

rocky declivities of the Jökuls Fjord also stones were heard and seen bounding from point to point in their descent towards the long heaps of *débris* at the bottom. In short, in this lonely uninhabited spot, the activity and ceaselessness of the wasting powers of nature come before the traveller with a memorable impressiveness. The wide snow-field that seems to lie so sluggish and still among the distant mists, is yet seen to be in slow but constant motion, pushing its ice-streams towards the valleys, and grinding down the hard rocks over which it moves. Frosts, rain, and springs have scarped the shoulders of every mountain, and poured long trains of rubbish down its sides. And if this can be now done under the present climate of Norway, how much more powerful must the abrasion have been when the ice, in place of being arrested on the brow of the mountain, filled up the fjord, and pushed its way into the Arctic Sea !

From the open mouth of the Kvenangs Fjord, in the passage between Skjaervö and the Jökul, the outline of the neighbouring land is well seen. The steep, serrated ridge of the Kvenangs Tinderne shows its tiny glaciers nestling in corries both on its northern and southern slopes. The sides of the Kvenangs Fjord are ice-moulded and striated in the direction of the inlet, and its islands are only large *roches moutonnées*. In looking back at the mountainous track of the Jökuls Fjeld, we see that it is another snowy tableland jutting out as a promontory into the Arctic Sea, deeply trenched with long, narrow fjords, and pushing glaciers down every glen and hollow that descends from the plateau of snow. I sketched these scenes at midnight, when the sun, after gathering round him the crimson and orange glories of his setting, lingers along the northern horizon, and then spreads over the sky the tender hues of