

ments, and on some occasions assumes the appearance of timidity. But though more circumspect, he is also more fierce. He thirsts for blood as ardently as ever, he is far from being satiated with slaughter. Enraged by opposition, urged by intensity of appetite, he still prowls in the vicinity, still preys on the community. The prey in many instances may have been snatched from his terrible claws—the beaten paths that lead to his lair, may be carefully avoided by wary travellers; but woe to the habitual or occasional wanderer from the high way of abstinence, “for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time.”

He may sometimes leap in vain; the intended victim, seasonably warned, may make his escape. But though disappointed he is not discouraged; lion-like, with slow, measured tread, he paces the distance, and, concealed in his covert, awaits opportunity for a more powerful spring.—Too frequently he surprizes benighted wretches who have unwittingly deviated from the right way of sobriety. How terrible the situation of these miserable wanderers who, though often warned, have despised reproof, and are at last “suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy.” Thus capture after capture is effected. One successful spring induces another—the taste of blood but whets the captor’s appetite for more. Lashing his tail, licking his ensanguined jaws, fiercely shaking his bristling mane, flaming fury from his fiery eyeballs, a ravenous lion roaring on his prey, is a terrific but faithful figure of the fell destroyer. To his inebriated captive he is more. Trembling, terror-struck, the distracted drunkard is dragged to the devouring demon’s dismal den; and there, even in the dying agonies of the devil’s death-gripe, tormented by tremendous thirst, the tempted toper drinks, dreadful draught! dire *distilled damnation!*

O that such occurrences were rare! Alas! “the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.” The public bar and the private cupboard, the elegant hotel and the wretched drunkery, the mansions of repute and the houses of infamy, are equally available for the monster’s gratification. Here he lies in wait, not because he lacks boldness to assail openly, but because the prey, alarmed by his appearance, might effect a timely retreat. Here, as in a covert, he marks the propensities, circumstances, and approximations of his victims. Watching every unguarded moment, every imprudent advance, with feline precision, he determines the exact instant; and then, fixing his glistening eyes, poisoning his powerful frame, makes the fatal bound. Under cover of the night, silently and stealthily he *walketh about, seeking* those who “love darkness rather than light,” the nocturnal reveller, the midnight debauchee, and that sleeping sentinel, the moderate drinker. The ravager is no respecter of persons. All are alike adapted to his carnivorous propensities. The toper at the bar, and the tippler in his sumptuous palace, the fragile fair one as she sips the sparkling wine, and her lordly master while wallowing with swine.

An infuriated lion rends the caul of the heart, and drinks the blood of his captive, he tears the quivering flesh to pieces, and greedily devours them; still, unsatiated, he breaks the bones in order to extract the marrow. Even so, intemperance, fiend incarnate, though fully feasted, is never

cloyed. With insatiate gluttony, he revels in destruction. On every part of man’s corporeal frame he feeds, the bones, the muscles, the veins, the arteries, the heart, the lungs, the brain, are all made tributary to his exhaustless appetite, the senses, seeing, hearing, feeling, smelling, tasting, in their turns, contribute to his gratifications; the fearful looks, the writhing forms of his victims, inflame his fierce desires; their cries of pain, their groans of anguish, but enhance the pleasures of the banquet. Inferior natures, though unpossessed of reason, by instinctive caution effect a timely flight; but the superior nature of man, debased by alcoholic bondage, deceived by subtle wiles, is easily ensnared. Suspicious of the specious covert, the timid horse, with senses all alive to danger, snuffs, stares, stops, and despite whip or spur, refuses to proceed; but his senseless rider, mistaking the enemy for a friend, laughs at fear, delays till reason reels, and falling, from the swift retreating brute, becomes an easy prey. “All that a man hath,” says Satan, “will he give for his life.” But alas! the dying drunkard has nought to give. Time, talent, opportunity, affluence, reputation, domestic endearment, with other luscious morsels, are already in the monster’s maw. With life’s purple current flow his interest on earth and all possibility of sympathy from heaven. All, all is lost. Internal voracity gulps the whole. That form so fearfully and wonderfully made, that mind akin to angels in its soaring thoughts, and that soul immortal worth more than worlds.

In view of such awful catastrophes, catastrophes of so frequent occurrence, it is much to be lamented, that man should oppose the means adapted to his deliverance; but most of all to be deplored, that the presence of the adversary should be not only tolerated, but justified; not only advocated as a necessary evil, but applauded, sanctioned, by the highest of earthly authorities, as a good essential to the public welfare. In the halls of justice, in the senate chamber, and even in the church, he obtains a license to devour. Nay the sheep are seized within the fold, while under the shepherd’s charge. Unlike the good shepherd, who gave his life for the sheep, the hireling of the State or the Church leaveth the sheep to the ravager, and, through fear of his roaring, fleeth from the conflict. Some, indeed, there are, would that there were more, who, in humble imitation of the chief shepherd, labor to preserve the flocks with which they are entrusted. Judges, senators, physicians, ministers of Christ, influenced by genuine benevolence, have endeavored, not without effect, to defeat him that comes to kill and destroy. Yet, notwithstanding all which has been done by wise and faithful guardians of the public weal, many, instigated by antiquated notions, discountenance their efforts, or swayed by unworthy and interested motives, object to legislative interference.

Sin, in its diversified developments, needs not the aid of powerful narcotics to produce a deadly slumber. The adversary as a subtle serpent, exerts a wondrous fascination on the senses; in the semblance of an angel of light, with matchless effrontery, calls evil good and good evil: puts darkness for light and light for darkness, bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter; as a monstrous lion in his lair, hidden with consummate craftiness, awaits the moment of onslaught, and then by the suddenness, the fierceness, the silent resistless terrors of his appearance, destroys the power