

And tears of joy thine eyes will rain,
 The day the *Fram* comes steering
 Up fjord again to music strain,
 And the roar of thousands cheering.

“‘E. N.’

“ Then I read aloud our last greeting, a telegram we received at Tromsö from Moltke Moe:

“‘ Luck on the way,
 Sun on the sea,
 Sun on your minds,
 Help from the winds;
 May the packed floes
 Part and unclose
 Where the ship goes.
 Forward her progress be,
 E'en though the silent sea,
 Then
 After her freeze up again.

“‘ Strength enough, meat enough,
 Hope enough, heat enough;
 The *Fram* will go sure enough then
 To the Pole and so back to the dwellings of men.
 Luck on the way
 To thee and thy band,
 And welcome back to the fatherland!’

“ After this we read some of Vinje's poems, and then sang songs from the *Framsjaa* and others.

“ It seems strange that we should have seen the New Year in already, and that it will not begin at home for eight hours yet. It is almost 4 A.M. now. I had thought of sitting up till it was New Year in Norway too; but no; I will rather go to bed and sleep, and dream that I am at home.