

abandoned because it brought in no profit, not left unfinished because the cost of life and money were too great; but done, done with all our hearts and souls, to the very end.

To be able to believe that the work we have been doing is the work that God has given us to do, and to be able to say like our Saviour, "I have finished it," is the greatest happiness for any on earth. It must raise the standard of right among a people when they can say one to another with their hearts full, "He did his duty to the end," even if they have to add, "He died doing it."

And if they did die among the Arctic snows, starving, frozen, it is all over. And what is there so blessed in all the world as rest after labour, that rest of which surely Sir Philip Sidney must have been thinking when he wrote those tenderest of all tender lines—

"Come sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace,  
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe;  
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,  
The indifferent judge between the high and low;  
With shield of proof shield me from out the presse  
Of those fierce darts despair doth at me throw.  
Oh, make me in those civil wars to cease:  
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.  
Take thou of me sweet pillow, sweetest bed,  
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,  
A slumberous garland, and a weary head."

It is not too fanciful, surely, to think, and be glad when we think, that there is one chapter in our troubled national history which reads almost like an allegory of what our hearts and consciences tell us our own lives should be.

Thus we take leave of Arctic explorations. The broad channels, crowded with stately fleets of Indianmen, laden with silk, and gold, and spice, has