

Johansen's kayak during the catastrophe of a couple of days ago; and after a glorious meal we turned into the bag at 8 o'clock yesterday morning.

"At midday, again, I got up and went out to take a meridian altitude. The weather was brilliant, and it was so long since we had had anything of the kind that I could hardly remember it. I sat up on the hummock, waiting for the sun to come to the meridian, basking in its rays, and looking out over the stretches of ice, where the snow glittered and sparkled on all sides, and at the pool in front of me lying shining and still as a mountain lake, and reflecting its icy banks in the clear water. Not a breath of wind stirred—so still, so still; and the sun baked, and I dreamed myself at home. . . .

"Before going into the tent I went to fetch some salt-water for the soup we were to have for breakfast; but just at that moment a seal came up by the side of the ice, and I ran back for my gun and kayak. Out on the water I discovered that it was leaking like a sieve from lying in the sun, and I had to paddle back faster than I had come out, to avoid sinking. As I was emptying the kayak, up came the seal again in front of me, and this time my shot took effect; the animal lay floating on the water like a cork. It was not many minutes before I had the leaking craft on the water again, and my harpoon in the animal's neck. I towed it in while the kayak gradually filled, and my legs, or, rather, that part which follows closely above the legs when one is sitting