

needful for a brilliant retreat. Sometimes I seem almost to be longing for a defeat—a decisive one—so that we might have a chance of showing what is in us, and putting an end to this irksome inactivity.

“ Monday, July 30th. Westerly wind, with north-westerly by way of a pleasant variety; such is our daily fare week after week. On coming up in the morning I no longer care to look at the weathercock on the mast-head, or at the line in the water; for I know beforehand that the former points east or southeast, and the line in the contrary direction, and that we are ever bearing to the southeast. Yesterday it was $81^{\circ} 7'$ north latitude, the day before $81^{\circ} 11'$, and last Monday, July 25th, $81^{\circ} 26'$.

“ But it occupies my thoughts no longer. I know well enough there will be a change some time or other, and the way to the stars leads through adversity. I have found a new world; and that is the world of animal and plant life that exists in almost every fresh-water pool on the ice-floes. From morning till evening and till late in the night I am absorbed with the microscope, and see nothing around me. I live with these tiny beings in their separate universe, where they are born and die, generation after generation; where they pursue each other in the struggle for life, and carry on their love affairs with the same feelings, the same sufferings, and the same joys that permeate every living being from these microscopic animalcules up to man—self-preservation and propagation—that is the whole story. Fiercely as we human beings