

the seams in both kayaks with stearine; so now we hope we shall be able to go on in quite sound boats. In the meantime the walruses are lying outside, staring at us with their great, round eyes, grunting and blowing, and now and then clambering up on the edge of the ice, as though they wanted to drive us away.

“Tuesday, June 23d.

“Do I sleep? Do I dream?  
Do I wonder and doubt?  
Are things what they seem?  
Or are visions about?”

What has happened? I can still scarcely grasp it. How incessant are the vicissitudes in this wandering life! A few days ago swimming in the water for dear life, attacked by walrus, living the savage life which I have lived for more than a year now, and sure of a long journey before us over ice and sea through unknown regions before we should meet with other human beings—a journey full of the same ups and downs, the same disappointments, that we have become so accustomed to—and now living the life of a civilized European, surrounded by everything that civilization can afford of luxury and good living, with abundance of water, soap, towels, clean, soft woollen clothes, books, and everything that we have been sighing for all these weary months.

“It was past midday on June 17th when I turned out to prepare breakfast. I had been down to the edge of