

was a very hard climb, and that it was impossible to ride. He recommended the man who had rowed me on shore as guide, and told him to take great care of me.

I asked the name of a lovely yacht I saw in the harbor, and he told me that it was the "Katharina," with the Duke of Sutherland on board, and that he was staying at his hotel. I had a cup of coffee and hurried back to breakfast, and to ask that some luncheon might be put up for me.

I started alone, with my guide, at about 8.30. I made two false starts first and had to come back again, once for my umbrella, another time for the luncheon I forgot. It was a Robinson Crusoe kind of adventure that I enjoyed very much. And I would not allow myself to give way to fear, though when it got a little rough I began to feel very lonely, tossing about in that little cockle shell of a boat with no rower except my guide.

The beautiful yacht I had seen in the morning slowly steamed down the fjord in front of us. We rowed for about an hour, passing splendid wild scenery, with glimpses of the great ice field of the Fjorland, until we reached our first landing place, where we left the boat at the mouth of the lovely river Tyssan, which forms a waterfall as it falls into the fjord. We then began the ascent, and kept on steadily over stones, walking on the edge of slippery rocks, up wooden staircases, along trees and planks of wood fixed here and there over difficult places. Still onwards and upwards we toiled. Never in my life was I so hot, it was like fifty North Capes rolled into one. The day was close and still, especially when we were shut in by pine woods. At last I stopped for a moment, and stupidly sat on the edge of a log of wood, which was resting on some stones. As might have been expected it tilted up, sending me flying backwards, rolling over several rocks before I, with my hands instinctively stretched backward to save myself, caught something which stopped me, and the guide ran and pulled me up. I began to remember that I was supposed to have a charmed life, as a short time ago at Brighton I fell through a trapdoor in a shop, which had carelessly been left open, into the cellar below. I heard afterwards the people did not dare to go down, thinking I must at least be dead, but called to me at the top, like Darius to Daniel, in a lamentable voice, and were reassured by hearing me asking for water, and, wonderful to say, I was not even hurt.

I had three other falls later on in the day, the next was on my knees, on a hard rock, and hurt me a good deal. Indeed, I wonder how I managed to go down again, as it is hard enough to go down such a place with whole knees. By this time four gentlemen from the "Ceylon" had come up with me, and I was determined not to show that I was hurt, so I got up smiling and assured them it was nothing, as I did not choose them to think that a lady was sure to have some accident if she attempted such a climb.

Soon after we reached the only house in that desolate region, where we halted for a few minutes, and I had some strawberries and those who liked it had beer. It is a farmhouse, in Norwegian, Gaarden. A short distance from thence is the first small lake, which we crossed in about ten minutes, there was not only one boat, but several to be had. I was very thirsty and enjoyed some icy cold water from the lake, with a little claret which I had with me. We landed, and had a very rough bit of climbing between us and the other lake, but it was short, and it was so delightful to reach it and find ourselves near our journey's end. It is seven miles walk, at least so Wilson's guide says. We had four rowers, as one of the gentlemen took it in turn to row, and the boatman and my guide and theirs. The time is generally an hour and a half, but we did it in twenty minutes less. It now got exceedingly cold, the thermometer, which one of our party had with him, falling from 50 to 65 degrees. The scenery was very wild and severe. Great bare rocks and ice fields all round. The sky too was overcast, and, altogether, it reminded me of that lake of which Tom Moore sings, "whose gloomy shore never skylark warbled o'er."

We wrapped ourselves up as warmly as we could, but at first it was delightful to feel cool again after the heat of the climb. Not until quite the end did we come in sight of the wonderful twin waterfall of the Tyssentrønge, on the left, of which one does not hear so much, but which is, in its own way, quite as fine. Two waterfalls fall over a cliff 500 feet high and unite in the middle.

A moment after one gets the first glimpse of the Skjoggedalsfos, which we had come all this way to see. At first both waterfalls are in sight at once. One hardly knew which to look at. We had one of the worst bits of climbing after landing, as the rocks are extremely slippery, but we went on as far as we could go to a point where we had a good view, and got a thorough wetting from rain and the spray, which "cloud-like mingled with the clouds." We stood there as long as we could, the roar of the water was like thunder, and thus wet through, but very happy, I began with the help of our boatman, a sturdy young Norseman, to descend to the boat, leaving the Skjoggedalsfos to roar and thunder alone for ever.

There are no fish in this lake, owing, they say, to its coldness, but its depth is amazing. The wind began to rise as we returned, and made us very glad that we had been able to accomplish our object first, as when it is rough boats cannot venture on it, and, indeed, I have a horror of little boats on a rough sea, having been nearly drowned twice when staying at Capri by boatmen trying ineffectually to enter the blue grotto there.

On our way to the farmhouse I slipped on some slimy black mud and fell full length, my gloves were full of it, but our hostess so kindly took them off herself and washed them quite clean. We had coffee there, and they actually had milk, though my guide told me they had none. I don't think I ever should have had courage to go on, if it was not for that coffee. I thought of staying there for the night, having a hay bed, and starting the next morning about 4, but it was represented to me that I would have about five hours before I could possibly think of going to bed, as it was then only 3 p.m., and that I would not know what to do all that time, so I decided to take courage and go on, though it was with regret that I saw perhaps my

only chance of ever sleeping in a hay bed fade away. I now parted with the people from the "Ceylon" who had joined me, as I preferred going my own pace with my guide, and I knew the others would like to go faster. After shaking hands with my boatman, who was a son of the house, and his whole family I set out. I got at the farm a good thick stick, like an Alpenstock, which was a good help, and in spite of my broken knees I kept on steadily. My boots had, alas, become as slippery as ice, they were only a pair of Pinet's with thick soles, but not suitable for climbing. I had another fall, and a narrow escape of rolling into the river below, so had my guide; he did roll a good bit, and I thought he was lost, when he caught something which stopped him. My feet often got jammed between stones, which hurt me very much. I was very tired when at last we got to the bottom. The evening shadows were lengthening, and it was unutterably beautiful, but I could only cast a "wistful glance." I dared not linger, as there was a good row before us to reach the ship, and my guide the only rower.

The fjord was tolerably calm, but he kept near the shore to avoid the wind in the middle. I took the boat and sat down in the bottom of my boat to rest myself. We passed such lovely scenery which I could almost touch, and in the most steep inaccessible place I saw a herd of goats. My guide said they sometimes missed their footing, and he had seen one or two fall into the sea. He told me, and so did the other men, that there are now no wolves or bears. I fear my beloved Baedeker has told a story, as he says, "there are numerous bears and wolves, but they are seldom seen in summer." I was in hopes we might have seen one in the woods. I always think Baedeker and Whitely are two of the greatest benefactors of mankind in the present day, but more especially of women. I have wandered everywhere, with no guide except Baedeker, and when I want anything rather out of the way, I have only to write to Whitely. Even when I wrote to him to know if he could make Indian rubber shoes for my Skye terrier to prevent his paws getting wet, he wrote back at once to say he would with pleasure, if only I would have him measured. I have not yet asked him to make me a coffin of a pattern I have in my head of wickerwork, covered inside and outside with moss, (as I fear it will take some time to remove the price so many have to cremation), but when I do, no doubt he will make it.

I rather enjoyed the row, and already felt a good deal rested before we reached the ship. I thought it was very late and that dinner would be over. However, the sailor who came to help me out of the boat said that they had only just begun, and kindly added that he was glad to see me back again, evidently having heard that there was little chance of my ever coming back at all. I hurried down, dressed, and went into dinner, where I found everyone thought I really was most wonderfully brave, going on such an expedition by myself, and they had heard an account from someone that it was a very hard climb for a man, and, as for a lady, there was little chance of her returning alive. I said I was much gratified to find what a deep interest I had excited, as I had started so quietly I thought few people knew anything about it.

After all, what is one to do when one is alone? Is one never to see anything one wants to, and always to go to the wall, because one has the misfortune to be a woman? or to go and beg and pray someone to take charge of one? Another thing there is no such cure for thinking too much, as some counter-excitement such as that day's climb. It was as good as two days' hunting. What good is there in being a coward? One misses what little there is worth having in life, if one gives in to it.

After dinner some people from the "Domino," of the Wilson line, came on board. I had a very hot bath, and went to bed at once.

Thursday, 29th. I went on shore and tried to get a cariole, or a pony to go somewhere, but found they were all engaged, so I walked about and went to the only shop, where they sell old silver, Norwegian dresses, &c. At Bergen the things were much prettier and cheaper. The man was much pleased because the Duke of Sutherland had bought some of his curiosities the day before.

I got some wild flowers in the country and came back to Odde, had a last cup of coffee, and went on board, very sad indeed to think I should see my beloved Norway and Norwegians no more, as we were to sail for England at 2 p.m., a day before our time too, which made it harder to bear, though the parting must have been sad whenever it came. I can only hope it won't be for long.

It was such a blessing to escape from advertisement for nearly a month, though I had not been without misgivings that perhaps on the highest point of the North Cape I should find Pears' Soap in huge letters.

ALBINA MURRAY ROLLAND.

MUSICAL ECHOES.

At the Jubilee service in Westminster Abbey on the 21st June, Dr. Bridge's "Anthem" was performed in a splendid manner. It is a fine, melodious and impressive work, and the Prince Consort's tune of "Gotha" is most ingeniously introduced; besides, the embodiment of "God save our Queen" makes it a national composition. The tone of its theme is jubilant and rejoicing and even brilliant. The singing of the finely trained choir was perfect, and the effect of the piano and sforzando passages in the best musical spirit.

Dr. Stainer's fine "Sevenfold Amen" ended the service, and as its harmonies died away in the beautiful aisles of the Abbey, we knew that one of the most impressive musical services we would ever hear was ended.

As the procession moved out, Mendelssohn's March from "Athalia," a March by Silas and another by Jekyll were performed. It is impossible for any Englishman not to have been proud that the foreigners who were present witnessed such a grand musical service in a country that has always been called unmusical.—Exchange.