

Norway, think of all the friends that gave us their time, their faith, and their money, the wish comes that they may not be disappointed, and I grow sombre when our progress is not what we expected it would be. And she that gave most—does she deserve that her sacrifice should have been made in vain? Ah, yes, we must and will succeed!

“Sunday, December 3d. Sunday again, with its feeling of peace, and its permission to indulge in the narcotic of happy day-dreams, and let the hours go idly by without any prickings of conscience.

“To-day the bottom was not reached with over 133 fathoms (250 m.) of line. There was a northeasterly drift. Yesterday's observation showed us to be in $78^{\circ} 44'$ north latitude, that is 5' farther north than on Tuesday. It is horribly slow; but it is forward, and forward we must go; there can be no question of that.

“Tuesday, December 5th. This is the coldest day we have had yet, with the thermometer 31° below zero (-35.7° C.) and a biting wind from the E.S.E. Observation in the afternoon shows $78^{\circ} 50'$ north latitude; that is 6' farther north than on Saturday, or 2' per day. In the afternoon we had magnificent aurora borealis—glittering arches across the whole vault of the sky from the east towards west; but when I was on deck this evening the sky was overcast: only one star shone through the cloudy veil—the home star. How I love it! It is the first thing my eye seeks, and it is always