

casting off the rope, I cut my own way up the shining pyramid of ice which crowns the Knapp. After an hour's hard work I found myself upon its rounded head, and saw at once that I was standing above the rocks which Mr. Holland reached.

But the aneroid proved, what I had long suspected, that this was not the real summit. True, it was the southern peak, 5600 feet in height, but the central yet remained unconquered. Descending to the guides, I roped again. Two-and-a-half miles of snowfield lay between us and the snow-pile I had noticed as we reached the ridge. In an hour we covered these, during the latter half of which we had a grand crevasse, a mile in length, upon our left. In form, the cross ridge we were gaining looked like a lion lying right athwart our path. The

ascent of his flank cost an hour-and-a-half, for the lower inclines were extremely steep, and above the ice had given way on a slope, so sharp that the front lips of the series of superb crevasses had often fallen far below the rear ones, from the edge of which fantastic fringes of enormous icicles hung down into the depths.



THE ACTUAL SUMMIT OF THE ÖREFA JORELL.

However, here, where the ice walls joined each other, or there, where my camera legs were requisitioned to reinforce a doubtful snow-wreath, we slowly rose, until, at 6400 feet, the dome was gained by half-past seven. Our view was sadly circumscribed by the driving sleet and snow; but now and then the wind tore its way through the cloud cap that surrounded us, and gave us glimpses of the snowfields of the Vatna, or the sand wastes of the Skeithará. In fifteen minutes we were off; at half-past ten we left the snow, and three hours later reached the home-like parsonage.

The journey across the Sandr is always more or less dreary, but little tufts of grass and stonecrop relieve the monotony, and here and there a splendid epilobium displays its head of large pink flowers, in striking contrast with the desolation. Should the day be warm, the distant tufts of grass are