

“Johansen is asleep, and making the hut resound. I am glad his mother cannot see him now. She would certainly pity her boy, so black and grimy and ragged as he is, with sooty streaks all over his face. But wait, only wait! She shall have him again, safe and sound and fresh and rosy.

“Wednesday, January 8th. Last night the wind blew the sledge to which our thermometer was hanging out over the slope. Stormy weather outside—furious weather, almost taking away your breath if you put your head out. We lie here trying to sleep—sleep the time away. But we cannot always do it. Oh, those long sleepless nights when you turn from side to side, kick your feet to put a little warmth into them, and wish for only one thing in the world—sleep! The thoughts are constantly busy with everything at home, but the long, heavy body lies here trying in vain to find an endurable position among the rough stones. However, time crawls on, and now little Liv’s birthday has come. She is three years old to-day, and must be a big girl now. Poor little thing! You don’t miss your father now, and next birthday I shall be with you, I hope. What good friends we shall be! You shall ride a-cockhorse, and I will tell you stories from the north about bears, foxes, walruses, and all the strange ani-

to be formed only when the temperature sank lower than it had previously been in the course of that winter; at least, it was only then that we heard the rumblings.