

“Monday, January 1st, 1894. The year began well. I was awakened by Juell’s cheerful voice wishing me a Happy New Year. He had come to give me a cup of coffee in bed—delicious Turkish coffee, his Christmas present from Miss Fougner. It is beautiful clear weather, with the thermometer at  $36^{\circ}$  below zero ( $-38^{\circ}$  C.). It almost seems to me as if the twilight in the south were beginning to grow; the upper edge of it to-day was  $14^{\circ}$  above the horizon.

“An extra good dinner at 6 P.M.

1. Tomato soup.
2. Cod roe with melted butter and potatoes.
3. Roast reindeer, with green pease, potatoes, and cranberry jam.
4. Cloudbberries with milk.

Ringnes beer.

“I do not know if this begins to give any impression of great sufferings and privations. I am lying in my berth, writing, reading, and dreaming. It is always a curious feeling to write for the first time the number of a New Year. Not till then does one grasp the fact that the old year is a thing of the past; the new one is here, and one must prepare to wrestle with it. Who knows what it is bringing? Good and evil, no doubt, but most good. It cannot but be that we shall go forward towards our goal and towards home.

“‘Life is rich and wreathed in roses;  
Gaze forth into a world of dreams.’