

again; for the tide was receding fast, which neither of us knew when we went to bathe and there were strong currents, owing to the rocky nature of the coast there. When I recovered from the wave and looked about I could nowhere see Mr. Leitch. For a moment I fancied that he might be hidden from sight by a wave, but the next moment I felt that he must have been carried out and had sunk. I knew that it would be in vain for me to attempt to do anything alone; so I ran up the beach and called to Mr. Lewis to come quickly, as I saw him coming in the distance. He was soon on the spot; and three or four fishermen coming at the same time, they immediately ran into the water, according to our directions, and dived about in the place where he had been, and a boat which had been summoned came to render assistance; but though the search was kept up as well as the force of the waves would allow, for nearly two hours, till it became dark, nothing could be found. As we returned to the little bungalow where we were staying, it was almost impossible for us to realize the fact that our dear brother, who had been amongst us that day, happy himself, and striving to make others happy, was indeed taken from us. In the morning Mr. Mault and Mr. Whitehouse arrived from Nagercoil, and Mr. Russel later in the day. The search had been renewed at daylight, and men were sent along the coast to give instructions to the villagers to be on the look-out. But though every means have been used, the body has not yet been found.

“His whole heart was in the mission-work; and though at first he had doubt whether Neyoor was the most fitting sphere for him, when he had settled down here his whole sympathies were drawn out towards the people, and he resolved to spend and be spent amongst them. He had wrenched himself from many strong ties when he left his native land, where his talents might soon have raised him to honour and distinction. It was not easy for a nature like his, so full of strong family affections and social sympathies, to sever himself from all who were dear to him, and come and live quite alone in this district among the poor and ignorant, few of whom could sympathise with him; but he believed it was the call of his Master, and he cheerfully obeyed. His medical talents he devoted entirely to the service of Christ; for whilst healing the sick, he was ever mindful of his higher position, as an ambassador of Christ, a physician of souls.—*News of the Churches.*”

JAMES NISBET, ESQ.

It is our mournful duty to record the death of one amongst our fellow citizens the most widely known in the walks of Christian benevolence. Mr. Nisbet was a native of Kelso, where he was born in 1785. He came early to London, and at once enlisted as a Sunday School teacher. From the outset he was an ardent supporter of missions, and during the last forty years there are few of the religious or charitable institutions of the metropolis which have not benefited by his active zeal and open-handed liberality. Inexpensive in his personal habits and full of generous impulse, his occasional contributions were frequently munificent; and the service which his painstaking assiduity rendered to such institutions as the Fitzroy School and the Orphan Working School is incalculable. His house was ever open to ministers of the gospel and missionaries, so that hundreds felt towards him as “Gaius, mine host;” and there is one class of the community, to whom his removal is as the loss of a father. We mean those governesses for whom his library was a sort of institution, and for large numbers of whom his friendly exertions found employment amongst the highest families of the land. Mr. Nisbet was very successful in his business as a religious bookseller and publisher, and whilst giving to works of evangelical Christianity the *prestige* of his popular establishment, he showed much tact and skill in that more mechanical department in which the trade meets the taste of the public. He was ordained an elder of the Scotch Church, Regent Square, by the Rev. Edward Irving, and in that church he officiated as an elder on the last Sabbath of his life. On Tuesday morning, before breakfast, he was at his post at the Orphan School, on Haverstock Hill. On that evening, he felt slightly indisposed; but up to the moment of his death, at two o'clock on the following afternoon, the 6th Nov., no danger was apprehended. His physician and a member of his family were standing beside his bed, when he instantaneously expired.—*Christian Times.*