

we were more inclined to go out. Besides, it was not always so cold now, and we had to restrict our sleep a little. Then, too, the time for our departure was approaching, and we had plenty to occupy us in the way of preparation and so forth.

“Tuesday, February 25th. Lovely weather to be out in to-day; it is as though spring were beginning. We have seen the first birds—first a flock of half a score of little auks (*Mergulus alle*), then a flock of four; they came from the south along the land, evidently through the sound in the southeast, and disappeared behind the mountain crest to the northwest of us. Once more we heard their cheerful twittering, and it roused a responsive echo in the soul. A little later we heard it again, and then it seemed as if they were perched on the mountain above us. It was the first greeting from life. Blessed birds, how welcome you are!

“It was quite like a spring evening at home; the sun’s red glow faded little by little into golden clouds, and the moon rose. I went up and down outside, and dreamt I was in Norway on a spring evening.

“Wednesday, February 26th. To-day we ought to have had the sun again, but the sky was cloudy.

“Friday, February 28th. I have discovered that it is possible to get 12 threads out of a bit of twine, and am as happy as a king. We have thread enough now, and our wind clothes shall be whole once more. It is possible, too, to ravel out the canvas in the bags, and use it for thread.