

THE CADETS' TRUMPET.

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SELECT POETRY.

Listen to my Prayerful Pleading.

BY WILL S. HAYS.

Listen to my prayerful pleading,
For my mother's very poor;
I have come to ask a penny,
Do not turn me from your door!
Mother's sick, and weak, and feeble,
And she sent me on the street;
For my father is a drunkard
And we've nothing home to eat!

Kindly wait, and let me tell you,
That my brother's drowned at sea,
And my poor heartbroken mother
Has no children, ma'am, but me.
Do not spurn me, do not shun me,
I'm a child and nothing more;
Give me something, if but pity,
Do not turn me from your door.

Stranger, just one moment listen!
You are rich and we are poor;
I'll go home and say to mother,
That you turned me from your door.
Good bye, we can starve and suffer,
Yet we'll look to God and pray
That when you go to him begging,
He'll not turn your soul away.

[Written for the CADETS' TRUMPET.]

NED HEARTLY, Or, Fleeing from Home.

BY H. J. F. O. W.

CONCLUDED.

Ned was the hero of the hour, not only with the Captain and crew, but with the citizens of Yorkton, for the news soon spread, and there gathered a large crowd upon the wharf to see him.

The next daily papers contained an account headed "Youthful Heroism, &c."

It was not necessary for Ned to ask a second time to be allowed to sail in the ship, for the Captain determined after he had heard his story to take Ned with him whether he wanted to go or not, saying with one of his hearty laughs, "I guess we can put you to something."

At the advice of the Captain's wife, Ned wrote a letter to his mother, which he couched in fond endearments, and tender

entreaties, as only an affectionate son, on the verge of a long and dangerous voyage could write; and as he thought of the perils and dangers which might have to be encountered, and that he might never again see his dear mother alive, the tears streamed from his eyes, such tears no one need ever be ashamed to shed.

The time had arrived for departure; all was bustle and stir, men running about the decks, some like monkeys climbing aloft, others with snatches of song going around the windlass, and the loud voice of command heard above the clanking of the cable made Ned forget his troubles, and first in one place and then in another helping where ever he could, made himself useful. The Captain observed his activity and smiling, remarked to the first mate who was standing by his side, "that youngster was meant for the sea."

All was soon in readiness, the word "cast off" given, and they went sailing down the harbour, all sail set and a smart breeze to push them along.

In an hour the harbour was left behind, and nothing but the blue water could be seen, the sun having gone down, leaving the stars to give their light in its place.

It was late that night before Ned retired to his bunk, he liked to watch the bobbing lights of the vessels going and coming past. Perhaps a light would be seen half an hour before the vessel would appear in sight, then gliding past like a huge bird scaling with outstretched wings would disappear in the darkness behind. These sights more especially a steamer that had passed quite close to them, brought strange fancies to his mind of some great monster swimming past belching forth fire and smoke, and occasionally roaring and screaming within itself. When he fell asleep that night he dreamt that such a monster had borne down upon them and swallowed ship and all. Then all was dark, and he felt himself falling through space down a bottomless abyss, till suddenly he awoke and found himself holding on to the side of his bunk. He was much relieved to find himself safe in the ship.

The light of day was just appearing when Ned reached the deck, and on looking

around he observed that some of the sails were taken in, while others were reefed, and although it was early the Captain and crew were all on deck. The wind was much stronger, the ship's deck often being sprinkled by the spray, as she tore through the waves, occasionally veering over as a squall struck and went whistling through the rigging. The clouds flitting by overhead, grew darker and thicker, the rumbling sound in the distance, told of the proximity of a thunder storm, and it was evident that it would not be long coming, for in the distance a line of mist appeared, rapidly approaching the vessel, and often a streak of fire would dart through it, painfully vivid to the eye.

There was a great flurry aboard the ship, making ready for the storm.

Soon it came tearing along, Ned saw an immense wave which seemed to reach as high as the masts, over their heads, and springing to a rope took a turn with it around his body as the water dashed over the vessel. He thought his last moment had come, and it had come, when the wave went by it was quickly followed by another, each was stronger than the former, till poor Ned was tossed and thrown about till he fell exhausted and fainting to the deck, and before their very eyes was carried like a cork from the vessel and disappeared to rise no more.

In an hour the storm passed over, and left the ship a total wreck, all masts gone and half the men carried away, and but for a passing vessel, their fate would have been hard to conjecture. The Captain with his wife and child were saved, and when he reached home, he at once started out to break the news to poor Ned's mother.

The coach stopped opposite the farm house and he walked to the door and knocked; no answer. Knocked again, still no answer, and turning away he espied a man coming down the road. Accosting him, he asked where the people were that lived in that house. The man answered, "They are dead, Mr. Flintcy was taken suddenly ill during one night, and at noon the next day was dead. Mrs. Flintcy, followed the next day. It is thought that her husband's drinking, caused her son Ned to run away and that the death of her husband caused congestion of the heart. The Captain turned sorrowfully away, murmuring, "my God what a fearful ending, and all caused by that curse, *Rum*."

THE END.