

Fully equipped, it weighs 30.5 kilos. (60 lbs.). I think it will prove a first-rate contrivance. Sverdrup and I tried it on a pool. It carried us splendidly, and was so stiff that even sitting on the deck we could handle it quite comfortably. It will easily carry two men with full equipment for 100 days. A handier or more practical craft for regions like this I cannot well imagine.

“Sunday, August 5th.  $81^{\circ} 7'$  north latitude.

“‘I can't forget the sparkling fjord  
When the church boat rows in the morning.’

“ Brilliant summer weather. I bathe in the sun and dream I am at home either on the high mountains or—heaven knows why—on the fjords of the west coast. The same white fleecy clouds in the clear blue summer sky; heaven arches itself overhead like a perfect dome, there is nothing to bar one's way, and the soul rises up unfettered beneath it. What matters it that the world below is different—the ice no longer single glittering glaciers, but spread out on every hand? Is it not these same fleecy clouds far away in the blue expanse that the eye looks for at home on a bright summer day? Sailing on these, fancy steers its course to the land of wistful longing. And it is just at these glittering glaciers in the distance that we direct our longing gaze. Why should not a summer day be as lovely here? Ah, yes! it is lovely, pure as a dream, without desire, without sin; a poem of clear white