

THE CADETS' TRUMPET.

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SELECT POETRY.

O BRAVELY STAND.

O bravely stand, ye flocks of light,
And for the cause of temperance fight,
Resolved to save from ruin's blight,
The tempted and forsake...

Through all the land the thrilling cry
Is ever heard from low and high,
For help to make the tempter fly,
In every time of danger.

O rally now, without delay;
'Tis duty a call ye must obey,
And rescue those who are to die
The victims of intemperance.

[Written for the CADETS' TRUMPET.]

NED HEARTLY, Or, Fleeing from Home.

BY H. J. F. O. W.

We left Ned running. He was not afraid of being pursued, or of being compelled to return home again, but he ran to get rid of his own thoughts. His mother's face would come before him in spite of his determination to forget her, and she seemed to be imploring him to come back, her eyes red and tearful as he had seen her through the window.

As he reached the crest of the hill, the moon had risen above the horizon, shedding its pale silvery rays far and near, and Ned stood there taking a last fond look at the old familiar scenes of his childhood.

With a glance at his home, his thoughts followed the path leading back to the little clump of trees where could be seen the little pond, like molten silver between the old shady trees. Here it was that Ned first learned to swim, for "swimming time," constitutes the jolliest hours of many youngsters, the for can we not remember the pride we felt, the first time we swam across the brook without the aid of a board. We follow his glance still further to the little school house, where "one by one we learn to count," etc., was the first hard lesson. He again started on his long and lonely journey, and for the first time since he had left home, thought of what he was going to do, when he reached his destination. He turned it over in his mind but could not come to any settled conclusion, but finally the idea of going to see dawned upon him, and having read about the jolly life sailors lead, he determined to try that;

and with the thoughts of having a large ship and a lot of sailors under his command, he walked along quickly, anxious to choose the vessel in which to embark.

The light of day was just commencing to break upon the moon's light, and as it slowly crept over the earth, the solemn stillness that had followed Ned, changed to that of activity, the birds and animals awakening to a new day of action. As he saw the cattle grazing upon the dewy verdure, the thoughts of his own wants in that direction came to him, and he walked along a little faster. He had travelled about twenty miles and still had about four to go to reach the city of Yorkton, and he was getting a little tired of his tramp, an empty stomach not improving his feelings. Calling at a farmhouse he got some bread and cheese and a good drink of milk, and his spirits again rose till he felt quite jubilant.

A mile further on the city came in sight, and Ned could see the tall masts of the vessels floating on the water; steamers were just coming up the harbour, and the city nestling on the side of a hill facing the water, made a pretty sight from that distance.

In an hour Ned was in the city of Yorkton, a stirring place connected with the Atlantic by a fine harbour. Ned had been here before when his father was alive, and knew a little about it, but he soon lost himself in the whirl and stir of city business life. It was past noon before Ned Heartly thought of what he was going to do. The time had passed very rapidly. The new scenes and faces, and the change from dull to lively interested him greatly.

At last he wended his way to the wharves and watched the vessels being loaded and unloaed. At one of the wharves Ned saw a large clean looking ship, one that he thought he would like to sail in. On the deck the men were coiling ropes, and swabbing the decks preparatory to putting out to sea. The "Alice" was to sail at six o'clock some of the men said, for China. There were men aloft unfurling the sails to be in readiness for leaving, while on the main deck the captain stood giving his orders, and often speaking to his wife who stood beside him. A few yards off, his little girl, about 14 years old, was playing with a large dog.

Ned seeing the Captain unoccupied, walked the plank and going towards him timidly asked him if he wanted a boy about

his ship. The jolly old fellow, laughed loud and long, as he looked at Ned's delicate hands and pale face, and asked what he could do, anyway. Ned replied that he could do something or enough to earn his living if he had the chance. Before the Captain could answer, a shriek as of somebody in great danger smote their ears, followed by a loud splash. The Captain rushed to the side of the vessel, and as he caught sight of the object in the water cried, "Oh! heavens my daughter! save her! save her! somebody, for the love of heaven." The Captain's wife who had been reading, rose as the shriek rang forth, but when her husband's words came to her ears she fell fainting to the deck.

Ned, for a few minutes was nonplussed, but seeing the child being borne away by the current roused himself to action. Throwing off his coat and hat he cleared the railing at a bound, and disappeared like a flash, the water closing over him with hardly a ripple. His feet had hardly gone out of sight when his head appeared, and with a few powerful strokes he reached the child. The tide running very swiftly, Ned found it hard work to make any headway with the lifeless body. They were a long way from the vessel by this time, and seeing the uselessness of attempting to make way against the strong current, he made no further efforts than to keep himself and the child from sinking.

The Captain had regained his self possession enough to order a boat to be manned and sent to the aid of the drifting rescuer and rescued. In a few minutes they were reached, and hauled aboard. Ned falling exhausted to the bottom of the boat. They soon reached the ship again, Ned having recovered sufficiently by this time, helped the Captain to carry his child down to the cabin, where they found his wife, who had been carried there previously, just recovering from her swoon. At the sight of lifeless child, she could only moan piteously "my child! my child!" The ship's surgeon arrived immediately and soon restored the little girl to consciousness; for she had not been long in the water, when Ned had reached her. When she opened her eyes, she suffered all that is possible for an only child to suffer from loving parents after a trying ordeal safely past. But she lived through it all, and everything in a little while was restored to its original routine.

(To be Continued.)