

by the same Spirit, the saints, in the use of means, are comforted, strengthened, and led in the path of duty: The free forgiveness of sins, flowing from the rich mercy of God, through the labors, sufferings and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ: the necessity of repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ: the absolute necessity of holiness of heart and rectitude of life to enjoy the favor and approbation of God; the doctrine of a future state of immortality: The doctrine of a righteous retribution, in which God will render to every man according to the deeds done in the body: The baptism of believers by immersion: And the open communion at the Lord's table of Christians of every denomination having a good standing in their respective churches."

(To be continued.)

### LETTER ON INTEMPERANCE.

The letter, of which the following is a copy, was found with the names attached to it, among the loose papers of a merchant in the State of Maine.

May 22d, 1839.

MY DEAR SON,—It is with mingled emotions of pity and shame that I address you. I weep while I write, at the thought that a son of mine is about to add one to the number of the intemperate. Ever since I have been forced to believe that you have been repeatedly intoxicated, my spirit has sunk within me. Life has become insupportable, and death brings no relief. *A drunkard!* O, my boy, spare me this curse; save me from the unutterable woe of being the father of a living mass of putrefaction and pollution. I could hear that you were steeped in poverty, and begging your bread; and though my heart would bleed for you, yet I should have the consolation that there was no want of moral purity, no self-inflicted misery to deplore. I could see you brought to my door a raging maniac, or a wailing idiot, deprived by God of the glory of humanity, and bow in submission to the will of the All-wise. But to know, that by your own acts, you had voluntarily yielded reason and sentiment to a low appetite, is insupportable. I cannot endure it. Neither earth or heaven bring me consolation. By night and by day your image haunts me—not the image of the affectionate son whom I rejoiced to welcome home, but that of the weak, helpless inebriate, the sport of the thoughtless, the pity of the good. If this condition is to be yours, I know not where to turn for comfort. Whether you live or die, I must mourn inconsolable. O, my boy, my boy, save me from misery. Be to me, what you have been, my own honest, pure-minded son. Drink no more of the intoxicating liquor. *Touch not, taste not.* This is your only way of escape. I beseech you make a manly effort, abstain at once, totally and forever. If you have the moral strength to do this you are rescued. If not, I say it with anguish, you must suffer the torments of hell, a hell on earth—I dare not look beyond—and I, your father, must descend to the grave, a stricken, broken hearted old man, leaving a drunkard to bear my name, a sot to follow me to eternity.

Till I hear of your amendment, I must remain your afflicted father.  
—*Evangelist.*