

some futile attempts we at length got afloat, but only to discover that the wind and the waves were too strong; we should scarcely be able to make any progress against them. Our only resource, therefore, was to sail, if this were practicable. We went alongside an ice promontory, lashed the kayaks together, raised the mast, and again put to sea. We soon had our single sail hoisted, and to our unspeakable satisfaction we now found that we got along capitally. At last we should be able to bid farewell to the ice, where we had been compelled to abandon our hope of reaching home that year. We now continued sailing hour after hour, and made good progress; but then the wind dropped too much for our single sail, and I ventured to set the whole double sail. Hardly had we done so, when the wind again sprang up, and we dashed foaming through the water. This soon, however, became a little too much; the sea washed over the lee kayak, the mast bent dangerously, and the situation did not look very pleasant; there was nothing for it but to lower the sail again as quickly as possible. The single sail was again hoisted, and we were cured for some time of wishing to try anything more.

We sailed steadily and well the whole day, and now at last had to pass the difficult cape; but it was evening before we left it behind, and now the wind dropped so much that the whole double sail had to be hoisted again, and even then progress was slow. We kept on, however, during the night, along the shore, determined to