

replied with a ninefold Norwegian hurrah. We dropped our anchor, and the next moment the *Otaria* was boarded by the *Fram's* sturdy crew.

The meeting which followed I shall not attempt to describe. I don't think any of us knew anything clearly, except that we were all together again—we were in Norway—and the expedition had fulfilled its task.

Then we set off together southward along the Norwegian coast. First came the tug *Haalogaland*, chartered by the government; then the *Fram*, heavy and slow, but so much the surer; and last the elegant *Otaria*, with my wife and me on board—which was to take us to Trondhjem. What a blessed sensation it was to sit in peace at last, and see others take the lead and pick out the way!

Wherever we passed, the heart of the Norwegian people went out to us, from the steamers crowded with holiday-making townsfolk, and from the poorest fishing-boat that lay alone among the skerries. It seemed as if old Mother Norway were proud of us, as if she pressed us in a close and warm embrace, and thanked us for what we had done. And what was it, after all? We had only done our duty; we had simply accomplished the task we had undertaken; and it was we who owed her thanks for the right to sail under her flag. I remember one morning in particular. It was in Brönösund—the morning was still gray and chill when I was called up—there were so many people who wanted to greet us. I was half