destroying belle regardless alike of the injury they do themselves and the heart rending misery they produce to their families in short, when see virtue, honour, genius, all drowned in the intoxicating bowl we are irresistably led to the melancholy conclusion that the wily serpent is rapidly regaining the dominion he lost on the appearance of our blessed redeemer - Can it be so? Is there not left resolution enough among us to resist his attacks? Have we lost all energy and precaution, and willingly delivered ourselves up victims to his malignant Controul? was it to this end the Saviour of the world, after submitting himself to the scoffs and reproaches of a blind and gainsaying people suffered the farther degradation of an infamous and cruel death? or rather, was it not in mercy that thereby he might appease the offended majesty of his Father. That he might become the medium through which helpless sinners might approach the Throne of Grace? a passport to everlasting life. Should we suffer then this disinterested Sacrifice to be made in vain? Should we give ourselves up to the precarious, and I must say licentious, enjoyments of this world, regardless of the doom that inevitably awaits us, thereby causing to bleed afresh those wounds received as a full and perfect Sacrifice and obtain for the sins of the world. Goodness reason, policy, all proclaim the negative - How then does it happen that, with a knowledge of the consequences, we subject ourselves to the seductive charms of that habit which engenders all vice? Experience woeful experience, enables me to tell you - At first no thought occurs - no fear is apprehended of going to excess - Temporary pleasure, as if sorrow pervades the bosom - temporary relief, is produced - Such being the effect, it is resorted to on all such occasions, until it becomes necessary to create in the mind its wonted energy - It thus grows into a habit - and altho. its use may be continued for some time, before enfeebling effects are felt, they are as certain finally to be produced, as is the death of man pricked through the sensorium. -

My dear Rone, take not amiss the freedom of my reflections you are too important to your friends to be lost, without an attempt to rescue - you are not aware of your danger - you do not see the influence the insinuating potion is gaining over you - you

cannot - you will not see it in the light others do, until it is too late. It is one of the delusions of the habit, that any person can see its ravages, but the unfortunate victim - Alas! had I been timely restrained by advice which I could have respected - I flatter myself I should have been a different man to what I am at present retaining that self respect so necessary to attach the respect of others and preserving that usefulness in society due from my situation and education. But the warning voice of friendship came too late - The habit became rivetted - not even the merciful interposition of the Almighty - who - instead of crushing the polluted wretch, and cutting him off in the midst of his offences, graciously discovered his anger by temporal punishment giving him an opportunity to repent and be saved, could arrest me in my course - I blindly and wilfully pressed forward, until an Angel of light, clad in mortality, by withdrawing my affections from proper pursuits, prepared my heart for the reception of those truths, which I trust by the assistance of the Holy Spirit, will in future gard me against a resumption of that course and guide me undeviating to the opposite goal - you, my dear Friend, are not so cruelly beset - you are only in your noviciate - your strength of mind, and pride of character, by giving them due and timely play, will enable you to steer clear of those rocks and quicksands on which I have been miserably wrecked. The united voice of your friends demands of you the exertion - the helpless state of an affectionate and saintlike mother - the comparatively destitute condition of amiable sisters - the feebleness of infancy and the hovering spirit of your immortalized wife, urging you not to forsake her child call on you, with a plea not to be disregarded, for protection and comfort - can you? will you turn a deaf ear to such claims? will you suffer a jealous and envious world to exult on your fall, and maliciously insinuate that the failings of the parent have descended to the child? - you cannot be ignorant of the stand he lost in the estimation of his Cotemporaries - as well as his friend and Cousin, my unfortunate Father - by abandoning himself to this pernicious habit - He would have cast it off had the power been left him. But the propensity became so rooted before he was aware of it that even the Judicial dignity operating on ambition, the most powerful of human passions, was insufficient to extract it - you may think