

shining over them with his cheering beams. In the middle lies the *Fram*, hemmed in immovably. When, my proud ship, will you float free in the open water again?

“Ich schau dich an, und Wehmuth,
Schleicht mir in's Herz hinein.’

Over these masses of ice, drifting by paths unknown, a human pondered and brooded so long that he put a whole people in motion to enable him to force his way in among them—a people who had plenty of other claims upon their energies. For what purpose all this to-do? If only the calculations were correct these ice-floes would be glorious—nay, irresistible auxiliaries. But if there has been an error in the calculation—well, in that case they are not so pleasant to deal with. And how often does a calculation come out correct? But were I now free? Why, I should do it all over again, from the same starting-point. One must persevere till one learns to calculate correctly.

“I laugh at the scurvy; no sanatorium better than ours.

“I laugh at the ice; we are living as it were in an impregnable castle.

“I laugh at the cold; it is nothing.

“But I do not laugh at the winds; they are everything; they bend to no man's will.

“But why always worry about the future? Why distress yourself as to whether you are drifting forward or