

of the writer's meaning, but I will give a version kindly made for me by an Icelandic friend.

REYNAVELLIR, August 10, 1890.

DEAR SERVANT OF GOD,—

It gladdened my heart that you did not continue your travelling this our Lord's blessed day, because I wished to praise my God in quiet peace. The 11th of August I shall go to the glacier, trusting to God to make a passage at least for the luggage you want with you. I am sure that the kind soul I observed through the light of your eye will pray to God for me, that I may get through it.

God's peace be with you,

EVJÓLFUR RUNOLFSSON.

Faith, hope, and love, a grand alliance here, and a spark of the old Icelandic grace, an echo of the skald, to close with.

The farm was of the usual type, half-a-dozen gables, wood fronted,



INTERIOR OF A FARMHOUSE BEDROOM.

grass roofed, one for porch and one for guest-room, with the tunnel for a passage, one for stores and one for kitchen, here the smithy, there the dairy; over the store-room lies the Bath-stofa, to which I get a hearty welcome. On each side runs a line of bedsteads, heads and tails throughout, while at the end a ponderous loom awaits the contributions of a little

crowd of spinning wheels. One of these is set in motion, and the household gathers round, as gratified at the interest I am taking as I at their friendliness. They also played their national hymn to the tune of 'God save the Queen,' though in anything but inspiring time. Nowhere in the house is there a fireplace, except in the kitchen. Perhaps nothing strikes a stranger as more remarkable; but in the family room the crowd supplies the warmth by day, and the two great beds of eider down which form the couch, by night. Nor would a fire be possible, for its fumes of dried sheep's dung or clouds of peat smoke fill the building where it burns. In large houses, here and there, stoves are being introduced, especially near the trading stations, but coal is precious at these distant homesteads. The