

But what gloom is this that pervades the air, and what is that long line of black coming slowly down the street? It is the line of funeral processions. 100,000 who have died the drunkard's death are being carried to their graves. Drunkards do not have many friends to mourn their loss, and we can put 30 of their funeral processions into a mile. We have thus a procession 3,333 miles long. It will take a good share of the year for them to pass, for funeral processions move slowly. Yes, most of them do, but every now and then an uncoffined corpse in a rough cart is driven by, and we hear the brutal driver sing,

"Quick, rattle his bones, rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns."

Look into the coffins as they go by. See the dead drunkards. Some died of delirium tremens, and the lines of terror are still plainly marked on their faces. Some froze to death by the roadside, too drunk to reach their homes. Some stumbled from the wharf and were drowned. Some wandered into the woods and died, and rotted on the surface of the earth. Some blew their own brains out. Some were fearfully stabbed in drunken brawls. Some were roasted alive in burning buildings. Some were crushed to shapeless masses under the cars. They died in various ways; but strong drink killed them all; and on their tombstones, if they have any, may be fitly inscribed, "He died a drunkard's death."

Close behind them comes another long line of funeral processions; we know not how many, but they are more numerous attended by mourning friends. They contain the remains of those who have met death through the carelessness and the cruelty of drunken men. Some died of broken hearts. Some were foully murdered. Some were burned to death in buildings set on fire by drunken men. Some were horribly mangled on the railroad because of drunken engineers or flagmen. Some were blown up on a steamboat because a drunken captain ran a race with a rival boat.

But here comes another army—the children, innocent ones, upon whom has been visited the iniquities of their fathers. How many are there? 200,000! Marching two abreast, they extend up the street 30 miles. Each one must bear through life the stigma of being a drunkard's child. They are reduced to poverty, want and beggary. They live in ignorance and vice.

Some of the children are moaning with hunger, and some are shivering with the cold, for they have not enough rags to keep