

The second day, however, I awoke with a headache, brought on no doubt by sleeping in a close atmosphere, as the wind had freshened so much that all the ports were shut, and as mine leaked and was not tightly enough screwed I had cold water douches all night at uncertain intervals. I covered myself in waterproofs and shawls, but all was useless. For the next two days I felt rather wretched, it got quite cold, and I began to think I would be happier at home; but I very soon changed my mind after even my first day in Norway. We reached Trondjhem on Monday, July 12th, just after breakfast. It is the largest town so far north in Europe—it was the old capital. I landed with some friends who were on board with their son, I had known them in India. They ordered a carriage and a pair of ponies to take us to the Lofus Falls, about an hour's drive. To me the drive through quite a new country was charming, especially as the weather was all that could be wished—the first fine day—for we heard it had rained for a month before. The roads, as might be expected were very heavy and full of ruts, the sun shone in rather a sulky way, and only came out altogether every now and then. The children we saw were often quite pretty, very fair with blue eyes. They seemed very much at their ease, and came flying after us with plates of wild strawberries, and very dirty hands that "offered early flowers," just as they do in the Riviera and Italy. We passed fields full of every kind of wild flower; I never saw them so lovely and luxuriant as in Norway. We were very much interested in the way that they dry their hay by hanging it on hurdles, a very good way for a wet country. It seems to be the universal custom, at least we saw it at every place we stopped at. We spent more than an hour at the waterfall, which is very fine; one gets a good view by looking through the window of a mill just above. I was much struck by the ponies, they look so well cared for and happy, it was quite a pleasure to see them. The houses here are chiefly of wood, many of them with beautiful flowers in the windows inside the glass, which seems to be the usual place for them in Norway, and they seem to grow and thrive much better than ours in England. I saw lovely ones everywhere we went. They say their climate here is not more severe in winter than ours in England. I saw in one of the streets a most formidable black bull blindfolded, with a man holding on to each horn, and another to a rope fastened to a ring in his nose, and yet they seemed afraid he might get away, which he was trying to do. In the country we passed a white one, led in the same way, only not blindfolded. We had luncheon on our return at the Hotel d'Angleterre, and were kept waiting very long for it, though we had ordered it in the morning. We went afterwards to see the beautiful old Cathedral which they are restoring, but found it shut until 6 p.m., so we waited in the churchyard. Nearly every grave was decked with flowers, which they renew every Sunday. Many of them were in large chalice-shaped cups, made of painted tin. It seemed a favorite rendezvous of the people. There were many sitting or walking about. Punctually at 6 o'clock we were admitted, and shown round the Cathedral and the octagon chapel. The High Altar in grey and white stone is the most exquisite I have ever seen. They sell photographs and curiosities to help the restoration fund. It was now time to think of going on board for dinner. I saw nothing I cared to buy except fur and feather rugs. They make pretty soap-stone things, and curious quaint glass monsters. When we left the ship in the morning the sea was perfectly calm, but on our return a sudden squall came on, and the sea dashed into the little steam launch, which took us to the ship, in a most alarming way, drenching many of us, and we were glad indeed to find ourselves safely on board.

From this on until our return from the North Cape it was really never dark, and the cocks would crow at the most unseasonable hours. As it was always daylight they did not know when to stop, until at last one wished that they would follow the example of Lord Dufferin's cock, of which he tells us in his charming "Letters from High Latitudes," and jump overboard.

After leaving Trondjhem we had delightful weather as far as Tromsø, and very warm, in fact the farther north we went the warmer we found it, though I believe this is exceptional. It was indeed "Sailing on a Summer Sea." We passed several small ships, built very much after the model of those of the Vikings, coming from the north, laden with wood and dried fish, going to Bergen, from whence they bring coffins filled with bread.

On the 14th, Wednesday, about 4 a.m., we stopped at Torghatten, a lonely island, where the mountain has a wonderful natural arch through it, something like the grotto at Posilipo, near Naples—only that the latter is artificial. I was fast asleep, but the shrill steam whistle awoke me, and soon one heard the usual cry, "Any ladies or gentlemen for the shore?" Though I had only been four hours in bed I jumped up, and very soon after appeared on deck, just in time to get into the first boat, and very glad I was that I did get up, as I was amply repaid, though I had to walk through a marshy bit of ground and to climb for more than half an hour, by the lovely views on the way and the delight of getting to the top and looking through that wonderful hole. On the way down we got some beautiful moss and flowers. We were glad to have our baths and breakfast, as we had started without any. The whole of that day we passed charming scenery. The Seven Sisters Mountain and the Horseman's Island were very striking. The latter is so called from being so like a man on horseback covered with a cloak, about which there is a curious old saga. In the evening we reached the Svartisen glacier and anchored. We had hardly done dinner, but everyone rushed on deck, and certainly it was one of the loveliest sights I ever saw. The glacier comes down to the sea, divided by a mountain into two arms, the crevasses are deep blue, and altogether the scene was perfect—that lovely little fjord, some of the mountains quite bare, rugged and wild, others covered with trees and vegetation, such waves of color and that mass of ice like a waterfall on a level with the sea—whereas the glaciers in Switzerland are thousands of feet above it. We went on shore at once, and as the boat was not brought quite near enough to the shore for us to land without getting ourselves wet, one of the party, a

stalwart young Scotchman, jumped into the water and, with the help of a sailor, made a sodan chair and so carried us on shore. We set off over a very rough road to the glacier, but it was so slippery that we only ventured on a little way. Soon the steam whistle sounded, and slowly and sadly we left a scene of such marvellous beauty, I shall never forget it. I could not think of going to bed as we steamed past this enchanted land, though I had got up so early that morning. Soon after 11 the moon rose from behind a solemn dark peak, in shape like the Matterhorn, looking unnaturally large, and mingled her light with the sun's. It was past 1 a.m. before I could decide myself to go to sleep and shut my eyes for a time on such beauty, and even then the people were rowing about in little boats as if it was the middle of the day.

Thursday, 15th. Just a week to-day since we started. All day we sailed among the Lofoden Islands, and passed exquisite scenery. We anchored at Tromsø about 9 p.m., and at once boats were got ready to take us on shore. The party divided, some going up a steep hill opposite to the town on the other side of the harbor. I stayed with those who preferred the town. Here we saw the first Lapps, and very ugly they were, both men and women. One man in particular had a most repulsive face, a type of low cunning and looked as if he was very fond of drink, which no doubt he was. They are indescribably dirty, and, they say, never wash themselves, but they look quaint and picturesque in their short dresses of skins, leather leggings, pointed shoes and knives—all made of some part of the reindeer—except the blades of their knives. The women wear gay colored cloth caps, sitting tightly round their matted hair. They must feel it very hot, as it was quite 80 degrees in the shade. They are very small, and their numbers are gradually decreasing. The shops amused us very much. I bought some gulls' eggs and pretty baskets. There are good furs, much cheaper than at home. When we had bought what we wanted, we hurried up the hill behind the town to see the midnight sun. It does not set at all at this time of the year, but sinks gradually near the horizon, and as gradually rises again. At 12 o'clock it was still in sight, and quite dazzled me. Soon after, it slowly got higher and brighter. The moon was quite overpowered though she was full. It reminded me of the scene in "Alice in Wonderland," where it says:

The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might;
And this was rather odd,
As 'twas the middle of the night

The moon was shining sulkily,
She thought he had no business to be there,
After the day was done,
'Tis very rude of him, she said, to come and spoil the fun.

It was indeed Wonderland as we wandered through the wood, carpeted with moss and ferns, and bright with starry flowers. We seemed to have come to the very land of the "lotos-eaters" with its "charmed sunset," where it was "always afternoon," and where "all round the coast the languid air did swoon." I was sorry when one had to think of coming back to ordinary life again, and wondered my way reluctantly towards the harbor. The streets were full of people and children playing, and when I asked if they ever went to bed, they said 2 a.m. was the usual time. I thought the people both here and everywhere we went had charming manners, the men usually raising their hats to me, and children dropping the most fascinating little curtsies. We noticed as we rowed to the ship a most delightful breeze and that indescribable feeling of freshness which only comes at dawn, and this in spite of the sun never having ceased shining. A lady told me that she and her husband lost their way and got into the grounds of a pretty villa near the town, and the lady of the house invited them to go in. Her drawing-room was so pretty with a great deal of her own work, which she had done in the long winter evenings. She had several visitors, as midnight is the fashionable hour for visiting in the summer at Tromsø. It was nearly 2 a.m. before we were on board, and very kindly a supper was ready for us. I really hardly felt as if I wanted any sleep, and indeed I did not have much, as at 5.30 I was called to have my bath, as the one thing indispensable to me is plenty of water and time, first for my salt water bath and after it fresh water and soap.

ALBINA MURRAY ROLLAND.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL ECHOES.

Herr Klingentfield's numerous friends in Halifax are much pleased to welcome him back from the U. S., and only wish he could be induced to remain here permanently.

Though our musical taste has greatly developed in the last few years, an artist like Herr Klingentfield needs a wider field for the exercise of his talents than Halifax can yet offer.

Polonaise, piano; Mazurka, piano, C. H. Porter. Mr. C. H. Porter's name on the title page is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the pieces recently published. They will amply repay the careful study requisite to render them effectively and prove most attractive, his work being always fresh, vigorous, and out of the beaten track.

Josef Hofmann, the young pianist, who is now astonishing the European world, will be ten years of age on the 20th June. This promising youthful genius was born at Kraku, in Poland, and studied under his own father, when the family moved to Warsaw, in Poland.—*Musical Courier*.