

often be comfortably seen from the sea. It is much to be hoped that, now that this hotel has been opened, a short sea trip from Hillswick to Ollaberry may be organised. It would naturally be dependent upon weather, but, as the distance by road between the two places is so short, no serious inconvenience would be caused if at any time the trip had to be abandoned either way. Meanwhile, a delightful day may be spent exploring the beauties and wonders of the cliffs (so far as these can be seen from the summits) within tolerably easy reach of Hillswick. One of the new roads to which reference has been made will, when completed, make this quite easy for everybody—at present it involves a walk of 10 or 12 miles altogether from the point which the road has already reached. This excursion, when the road is finished, is sure to be a favourite one, for the scenery is of the most remarkable kind. At one point of the coast, for example, there is a scene so remarkable that, without being actually visited, it cannot be adequately realised. Here, at what is called “The Grind of the Navir,” the cliffs must be about 200 feet high, and they are

exposed to the absolutely unrestrained force of the Atlantic. Of what that force must be, when a strong gale is blowing from the west, some idea can be formed when one stands at the Grind of the Navir and sees how the mighty waves have torn out huge pieces of rock on the top of the cliff, rolled and tossed them about in wild confusion, and left them lying there in great heaps on the summits of the harder rocks which have been able to withstand for so many centuries the furious onslaught of the ocean. And the grassy sward which clothes the cliff-top is covered for a distance of many yards from the verge with a shower of stones, any one of which, had it struck a man on the head, would have killed him, which had evidently been caught up and swept along by the spray of the waves, at that great height. It will enable the reader to form an idea of the variety and interest of a walk in this part of the island if I mention that, after leaving this remarkable scene the other day, our homeward stroll of a few miles took us past not only much splendid cliff scenery, but past remains of one of those romantic and mysterious “brochs,” which