

too much of this mist! How many lanes and cracks we went across, how many huge ridges we clambered over, dragging the heavy sledges after us, I cannot say, but very many. They twisted and turned in all directions, and water and slush met us everywhere.

“But everything comes to an end, and so did this. After another two-and-a-half hours' severe exertion we had put the last lane behind us, and before us lay a lovely plain. Altogether we had now been at this sort of work for nearly twelve hours, and I had, in addition, followed the lane for three hours in the morning, which made fifteen altogether. We were thoroughly done, and wet too. How many times we had gone through the deceptive crust of snow which hides the water between the pieces of ice it is impossible to say. Once during the morning I had had a narrow escape. I was going confidently along on snow-shoes over what I supposed to be solid ice when suddenly the ground began to sink beneath me. Happily there were some pieces of ice not far off on which I succeeded in throwing myself, while the water washed over the snow I had just been standing on. I might have had a long swim for it through the slush, which would have been anything but pleasant, particularly seeing that I was alone.

“At last we had level ice before us; but, alas! our happiness was destined to be short-lived. From the dark belt of clouds on the sky we saw that a new channel was in prospect, and at eight in the evening we