

party, or traces of the dead which represented it, had been found nearly a thousand miles to the south of where we had been searching for them. He knew it; for the priest (Pastor Kraag) had a German newspaper which told all about it. And so we "out oars" again, and rowed into the fogs.

CHAPTER
LXI.

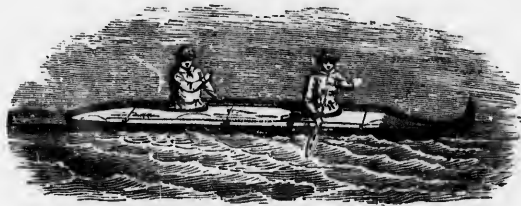
Another sleeping-halt has passed, and we have all washed clean at the fresh-water basins and furbished up our ragged furs and woollens. Kasarsoak, the snow top of Sanderson's Hope, shows itself above the mists, and we hear the yelling of the dogs. Petersen had been foreman of the settlement, and he calls my attention, with a sort of pride, to the tolling of the workmen's bell. It is six o'clock. We are nearing the end of our trials. Can it be a dream?—

Preparing
to land.

We hugged the land by the big harbour, turned the corner by the old brew-house, and in the midst of a crowd of children, hauled up our boats for the last time upon the rocks.

The boats
hauled up

For eighty-four days we had lived in the open air. Our habits were hard and weather-worn. We could not remain within the four walls of a house without a distressing sense of suffocation. But we drank coffee that night before many a hospitable threshold, and listened again and again to the hymn of welcome, which, sung by many voices, greeted our deliverance.

A hymn of
welcome.

GREENLANDER'S CANOE.