

sunbeams refracted in the cool crystal blue of the ice. How unutterably delightful does not this world appear to us on some stifling summer day at home?

“Have rested and ‘kept Sunday.’ I could not remain in the whole day, so took a trip over the ice. Progress is easy except for the lanes.

“Hansen practised kayak-paddling this afternoon on the pool around the ship, from which several channels diverge over the ice; but he was not content with paddling round in them, but must, of course, make an experiment in capsizing and recovering himself as the Eskimos do. It ended by his not coming up again, losing his paddle, remaining head downward in the water, and beating about with his hands till the kyak filled, and he got a cold bath from top to toe. Nordahl, who was standing by on the ice to help him, at last found it necessary to go in after him and raise him up on an even keel again, to the great amusement of us others.

“One can notice that it is summer. This evening a game of cards is being played on deck, with ‘Peik’s’* big pot for a card-table. One could almost think it was an August evening at home; only the toddy is wanting, but the pipes and cigars we have.

“Sunday, August 12th. We had a shooting competition in the forenoon.

“A glorious evening. I took a stroll over the ice

* The name given to the cooking-stove.