

THE FRANKLIN

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THE FISHERMAN'S SUMMONS.

The sea is calling, calling,
Wife, is there a log to spare?
Flung it down on the hearth and call them in,
The boys and girls with their merry din;
I am loath to leave you all just yet,
In the light and the noise I might forget,
The voice in the evening air.

The sea is calling, calling,
Along the hollow shore,
I know each nook in the rocky strand,
And the crimson weeds on the golden sand,
And the worn old cliff where the sea-pinks
cling,
And the winding caves where the echoes
ring.
I shall wake them nevermore.

How it keeps calling, calling,
It is never a night to sail.
I saw the "sea-dog" over the height,
As I strained through the haze my falling
sight,
And the cottage creaks and rocks, well nigh,
As the old Fox did in the days gone by,
In the moan of the rising gale.

Yet it is calling, calling,
It is hard on a soul I say
To go fluttering out in the cold and the
dark,
Like the bird they tell us of, from the ark;
While the foam flies thick on the bitter blast,
And the angry waves roll fierce and fast,
Where the black buoy marks the bay.

Do you hear it is calling, calling?
And yet, I am none so old.
At the herring fishery, but last year,
No boat beat mine for tackle and gear,
And I steered the cobble past the reef,
When the broad sail shook like a withered
leaf,
And the rudder chafed my hold.

Will it never stop calling, calling?
Can't you sing a song by the hearth,
A heartsome stave of a merry glass,
Or a gallant figh, or a bonny lass?
Don't you care for your grand-dad just so
much?
Come near then, give me a hand to touch
Still warm with the warmth of earth.

You hear it calling, calling?
Ask her why she sits and cries.
She always did when the sea was up,
She would fret, and never take lit or sup,
And I and the lads were out at night,
And she saw the breakers creasing white,
Beneath the low black-skies.

But, then, in its calling, calling,
No summons to soul was sent,
Now—well, fetch the parson, find the book,
It is up on the shelf there if you look.
The sea has been friend, and fire, and
bread;
But me where it will tell of me, lying
dead;
How it called, and I rose and went.

Down in a Tunnel-Spout.

By P. A. VINAL.

Author of "A Night on Mount Everest," "The Conductor's Story," Etc.

"Charles Corliss, when you ventured here to ferret out the secrets of the smugglers of Cape Zoar, you took your life in your hands, and by reason thereof it seems but just to deprive you of a thing held so lightly. But my men, not I, shall decide what the penalty shall be for your foolhardiness. Boys, what say you? Shall life or death be the portion of this revenue spy?"

"Death!" was the unanimous reply from the grim-lipped, lowering-faced men gathered about the young fellow, who stood, with his arms bound behind, calmly facing the smuggler chief.

Yet all the ominous darkness of the faces bent upon him could not force an accent of fear into the calm tones of the young revenue officer's voice, as he said:

"Well, Chief Coram, I should like to know what you propose to do with me; for it is quite natural that I should wish to be prepared to receive the grim stranger to whom you are about to introduce me, in whatever guise he may come."

Thrice did the young revenue officer laugh mentally at a crash and a scramble that told of a fall. At last, on reaching a little rise, Corliss doubled his efforts, trusting to his superior muscular energy to shake off his pursuer. He breasted the rise and paused to listen. He seemed to be alone.

He was at the edge of the cliffs of Cape Zoar. Below him lay the sea. Out of the black emptiness came puffs of sharp salt wind. The tops of the rollers that broke below were blown off, and whirled away into the night—white patches swallowed up immediately in the increasing darkness. At his feet arose a frightful shrieking and whistling, broken at intervals by reports like claps of thunder. What could it be?

All at once, on the track over which he had passed, he heard a sound that chilled the blood about his heart—the bay of a dog. The whole smuggler force was on his track.

The dog, crashing through the underbrush, gave one short, sharp howl and ran mute. And Corliss stood for a moment chained to the spot.

hold of the tree, and thrust himself forward into the black hole.

The immense volume of water forced into this drive struck him and rolled him forward, over and over, and by its very fury saved him from being washed out again with the recoil of the wave.

Collecting all his energies, Corliss scrambled up a little incline, and as he fell forward in a swoon, it was with the blessed thought that he was out of danger at last.

When Corliss opened his eyes, a soft twilight was about him, and he knew that a calm, sweet day had succeeded that frightful night of tempest. He raised himself and stretched his stiffened limbs, for it was imperative that he should bestir himself.

Crawling as near to the edge of the orifice by which he had entered the heart of the cliffs, as he dared, he craned his neck forward and saw, fifty feet below him, the sullenly frothing water gurgling hoarsely to itself.

"No chance to get down there," he muttered.

Turning his head, he gave a grateful glance at the scrubby little trees that had saved his life the night before.

As he did so, something caught his eye which caused a cry of intense surprise and joy to leap to his lips.

"A rope! Right here at hand, tangled up in the branches of a blessed little tree! It must be the smuggler, who was lowering a lantern by means of this rope, when the water-spout rose and hid his very face, and the wave dragged it down among the branches of this little tree, caught and held by it. The way is clear now." Corliss held of the gnarled branch, scratched the very edge of the tree, and swung himself down.

It was but a few minutes that he disentangled the rope and then, holding one end of it firmly to the trunk, he allowed the coils to slip from his hand.

The rope was long enough to reach the battered lantern to slip into the water.

Down, hand-over-hand, the young revenue officer descended, until out through the narrow opening, which the sea found in the rock, he was in a tunnel-spout.

Outside a plain, the rope, by its lax length, hung down, and a faint breeze

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED "THE CHRISTIAN'S MISSION."

The Rev. T. J. Villers, One of the Most Popular Clergymen in Indiana, Delivers a Strong Sermon; the Theme of Which is Evangelism.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—The Rev. Thomas J. Villers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of this city, preached Sunday morning a strong sermon, the theme of which was evangelism. His subject was "The Christian's Mission to the World." The text was chosen from John 13:17: "As Thou hast sent Me into the world, even so have I sent them into the world." Mr. Villers said:

The farewell discourses to the disciples were ended. Gethsemane with its anguish and bloody sweat was in the distance. The shadows of the cross were deepening. Jesus knew that before He would set His work on earth, He must see last moments of prayer. Dying He said: "We embalm His body with spices. With eyes turned to heaven, He said: 'I have done my work.'"

sends. Humanity rep of love. Around on the most frigid man that opens to the heart. "Thou hast sent Me into the world," exclaimed Jesus, "As Thou hast sent Me into the world, even so have I sent them into the world." He sent out His great the sufferer from tized Heseekiah for, imitators walk in love ever. As His sent out ing people out