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Temperance Department.

THE TRAMP'S STORY.

FROM ANDREW TRUDGE'S OBSERVATIONS. BY J. S. CALVERT.

"I'm not at all what you would call a picturesque scamp. I've no 'hair-breadth 'scapes and perilous adventures i' the flood and field' to tell of. At any rate, if I have, I'm not going to tell you them. I'm just a plain, commonplace sort of a rascal.

"My father was a small farmer in this neighborhood. He died only six years ago; but I hadn't seen him for twenty years before that. I was his only son, so I got a better education than other lads of my class at that time of day. I was sent to school at York, where I lodged with some of my mother's relations. They were very kind, comfortable sort of people and I think they did their duty by me. I was an unmanageable sort of a lad, and was in all kinds of scrapes at school; but there wasn't much vice in it all. It was more mischief and fun than anything else. At sixteen I came home. I knew little or nothing about farm work, and, to tell the truth, I didn't care to learn. I'd got it into my head that I would besomething or other in a large town. I hung about home for a year or two, doing no good, and learning a good deal that was bad. I enjoyed running about as riding into Helmsley, or away to Pickering, where on the winter nights, we used to get up a dance in one of the public houses, and drink more gin than was good for us, I dare say. Card playing, too, was another of our rational amusements. I was the youngest of the lot; but I made it my pride not to be left behind in anything. My father was foolish enough to let me have command of a great deal more money than I ought to have had the fingering of, and it went fast I can tell you. We got to be the talk of the country side. Decent, respectable people shook their heads, and warned their sons and daughters against us. I was fool enough to be proud of it, and before long was not satisfied with the scope the country afforded me. I must have my fling in London. My father set his face against it, and refused to give me money, and began to pull the reins tight at home. In less than six weeks after this stricter style of management began, I ran away from my comfortable home, taking with me fifty pounds that my good old father had laid up for his rent, and a neighbor's daughter who had no other chance of saving her good name than that of becoming the partner for life of worthless me.

"When we got to London I wrote to my father, feeling certain that he would not prosecute me for the theft, and even hoping that he would send me more money, when he heard through friends that I was in want. As regards the first particular I was right, but I was totally mistaken in expecting assistance from him. From that day to his death he never recognized me as his son; and all that he had when he died he left to the children of a younger brother of his whom he had hardly ever seen.

"In London I soon found employment as a clerk in a firm, the head of which was a Yorkshireman, who knew my parents well, and did not know on what terms I had left home. I had a sufficient salary, and might have done well; but I plunged into dissipation, drank, gambled, and neglected my poor wife, who



KING KALAKAUA.

King David Kalakaua, who was recently elected to the Throne of the Kingdom of the Sandwich Islands, and is now visiting the United States, is thirty-eight years old, about five feet eleven inches in height, and something darker than a Chinaman in color. He has a good education, and is possessed of a vi-

gorous will, and is determined to preserve the independence of the islands which form his kingdom. He expects to visit the principal points of interest in the United States, after which it is probable he will go to Europe. He expresses his intention to visit America again during the Centennial Exhibition.

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account of himself. We got over the fence, and sat down at the edge of the stream, and he began again.

"I must hurry on. There's nothing worth spinning out in my miserable history. My frauds were discovered. I was prosecuted—not with vigor, I daresay; but my employer was a strict man of business, and had a duty to society to perform. I was found guilty, and was sentenced to five years' penal servitude. I served my time, and came out a ruined man. The first person to meet me was my wife, bless her! and she's stuck to me ever since. I have had ups and downs. I got employment in Hull once, in a large brewery, and managed in course of time to get a pretty good billet in the office; but one part of my work was to collect accounts at public-houses, and I soon fell into the old way of drinking again. I pawned and sold every stick of furniture in the comfortable house we had got, and even my wife's clothing. I lost my situation, and set off on tramp to seek another, leaving my wife ill in the sick ward of the workhouse. Strange to say, after tramping by way of Middlesborough, Sunderland, and Newcastle, as far as Edinburgh, and back again, through Glasgow and Carlisle, to Manchester, I once more got a place. I wasn't known, and I determined to start fair by signing the pledge; but I didn't know a soul in the town, and, for the sake of company, I soon got into the way of going to public-houses and billiard-rooms. I broke my pledge, of course, and lost my place. I signed again and got work again as a laborer about the Liverpool docks. The work was hard, and I wasn't fit for it. More than that, every now and then a dreadful craving for drink would come over me, and I had neither bodily nor mental strength to resist. Spree followed spree, with fits, of remorse between, but the devil had got me firmly in his hold, and I found it was no use to struggle. There, too, I was recognized by one of my old jail acquaintances, and this led to my getting to know many more of the same kidney. I gave up hard work for an easier way of living. I was an outcast, why not take every advantage of it? That was my way of putting it. I would have a Parisian's respectability that shaken me out of its lap."

I actually persuaded myself that I was an ill-used man; and when my wife, who had joined me again, tried to bring me to my senses, I swore at her, and once—only once—felled her to the ground. I was a brute, a devil; am one still, and don't see a shadow of likelihood that I shall ever be otherwise."

"No! no! Don't talk that way about there being hope while there's life. What if there isn't life? I live now as a dog lives. The moral part of me is dead; or if there be a spark of life left, it's buried in such a mass of sensuality no power on earth or in heaven could fan it into a flame."

"These are awful words," I said, "and you have no right to utter them. Your very knowledge of your sin, and contempt for yourself, is proof there is something better in you still."

"That's the mere torment of memory—the gnawing of the worm you preaching folk talk about. But do you see this beck, how it rushes along? I tell you there is as much chance of its turning and running up-hill to where it started from, as that I shall ever shake myself clear of the vices that are engrafted in my character. It's against the nature of things. Where's the force to come from?"

"Not from yourself, certainly," I said. "But even the waters of this stream may find their way back again to the hilltops by the way God has appointed, and without any of the mud they have gathered in flowing along. You must not think you can limit His power. Suppose, now you have given up trying to reform yourself, you let Him have a try."

I then told him the cases of a few I knew who had been a long way on the way he had gone, and yet, by God's mercy, had turned to the living way. I came closer than that. I told what I had been myself, and showed him that, though I had never transgressed man's laws as he had done, I had, by God's help, conquered habits as deeply rooted as his. That came home to him. I saw he felt the force of sympathy, and pressed him to make the effort to carry his burden where alone he could find effectual help. I found it harder to rouse him to action than it had been to convince him that even for him there was hope. He said he