

"I close my eyes. I hear a voice singing to me :

" ' In amongst the fragrant birch,
In amongst the flowers' perfume,
Deep into the pinewood's church.' "

"Monday, November 19th. Confounded affectation all this Weltschmerz; you have no right to be anything but a happy man. And if you feel out of spirits, it ought to cheer you up simply to go on deck and look at these seven puppies that come frisking and springing about you, and are ready to tear you to pieces in sheer enjoyment of life. Life is sunshine to them, though the sun has long since gone, and they live on deck beneath a tent, so that they cannot even see the stars. There is 'Kvik,' the mother of the family, among them, looking so plump and contented as she wags her tail. Have you not as much reason to be happy as they? Yet they too have their misfortunes. The afternoon of the day before yesterday, as I was sitting at work, I heard the mill going round and round, and Peter taking food to the puppies, which as usual had a bit of a fight over the meat pan; and it struck me that the axle of the mill, whirling unguarded on the deck, was an extremely dangerous affair for them. Ten minutes later I heard a dog howling, a more long-drawn, uncomfortable kind of howl than was usual when they were fighting; and at the same moment the mill slowed down. I rushed out. There I saw a puppy right in the axle, whirling round with it and howling piteously, so that it cut one to the soul. Bentzen was hanging on to the brake rope, hauling at it with all his might and main; but still the mill went round. My first idea was to seize an axe that was lying there to put the dog out of its misery, its cries were so heartrending; but on second thoughts I hurried on to help Bentzen, and we got the mill stopped. At the same moment Mogstad also came up, and while we held the mill he managed to set the puppy free. Apparently there was still some life in it, and he set to work to rub it gently and coax it. The hair of its coat