

days, the direction being about southwest—every little counts.

“ In front of us on the horizon we have a water-sky, or at any rate a reflection which is so sharply defined and remains so immovable that it must either be over open water or dark land ; our course just bears on it. It is a good way off, and the water it is over can hardly be of small extent ; I cannot help thinking that it must be under land. May it be so ! But between us, to judge by the sky, there seems to be plenty of lanes.

“ The ice is still the same nowadays, barely of the previous winter’s formation, where it is impossible to find any suitable for cooking. It seems to me that it is here, if possible, thinner than ever, with a thickness of from 2 to 3 feet. The reason of this I am still at a loss to explain.

“ Friday, May 31st. It is wonderful ; the last day of May—this month gone too without our reaching land, without even seeing it. June cannot surely pass in the same manner—it is impossible that we can have far to go now. I think everything seems to indicate this. The ice becomes thinner and thinner, we see more and more life around us, and in front is the same reflection of water or land, whichever it may be. Yesterday I saw two ringed seals (*Phoca foetida*) in two small lanes ; a bird, probably a fulmar, flew over a lane here yesterday evening, and at midday yesterday we came on the fresh tracks of a bear and two small cubs, which had followed