

having clear, bright weather. Yes, it is all very well—we snow-shoe, sledge, read both for instruction and amusement, write, take observations, play cards, chat, smoke, play chess, eat and drink; but all the same it is an execrable life in the long-run, this—at least, so it seems to me at times. When I look at the picture of our beautiful home in the evening light, with my wife standing in the garden, I feel as if it were impossible that this could go on much longer. But only the merciless fates know when we shall stand there together again, feeling all life's sweetness as we look out over the smiling fjord, and . . . Taking everything into calculation, if I am to be perfectly honest, I think this is a wretched state of matters. We are now in about 80° north latitude, in September we were in 79° ; that is, let us say, one degree for five months. If we go on at this rate we shall be at the Pole in forty-five, or say fifty, months, and in ninety or one hundred months at 80° north latitude on the other side of it, with probably some prospect of getting out of the ice and home in a month or two more. At best, if things go on as they are doing now, we shall be home in eight years. I remember Brogger writing before I left, when I was planting small bushes and trees in the garden for future generations, that no one knew what length of shadows these trees would cast by the time I came back. Well, they are lying under the winter snow now, but in spring they will shoot and grow again—how often? Oh! at times this inactivity crushes one's very soul; one's life seems as