

drifting masses of ice extend far and wide, ever towards more southern shores, and no one notices it; but at last all the seas of earth become one unbroken mass of ice. Life has vanished from its surface, and is to be found in the ocean depths alone.

“But the temperature continues to fall, the ice grows thicker and ever thicker; life’s domain vanishes. Millions of years roll on, and the ice reaches the bottom. The last trace of life has disappeared; the earth is covered with snow. All that we lived for is no longer; the fruit of all our toil and sufferings has been blotted out millions and millions of years ago, buried beneath a pall of snow. A stiffened, lifeless mass of ice, this earth rolls on in her path through eternity. Like a faintly glowing disk the sun crosses the sky; the moon shines no more, and is scarcely visible. Yet still, perhaps, the northern lights flicker over the desert, icy plain, and still the stars twinkle in silence, peacefully as of yore. Some have burnt out, but new ones usurp their place; and round them revolve new spheres, teeming with new life, new sufferings, without any aim. Such is the infinite cycle of eternity; such are nature’s everlasting rhythms.

“Monday, April 30th. Drifting northward. Yesterday observations gave  $80^{\circ} 42'$ , and to-day  $80^{\circ} 44\frac{1}{2}'$ . The wind steady from the south and southeast.

“It is lovely spring weather. One feels that spring-time must have come, though the thermometer denies it. ‘Spring cleaning’ has begun on board; the snow and ice