

'Surely not the pilot Ryp, who came with us from Holland, and with his ship parted from us at Spitzbergen. Impossible, for he must have long ago died of his hardships, as he went further north even than we did.'

But it so happened that Hemskerk possessed some handwriting of this Ryp—a letter the pilot had written to him before—and, by comparing the two, and seeing the writing in both to be exactly alike, he felt convinced that the man he had believed dead was still alive.

'Yes, it is his own handwriting. He is still living,' he exclaimed, in a tone of the greatest delight. The men shouted for joy, and the Laplander was richly rewarded.

On the following morning, that of the 30th of August, while the whole ship's company were still gazing in eager hopeful expectation towards the sea and the River Kola, they saw a barque gliding towards them down-stream. She lay to, and several men disembarked, shouting for joy. The poor sailors had been so long accustomed to trouble that they could scarcely bring themselves to believe that these shouts and this gladness could have anything to do with them, but the new-comers rushed with open arms to their astonished messmates. Yes, it was Cornelius Ryp himself waiting in readiness to meet his companions and bear them home safely to their native land. Never could he have deemed it possible that Providence had chosen him to be their deliverer. Hemskerk said in his diary, 'It seemed to us all as if we had been raised from the dead.'