

mud, cold, everything but that grass below; and as though the horses had understood, with us, plunged down a long, mossy gully, in a very few minutes dropping 1000 feet to a tiny stream which was flowing exactly as we wished it to flow. The sight of a horse's imprint cheered us; off came the packs. "no hobbles to-night, there is grass in plenty, and wherever we be, there are two days' rest for our faithful friends." The next day disclosed the fact that we had really struck the Baker Pass, were right on it in fact; but after studying the map and the hours of travel the day before we found the map made the distance about ten miles, while we had travelled twenty. Under the circumstances it seemed rather excusable, that for once we had felt a sensation of being lost. Climbing a shoulder of Mt. Habel the next day, we soon had our bearings, looked down into the "Gap" and upon an exquisite little lake poised high on a shoulder nearest the Yoho; to the north, Mummery and Forbes. With binoculars we could see the cairns on Collie and the Vice-President; and into the Beaver-tail Valley—our way home.