

the point of going below, driven by 61 degrees of frost (-34.7 C.), such magnificent tones again vibrate over the strings that we stay until noses and ears are frozen. For a finale, there is a wild display of fireworks in every tint of flame—such a conflagration that one expects every minute to have it down on the ice, because there is not room for it in the sky. But I can hold out no longer. Thinly dressed, without a proper cap and without gloves, I have no feeling left in body or limbs, and I crawl away below.

“Sunday, December 10th. Another peaceful Sunday. The motto for the day in the English almanac is: ‘He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper: but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances’ (Hume). Very true, and exactly the philosophy I am practising at this moment. I am lying on my berth in the light of the electric lamp, eating cake and drinking beer while I am writing my journal; presently I shall take a book and settle down to read and sleep. The arc lamp has shone like a sun to-day over a happy company. We have no difficulty now in distinguishing hearts from diamonds on our dirty cards. It is wonderful what an effect light has. I believe I am becoming a fire-worshipper. It is strange enough that fire-worship should not exist in the Arctic countries.

“‘For the sons of men
Fire is the best,
And the sight of the sun.’