

THE CADETS' TRUMPET.

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[Written for the CADETS' TRUMPET.]

TO THE RESCUE.

Drink's dark torrent rushing onward,
Souls are drifting in its course;
Lend assistance, temperance worker,
Save a soul by human force.

Stand not idly, calmly looking,
Action in our cause we want;
Rest is active, ever watching
For some foolish soul to haunt.

ALCOHOL its poison spreading,
Sparing neither young nor old;
We must battle with it boldly
If we wish to save a soul.

In this warfare let us ever
Look on God who reigns on high,
Ask His blessing on our efforts,
Then resolve to do or die.

Let each one be up and doing,
Strive to rescue, strive to save;
"Earnest effort" be our motto,
Snatch men from an early grave.

If a soul from drink is rescued,
Then our work is not in vain;
One lost pearl is in our casket,
One lost sheep is home again.

EFFIE G.

Halifax, N. S., Sept., 1880.

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NED HEARTLY.

Or, Fleeing from Home.

BY H. J. F. O. W.

The moon is just peeping over a distant hill, as our story opens. The night is calm and quiet, the stillness of death reigns around the little cottage that can just be seen as it stands in the shadow of the lofty trees surrounding it.

Suddenly there appears from out the shadow of the house, a figure, which walks quickly across the little garden fronting the house, and vaulting over the fence into the road, commences to run down the slight incline which hides him from sight for a few minutes; but he soon appears, still running, till he reaches the top of the next hill which is about a quarter of a mile distant from the house.

You will want to know who he is, I suppose, by this time, and what he is running for.

To answer the first question, it is necessary to say that he is a boy, and the next one, that he is running away from home, and to find out the reason of his running

away, we will take a brief review of his past life.

Ned Heartly, (or, Hearty Ned, as he was called) as we see him, is a youth about 15 years of age, tall and straight, but robust, having been reared on a farm.

At the first glance one would take him to be of very delicate health, but to see him as he walks along, his form as straight as a rush, his step firm and determined, and his graceful movements, would at once dispel the thought of his being delicate.

He was the only son of a happy marriage, but their happiness was suddenly broken by the death of the father.

Although Mrs. Heartly was left in comfortable circumstances, life was very dreary, even with her only child, then about eight years old, and about three years after her husband's death she married again.

Her second marriage was a very unlucky one. Her husband turned out to be a drunkard of the worst kind, and an unbearable tyrant, and poor Ned often felt the weight of his tyranny.

This existence continued for four years, Mr. Flintey never changing his mode of living, spending every cent he could drain from his wife, and illusing his step-son at every imaginary offence, until one night there was a sudden change in affairs.

It happened in this way. For some time past Mr. Flintey had not got as much money as was his wont, and coming home with his imaginary wrongs, magnified prodigiously by the effects of his drinking, would at once cause an eruption, and while in this state, make it warm for Ned.

On the last night of Ned's stay at home, the tables had been abruptly turned.

Mr. Flintey, drunk as usual, came home and burst into a torrent of abuse against Ned, and ended by using some insulting epithet, the first time he ever had done so. This was more than Ned could stand, and in a blind rage he rushed at him, and before Mr. Flintey was aware of what he was going to do, received a blow which tumbled him over backward, and in falling, his head came in contact with the stove, and he rolled senseless and bleeding on the floor.

His mother, when she heard the insult hurled at her son, had risen from her chair, but before she could say a word, she saw her husband down on the floor, and her son standing over him with clenched hands, and a wrathful countenance.

With a cry she sank down by him, saying, "Ah, Ned, I'm afraid you have killed him, but run and get some water, and we may get him back to consciousness."

Ned, by this time, was thoroughly frightened, and running out to the well at the back of the house, pulled up the water and reached the house in time to see his step-father stagger to a chair.

The fall had made him as weak and helpless as a child, and he was assisted to his bed, after having his wounds dressed, muttering threats all the while of what he would do on the morrow.

After seeing his step-father safely to his room, Ned retired to his own, but not to sleep.

Five minutes after the scene described, Ned had determined upon a course of action, and when he reached his room, he sat about quietly gathering a few things together, with the intention, as you can well guess, of leaving his home forever, or at least as long as his step-father was in it, he determined that he had stood his insults and tyranny long enough.

He first took a large handkerchief and putting in what clothes he would want, he tied them up into a small compact bundle and blowing out his light, laid down on the bed to wait till all was quiet below.

About an hour's waiting satisfied him that he would be safe in attempting his departure.

Quietly removing his shoes, and taking his bundle he cautiously opened the door of his room, and went down stairs, and out the back door without making any noise, or disturbing the inmates.

As he was out of the house now, he was safe, and he could make his way along without difficulty, although it was yet very dark, the moon not having appeared.

As he emerged from the house, he saw a light in his mother's room, and looking in he saw his mother seated at the table.

Her eyes were very red and swollen, and he knew that it was on his account that she had been weeping. He could not keep that lump from rising in his throat, when he saw her, and the thought of leaving his dear mother, was too much for him, and he would have went back to his room again, if his eyes had not caught sight of the figure on the bed.

At the sight of that bloated countenance, he turned and with a hasty "Good-bye dear mother," started for the road.

(To be Continued.)