

and began to inquire more particularly about the *Fram* and the others.

“Then we arrived at the house, a low Russian timber hut lying on a flat terrace, an old shore-line beneath the mountain, and 50 feet above the sea. It was surrounded by a stable and four circular tent-houses, in which stores were kept. We entered a comfortable, warm nest in the midst of these desolate, wintry surroundings, the roof and walls covered with green cloth. On the walls hung photographs, etchings, photo-lithographs, and shelves everywhere, containing books and instruments; under the roof clothes and shoes hung drying, and from the little stove in the middle of the floor of this cozy room the warm coal fire shone out a hospitable welcome. A strange feeling came over me as I seated myself in a comfortable chair in these unwonted surroundings. At one stroke of changing fate all responsibility, all troubles were swept away from a mind that had been oppressed by them during three long years; I was in a safe haven, in the midst of the ice, and the longings of three years were lulled in the golden sunshine of the dawning day. My duty was done; my task was ended; now I could rest, only rest and wait.

“A carefully soldered tin packet was handed to me; it contained letters from Norway. It was almost with a trembling hand and a beating heart that I opened it; and there were tidings, only good tidings, from home. A delightful feeling of peace settled upon the soul.