

dawn on any reef where fish are plentiful, and you'll feel the whole air astir with dim white wings. Look up above the Bird Rocks in clear weather, and you'll see the myriads of gannets, each the size of an eagle, actually greying the sky with their white bodies and black-tipped wings. Or watch the gulls wherever they congregate—the big Blackbacks, with their stentorian "Ha! hah!", the Glaucus, the vociferous herring gulls, and the little Kittiwakes, calling out their name persistently, "keet-a-wake, keet-a-wake." Their voices are not musical—no seabirds' voices are—though they sound very appealing notes to anyone who loves the sea. But all the winged beauty that poets and painters have ever dreamt of is in their flight. Lateen sails on Mediterranean blue are the most beautiful of sea forms made by man. But what is the finest felucca compared with a seagull alighting on the water with its wings a-peak? And what are seagulls on the water to those circling overhead, when you can lie on the top of an island crag looking up at them, and they are the only things afloat between you and the infinite deep of Heaven?

Nearer down in my sanctuary there would be plenty of terns or sea-swallows, with their keen bills poised like a lance in rest. They are perpetually on the alert, these light cavalry of the seagull army; and very smart they look, with their black caps, pearl-grey jackets and white bodies, set off by red bills and feet. They become lancer and lance in one, when they suddenly fold their sweeping wings close in to their bodies and make their darting dive into the water, which spurts up in a jet and falls back with a "plop" as they pierce it. Just skimming the surface are the noisy, sooty, gluttonous, quarrelsome shearwaters, or "haglets," who have got so much into the habit of making three flaps to clear the crest of a wave, and then a glide to cross the trough, that they keep up this sort of a hop-skip-and-a-jump even when the sea is as smooth as a mill pond. I would throw them a bucketful of chopped liver and watch the fun, camera in hand. Actually on the water are long lines of ducks. My sanctuary would be full of them. From a canoe I have seen them in the distance stretching out for a mile, like a long, low reef. From the top of a big cliff I have seen them look like an immense strip of carpet, undulated by a draft, as they rose and fell on the waves. And when they took flight in their thousands, their pattering feet and the drumming whir of their wings were like hail on the grass and thunder beyond the hills. As you paddle alongside a crannied cliff you wonder where all the kittens come from, for the rocks are fairly sibilant with their mewings. These are the young Black Guillemots, or sea-pigeons, whose busy parents are flying about, showing a winking flash of white on their shoulders and carrying their bright carmine feet like a stern light. I would