

lawyer threw down his book, the mechanic his tools, and the minister his pen. All rushed with throbbing hearts and quivering lips to the rescue. Women caught up their infants and ran amid the storm to sympathise with the frantic wife, and all looked into each other's faces and asked in gasping whispers, "What can we do?" Ropes, ladders, spades and shovels were wanted. No one stopped to ask, "whose is this?" No one said, "That is mine;" but the cry was, "Take it! take it! for God's sake hurry—he will die!" Down they leaped into the dark abyss. None said "It is not my business—do it thou;" but all were so eager that a police had to be formed to keep off the crowd, lest they should shake down the surrounding earth and bury the workers. Then there was the stone work; it was pressing heavily. "Tear it away!" cried Fisher, "save him, save him!" And with giant strength he hurled the huge rocks from their places. "It will cost him a great deal," said one more prudent than the rest. "Don't talk of cost; we'll all give him something and help to rebuild. Save him! save him!—don't let him die for a few dollars' expense."

They worked like giants, hour after hour, till the big sweat drops rolled from manly brows, and strong hands trembled with fatigue. Then others took their places, and thus the work went on. A tin tube was forced down through which they shouted and asked the prisoner if alive to answer, and his voice came back to them from his grave, "Alive—but make haste; it is fearful here." He was alive, and with a wild, joyous shout they redoubled their zeal to save him. No one said, "He went in himself—let him die." No one bade the pleading, weeping wife "Mind her own busi-

ness; they had nothing to do with her perishing fool of a husband: let him die." No one argued the matter as to the legal liability of taking this man's spade, that man's ladder, and the other man's boards; or the penalty attached to destroying the masonry and despoiling the works. No, no! there was *a man* to be saved. All else was forgotten, and in the full tide of human sympathy they risked themselves to save him. And he was saved. "He is saved! he is saved!" went up with a shout of joy that shook the very heavens above them. "He is saved!" was echoed from every street and alley. "He is saved!" cried the young wife, as with streaming eyes she clasped her infant to her breast, and thought of his relieved wife and little ones. "He is saved—bless God!" murmured the aged mother, and the image of her own son flitted before her. "He is saved!" burst forth as from one voice from the whole village heart. And yet, this is but one man, a day laborer, famed for no extra virtue. Had he died, his would have been but a short agony. His wife would have shed tears of sorrow, but not of shame. His children would have been fatherless, but no dark stain would have sullied their lives; no withering memory would have blighted their young hearts. Oh, men! oh, women! how strangely inconsistent you are. There are a hundred thousand dying this day on this Continent; a hundred thousand crushing beneath a weight more terrible than the ground in the well—dying a suffering, lingering death, that will as surely come to them, as it would have come to the man in the well.

Frantically wives are pleading. Frantically mothers are imploring. Save them, save them! Dig away the temptations that have covered