

plished, we are making our way up the fjord as fast as sail and steam can carry us. On both sides of us the homeland lies smiling in the sun; and then . . . the sufferings of a thousand days and hours melt into a moment's inexpressible joy. Ugh! that was a bitter gust—I jump up and walk on. What am I dreaming about! so far yet from the goal—hundreds and hundreds of miles between us, ice and land and ice again. And we are drifting round and round in a ring, bewildered, attaining nothing, only waiting, always waiting, for what?

“‘I dreamt I lay on a grassy bank,  
And the sun shone warm and clear;  
I wakened on a desert isle,  
And the sky was black and drear.’

“One more look at the star of home, the one that stood that evening over Cape Chelyuskin, and I creep on board, where the windmill is turning in the cold wind, and the electric light is streaming out from the skylight upon the icy desolation of the Arctic night.

“Wednesday, November 8th. The storm (which we had had the two previous days) is quite gone down; not even enough breeze for the mill. We tried letting the dogs sleep on the ice last night, instead of bringing them on board in the evening, as we have been doing lately. The result was that another dog was torn to pieces during the night. It was ‘Ulabrand,’ the old brown, toothless fellow, that went this time. ‘Job’ and ‘Moses’ had gone the same way before. Yesterday