

Many birds were in sight, mostly Gannets, Terns, and Gulls, while several little Petrels were dancing over the water in the wake of the vessel. As we approached the shore Black Guillemots became numerous, rising from the water as we neared them and skimming away, the white patch of their wings showing clearly in contrast with their black bodies. As we sailed slowly past, within a few hundred yards of Entry Island, I was struck with the barren aspect of the shore. Cliffs from forty to fifty feet in height, composed of red sandstone, rose almost perpendicularly from the water's edge, contrasting strangely with the verdure growing upon their summits. To our left, situated in a little valley, we could plainly see Amherst, the largest village on the islands, its white houses looking very picturesque as they stood out in relief against the background of green hills.

Amherst is quite a thriving little place; the inhabitants devote themselves to fishing during the summer months, and do a very fair business. Of late years some Americans have built a factory here, which they devote to canning lobsters. It is in a flourishing condition, I believe, as lobsters are very plenty and large.