

the ice was in constant motion; it ground round as in a whirlpool. If a channel opened, we had no sooner launched our kayaks than it once more closed violently, and we had to snatch them up in the greatest haste. Several times they were within a hair's-breadth of being smashed. Meanwhile the storm was steadily increasing, the spray dashed over us, and we drifted farther and farther out to sea. The situation was not pleasant.

At length, however, we got clear, and now discovered, to our joy, that by exerting our utmost strength we could just force the kayaks on against the wind. It was a hard pull, and our arms ached; but still we crept slowly on towards land. The sea was choppy and bad, but our kayaks were good sea-boats; and even mine, with the bullet-hole in it, did so well that I kept to some extent dry. The wind came now and then in such gusts that we felt as if it might lift us out of the water and upset us; but gradually, as we drew nearer in under the high cliffs, it became quieter, and at last, after a long time, we reached the shore, and could take breath. We then rowed in smoother water along the shore up to our camping-place. It was with genuine satisfaction that we clambered on shore that night, and how unspeakably comfortable it was to be lying again snugly within four walls in our little den, wet though we were! A good potful of meat was prepared, and our appetite was ravenous. It was, indeed, with sorrow that we thought of the lost walrus now drifting