

A Rash Adventure

(‘Friendly Greetings.’)

A party of young people had gathered together for the purpose of exploring some rather famous caves, which, however, could only be reached at low water by a precipitous path from the heights above. When they reached the bottom of this path they found they were too early, for the ebbing tide had not yet receded far enough to permit them to reach the caves.

They stood pleasantly talking together,

to look out for him at the entrance to the caves.

At length, he arrived at the brow of the hill, and looking over, noticed a projecting ledge, along which he thought he might find a way. Dropping on to this ledge, he went on, following a downward course, and soon began to feel sure he would reach the caves sooner than his companions. After a while, however, the path became increasingly difficult, and at last he found himself on a ledge of rock, from whence it was absolutely impossible to get farther

mount the difficulties of the way. By what rash efforts he had managed to get down he hardly knew. It seemed as if it could scarcely be the same path. At last, wearied out, and almost despairing, he lay down to rest himself. Would he ever reach the summit of the cliff again?

As he lay there his heart instinctively turned to God. How often had he heard of his willingness to help! Might he now in this danger pray? It was a self-sought trouble—one he had entered on carelessly and thoughtlessly. Would God hear him



THEY STOOD PLEASANTLY TALKING TOGETHER, WAITING FOR THE RETIRING TIDE.

waiting for the retiring tide, when it was suggested that they might find a way down the side of the cliffs more speedy than the tiresome one of waiting for the tide. It was laughingly discussed, much doubted by most; but at last one of them, more venturesome than the rest, declared he would try.

Leaving his companions, he climbed the path they had just come down, and, crossing on to the hill above, he called to them

down, and looking over, he saw beneath him the dark-green sea rolling up to the base of the cliff, and seemingly of considerable depth.

Mortified at being thus suddenly stopped on his course, he turned round, and began to ascend again, though at the same time carefully looking out for a downward path. But it was in vain. The getting up was worse than the getting down. Again and again he had to turn back, unable to sur-

mount the difficulties of the way. Unless God helped him, worn out and almost unnerved as he was, he might die there, and leave his bones whitening on the hillside. And so he prayed—asked God for pardon for his rashness in thus rushing into danger, and for help in this hour of need.

And then he rose up, strengthened by this prayer, and began once more to follow the path. At first its trend was upwards, and then after a while it began to drop,