

of men—Englishmen of good position here at home, and of gentle nurture—who, coming out to British Columbia in hopes of doing great things in the gold fields of Cariboo, have been utterly disappointed, and so have sunk from one state of degradation to another, till ruined in pocket, disappointed in hope, shattered in health, ruined in all moral feeling, they have passed away from what they had hoped would have been a scene of triumph and success, and have ended a life of hardship and of disappointment by a death darkened by a sense of bitterest failure. I could tell you of my own knowledge of more than one such, who, hoping against hope that each “next year” would crown his efforts with success and fulfil his golden dream, has yet seen year by year pass by and no golden prize won. I could tell you of men who, disappointed thus, abstained from writing home to their friends till they had “made their pile” (i.e., till they had piled one dollar upon another, and grown rich), till at last hardship, and disappointment, and poverty and want had killed them; and their friends here in England, ignorant of their death, may even yet be looking for the return of the son, or the brother, or the friend who had gone out to win gold in British Columbia. You go through the streets and see a man spending his money freely, driving his handsome horses, and ready to stand “drinks all round,” and you are told that it is So-and-So, who is a partner in a claim which yields so many thousand ounces a-week. You see another man on the opposite side of the street, and you hardly know whether he is foolish or demented, or whether he is suffering from *delirium tremens*; you only know that he is wretched, and miserable, and broken down; and if you ask who is he? nobody knows. Yet they both came out with the same prospects, both with the same chance of success; one succeeded, the other failed. And if one of you young men especially were to ask me, “Do you think it would be a good thing for me to go a-gold-finding?” I would first say, “The temptations are greater than you can conceive, the hardships are greater than you could bear, the moral risk to your goodness, whatever of it you may have, is greater than you should incur.” If you were to say to me, “Whether would you wish that I should succeed or fail?” really I would be in doubt in my own mind, for I should be compelled to say to myself, “If he succeeds, he will succeed at the risk of what is good, pure, and true.” (Applause.) I don’t say at the *cost*, but at the *risk*. If he fails, he fails at the same risk. I shall now speak of another of our works—the lumber trade; and I wish you to understand that though my desire is to give you information, though my desire is to interest you, my