

“Our life, however, was soon embittered by open water-ways. By means of a circuitous route, and the expenditure of much valuable time, we at last succeeded in getting over them. Then came long stretches of good ice, and we went cheerfully on our way; by-and-bye, too, the sun peeped out. It is wonderful what such encouragement does for one. A little while ago, when I was ploughing alongside a horrible lane, through rubble and over ridges, without a sign of any means of getting on, I was ready to sink from exhaustion at every step; no pleasure then could compare with that of being able to crawl into the bag; and now, when luck again sheds her smiles on one and progress is before one, all weariness is suddenly dissipated.

“During the night the ice began to be bad in earnest, lane after lane, the one worse than the other, and they were only overcome by deviations and intricate by-ways. It was terrible work, and when the wind increased to a good ‘mill-breeze’ matters became desperate. This is indeed toil without ceasing; what would I not give to have land, to have a certain way before me, to be able to reckon on a certain day’s march, and be free from this never-ending anxiety and uncertainty about the lanes. Nobody can tell how much trouble they may yet cause us, and what adversities we may have to go through before we reach land; and meanwhile the dogs are diminishing steadily. They haul all they can, poor things, but what good does it do? I am so tired that I stagger on my