

the direction of the track to see its end, closed as yet by barriers of rock and ravine, but alive with a crowd of navigators busy in pushing it onwards towards the Pacific Ocean. Every now and then we crossed a gully bridged by a temporary wooden scaffold, across which we stepped from timber to timber. On our left the mountain rose abruptly, and on our right a valley, far below, was traversed by a glacier stream, and dotted with a few white tents belonging to some of the pioneers who were leading the iron track through British Columbia. Here a mischance occurred which might have been fatal to several of our party. One of the temporary wooden trestle bridges spanned a great gully which led up far away into the rocks on our left. Some half-dozen of us crossed it and walked a mile or so farther. After recrossing it on our return we sat down on a balk of timber at its brink and lunched. Then, with a friend, I walked back up the track while Dr. Selwyn and two or three others remained. I had not gone far, round a curve of the road, before I heard a great crash. "That," I remarked to my companion, "was a rock-fall ; I have often heard it in Switzerland." Thus we walked idly on, thinking no harm. Presently a man overtook and passed us, muttering something excitedly, but we took no heed. Then came another. They were hurrying on to stop a "construction train" which (consisting of an engine, and trucks loaded with sleepers, and a number of men clustered on them) was bound for the extreme end of the unfinished track. No wonder they hurried, for the trestle bridge we had just crossed had been carried away by the rock-fall which I had heard. One of our party, Dr. Selwyn, was on it when the rock fell, but, though carried down a considerable distance with the dis-