

how long have I not thought so? There is nothing for it but the noble virtue of patience.

“What beautiful ice this would have been to travel over in April before all these lanes were formed—endless flat plains! For the lanes, as far as we know, are all newly formed ones, with some ridges here and there, which are also new.

“Tuesday, July 11th. A monotonous life this on the whole, as monotonous as one can well imagine it—to turn out day after day, week after week, month after month, to the same toil, over ice which is sometimes a little better, sometimes a little worse (it now seems to be steadily getting worse), always hoping to see an end to it, but always hoping in vain—ever the same monotonous range of vision over ice, and again ice. No sign of land in any direction and no open water, and now we should be in the same latitude as Cape Fligely, or at most a couple of minutes farther north. We do not know where we are, and we do not know when this will end. Meanwhile our provisions are dwindling day by day, and the number of our dogs is growing seriously less. Shall we reach land while we yet have food, or shall we, when all is said, ever reach it? It will soon be impossible to make any way against this ice and snow. The latter is only slush; the dogs sink through at every step, and we ourselves splash through it up above our knees when we have to help the dogs or take a turn at the heavy sledges, which happens frequently. It is hard to