

hills, lying between the Glommens and the Holands Fjords, and rising eastward into the snow-covered tableland, is well smoothed in the direction of these fjords. In short, the whole of the broad depression between the two fjords has been filled with ice, moving steadily downwards from the snow-fields to the sea.

It was interesting to watch, on every little islet and promontory under which we passed, even the same details of glaciation so familiar along the margin of our Scottish fjords. The rocks, smoothed into flowing lines, slip sharply and cleanly into the water, and are well grooved and striated. Moreover, it was easy to see that the ice which had graven these lines must have moved down the fjord, for the *lee* or rougher side of the crags looks seawards. It was likewise clear that the scorings were not the work of drifting bergs or coast ice, for they could often be seen mounting over projecting parts of the banks, yet retaining all the while their sharpness, parallelism, and persistent trend. Another point of similarity to West Highland scenery was found in the strange scarcity or absence of drift and boulders. I do not mean to assert that these are not to be met with at all, but they do not exist so prominently as to catch the eye even of one who is on the outlook for them. The rock everywhere raises its bare knolls to the sun as it does on the coasts of Inverness and Argyll. To complete the resemblance, the Norwegian fjord has its sides marked by the line of a former sea-margin, about 250 feet above the present. This terrace winds out and in among all the ramifications and curves of the fjord, remaining fresher and more distinct than the raised beaches of the West Highlands usually are, and even rivalling one of the parallel roads of Lochaber.

We rested for a week at the hamlet of Fondalen, on