

another thing then! Fancy, to get clear for good of this ice and these lanes, this toil with the sledges and endless trouble with the dogs, only one's self in a light craft dancing over the waves at play! It is almost too much to think of. Perhaps we have still many a hard turn before we reach it, many a dark hour; but some time it must come, and then—then life will be life again!

"Yesterday, at last, we finished mending the framework of both kayaks. We rigged up some plaited bamboo at the bottom of each to place the provisions on, in order to prevent them from getting wet in case the kayaks should leak. To-day we have only to go over them again, test the lashings, and brace (support) those that may require it, and finally put the covers on. To-morrow evening I hope we shall get off. This repairing has taken it out of the cord; of our three balls we have rather less than one left. This I am very anxious to keep, as we may require it for fishing, and so forth.

"Our various provisions are beginning to dwindle. Weighed the butter yesterday, and found that we only had 5 pounds 1 ounce. If we reckon our daily ration at $1\frac{1}{3}$ ounces per man it will last another 23 days, and by that time we shall have gone a little farther. To-day, for the first time, I could note down a temperature above freezing-point—*i.e.*, $+35.6^{\circ}$ Fahr. this morning. The snow outside was soft all through, and the hummocks are dripping. It will not be long now before we find water on the floes. Last night, too, it absolutely rained.