



THE HORNELEN—THE HIGHEST SEA-CLIFF IN EUROPE.

this perpetual mild sunshine. It is the land of the Lotus-Eaters, where it is always afternoon and "the charmed sunset lingers low adown in the red west." The warm, yellow light softens the hardness of the black rocks, and the stunted shrubs and flowers grow on through every hour of the twenty-four, making the most of the short summer. They have only too much enforced rest in the long winter, and are pinched and hungry for sunshine when it does come and the absence of snow lets them enjoy it.

The severe gray of the barren hills around Hammerfest harbour, and the dead white of midsummer snow-banks on their flanks, give the visitor a most vivid impression of rigour and desolation. A stroll or scramble on the hillsides surprises and delights one, however, for every sheltered nook among the rocks hides a dainty flower-garden rich with bloom. The mosses and flowers make

a velvety turf, on which crouches the Arctic birch with its slender stems and round-notched leaves. Nipping frosts and icy winds have taught them all humility, and none of them raise their heads more than a few inches above the common turf. They nestle together cosily and keep one another warm. The only really luxuriant vegetation near the town is on the house-tops. The roofs are of birch-bark, covered with sods, and look for all the world like bits of rich Canadian meadow studded with oxeye daisies. No doubt the warmth of the house below favours them. I have seen an enterprising goat scramble up and make a hearty breakfast on such a roof.

But all this is beside the point, and we must get on to our shipwreck.

In two or three days the steamer "Nordstjern" (North Star) came in, and about six in the evening we were on board and off for the Cape.