

should still be in the drift-ice without seeing land; but Fate wills otherwise, and she knows no mercy.

“The lane which stopped us yesterday did not close, but opened wider until there was a big sea to the west of us, and we were living on a floe in the midst of it without a passage across anywhere. So, at last, what we have so often been threatened with has come to pass: we must set to work and make our kayaks seaworthy. But first of all we moved the tent into a sheltered nook of the hummock, where we are lying to, so that the wind does not reach us, and we can imagine it is quite still outside, instead of a regular ‘mill-breeze’ blowing from the southwest. To rip off the cover of my kayak and get it into the tent to patch it was the work of a very short time, and then we spent a comfortable, quiet Whitsunday evening in the tent. The cooker was soon going, and we had some smoking-hot lobscouse for dinner, and I hardly think either of us regretted he was not on the move; it is undeniably good to make a halt sometimes. The cover was soon patched and ready; then I had to go out and brace up the frame of my kayak where most of the lashings are slack and must be lashed over again; this will be no inconsiderable piece of work; there are at least forty of them. However, only a couple of the ribs are split, so the framework can easily be made just as good as before. Johansen also took the cover off his kayak, and to-day it is going to be patched.

“When both the frames are put in order and the