



THE FAMOUS NAERODAL VALLEY AND ITS TWO WATERFALLS.

It is about a six hours' journey, and the affair was so timed that we should reach the Cape at midnight.

There was a glorious soft afternoon light as we steamed through the grim rock portals of the harbour and turned north-east, with the swelling waves of the Arctic on our left, and a range of iron mountains and islands on the other side. In two or three hours we passed Bird Rock, a tall, gray-coated sentinel at the base of a promontory. Along every rift and ledge white-vested auks and puffins elbowed one another, bolt upright and stiff, like rows of jars on an apothecary's shelves. A shot from a small cannon on board sent the inhabitants of this bird metropolis into the air in clouds and columns, as white as snowflakes, at first, and quite as thick. The sun was soon darkened with their numbers, and the very air curled with their shrieks. With many a whirl and sweep they dropped into the sea, diving as the vessel

approached, or gradually slipped back to their easy-chairs to gossip with their neighbours over the alarming occurrence.

We were opposite the North Cape as the sun swept to its lowest point. A fine evening yellow suffused the sky and glinted on the long rolling waves, and warmed up the gloomy face of the promontory. The engine stopped to let us admire the scene, and to give some enthusiastic sportsmen a chance to catch a half-dozen cod and haddock. They were daintily coloured, well-grown fish, but were destined not to appear on our breakfast table next morning. Instead we came near being food for fishes ourselves.

Pushing round the Cape we came to anchor at the foot of a deep, gloomy fjord, and were rowed ashore. I was astonished to find a rich vegetation in the narrow valley, ferns and buttercups and yellow violets and forget-me-nots, all fresh and wide-awake as if it were not