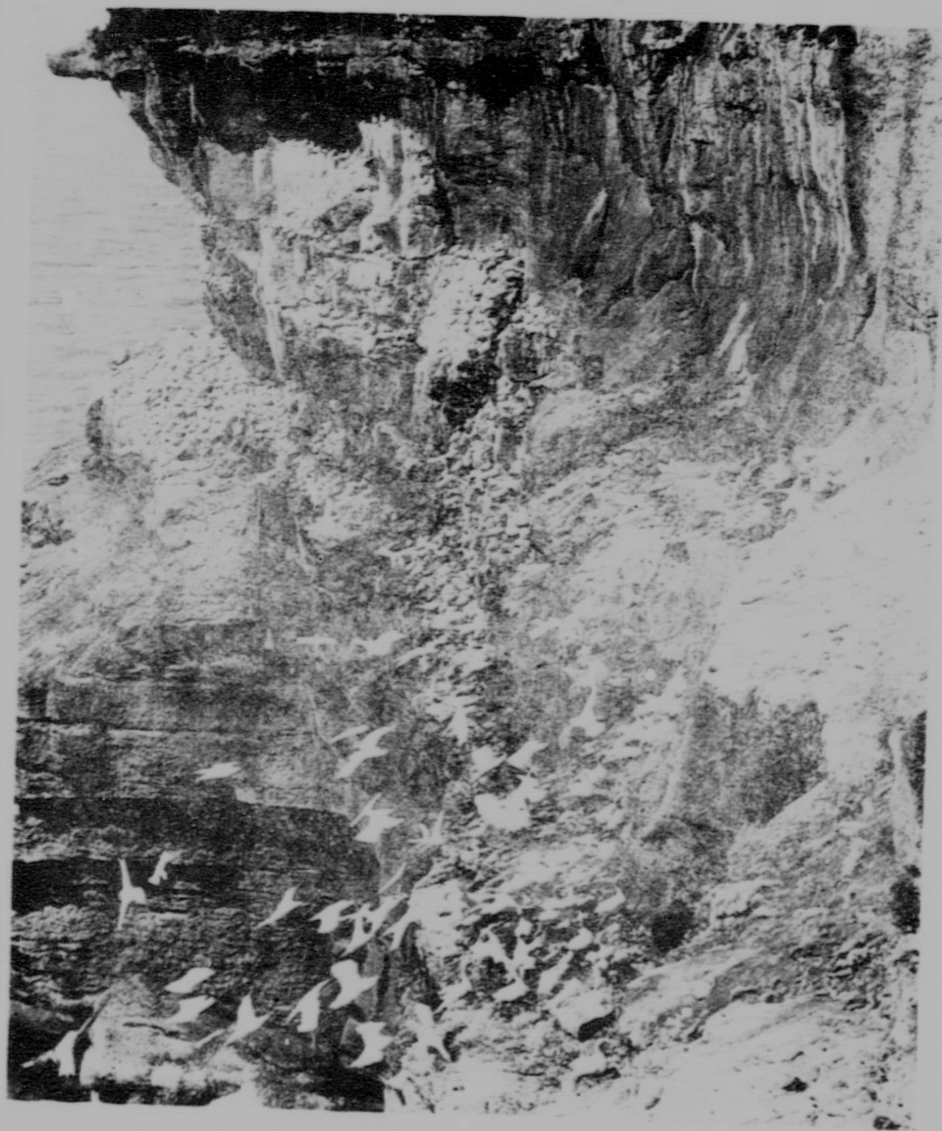


patches through fields bright with daisies, meadows purple with iris and dotted with cattle, trimmed balsam and spruce groves between which cow pads wind like paths in a Japanese garden. We climb steeper hills, skirt rock shoulders, finally plunge into

testing at the intrusion so near their nesting ledges, perch on the tree tops and hoarsely scream as we pass. Finally, the last declivity is surmounted and open meadow at the head of the Gannet rookeries is reached.



General view of cliffs: birds leaving ledges.

the heavier evergreen woods and follow along the wooded cliff verge, the sea showing between the tangle and tree trunks at the right and the dark, mossy woods, damp with sea mists, mounting the rise on the left. At one place the Herring Gulls, pro-

At first nothing is seen but the green sward kept to an emerald hue by the damp gulf air and the sharp line where it drops off against the blue sea or sky. A low murmur of hoarse cries rises up from innumerable throats hidden over the crest and