



# Canadian Literary Gem.

HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

VOL. IV.

TORONTO, C. W. APRIL 22, 1854.

NO. 13.

## GOD—A GOD OF LOVE.

There is no need for human tongue  
Or human voice to tell,  
The wonders of creative power  
Which Nature shows full well;  
Each field is like an open book  
With living letters traced,  
Each flower an illustrated leaf  
Before our vision placed!

In every pendant blade of grass,  
God's handiwork we see,  
Each lake and streamlet mirror like  
Reflect the Deity!  
There is a voice in every breeze  
A song in every gale,  
That tells of an unceasing love  
Whose bounties never fail!

At morn we see God's loving smile  
His power the tempest is—  
He gives us rain for wine of joy—  
And sunshine for a kiss!  
Free bounding life thro' ev'ry vein  
And pulse of nature's heart  
Echoes the chorus—"Thou art God!"  
And God of love Thou art!

FREDERICK WRIGHT.  
Westport, Canada West, March 30, 1851.

## THE OLD DOCTOR'S STORY.

I am a physician kind reader residing in the beautiful city of Elms. I was born in this same city, and have always lived here. I know its every nook and corner well. I have reveled beneath its lofty elms, through its streets by day and by night, for many, many long years. My business has called me abroad as often by night as by day, and I have heard the old clock up in the steeple of the "middle church," strike all the hours of the night, and that too, a great many times. I have been "called up" late at night very many times—more than I ever shall be again for I am old now, my forehead is wrinkled and my hair has been white a long time; and the time will soon come when I shall be "called up" for the last time. But, to my story—and in commencing, let me say that events which I am about to relate, took place a great many years ago, and you, my dear friends who do not recollect the fire on long wharf will not recollect the time I write of. I was a young man then, and had been in "practice," but a few years. I recollect as well as though it were but yesterday, the morning I am about to tell you of, and a colder one I never saw. There was snow upon the ground, and the cold wind had piled it in huge drifts; the wind was blowing a tremendous gale, and the snow was still falling fast. I had just come from my breakfast and was sitting by a hot, blazing wood fire in my office. I had taken my boots off, and sat warming my feet, when I heard the door creak, and turning, I beheld a very little girl; she could not have been more than six years old. "Well, what do you want?" I asked sharply, (for I was not in very good humour, that cold stormy morning.) The little timid thing stretched out her tiny red hand, and in her childish voice I heard "Please Sir, give me a cent to buy bread?" Why I did not give her what she asked, and more, ask me not, but I drove her from my door. I have shed many bitter tears over the fact, and have prayed many times to be forgiven the act of that moment of my life. I told her to be gone! and I called her a little Mab. She shut the door, and I took my seat again by the fire, but was not easy. I lit

a cigar and puffed away at that, but I could not forget the little girl. "Please sir, give me a cent," was ringing in my ear. I arose and walked to the window, I rubbed off the frost with my hand—and looking out I saw the tracks of the poor creature's feet, and discovered for the first time, that she was barefoot, yes, upon that bitter morning she was wading through the snow with her little bare feet, yes, there were the marks of her feet in the snow—and in the centre of one of them was a spot of blood. Great Heaven! what would I not have given to have called that little creature back!—'A'as! it was too late—and "Please sir, give me a cent" rings in my ear to this day. I tried every way to forget the little girl, but I could not—and every time I looked out of the window, there were those little foot-prints, I believe they would have driven me mad, had I not taken the office broom and erased them. Night came at last, and the snow was still falling; the wintry blasts swept through the deserted streets, the snow fell against the windows, and the trees groaned as they bent before the storm. It was a dismal night, and few were abroad. I retired early, and was soon asleep, from which I was startled by a loud knocking at the door. I hastily dressed, and lighting a lamp, went to the door—inwardly hoping that no poor mortal would require my services that night. I opened the door and a gust of wind put out the light, half filling the hall with snow. When I got my eyes cleared, I perceived to my astonishment, a little boy standing shivering on the steps. He was poorly clad, and the little fellow was almost frozen; but he looked up into my face, and tears rolled down his little red cheeks, as he said, "Good kind Mister Doctor, will you come and see my poor mother, she is very sick, she is indeed—and mother is very poor, and she says she is afraid you won't come because she can't pay you, Sir; and little Sis says she'll never come to your place again, Sir, because she's very very sick, and says she's going to die Sir." Could I refuse such an appeal and from such a source? No! I went with the little fellow to his home. Away up in the top of an old frame house, I found what he called home. I thought I knew something of the World I thought that I had seen poverty, but I must confess that I never saw a sight like that before. A small piece of candle was burning from the mouth of an old junk bottle, by which I got a view of the premises. The windows were entirely gone, and a large drift of snow had formed upon the floor. Upon a bundle of straw covered with old rags I found a woman, and the little girl of yesterday. "My God!" I exclaimed, how can you live here on such a night? The poor woman opened her eyes. She was too far gone to speak; and pointed to a crust of bread upon the floor—for she had no table. I broke off a piece, and she motioned to give some to the little creature at her side. I took the little creature at her side. I took the little girl by the hand, and upon doing so, she opened her eyes and recognizing me, she exclaimed, "Oh, Sir, you will not hurt me, will you?" I assured her that I would not; and she fell asleep again.

They were both sick. Cold and want had brought them to the verge of the grave. They were too sick to be removed, and I was thinking how I could best make them comfortable when the little boy—who had been standing by all the while—spoke. "Oh, Sir," says he, "can you do anything for them? You won't let mother and sis die, and be buried up in the ground, as poor

father was with you, Sir? I told the little boy that I would do all in my power to save them. I asked him why he did not call on me before? Oh, Sir, says he, I was just going to see you, yesterday, when little sis came in, and she said you was a dreadful cross man, and she said you had driven her away, and I was afraid to go, Sir—I was afraid you'd put me in the poor house, and I didn't want to go there, Sir. Don't tell me it's unmanly to cry! He must have had a hard heart indeed, who could stand where I did, and not feel as I did. I told the little fellow I was very sorry, and he should never want for a home or a friend while I lived. I told him to watch by his mother and sister, while I would go and get some wood for a fire, and some other things to make them comfortable. I did so, and returned as soon as possible, and I found the little fellow, completely exhausted, had fallen asleep, the mother was dead, and the little girl's fever was much worse. If it had been my own child, I could not have done more for it than I did for that little girl, but death had marked her for its own, it was too late, and before the sun had set the following day, her little spirit had gone to Him that gave it. I saw them both buried. I never shall forget that scene in the burying ground. The grave-digger with his pick-axe—that heap of frozen earth mixed with snow—that dismal looking opening in the earth—all form part of a picture I never shall forget. The old minister who officiated has long been dead. There were no long line of carriages, no mourners, but that one small boy and myself. The minister and I myself lowered them—mother and daughter—into the same grave, where they will rest until the judgment. God knows I wept bitter tears that day, and it made me a better and a wiser man.

A few words about the boy, and I am done. He lives. I took him to my home, reared, and educated him. Twenty years since he made the South his home; and this day that little fellow who was, is one of the most eloquent members of the bar at —, and an ornament to the profession. He has been a member of the State Senate three terms, and the United States House of Representatives once.

My friends, my story is finished—and the old doctor will conclude by saying, when you put money in the contribution box for foreign missionaries, remember the poor at your own door—*Columbian Register.*

## Read this, and ponder on its importance. COST OF THE TRAFFIC.

REV. R. S. CRAMTON, the able advocate of temperance, has prepared the following clear and convincing exhibition of the cost of the liquor traffic in this country, which we transfer to our columns, in the hope that it may influence the minds of some with whom no argument has any potency which is not based upon dollars and cents.

Cost of the traffic! What is it? Let us see. In the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Albany, Troy, Rochester and Buffalo, there are over twelve thousand places where intoxicating drinks are sold by the small measure. In 1850, a Committee of the N. Y. Legislature, after a careful examination of facts which were spread before them, were decided in the opinion that the grog-shops of New York city received, on an average, ten dollars per day. It was believed that rents, clerk-hire, &c., could not be paid from the profits of the trade,

unless the receipts were as large as estimated. But suppose the amount received from the twelve thousand places mentioned, should average only six dollars per day. This certainly would be a low estimate—not for the profits, but for the receipts. Supposing this estimate to be correct, the amount actually paid for intoxicating drinks sold by small measure, in these six cities would be twenty-six millions, two hundred and eighty thousand dollars in a year. (\$26,280,000)

These six cities contain only about one-fourth of the population of the State. We have seven other incorporated cities, and about one thousand townships, in many of which are large and flourishing villages. Now it is safe to assume that all these, embracing three-fourths of the population, receive one-half as much as the one-fourth in the six cities. This would amount to thirteen millions, one hundred and twenty thousand (\$13,120,000), making, in all, thirty-nine millions, four hundred and twenty thousand dollars (\$39,420,000) as the amount actually paid for these poisonous mixtures poured down men's throats, in the State of New York, every year.

This sum, large as it is, must be regarded only as a small part of the actual cost of intemperance. As a general rule, the man who pays a dollar for liquor, loses another dollar by the loss of time in consequence of his drinking, so that the above amount might be doubled in this one item, but, in our estimate, we shall make no account of it. Yet it should be understood that the real wealth of a State lies more in its productive energy than in any thing else. It has been shown conclusively in former years, and recent careful examinations in large sections of New England and this State confirm the fact, that every thirtieth individual is either an habitual or an occasional drunkard. In one town in Connecticut, containing about 1600 inhabitants, every fourteenth person is a drunkard. This fact I have from a published report of a committee composed of men of the first respectability, appointed to collect facts on intemperance in that town.

From the same report, it appears that the average life of intemperate men, for twelve years past, has been forty-nine years, the average life of other adults, sixty-one years, so that the drunkard loses twelve years of his life.

In this State, not less than fifteen thousand drunkards die every year. Each loses twelve years. Suppose that, if they were sober, each could earn, by some productive employment, \$300 per year. This loss of productive energy, which would be a dead loss to the community, would amount to fifty-four millions of dollars (\$54,000,000) annually. But we will not take this item into the account of the cost of intemperance in the Empire State.

Let us look at some other facts, which affect more directly the sober, tax-paying part of the community.

We learn from official reports to the Secretary of State, made by the County Superintendents of the poor, that in 1849 there were 99,433 persons wholly, or in part, supported by the county. Three-fourths of their support must be charged to rum. The voluntary tax paid to relieve the families of friends, reduced to penury by intemperance, it is believed, will greatly exceed the cost of public pauperism.

Official documents show that more than 60,000 persons are annually arrested, or imprisoned, for