

backward? Why not carelessly let the days glide by like a peacefully flowing river? every now and then there will come a rapid that will quicken the lazy flow. Ah! what a wondrous contrivance is life—one eternal hurrying forward, ever forward—to what end? And then comes death and cuts all short before the goal is reached.

“I went a long snow-shoe tour to-day. A little way to the north there were a good many newly formed lanes and pressure-ridges which were hard to cross, but patience overcomes everything, and I soon reached a level plain where it was delightful going. It was, however, rather cold, about  $54^{\circ}$  Fahr. below zero ( $-48^{\circ}$  C.) and 16 feet of wind from N.N.E., but I did not feel it much. It is wholesome and enjoyable to be out in such weather. I wore only ordinary clothes, such as I might wear at home, with a sealskin jacket and linen outside breeches, and a half-mask to protect the forehead, nose, and cheeks.

“There has been a good deal of ice-pressure in different directions to-day. Oddly enough, a meridian altitude of the sun gave  $79^{\circ} 45'$ . We have therefore drifted only 8' southward during the four days since March 4th. This slow drift is remarkable in spite of the high winds. If there should be land to the north? I begin more and more to speculate on this possibility. Land to the north would explain at once our not progressing northward, and the slowness of our southward drift. But it may also possibly arise from the fact of the ice being so closely packed together, and frozen so thick