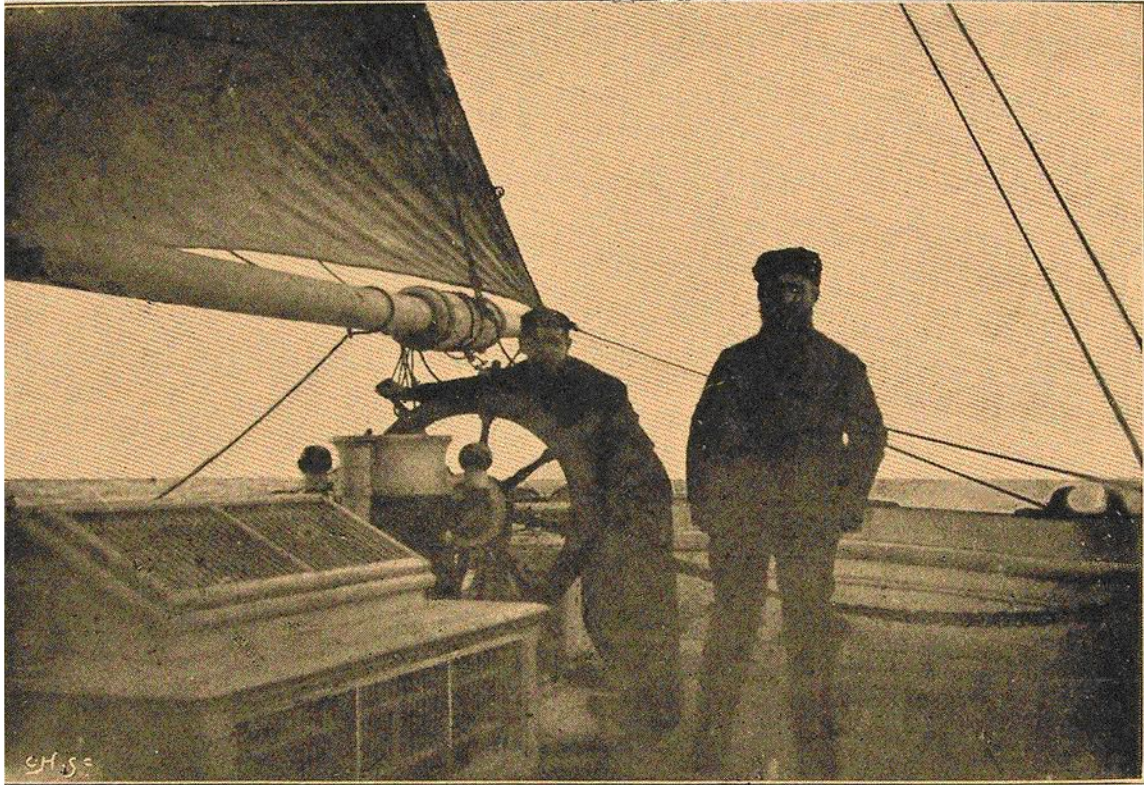


was it? I saw it on the starboard bow, stretching low and even towards the south. I looked again and again. It was land, it was Norway! I stood as if turned to stone, and gazed and gazed out into the night at this



“WE STOOD LOOKING OVER THE SEA”

same dark line, and fear began to tremble in my breast. What were the tidings that awaited me there?

When I came on deck next morning we were close under the land. It was a bare and naked shore we had come up to, scarcely more inviting than the land we had left up in the mist of the Arctic Ocean—but it was Norway. The captain had mistaken the coast in the night and had come in too far north, and we were still to have