

there, shining on our path. I feel as if no ill could befall us as long as I see it there. . . .

“Wednesday, December 6th. This afternoon the ice cracked abaft the starboard quarter; this evening I see that the crack has opened. We may expect pressure now, as it is new moon either to-day or to-morrow.”

“Thursday, December 7th. The ice pressed at the stern at 5 o'clock this morning for about an hour. I lay in my berth and listened to it creaking and grinding and roaring. There was slight pressure again in the afternoon; nothing to speak of. No slackening in the forenoon.

“Friday, December 8th. Pressure from seven till eight this morning. As I was sitting drawing in the afternoon I was startled by a sudden report or crash. It seemed to be straight overhead, as if great masses of ice had fallen from the rigging on to the deck above my cabin. Every one starts up and throws on some extra garment; those that are taking an afternoon nap jump out of their berths right into the middle of the saloon, calling out to know what has happened. Pettersen rushes up the companion-ladder in such wild haste that he bursts open the door in the face of the mate, who is standing in the passage holding back ‘Kvik,’ who has also started in fright from the bed in the chart-room, where she is expecting her confinement. On deck we could discover nothing, except that the ice was in motion, and seemed to be sinking slowly away from the