

the summer trip may be somewhat ambiguous. The ice keeps quiet; the cracking in it and in the *Fram* is due only to the cold. I have during the last few days again read Payer's account of his sledge expedition northward through Austria Sound. It is not very encouraging. The very land he describes as the realm of Death, where he thinks he and his companions would inevitably have perished had they not recovered the vessel, is the place to which we look for salvation; that is the region we hope to reach when our provisions have come to an end. It may seem reckless, but nevertheless I cannot imagine that it is so. I cannot help believing that a land which even in April teems with bears, auks, and black guillemots, and where seals are basking on the ice, must be a Canaan, 'flowing with milk and honey,' for two men who have good rifles and good eyes; it must surely yield food enough not only for the needs of the moment, but also provisions for the journey onward to Spitzbergen. Sometimes, however, the thought will present itself that it may be very difficult to get the food when it is most sorely needed; but these are only passing moments. We must remember Carlyle's words: 'A man shall and must be valiant; he must march forward, and quit himself like a man — trusting imperturbably in the appointment and choice of the Upper Powers.' I have not, it is true, any 'Upper Powers'; it would probably be well to have them in such a case, but we nevertheless are starting, and the time approaches rapidly; four weeks or a little more