

Monday, September 4th. On board the "Diana" in the harbour of Thorshaven.

UP at eight on a beautiful soft morning, the wind fair for the Faroes. Later on it clouded over and the wind got somewhat ahead, so that we didn't make the north-west Isle—Mykeness the headland of it is called—till about six in the evening: and it was about four hours' run thence to Thorshaven, for we couldn't go through the Westmannafirth this time, but round about by the sea way all along the outside of the islands.

It was a wild evening as we ran past them; a bright but watery sunset out to sea with great masses of clouds piled up on the horizon: over the islands brooded a heavy horizontal cloud, hiding them from the first hundred feet above the sea and upwards, except where here and there a sharp peak or

pyramid came up above the cloud. The sea was dull grey, Thors-
with a great swell setting in toward shore which every now haven
and then would strike the cliffs so that a great sheet of white
foam would run up them, to their top as it seemed: I still
thought it a solemn and wonderful place, though we were
not seeing much of it now. As we sailed on we passed by a
strange place I had heard of, where a stream running out of
a little lake falls right into the sea over the cliff's edge: every
now and then as we looked at it, the waves running in shore
would break at the rock's foot and run right up the cliff, and
"put out" the waterfall as it were.

So we sailed on through the gathering night, till we had
passed between the big island and a little skerry and so round
the last ness into the Thorshaven Firth. The sky had got
quite clear by now; the stars were very bright, and the moon
was rising from among some low fleecy clouds when I went
into the cabin for a while: thence Magnússon called me out
to look at some faint show of the northern lights: there was
a broad double belt of luminous white cloud all over the
middle of the sky, which as we looked at it was combed all
out into long streamers that at first kept their arched shape
over the sky, but gradually broke away into pieces, till the
moon growing high and bright seemed to scatter them, and
there was left only one long stripe like the tail of a great
comet going from the horizon to the zenith: that faded too
in a while, leaving nothing but moon and stars in a cloudless
sky. The anchor was down by now and we were lying close
off the little town, whose lights shone bright before us; and
so to bed I went in a quiet bed at last.