

THE SMUGGLER'S CAVE.

BY SELINA DON YRY.

A long time ago we lived in a grand old house on the banks of the famous river Boyne in Ireland. One day a comrade who had a small sail-boat asked my brother and me to go for a sail on the river. I gladly accepted the invitation, and though only a child of about ten years old I got leave to go. The white sail of our little boat glistened in the sunshine; the Boyne flowed on as calm and bright as if had never been the scene of battle and bloodshed in ages past, nor left its name to be a watchword for civil and religious strife in years to come. The tide was on the turn, and the breeze blew us on to the sea. When we reached what is called the bar—a rather dangerous spot—the breeze, in sailor phrase, had freshened, and my brother's keen eyes perceived something, I know not what, in the aspect of sea or sky that made him propose a return. His young comrade, indignant at the proposal, hinted that he was afraid so, as that suspicion was not to be tolerated, we continued our course to sea, wind and tide favoring it. Before long the sky darkened, the water whitened. I heard my brother say these very words, "Tom, let me put the child ashore, and I will come out with you, and go as far as you like—perhaps farther."

To return with wind and tide against their small boat was what neither of them could easily do. For my part I became insensible to danger. We were on a fearfully dangerous rock-bound coast, but I had sunk to the bottom of the boat, and lay there without thinking of that or anything else. It is curious that since that day I have never known what are called the horrors of seasickness, though I have been on many seas. The short trial-trip must have seasoned me for after-voyages. That horrible malady of the sea overcame me for once and for all. I was unconscious of danger. I heard at last a shout from a strong seaman's voice I was dimly conscious that our little skiff was grappled in some way by persons who saw it running on the rocks. I lay almost senseless. Yet in that state I was dimly conscious of being carried up an immense headland, and of hearing my brother tell me he would go, as he said, overland, to find some conveyance to take us back to the home we had left.

Once laid down I knew nothing more, for I fell into the deepest sleep, and awoke to find myself wrapped in a large mantle, and lying on some rough coats in a great cavern on the rocky headland. I was only at its entrance—indeed the cavern itself was only the entrance to another more hidden one lower down the rocks and with access to the sea. I lay some time enjoying the repose of solid earth. I had not been in the place before, but I knew the locality from hearing it often described; and I had been told some stories by an old Irish woman of what she called the smuggler's cave. But her stories were traditional, they did not relate to the present time, for, as I afterwards heard, the old dame was indebted for her excellent tale and various other nice things, to the smuggler's cave. These were not free-trade times, and I believe many a well-filled cellar held casks that the custom-house officers had never interfered with. The trade of the smugglers, however dangerous, was then a prosperous and lucrative one.

All my suffering from the sea had passed away, but intense thirst remained. I looked around for some friendly streamlet trickling down the rock, but instead of the welcome drip, drip I hoped for, I heard a rumbling noise as of things or casks being rolled along in the cavern beneath me. I sat up listening, and heard the hoarse, half-stifled sound of voices. Away went the mantle that wrapped me. In a moment I was rushing full speed down the great rocky headland, and though it was overgrown by short, stubbly, and, perhaps, slippery grass, I neither stumbled nor fell. Fear, they say, lends wings to feet; if it lent them to mine the wings were strong, for I flew down the steep rough slope, without feeling or knowing where I went, ran in at the half open door of a small stone-built hut, and dashed over about six feet of its floor against the opposite wall before I could stop in my flight. The wall seemed to burst in before me; but it was a secret door I ran against. On its threshold I stood in more terror than I ever felt in my life, for there, behind a rough table on which were the remains of a good meal, stood a ferocious-looking man.

"I beg your pardon, sir," I gasped. It might seem curious to older eyes than mine to see the ferociousness sink down, down, down from face and eyes, as the man stared at the small trembling figure that had so startled him.

"Ha! you are the little one they took from the cockle-shell that was going to sit on the rocks. Well, who have you brought with you?"

"No one, sir."

"Why do you come here?"

"I was so thirsty, and—"

"Ha! don't know what it is to want water." He poured me a large draught. "Take it, that is the best drink one can have. Now, was it for that only you came here?"

"No. I ran down from the cave because I heard noises and was frightened, and then voices."

"Did you know who made the noises?"

"I thought it might be the smuggler's men."

"Ha! ha! And do you know who I am?"

"I think you may be the great smuggler."

He uttered a short, hoarse laugh.

"Well, now you can tell the chaps that were with you, and they can send the revenue men to take me; and then do you know what will be done to me?"

"You will be hung," I answered truly, knowing that such was then the law.

"Then you will tell the people where to catch me?"

"I will not. I do not want any one to be hung."

"Why not, if they are wicked, and do bad things—that is the law."

"I do not know about the law, but when you go to church you hear it read out that when the wicked man turneth from his wickedness he shall save his soul alive."

"Poor innocent! it is more years than you have lived in the world since I have been inside a church. Have you another verse? Seems to me I heard that long ago, and heard your voice too. Say another."

"I know one almost the same. It is God himself says it: 'I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his wickedness and live. Turn ye! turn ye from your evil ways for why will ye die?'"

The man next sat down on his bench; he laid his crossed arms on the table before him and his head stooped over them.

"I had a little sister once," he said, as if speaking to himself, "she was all I had to love in the world; she used to read to me from her good Book." Then looking up at me he added, "Her voice was just like yours. I thought that when you first spoke, you are not of this country?"

"Did you leave your little sister?" I asked, answering one question by asking another.

"No! She left me."

"But you will go to find her?"

"No. She has gone where I cannot go."

"Oh, dear! yet you are brave—as brave as my brother—you can go over horrid waves and rocks and all sorts of dangers. Surely you will try to find your little sister wherever she may be!"

He uttered another short, hoarse laugh. "No! where she is I dare not come."

"I thought you were so brave! Where can your little sister have gone?"

"She has gone to God."

"Oh, I am glad! then you can go to her."

"Poor little one! do you not know that sinners cannot go to God?"

"Indeed, I do not know that. I have been taught that God is our Father in heaven. When I have done wrong, and been sorry, and ask my own father to forgive me, he is sorry too, but forgives me, and lets me be with him, telling me to try not to do wrong again; and I do try, because he is so good, and I do not want to displease him. And perhaps our Father in heaven might do so too if you asked him."

He heaved a deep sigh, and rising up took out a very fine shawl; it was not large, but very beautiful, of Indian or Chinese work.

"That," he said, giving it to me, "will cause you to remember the smuggler, who will remember you."

I admired it, and, folding it up, presented it to him again.

"Don't you like it?" he asked.

"I admire it very much, but I must not take it."

"Why not?"

"Because they say it is wrong to smug-

gle goods, and so it must be wrong to take them."

"Right you are; but, child, there are hundreds, ay thousands, who will take the goods and wish no good to the smugglers. Now it comes out strange, but it is fact that just before you came in I was thinking over my past life and my present life, and somehow wishing my future life—there is not very much of it left—might be different. The revenue cruiser is off there; if they catch me to-night, there will be an end of me, but if I get through I will give up this trade, for I am weary and want rest."

"Then you will have time to try to get ready to go to find your little sister?"

"I can never find her. She is with Jesus Christ—she said something of that to me."

"Then you can go and find her, for Jesus says, 'Come unto Me.'"

"There is more of that verse. Seems to me I hear a voice from far, far away, and see the little one sitting up in her bed with death on her sweet face and the good Book on her knee. I was a wild boy, but I only ran away to sea when she left me. Your voice is just like hers. There is more of the verse—can you say it all?"

I repeated, "Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"That is like it; yet it seems to me as if the voice from far away said, 'And you shall find rest to your souls—rest!'"

He drew a pocket-book and curious ink-bottle and pen from his breast.

"You can write, I suppose; now write down here the verses you said, and that first one about the wicked man turning from his wickedness."

I did so.

"Now sign your name and where you live."

When I had scrawled it all with a rather trembling hand, he turned over a leaf of the book and showed me his name.

"There it is, and if I am taken and hung you may hear of it, and perhaps hope I looked at these verses."

"But if they come to take you," I said, "I hope you will not kill any one."

"I have sins enough," he said, "but the sin of murder has not been on my soul, nor shall it be. I was startled when you burst in on me; I thought the revenue men had broken in when it was only a harmless babe; I might have done mischief if it had been them, for when temper is up, or life is at stake, a blow may be struck that cannot be made amends for. But there, child, I have said that if I get off this eve night I will give up free-trading and look for rest—do not tell to the chaps out there; you know my name and where I am, and you can go and tell them where to catch me—but you need not say more."

"I will not say one word about you—not for years, and years, and years,—not till you may have gone to find your little sister whose voice you think you hear saying 'Come,' and you know she is with some one who said it to her and is always saying it to—"

At the instant there was a low, shrill whistle from the headland at the back of the hut.

"That is my look-out," said the smuggler; "it is the signal that your lads are there with the shandradsen they went to get; you must run, or they will go on to the cave and miss you. Good-by, child, if I ever do win my way to little sister, we may meet in a better place."

"Come! remember you are told to come," I cried and ran through the outer compartment of the hut, which looked as if it were meant for a stable or a shelter for the sheep that browsed among the rocks. The door was left with perhaps designed carelessness lying open, while the smuggler within was securing the hidden one I had broken open.

I ran against my brother, who left what was called the shandradsen, a sort of Irish car, on the narrow road below the rocks. He was glad I was well and had met him; he asked no questions, so I was saved giving answers. We drove away on solid ground, and ever since I have preferred land to water.

Well, a very short time afterwards some officers from the revenue cruiser were at our house. They told of a large seizure of smuggled goods, but expressed great regret at the escape of the smuggler, a daring fellow they called him, who had contrived to give them the slip. I could hardly help laughing, I

was so delighted at hearing of their unsuccessful chase.

The years, and years, and years I spoke of have passed since I said I would not tell of him; and now, when laws have changed and smugglers are not hanged, I may, in relating this scene, express a hope that he obeyed the dictate that said to him, and says to all, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."—*Sunday at Kome.*

IN MY HONEST JUDGMENT, Pat O'Rafferty, the grog-seller, will have no heavier account to answer for in the "great day," than will those reputable and professedly Christian people who place bottled serpents on their hospitable tables for the temptation and poisoning of their guests. Half the drunkards in the land had one or more partners at the outset. God's Word solemnly declares, "Be ye not partakers of other men's sins;" how much worse to be their tempters! The one momentous truth that must be instilled into the minds and consciences of the young is, that nobody can safely tamper with an intoxicating beverage. On the bed-rock of entire abstinence alone are they safe. I am willing to confess, on this public page, that I would no more dare to tamper with a wine-bottle than I would dare to thrust a firebrand into one of the pews of my church edifice. *Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler.*

Question Corner.—No. 21.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Who was hid six months in the house of God?
2. Where do we find the words "Wisdom is better than strength."
3. Who was the doubting disciple?
4. What child was a prophet of the Lord and to whom was he sent with his first prophetic message?
5. Who came to Christ and went away sorrowful?
6. To which of the twelve spies was the first judge of Israel related, and what was the relationship?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. The land where dwelt a much afflicted man.
2. A ruler taught by night the gospel plan.
3. A daughter of the wise king Solomon.
4. A twice-wed Moabitish woman's son.
5. Ere the cock crowed, Peter denied Christ thus.
6. Yet peradventure ye live near to us.
7. This colored hair was a sign of leprosy.
8. He led the bands of Judah's chivalry.
9. A charl's wife first, then consort of a king.
10. A monarch's daughter doth to David cling.
11. Said David to the priest, "Bring hither this!"
12. Thither, with Saul, went followers of his.
13. Set high in Dura's plain, behold it stand!
14. Dethroned am I, disgraced in mine own land.
15. Christ looked toward Heaven, and sighed and said this word.
16. With this begins the inspired Book of God.
17. They toil not, and they spin not, yet they grow.
18. The flood dries up; this token proves it so.
19. Hither to anoint a king, a prophet came.
20. In this, to-day, for ever, still the same.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 19.

- SCRIPTURE ENIGMA—Lord, save me.—*Mat. xii. 39.*
1. Light John 1 4, 5, xii. 46 *
 2. Onimment Cap. 1 3
 3. Re-ock Exod xvii. 6; 1 Cor. x. 4.
 4. Door John x. 9.
 5. Salvation Rev. xvi. 10.
 6. Advocate Heb. vi. 19 20; 1 John ii. 1.
 7. Vine John xv. 4 9, 10.
 8. Example 1 Peter ii. 21.
 9. Manna Psa lxxviii. 24; John vi. 49-51.
 10. Ensign Isaiah xi. 19.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Clara E. Folsom.

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