

midnight. But there was a thousand feet of climbing to do, so there was only time to put a forget-me-not in my notebook and begin the ascent. Once the steep wall is scaled one finds himself on the usual undulating floor of the Norwegian fjelds, covered with loose stones, between which mosses and flowers made a hard struggle for life. Blocks of white quartz gave a ghastly touch here and there amid the sombre greys. The granite column commemorating King Oscar's visit a few years ago was only a half-mile's walk from where we ascended, and a young Norwegian and I, who were the first up, were soon there.

The rising ground behind shut the others out of view, and the sunlit billows, sweeping in till lost to sight before breaking at the foot of the cliff far below, were simply glorious. There was a strange sense of vastness and solitude about the scene. It was the spot and time for dream and sentiment. Would the icy and unconquerable polar sea soften in the gentle sunshine, and in the muffled roar of her waves disclose to the awe-struck listener some of her long-kept secrets? Alas! if people would only let one alone! Here comes a motley crowd, joking and exclaiming in half the languages of Europe—and sentiment vanishes at the pop of champagne bottles.

A French lady came up with great display and took a suitable pose encircled by her admirers. A sailor had pulled from before, and another had propelled from behind; still how she got up at all in those shoes was a mystery, and commanded all admiration. But meantime a dark line of fog crept up from the north and sprang suddenly upon us, whirling in vapour wreaths up the gorges, hiding the sun with its dun clouds, and turning hues of gold to brass. The sailors hurried us back to the ship, for losing one's self in a fog on

these dreary fjelds has its unpleasant features.

When we reached the edge of the steep descent to the fjord the ship seemed close beneath us, and was still bathed in warm light; but the fog closed in when we got on board, and in a few minutes the gloomy North Cape and the rosy mountain across the fjord faded from view.

It was half-past two, and most of us turned in to sleep as well as the annoying daylight would permit. Blessed is darkness when you want to sleep. Nothing delighted me more on our way south than to see the lamps lighted again about ten o'clock one evening. Their dingy light, and the semi-darkness outside, were charming. We are half creatures of darkness anyway, and some of us even love darkness rather than light in a very proper sense.

In the midst of my dreams, sadly diluted as they were by the daylight, came a strange grating noise. The ship shuddered in every timber, and tipped till we were rolled out of our berths amid the crashing of lamps and smashing of everything loose and breakable. There was a rush and scramble to reach the deck, which was no easy matter from the pounding of the ship and the great slope of the companion staircase to one side. Once on deck, our alarm fled. There beside us was a solid rock, stretching off into the mist, so there was no danger. The ship's bows were well up on the rocks. If she had struck the North Cape instead of Knivskjaerodden very few could have escaped, for there is deep water up to the beetling cliffs themselves and she would have sunk immediately. There would have been but little foothold for swimmers in the icy water to climb the perpendicular face of the North Cape, and even if one reached the top, the prospect would have been pretty hopeless, for it is part of a desolate and deserted island.