

to fail now, and meanwhile the southeast wind is whistling above us, and we are continually drifting northward nearer our goal. When I go up on deck and step out into the night with its glittering starry vault and the flaring aurora borealis, then all these thoughts recede, and I must, as ever, pause on the threshold of this sanctuary—this dark, deep, silent space, this infinite temple of nature, in which the soul seeks to find its origin. Toiling ant, what matters it whether you reach your goal with your fir-needle or not? Everything disappears none the less in the ocean of eternity, in the great Nirvana; and as time rolls on our names are forgotten, our deeds pass into oblivion, and our lives flit by like the traces of a cloud, and vanish like the mist dispelled by the warm rays of the sun. Our time is but a fleeting shadow, hurrying us on to the end—so it is ordained; and having reached that end, none ever re-traces his steps.

“Two of us will soon be journeying farther through this immense waste, into greater solitudes and deeper stillness.

“Wednesday, January 30th. To-day the great event has happened, that the windmill is again at work for the first time after its long rest. In spite of the cold and the darkness, Amundsen had got the cog-wheels into order, and now it is running as smoothly and steadily as gutta-percha.”

We have now constant northeast winds, and we again