

the spoodrift was driven over the sea, and the spray was dashed far in over the ice. There was little else to be done but to pitch our tent and wait for better times. We were now more than ever in need of shelter to keep the tent from being torn by the wind, but, search and tramp up and down as we might, we could find no permanent resting-place, and at last had to content ourselves with the scant shelter of a little elevation which we thought would do. We had not lain long before the gusts of wind made such onslaughts on the tent that we found it advisable to take it down, to avoid having it torn to pieces. We could now sleep securely in our bags beneath the prostrate tent, and let the wind rage above us. After a time I awoke, and noticed that the wind had subsided so much that we could once more raise our tent, and I crept out to look at the weather. I was less pleasantly surprised on discovering that we were already far out to sea; we must have drifted eight or ten miles from land, and between it and us lay open sea. The land now lay quite low, far off on the horizon. In the meantime, however, the weather had considerably improved, and we once more set out along the edge of the ice to try to get our kayaks launched. But it was no easy matter. It was still blowing hard, and the sea ran high. In addition to this, there were a number of loose floes beyond, and these were in constant motion, so that we had to be on the alert to prevent the kayaks from being crushed between them. After