

is asserted as a fact by the residents of the islands. What a creature must a human creature be, when even a wild sea-fowl has to resort to means at variance with its natural instincts, to escape the rapacity, the ruthlessness, the cruelty, the raiding propensity, the inhumanity of man to gull! Yea, even "Man's inhumanity to man, makes countless thousands mourn."

A small group of five small islets, or islands, lie to the southward and eastward of the Wood Isles, at a mile or two distant. They are generally termed Three Islands. The largest of the group is known as Kent's Island—having been first settled by Captain John Kent, whose son, Jonathan Kent, was, at one time, keeper of the Gannet Rock light, of whom more will be said on another page. The names of those five small islands are Kent's Island, Sheep Island, Hay Island, and the two smallest in area called Green Islands. There are some spots of good tillage on the first named, and excellent pasture for sheep. There are two rocky islets, called Green Island and the White Horse, lying directly south of Outer Wood Island—one standing, as it were, at each end of it, like ocean sentinels, to guard the passage into Seal Cove.

Gannet Rock seems deserving of a more extended notice. This noted rock bears from it to the south-west head of Grand Manan a north-north-west course: distance  $6\frac{1}{2}$  miles. It rears its head defiantly above the stormy waves of the bay; and, as far as stony head and heart can take delight, appears to preside over the fearfully dangerous shoals and ledges within its watery domain with the pride and the destructive pleasure of a Nero! The Indians called it Menaskook. It is a concrete of flint, pebble-stone and sand, conglomerated into a solid mass, forming an acre, more or less, in area. It has been the scene of many a dread disaster. It has its death-record as well as the Goodwin Sands or Sable Island. The moaning winds and the monotone of the surging sea, even when the raging storm is sleeping and at rest, seem to sing in plaintive wail a requiem for the lost ones, who, far from the old homestead in their native land, met death in its direful form at Gannet Rock, whelmed in the angry sea. But let them sleep on on their ocean bed.