

of flight. Numbers lured by his wiles, lulled by his deceptive guise, or stupified by his proximity, have slept the sleep of death and long since awoke in all the horror of remediless wretchedness, who will not, cannot urge the oft-repeated plea of inebriety. With what inhuman zeal then do persons professedly temperate and religious promote the object of the foe, with what remorseless cruelty oppose the application of legal prohibitions. Every sinful stain not rendered indelible by inebriating beverage may be thoroughly erased. But drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God, their salvation cannot be accomplished, even by the Gospel, while "swallowed up of wine," while "out of the way through strong drink." Nor are those, whose principles and practices have been the means of misleading them, irresponsible. Of both, inspired authority declares, "they have erred through wine;" and the holy writer adds: "the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink," and that thereby, "they err in vision, they stumble in judgment." To those who thus mislead the people, the word of the Almighty is significantly applicable. "Wilt thou hunt the prey for the lion? or fill the appetite of the young lions?" In a word, those who advocate the law of license cast Daniel in the Lion's den; and those that advocate legal prohibition would shut the lion's mouths. Truly, "over them" that would make the license system, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, unalterable, "the lions have the mastery," and if they repent not, will "brake all their bones in pieces, or ever they come at the bottom of the den."

Musing at midnight on the awful evils of the spirit traffic, wearied with intense application, sleep was imperceptibly induced. In the ideal forms that then succeeded there was a singular connection with the previous train of thought. Innocent phantasms of varied character, but of similar intention rapidly appeared. Stills, puncheons, decanters, tumblers, toddy-sticks, mingled with reddened eyes, carbuncled noses, bloated faces, diseased stomachs, and distempered brains, whirled round the mazes of a spectre dance in spirited accompaniment with divers dissonant sounds, cries, curses, shouts, uproarious laughter, making horrid and unearthly din. These were followed by a multitude of hideous apparitions, scaly serpents, fiery dragons, grisly bears, fierce bulls, ferocious tigers, gaping, grinning, hissing, growling, roaring, bellowing in front of numerous taverns, hotels and inns, that unaccountably arose amid a mighty cloud of smoke, and steam, and other noxious exhalations. Pre-eminent among the monstrous apparitions was one of form and aspect uncommonly terrific. With threatening mien and voice of thunder, the monarch of the monsters, "THE ROARING LION," in royal state, stood self-proclaimed. The inn of which he appeared in charge was spacious and splendid as a palace. Between them there seemed to be a most mysterious affinity, a most amazing interchangeability. In fact the warden and his ward, the lion and the inn commingled. The shaggy mane was blended with the fluted pillars that formed the colonnade; the distended jaws became amalgamated with the folding doors that led to the interior of the edifice; two globular gas burners were metamorphosed into fierce and fiery eye-balls; the huge eyebrows, frowning fury on all opponents, assumed a lettered character, and in large legible inscriptions announced that

the Roaring Lion was licensed to devour men, women and children.

Near this dismal den of death, floods of tears, sighs of woe, heart-rending groans, mingled with cries of intense agony, expressed the hopeless anguish of innumerable drunkards, or the mournful apprehensions and piercing lamentations of their wretched families. In striking contrast with this scene of sorrow, numerous lionesses and their whelps, gaudily attired in human vesture, sang with exquisite satisfaction, "who shall come down against us! who shall enter our habitation!" In the height of their hilarity, there shone a light from heaven above the brightness of the sun, and a voice louder than the thunder's roar, even the voice of "the Lord of Hosts," exclaimed, "Behold I am against thee, \* \* \* and the sword shall devour thy young lions; and I will cut off thy prey from the earth, and the voice of thy messengers shall no more be heard."

It is objected, this is but a dream. Be it so. "The dwelling of the lions" and the doom pronounced against it are part of an inspired vision, but it is as applicable to spirit traders as to the princes of Nineveh. The able expositor, Matthew Henry, commenting on this passage, says, "Many make it an excuse for their rapine, and injustice, that they have wives and children to provide for, whereas what is so got will never do them any good: they that fear the Lord, and get what they have honestly, shall not want a competency for themselves and theirs, verily they shall be fed, when the young lions, though dens and holes were filled with prey and raven for them, shall lack and suffer hunger." This part of the inspired vision is peculiarly illustrative of the spirit traffic. Like all prophetic dreams it relates to a time appointed, and that time, in the case before us, is symbolized by a state of drunken infatuations. "While they are drunken as drunkards," says the prophet, "they shall be devoured." The dwelling of Nineveh has past away but similar ones are still observable. "Where, indeed, is the dwelling of the lions, and the feeding place of the young lions, where the lion, even the old lion, walked, and the lion's whelp, and none made them afraid?" Is it not the distillery, the brewery, the vintner's warehouse, the tavern haunt? In their death-dealing precincts, "the lion did tear," can it be denied? "enough for his whelps," children who subsist by the sale of the drunkard's drink, and strangled for his lionesses, wives of alcoholic traffickers, arrayed in the spoils of families, impoverished by drunkenness, and fattened on the slaughtered dupes of drink. Here, indeed, the adversary has his stores of spoil. Here he has filled his holes with prey and his dens with raven.

Verily the distillery, as the feeding place of the young lions, is the pit of destruction. In this abyss, the harvest of the field is perished; in it, "the corn is wasted," worse than wasted, converted by distillation into a mighty lake of fire. In its "unfathomable depths," the old lion, the omnivorous Apollyon, walked, and the lion's whelp, he who distilled the lake of fire,—the prompter and the prompted, the master and his man, the sire and his son, "and none," even rulers are not a terror,—"made them afraid." The distiller is the turnkey of the evil one. "To him was given the key;" he was intrusted with the still. "He opened the bottomless pit;" he set the still in operation. "And there