

In less than half an hour we came to another stand, in a cut which was nearly filled up with snow. Out poured the Norwegians with their wooden shovels; but they were soon in again, their shoe-packs and leggings covered with snow, and their beards a solid mass of ice. After they had thawed themselves a little, they turned out again, and recommenced shovelling away the snow.

After considerable delay, we succeeded in making our way through the first cut, only to get into another a little further on. Night came, and found us fast in a drift, with a light wind blowing, which drifted the snow, and filled up the track as fast as it was cleared. Our friends, the Norwegians, had frequently to come in to warm themselves, but as frequently did they gallantly return to the charge: each time they came into the cars they perceptibly chilled down the atmosphere.

All through the night we could hear the short whistles of the two locomotives, as the drivers signalled to one another, so that they might put forth their strength at exactly the same moment. The sound brought back to my mind the dear old home of my boyhood,