



Temperance Department.

THE A B C OF THE OPIUM TRADE.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MR. ANDREW ALWORTHY, OF ALBANY, NEW YORK; CAPTAIN BENJAMIN BROADFOOT, OF BRISTOL, ENGLAND; AND MR. CHONG CHING CHEW, OF CANTON, CHINA.

(From the Family Friend, English.)

When Mr. Alworthy emerged from the saloon, and mounted the stairs leading from the main deck, he found the poop of the P. & O. Co's splendid steamer "Manchuria" deserted, except by the man at the wheel and a quartermaster. Amidships, the officer of the watch languidly paced the bridge from end to end. Forward, a sailor sat astride of the jib-boom on the look-out. The sailors of the watch crouched under the shadow of the boats. Now and then the black bust of a Sidhi-boy, or the head of an English engineer swarthy with coal-dust, peered out of the stoke-hole for a breath of the hot air, only less heated than the fierce atmosphere of the engine-room. It was two o'clock on an August afternoon in the Straits of Malacca, and at that hour in that situation it was certainly much more comfortable to be sitting in the saloon, where the rest of the passengers sat at long tables, under the breeze of the punkahs, which little Hindoo boys, with gay turbans on their heads, kept continually in motion. But the score or so of gentlemen and the three ladies who were his fellow-passengers, were all engaged in playing whist, save two who were deeply interested in a chess combat. Now Andrew Alworthy did not understand chess, and cards he hated with a hatred worthy of his Puritan ancestry. It was not that he objected to innocent amusement. No one was a greater favorite with the young folk than he. But he detested gambling; and could not comprehend how persons who supposed themselves to be honest and honorable people could find pleasure in their own by the chance of the dice or superior skill at cards. However small the stakes, to want to win another's money by gambling seemed to him a plain transgression of the tenth commandment. Besides, he felt aggrieved that this unworthy occupation had brought to an end an interesting conversation in which he had been engaged, with an old coffee planter from Ceylon and a Chinese merchant. So he left the uncongenial society below, for the quiet solitude of the upper deck. The sea was perfectly calm; utter stillness reigned around, broken only by the dull "thud, thud" of the screw. The quiet, the heat, and the process of digesting tiffin gradually weighed down his eyelids as he leaned back in his cane chair, and his head was just beginning to sink on his breast, when a passing footsteps roused him. He looked up, and the back of a portly well-dressed Chinese, leaning over the bulwark, and gazing seaward, presented itself to his vision. The sight of a Chinese was still a novelty to the American traveller; so he gazed with much interest at the bare head, the shaven skull, the patch of black hair on the cerebellum, from which depended the long plaited queue lengthened by silk braid to reach the tops of the satin shoes, and bisecting the plain white robe of silken gauze, which was of so fine a texture that the embroidered garters could be plainly discerned through it. Presently the Chinese turned round, and surveyed Mr. Alworthy as steadily as he could without seeming impertinent, for to Mr. Chong Ching Chew, erst of Taileung, in the province of Canton, now one of the most flourishing merchants in Singapore, it was a marvel that a white man should prefer to sit on the hot deck in the daytime. Mr. Alworthy did not leave him long to wonder in silence. Mr. A. had left his snug fireside at Albany to see the world; but not only to see the world; also to hear what the world had to say for itself, and, still more, to cross-examine the world, and extract the world's honest confession of its real condition. Here was an opportunity not to be neglected. The Chinese empire comprehended within itself one-third of the world; and there were certain matters affecting China in which he had the deepest interest. He rose up and with a courteous wave of the hand invited the new-comer to take the nearest chair. Chong, not having been accustomed to receive much politeness from Europeans, this unexpected courtesy from a stranger struck him as an agreeable novelty. Lightly folding his hands one within the other, he returned the American's salute by shaking them gently to the accompaniment of a profound bow. Then they simultaneously seated themselves side by side.

"You speak English?" said Mr. Alworthy. "A little," replied Chong. "I have tried it for twenty years. I learnt it when a boy in the Missionary College at Hong Kong." "Ah! then you are a Christian?" "No," said Chong. "I have a great respect for the religion of Jesus; but I am not a Christian. I was to have been baptized while I was in the college, only my parents and friends opposed it; and persuaded me to go to Singapore, to see the world and earn some dollars. I have seen the world and I have earned my pile of dollars, and there is no fear of my turning Christian now."

Mr. Alworthy was taken aback. Himself a fervent believer in the Gospel, and a devoted advocate of missions, he had inspected the mission chapel at Singapore, had listened to the singing of the children in the mission school, had watched the printing press at work producing Testaments and tracts, and all amid a glow of enthusiastic hope; but this was the first time he had been in conversation with a Chinese who could speak English. And now that he had met with one, how sad the disappointment; once a mission-scholar, once an almost Christian; now hardened and defiant! It took him a minute or two to get over the rebuff. Then he resumed in a sadder tone:

"You say that you have a great respect for Christianity, and yet there is no fear of your becoming a Christian. I don't quite understand you."

Chong perceived that he had vexed his questioner; and hastened to apologize by many compliments to the "noble and excellent religion of the Europeans;" the "admirable precepts of Jesus;" and so on; and to excuse himself by the plea of the pressing cares of a large business, and want of leisure to attend to such things. But Mr. Alworthy, though surprised at the fluency of his new acquaintance and pleased at his encomium of Christianity, was too keen an observer of human nature not to perceive that the man was now only speaking from his throat outward. So he began to turn his flank in this way:

"Confucius, I have heard say, has also left many admirable precepts of human morality."

"Confucius," said the other abruptly, as though about to pick up the glove Mr. A. had thrown down. But he checked himself, and went on in a milder tone: "Yes, China and the western nations have had Confucius, and the western nations have had Mohammed. All religions are excellent. They all have one object—to promote virtue."

"True," said his assailant. "But they have not all the same power of changing the heart, and saving from sin."

"I do not think any of them has that," replied Chong. "It seems to me that all nations are pretty much alike. There are good and bad amongst all. I don't see any who carry out sincerely the teachings of the religions they profess."

"What have you to say against Christians?" asked Mr. Alworthy.

"The people down below are Christians," said Chong, tapping the deck with his foot as he spoke; "yet they are all gambling, and just now they wouldn't give me a seat. I saw a lady purposely spread out her skirts to cover the vacant end of a bench I was approaching, while she smiled furtively at her opposite neighbor. I remember reading in the Bible that Jesus said, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.'"

Mr. Alworthy recalled the feeling of aversion with which he had himself fled from the sight of the absorbed card-players, and felt embarrassed. He returned to the charge however:—

"These are only nominal Christians. In America, in the church I belong to, we would not own a man who played cards as a Christian brother; and as for this inconviction toward you, I can only say that I regard it as most unchristian. But surely you know some real Christians on shore now; the missionaries for instance."

"Yes," replied Chong, "the missionaries are good men, but then they are paid for it. The merchants of Singapore, too, are most of them respectable men. They try to make money as fast as they can, and to keep within the law just as I do."

"I wish," sighed Mr. A., "I had you as my guest for a month at Albany. I could introduce you to some Christians there. I could take you to see our places of worship, our schools, our hospitals, our benevolent institutions for the poor, the aged, the widows and orphans. I could show you thousands of happy homes, where cleanliness, industry, virtue, and affection testify to the reality of the religion they profess. You should stand by the bedsides of the dying, who are passing away, some in peace, others with triumph on their tongues. After you had seen all this, I am sure you would acknowledge there is a power in Christianity you never imagined before. But at least you will admit that Christian nations, as nations, are better than heathen nations?"

"They are better off," answered Chong,

with a smile. "They are richer, cleverer, and stronger, I grant. But if you mean they carry out the precepts of Jesus, I cannot allow that. What did you come and make war upon my country for?"

"My nation never made war upon yours," Mr. Alworthy replied with warmth. "I am a citizen of the United States. The American Government has always pursued a pacific policy in Asia."

"I beg your pardon," returned Chong. "We Chinese generally look upon all white-faced people as one nation. But the English are Christians too, I suppose. Why did they destroy our ships, bombard our towns, slaughter our soldiers, even shoot down old men, women, and children in the streets? My uncle's shop just inside the East gate of Canton was pulled down, with the whole street in which he lived, just to make a military road; and the poor man was ruined by it. Was that worthy of Him who said, 'Love your enemies?'"

"It is very sad—very sad indeed; but all that is past now. We have treaties now, and have entered upon a new era, I hope. You should let bygones be bygones."

"I don't know what you mean by bygones," said Chong; "but you know the cause of the first great war between England and China, I suppose."

"Yes," said Mr. Alworthy, with reluctant hesitation. "Yes—I know—it was opium."

"And do you call opium a bygone? Why it is going now in larger quantities than ever. We ourselves are taking it with us at this very moment. Do you know how many chests of opium there are under our very feet?"

"No," replied the perfectly downcast Mr. A.

"There are eleven hundred and thirty chests on board this steamer, sir; and those eleven hundred and thirty chests of opium were made by you—no, I beg pardon—by the English Government of India, sir. It is the Christian opium which we are taking with us to China. It is a splendid demonstration to my poor benighted idolatrous countrymen, how much the great Christian nation of England loves them!"

(To be Continued.)

TEMPERANCE IN MAINE.

Governor Dingley writes as follows in the *Christian Mirror*:—"Our own observation, as well as the very general testimony of others, satisfies us that the cause of temperance has made much greater progress in Maine than in any other state, and that its condition to-day in this state is more favorable than at any previous period in our history. Not only is the law which prohibits drinking-houses and tipping-shops more generally and effectively enforced, and the number of suspected dram-shops less than has been the case at any time since prohibition became the policy of the state, nearly twenty-five years ago, but also, as would be naturally expected as a condition of such a state of things, there is a livelier temperance sentiment, more general temperance work, and fewer indications of intemperance, than have ever existed here before, and very far in advance of anything we have ever observed elsewhere."

Within a few months past we have travelled in Maine every week more or less by rail, and visited various parts of the state, and we have hardly seen any indications of a dram-shop or an intoxicated person. Gentlemen whose business requires them to frequently pass over the state inform us that in the rural districts they rarely discover any signs of a dram-shop or observe an intoxicated person; and that even in the cities, where there is a large foreign element who have come to us with the looseness of views on this subject prevalent in other countries, the condition of things in this respect is much better than in similar cities outside of the state. A gentleman resident in Canada, who came here prejudiced against our policy of treating dram-shops, not long since stated to us that after spending several weeks in this state, and making it in his way to be present at large public gatherings, he was willing to confess that he was astonished to see so little intoxication, and such an apparent absence of open dram-shops.

We do not undertake to say how much of this is due to the fact that the state is largely rural and has but few considerable cities; or how much to the fact that so small a proportion of her population are of foreign birth; or how much to the fact that her people are generally of Puritan stock and principles; or how much to her good fortune of earnest temperance workers among her most influential citizens; or how much to the fact that the churches of the state have for years earnestly and actively led in temperance work; or how much to the influence of twenty-five years of almost constant prohibition of dram-shops by law. Whether one of these causes has exerted an overshadowing influence, or all united have produced the result, the fact is patent to every candid observer that in the temperance movement Maine has made greater progress

than any other state in the Union, and entitled to bear on her banner the motto of leadership.

While we are able to bear to our friends in other states so cheering testimony as to the temperance progress thus far made in Maine, we desire at the same time to remind our brethren that there still remains, and always will remain, a great work to be done here. What has been accomplished should encourage us to labor even more zealously in the future. There is work to be done in further lessening the pressure of the temptation of the dram-shop, and, more important still, constant work to be done in inculcating those principles which give men the strength to resist the temptation that can never be wholly removed. In this last work the church should take the lead, not only for the reason that it is her privilege as her duty to bear a conspicuous part in every great moral work, but also for the reason that it is when one is brought into personal union with Christ that he finds himself the most effectually prepared to resist temptations.

THE MAORI AND THE MAINE LAW.

Some years ago Mr. Roebuck, referring to the Maori war, expressed his belief that all the aboriginal races were destined to disappear before the English emigrant, and he seemed to think that this was a wisely ordered dispensation of Providence, designed to supplant savage races by a highly civilized one. But is it so certain that the aborigines are always savages and that Englishmen are always civilized? We have our doubts about it after reading on the one hand, the reports of the recent assizes, with their deeds of brutality so atrocious that the judge who presided at Birmingham declared he had been so sickened that he would never come there again; and on the other hand, the article in the *Cornhill Magazine* describing the Maori of Lake Taupo. The writer of the article says that he entertained a chief, Pohipi by name, and he "proved to be a teetotaler, for the question of total abstinence is agitating the Maori as it is occupying the attention of so great a portion of the English-speaking world. That temperance would be the greatest of all good things for the natives of New Zealand no one is more convinced than the natives themselves. In the 'King' country, governed entirely by native laws, the sale of 'grog' is prohibited; and it is discouraged wherever the influence of the native chief prevails." Grog includes all kinds of intoxicants, and petitions against its sale are frequently sent up from natives to the Colonial Parliament. One of these petitions is quoted, and a very remarkable document it is. Here is a passage from it; and who that reads it will not admit that the highly civilized wife-beaters of the Midlands and the Lancashire cloggers "have something to learn from these Maori savages?" Thus they plead:—

"A petition from all of us whose names are signed at the foot hereof to all the members of the Parliament to grant this request of ours for some law to be passed by the Assembly and the Government affecting this evil thing grog, which is destroying us, so that a stop may be put to drinking among the Maori, for that is at the root of the evils under which we suffer. These are the evils. It impoverishes us; our children are not born healthy, because the parents drink to excess and the child suffers; it muddles men's brains, and they in ignorance sign important documents, and get into trouble thereby. Grog also turns the intelligent men of the Maori race into fools. Again, grog is the cause of various diseases which afflict us; we are also liable to accidents, such as tumbling off horses and falling into water; these things occur through drunkenness. It also leads on men to take improper liberties with other men's wives. It is also the cause of men fighting with one another. In fact, there are innumerable evils brought upon the Maori race by grog. We therefore ask for a very stringent law to be passed to keep away the evil thing from the Maori altogether."

This is something more stringent even than the Sunday Closing Bill which Mr. Roebuck expressed his intention to "spit upon." No wonder he desired the extermination of the savages who are so degraded as to want a new Maine Law.—*Western Morning News*, December 28.

HORACE GREELEY ON PROHIBITION.—Horace Greeley, "founder of the *New York Tribune*," in a letter in the *New York Independent*, entitled "Twenty Years of Prohibition," in 1872, wrote: "When I came to New York in August, 1831, lottery placards clothed walls and filled newspapers far more than theatricals did. Now they are rarely seen. Liquor, in Maine, is advertised and dispensed furtively, if at all, as lottery tickets are here. And as not one ticket is sold here now where ten would be if lotteries were still tolerated by law, so it is with liquor in Maine."