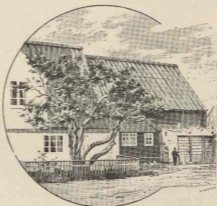


A few miles higher up is another chained down church, that of Glesibaer, and just beyond it projects Oddeyrí, a spit of sand like those which protect the north-western fjords. The large building in its centre is one of the stores of the Icelandic Trading Company, round which cluster a group of houses, forming the first division of Akureyri. The second straggles along the beach, and the third lies further still by the side of the modern church. Two days are to be spent here, for a heavy cargo is expected, in preparation for which the Farøe men are busily shifting the coal from the aft tank, while the pumps eject 150 tons of water from the centre.

The town consists of lines of tarred or painted stores and houses, among which the apothecary's many-windowed residence takes a prominent position. Behind lies a row of débris-mounds, which fringe a swampy turf-producing plateau, and higher still the lofty ridge of Sálur, or the Pillars. We have hardly landed when we are called to coffee with one of our fellow-passengers. Her husband has charge of the Government Lands in the northern Amt. The cosy room and handsome well-stocked bookcases make one wish to linger, and presently our hosts produce a pile of photographs, three of them representing Helgi the Lean, who colonised the neighbour-



A MOUNTAIN ASH AT AKUREYRI.

hood in 890, Thorun his wife, and his daughters, Hlíf and Thora, characters assumed at a grand millennial celebration in 1890, whose robes, dresses, and accessories, reproduced at a cost of 1500 kroners from the details which the sagas give, recall most vividly the Vikings' picturesque adornment. Odes and songs were sung by modern skalds, and nothing left undone to realise the ancient chieftain, not even provision of the Wassail bowl. From the materials thus presented the pictures given in Chapter I. were drawn.

Resuming our walk through the town, we soon perceive the famous trees, some mountain ashes, twenty to thirty feet in height. One or two stand in the Lieutenant-Governor's garden. The trees and grass-plot, with its little fence, give the place quite an English look. A wood existed formerly some distance lower down the fjord, but one winter, cold beyond