

In short, as is now well known, the whole of the surface of the country, for many hundred feet above the sea, has been ground down and smoothed by ice.

We sailed along the coast of Norway, between Bergen and Hammerfest, by the usual steamboat route, touching at many stations by the way, threading the narrow kyles and sounds that lie among the innumerable islands, and now and then running inland up some fjord far into the heart of the country. We halted here and there to spend a few days at a time in exploring some of the fjords and glaciers. What can be seen from the steamer on the coasting voyage is now familiar from the numerous descriptions which have been given of it in recent years. I shall therefore content myself with offering an account of two excursions to points at some distance from the ordinary route.

A little to the north of the Arctic Circle lies the island of Melö, one of many which are here crowded together along the coast. It is only noticeable, inasmuch as it is a station at which the steamers call, and from which the great snow-fields of the Svartisen or Fondalen may be most easily visited. Here, as along all the Norwegian coasts, we find ourselves among bare bossy hummocks of rock thoroughly ice-worn. From the higher eminences the eye sweeps over the countless islets and skerries, and far across the Vest Fjord to the serrated peaks of the Lofodden Islands, which in the distance seem deep sunk in the north-western sea. The whole of the lower grounds is one labyrinth of *roches moutonnées*, raising their smooth backs like so many porpoises out of the sea, as well as peering out of a flat expanse of green pasture and dark bog which here covers an old sea-bottom. The striations and groovings are still fresh on many of the smoothed surfaces of gneiss, and invariably run straight out to sea in the line of the long valley