

young, springs fresh and green from under the winter snow. I see the way open before me, and I see the home-coming in the distance—too great happiness to believe in.

“Sunday, January 14th. Sunday again. The time is passing almost quickly, and there is more light every day. There was great excitement to-day when yesterday evening's observations were being calculated. All guessed that we had come a long way north again. Several thought to $79^{\circ} 18'$ or $20'$. Others, I believe, insisted on 80° . The calculation places us in $79^{\circ} 19'$ north latitude, $137^{\circ} 31'$ east longitude. A good step onward. Yesterday the ice was quiet, but this morning there was considerable pressure in several places. Goodness knows what is causing it just now; it is a whole week after new moon. I took a long walk to the southwest, and got right in among it. Packing began where I stood, with roars and thunders below me and on every side. I jumped, and ran like a hare, as if I had never heard such a thing before; it came so unexpectedly. The ice was curiously flat there to the south; the farther I went the flatter it grew, with excellent sledging surface. Over such ice one could drive many miles a day.

“Monday, January 15th. There was pressure forward both this morning and towards noon, but we heard the loudest sounds from the north. Sverdrup, Mogstad, and Peter went in that direction and were stopped by a large, open channel. Peter and I afterwards walked