

away a few more months, and where shall we be then? Poor fellow, you are really at a low ebb! 'To while away time'—that is an idea that has scarcely ever entered your head before. It has always been your great trouble that time flew away so fast, and now it cannot go fast enough to please you. And then so addicted to tobacco—you wrap yourself in clouds of smoke to indulge in your everlasting day dreams. Hark to the south wind, how it whistles in the rigging; it is quite inspiriting to listen to it. On Midsummer-eve we ought, of course, to have had a bonfire as usual, but from my diary it does not seem to have been the sort of weather for it.

“Saturday, June 23, 1894.

“Mid the shady vales and the leafy trees,
How sweet the approach of the summer breeze!
When the mountain slopes in the sunlight gleam,
And the eve of St. John comes in like a dream.

The north wind continues with sleet. Gloomy weather. Drifting south. $81^{\circ} 43'$ north latitude; that is, $9'$ southward since Monday.

“I have seen many Midsummer-eves under different skies, but never such a one as this. So far, far from all that one associates with this evening. I think of the merriment round the bonfires at home, hear the scraping of the fiddle, the peals of laughter, and the salvos of the guns, with the echoes answering from the purple-tinted