

We have told, briefly, a sad but true tale, and what land is there that could not reveal many of like sorrow. How love of gold lured the young and daring from happy homes, to which they never returned again, and made the places they hoped to brighten still more cheerless and desolate. Think of these things—sons, brothers, husbands, of the Provinces, before you, too, sacrifice the comfort and happiness of the present for the vain dream of a golden future. Your own land has many drawbacks, but you can help to lessen them. Give but a part of the energies you lavish so freely in strange lands, to the soil or to operative pursuits, within her borders, and though you may not rise so speedily to fortune, as in those regions of whose wealth you hear so much, yet when sickness comes, you will have those you love to watch over you, and win you back to health; and if death, despite all their care and love, should come, you will feel that your time and labour has been spent with them, as well as for them, and that none will have uncertainty and fear as to your last comforts and wants, added to the sorrow your loss will entail. But your picture can have a brighter side than this. The climate of our country has health in its very breezes, and *want* is a thing little known, where there are strong arms and willing hearts. Look at numbers of your fellow countrymen, who by application and economy have risen to wealth and influence. Let not, then, the evils of the present discourage you. Clouds of depression are around our land—but will they not eventually disappear, if her children unite together to dispel them. The labour and intelligence of those who have left her, within the last few years, had they been devoted to her service, as they have been to that of stranger lands, could already have worked a great revolution in her prospects and prosperity. Do not let tales, chiefly circulated by interested parties, of golden harvests and magic fortunes, tempt you to forsake your country in her extremity. These tales shew you but one side of the picture; but experience can tell you that the darker one is the truer view in this case. Hunger, disease, and death, attend more surely in those far-famed gold regions, than rapid fortune or prosperous adventure. Let the sad annals, which even little Acadia can unfold, of the evils of emigration, only induce you to cling more hopefully to your native land, and the God of plenty will give you encouragement and reward.

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### THE STRAGGLER OF THE BEACH.

Translated for 'The Provincial,' from the French of EMILE SOUTHERN.

The sun which was verging towards its decline, gilded the horizon with its expiring rays; it was about the time of one of those high tides, known in Piriac