

ful barren coast stretching ahead in the sunshine, I realized to the full for the first time how near this land and this people lay to my heart. If we had sent a single gleam of sunlight over their lives, these three years had not been wasted.

“This Norway, this Norway . . .
It is dear to us, so dear,
And no people has a fairer land than this our homeland here.
Oh, the shepherding in spring,
When the birds begin to sing,
When the mountain-peak glitters and green grows the lea,
And the turbulent river sweeps brown to the sea! . . .
Whoso knows Norway must well understand
How her sons can suffer for such a land.”

One felt all the vitality and vigor throbbing in this people, and saw as in a vision its great and rich future, when all its prisoned forces shall be unfettered and set free.

Now one had returned to life, and it stretched before one full of light and hope. Then came the evenings when the sun sank far out behind the blue sea, and the clear melancholy of autumn lay over the face of the waters. It was too beautiful to believe in. A feeling of dread came over one; but the silhouette of a woman's form, standing out against the glow of the evening sky, gave peace and security.

So we passed from town to town, from fête to fête, along the coast of Norway. It was on September 9th that the *Fram* steamed up Christiania Fjord and met