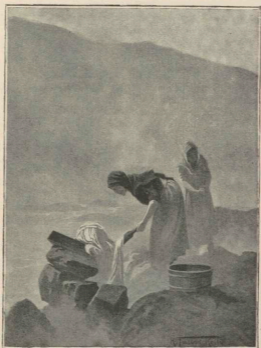


the world. Mackenzie's detailed picture may in some respects be modified, and Henderson's dark cloud receive a gleam or two of silver lining, but the Vanity Fair of Reykjavík is not closed yet. Not to an Englishman, however, is it permissible to dwell upon this mote within his brother's eye.

Whatever the town itself may be, the outlook northward is superb.



WOMEN WASHING CLOTHES IN THE HOT SPRING NEAR REYKJAVÍK.

Over the white horses that cap the waves of Faxa Fjörth, there shines in bright unsullied purity the crystal cone of Snæfells Jökull. Rising abruptly from the water's edge, at the very extremity of the bay, to a height of 4710 feet, it seems to be almost at hand, so far does the startling clearness of the northern atmosphere proceed towards the annihilation of seventy miles between. Ten miles away, north-east, the heavy mass of Esja overlooks the group of islands dotting the intervening sea, while even southward