

have I to commit to these pages? Nothing but the same overpowering longing to be home and away from this monotony. One day just like the other, with the exception, perhaps, that before it was warm and quiet, while the last two days there has been a south wind blowing, and we are drifting northward. Found from a meridian altitude yesterday that we have drifted back to  $82^{\circ} 8.4'$  N., while the longitude is about the same. Both yesterday and the day before we had to a certain extent really brilliant sunshine, and this for us is a great rarity. The horizon in the south was fairly clear yesterday, which it had not been for a long time; but we searched it in vain for land. I do not understand it. . . .

"We had a fall of snow last night, and it dripped in here so that the bag became wet. This constant snow-fall, which will not turn to rain, is enough to make one despair. It generally takes the form of a thick layer of new snow on the top of the old, and this delays the thaw.

"This wind seems to have formed some lanes in the ice again, and there is a little more bird-life. We saw some little auks again yesterday; they came from the south, probably from land.

"Saturday, July 6th.  $+3.38^{\circ}$  Fahr. ( $+1^{\circ}$  C.). Rain. At last, after a fortnight, we seem to have got the weather we have been waiting for. It has rained the whole night and forenoon, and is still at it—real, good rain: so now, perhaps, this everlasting snow will take itself off; it is as soft and loose as scum. If only this rain would go on for