

The Trumpet.

"PLEADED TO TEMPERANCE, LIBERTY AND LAW."

VOL. I.

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NO. 1.

Poetry.

YOUR MISSION.

If you cannot, on the ocean,
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay;
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitude go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold or silver
Ever ready to command;
If you cannot, toward the needy,
Reach an ever-open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep;
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot, in the conflict,
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle field is silent,
You can go with silent tread;
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lady goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or care;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

Literature.

NAPOLÉON AND THE SAILOR BOY.

In the year 1803 the French flotilla lay at Bologne, waiting for an opportunity to make a descent upon the southern shores of England. Day after day Napoleon Bonaparte paced the beach sweeping with his telescope the blue expanse of the channel, watching the appearance and disappearance of the English fleet.

Among the Englishmen who were prisoners at Bologne was a sailor boy, who was permitted to ramble about the town and seashore—it being reconed impossible for him to make his escape.

One day as he was wandering along the beach, gazing sorrowfully across the waves towards the white cliffs of old England, and thinking of his home among the green lanes of Kent, he saw an empty hogshead floating shorewards with the advancing tides. As soon as the depth of water would permit he ran into the sea, seized the barrel, shoved it to land, rolled it up the beach and hid it in a cave. The thought of home had nerved his arm, and a bright idea had dawned upon him and filled his heart with hope. He resolved to form a boat out of the barrel. With his clasped knife for his only tool, he cut the barrel in two. He then went into the wood that lined the shore and brought down some willow twigs, with which he bound the staves tightly together. During the time of his boat-building he had frequently to leave the cave to watch the coming and the going of the sentinels.

The sun was setting as he had finished his labor. In the frail bark he had so rudely and rapidly constructed, he was going to attempt to cross the channel, fearless alike of its swift currents and the storms that might arise. He returned to his lodging, tired and sat in.

Slowly with the impatient prisoner did the hours pass by; but the night came at last, he set forth on his perilous undertaking.

By a circuitous route he reached the cave. The wind was moaning along the sea, telling of a coming storm, and not a star glimmered in the sky.

"This is the darkest night I ever saw," said the sailor lad to himself; "but so much the better for me; and down he went towards the water, bearing his boat on his back. But, alas! his hopes were to be disappointed; as he was about to launch it the sharp cry of "qui vive?" rang in his ear, and instantly the bayonet of a sentinel was pointed at his breast. He was taken to the encampment, placed in irons, and a guard set over him.

On the following morning when Napoleon was, as usual, pacing the beach, he was informed of the attempted escape of the lad, and the means he had employed.

"Let the boy and his boat be brought before me," he said.

The order was speedily obeyed. When Napoleon beheld the twig-bound half-barrel and the youthful form of the sailor, he smiled, and turning to the prisoner said, in a tone devoid of anger, for he admired the daring of the lad:

"Did you intend to cross the channel in such a thing as that? And last night of all nights! Why, I would not have ventured one of my gunboats a mile from the shore! But I see how it is."

Napoleon looked compassionately on the prisoner, who stood before him with a countenance in which boldness devoid of impudence was displayed.

"I see how it is. You have a sweetheart over yonder, and you long to see her."

"No, sire, I have no sweetheart."

"No sweetheart! What! A British sailor without a sweetheart!"

"I have a mother, sire, whom I have not seen for years, and whom I yearn to see."

"And thou shalt see her, my brave British boy. A right noble mother she must be to have reared so gallant a son! You shall be landed in England to-night. Take this," handing him a coin of gold; "it will pay your expense home after you are put on shore." Farewell."

As the grateful boy bowed his thanks and walked away, Napoleon turned to one of his aid-de-camps and said: "I wish I had a thousand men with hearts like that boy!"

Bonaparte was as good as his promise. That very day he dispatched a vessel, bearing a flag of truce, which landed the lad at Hastings, in the neighborhood of which was his mother's home.

It is not necessary to tell of the mother and son; how they prayed their silent prayers of thankfulness; how they laid their heads on each other's shoulders and wept for joy.

The sailor had rejoined the navy. Many and many a time afterwards, when disabled by service, was he sorely distressed for want; often was his cloths scanty, and his head without a shelter; but the strongest necessities could never force him to part with the gift of the great Napoleon.

This deed of Napoleon was more glorious than if he had conquered a nation. The glory won by the sword is tarnished with blood, and sends sorrow and desolation into a thousand hearts; but this single deed was greater than a victory on the battle field, for by it Napoleon conquered two hearts by love, and filled with joy the home of a widow and an orphan boy.

Miscellaneous.

A JUDGE ON THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Judge Johnson, of California, in sentencing a murderer to death, used the following language:

"Nor shall the place be forgotten in which occurred this shedding of blood. It was one of the thousand ante-chambers of hell, which mar like plague spots the fair face of our State. You need not be told that I mean a tippling shop, the meeting place of Satan's minions, and the foul cesspool which, by spontaneous generation, breeds and matures all that is loathsome and disgusting in profanity, babbling, vulgarity, and Sabbath breaking. I would not be the owner of a grocery for the price of this globe converted into precious

ore. For the pitiful sum of a dime, he furnished the poison which made the deceased a fool and this trembling culprit a demon. How paltry is this price of two human lives! This traffic is tolerated by law, and therefore, the vender has committed an offence not cognizable by earthly tribunals; but, in the sight of Him who is unerring wisdom, he who deliberately furnished the intoxicating draught which inflames men to anger and violence and blood shed, is *particeps criminis* in the moral turpitude of the deed. Is it not high time that these sinks of vice and crime should be held rigidly accountable to the laws of the land, and placed under the ban of an enlightened and public opinion?"

God grant that the time may soon come when these insufferable pests in society, the rumsellers, in their murderous careers, shall be amenable to the law, that their offenses shall be "cognizable by earthly tribunals." In the light of such sentiments as the above by Judge Johnston, how glaringly inconsistent—how criminally inconsistent—appears the system of legalizing the traffic in intoxicating liquors.

You are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your motto self-reliance, honesty and industry. For your star, Faith, Perseverance and Pluck, and inscribe on your banner, "Be just and fear not." don't take to much advice; keep at the helm, and steer your own ship. Think well of yourselves. Strike out. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Assume your position. Do not practice excessive humility, you can't get above your level. Water don't run up hill; put potatoes in a cart over a rough road, and the small ones will go to the bottom. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the leavers that move the world. The great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Civility costs nothing, and buys everything. Don't drink. Don't chew. Don't smoke. Don't swear. Don't gamble. Don't lie. Don't steal. Don't deceive. Don't tattle. Be polite. Be generous. Be kind. Study hard. Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Read good books. Love God and your fellow men. Love your country and obey the laws. Love the truth. Love virtue. Always do what your conscience tells you to be a duty, and leave the consequences with God. Do thus, and success will crown your efforts.

TRUE COURTESY.—Real courtesy is widely different from the courtesy which blooms only in the sunshine of love and the smile of beauty, and withers and cools down in the atmosphere of poverty, age and toil. Show me the man who can quit the brilliant society of the young to listen to the kindly voice of age, who can hold cheerful converse with one whom years had deprived of charms; show me the man of generous impulses, who is always ready to help the poor and needy; show me the man who treats unprotected maidenhood as he would the heiress, surrounded by the protection of rank, riches and family, show me the man who never forgets for an instant the delicacy and the respect that is due to woman as woman, in any condition or class; show me such a man and you show me a gentleman.

ADVICE TO GRUMBLERS AND OTHERS.—Stop grumbling, mind your own business, and with all your might let other people's alone. Live within your means. Sell your horses. Give away or sell your dogs. Smoke your cigar through an air tight stove. Eat with moderation, and go to bed early. Talk less of your own peculiar gifts and virtues, and more of those of your friends and neighbors. Be cheerful. Fulfill your promises. Pay your debts. Be yourself all you would see in others. Be a good man and stop grumbling.

YOUNG man, thy mother is thy best earthly friend. The world may forget thee—thy mother never; the world may persecute thee while living, and when dead, plant the ivy and the nightshade of slander upon the grassless grave, but thy mother will love and cherish thee while living, and if she survive thee, will weep for thee when dead, such tears as none but a mother knows how to weep. Love thy mother.

The temperance movement, it is announced, has during the past twenty-five years, enrolled 1,500,000 members, and its societies now have 200,000 active members in North America.