

ice to thaw faster, seemed to point in the opposite direction. Had we got a southerly current together with the wind now? H'm! in that case something must come of it! Or was it, perhaps, only the tide setting that way?

“ Still the same northerly wind; we are steadily bearing south. This, then, is the change I hoped the March equinox would bring! We have been having northerly winds for more than a fortnight. I cannot conceal from myself any longer that I am beginning to despond. Quietly and slowly, but mercilessly, one hope after the other is being crushed and . . . have I not a right to be a little despondent? I long unutterably after home, perhaps I am drifting away farther from it, perhaps nearer; but anyhow it is not cheering to see the realization of one's plans again and again delayed, if not annihilated altogether, in this tedious and monotonously killing way. Nature goes her age-old round impassively; summer changes into winter; spring vanishes away; autumn comes, and finds us still a mere chaotic whirl of daring projects and shattered hopes. As the wheel revolves, now the one and now the other comes to the top—but memory betweenwhiles lightly touches her ringing silver chords—now loud like a roaring waterfall, now low and soft like far off sweet music. I stand and look out over this desolate expanse of ice with its plains and heights and valleys, formed by the pressure arising from the shifting tidal currents of winter. The sun is now