

Let the sun peep out a moment from the bank of clouds, and the ice-plains glitter in all their whiteness; let the sunbeams play on the water, and life seems beautiful in spite of all, and worthy a struggle.

“It is wonderful how little it takes to give one fresh courage. Yesterday I found dead in a lane a little polar cod (*Gadus polaris*), and my eyes, I am sure, must have shone with pleasure when I saw it. It was real treasure-trove. Where there is fish in the water one can hardly starve, and before I crept into the tent this morning I set a line in the lane beside us. But what a number of these little fish it would require to feed one; many more in one day than one could catch in a week, or perhaps in a month! Yet one is hopeful, and lies counting the chances of there being larger fish in the water here, and of being able to fish to one's heart's content.

“Advance yesterday was more difficult than on the previous days, the ice more uneven and massive, and in some places with occasional old floes in between. We were stopped by many bad lanes, too, so did not make much way—I am afraid not more than three or four miles. I think we may now reckon on being in latitude $82^{\circ} 8'$ or $9'$ N. if this continual southeast wind has not sent us northward again. The going is getting worse and worse. The snow is water-soaked to the bottom, and will not bear the dogs any longer, though it has become a little more granular lately, and the sledges run well on it when they do not cut through, which happens continu-