

soon pass by, and then farewell to this snug nest, which has been our home for eighteen months, and we go out into the darkness and cold, out into the still more unknown:

““ Out yonder 'tis dark,
But onward we must,
Over the dewy wet mountains,
Ride through the land of the ice-troll;
We shall both be saved,
Or the ice-troll's hand
Shall clutch us both.””

On January 23d I write: “The dawn has grown so much that there was a visible light from it on the ice, and for the first time this year I saw the crimson glow of the sun low down in the dawn.” We now took soundings with the lead before I was to leave the vessel; we found 1876 fathoms (3450 metres). I then made some snow-shoes down in the hold; it was important to have them smooth, tough, and light, on which one could make good headway; “they shall be well rubbed with tar, stearine, and tallow, and there shall be speed in them; then it is only a question of using one's legs, and I have no doubt that can be managed.

“Tuesday, January 29th. Latitude yesterday, $83^{\circ} 30'$. (Some days ago we had been so far north as $83^{\circ} 40'$, but had again drifted southward.) The light keeps on steadily increasing, and by noon it almost seems to be broad daylight. I believe I could read the title of a book out in the open if the print were large and clear.