

and gave him a good thrashing for his pains. The casing over the opening in the kayak was then properly secured, and snow-shoes and sticks piled on.

"The weather is still the same, overcast and thick; but the wind has veered round to a more southerly direction, and the clear strip of blue sky in the southwest has risen a little higher from the ice-margin—can there be a west wind in prospect? Welcome, indeed, would it be, and longing were the glances I directed towards that blue strip—there lay sunshine and progress; perhaps even land was beneath it. I could see the cumulus clouds sailing through the blue atmosphere, and thought if only we were there, only had land under us, then all our troubles would sink into oblivion. But material needs must not be forgotten, and, perhaps, it would be better to get into the bag and have a good sleep while waiting. Many times in the morning did I peep out of the tent, but always saw the same cloudy sky and the same white prospect wherever the eye turned. Down in the west and southwest was always the same strip of clear blue sky, only that now it was lower again. When we at last turned out in the forenoon the weather was just the same, and the azure strip on the horizon in the southwest was still there. I think it must have something to do with land, and it gives me hope that this may not be so far off. It is a tougher job than we thought, this gaining land, but we have had many enemies to make headway against—not only foul ice and bad going, but