

to sail along the edge of the ice, and determined to go to the water by the shortest way. We were quickly at the edge of the ice, and once more saw the blue water spread out before us. We soon had our kayaks lashed together and the sail up, and put to sea. Nor were our hopes disappointed; we sailed well all day long. At times the wind was so strong that we cut through the water, and the waves washed unpleasantly over our kayaks; but we got on, and we had to put up with being a little wet. We soon passed the point we had been making for,\* and here we saw that the land ran westward, that the edge of the unbroken shore-ice extended in the same direction, and that we had water, in front of us. In good spirits, we sailed westward along the margin of the ice. So we were at last at the south of the land in which we had been wandering for so long, and where we had spent a long winter. It struck me more than ever that, in spite of everything, this south coast would agree well with Leigh Smith's map of Franz Josef Land and the country surrounding their winter quarters; but then I remembered Payer's map and dismissed the thought.

In the evening we put in to the edge of the ice, so as to stretch our legs a little; they were stiff with sitting in the kayak all day, and we wanted to get a little view over the water to the west by ascending a hummock. As we went ashore the question arose as to how we

\* Cape Barents.