

One broad flash of crimson light yet lingered along the western sky, and the evening star gleamed out upon the shadowy earth, which the night was hugging to itself closer and closer every moment.

' Still the cart rumbled on. It was wending now by the banks of a nameless river, where the pale, faint star-shine reflected in its watery depths gave back dim visions of inverted trees in wavering, uncertain lines.

"How far are we now from Acland's Hut?" asked the boy, disguising his impatience to reach their journey's end in careless tones.

"Acland's Hut," repeated the driver; "why, it is close at hand."

The horse confirmed this welcome piece of intelligence by a joyous neigh to his companion, who was following in the rear. A Canadian always travels with two horses, which he drives by turns. The horses themselves enter into the arrangement so well that there is no trouble about it. The loose horse follows his master like a dog, and trots up when the cart comes to a standstill, to take the collar warm from his companion's shoulders.

But for once the loose pony had galloped past them in the darkness, and was already whinnying at the well-known gate of Acland's Hut.

The driver put his hand to his mouth and gave a shout, which seemed to echo far and wide over the silent prairie. It was answered by a chorus of barking from the many dogs about the farm. A lantern