

positions, were among the vast crowd who congregated together at the Surrey Garden Hall to hear Mr. Spurgeon.—Lord Palmerston was to have been one of the Rev. gentleman's hearers, having sent for tickets for the occasion, but was detained by gout at Broadlands. The magnificent hall was densely filled in every part, and many hundreds only obtained standing room. The number of persons present could not have been less than from 7000 to 8000. The sight was imposing; there was something even sublime in it. The vast audience hung with breathless attention from beginning to end, on the utterances which manifestly gushed forth from the deepest recesses of the youthful preacher's heart. Mr. Spurgeon has now, we are gratified to say, entirely got rid of those minor defects of matter and manner which, two years ago or more, we pointed out. The most fastidious taste, the most cultivated intellect, could not on Sunday morning have detected a single thing which it could have wished to be otherwise.—*Morning Advertiser.*

#### A VOICE FROM THE DYING.

In illustrating the importance of a direct appeal to persons on the subject of personal religion, Mrs. Winslow would frequently quote a touching incident related to her when at Cambridge, of the late excellent Charles Simeon. On one occasion he was summoned to the dying bed of a brother. Entering the room his relative extended his hand to him, and with deep emotion said: "I am dying; and you never warned me of the state I was in, and of the danger to which I was exposed by neglecting the salvation of my soul!" "Nay, my brother," replied Mr. Simeon, "I took every reasonable opportunity of bringing the subject of religion before your mind, and frequently alluded to it in my letters." "Yes," exclaimed the dying man, "you did; but that was not enough. You never came to me, closed the door, and took me by the collar of my coat, and told me that I was unconverted, and that, if I died in that state, I should be lost. And now I am dying; and, but for God's grace, I might have been forever undone!" It is said that this affecting scene made an ineffaceable impression on Mr. Simeon's mind.—*Life in Jesus.*

#### EVIL COMPANY.

The following beautiful allegory is translated from the German:—"Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer his daughter to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright. 'Dear father,' said the gentle Eulalia to him one day when he forbade her in company with the volatile Lucinda, 'you must think us very childish if you imagine we could be exposed to danger by it.' The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. 'It will not burn you, my child; take it.' Eulalia did so, and behold the beautiful white hand was soiled and blackened, and, as it chanced, her white dress also. 'We cannot be too careful in handling coals,' said Eulalia, in vexation. 'Yes, truly,' said the father; 'you see, my child, that coals even if they do not burn, they blacken; so it is with the company of the vicious.'"

#### MAKE THE BEST OF EVERYTHING.

We once knew a man whom neither care nor sorrow seemed to affect; who at sixty had the digestion and flow of spirits of twenty-one; and who had acquired a large fortune apparently without an effort; who, in short, was the happiest of men, and the envy of all who knew him. "How is it," we said to him "that you are so fortunate? What talisman secure, to you all these advantages?" He smiled as he answered,

"I have no talisman, unless it is to make the best of everything."

To make the best of everything? Like a key to a problem, the answer unlocked for us at once, the whole of the great mystery. Life is too short and happiness too precious to consume the one and throw away the other, in idle, unavailing regrets. Even if ill-fortune swells into a flood, threatening to undermine the very ground on which we stand, is it not wiser to strive to bridge the torrent than to wait, bewailing our fate till the waters swallow us? The weak and the unstable succumb to destiny, and are washed into oblivion. The wise and brave, accepting circumstances as they present themselves, plunge boldly like Horatius of old, into the stream, win the further shore in safety, and earn immortal guerdon and renown. \* \* \* \* \*

Make the best of everything! At home, if wife or husband is cross—if servants are careless—if children are irritating—don't fly into a passion, for that will do no good—but make the best of the circumstances, fulfil your duty and wait for happier times. Abroad things look unpromising, preserve a stout heart, keep cool and play your hand to the best of your ability. Even if fate has the first move, which is not always the case, you have the second; and the game may still be yours, if you play skilfully and hopefully.—*Baltimore Sun.*

#### DEATH OF REV. DR. MEDHURST.

We learn by the *London Patriot* that this distinguished Missionary to China died on the 24th Jan. He arrived in London on the Thursday previous, in a state of extreme exhaustion, and was obliged immediately to betake himself to bed, from which he never rose. He became insensible on Saturday morning, and continued in that state until the hour of his death; but he appeared to be quite free from suffering, and his last moments were perfectly tranquil. His age was sixty-one.

Dr. W. H. Medhurst was first appointed to China in 1816, and had consequently spent forty years in that important portion of the missionary field. Trained under the eye of the illustrious Morrison, he was the Elisha on whose shoulders the mantle of that Elijah fell; and well was he worthy to enter into the labours of so great a prophet. After residing at Malacca and Penang for several years, he settled at Batavia, where he collected a congregation and built a chapel, in which he formed a church on a basis as catholic as the constitution of the Society which sent him out, and including every variety of Protestant profession that the colony presented. When, in after years, he entered China Proper, it was with the same determination to merge national and denominational predilections in the higher objects of the missionary enterprise, where the united efforts of different denominations would be all too weak to grapple with the prejudices and superstitions of almost countless ages. In 1835, he was called upon to undertake a journey along the south-east coast of China, with a view to ascertain how far the country might be open to the reception of the Gospel. After John Williams, says the *Patriot*, no returned missionary, perhaps, has excited so wide and deep an interest in England as Dr. Medhurst; as no modern narrative of missionary adventure,—that of the Martyr of Erromanga excepted,—has been more eagerly and extensively read than that which the eminent evangelist whose loss we now deplore gave to the world, under the title of "China; its State and Prospects, with special reference to the spread of the Gospel." It comprehends a succinct, yet most interesting, account of that marvellous country and people,—their an-