



NORWEGIAN CHURCH OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY AT BURGUND.

A careful and scientific observation convinces me that the midnight sun looks like any other sun. His late hours and dissipation leave no traces on his serene countenance. A half-hour before the sun sets on Lake Ontario he has just the same aspect, and the tints of the horizon are just as delicate and beautiful as at midnight near Hammerfest. I was disappointed; and what added bitterness to the disappointment was, that two or three ladies in the party went into ecstasies and raptures over it, in several languages, and reproached

me for not joining in the general delight. It is galling to be shown that one has failed in one's duty.

The hours of the day, and even the days of the week, get badly mixed at Hammerfest. A man takes his little promenade at midnight, goes to bed about three o'clock, after vain efforts to shut out the sunshine, is wakened at ten o'clock by having it full in his face, breakfasts at noon and dines at seven, and is doubtful all the time whether it is yesterday or to-day. Until it becomes wearisome, there is a charm about