

At that moment Bert, who is a poor man, had one (his only) companion dependent upon him; and though I refused, I know that he fully meant what he said when he offered to feed me and my two men for the winter. This is the way of poor men generally; it is the way of the men of the North always.

'Well, then, if you'll not stop, you'll have to take my boat. That coffin isn't safe, but it will do for me to drag my grub in up stream, or over the ice,' said Bert, and in this he had his way.

Ten minutes later we had eaten as much beaver-tail and damper as we could find room for, and were pushing our way down stream through the sludge ice, wondering if there are many



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE GREAT GLACIER

men in the world who at sixty-five can wade all day in half-frozen water, who will try to beat out grizzlies like pheasants, or who will offer a winter's board and their only boat to comparative strangers.

That afternoon we ran out of the ice and camped where the river was clear, in the very heart of a drift pile. Even there we could not escape the bitter wind, and between the cold and the hard sand and the smoke we had no great temptation to sleep. And yet we slept too long. The ice was after us, and the ice does not stop to camp at night. When I went out in the starlight about three o'clock the river was blocked again as far as I could see. Our enemy had caught us.