

THE CADETS' TRUMPET.

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Your Friend.

The friend who holds a mirror to your face,
And hiding none, is not afraid to trace
Your fault, your smallest blemishes within;
Who friendly warns, reproves you if you sin—
Although it seems not so—he is your friend.

But he who, ever flattering, gives you praise,
But ne'er rebukes, nor censures, nor delays
To come with eagerness and grasp your hand,
And pardon you, 'ere pardon you demand—
He is your enemy, though he seems your friend.

Youth's Companion

[Written for the CADETS' TRUMPET.]

WOMEN AND ALCOHOL.

EFFIE G.

Since the inauguration of the temperance movement, more especially in these latter times, women have always been firm advocates, and earnest workers in the temperance cause.

Their hand and voice, however feeble, has been raised in the great and noble work of suppressing this giant evil *intemperance*, and in helping to rescue and save some poor unfortunate from its fatal grasp, and in many cases their noble and self-sacrificing efforts have proved successful.

I am sorry to say this terrible drinking custom is not confined to man alone, but it has fastened its shackles around the more tender sex, and with its iron grasp it clutches the poor victim in its cold and deadly embrace.

Women under the influence of liquor, act with more inhumanity than man. Let me portray, however feebly, a scene which came under my own personal observation:—

'Twas evening, and the setting sun had just shed its departing rays o'er the city. I was enjoying an after tea stroll, combining an act of charity with pleasure, having promised to call upon an invalid friend, I took the opportunity, while it was fine, to do as I had promised.

Being in no especial hurry I strolled leisurely toward my destination, which lay in the most thickly populated portion of the city.

In passing a low hovel, whose exterior presented quite a dirty appearance, the windows cracked and broken, the apertures being filled with old clothes and crownless hats, which peered forth in sombre silence as if indicating the wretched state of the interior.

Attracted by this unattractive hovel, I stopped and wondered if the inmates were alive or dead.

I had not long to wait, for hardly had this thought entered my mind, before the door, begrimed with rust and dust, swung open and from it issued forth a most pitiable specimen of humanity.

The face was pale and haggard, the eyes bloodshot; the hair dishevelled, and every appearance indicated that its unhappy possessor was addicted to drinking. Looking more closely, I observed it was a woman.

Her body was poorly clad, a threadbare shawl enveloped her head and shoulders; her feet were covered with worn out boots from which her bare toes poked forth.

Becoming more interested in this deplorable object, my curiosity was aroused, and I determined to see whither she went, and discover, if possible, her motives.

Pulling a paper from my pocket, I pretended to be deeply absorbed in reading, at the same time I kept an eye on the woman, and keenly watched every movement.

For a moment she hesitated, seeming somewhat confused at seeing me, but it was only for a moment, when recovering herself she started in the direction of a tavern, which lay about one hundred yards from her miserable hovel.

In a few moments she reached it, and I observed her drawing from beneath her shawl a small pint bottle. She glanced timidly around and quickly entered. In a minute she re-appeared and was soon on her way home.

I watched her until she re-entered her dingy abode, and then strolled silently towards the residence of my friend, meditating on the evil effects of *Alcohol*.

Such is the occurrence every day in our midst, while we sit idly with folded hands, never attempting to suppress its evil tendencies, or assist in rescuing the victims who are bound in its terrible and deadly clutch.

As temperance workers we are not half enough in earnest. Position in society prevents us from descending to the level of drunkards, and we stand aloof from helping a fallen brother or sister.

To be true temperance workers, we must cast aside earthly pride, and work in the great and noble task of elevating humanity, and saving souls from everlasting destruction.

A CHILD'S INFLUENCE.

AN INCIDENT RELATED BY THE REV. MR. MINARD, IN THE COURSE OF HIS LECTURE.

In a poorly furnished room, on the ground floor of a one story house, a mother sat; and before her knelt her little daughter, scarcely eight years old, in her little white garment, all ready for bed.

Clasping her little hands together, she raised her tearful eyes upward, and repeated, with a voice low and sweet, the little prayer which children first learn when their hearts are as pure as the snow, freshly fallen from heaven.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
And should I die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take."

"And Lord, please bless papa, and make him good, so that he will never go in those bad rum shops any more."

The father, just returning home, after having spent his last cent for liquor, with his brain on fire, paused as he heard the soft clear voice of his child at her evening prayer.

The few words uttered by that little child, did more than sermon or lecture ever did towards softening his heart. The simple little prayer went straight to his soul, and God's holy light illumined it, which had been dark for many years.

The misery and sorrow he had brought upon his home flashed across his brain, like a vivid flash of lightning across the sky, and with tears streaming down his face, he threw open her door.

The little child, with a glad cry, ran to him saying, "I am so glad, papa, that you have come to say good night before I go to sleep."

"Yes, child, I am glad, and thank God that I came home when I did, I heard that little prayer, and with God's help I *will* be a better man."

The man, with the tears still running down his face, turned to his wife, saying, "Mary, can you forgive me and forget the past?"

"Yes, Tom, and I hope you will be a changed man."

A changed man he was from that time, and all caused by the prayers of his little child.

Children, if you have a drunken father or mother, pray without ceasing, and your supplications will be answered.