

There are no further particulars given of this day in the diary; but when I think of it, how clearly it all comes back to me! There was a peculiar elevation of mood on board that was not at all common among us. Every man's inmost thoughts were with those at home; but his comrades were not to know that, and so there was more joking and laughing than usual. All the lamps and lights we had on board were lit, and every corner of the saloon and cabins was brilliantly illuminated. The bill of fare for the day, of course, surpassed any previous one—food was the chief thing we had to hold festival with. The dinner was a very fine one indeed; so was the supper, and after it piles of Christmas cakes came on the table; Juell had been busy making them for several weeks. After that we enjoyed a glass of toddy and a cigar, smoking in the saloon being, of course, allowed. The culminating point of the festival came when two boxes with Christmas presents were produced. The one was from Hansen's mother, the other from his *fiancée*—Miss Fougner. It was touching to see the childlike pleasure with which each man received his gift—it might be a pipe or a knife or some little knickknack—he felt that it was like a message from home. After this there were speeches; and then the *Framsjaa* appeared, with an illustrated supplement, selections from which are given. The drawings are the work of the famous Arctic draughtsman, Huttetu. Here are two verses from the poem for the day: