

among the lanes and hummocks. It was so wonderfully calm and still. Not a sound to be heard but the drip, drip of water from a block of ice, and the dull sound of a snow-slip from some hummock in the distance. The sun is low down in the north, and overhead is the pale blue dome of heaven, with gold-edged clouds. The profound peace of the Arctic solitudes. My thoughts fly free and far. If one could only give utterance to all that stirs one's soul on such an evening as this! What an incomprehensible power one's surroundings have over one!

"Why is it that at times I complain of the loneliness? With Nature around one, with one's books and studies, one can never be quite alone.

"Thursday, August 16th. Yesterday evening, as I was lying in my berth reading, and all except the watch had turned in, I heard the report of a gun on deck over my head. Thinking it was a bear, I hurriedly put on my sea-boots and sprang on deck. There I saw Johansen bareheaded, rifle in hand. 'Was it you that fired the shot?' 'Yes. I shot at the big hummock yonder—I thought something was stirring there, and I wanted to see what it was, but it seems to have been nothing.' I went to the railings and looked out. 'I fancied it was a bear that was after our meat—but it was nothing.' As we stood there one of the dogs came jogging along from the big hummock. 'There, you see what you have shot at,' I said, laughing. 'I'm bothered