



KROSS CHURCH, INTERIOR.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE EASTERN FJORDS.

AFTER leaving the Farøes, it is quite possible that events may lead us to ask, What are the wild waves doing? Sometimes they roll in mountainous piles of indigo hue, glorious and grand in their stately sweep, but treating a steamer with scant courtesy. However, it is not always so, for the passage is very fine, and the traveller may find himself 'softly sailing o'er summer seas,' even when crossing the Iceland main. Company waits on us everywhere, a cloud of gulls behind, while loons or divers disappear before.

As we advance, the days lengthen most perceptibly, and, though it is the month of August, we can read and write until within an hour of midnight. A month earlier, there is practically no night at all, the fading glow of evening is changed almost insensibly into the dawning light of day.

If the steamer leaves Thorshavn in good time in the evening, it is just possible that the first glimpse of the Iceland coast may be obtained the following night, and Reytharfjörth, or the Whale Firth, entered in the