

an Arctic day and an Arctic night age a man more rapidly and harshly than a year anywhere else in this weary world.' In another place he writes that it is impossible for civilized men not to suffer in such circumstances. These were sad but by no means unique experiences. An English Arctic explorer with whom I had some conversation also expressed himself very discouragingly on the subject of life in the polar regions, and combated my cheerful faith in the possibility of preventing scurvy. He was of opinion that it was inevitable, and that no expedition yet had escaped it, though some might have given it another name: rather a humiliating view to take of the matter, I think. But I am fortunately in a position to maintain that it is not justified; and I wonder if they would not both change their opinions if they were here. For my own part, I can say that the Arctic night has had no aging, no weakening, influence of any kind upon me; I seem, on the contrary, to grow younger. This quiet, regular life suits me remarkably well, and I cannot remember a time when I was in better bodily health balance than I am at present. I differ from these other authorities to the extent of feeling inclined to recommend this region as an excellent sanatorium in cases of nervousness and general breakdown. This is in all sincerity.

"I am almost ashamed of the life we lead, with none of those darkly painted sufferings of the long winter night which are indispensable to a properly exciting Arctic