

majestic; it will open Nirvana's mighty portal, and we shall be swept away into the sea of eternity.

"Sunday, December 2d. Sverdrup has now been ill for some days; during the last day or two he has been laid up in his berth, and is still there. I trust it is nothing serious; he himself thinks nothing of it, nevertheless it is very disquieting. Poor fellow, he lives entirely on oat-méal gruel. It is an intestinal catarrh, which he probably contracted through catching cold on the ice. I am afraid he has been rather careless in this respect. However, he is now improving, so that probably it will soon pass off; but it is a warning not to be over-confident. I went for a long walk this morning along the lane; it is quite a large one, extending a good way to the east, and being of considerable breadth at some points. It is only after walking for a while on the newly frozen ice, where walking is as easy and comfortable as on a well-trodden path, and then coming up to the snow-covered surface of the old ice again, that one thoroughly appreciates for the first time what it means to go without snow-shoes; the difference is something marvellous. Even if I have not felt warm before, I break out into a perspiration after going a short distance over the rough ice. But what can one do? One cannot use snow-shoes; it is so dark that it is difficult enough to grope one's way about with ordinary boots, and even then one stumbles about or slips down between great blocks of ice.

"I am now reading the various English stories of