

while at High Wickham, near Hastings, the kind and benevolent widow of the late Joseph Fletcher, Esq., of Tottenham, very frequently took him drives in an open carriage, so that he enjoyed the sea-breezes and fresh air without any fatigue. But disease had made such inroads into his constitution, that it was impossible for human efforts to stay its progress. An hour before his happy spirit took its flight to glory, the Rev. John Cox, of Woolwich, called to see him, and, with Mrs. Mogridge witnessed his peaceful departure. "Not till his under lip began to fall," observes the bereaved widow, "were we aware that his soul had departed." The body was deposited, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, in the churchyard of All Saints, Hastings. The spot had been selected by himself. It is on a slope against the graveyard wall,—just below the heights where he often reclined on the sward, beholding the glorious scene of land and water, and meditating on those subjects which he afterwards embodied in the papers that have edified and delighted thousands of readers.—*Christian Spectator*.

EAST INDIES—THE REV. CHARLES C. LEITCH, OF NEYOOR.

It is with deep regret we announce that the life and labours of this highly gifted and devoted young missionary have, in the mysterious providence of God, been suddenly brought to a close, under circumstances peculiarly distressing. Our beloved brother, Mr. Leitch, was drowned while bathing in the sea at Mootan, on the coast of Travancore, within a few miles of his station. The particulars of the mournful event, which occurred on the 25th of August last, are given in the subjoined communication from his friend and fellow-labourer, the Rev. F. Baylis.

So recently as the autumn of 1851, Mr. Leitch left his native country in anticipation of a long and active career in the missionary field. After spending a few months at Madras, pursuing a course of medical study, he proceeded to his appointed station, Neyoor, South Travancore; and, in the recollection of the holy zeal and entire devotedness which characterised his subsequent, though brief, career of missionary labour, his sorrowing family and friends will find relief and solace amidst their unavailing regrets over the loss of one so valued and beloved.

"I have indeed," writes Mr. Baylis, under date Neyoor, 31st August last, "painful news to communicate. Our hearts have been filled with sorrow by a most mysterious dispensation of Providence. I little thought, when I arrived here two months ago to labour with my dear friend Mr. Leitch, that he would be so soon snatched away from us. But in the midst of his activity and usefulness, he has been taken in a moment, and with heavy hearts we strive to bow to the stroke, and to say, 'it is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.' Our dear brother had not been feeling very well for some days, and as Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were gone to spend a few days at Mootan, a place on the coast in this district, about six miles off, we resolved to go down and spend a day with them, and intended to examine the schools at one or two of our stations near. So we went down early on the morning of Friday, the 25th instant. About 5 p. m. we went together to bathe in the sea, in a place where he had been accustomed to bathe on former visits to the place.

"As we were going down, speaking of the bold scenery on the sea-coast there. Mr. Leitch said that he felt that a day now and then at such a place, throwing off all the cares of the mission, was a great advantage, and enabled one to resume work with far greater energy. Being remarkably quick in all his movements, he was at the place and in the water several minutes before I was ready. We were behind some rocks, so that I could not see the part of the sea where he was, till I had gone out into the water myself. I then saw him for a moment among the waves, a little way out, not farther than we had both been when bathing there a few weeks before. I also thought I heard his voice, but the noise of the waves among the rocks near was so great, that I could not distinguish what he said, and I had then no idea that he was in any danger. However, I had scarcely a moment to think, for, as I was hastening to join him, in passing round the corner of a rock, a strong wave rushing past from behind, threw me down, and was, as I felt in a moment, carrying me out with considerable force. I immediately struck out for the shore, and gained a footing again with some difficulty. Had I been carried out into the large wave beyond, I feel sure that I should never have reached the shore