

before us have experienced. There is appreciably less light every day; soon there will be none; but the good spirits do not wane with the light. It seems to me that we are more uniformly cheerful than we have ever



BLOCK OF ICE (SEPTEMBER 28, 1894)

*(From a Photograph)*

been. What the reason of this is I cannot tell; perhaps just custom. But certainly, too, we are well off—in clover, as the saying is. We are drifting gently, but it is to be hoped surely, on through the dark unknown