

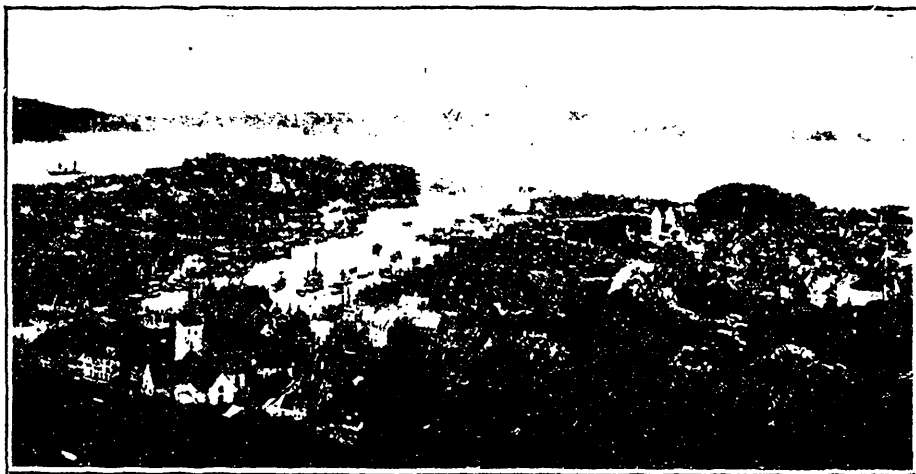
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A CANADIAN IN NORWAY.

SHIPWRECKED OFF NORTH CAPE.

BY ARTHUR COLEMAN, PH.D.



THE TOWN OF BERGEN, NORWAY.



KNIVSKJAERODDEN is an awkward-looking word. Not every one knows that the "skjaer" in the middle of it means our word "blade," or "share," and is pronounced like the latter; that the "en" with which it terminates is "the," and that the whole word means the part of a knife where the blade joins the handle. This strange name belongs to a strange place—to the very farthest bulwark of Europe against the Arctic storms. Its smooth-worn, much-enduring shoulders push a full mile farther toward the Pole than the North Cape itself. But

then the latter rises a thousand feet sheer into the mists and wears a most dignified and imposing frown, so all the world goes to see the North Cape and, after the manner of the world, leaves the meritorious but humble Knivskjaerodden quite unnoticed. It is visited only by fishermen, sea-birds, and tempests; and they make their visits as brief as possible, for it is the dullest, dreariest, most desolate spot on the earth. Though not classing myself with either tempests or sea-birds or fishermen, I once spent a long day on its rocks with some fifty others, and so know all about it. We landed there, not to rescue an interesting and hardly-used promontory from undeserved neglect, but for the more