

ARDENT SPIRITS.

A few years have achieved a surprising revolution in regard to the use of ardent spirits. It was once believed by very many, that they were among the *necessaries* of life, and that operative workmen could not perform the needful quantum of labor without strong drink to stimulate and invigorate. The reverse is now known to be the case. Probably *Christian principle* first led to the thorough examination of the question, and to gathering the mass of evidence which has been brought forward establishing on solid grounds the destructive effects of alcohol on animal life. The sin of drunkenness in itself and the awful crimes to which it has given rise, and the complicated miseries which it has brought upon thousands of families, induced *CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE* to step forward; and this again has led to the explosion of those false opinions which had gradually grown out of sinful indulgences.—Men reason after their passions, and then their passions hurry them after the phantoms conjured up by false reasoning, till they fall into the snare that Satan spreads under their feet.

The world owes much to those who have contributed to dispel the clouds of error and delusion that for a long time hung over this subject. The medical faculty, as far as it has lent its assistance, has redeemed its character, and taught us that a *Christian physician* would rather want the comforts of this life, than purchase them with the soul of the diseased drunkard. Merchants have done the same, and innkeepers have followed their example. On such, the curse of the widow and fatherless will not fall; the scalding tear of bitter misery wrung from the eyes of the oppressed, will never "eat their flesh as it were fire," nor minister at the board of eternal death to the fiendish craving of the worm that dieth not.

If it is the duty of governments to protect the ignorant against the encroachments of vicious principles,—to restrain vice and encourage virtue,—to resist evil and promote the glory of God,—to root out ignorance as one cause of crime, and to be foremost in "thinking upon his commandments to do them;" surely it is time that the manufacture of ardent spirits should be laid under such restraints as would check and put an end to it. The law of the land would soon put an extinguisher upon the man who should make and sell a poison which did not *intoxicate* while it kills.—*Ed. Sentinel.*

LETTERS FROM A FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

To the Editor of the *Episcopal Watchman.*

Dear Sir,—The subjoined letters, written amidst the bustle and cares of professional life, are not submitted to the inspection of your readers as specimens of fine writing, or as possessing extraordinary literary merit, but with the humble hope that, as they briefly and familiarly discuss subjects important and interesting to the young, they may prove as useful to some of them as they were to the person to whom they were originally addressed.

LETTER I.

OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE TONGUE AND THE TONGUE.

My dear daughter,

The passion of anger, like many others, may be subdued; it gains strength by indulgence. Like fire while it is a spark it may be quenched by the hand, but if suffered to advance, it becomes an uncontrollable and relentless destroyer. By neglecting to suppress it, and yielding habitually to its impulses, you may soon become so far its slave as seldom to be in good humor with any person or thing; while by watchfulness over your words and feelings, you may become so habitually good humoured as to find it difficult to make yourself angry or to be provoked at any thing.

One of the best methods is, to recollect and feel the presence of God; another and infallible is, to retire and pray for the person who has injured you; another is to make the happiness and comfort of others a part of your daily aims; to ask yourself every morning, whom can I make happy to day? and how? and to

endeavor to effect it. This last method is of great importance, especially as it relates to those with whom our intercourse is most familiar and constant.

The longer I live, the more fully I believe that most of our miseries are caused by the *tongue*. We have few cares or vexations but what are caused by something that we or others have said amiss. "Therewith bless we God," but it is also true that "therewith curse we man." How very careful ought we to be that what we employ in the highest act of devotion, should never be polluted by any thing inconsistent with that holy purpose. We do not put our best garments to common and menial uses, but the apparel and ornaments which are provided for the best are preserved for these alone. And why should it not be the same with our tongues? Nay more, our whole bodies are temples of the Lord, and it is again said that *He will dwell in us by His Spirit*, and that whoso defileth the temple of God, him shall God destroy. If therefore you would preserve that peace which innocence and holiness give, be habitually careful that no angry or evil passion be allowed even a momentary ascendancy, and that your conversation be always such as consists with the holiest uses of the tongue. The discipline and government of this member cannot be commenced too early nor be continued too long. "Let the words of my mouth," as well as "the meditation of my heart," be always acceptable in thy sight, O Lord my strength and my Redeemer."

[From the *New York Statesman.*]

The following lines, which have been for some years great favorites with the public, were originally published in a *Charleston (S. C.) paper*. The author was an English gentleman of the first talents, who had been in a very heavy mercantile business with his father and brothers in Liverpool, and had frequent occasion to visit this country. The most romantic vicissitudes overtook him and his nearest relatives, such as the most vivid fancy could scarcely conceive. A free life, in part the cause of his own immediate reverses, so much impaired his health, as to compel his departure to a southern climate, where, happily, although late in life, the effects of early religious impressions, and the remembrance of the pious precepts of his long lost father, produced a radical change in his heart, and gave a new impulse to the muse, who years before had often delighted and astonished the lovers of song. The beautiful pathos of the following effusion will be doubly relished after the knowledge of the foregoing circumstances.

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful connexions and innocent joy,
When blest with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies—with peace from on high,
I still view the chair of my sire and my mother,
The seats of their offspring as ranged on each hand,
And that richest of books, which excell'd ev'ry other—
That family Bible that lay on the stand.
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear-blessed Bible,
The family Bible that lay on the stand.

That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at evening could yield us delight,
And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,
For mercy by day, and for safety through night.
Our hymn of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of a family band,
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
Described by the Bible that lay on the stand,
That richest of books, which excell'd ev'ry other—
The family Bible that lay on the stand.

Ye scenes of tranquility, long have we parted,
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more;
In sorrow and sadness I've broken hearted,
And wander unknown on a far distant shore.
Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection