care for one's health seems too vague an inducement for a practice so adverse to one's habits, and, in its immediate aspect, a serious loss of precious time. I suppose, however, that someone or other will always be dragging me out now; and Mrs Kitto will probably look to it, as the doctor has enjoined her to turn me out daily, and not to let me in again till my time is up. I felicitated myself at first, that he only stated how long I was to walk, not how *fast*, or *how* much, so that, as I thought, I might manage to make the business entertaining, by sauntering about among the book-stalls; but the doctor is now too sharp for me, and talks of six miles a-day. Think of that for a man who has almost lost the power of putting one leg before another! However, seeing that there are so many little ones whose immediate welfare seems to have been made dependent upon my existence, and that I have set before me many labours which I should be loath to leave unexecuted, I hope to be enabled to adapt myself to this new condition of affairs. It may be the Lord's method of strengthening and preserving me for such work as He means me to do. In this point of *view*, the death of one whom I knew, Mr Porter of the Board of Trade, "from want of exercise"—a cause I never before saw assigned in an obituary notice—has made considerable impression on my mind.'

Certainly the death of Mr Porter, and from such a cause, should have checked his exhausting industry; but yet, when we think of the numerous family supported by his daily labours—a family of five sons and five daughters—we must not judge him harshly. Still his disease was of such a nature, that it was not to be tampered with; for the organ attacked was his only implement of labour and source of income. Weakness or injury to it would sadly diminish the supplies, or stop them altogether. He was visited with another relapse when September expired, in which the head-pains were continuous. On his being cupped, and on the application of other means, he revived, and, by the constant exercise to which he had been forced, his 'too solid flesh' was somewhat 'melted off.' He could well spare some. Mrs Hullock, an old Malta friend, who had accidentally discovered him through means of 'The Lost Senses,' was surprised, on visiting him, to see 'the little *slender* man become so great *in person* and name.' He was very thankful for recruited strength, and in October was tolerably well, but complaining of the *immediate* loss of time which his daily walk occasioned. He should have remembered that Milton, one of the poets of his earliest admiration, used to walk daily after dinner in his garden, three and four hours at a time. Even the Exhibition in 1851 had small enticements for him. Fleet Street and the Strand were greater to him than the Crystal Palace, but he did not very often frequent them. Occasionally he sauntered down Ox-

ford Street, Regent Street, the Strand, and Holborn, 'looking for bargains and curious things at the bookshops;' and even this lounging was better than no recreation at all. He, however, did visit the Great Exhibition, and saw it at its close; and though the noise made not the least impression upon him, 'the scene was striking—even to grandeur.' But he sighs and says, 'I certainly do not feel that I lost a day, but my work did.' This perpetual toil was fast wearing him out, and still he grudged the slightest relaxation. Yet one is glad to find that, on September 30, being the last of his boys' Michaelmas holidays, he went with them 'a-nutting to Epping Forest,' not sorry to have so good an excuse for a run.' He found relief at this period from Pulvermacher's hydro-electric chain, which threw a 'sensible continuous current of electric fluid through the part affected.'

Anxious to have some stable means of support, when the Daily Bible Illustrations should be concluded, he was induced to edit a weekly religious periodical—'Sunday Reading for Christian families.'<sup>130</sup> It did not succeed, and, after three months, was abandoned, though it deserved a better fate. The capital papers which its editor wrote for it, were not sufficient to ensure its success. Though warned that the project would be a failure, he was re-solved to try, and the trial satisfied him. Thus he delivers himself:—'The case is this—For many years I have been desirous of finding a fixed basis of occupation and usefulness in the conduct of a periodical publication, which, by affording me a salary, would make regular and determinate a portion of the income I require, leaving me comparatively free for the book-work, which would be needful to complete that income, and relieving me from the perils of an entire dependence thereon.'<sup>131</sup>

But his malady soon returned in still more awful violence. The electric chain in which he had so fondly trusted, could not charm the pain away; and, while he was in this state of prostration, he was visited with another trial. His youngest child, Henry Austin, died. This was the first entrance of death into his dwelling; and every parent knows the pang of a first bereavement. Aye, though it be an infant that is taken away when yet unable to prattle, the new sorrow pierces and lacerates the parental heart. Kitto's softened spirit bowed to the chastisement. He loved his children dearly, and never, with all his solitary study and toil, 'hid his face from his own flesh.'

This little child had wound itself round his heart. His earliest intimation to Mr Oliphant is (April 12):—

'This is the first letter I have written for a week, and the first time I have taken up my pen for any purpose since Saturday. There has been much besides my ill health: a beloved child of mine has been dying, and now it lies here dead.

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God took it from us on Monday morning, and while I bow in submission to this stroke, knowing it is from my Father's hand, my heart is very sore. During the years that I have had a home of my own, death has not been permitted to enter, and its presence is, from its strangeness, the more grim and terrible. During that long time, I have indeed been tried with many griefs; but *this* form of trial, the hardest of all to bear, has been spared to me. Now, this also has come, and finds my heart very weak. May the Lord strengthen it for me, and enable me in due time to learn what lesson it is that He means to teach me by this new stroke of His rod!

The Rev. Dr Brown of Edinburgh, whose wide sympathies extend to every 'companion in tribulation,' sent him one of his useful and solacing little books—'Comfortable Words for Christian Parents bereaved of Little Children.' 'It touched him much.' Mrs Kitto also felt that it fulfilled the promise in its title, and as its balm dropped into her heart, she did not refuse to be comforted. The father was thankful for the 'seasonable memorial,' and in his own way tells how dear this babe had become from its very weaknesses, and how the only land he possessed had been purchased for a burial-place—a sacred spot with a precious deposit:—

'It was but a little child, thirteen months old. He was from the first difficult to rear, and required the constant care of his mother; and this brought his infancy, with its numerous little ways, more under my own notice than that of any other of the children; and the great solicitude with which he had needed to be watched over and prayed for, endeared him greatly to us. At length all difficulty seemed to be overcome, and he waxed fair and strong, and his mother ventured to trust him partially from her own constant care. Then he caught cold, and after a few weeks of suffering, heart-rending to witness, he died. His mother, with many tears, reproaches herself, that if she had never trusted him from her own care, but had continued to nurse him in her own arms, he would yet have lived. It is difficult to realise the idea that, nevertheless, he has not fallen without the will of God. It is hard to learn, but she is learning it, and so am I, and I feel that all real comfort, under a trial like this, must be rooted in that conviction. I am now become, for the first time, the owner of a grave—all the land in this wide world that I possess. This afternoon I shall be constrained to consign to it the remains—still beautiful in death—of this dear little child, into whose bright eyes I have for so many months been daily looking for matter of hope or fear. May the Lord strengthen in the hour now near, and make realities to my own heart the comforts I have sometimes endeavoured to impart to others!'

Those comforts which he had dispensed to other mourners, had been no mere commonplaces, no trite courtesies, no empty or unavailing regrets. He did not

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only throw his flower on the sepulchral urn, but he touched and stayed the bleeding heart with his 'bundle of myrrh.' 'When,' he writes in reference to the death of the widow of Zarephath's only son, 'we behold that a child so dear—

. . . "Like a flower crusht with a blast is dead,  
And ere full time hangs down his smiling head,"

how many sweet interests in life, how many hopes for the time to come, go down to the dust with him! The purest and most heart-felt enjoyment which life offers to a mother in the society of her little child, is cut off for ever. The hope—the mother's hope, of great and good things to come from this her son, is lost for her. "The live coal that was left," and which she had reckoned that time would raise to a cheerful flame, to warm her home, and to preserve and illustrate the name and memory of his dead father, is gone out—is quenched in darkness. The arms which so often clung caressingly around her, and whose future strength promised to be as a staff to her old age, are stiff in death. The eyes which glistened so lovingly when she came near, now know her not. The little tongue, whose guileless prattle had made the long days of her bereavement short, is now silent as that of the "mute dove." Alas! alas! that it should ever be a mother's lot to close in death the eyes of one whose pious duty, if spared, should be in future years to press down her own eyelids. This is one of the great mysteries of life, to be solved only thoroughly, only fully to our satisfaction, in that day when, passing ourselves the gates of light, we behold all our lost ones gather around our feet.<sup>132</sup>

Thus his afflictions were multiplying, for the process of refinement was to be severe, because it was not to be long. He who 'sits as a purifier,' gave special intensity to the 'refiner's fire,' as its action was not to be of continued duration. Beautifully had the mourner expressed himself already as to the results of discipline:—

'It is only by the grafting of our will into His that we can bear much fruit—any fruit; and no branch was ever yet grafted without being cut to the quick. In what He allows us, or in what He takes from us, in His dealings with us, or in His action upon us through others, the same object is always kept in view, of teaching us our dependence upon Him; and it is well with us—very well, then *only* well—when our will so works with His, that in all we see, or hear, or enjoy, or suffer, we strive to realise for ourselves that which He strives to teach—to see His will, and to have no will but His.'<sup>133</sup>

At this period of sorrow he became worse himself, and found no relief from any of his previous appliances. The late Dr Golding Bird was then consulted,

who, refusing at first to entertain the case of a deaf patient as it consumed so much of his valuable time, no sooner learned who the applicant was, than, in characteristic terms, he expressed the warmest interest in him, and afterwards received his fortnightly visits with the greatest cordiality, refusing, at the same time, the customary fees. He said to the sufferer, 'If you mean to live, you must work less, and take more exercise.' But, at the expiry of a few months, he declared Dr Kitto incurable, because the intractable patient had systematically counterworked his physician's skill and prescriptions. His brain wanted rest. Dr Bird had tried to subdue the cerebral irritation; but Dr Kitto persisted in thinking and writing, and nullifying all his medical adviser's kindness and efforts. It was pressed upon him, that he must cease from labour for a period; but he replied, 'No; I must finish the work for which I have had the money, and if I knew I should die with the pen in my hand, I will go on as long as the Lord permits.' So that he virtually sealed his own doom. In August he went down to Ramsgate, and though 'he spent much of his time in the open air, his head became rather worse than better.' To induce him to prolong his stay, a box of books was sent for; but 'the books spoiled the holiday, and the holiday spoiled the books.' His general health was, however, materially improved, and so little apprehensive was he of any serious ailment clinging to him, that he amused himself with projecting a plan of travel in Egypt and Palestine, '*mainly* for the purpose of biblical illustration,' which might be produced after his return 'in the shape of, perhaps, two 8vo volumes.' But he came back to London 'in *one* respect not sensibly better;' and believing that, nevertheless, some 'salutary influence' had been received, he resolved to 'run about as much as time and circumstances would allow.' It was at this period that, as already stated, he resigned the *Journal of Sacred Literature* into the hands of Dr Burgess. But his hours of study were greatly curtailed, and his labours on his closing work greatly abridged. He was forbidden to rise at four or five in the morning, as he had done for fifteen years, and enjoined to walk in the forenoon, 'one of the prime portions of his time.' These and similar explanations he made to his Edinburgh publisher, confessing 'his fretting anxiety at his inability not to get on faster.' He had decided, at all hazards, to finish the book on hand; and had for it and other pressing labours been tempted to neglect Dr Bird's keen and honest warnings.

It would be wrong, however, to suppose that the *Daily Bible Illustrations*, though professedly his main work, were either the heaviest or most exhausting element of his labours. It was his anxiety about his other engagements that fretted and fatigued him. He took too much in hand, and, in his haste to keep all his appointments, he over-tasked himself. What he had been doing for Bohn's *Li-*

brary and for the Tract Society, his new enterprise in connection with the Sunday Reading for Families, and his uneasy feelings and unrelaxing tension of soul about his Journal—this combination of effort and vigilance was far more damaging to him than any study or writing necessary for the Daily Bible Illustrations.<sup>134</sup> The series of chapters required for this work cost him little labour in comparison, many of them being subjective in their nature—the welling out of his own spontaneous reflections, and the others which exhibit research, being upon topics long familiar to him, and on which he had already delivered his thoughts. Though the Daily Bible Illustrations were, at this time, his largest, they were, on the whole, his easiest work, for he had ceased to compose a paper a day, and the toil had become a pleasure to him, as well as oftentimes a relief to his burdened spirit. Nor did he die, as he had protested, with the pen in his hand, and his labour unfinished. The angel of death calmly waited for him till he had laid it down.

He carried out his resolve as to the eighth volume of the Daily Bible Illustrations, amidst much weakness and delay, and at length concluded his task. His wife and he together blessed God when the last sentence was written, and felt that they had abundant and pressing reason to ‘offer thanksgiving.’ This closing composition of a closing life has for its subject the Catacombs at Rome, and the striking picture of early Christianity furnished by them. And his last words are, ‘In these solemn recesses we meet with “none but Christ.” It is the unobscured light of His countenance, as of the sun shining in its strength, that irradiates the gloom of these solitudes. He is the Alpha, the Omega, of all around. All is of Him—

**“HIM FIRST, HIM LAST, HIM MIDST, HIM WITHOUT END.”**

It was in the frame of mind indicated by these glowing words, that he gave thanks to Him who had guarded and blessed him in his last great labour upon earth, and had carried him to its termination, though sickness and sorrow had often threatened interruption.

And the work was not finished a day too soon. The last day of regular toil was succeeded by the first day of his final illness; for next morning, as he attempted to rise, he felt a strange powerlessness, and said, in sad and hurried tones, to his wife, ‘O, Bell! I am numb all down my side.’ The effects of this stroke of paralysis continued for a considerable period, yet he gave what time he could afford to the revision of the Biblical Cyclopaedia for a new edition. This work being stereotyped, the corrections could not be very many, though some of them were very important. Nor did he go over a large portion of the

book, for the malady soon returned in a more intense and alarming shape. On the morning of the 4th of February, he was seized with a fit, which lasted till he was bled by Dr Tunaley, his medical attendant. Consciousness was quite restored, but violent and agonising headache, the result of congestion of the brain, still remained. That rest which he had been so unwilling to take, was now forced upon him by extreme debility. He was worn out by continuous and unrelieved labour. Still Dr Bird had thought and said that a year's rest might yet restore him. The farmer allows his field to lie fallow, and he believes that he loses nothing by a year's unproductiveness. But the powerless and moneyless author had, in the meantime, his household to support, and without work there was no income, save the small pension from her Majesty. Mrs Kitto consulted Mr Oliphant, and a plan was proposed to raise such a sum as might secure the overdone labourer two years' release. But before the idea was wrought out, he was seized again, and more severely; so that a larger and more permanent form of assistance was projected. Committees for the purpose were formed in London and in Scotland, presided over respectively by John Labouchere, Esq., a generous philanthropist in the metropolis, and by his old and valued friend, Sir John M'Neill. Sir John took the chair at a meeting in Edinburgh, and delivered, in his opening address, a just and eulogistic criticism on Dr Kitto's biblical labours. When the plan was brought into operation, contributions were received not only from admirers at home, but from New York, Nova Scotia, and South Australia. The final result did not, however, come up to expectation, the sum received being only L.1800.<sup>135</sup> Had the particulars of Dr Kitto's early life been extensively known—his hardships and privations, his fortitude and triumphs—much more, we believe, would have been promptly contributed.

For many weeks, Dr Kitto was utterly prostrated; but he was in no small degree gratified by the public interest shown in his behalf. It was not, however, till the month of June, that he was able to pen a note, though he had made several attempts; and he wrote, on the 20th of that month, to Mr Oliphant, under great depression and feebleness:—

‘At the present time, my head is, upon the whole, considerably better, and I have, on most days, intervals of comparative ease; but, at best, it is exceedingly tender, and any little movement or effort brings on *acute* pain. I am led out now and then by Mrs Kitto, or one of the elder children, for a short crawl; but I generally return in great distress, the movement, however gentle, having disturbed my head, and the lower limbs being still very feeble, from the effects of the repeated seizures, though the more obviously distressing results of these seizures have most materially abated. I rejoice to learn, that my medical adviser is of opinion, that, in the state to which I have been brought by diet and

medical treatment, there is little probability of further attacks of this nature. Still, however, the original slight numbness along the whole left side, which I was, if I remember rightly, describing to you in the letter I left unfinished, and which was forwarded to you after the dreadful attack of the 4th of February—this has remained all through, though less sensibly felt at some times than at others. The doctor is, however, persuaded that this also will be displaced, under a change of air. This change has been retarded by various circumstances, with which you are acquainted; and now, lastly, by my wife's illness, which added much to my other distresses. But, through the Lord's mercy, she seems much better today, though far from well; and I entertain the hope, that the change, when it does take place, will re-establish her health, which has been much shaken of late.

'I cannot write more now; but I cannot close this, my first and necessarily short letter, without expressing how deeply I have been affected by the kind interest which, under these most trying circumstances, you have manifested on my behalf, and the zealous exertions you have made to ameliorate the evils of this condition. God has been very gracious to me, not only in keeping my heart from sinking in the evil day, but in raising up many friends to testify their effectual sympathy for me and mine. This is most cheering; and, if it should please Him to remove the cloud which now hangs over my tabernacle, I shall hope to be enabled to evince my gratitude by more entire devotement to that service in which alone perfect freedom is found—in actual labour, if that be possible, or, if not, in patient waiting for Him.'

Labour, indeed, was denied him, and 'patient waiting' was henceforth to be his duty. 'Wait' had been his motto,—'only wait, only believe' had been his shield against despondency. In these seasons of trial, the Master had been saying to him, 'I come quickly;' and his response was, 'Amen, even so come.'

A journey to the Continent, which had been meditated for some time, was postponed for the purpose of trying the benefit of further medical skill in London. The experiment, alas! did not succeed. His daughter Shireen had gone down to Edinburgh, on her way out to Canada; but failing health obliged her to return to London. Her father, in this dark hour, writes in July to the same correspondent:—

'Shireen returned from Edinburgh on Saturday, without much exhaustion. Her return was a mixed pain and pleasure to me—pain, that her meritorious hopes and endeavours should be frustrated, and pleasure, to be reunited to one who had seemed lost to us. Under all, I thank God, however—and it is much to be thankful for—that I have been enabled to rest in the full and satisfying persuasion, that all things will assuredly work together for good, *vital* good to my-

self, and to those whom God has given me. I have no ground to expect—I never have expected, that the Lord should establish on my behalf an exemption from all trouble; but I believe and know that all must be for *eventual* good, though it may be by ways I should not prefer, or by ways that I might even wish to avoid. I am *very* unable to express the sense I entertain of the munificent kindness and delicate consideration which you have evinced towards me, both before and since this present emergency and trial. The *last* instance is peculiarly gratifying to me, and will occupy a pleasant place in my recollections of this time.’

The next letter has some faint scintillations of his former humour:—

‘*July 31.* . . . It seems that we are to go on Wednesday se’nnight, and that in a day or two we leave this house, in which I thought I had made my life’s nest, for furnished lodgings, as a preparatory step, having let the house. Changes so radical have become hard to me; but the Lord’s will be done, and I think that I seek only to know what His will is. At Shireen’s supplication, I sat to the sun for my portrait on Saturday. Till I saw it, I had no idea how grand I look; it seems the concentrated essence of twenty aldermen and ten bishops, all in one. Mrs K. sat also; but, womanlike, she spoke in the very crisis of the operation, and so spoiled the likeness. I amused myself much with the idea, that the sun, who has hitherto lived like a gentleman, is now obliged to work for his living.’

As originally contemplated, Dr Kitto left for Germany on the 9th of August, with his wife and seven of his children, the other two remaining for the sake of their education in England, one of whom had in 1850, to his father’s great delight, received a presentation to Christ’s Hospital, through the influence of his old friend Mr Tracy. They were accompanied by a sympathising friend, the Rev. Cornelius Hart, incumbent of Old St Pancras. Landing at Rotterdam, the party proceeded up the Rhine by Mayence and Mannheim, and thence to Stuttgart. There Dr Kitto became greatly worse again, and Dr Ludwig, the king’s physician, was brought to him. On his visit, he repeated what the medical men had said in London, and the certainty of speedy dissolution seems, from this time, to have become a conviction with Dr Kitto. A dream, as at the beginning of his life, pictured out his waking thoughts, and he saw, in sleep, his wife a widow and his children fatherless. The telling of this sad vision next morning filled his eyes with tears, for he believed that the presentiment would soon be realised. Stuttgart was found to be very hot, and the invalid next took up his residence at Cannstatt on the Neckar. The mineral waters at this place are much resorted to, but Dr Kitto found from them no great benefit.

The ‘beginning of the end’ had arrived. First his youngest child, Henry Harlowe, aged ten months, was taken from him on the 21st of September. The in-

fant had been always delicate. 'His mother spent the days and nights in walking to and fro with him, for so only would he be quiet, shedding many tears over her once beautiful baby, now so wasted, and so soon to be taken from her. For me, I could only spend my hours in prayer to God, that He would be gracious to her and me, and spare us, if it were possible, this heavy stroke of His hand. Indeed, I felt emboldened to pray with great importunity for the life of this child. I ventured to ask it as a token for good, as an encouragement to my faith; and I promised to receive it back as a trust and a gift—a double gift, from the womb and from the grave—and as such (should my life be spared), to watch his steps with daily solicitude, and give my best time and earnest endeavours to the task of bringing him up for the Lord, in the ways of holiness. I allow myself to think this prayer was heard and accepted. Certain it is, that at his next visit the doctor began to express hopes, and the child has since been reviving, and although still very feeble, he is now so much better, that even my poor Rachel refuses not to be comforted.

'I have written this by short instalments; my head has been easier during the two nights which have intervened since I began it. . . .

'*P.S.—Sept. 22.*—I was mistaken. Our dear child was taken from us yesterday—Henry Harlowe Kitto, aged ten months. Our hearts are very sore. May He who does not afflict willingly, strengthen us to bear this new grief; but these are the things I find it hardest to bear, and the most difficult to understand. My poor wife suffers greatly, for her heart was strongly set on this child. Please ask Dr Brown if he will write to her.'<sup>136</sup>

Dr Brown did not and could not refuse such an appeal. Nay, such an appeal was not required to elicit his sympathies, and bring out his genial words of comfort.

But the shadow of death was settling down on his household in thicker gloom. His first-born, unable to proceed to Canada, as she intended, had returned to London in declining health; and her removal to Germany, with its change of air, had effected no improvement on her. The watchful eye of her father saw her real condition, and it smote him to the heart.

I have yet to grieve that I am obliged to report less favourably of our dear Shireen; she seems gradually sinking under her disease; and although there is perhaps no *immediate* danger, the hope of her ultimate recovery is very faint. It is sad to a parent's heart to see one so promising—his first-born—laid thus low, and I trust that the prayers of my friends will not be wanting to strengthen ours on her behalf.'<sup>137</sup>

Her disease was a complicated form of dropsy; and when the little Henry died, she was confined to bed from extreme debility, and never again arose

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from it. During the last twelve days of her life, her father seldom left her bedside, but strengthened and comforted the dying girl, though his own condition and her weakness made the necessary finger-talk very exhausting to both. Her eldest brother John was summoned from England, but before he could reach Cannstatt, his sister had expired. Her mother tells the sad tale:—

‘We had both been desirous that she should feel that her change was near, but how were we to tell her? I felt I could not. Her dear father read and talked to her, and gave some gentle hints that the doctors would not be answerable for the results, and indeed, that they thought it a critical case. Whilst we were hesitating thus to communicate with her, the Lord Himself showed His intentions towards her. One morning, as I was attending to her, she said, “Mamma, I dreamt last night that the dean of the place came and told me I was only to live a fortnight.” I took advantage of the opportunity as well as I was able, and said to her, “Well, my dear, the Lord speaks in various ways, and perhaps this is His message to you.” “Yes,” she said, “I think it is, for certainly I cannot live long thus.” After that she became quite resigned and composed, and daily talked very sweetly on the subject of her decease, both with her dear father and myself. She died exactly at the end of the fortnight, as her dream had told her.’

Her spirit had been gradually ripened for the great change, and the evident preparation for it gave her father unspeakable joy in the midst of his distress. After her decease, he writes to Mr Oliphant:—

*Cannstatt, Oct. 18, 1854.*

‘It has pleased God to withdraw from us the bodily presence of our dear daughter Shireen, our first-born thus following in just three weeks our last-born to the tomb. I blessed God in the midst of my distress for allowing me the comfort of finding that she not only submitted to the Divine appointment concerning her, but accepted it with a cheerful spirit, and was enabled to move on, day by day, consciously nearing the unseen world with an unshaken countenance, strong in the assured belief that to depart and to be with Christ was far better for her than aught which life could have in store. I thanked God with all my heart for this high grace granted to her; and while our affections have been deeply smitten by the loss of one so dear and so highly gifted, we refuse not the comfort which the contemplation of a death so serene and cheerful is calculated to afford to those who know that hopeless sorrow is a sin.’

His sensations at this period of bereavement were such as himself had already portrayed, though he knew not then how soon the case described was, in God’s mysterious providence, to be his own. As he bent over the corpse of his lovely and accomplished daughter, his first-born and joy, did he not remember

what he had once said with such truth and tenderness?

‘With this instance in view [that of the Prince Abijah], we can find the parallels of lives, full of hope and promise, prematurely taken, and that in mercy, as we can judge, to those who depart. The heavenly Husbandman often gathers for His garner the fruit that early ripens, without suffering it to hang needlessly long, beaten by storms, upon the tree. Oh, how often, as many a grieved heart can tell, do the Lord’s best beloved die betimes—taken from the evil to come; while the unripe, the evil, the injurious, live long for mischief to themselves and others! Roses and lilies wither far sooner than thorns and thistles.’<sup>138</sup>

The corpse, being that of a young and unmarried woman, was, according to the custom of the country, crowned with a wreath of myrtle blossoms, and the father was moved to tears at the spectacle. His deep sorrow had not as yet ventured to express itself in words. It was a double trial in a land of strangers,—himself expecting soon to be joined to both his children, and anxious to have a place secured for his own grave, by the side of that of Shireen.

‘The circumstances of this great loss, following so soon upon the other, awakened much sympathy among the kind-hearted Germans, and the myrtle-crowned corpse was followed to the tomb by a large train of spontaneous mourners, composed *mostly* of persons unknown to us, and who are not likely to be known. I was not among them; for although I had seen her die, the doctor and our friends here prevailed upon me to abstain from attending her to the grave. But neither the bier nor the tomb is here invested with the dismal incidents and ideas which prevail in England. All is here made significant of cheerful hope, as among the early Christians. All the symbols and inscriptions in the churchyard are of this character, and the yard itself is called the “peace-yard” (*Friedhof*), a sense which is probably local, as I find it not in dictionaries. I forbear to tell you of the many things this dear child was to do for me, and with me, “when she got well;” and I am not yet strong enough to dwell upon the close affinities of mind and character, and the ever ready and quick apprehension on her part, which drew her very near to me, and rendered my intercourse with her a delight. But all this is over. Year after year, week after week, I am bereaved of my children; and other trials—frustrated purposes, loss of health, loss of means, expatriation from the land I love—all these, though heavy, seem light in comparison. God help me—and I assuredly know and believe that, even with this large addition to my afflictions, He *does* and will help me, and that His help is sufficient for me in all things.

‘My head has suffered considerably from these trials, which necessarily involved the suspension of my usual exercise. But my poor wife, in addition to these wounds to her maternal affections, has had great personal fatigues, and

nights of watching to undergo; and these together have left her in a state of much disturbed health, from which I trust that rest may restore her. She and I, with our son, have been this day to visit the grave of our two children (for they allowed the little one to be taken up and deposited with his sister), and we found it overspread with very beautiful garlands—free-will offerings of the good people here.’

Dr Kitto’s last letter but one has a peculiar interest attaching to it. Mr Davis, once a publisher in London, but latterly a very prosperous settler in South Australia, having seen, in a London newspaper, some account of the benevolent exertions making for Dr Kitto, generously transmitted a subscription; and to him, as an acknowledgment in return, was sent the following note, so ripe in Christian feeling and hope:—

*Cannstatt, Wurtemberg, Oct. 27, 1854.*

‘DEAR SIR,—Mr Oliphant has forwarded to me your kind letter, with its enclosure, and I beg you to accept my earnest thanks for both. In the midst of the trials which have been sent me, and by which I am laid aside from the labours in which I took much delight, I have been greatly comforted and encouraged by the strong interest for me which has been expressed by many who have known me only by those labours, and which has been evinced in warm and hearty endeavours to ameliorate the relievable evils of the condition to which I am reduced. Of these kind voices, none have reached me from so distant a quarter, nor have any been more encouraging than yours. To know that any of the writings which I have been enabled to produce have been useful, under the circumstances you indicate, in the land most distant from our own, is a satisfaction very dear to my heart; and the accompanying expressions of kind sympathy towards me will not be the less precious to me, as coming from one whose name is familiar to my remembrance, from its presence on the titles of many publications which I used to see in former times.

‘The refreshment of your very friendly communication comes most seasonably to me; for, in the short time since I have been in this place—for benefit of health and economy of living—my cup has been filled very high, in the loss of my eldest daughter and youngest son, whom, within three short weeks, I have laid in one grave. But though heart-smitten, I have not been allowed to sorrow as having no hope; and I begin to perceive, that, by these variously afflictive dispensations, my Lord is calling me “up hither” to the higher room in which He sits, that I may see more of His grace, and that I may more clearly understand the inner mysteries of His kingdom. What more awaits me, I guess not. But the Lord’s will be done.—I am, dear sir, with affectionate regard, most tru-

ly yours,

‘JOHN KITTO.’

On the same day, Dr Kitto wrote his last letter to his friend and publisher. It breathes a spirit of deep composure; for the writer was now, as himself says of David, ‘past all danger, for he knew he was to die.’ ‘We are still most sorrowful; but, not being “forsaken,” we try to gather strength from the belief, that He whose love has been so often proved, would not willingly lay upon us one stroke more than is needed for our essential welfare, and for the final welfare of those whom He has taken. My dear wife was greatly cheered by Dr Brown’s most kind and considerate letter. I may mention that, upon our first loss here, we read his “Comfortable Words” all through together (that is, I read it to her), and were indeed greatly comforted by it. We, more than once, exclaimed with Mr Sherman, “God bless John Brown for writing this book!”’<sup>139</sup>

The time had now come when he ‘must die.’ His work was over, and he was calmly waiting to be called up. He was neither impatient to depart nor anxious to remain, for, by God’s grace, he was enabled to say, ‘My times are in Thy hand.’ The last weeks of his life were spent in quiet meditation; and as soon as Shireen was buried, he selected as his favourite chamber the room in which she had died, whom he was so soon to follow. He was soothed by looking ‘on the same scenes she had last looked on.’ His spirit must have often pondered on the strange path by which Providence had led him—a ragged boy, toiling beyond his strength, till a terrible calamity disabled him—a miserable stripling, forced into an almshouse—an apprentice to an ingenious form of surgical art—a printer on a Mediterranean isle—a stranger in a far-off city of the plague—a literary workman in the metropolis—a famed illustrator of Scripture — and now a worn-out invalid, about to enter upon his final rest and reward. Thoughts, too deep for utterance, and too sacred for publicity, must have often sprung from such a retrospect. He had survived an accident all but fatal; had outlived his own purpose to die; had stood unscathed when thousands fell before the ‘burning pestilence’ on all sides of him; and now he understood the reason why Divine benignity had uniformly spared him. The dreams of his youth had been more than realised, for—

‘Dreams grow realities to earnest men.’

But he had been informed long ago, by the Angel Zared, that ‘the period of his sojourn on earth would not be, at furthest, very many years.’ Of this ideal

warning he had been reminded by the alarming illnesses which had so often seized him, and which had proved themselves to be seated beyond the power of dislodgment in that vital organ, which, though it had been so materially injured in early life, had still, by the forced abundance of its fruits, provided food and raiment for him and his. For many years of his earlier manhood, there had been little to attach him to life. Then he felt himself to be all but useless, and he was to a great extent dependent on others. But the later portion of his career had been signally successful; and, in the midst of his fame and usefulness, these premonitions of decease gathered thickly around him. The idea that he had fallen into a second state of dependence and uselessness, deeply affected him; yet he repined not; and, though he might wonder at the mysterious dispensation, he strove to profit by it. Two mornings before he died, he said, among other things, to his wife—‘Somehow I begin to feel a sad distaste of life. I am now in a useless state, with little hope, that I can see, of ever being useful again.’ He added, ‘I, who have all my life been in the habit of referring everything to God, naturally sit and ask myself what all these things mean, and endeavour, if possible, to find out what His mind towards me is; and, unless it be to draw me to Himself, I confess I am at a loss.’

His conclusion was just, and it was consoling too, as his experience had told him; for, since tomorrow was to be his last day on earth, there had been special kindness in weaning him from life, and filling him with the consciousness, that every step towards and along the ‘dark valley’ was a step nearer glory and God. She who had so deep an interest in it, has herself described that solemn scene, which left her a widow and her children fatherless—

‘In the evening he read to me Thackeray’s Lecture on Goldsmith, and said, that was the right spirit in which to view literature, and expressed how much more happily and respectably he had spent his life in that pursuit than he could have done in any other occupation. He sat reading till eleven o’clock, and seemed quite pleased that I had been able to rest so long listening to him. He then retired for the night. About three o’clock in the morning, I was awakened by his step in the room. I immediately sprang up, and inquired what was the matter. He said, “Unless I can be sick, I feel I shall be very ill.” I applied some remedies, which had the desired effect, and wished to send for Dr Burckhardt, his medical attendant, but he would not allow me, saying, “it would pass off.” I did not feel any particular alarm, and he went again to bed, and slept till about seven, when I inquired how he was. He said he felt better, and asked for his *sauerwasser*. He then rose and dressed himself, but said he would defer the more laborious process of shaving and washing till he had taken his breakfast. He sat at the table with the children and myself. As soon as they had gone to

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school, he said, "Well, after all, I think I must have a very strong constitution to stand what I have gone through. I never felt so conscious as last night of the approach of a fit, and had I not been sick I am sure I should have had one." Then, making two or three circles with his finger, to signify giddiness, he added, almost in the same breath, "Look sharp, Bell!" I saw he was greatly affected, and caught hold of him, calling loudly to the servants, whom I hurried off to fetch Dr Burckhardt, and our kind friend Mr Hirsch, who had shown himself throughout most anxious to render every assistance in his power. Dear Kitto seeing I was greatly agitated, waved his hand gently up and down, signifying to me to be composed. His chest heaved violently, and continued doing so at intervals of about half an hour. Between the paroxysms, he kept trying his eyes, his fingers, and his tongue, and said, "My impression is I shall die." Medicine was given, but it could not be retained. He sat on his chair, with his feet in a mustard bath, and leeches on his temples, and, after an interval of some hours, he was bled in the foot. There seemed, however, no signs of amendment. About two o'clock in the day he was removed to bed. But the chest kept constantly heaving, and the head was swollen, and the face very red. Stertorous breathing commenced, and it became very difficult to understand him; all told too plainly that, in a few hours, we should be left desolate. In the early part of the evening he said, "I am being choked. Is it death?" I spoke with my fingers, but I saw that he could not make out what I said. I then, with my head, signified that it was. He added, "Pray God to take me soon." These were his last words. He continued for some hours in this agony, which no human power could alleviate. Mr Hirsch, and other kind friends, offered to sit with us during the night, but all help of man was vain. Towards five o'clock, the convulsive struggle became too agonising to witness, and Dr Burckhardt, who had been sent for, insisted upon my retiring, and would not suffer me again to return. I never saw him afterwards. About seven o'clock I was told that all was over, and that my beloved husband had entered into the rest prepared for the people of God.'

Yes, rest had been prescribed for him by physicians, and urged upon him by friends, and he had gone to Cannstatt in search of it; but, on the morning of the 25th of November, he passed into that repose which the brave and the true enjoy, through the merits and mediation of the Exalted Redeemer.

'Spirit! thy labour is o'er!  
Thy term of probation is run:—  
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,  
And the joy of immortals begun.

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‘Spirit! look not on the strife,  
Or the pleasures of earth with regret—  
Pause not on the threshold of limitless life,  
To mourn for the day that is set.

‘Spirit! no fetters can bind,  
No troubles have power to molest:  
There the worn out like thee—the weary shall find  
A haven, a mansion of rest.

‘Spirit! how bright is the road  
For which thou art now on the wing!  
Thy home it will be, with thy Saviour and God,  
The loud hallelujah to sing.’

The funeral, according to German usage, took place two days after his death. Dr Gleissberg the dean officiated, and the service began and concluded with praise and prayer. A sketch of Dr Kitto’s life and labours was also given, and followed up with such impressive lessons as the scene suggested. The English residents, and a large concourse of the native population, followed to their resting-place the remains of the illustrious stranger, whose brief abode among them had been chequered with such trials. To be buried at Plymouth in New Churchyard beside Granny,’ was his boyish prayer, but he sleeps with his two children in the cemetery of Cannstatt; and a handsome monument, erected by the publisher of his last work, marks and adorns the hallowed spot. The monogram, surrounded by a chaplet and winged with palm leaves, which is carved on the upper part of the stone, is taken from a slab in the Roman catacombs, and was the print selected by him for the concluding paper of his Daily Bible Illustrations, and appropriately symbolises his own warfare and his victory—ay, more than victory—through Christ.

The monument, with its inscription, is here presented:—

### In Memoriam

IOANNIS KITTO, D.D., ANGLI,  
INGENIO, DOCTRINA, PIETATE CLARISSIMI, QUI ETSI MULTIS FORTUNIE  
IMPEDIMENTIS OBSTRUCTUS,  
ATQUE JAM PUER CASU CAPTUS FUIT AURIBUS,  
TAMEN LEGENDO ET PEREGRINANDO  
MAGNAM VARIAMQUE SIBI CUMULAVIT ERUDITIONEM, QUAM PERMULTIS  
LIBRIS,  
IMPRIMIS SCRIPTURAS SACRAS ILLUSTRANTIBUS,  
EXPOSUIT.

## LIFE OF JOHN KITTO

STUDIIS CONFECTUS IN GERMANIAM SE CONTULIT  
UT VALETUDINEM DEBILITATAM RESTAURARET, IBIQUE VITAM SEMPITERNAM  
IN CHRISTO INVENTIT.

NATUS PLYMOUTHIAE DIE IV MENS. DECEMB. AN. MDCCCIV,  
MORTUUS EST CANNSTADIAE DIE XXV MENS. NOVEMB. AN. MDCCCLIV.

ANNABELLA SHIREEN, FILIA EJUS PRIMOGENITA, MORTEM OBIIT XIII OCTOB.

MDCCCLIV., ANNO AETATIS VICESIMO PRIMO;

HENRICUS HARLOWE, FILIUS NATO MINIMUS, XXI SEPTEMB.

EJUSDEM ANNI, IX DECEMB MENSES NATUS.

FOOTNOTES

130 London: Needham, 1853

131 Letter to Mr Blackader, March 3, 1853.

132 Daily Bible illustrations, vol. iv., p. 228.

133 Daily Bible Illustrations, vol. iv., p. 318.

134 A tract which he wrote in 1852 for the Working Men's Educational Union, on Eastern Habitations, needs scarcely be referred to.

135 Of this sum, there remains about L.1200, which has been invested in the names of trustees for the benefit of Dr Kitto's widow and family.

136 Letter to Mr Oliphant, Cannstatt; Sept. 18, 1854.

137 Ibid.

138 Daily Bible Illustrations, vol. iv., p. 159.

139 Mr Sherman said so in a letter of sympathy to the Rev. Dr M'Farlane of Glasgow, prefacing the benediction by these words:—'If you have not seen his sweet book, read it; if you have, read it again.' See Dr M'Farlane's touching and consolatory little work, 'why Weepest Thou?' pp. 74, 75. London: Nisbet.