

“ When the ship's path is stopped by fathom-thick ice,
 And winter's white covering is spread,
 When we're quite given up to the power of the stream,
 Oh! 'tis then that so often of home we must dream.

“ We wish them all joy at this sweet Christmas-tide,
 Health and happiness for the next year,
 Ourselves patience to wait; 'twill bring us to the Pole,
 And home the next spring, never fear!”



I.—PROMENADE IN TIMES OF PEACE WITH SVERDRUP'S
 PATENT FOOT-GEAR

(From the "Fransjaa")

There were many more poems, among others one giving some account of the principal events of the last weeks, in this style:

“ Bears are seen, and dogs are born,
 Cakes are baked, both small and large;
 Henriksen, he does not fall,
 Spite of bear's most violent charge;
 Mogstad with his rifle clicks,
 Jacobsen with long lance sticks.”