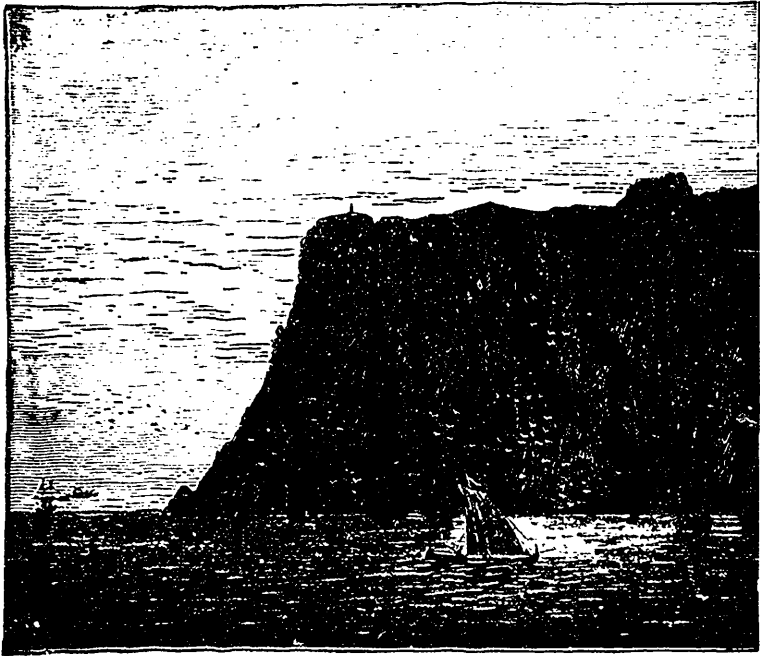


cogent reason that we could not help it. We were shipwrecked.

At a certain stage of a boy's life it is the height of his ambition to go to sea and get shipwrecked, to live on a raft, to cast lots as to who shall be served for dinner each day, and finally to reach some island paradise. My own longings and ambitions took this shape at one time, but a touch of the reality on the mist-covered Arctic Ocean quenched them

to describe how we all fell into this predicament.

I had come up from Drontheim to Hammerfest on the "Haakon Jarl" to see what was to be seen at that remote end of the earth. Our good ship was not to pass the North Cape, so a number of us waited in Hammerfest for another steamer which was to touch there. We stopped at the North Pole Hotel, and spent two or three days very pleasantly. As



THE NORTH CAPE.

for ever. The joys of possession rarely equal one's fond anticipation. To get your feet soaked with ice-water, to be drenched with driving rain, to fast all day on a ship's biscuit, and to shiver away the hours under a leaky sail for a tent, look very delightful and romantic no doubt from a sufficient distance, but in practice they don't prove satisfactory.

But it will be in order, perhaps,

is well known, it is one's chief duty on a summer's trip to Hammerfest to see the midnight sun. We did our duty. We were rowed out on the fjord one night to see his cheerful face over the waves, and we climbed a mountain the next night to see him again.

One some way expects that the midnight sun shall have something peculiar, awe-inspiring, weird, and poetic about him; but he has not.