

of the last two days' south wind; something within me says that we shall succeed. I laugh now at myself for having been weak enough to doubt it. I can spend hours staring into the light, dreaming of how, when we land, I shall grope my way to the first telegraph station, trembling with emotion and suspense. I write out telegram after telegram; I ask the clerk if he can give me any news from home.

"Friday, January 19th. Splendid wind, with velocity of 13 to 19 feet per second; we are going north at a grand rate. The red, glowing twilight is now so bright about midday that if we were in more southern latitudes we should expect to see the sun rise bright and glorious above the horizon in a few minutes; but we shall have to wait a month yet for that.

"Saturday, January 20th. I had about 600 pounds of pemmican and 200 pounds of bread brought up from the hold to-day and stowed on the fore-castle. It is wrong not to have some provisions on deck against any sudden emergency, such as fire.

"Sunday, January 21st. We took a long excursion to the northwest; the ice in that direction, too, was tolerably flat. Sverdrup and I got on the top of a high-pressure mound at some distance from here. It was in the centre of what had been very violent packing, but, all the same, the wall at its highest was not over 17 feet, and this was one of the highest and biggest altogether that I have seen yet. An altitude of the moon taken this even-