

narrower for a great distance to the west. Now, when one bears in mind that the lane behind us is also of considerable width, it is rather consoling, after all, to think that the ice does permit of such large openings. There must be room enough to drift, if we only get wind—wind which will never come. On the whole, November has been an uncommonly wretched month. Driven back instead of forward—and yet this month was so good last year. But one can never rely on the seasons in this dreadful sea; taking all in all, perhaps, the winter will not be a bit better than the summer. Yet, it surely must improve—I cannot believe otherwise.

“The skies are clouded with a thick veil, through which the stars barely glisten. It is darker than usual, and in this eternal night we drift about, lonely and forsaken, ‘for the whole world was filled with a shining light and undisturbed activity. Above those men alone brooded nought but depressing night—an image of that gloom which was soon to swallow them up.’

“This dark, deep, silent void is like the mysterious, unfathomable well into which you look for that something which you think must be there, only to meet the reflection of your own eyes. Ugh! the worn-out thoughts you can never get rid of become in the end very wearisome company. Is there no means of fleeing from one’s self to grasp one single thought—only a single one which lies outside one’s self—is there no way except death? But death is certain; one day it will come, silent and

