

giving all sorts of irregular swings backward and forward. It is no good trying to take the thing philosophically; I cannot deny that the question whether we are to return successful or unsuccessful affects me very deeply. It is quite easy to convince myself with the most incontrovertible reasoning that what really matters is to carry through the expedition, whether successfully or not, and get safe home again. I could not but undertake it; for my plan was one that I felt must succeed, and therefore it was my duty to try it. Well, if it does not succeed, is that my affair? I have done my duty, done all that could be done, and can return home with an easy conscience to the quiet happiness I have left behind. What can it matter whether chance, or whatever name you like to give it, does or does not allow the plan to succeed and make our names immortal? The worth of the plan is the same whether chance smiles or frowns upon it. And as to immortality, happiness is all we want, and that is not to be had here.

“ I can say all this to myself a thousand times ; I can bring myself to believe honestly that it is all a matter of indifference to me ; but none the less my spirits change like the clouds of heaven according as the wind blows from this direction or from that, or the soundings show the depth to be increasing or not, or the observations indicate a northerly or southerly drift. When I think of the many that trust us, think of