

cabin. It was a hard day's work, as one of our ponies was quite knocked up, in fact we had to get out and push behind sometimes, this I thought was a poor start for a five thousand miles journey. We did not reach Moose Mountain Creek till 10 o'clock at night when it was quite dark. A light was visible on the other side which we knew to be the miner's hut ; but we could not find the only safe crossing which was the one we had made on our way out. We hunted for nearly an hour, when our strength was almost exhausted. We should have camped where we were, but our friend was to start early in the morning without waiting for me, as he did not know definitely whether I should come or no. As our legs were worn out we set our lungs to work.

"Bring a light," we shouted, with all the strength our lungs could afford. We took turns shouting, and after keeping on some time, we were rather surprised to see a light coming as the distance must have been nearly a mile. Now we had to guide Chris., who carried the light, by continuing our shouting. The light was steadily advancing down to the water's edge and we could hear the voice of Chris. guiding us to the proper crossing. He held the light above his head. The lamp consisted of a candle stuck in the neck of an inverted wine bottle, with the bottom knocked off. The sides of the bottle serving as a