

draw home the dead bears that I had shot; but they had barely reached the spot where the encounter had taken place, when Johansen and Blessing, who were in advance of the others, saw two fresh bears spring up from behind a hummock a little way off. But before they could get their guns in readiness the bears were out of range; so a new hunt began. Johansen tore after them in his snowshoes, but several of the dogs got in front of him and kept the bears going, so that he could not get within range, and his chase ended as fruitlessly as mine.

“Has good-luck abandoned us? I had plumed myself on our never having shot at a single bear without bagging it; but to-day. . .! Odd that we should get a visit from four bears on one day, after having seen nothing of them for three months! Does it signify something? Have we got near the land in the northwest which I have so long expected? There seems to be change in the air. An observation the day before yesterday gave  $80^{\circ} 15'$  north latitude, the most northerly we have had yet.

“Sunday, April 15th. So we are in the middle of April! What a ring of joy in that word, a well-spring of happiness! Visions of spring rise up in the soul at its very mention—a time when doors and windows are thrown wide open to the spring air and sun, and the dust of winter is blown away; a time when one can no longer sit still, but must perforce go out-of-doors to inhale the perfume of wood and field and fresh-dug earth, and behold the fjord, free from ice, sparkling

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