

2. Make your arrangements to stop, if possible, in some place where you can enjoy suitable religious privileges.

3. If at a public house or watering place, on the Lord's day, do not mingle with indiscriminate company; keep your own room as much as possible and be engaged in such a way as may make the day profitable to your soul, and honorable to your God.

4. Every day find or make time for your private duties of reading, meditation, self-examination, and prayer.

5. Carry tracts and good books with you to read, distribute, or lend, according to circumstances.

6. Seek for opportunities to do good to the souls of those into whose society you may fall.

7. Never, by deed or conversation, appear to be ashamed of your religious profession.

8. Remember you are to "stand before the judgment seat of Christ."

Let me entreat you to read these items of advice over and over again and recur to them in every time of temptation. They are the affectionate warning of one who knows the danger of your situation, and whose heart's desire and prayer to God it is, that you may maintain your Christian integrity, honor God, live in obedience to his will, and enjoy the peace which can alone spring from a "conscience void of offence," "because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart."

#### TO YOUNG MEN.

Resolve to do something useful, honorable, dutiful, and do it heartily. Repel the thought that you can and therefore may, live above labor and without work. Among the most pitiful objects in society, is the man whose mind has been trained by the discipline of education who has learned how to think, and the value of his immortal powers, and with all these noble faculties cultivated and prepared for an honorable activity, ignobly sits down to do nothing; and, of course, to be nothing; with no influence over the public mind—with no interest in the concerns of his country or even his neighborhood—to be regarded as a drone, without object or character, with no hand to lift and with no effort to put forth to help the right or defeat the wrong. Who can think with any calmness of such a miserable career? And however it may be with you in active enterprise, never permit your influence to go in hostility to the cause of truth and virtue. So live, that with the Christian poet, you may truthfully say, that

"If your country stand not by your skill,  
At least your follies have not wrought her fall."  
*Frelinghuysen.*

#### STATISTICS OF THE SOUL.

I would to God statistics could be taken from within men as well as without. We can count their myriad numbers, record their ages, mark down where they live, register their stocks and count their sales. We know what seas receive their ships, and whither they send from fertile shores the vast productions. But who has yet taken register of the morning hopes and traced them to their evening exit? Who has noticed the mind's distraction, the alert fear, the wronged conscience, the chafed temper, the burning stream of avarice driving on the grinding machinery? Who has shown the daily strokes by which the onward graver has traced those hieroglyphics on the forehead which need no Champollion to decipher? We know what man is on the outside—in his noise and mad whirl; but only God knows what is man within. Six thousand annual suns have lighted the path of human desire to the eye of God. Registration of 6000 years of trial after happiness lies in the recording books of Heaven. On earth history records grossly here and

there a feature of the landscape; but in Heaven we see the secret history not temples, but the vanity of the builder and groan of the laborers; not the throne, but the heart of the restless occupant; not ships and shops, but the rise and result of those goading desires that employed them; not the palace and the mansion, but the dull plethora, walking in feverish desire, relapsing through craving gnawing ennui to gloomy unrest. Looking upon the passage of the human heart through life, God breaks forth and gives the secret of his own joy to man—"It is more blessed to give than to receive." Ah! the chronometer has hitherto been wound backwards. No wonder it kept no time.—*H. W. Beecher.*

#### THE LATE REV. J. G. PIKE.

We have received a slip from England, containing the following biographical notice of the late Mr. Pike:

Mr. Pike was born at Edmonton, in 1784. His father was the Rev. Dr. P. Having had a good classical education, his youth was spent as an assistant teacher in a seminary, where he once had among his pupils the Rev. John Williams, the martyred missionary of Eromanga. He afterwards studied for the ministry in the Dissenting College at Wymondley, having become a member of the General Baptist Church, in Church-lane, London, under the care of the Rev. Dan Taylor. Some time after the completion of his college course, by what seemed at the time a mere accident, (that of being too late for the coach,) he was met by the Rev. John Deacon, of Leicester, who introduced him to the then vacant church in Brook street, Derby. This was in 1809. In the following year he settled over that church. His ministry was successful from the first, for in the next year galleries were erected in the chapel, and even then it was too small to afford adequate accommodation to the hearers. Efforts were made to procure a new place of worship in a more central situation; but failing in this design, the devoted pastor prevailed on his people to enlarge and repair the old building. Here he preached three times on the Sabbath for about thirty years, and during the middle part of his life he often delivered a fourth sermon, in the summer season, out of doors. Nor did this satisfy his sense of duty to his Lord and Savior. The missionary spirit had become widely diffused among the Particular Baptist churches, and Mr. Pike used every means to enlist the sympathies and liberality of his own denomination in the enterprise. He corresponded with the Rev. A. Fuller respecting union of effort on the part of the two bodies; but as this plan was not cordially approved, the General Baptist Missionary Society was formed. Mr. Pike was unanimously chosen its Secretary, and the devotion of an affectionate parent to the welfare of his natural offspring can scarcely surpass that which he evinced; to the close of his life, for this small but endeared Society. He wrote, travelled, preached, and toiled for the mission as if its wants were the only claims he had to meet.

Yet his pastoral duties were not neglected. His congregation and church steadily progressed in numbers until the Brook Street Church became inconveniently crowded. At length his people purchased the vacant mansion in St. Mary's gate, and converted it into the largest Nonconformist chapel in the town. Here he labored till the last Sabbath, and, it might be said, till the last day of his life. For on Monday morning, he attended the monthly prayer meeting of the Independent and Baptist ministers, by whom he was congratulated on his apparent improvement in health. When the hour of prayer closed, he consulted his brethren on the propriety of uniting in a public thanksgiving for the abundant harvest. In the course of the day he made some calls, and, in the afternoon, retired to his study to attend to his correspondence. Several envelopes were directed, and one note was commenced,