We bade farewell to Cape Norman, August 2d, and started on our trip southward. One stop was to be made in Labrador, so after running a few miles down the Newfoundland coast we headed across the strait. During the early part of the day the breeze was favorable, but by afternoon it had died out completely; and when evening came the wind was "dead ahead." About nine o'clock in the evening we ran into Loup Bay, and anchored. The harbor is small, and not very well protected from the wind. The land round about is very much higher than it is on the Newfoundland coast opposite. On the northern side of the bay is a high hill whose sides are marked by three well-defined terraces. Back some distance stand the Bradore Hills, the highest land in this neighborhood. On the southern side of the harbor the hills are not as high.

Near the entrance of the bay is a small bight known as Schooner Cove and it is at this point that the settlement is situated. The inhabitants are mostly in the employment of a large London fishing firm having quite an extensive place here, and employing something like two hundred men. This same firm have other establishments in Labrador and Newfoundland.

Blanc Sablon, situated about fifteen miles west of Loup Bay, is the only post-office in this neighborhood; and as we had received no mail since the middle of June, we were naturally anxious to reach that place. On going on deck one morning we saw a small steamer at one of the wharves; on making inquiry, we found that she was bound for Blanc Sablon that morning, and would be back the next night. Permission was readily given us to send a man along to get our mail. South of Loup Bay along the shore the rocks lie in a nearly horizontal position, and the action of the waves has produced some very pretty effects.

There is a graveyard here, situated under one of the cliffs, and it is certainly a curiosity, with its rough pine slabs for head-stones, upon which are carved inscriptions, the spelling of which has to be deciphered with considerable care in order to make anything out of it. True to agreement, the next evening the small steamer brought our man back with the mail, and for a time the yacht's cabin presented a lively scene as the numerous letters and packages of papers were opened, to find out what had happened in the two months we had been shut off from the world, and the cheerfulness of things was increased by the thought that the next day would find us homeward bound.

The breeze that greeted us next morning more than surpassed our fondest hopes. We ran directly across to the Newfoundland coast,—a distance of about twenty miles,—when the log was set, and our course changed more to the south. All day long our breeze lasted, and we rapidly passed the familiar scenes of our up trip; and when we came to anchor that night, off Cow Head, our log registered one hundred and six miles, making our total run for that day about one hundred and twenty-five miles.

Next day we ran into the harbor of Cow Head, and anchored, in order to finish up some work that had been too rapidly passed over on our previous visit. Our stay here was limited to