

among. Love is life's snow. It falls deepest and softest into the gashes left by the fight—whiter and purer than snow itself. What is life without love? It is like this ice—a cold, bare, rugged mass, the wind driving it and rending it and then forcing it together again, nothing to cover over the open rifts, nothing to break the violence of the collisions, nothing to round away the sharp corners of the broken floes—nothing, nothing but bare, rugged drift-ice.

“Saturday, December 16th. In the afternoon Peter came quietly into the saloon, and said that he heard all sorts of noises on the ice. There was a sound to the north exactly like that of ice packing against land, and then suddenly there was such a roar through the air that the dogs started up and barked. Poor Peter! They laugh at him when he comes down to give an account of his many observations; but there is not one among us as sharp as he is.

“Wednesday, December 20th. As I was sitting at breakfast, Peter came roaring that he believed he had seen a bear on the ice, ‘and that “Pan” set off the moment he was loosed.’ I rushed on to the ice with my gun. Several men were to be seen in the moonlight, but no bear. It was long before ‘Pan’ came back; he had followed him far to the northwest.

“Sverdrup and ‘Smith Lars’ in partnership have made a great bear-trap, which was put out on the ice to-day. As I was afraid of more dogs than bears being caught in