

increased as the day went on. It was easy to perceive by the atmosphere that the wind was driving the ice off the land, and land-lanes formed particularly on the east side of it. When I was up on a hummock yesterday evening I observed a black stripe on the horizon under land; I examined it with the glass, and, as I had surmised, there was an ice-edge or glacier stretching far in a westerly direction; and there was plainly a broad lane in front of it, to judge by the dark bank of mist which lay there. It seems to me that land cannot be far off, and if the ice is tolerably passable we may reach it to-day. The wind continued last night, but it has quieted down now, and there is sunshine outside. We try by every means in our power to get a comfortable night's rest in our new bag of blankets. We have tried lying on the bare ice, on the 'ski,' and to-night on the bare ice again; but it must be confessed that it is hard and never will be very comfortable; a little chilly, too, when one is wet; but we shall appreciate a good warm bed all the more when we get it.

"Tuesday, July 30th. We make incredibly slow progress; but we are pushing our way nearer land all the same.\* Every kind of hinderance seems to beset us: now I am suffering so much from my back (lumbago?) that yesterday it was only by exerting all my strength of will that I could drag myself along. In difficult places

\* In reality we were probably farther from it than before.