

Then we shall have done wrong in stopping here. Why did we not continue our journey to Spitzbergen? We should have been at home by now. The eye wanders out over the boundless white plain. Not one dark streak of water—ice, ice!—shut out from the world, from the throbbing life, the life that we believed to be so near.

“Low down on the horizon there is a strip of blue-gray cloud. Far, far away beyond the ice there is open water, and perhaps there, rocked on long swelling billows from the great ocean, lies the vessel which is to bear us to the familiar shores, the vessel which brings tidings from home and from those we love.

“Dream, dream of home and beauty! Stray bird, here among the ice and snow you will seek for them all in vain. Dream the golden dream of future reunion!

“Tuesday, July 21st. Have at last got a good wind from the north which is sending the ice out to sea. There is nothing but open sea to be seen this evening; now perhaps there is hope of soon seeing the vessel.

“Wednesday, July 22d. Continual changes and continual disappointments. Yesterday hope was strong; to-day the wind has changed to the southeast, and driven the ice in again. We may still have to wait a long time.

“Sunday, July 26th. The vessel has come at last. I was awakened this morning by feeling some one pull my legs. It was Jackson, who, with beaming countenance,