

cated and fitted to address the nation, from the Editorial Chair of the *Times*, in a series of articles, the truth and power of which have been felt from the Throne and the Senate to the humblest cottage in the land.

I turn to the *Opium traffic* of India and ask *is it peculiar to the generation past?* Has it passed away or are its proportions less colossal than the national crimes last named? Is the mighty power of Mammon to destroy the perceptions of Christian men and induce them to be silent, when great wrong is being perpetrated in their name, less visible? The fact is that ninety years ago this trade to China in Opium was a mere rill, now it is a rolling river. It increased during the lives of our fathers, but it has become gigantic during our own. Already it is such, both in character and in magnitude, that it may well cause every Briton to hang his head for very shame. It has few parallels. The Slave traffic is indeed a parallel, but it is outlawed by Christian nations, Great Britain having led the van. Slavery itself is a parallel, and its deep stain tinges the national ermine of Columbia. The Rum trade, with its awful trains of crime and woe, with its blasting effects for time and eternity, is another parallel, but while its guilt is common to many nations, the Opium traffic is peculiarly Britain's. The clippers of many nations convey the drug from Calcutta to Canton, but it was previously grown as a monopoly by the Indian Government and about Five Millions of Pounds netted, which go to swell the revenues of that great corporation.

*But are its effects on the Chinese so very injurious?* What have been its effects for the last ninety years? Such has been the increase of the demand that the two hundred chests then sent have expanded into sixty thousand, chiefly used in smoking shops, thus described by Lord Jocelyn, and those of you who once enjoyed his acquaintance will probably agree with the Editor of *Household Words*, from which I quote, that he may not be suspected of over sensitiveness,—“In these houses devoted to their ruin, these infatuated people may be seen at nine o'clock in the evening, in all the different stages, some entering half distracted to feed the craving appetite, which they have been obliged to subdue during the day, others laughing and talking wildly under the effects of a first pipe, whilst the couches round are filled with the different occupants, who lie