

# THE CADETS' TRUMPET.

An Amateur Monthly Devoted to Temperance.

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[Written for the CADETS' TRUMPET.]

## TEMPERANCE.

BY BIDDY.

They come, our young but gallant band,  
With helmet, shield and sword,  
Inebriety cannot withstand  
These soldiers of the Lord.

They bear the sceptre, and the mace,  
Their fellow-men to free,  
Their confidence in Him they place,  
Who alone gives victory.

Then welcome all these young Cadets;  
Let sympathy be shown;  
And pray that they through God may yet  
The Demon-Rum dethrone.

Fight on! Fight on! you're young and strong,  
And rum still holds domain;  
Fear not the strife, 'twill not be long,  
Till you the victory gain.

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## THE PEOPLE.

The word people comes to us almost directly from the Latin word "Populus." The Latin word "Homo" is also closely connected with "Populus" in meaning. The sentence "Homo sum," must have been a favorite saying with some of the proud old Romans, as we find it frequently mentioned in the Latin authors. I remember of once hearing a translation of the sentence "Homo sum," which was as follows:—"Homo—I am, sum—a man." It is needless to say that the title of "Homo sum" stuck to that student all through his academic career.

Glancing as we do at the word "People," how many different ideas crowd themselves into our brain (which is not overly large). To take up the word People in all the different qualities of mankind, their race, custom, habits, etc., would fill up a much larger essay than it is our intention to write at present, so we will content ourselves with glancing at a few of the oddities or peculiarities of man's nature. It has been said that "no two things are exactly alike" and we might also truthfully say, that no two men are exactly alike in their natures.

As judging others by "our own half-bushel" appears to be the order of the day, we will follow the example.

One great peculiarity of man's nature is that we are more apt to find faults in others than in ourselves, and it is also a noticeable feature that the faults which we condemn in others are often our own besetting ones. Another feature is that we are apt to consider the faults of others as mountains, and our own as very small hillocks. When two small boys quarrel and come to blows, it is hard to tell from their own stories which is to blame. Each will declare that the other did all the quarreling, while they, themselves, are entirely innocent of any crime whatever.

Another peculiarity of man's nature is that we are apt to cry down all the good qualities of another and elevate our own. If two men are doing a rival business, each will spread all sorts of reports about the other. They understand that "Opposition is the life of trade," but cannot or will not comprehend that "Charity exalteth not herself."

All, or nearly all men are susceptible to praise in some form or another. Who is it that does not deign to kiss the blarney stone? What woman is there who will not coax and pet her husband just before intimating that her old bonnet is getting "awfully shabby," or that she "is ashamed to go out anywhere with that old dress." Also what girl will not smile sweetly at the young chap whom she wishes to take her for a sleigh drive. Or what small boy will not act his "level best" for at least one half day before asking for a new ball or top.

It would need to be a long essay indeed which would describe all the good or evil in man's nature, so with a few more peculiarities which have been derived from "observations" we will close. It is an old saying that "every crow thinks her own off-spring the whitest." The woman who tells her young son to keep away from her neighbor's children for fear that "he will learn bad language," does not know, that often, her neighbor gives the same advice to her own children. Perhaps another peculiarity that man is heir to, is the habit of criticising a poor article more than the article is worth; so boys don't be too hard on this essay.

BEAU SPIRIT.

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## DIED DRUNK.

BY T. HARRY GREENE.

Oh awful thought, and yet how often it occurs. Nearly every paper which we peruse contains some tale of death while under the influence of strong drink. Windsor too has added its mite to the already swollen tide of those who have passed into eternity with every faculty, every sense of good and right benumbed and deadened and their hope of eternal life forever blasted.

We might give a few instances. A young man goes home at night intoxicated. He retires to bed, and in some manner his bed is set on fire and he is found a burned, blackened corpse. Another young man is driven, on a bitter cold night, out of one of our respectable houses, where rum is sold, and sinking down at the door of his boarding house, he perishes. Frozen to death. To these we might add others who have died of *delirium tremens*, been killed in drunken quarrels, or committed suicide while under the influence of rum. And what do these say? Precious souls rushed into the presence of their God unprepared. Murders to be accounted for by some one. Victories for the devil and all caused by that liquid damnation called rum. All commenced in a small way, but gradually went on until the end was reached. "No drunkard in Heaven." What shall we say? It is too awful to think of. Oh boys beware of strong drink. If you value your souls, if you love your friends, if you have any desire for eternal life, don't we pray you, touch taste or handle any spirituous or malt liquors or any other article designated under the one common title of rum. Spurn the vile poison from you as you would a serpent, and treat the man who would dare offer you a taste of the "stuff" as you would treat a murderer.

—On account of a press of work in our Printing Office this month, we are a few days late, but hope to be on time next month.

—When a boy does something funny, and you laugh at it, he will invariably keep on doing it twenty or thirty times more, till you have to knock him down with some thing.