

THE CADETS' TRUMPET.

An Amateur Monthly Devoted to Temperance.

Vol. 2. WINDSOR, NOVA SCOTIA, AUGUST, 1880. No. 1.

[Written for the CADETS' TRUMPET.]

AN ELEGY.

BY JOCK-O' MYS.

The sun was high, and nature's face
Was all aglow, and smiling
Upon the earth; its joys, its pleasures,
Abke it crying.

From out a pavement
A mother watched her only son,
As wending his way along
The throng-crowded thoroughfare,
And through the motley throng
Of a city street.

Then from her heart, and from her lips
A prayer to Him was sent,
To watch her dear and only child,
To guide where'er he went
When from her sight.

But ah! a cloud came o'er her sky,
Her light a cloud had covered,
And from its depths the BOLT
Which threatened o'er her John hovered,
Had fallen.

The wolf in talment but to hide
The fold had out, and destroyed
The last of all the lambs,
And bore away.

The tempter and temptress,
With pure crystal and gold,
Giving the wine a deathful fall,
To hide the serpent's foot
Within its depths,

The goblet raised by fair hands filled,
The lowered a fair hand raised it,
A struggle 'twixt right and wrong,
A sweet voice called, he drinks it,
And all is lost.

First maudlin with prospects bright,
Then to our joy and love,
Then taken from this wretched world,
To meet his maker above,
And be judged.

The mother sees her only child,
Her beautiful fair haired boy,
Torn from her side, and left alone,
Husband! Child! gone, she knows no joy
But death.

A few dark days complete the tale,
The earth receives his body,
First earth, then child is slain,
And follows soon the mother
To the grave.

The world moves on, and soon forgets
The sorrowing scenes. Three months
Half hidden in trees and flowers,
Where birds carol their joyous sounds
Above them
As they sleep,
In all that's left.

Windsor, May 6th, 1880.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

(BY CANE.)

A young man steps up the street erect
and graceful in every movement. He is
of fine figure and splendidly proportioned,
and his handsome face is all a glow with
manly health and vigor.

"Hallo! Harry, why you look fresh as a
daisy, where have you been?" "Only off

for a few holidays."

"Let's go in and have a social glass
and a cigar, Harry, you're such a stranger
it will feel good to have a drink together
again."

"Well, Tom the truth is I've sworn off."
"Oh! Bosh!! come in man and drop that
woman's rubbish!"

* * * * *

"I tell you what, Tom that is good let's
have a tother," "Alright, Harry, here goes."

* * * * *

The next week a young man staggers up
the same street. Woe begone, haggard,
blear-eyed and miserable

"Hallo! Harry, what's the matter with
you? You look as if an elephant had
tramped on you."

"So there was, said Harry, and he has
crushed all the life out of me. Where am
I any way? I was here a little while ago
and felt in the best of health, now my
brain is on fire. I am burning alive. Every
thing is dark and light by turns, and I feel
oh! so sick. Say, Jim, what is the mat-
ter?" "Ah! Harry you have been drinking
again. What will your poor mother say?"

"Now I see it all, Jim, I was coming up
here on my way home. Had not touched
a drop for two months. Right here I met
Tom and now I am ruined again, and I
cannot go home to mother."

* * * * *

Three days after, a crowd is gathered at
the morgue around the remains of a young
man with a bullet hole in his brain, fired
there by his own hand.

We get closer to see who it might be,
and just then an aged lady comes in. The
face is uncovered. One glance, one shriek,
and that poor heart broken mother is car-
ried out—*dead*.

The picture is before you. Death be-
fore dishonor and both might have been
avoided.

Read and oh! beware! A man's great-
est enemies are often found among his
dearest friends.

ADVICE TO BOYS.

BY JOSH, JR.

Boys, be keersful wen a gurl lukes at u
out ov the korners ov her ize. She meens
mischeef. If she winks, it iz mor danger-
us still. U'd better git.

Never foller a gurl hum frum skool, or

church, ether go alongside ov hur or run
away like a gude boy, don't tese.

Never kall a gurl a silly fule, even if u
think sow ever sow mutch, sum gurls won't
like it.

Don't treet a gurl tu ise creems, it hez
an injurus effeck on hur helth, and besides
aint gude for ure poket.

If a gurl ofers tu bus, never refuze, she
wunt likly ofer twice. If she duz, u'd bet-
ter keep away frum hur, it tu iz rather un-
helthy (if hur old man finds it out.)

Alwaze lift ure hat to the ladys, if u hev
it with u, if not, borry sum uther budy's
for the ocashun.

Wen u pars a lady ov culler, dont u sa
shu, cuz brix hurt.

Alwaze tel the truth if u cant help it.

Lastly, but knot leestly, the longest wa
hum iz the shortest wa round, if there iz a
gurl in the roode, therefor go the other wa.

NO.

The little word "No" has more claims
against it than any other in the English
language. As small as it is, containing
but two letters, it is is often a very hard
word to speak, requiring a very great effort
to bring it out. The saying of it by a
young man just commencing life for him-
self, would be like blowing a reef out of the
course of a vessel under full sail, and the
want of determination required to say it,
would be as disastrous as to guide the
ship upon the rocks.

Every temperance boy and girl should
learn to say no, when temptation is offered,
not in a hesitating manner, but in a deter-
mined tone of voice, and flashing eye, that
says, "do not repeat that request if you de-
sire my friendship."

When you are offered a glass of wine by
a dear friend, it is very hard to refuse; it
is very hard to say no with emphasis
enough to make her understand that you
do not intend to drink the stuff, even for
her; but it must be said; it would be bet-
ter to lose her friendship, be it ever so
dear, than your chances of happiness in
this life and your soul in the next. The
taking of "but one" has altered the course
of many young men, having a bright fu-
ture, before them. The "only one" chang-
ed all, riches to poverty; joy and happiness
to misery and degradation; honor to dis-
grace. Learn to say "no," and sell not
your soul for your dearest relation or
friend.