

THE STREET OF HELL.

IN 1870 there were in the United States 140,000 licensed liquor saloons. If formed into a street with saloons on each side, allowing 20 feet to each saloon, they would make a street 26½ miles long. Let us imagine them brought together into such a street, and let us suppose that the moderate drinkers and their families are marching into it at the upper end. Go with me if you have the nerve and patience, and stand at the lower end, and let us see what that street turns out in one year.

What army is this that comes marching down the street in solid column, five abreast, extending 570 miles? It is the army of 5,000,000 men and women who daily and constantly go to the saloons for intoxicating drinks as a beverage. Marching 20 miles a day, it will take them more than 28 days to go by.

Now they are gone, and close in their rear comes another army, marching five abreast, and 60 miles in length. In it there are 530,000 confirmed drunkards. They are men and women who have lost control of their appetites, who are in the regular habit of getting drunk and making beasts of themselves. Marching two abreast, the army is 150 miles long. Scan them closely. There are grey headed men and fair haired boys. There are, alas! many women in that army sunk to deeper depths than the men, because of the greater heights from which they fell. It will take them seven days to go by.

It is a sad and sickening sight. But do not turn away yet, for here comes another army of 108,000 criminals—from jails, and prisons, and penitentiaries they come. At the head of the army comes a long line of persons whose hands are smeared with human blood; with ropes round their necks, they are on the way to the gallows. Others are going to prison for life. Every crime known to our laws has been committed by these persons while they were under the influence of drink.

But, hark! whence come those yells, and who are those, bound with strong chains and guarded by strong men, that go raging by? They are raving maniacs, made such by drink. Their eyes are tormented with awful sights, and their ears ring with horrid sounds. Slimy reptiles crawl over their bodies, and fiends from hell torment them before their time. They are gone now, and we breathe more freely.