

PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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TRAMPS: BLACK AND WHITE.

I THINK our readers will admit that the white tramps in our lower cut are much the more disreputable of the two kinds. Their degradation has been self-induced by indulgence in drink, and for them there is little hope.

The children in the upper picture are reduced to their condition of "looped, and windowed raggedness" by no fault of their own. When God brought a million of slaves out of the bondage of Egypt, he fed them with bread from heaven for forty years, and miraculously provided that their raiment waxed not old. But when by his providence he brought out of bondage four millions of slaves in America, he left to the Christian charity and sense of justice of the nation, whose wards they were, the care of this vast host, now increased to about eight millions. And nobly has the nation responded to this call of duty, and millions of money have been expended in schools for the blacks, and millions more have they turned out of their earnings. So for these merry, contented-looking children there are the possibilities of a bright and prosperous future.

But who shall bring back their lost manhood to the degraded victims of intemperance? What has the nation done for them? It has fostered and licensed the drink curse which has robbed them of all that makes life worth living, which has made them more degraded than the beasts which perish.

What is the duty of the hour? Is it not for every voter of common humanity, not to say of Christian principle, to seek to denounce, prohibit and destroy the guilty traffic in the bodies and the souls of men, that takes our bright and beautiful boys and girls—for these degraded wretches were once innocent children—and transforms them into the besotted creatures which they now are: which fills with such wrecks of humanity our poor-houses, our hospitals, our goals, our asylums, and the six thousand drunkards' graves which are dug in Canada every year.

It was Richter who said: "I love God and little children." I think that those of us who can sincerely say those words of ourselves need fear no evil thing in this life.



FLORIDA NATIVES.

A TRAMP'S THINKING.

A TRAMP had been doing some thinking. "Thinkin' don't seem to agree with yer," said one who saw him.

"Naw I it don't—it's like this, I've see? I'm a tramp. Now, my old schoolmate, Bill, is just what I am not!"

"How's that?"
 "Well, Bill is the president of a bank; he's got as pretty and handsome a home as yer'd like to see; there's music in that home; there's flowers there, and there's a pretty

wife and some bloomin', happy, curly-headed children; there's a carriage and servants, and people call I'm 'Mister.' He's twice been elected mayor, and everything is coming his way all the time, and then look at me—different, ain't it?"

"How did he strike it rich like that?"
 "I can't think of any other name for it now but good sense. We were boys together, and while I was foolin' around havin' a good time, Bill, he sorter seemed to look ahead. He didn't drink or smoke; I did. He didn't care for style, and it cost

me to put it on that same money that he saved. He was fond of reading, and I'd rather play cards and have fun with the rest of the boys. When I was losin' on the street corners and in beer saloons, Bill was putting in his time at school. I blew in my money on cards. Bill saved his, and I remember now how I used to guy Bill and call him goody-goody, and tell him how he was a foolin' of his life away without havin' any fun—but say! I was colouring my nose; I was getting to play a good game of cards; I was cultivating a fine stock of bad habits—among them was a love for buds; make short, pard. I was giving myself a fine education for this here business, ain't I succeeded at it pretty well!"

"I should say!"
 "Well!" now look at Bill. Who's having the good time now? He doesn't have dogs set on him; he ain't pulled in every once in a while for being a tramp; he don't go hungry and have to saw a big pile of wood to get a meal; and mo'n' all he hasn't got the awful, awful thirst I've got, and doesn't live in hell, as I do, because he can't get liquor. He's got manhood; wot have I got? He's got character; wot have I got? He's got friends; who's mine? Not one since I broke my dear old mother's heart, which laid her in her grave. Ain't that a real one?"
 "Why shouldn't I do some thinkin'!"

THE AMERICAN TRAMP

SOMEONE has computed the following interesting facts as regard to the American tramp. The tramp has come to be a troublesome character, and multiplies himself more frequently than is agreeable to a neighbourhood. Professor McCook, of Hartford, has been making an investigation of the American tramp, and finds that there are 45,845 of them in our country. They belong to all nationalities, but more than half of them boast of American parentage. This is not creditable to our home training, and indicates a degeneracy in American blood, which has been characterized by industry, stability, and energy. It is stated that nearly all of them have trades, but will not follow them or earn a living. Strange to say, the most of them can read and write, and are well-informed upon current news. What has produced this vagabondage, or set this army of ravers in motion? The drinking habit.



TRAMPS.