

bound by the marvellous hues which evening wears. The ice-hills steeped in bluish-violet shadows, against the orange-tinted sky, illumined by the glow of the setting sun, form as it were a strange color-poem, imprinting an ineffaceable picture on the soul. And these bright, dream-like nights, how many associations they have for us Northmen! One pictures to one's self those mornings in spring when one went out into the forest after blackcock, under the dim stars, and with the pale crescent moon peering over the tree-tops. Dawn, with its glowing hues up here in the north, is the breaking of a spring day over the forest wilds at home; the hazy blue vapor beneath the morning glow turns to the fresh early mist over the marshes; the dark low clouds on a background of dim red seem like distant ranges of hills.

“Daylight here, with its rigid, lifeless whiteness, has no attractions; but the evening and night thaw the heart of this world of ice; it dreams mournful dreams, and you seem to hear in the hues of the evening sounds of its smothered wail. Soon these will cease, and the sun will circle round the everlasting light-blue expanse of heaven, imparting one uniform color to day and night alike.

“Friday, April 6th. A remarkable event was to take place to-day which, naturally, we all looked forward to with lively interest. It was an eclipse of the sun. During the night Hansen had made a calculation that the eclipse would begin at 12.56 o'clock. It was important for us to be able to get a good observation, as we should thus be