

applause), and we therefore wished her, and ourselves with her, long life (hear, hear!). After supper came strawberry and lemon punch, and prizes were presented with much ceremony and a good deal of fun; all being 'taken off' in turn in suitable mottoes, for the most part composed by the ship's doctor. There was a prize for each man. The first prize-taker was awarded the wooden cross of the Order of the *Fram*, to wear suspended from his neck by a ribbon of white tape; the last received a mirror, in which to see his fallen greatness. Smoking in the saloon was allowed this evening, so now pipes, toddy, and an animated game of whist ended a bright and successful holiday.

"Sitting here now alone, my thoughts involuntarily turn to the year that has gone since we stood up there on the platform, and she threw the champagne against the bow, saying: '*Fram* is your name!' and the strong, heavy hull began to glide so gently. I held her hand tight; the tears came into eyes and throat, and one could not get out a word. The sturdy hull dived into the glittering water; a sunny haze lay over the whole picture. Never shall I forget the moment we stood there together, looking out over the scene. And to think of all that has happened these four last months! Separated by sea and land and ice; coming years, too, lying between us—it is all just the continuation of what happened that day. But how long is it to last? I have such difficulty in feeling that I am not to see