

The general depreciation and abuse of the Chinese throughout the American continent seems to me most unjustifiable and uncalled for, the mere outcome of prejudice and ignorance. The popular cry and opposition to their emigration from the States arises, not from the classes, but the masses whom they can undersell in the labour market. At the same time the undersellers are low-grade Chinamen, designated as Canton wharf-rats whose emigration should be discriminated against. They have neither the constitutions nor the physical strength to contend with navvies in active work. Such men as are paid eighty cents a day by the C.P.R. as against \$1.75 or \$2.00 paid to ordinary labourers are equal only to shovelling gravel and light grading work. They can never supply the place of the workman. In trades and professions they certainly do not try to undersell their competitors. In laundry work, their own peculiar calling, they are anything but "cheap Jacks." Other nationalities have the same field open to them in the West, but they do not attempt to enter it, so the Mongolian monopolises the market. As merchants they appear to cater for their own race and not to trespass, as far as I can learn, upon the commercial interests of others. They, it must be admitted, are not consumers, and the money they amass in the Dominion they do certainly send out of it, but then the average Chinaman does not accumulate such an enormous fortune as to greatly impoverish Canada by the diversion of his hard-earned savings; and the merchant who does grow wealthy contributes to the national exchequer by the heavy duties he pays on his imported articles. A thousand or fifteen hundred dollars is a fortune to an ordinary Celestial; if he can acquire that fabulous sum he will be able to live in affluence yea even in ostentation in his native land, and he has for this privilege to pay fifty dollars fee to land at Vancouver and a yearly poll tax of three dollars to the Provincial Government, so he is not an absolutely non-productive emigrant, if he be a non-consumer.

With regard to the question of Chinese emigration, the *San Francisco Argonaut*, in an editorial on the subject published in May, 1889, says: "We are more solicitous that a stop should be placed upon the more alarming invasion which comes to us from countries and people in no sense superior to the Chinese, and in many particulars beneath them in every desirable qualification that relates to orderly and respectable labourers. We could name half a dozen nationalities in no respect equal to the Chinese as working men, and in no sense superior to them in any of the moral or intellectual qualifications which contribute to citizenship. We hail with satisfaction the fact that the Chinese do not desire to become citizens, and that they have no aspirations to intermeddle in the political affairs of our country. In this particular they are more desirable than some of the emigrants from other lands. It is impossible for us to regard with indifference the contrast between law-abiding peaceable people who are willing to work, and who do not vote, and those who riot, engage in labour strikes get drunk, etc."

Again a writer in *Blackwoods Magazine*, for 1889, on the same burning question of Chinese emigration, applied to Australia, puts the matter as follows: "Poor persecuted Mongolians, cleanest of cooks, steadiest of servants, always sober, willing, active, patient under abuse, never bearing malice, (I do not agree as concerning the two last mentioned Christian virtues,) is it simply a question of fear of cheap labour, or is it that the steadiness and sobriety of the heathen Chinese puts to shame the Australian Christian, that the colonies are now going to close their ports against you?" Testimony so diverse and yet so similar is invaluable in support of my case and the Chinese cause.

It is a mistake I consider to try and convert the China-

man from the error of his ways, than which no greater has ever been made in Canada or the United States. The race is one apart, incapable of amalgamation. Its members may read, mark and learn the new faith, but will never inwardly digest it, remaining true in thought, word and deed to the traditions of their forefathers, for which who shall blame them?

There are some popular and accepted fallacies about the Celestial, of one of which at any rate I should like to disabuse the minds of Canadians viz: the imitative fallacy. He is an imitator I acknowledge. But of imitations there are several kinds, there is servile imitation, and intelligent imitation, the imitation that adopts, and the imitation that adapts. The Chinese are intelligent, not servile imitators. When the story is told of a Chinese cook who saw his mistress making a plum pudding, and throwing away one egg because it was bad, and who ever after threw one egg away when he made a plum pudding, kindly contradict it; it is a story, for it is not true, Chinaman are not fools. The cook knew the egg was rejected because it was bad, he did not suppose its rejection contributed to the success of the pudding, and he would do the same under similar circumstances, for he would not use bad materials, but if he is allowed to choose eggs, he will never choose bad ones, and I defy any egg purveyor to deceive him. Do not either believe the story about the Chinaman who was told to build a boat, and given an old one with a patch on it to copy, which he did faithfully, it is not true either, because it is not intelligent, which the race essentially is. But I will give a true instance of the imitative faculty of the Celestial, which I find entertaining in its personal application. I sent this year a pair of fur lined gloves to my Chinese domestic, as an appropriate New Year's offering; in three weeks a box reached me by Express, containing a pair of five-buttoned, black kid gloves for myself, size six-and-a-half, my size being five-and-a-half, and a large red silk pocket handkerchief, which I use with pride, also several packages of China candy for my small daughter, of whom he is extremely fond; these gifts I directed her to acknowledge. By return of post came the following epistle to her in copyplate handwriting, but somewhat crooked style. "Dear Missy Florence, I am so glad to your kind letter, I see very good and young pretty girl. Thank you are mother glover for me. Your pet donkey come see often me. A good dog and very fat. The to shy cat often got rat and play very good, look too much. Now, my friend with me go to church hear. I like to much sing and school. He teach me will well, I am so glad friend. TAN SING?"

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BROTHER JOHN AND BROTHER JIM.

HE was a little beggar boy, a child not twelve years old. With sunken cheeks and eyes of blue and hair of faded gold, And thus he did accost me as I wandered down the street, "O please sir, give me summat for to get a bite to eat"

He had but scanty clothing on, his breeches had a tear— He had no hat, he had no boots, his little feet were bare. And when he asked for help in need I answered with a frown, "Go, get away, you little cur, you nomad of the town."

That little boy he wept and wailed until his sobs o'ercame My sterner judgment and I said, "Cheer up now, fie for shame; Close up the torrent of your tears and be a little man And tell me all your troubles and I'll help you—if I can."

He told me all his troubles and how his father drank, And how, through sad ill-usage, his nob e mother sank, And that now they'd left their father, his brother Jim and he, And lived alone, "and now," he said, "you've got my pedigree."