

of every kind, relaxation in the shape of cards, chess, dominoes, halma, music, and story-telling—how should any one be ill? Every now and then I hear remarks expressive of perfect satisfaction with the life. Truly the whole secret lies in arranging things sensibly, and especially in being careful about the food. A thing that I believe has a good effect upon us is this living together in the one saloon, with everything in common. So far as I know, it is the first time that such a thing has been tried; but it is quite to be recommended. I have heard some of the men complain of sleeplessness. This is generally considered to be one inevitable consequence of the Arctic darkness. As far as I am personally concerned, I can say that I have felt nothing of it; I sleep soundly at night. I have no great belief in this sleeplessness; but then I do not take an after-dinner nap, which most of the others are addicted to; and if they sleep for several hours during the day they can hardly expect to sleep all night as well. 'One must be awake part of one's time,' as Sverdrup said.

"Sunday, December 31st. And now the last day of the year has come; it has been a long year, and has brought much both of good and bad. It began with good by bringing little Liv—such a new, strange happiness that at first I could hardly believe in it. But hard, unspeakably hard, was the parting that came later; no year has brought worse pain than that. And the time since has been one great longing.