

off and plunge into the fjord. Fragments of it are continually breaking away, and rolling, with the noise of thunder and clouds of icy dust, down the shelving sides of the mountains. These glaciers are, for the most part, continuous with the snow-field, of which they are the icy drainage. One or two, however, lie in corries, quite detached from the main snow-field, though connected with it by continuous snow in winter.

The bright sunny Arctic nights led us not unfrequently and almost unconsciously to prolong the work of one day into the next. Once, at midnight, while sketching at Fondalen, I was amused by the loud and persistent call of a cuckoo perched on one of the neighbouring trees. The native non-migratory birds are evidently used to the ways of the sun in the Arctic summer, and, like the human population, know when to go to rest. But the tourist cuckoo was evidently quite unaware of the lateness of the hour, and continued his "twofold shout" as lustily as if it had been midday.

We left this delightful fjord not without regret, and catching again the coasting steamer at Melövaer, proceeded northwards. Between Melövaer and Bodö, the higher mountains have wonderfully craggy and spiry outlines, only their lower parts showing the smoothed contour of glaciation. But where the coast hills sink, as towards a fjord or bay, the ice-moulded forms can be traced to a greater height. To the north of Bodö, the contrast between the sharp weather-worn peaks above and the flowing ice-worn hummocks and hillsides below is singularly startling. Principal Forbes, who gave a characteristically faithful drawing to illustrate this feature, places the upper limit of glaciation at from 1500 to 2000 feet.¹ We should have

¹ *Norway and its Glaciers*, p. 58.