

find no error, and cannot think otherwise than that we are about right. Still it seems remarkable that we have not yet seen any signs of land. 10 P.M.,  $+1.4^{\circ}$  Fahr. ( $-17^{\circ}$  C.).

“Friday, May 17th.  $+12.4^{\circ}$  Fahr. ( $-10.9^{\circ}$  C.); minimum,  $-19^{\circ}$  C. To-day is the ‘Seventeenth of May’—Constitution-day. I felt quite certain that by to-day, at any rate, we should have been on land somewhere or other, but fate wills otherwise; we have not even seen a sign of it yet. Alas! here I lie in the bag, dreaming day-dreams and thinking of all the rejoicings at home, of the children’s processions and the undulating mass of people at this moment in the streets. How welcome a sight to see the flags, with their red bunting, waving in the blue spring atmosphere, and the sun shining through the delicate young green of the leaves. And here we are in drifting ice, not knowing exactly where we are, uncertain as to our distance from an unknown land, where we hope to find means of sustaining life and thence carve our way on towards home, with two teams of dogs whose numbers and strength diminish day by day, with ice and water between us and our goal which may cause us untold trouble, with sledges which now, at any rate, are too heavy for our own powers. We press laboriously onward mile by mile; and meanwhile, perhaps, the drift of the ice is carrying us westward out to sea, beyond the land we are striving for. A toilsome life, undeniably, but there will be an end to it some time; some time we shall reach it,