

our silent festival in the spirit, and think of the spring.

“ In my walk I look at Jupiter over there above the crest of the mountain—Jupiter, the planet of the home; it seems to smile at us, and I recognize my good attendant spirit. Am I superstitious? This life and this scenery might well make one so; and, in fact, is not every one superstitious, each in his own way? Have not I a firm belief in my star, and that we shall meet again? It has scarcely forsaken me for a day. Death, I believe, can never approach before one's mission is accomplished—never comes without one feeling its proximity; and yet a cold fate may one day cut the thread without warning.

“ Tuesday, December 24th. At 2 P.M. to-day — 24° C. (11.2° below zero, Fahr.). And this is Christmas-eve—cold and windy out-of-doors, and cold and draughty indoors. How desolate it is! Never before have we had such a Christmas-eve.

“ At home the bells are now ringing Christmas in. I can hear their sound as it swings through the air from the church tower. How beautiful it is!

“ Now the candles are being lighted on the Christmas-trees, the children are let in and dance round in joyous delight. I must have a Christmas party for children when I get home. This is the time of rejoicing, and there is feasting in every cottage at home. And we are keeping the festival in our little way. Johansen has