

them up.—Tear up the masonry of law and public opinion that is pressing in upon them and burying them still deeper, and endangering those that are now safe. Hurl the stones of selfishness from their places. Take this man's rope, that one's ladder; but help—help, in mercy help, ere that hundred thousand die!—die in torments awful, terrible; die in misery, shame and sin. Help, Help! they are the wise, the good, the great; the artizan, the mechanic, the merchant, the farmer and the student. Save them, oh! save them from the drunkard's tomb. Let them not be buried alive in passion and temptation. Up through the dark aisles of life, with the hollow voices of despair, they are calling to you to save them or they perish. Oh! lift the load that is crushing them and they that have no power to resist. Look into the faces of the loved ones, growing pale with anguish. Look at the deep furrows that tears have worn in the sister's cheek. Look at the sunken eye and wan lips of the wife. Look at the bowed form and gray hair of the mother, and let your hearts be moved. Stand no longer idly waiting, while your victims perish day by day. What if his jeopardy is self-imposed. So was that of the man in the well; but did you withhold your hands? What if the property will be destroyed and the rights of others interfered with? So was it with the property that covered the man in the well; but human life demanded the sacrifice, and it was cheerfully made.

Up, then, men and women! Work to redeem the drunkard as your neighbor from other danger. Save him per force. Take him from the horrible pit. Drag him from perdition, and place his feet upon firm ground, where there is

no trembling and quaking. Remove temptation. *Compel* him to live, and prayers of thanksgiving, tears of joy, and shouts of the redeemed shall ascend to heaven, and the very angels will echo back a long and loud hallelujah!

#### HOW FAR IS IT TO MAINE?

"OH," said a poor woman, I don't want but one thing, and I and the children are scraping together all we can for it." The gentleman looked around the wretched room, and wondered what it was, among so many wants, that they most wanted; so he asked her. "I want to go to the State of Maine to live. They tell me there are no grog-shops there, and my poor husband would be sober; it is the grog-shops that are killing him, soul and body. How far is it to Maine, sir? I think it must be a delightful spot." Alas, it was a very long way.

We have recently seen several reports in the newspapers like that described in the paragraph we quote, and one in particular which at the time interested us very much. It was that of a young man, living some where at the South, who was sent by his parents to the State of Maine to effect, if possible, his reformation by entire seclusion from intoxicating drinks. We know not whether the story was true or false: it was certainly probable; but not being authenticated, we refrained from giving it a place in our columns: it being our general rule to publish nothing as fact which we do not know to be such. We have refrained, for the same reason, to publish other cases reported of the same kind.

That there are persons, however, who really entertain the purpose of fleeing to Maine or some other State in which a prohibitory law is in force, or who have children or