

made into pancakes for dinner. It was remarkable how entirely I had got out of training for climbing in precipitous places. I well remember that the first time I went up the moraine with Jackson I had to stop and take breath every hundred paces or so. This was, no doubt, due to our long inactivity; perhaps, too, I had become somewhat anæmic during the winter in our lair. But there was more than that in it; the very height and steepness made me uneasy; I was inclined to turn dizzy, and had great difficulty in coming down again, preferring, if possible, simply to sit down and slide. After a while this passed off a little, and I became more accustomed to the heights again. I also became less short-winded, and at last I could climb almost like a normal human being.

In the meantime the days wore on, and still we saw nothing of the *Windward*. Johansen and I began to get a little impatient. We discussed the possibility that the ship might not make its way through the ice, and that we should have to winter here, after all. This idea was not particularly attractive to us—to be so near home and yet not to reach home. We regretted that we had not at once pushed on for Spitzbergen; perhaps we should by this time have reached the much-talked-of sloop. When we came to think of it, why on earth had we stopped here? That was easily explained. These people were so kind and hospitable to us that it would have been more than Spartan had we been able to resist their amiability. And then we had gone