

Only four or five months, and the time for action will have come again. What joy! When I look out over the ice now it is as if my muscles quivered with longing to be striding off over it in real earnest—fatigue and privation will then be a delight. It may seem foolish that I should be determined to go off on this expedition, when, perhaps, I might do more important work quietly here on board. But the daily observations will be carried on exactly the same.

“I have celebrated the day by arranging my work-room for the winter. I have put in a petroleum stove, and expect that this will make it warm enough even in the coldest weather, with the snowballs that I intend to build round the outside of it, and a good roof-covering of snow. At least, double the amount of work will be done if this cabin can be used in winter, and I can sit up here instead of in the midst of the racket below. I have such comfortable times of it now, in peace and quietness, letting my thoughts take their way unchecked.

“Sunday, September 9th. $81^{\circ} 4'$ north latitude. The midnight sun disappeared some days ago, and already the sun sets in the northwest; it is gone by 10 o'clock in the evening, and there is once more a glow over the eternal white. Winter is coming fast.

“Another peaceful Sunday, with rest from work, and a little reading. Out snow-shoeing to-day I crossed several frozen-over lanes, and very slight packing has