

more than a few cable-lengths farther north. Sometimes there were indications in the sky that there must be large stretches of open water in our vicinity, and we could now and then see from the crow's-nest large spaces of clear water in the horizon; but they could not have been large enough to be of much use when it came to a question of pushing forward with a ship.

Sanguine folk on board, however, attached more importance to such open stretches. June 15th I wrote in my diary: "There are several lanes visible in different directions, but none of them is wide or of any great extent. The mate, however, is always insisting that we shall certainly get open water before autumn, and be able to creep along northward, while with the rest, Sverdrup excepted, it seems to be a generally accepted belief. Where they are to get their open water from I do not know. For the rest, this is the first ice-bound expedition that has not spent the summer spying after open water, and sighing and longing for the ice to disperse. I only wish it may keep together, and hurry up and drift northward. Everything in this life depends on what one has made up one's mind to. One person sets forth to sail in open water, perhaps to the very Pole, but gets stuck in the ice and laments; another is prepared to get stuck in the ice, but will not grumble even should he find open water. It is ever the safest plan to expect the least of life, for then one often gets the most."