

S.S.W. sprang up, which drove the ice on to us, so there was nothing for it but to put in to the edge of the ice and wait until it should slacken again. We spread out the bag, folded the tent over us, and prepared for rest in the hope of soon being able to go on. But this was not to be; the wind freshened, the ice packed tighter and tighter, there was soon no open water to be seen in any direction, and even the open sea, whence we had come, disappeared; all our hopes of getting home that year sank at one blow. After a while we realized that there was nothing to be done but to drag our loads farther in on to the shore-ice and camp. To try and haul the canoes farther over this pack, which was worse than any ice we had come across since we began our voyage, we thought was useless. We should get very little distance in the day, and it might cost us dear with the kayaks on the short sledges, among all these ridges and hummocks; and so we lay there day and night waiting for the wind to go down or to change. But it blew from the same quarter the whole time, and matters were not improved by a heavy fall of snow which made the ice absolutely impracticable.

“ Our situation was not an attractive one; in front of us massive broken sea-ice close by land, and the gods alone know if it will open again this year; a good way behind us land* which looked anything but inviting to spend

* Helland's Foreland.