

OUT WEST: STOP THE EXODUS!

In the present pages, I do not attempt more than an ordinary sketch. Let it be understood that nothing elaborate is attempted. If I recite with any degree of minuteness my experience of the *Western Delusion*, it is only because that experience is of a very forcible character—that which we all recognize as personal. This is the only convincing argument to be found.

To the young Canuck, whose hopes may lean towards all the vain and delusive pictures of the occident, let the present experiences have a peculiar but friendly warning. Should many of his ærial structures be thus demolished, I shall only claim the honor of having performed him a service, the importance of which he may sooner or later realize.

Yes ! with all the vaunted glittering wealth of those occident regions, how many have succeeded in grasping the prize fortune ? venturing into statistics not *two* per cent ! Hardly a Canuck home that has not reminiscences of California life —Pike's Peak and even the white Pine Mines ! How many Canadian mothers have been made feel the pangs of a gap in the domestic fireside by the deceptive allurements of the Western Monster can never be determined ! Those who sacrificed health, intelligence—life in their mad search for the yellow powder—the rush after which—has been the funeral cortege of so many, are not to be counted by hundreds, but by thousands and tens of thousands.

The dust has, indeed, been shaken through the ladder—that which has passed through the rounds has been swept by the few—that which has remained on them has fallen to the many. Let us not dispute their claims.