

from the water's edge, and surmounted by fine estates and gardens. Beyond are the mountains. The houses are of stone and plaster, very bright and clean, thus contrasting with the green hills, the blue sky, and blue waters of the fiord. Fancy a pretty little river running along to the east of the city, and the picture is as complete as a matter-of-fact pen can make it."

From Christiania we are taken by a picturesque journey by rail across the country, 347 miles, to Trondhjem, usually called in English geographies, Drontheim. It lies in the same parallel as the Southern Coast of Iceland. The city, which has now a population of 23,000, had its origin in the Christianizing and civilizing sway of Olaf II., commonly called St. Olaf, who reigned from 1015 to 1030. The cathedral of St. Olaf, built in the 13th century, is an object of special historical and religious interest. It stands as a reminder of the elevating influence of the Christian religion, which has given moral permanence to the sturdy race of Norsemen who were long the terror of Europe, and who were in the 11th century the discoverers of America.

What an exciting experience it must be to start from Trondhjem to the North Cape. Says the author:

"In latitude sixty-six degrees fifty minutes we crossed the Arctic Circle. The Government has erected a peculiar monument there. As I passed the Arctic Circle, and found myself within the limits of the North Frigid Zone, I confess to have been more thrilled than I had ever been up to that time.

"The Glacier of the Svartisen is 'an enormous mantle of snow and ice,' equal to anything in Switzerland—44 miles long and 12 miles wide, containing 500 square miles, and extending over a vast mountain plateau which is between 4,000 and 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. Down from this lofty plain, from which rise a few elevations, giving it the appearance of a succession of peaks, the glacier descends, reaching within a few feet of the sea. On the way north we saw these beneath the evening light, and on the way back, at two p.m., we went ashore and explored the glacier for two or three hours. Leaving the large number of passengers, who were wandering up the glacier, I pursued the glacier stream up to its source, and standing in the hollow, surrounded by vast masses of ice, beyond the reach of human voice, and out of sight of anything that man has made, beholding on either side 'the precipitous, black, jagged rocks, forever shattered, and the same forever,' the scene which I then saw was as worthy of the genius of Coleridge as the Valley of Chamouni."

The Lofoden Islands are passed, and the terrific Maelstrom, but its terrors are dissipated by sober fact. The force of that oft used illustration about the Maelstrom, as a type of the peril of