

ervation showed  $80^{\circ} 4'$  north latitude. But why so dispirited? I am staring myself blind at one single point—am thinking solely of reaching the Pole and forcing our way through to the Atlantic Ocean. And all the time our real task is to explore the unknown polar regions. Are we doing nothing in the service of science? It will be a goodly collection of observations that we shall take home with us from this region, with which we are now rather too well acquainted. The rest is, and remains, a mere matter of vanity. 'Love truth more, and victory less.'

"I look at Eilif Peterssen's picture, a Norwegian pine forest, and I am there in spirit. How marvellously lovely it is there now, in the spring, in the dim, melancholy stillness that reigns among the stately stems! I can feel the damp moss in which my foot sinks softly and noiselessly; the brook, released from the winter bondage, is murmuring through the clefts and among the rocks, with its brownish-yellow water; the air is full of the scent of moss and pine-needles; while overhead, against the light-blue sky, the dark pine-tops rock to and fro in the spring breeze, ever uttering their murmuring wail, and beneath their shelter the soul fearlessly expands its wings and cools itself in the forest dew.

"O solemn pine forest, the only confidant of my childhood, it was from you I learned nature's deepest tones—its wildness, its melancholy! You colored my soul for life.

"Alone—far in the forest—beside the glowing embers